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*The Ladies of Great Britain, receiving
the offerings of Plenty & Commerce.*

The
 Ladies's Magazine
 OR
 ENTERTAINING COMPANION
 for the
 FAIR SEX,
 appropriated solely to their
 USE and AMUSEMENT.

Vol. XXXIV for the YEAR 1803.

LONDON,

Printed for G. and J. ROBINSON,
 N^o. 25, Paternoster Row.

THE
LADY'S MAGAZINE,

OR
ENTERTAINING COMPANION

FOR
THE FAIR SEX;

APPROPRIATED
SOLELY TO THEIR USE AND AMUSEMENT.

FOR JANUARY 1803.

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- 2 AN ENGRAVED TITLE-PAGE.
- 3 For the MORAL ZOÖLOGIST—The EAGLE.
- 4 An elegantly-coloured PARIS DRESS.
- 5 A new and elegant PATTERN for a VEIL, &c.
- 6 MUSIC—"CELIA;"—a favourite Cavatina from Mr. SHIELD'S Collection of German Melodies, never before published in England.

LONDON:

Printed for G. and J. ROBINSON, No. 25, Pater-noster-Row;

Where Favours from Correspondents continue to be received.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

T. T's Epithalamium requires revision, especially with respect to the mythology: the verses that accompany it are somewhat incorrect in many places, but both have several good lines.

We should be obliged to the contributor, of Count Schweitzer for a continuation of his romance; at any rate we should be glad to receive a line from him on the subject.

We should be happy to hear again from R. A. C.

Arabella's hint shall be attended to, as far as may be found practicable.

The Remarks on the luxury of ancient times, compared with the modern, shall have a place.

The Ode to Robin—Advice to Strephon—An Extempore addressed to Miss R. B.—Inscription for a fountain, are received, and under consideration.

ADDRESS TO THE PUBLIC.

THE commencement of another year again requires that we should express the gratitude with which the favourable reception this Miscellany has been and still continues to be honoured with, by the public in general, and our fair patronesses in particular, naturally inspires us: our exertions to contribute to the entertainment and instruction of our readers have met with the most flattering proof of approbation, and such as must encourage us not to relax in their continuation.

The LADY'S MAGAZINE has uniformly been conducted on the same plan on which it was originally established. It was intended to form a repository for such productions of genius—especially female genius—as might otherwise have been neglected and lost; and also for such selections from the most esteemed publications of the times as appeared most suitable to the delicacy and refined taste of the Fair Sex. In the execution of this design we have endeavoured equally to avoid what might be found too formal and heavy, and what might be censured as too light and frivolous; we need not add that we have likewise carefully rejected whatever has the slightest tendency to licentiousness and immorality; for we trust we can never be supposed capable of offering to our Fair Readers so gross an insult.

With political opinions and disputes we have never intermeddled. The return of Peace has happily allayed the storm which had so long desolated Europe, and in a great measure calmed those animosities which rankled in the breasts even of worthy persons of different parties; because, though both had the best intentions, each surveyed the objects before him in a different point of view; yet we trust that, on no occasion, either in our selections or observations, have we failed to show ourselves the steady friends of the liberties, the true interests, and the honour of our country.

To our Correspondents, many and most grateful acknowledgments are due. To them we are undoubtedly indebted for some of the most valuable pieces which enrich our publication. Among these have occasionally been some, which, from the inconstancy of their authors, have unfortunately been left unfinished fragments; but the number of these is very few compared with those the contributors of which have been more honourably faithful to their engagements. We shall certainly always exert our utmost care to prevent this impropriety; but, while we admit the original communications of correspondents, it will sometimes happen.

We now enter on the THIRTY-FOURTH VOLUME of the LADY'S MAGAZINE, fully persuaded that, by the arrangements we have made, and the contributions we are confident we shall receive, we shall still continue to obtain for our Miscellany the same flattering approbation with which it has been honoured for so long a series of years.

LADY'S MAGAZINE,

For JANUARY, 1803.

THE TWINS;

A TALE.

A young prince of Germany, who had not long been married, presented to his youthful bride several of the children of the first families in his little principality, to serve her in quality of pages. Among these, the handsome Ernestus was especially distinguished by his mild and polished manners; he gained the commendation and esteem of every person who conversed with him; and the prince himself was so charmed with his behaviour, that he one day did his father the honour to repair to the old mansion in which he resided, to congratulate him on having so amiable a son. While he was conversing with him, he saw enter a young maiden of great beauty; but so exactly resembling Ernestus, that the prince could scarcely believe she was not his page in a female dress. She had his features, his eyes, his manner, and the very tone of his voice. She was in fact his twin-sister, the lovely Ernestina.

The great are as often the prey of sudden and violent passions as other men, and perhaps more frequently. The prince could not resist the beauty of Ernestina; and, when he left her residence, he carried the shaft of love deeply infix-

in his breast. He made several more visits to her father, who soon perceived that this honour was not addressed to himself. His daughter, whose virtue was irreproachable, perceived the same; yet the prince repeated his visits, and the public began to interpret them in a manner not very favourable to the reputation of Ernestina. In this embarrassment, her father, acting in concert with his daughter, caused a report to be circulated that she was extremely ill, and, soon after, that she was dead.

He then repaired to court, but did not find the prince there, which gave him not a little pleasure, as his absence was particularly favourable to the project he had formed. He addressed himself to the princess, and discovered to her the passion of her husband.—‘Madam,’ said he, ‘it is in your power to save the prince from an act of infidelity, and at the same time preserve the honour of my family. The tender maiden who is the cause of my fears is the twin-sister of Ernestus: she resembles him so perfectly, that even the affection of a father finds difficulty in distinguishing the one from the other. By an act of gene-

rosity you may render service to yourself, and bestow on me a favour which nothing can efface from my heart.'

At these words he stopped, shedding tears, and in the utmost agitation. The princess was not less disturbed and confused: she pressed him to explain himself, and he thus continued:—

'The request, which I would make on my knees, is this. Permit my daughter to assume the dress of her brother, and let me confide her to your virtue. She will deceive every eye: she will be Ernestus to every other person but yourself by her wonderful resemblance to him; she will be Ernestina only to you. I will send her brother away privately, to seek glory in the armies of the emperor. I can discover only this means, strange as it may appear, to preserve to you the fidelity of a husband you love, and to shield me and my family from an ignominy which will weigh me to the grave. These evils will certainly befall, if you do not comply with my earnest and respectful prayer; for, sooner or later, the prince must learn that Ernestina is not dead; and how will it be possible to resist so violent a passion in a man whose sovereign power frees him from every law but his will?

The good sense of the princess would not suffer her to listen to this proposal, without stating the almost unanswerable objections to which it was liable. She perceived how difficult it must be long to keep such a secret, which, should it be discovered, would only accelerate the danger it was intended to avoid.—'Besides,' added she, 'how can I prevent a page from seeing his comrades? and, though they should continually take your daughter for Ernestus—an oversight with which

we certainly ought not to flatter ourselves—can we be perfectly sure that a young girl of her age will not conceive a partiality for one of these young men, especially in the midst of the liberty, and perhaps licentiousness, in which they live?'

The father of Ernestina did not attempt to answer these objections, except by his tears, which he shed copiously, holding his hands before his eyes. The princess was greatly moved, and, consulting only her heart, said to him—

'Respectable old man, I will not afflict your silver hairs: your reasons have not persuaded me, but your virtuous grief compels me. I will receive Ernestina, and I will watch over her as if she were my own daughter. I will do all that is in my power, and leave the rest to heaven.'

These consoling words restored new life to the aged parent of Ernestina, who could find no language to express his gratitude. Ernestus was called. He came, and the plan which had been adopted was imparted to him. He acquiesced in what was proposed, and set out with his father, telling his companions that he would return the next day.

Scarcely had he arrived at his father's house, when the worthy man, fondly embracing him, addressed him thus:—'Go, my son, seek glory in your country's cause: you cannot fail to find it, since you enter on your career to save the virtue of your sister. But never forget that you still have an affectionate father; and be careful of your life, that you may return to close his eyes.' His sister threw herself, at the same time, into the arms of her amiable brother, and soon after he departed.

The next day the modest Ernestina arrived at the court of the

prince, dressed as a page, much fatigued, and greatly embarrassed. She was taken for Ernestus, whose appearance of trouble and melancholy was attributed to grief for the death of his sister. But how might she answer to all the questions of her companions? She had never seen them; she did not even know their names. The recollection of this circumstance, which had never before occurred to her, made a very forcible impression on her, and not without reason. Each of these youths reminded her of different incidents. She knew not what they referred to, and could only answer by her confusion and tears. All were convinced that the grief of Ernestus was poignant in the extreme, since even his memory had been impaired by it. Happily for the timid beauty, the princess, having been informed of her arrival, sent for her. But her embarrassment was much greater when she appeared before her highness in the dress of a man: she, however, only received greater proofs of favour and regard from her protectress, who led her into her closet, and embraced her as her daughter.

Virtue is ingenious: the princess, with great prudence, availed herself of the confusion and grief of Ernestina to deliver her, in a great degree, from her embarrassment. She told the governor of the pages that their mirth was too boisterous for the sorrow of Ernestus, and requested that a chamber might be assigned him at a distance from them. A lady of honour, of an advanced age, and whom the princess had previously made her confidante, proposed a small closet, near her own apartment, which she undertook—since, as she said, Ernestus was her relation—to take care should be immediately provided with every

thing necessary. This arrangement, which had nothing so peculiar in it as to excite a suspicious attention, secured Ernestina from all communication with the pages; and it also more removed her, for some time, from the sight of the prince, who, besides, was very frequently absent. When the princess did not fear to be surprised, she caused Ernestina to be brought into her chamber by the old lady of honour, where she treated her with the warmest friendship. She was delighted with her mildness, her politeness, and her pure and grateful heart. When the prince made longer journeys, which detained him several days, she would make her sleep in her chamber, and even in her bed.

But at length the pages began to be greatly surprised that they no longer saw Ernestus among them, and they talked in various ways of a conduct so extraordinary. They could no longer believe in so protracted a grief for the death of a sister. Some said, laughing, that perhaps the old lady of honour had fallen in love with him; others, that he was perhaps himself enamoured of some younger beauty. The princess, being informed of these little scandals, thought to silence them by producing Ernestina as a page; but, as it was not the turn of Ernestus, the rest murmured at seeing him so soon raised to the rank of gentleman to the prince, and envy succeeded their gross jokes. The princess, however, had contracted such a friendship and affection for Ernestina, that she could not refrain from passing with her, in all the security of innocence, every moment in which she was at liberty, by day or by night.

It chanced that, one night, the first page, who was older than Ernestus, and always jealous of the

preference which had been given to the latter, was dispatched by the prince with a letter for the princess, which he was charged to deliver only into her hands, even if she had retired to rest, which then she had. In consequence of these orders, he was introduced to her, and, when he gave her the letter, he perceived she had a companion in bed with her, and recognised the features of Ernestus. Impelled by the demon of envy, the page flew to his master, and told him that he had seen Ernestus in bed with the princess.

The violation of conjugal honour is the most cruel of injuries. The prince became furious. He immediately set out to exterminate the perfidious pair, and arrived the following night. The princess, who did not expect him for three days, was sleeping tranquilly by the side of the virtuous Ernestina. The air of modesty impressed on their features arrested for a moment the arm raised to destroy them. Providence, the protector of innocence, caused the princess to awake, and dictated to her the following words:

‘Stop, rash man! you believe you are about to take vengeance on guilt, but it is virtue you are going to assassinate. You have been able to suspect me without cause; but I will make you blush. Behold, in me, the protectress of that innocence which you wished to violate, in contempt of the fidelity which you owe to me. Criminal lover of the sister of Ernestus! it is in your own bed that I have sheltered her purity from your violence. It is Ernestina whom you see in your place. Kill me now if you dare; but respect the virtue I protect.’

These words stunned like a thun-

der-bolt the humiliated prince—The sword dropped from his hand; he sank on his knees before his insulted wife; and left the chamber overwhelmed with shame, and with every indication of repentance.

The princess now rang her bell. The trembling Ernestina had fainted at sight of the sword suspended over her head, and was with difficulty recovered. The princess caused her to resume her female habit, and, when she was herself dressed, directed that her husband should be called. He came with grief and regret pictured in his countenance. He acknowledged and detested his error. The princess was in his eyes a sublime and adorable woman; but Ernestina a celestial angel, whom he dared not to look on. He drove from him, without pity, the envious page, who had calumniated two such exalted women. He sincerely returned to the fidelity which he owed the princess, and of which he found her so transcendently worthy. She soon after brought him a son. He then repaired to the father of Ernestina, and said to him—‘Since you possess so much honour, let me request you to communicate the germ of it to the heir to my states. You must undertake his tuition.’ The old man endeavoured to excuse himself from accepting such an employment on account of his age; but the prince replied—‘You will be assisted not only by your excellent daughter, from whom the princess will not suffer herself to be separated, but likewise by your son, who will soon return from the army. I will take care of the fortune of both; formed to virtue by you, they will instil the love of it into my child.’

A MORNING'S WALK in
JANUARY.

EVER since I was capable of re-
lishing the beauties of nature, I have
been extremely partial to morning
walks. Oft, when Youth and
Health danced hand in hand, I have
shook off Sleep's downy fetters,
bade adieu to my pillow, and pur-
sued my early excursion. Bloom-
ing flowers decorated my path; the
melodious symphonies of untutored
songsters saluted mine ears; sportive
Zephyrs regaled me with fragrancy,
and fanned me with their silken
pinions.

With walking tired, I have rested
on a mossy bank, and from my
pocket drawn thy 'Seasons,' Thom-
son! Sweet entertaining page! de-
lightful work! rich in descriptive
beauty!

'Hail, Nature's poet! whom she taught
alone
To sing her works, in numbers like her own:
Sweet as the thrush that warbles in the dale,
And soft as Philomela's tender tale.'

But where are now those flowery
scenes and enchanting landscapes
that filled my mind with agreeable
emotions? They are all vanished.
January, frigid January! holds his
icy reign, and Nature is divested of
all her attractive ornaments. To
walk forth, and mark the progress
of tyrant Winter, be my present
employment.

'By gloomy twilight, half reveal'd,
With sighs I view the hoary hill,
The leafless tree, the naked field,
The snow-topp'd cot, the frozen rill.'
Dr. JOHNSON.

Where are the flowers that paint-
ed yonder mead? Where are your
songs, ye feathered sons of music?
The savage season has blasted each
floweret, and silenced each pipe.

'No mark of vegetable life is seen;
No bird to bird repeats its tuneful call:
Save the dark leaves of some rude ever-
green;
Save the lone redbreast on the moss-
grown wall.'

SCOTT.

Poor Robin, I pity thy forlorn
condition! condemned by this se-
vere period of the year to suffer the
extremity of hunger and cold.—
Well may thy plumes be ruffled,
and thy songs unharmonious. Seek
my cot: thou shalt find an hospita-
ble shelter there. I will leave a
broken pane for thy entrance.—
Grimalkin is dead: the determined
foe of all thy feathery tribe is no
more. There thou mayest hop in
safety, and feast on crumbs. My
little ones will never injure thee;
but will cherish, with fondest care,
their plummy inmate.

During the vernal months, sur-
rounded by the blossoms of Spring,
I loitered in my path, to enjoy the
engaging scene. Now, regardless
of all around, I hasten to terminate
my early jaunt.

How keen the breeze! how un-
pleasant the morning ramble, while
visited by

'The bleak affliction of the peevish East!'

Dark clouds shroud Nature's
golden eye; the bubbling rill lies
bound in icy fetters; the blackbird
is mute; and Philomela has emi-
grated from this inclement clime,
to sing in more propitious groves.

'How sicklied over is the face of things!
Where is the spice-kiss of the southern
gate?

Where the wild rose that smil'd upon the
thorn,—

The mountain-flower, and lily-of-the-
vale?

'Father of heaven and earth! this change
is thine.

By Thee the seasons in gradation roll,
Thou great omniscient Ruler of the world!
Thou Alpha and Omega of the whole!

'Tis ours to bow to Thee the humble knee:

'Tis ours the voice of gratitude to raise:

'Tis thine to shower Thy blessings o'er the
land;

'Tis thine t'accept the incense of our
praise.'

WOTY.

Haverhill.

JOHN WEBB.

Characteristic and critical RE-
MARKS *on* FEMALES.

‘To dread no eye, and to suspect no tongue, is the great prerogative of innocence; an exemption granted only to invariable virtue.’ JOHNSON.

NEITHER age, beauty, nor exalted merit, can escape the malignant animadversions of the world; for, howsoever we may be adorned with external attractions, or possessed of intellectual powers, or how pure and exemplary soever all our actions are, yet some will endeavour to lessen our distinction by indirect and petty calumny. Upon a general survey of the public manners, we perceive, with regret, that eminent women are more obnoxious to detraction than eminent men. Women of extraordinary beauty are sometimes considered as splendid meteors; but women of conspicuous intellects are beheld as dazzling constellations. Hence both are regarded with invidious eyes, and censure is denounced to obscure their brightness; for censure is willingly indulged, because for a while it implies a superiority in the censor. But, as the liberal thinker may inquire whence this censoriousness arises, we answer, in brief, that it arises from the impenetrable darkness and incurable ignorance of the uneducated mind. All intellects at the dawn of reason are improveable; but if the period allotted by nature—and by an over-ruling Providence, which influences the active operations of the soul—elapses unregarded, then the powers of the mind relax, recede, and become torpid; whilst the soul, then incapable of advancing into the regions of science, becomes in subjection to ignorance; and, sensible of its own imbecility, cherishes envy and hatred of all mental excellence in others.

Having thus observed, it behoves us to remark, that—perceiving how

willingly blame is bestowed, and how reluctantly praise is given—we have assumed the privilege of examining the mental and corporeal accomplishments of females; and, instead of repressing their influence, we intend to ascribe to them such praise as may, in our estimation, be considered to be the real tributes of merit. Convinced of the liberality of our researches, and inflexibly dependent on the candour and accuracy of our discrimination, we are fearless of severe criticism from the liberal and candid reader; and critical observations from all others we regard with contempt. In the course of our investigation, the rigid moralist must not expect that we mean to discover faults as well as virtues: it is not within our sphere, but is a prerogative which belongs to superior power.

Lucretia is, like an early flower in spring, the emblem of artless innocence. She is young. Her mind is uncontaminated by pride, and therefore is suffered to expand its powers, and is not contracted. Pride is the first vice which is discoverable after childhood: it is in its consequences the most malignant of all spiritual evils. Its operation on the mind is like the action of an inveterate corrosive sublimate on the body—it is adverse to all that is actively beneficial. It soothes the mind into indolence, by gentle whisperings that it is sufficiently enlightened—an indolence which, like that indulged by the cold-pierced traveller, occasions a fatal stupefaction. The mind, being adorned with purity and consequent freedom, is now upon the eve of blossoming into celebrity: it is now capable of the highest improvement, and must be self-taught, if Lucretia is desirous to acquire a dignified superiority and irresistible captivating influence. Her conversation is modest, and not inelegant; and her remarks, we think, indicate the

basis of correct discrimination. The conciliating brilliancy of her eyes, when engaged in conversation, and their fixed situation during attention, demonstrate to us that she is quick and contemplative; and she is capable of becoming a celebrated and a severe critic, if she can persuade herself to disregard the self-pleasing effects of her beauty, read little, and think much. History and natural philosophy we recommend to her attention. Although Lucretia may smile at our proposition, yet we assert that beauty in a lady of quick apprehension is a deplorable calamity. She is passionate, not resentful; and hence she exhibits sensibility and strength of memory. Her voice is melodiously soft, and has the remarkable property of ameliorating the rigid asperity of our nature. Upon the whole, from the most exact and deliberate consideration, we think her sensible, retentive, intelligent, contemplative, critical, penetrating, amiable, and exemplary.

But even Lucretia, whose amiable qualities deserve our most exuberant panegyric, may at some future period become the subject of calumniating insinuation: it is a cloud which all great and glorious characters must expect to pass over them; but let her be consoled when we inform her that this will be the criterion of her excellence. And we shall desist from our remarks, with these admonitions to her—Continue in your present purity and excellence. Never cease to improve and exercise the latent powers of your intellect. Your understanding is bright—do not suffer its lustre to be obscured by negligence, or by too intemperate a desire to amaze people by your natural attractions. And, lastly, we wish you to preserve your native good humour; for our best moral writer observes, that, without good-humour, virtue

may awe by its dignity, and amaze by its brightness, but will never gain a friend or attract an imitator.’

Wallingford.

S.

(To be continued.)

ACCOUNT of the LIFE and WRITINGS of PETRARCH.

PETRARCH was a native of Florence, and is considered as the second constellation in the Tuscan hemisphere. His admirers, and the honours they have bestowed on him, have been numerous; and their adoration of him would have been very rational, if it had been within any bounds. He was the first author that gave to Italian poetry a rich and inimitable harmony, and the elegance and softness of his numbers are universally acknowledged. He added a fourth grace—modesty. In all his works there is not a single instance which can give the least alarm to chastity; and the judicious author of an ecclesiastical history (Fleury) has either been inattentive to Petrarch’s merit, or is outrageous in the cause of prudery, when he supposes him dangerous to virtue. In contradiction to the authority of twenty such historians, a tender and honest sensibility of heart can never be considered as one of the snares of sin; nor verses, traced with a virgin’s pen, as destructive of morality. Petrarch might perhaps be put with safety into any hands, if his thoughts had been more simple or natural, and his taste more correct; for, as was observed of Seneca, ‘those things, which are well said, do not do so much good to youth, as those, which are bad, do harm.’—Yet this objection goes merely to his style.

Many of his critics have reproached him with monotony, and they have reason on their side. A me-

taphysical passion does not appear to be a proper subject for poetry; and Petrarch, in all probability, would have resembled the ancients more, if he had loved like them, and borrowed their pencil to paint his mistress.

Lesbia, Delia, Cynthia, Corinna, Hypsipile, Glycera, and Nemesis, inconstant, avaricious, and libertine as they were, still interest us; while Petrarch's divine Laura makes but a feeble impression on the reader who looks into her history. Some persons have supposed her only an allegorical personage—an Iris in the clouds, to whom the poet has given a name, in order to exercise his muse. This great problem was long disputed; and, after many treatises and various dissertations, the allegorical sense has generally prevailed, though what was intended by it even the advocates for the construction have not settled. One has imagined it to be the Christian religion; a second, poetry; a third, the soul; a fourth, philosophy; and others, penitence, virtue, and the Holy Virgin. The enigma afforded amusement to various scholars; and the famous Ælia, Lælia, Crispis, did not occasion more embarrassment to any Œdipus of the last century. Laura, however, existed in reality: her maiden-name was Denoves, and she married Hugh de Sade, a gentleman of Avignon. Worn out with bringing into the world a very numerous family, she lost at an early hour her celebrated beauty, and died of the plague in 1348. Petrarch only became acquainted with her when an indissoluble knot had put a fatal bar to any nearer connexion; and she inspired him with a passion both real, and, in some measure, the most extraordinary. The emblematic object of her name—the object the most common, and almost hourly before his eyes—affected him with the most lively and violent emotions,

with a weakness bordering on insanity; every laurel (frivolous resemblance in the name!) appeared an image of his Laura; and he scarcely ever saw it without those sighs, shiverings, and palpitations, that he experienced in the presence of his divine beauty.

Doubts have been entertained of the reality of Petrarch's passion; or, at least, it has been suggested, that it has been exaggerated. His idea, that 'he who is deeply in love cannot easily describe,' has been cited in support of the opinion; but great passions are sometimes silent. If, in one sense, they rouse the mind; in another they soften, and render it weak and languid. While they affect the nervous system in accelerating its action, in the end they cause a stupor, which deadens the imagination, and destroys its vivacity and vigour.

Infidels of another kind have not feared to doubt of Laura's rigour, of which the poet in her life complained so bitterly, and after her death remembered with satisfaction and with gratitude. Contemplating their history without prejudice or partiality, we shall see Petrarch beloved by a virtuous woman, who conceals her attachment for him, from the apprehension that his knowledge of it might be productive of ill consequences. To preserve her honour, and to retain her lover, was what she wished. By that little species of coquetry which dismisses a lover always without enjoyment, though never in despair,—a practice which is yet in vogue,—and by the management of some little favours of no great moment, and some little cruelty which gave no great concern,—a woman of tenderness and sensibility amused for twenty years the greatest genius of the age, without a real speck upon her character. The constancy of Petrarch is matter of astonishment, as his whole life

appears to have been one continued series of pets and quarrels. The ardour of his natural disposition, and the adust blood which circulated within his veins, as well as his own vivacity, are equally repugnant to his tedious metaphysical passion; though he consoled himself with less rigid mistresses, by whom he left two children. At the age of sixty, he writes to a friend nearly in the following manner:—

‘My health and constitution are good; and neither age, nor business, nor abstinence, nor discipline, has been yet able to subdue my rebellious passions. As the spring approaches, I must be again under arms; and even at present I am at war with myself. But grace is my resource, and through its assistance I trust I shall succeed in mastering myself.’

To recollect Petrarch is to recollect the fountain of Valclusa, so celebrated, and of which there have been so many erroneous ideas. The world has weakly imagined that Petrarch and Laura passed their days in love and oblivion of the universe, on the margin of its pellucid stream, under branches of myrtle filled with turtles, from whom they received lessons of love and constancy. The peasants still show to the credulous traveller garrets, which they say were once inhabited by Petrarch; and they assure him that Laura’s house was opposite, and connected by a subterraneous passage now filled up with ruins. These are vulgar and foolish tales, without the least foundation. Far from sharing or multiplying the beauties of this solitude, madame de Sade never saw it in Petrarch’s company; never did she animate and ornament with her living graces the wild and simple beauties of the place. Petrarch also repeats, in twenty different passages, that he had retired to this romantic desert for the purpose of

flying from Avignon and from Laura.

It is the fate of genius and of beauty to immortalise every thing connected with them. Independent of Valclusa, the hermitage near Belford, of the countess de la Suze, one of the graces of the court of France, as beautiful as tender, has been consecrated to sensibility and love. To this sequestered retreat, sheltered by a solitary rock, she came, conducted by the elegiac Muse, and breathed in sighs her passion, her misfortunes, and her melancholy. This desert, where the grand-daughter of Coligny retired—where, plaintive and alone, she mingled her tears with the gurgling streams that trickled down; where she reflected with tenderness on the count de Flamarin, her lover; and where she relieved her throbbing heart by tears and verses—is still called, with the stream that washes it, the fountain de la Suze.

To return to Petrarch.—The collection of his Italian works contains sonnets, symphonies, canzoni, madrigals, and ballads. Of the madrigals, delicacy forms the charm, which insipidity destroys. The learned Mènage, or rather his editor, says—

‘*La balladé, à mon gout, est un chose fade *:*’

and those of Petrarch will not alter the opinion. In number, happily, they are few. The symphonies are in a vitiated taste; where the poet fetters himself with chains, and sacrifices sense to sound. Neither Greece nor Rome disgraced herself with such productions, and their harmonious language was never crippled with those trifling restrictions. Petrarch attached himself principally to his sonnets and canzoni, and he excelled in both. He there displays every elegance and

* ‘The ballad, to my taste, is somewhat insipid.’

harmony of which the language is susceptible. The sonnets amount to upwards of three hundred; and there is not one in which some ingenious thought, some beautiful sentiment, some flash of genius, is not to be found. Unfortunately, these little pieces lose their spirit and their beauty as they extend. Elegantly as they begin, the conclusion is often faulty.

The verses of Petrarch are the verses of a poet; his canzoni are the verses of a great poet. Of the whole collection, the most distinguished is what he sent to the younger Stefano Colonna, and not, as has been idly told, to that sublime fool of Rienzi, who attempted the restoration of the Roman republic, and, with a grain of folly less, might have succeeded. The three canzoni of 'The Eyes' are also master-pieces. By the Italians they are styled the 'Three Graces' and 'The Divine,' and they are never spoken of but with transport and with rapture.—These little odes, where genius and the heart seem to dispute which has the largest share, deserve our admiration; they include every thing the most tender and the most delicate that fell from Petrarch; they are the most gallant of all his poetry, and the quintessence and elixir of love, though they have their faults.

Petrarch has perhaps never been well translated, and it may never happen to him. To understand him perfectly requires a long and intimate acquaintance with him. His beauties are fruits that we must gather from the tree ourselves, to taste them in their highest flavour. His sentiments and thoughts are as volatile perfume, which escapes when attempted to be conveyed into another viol. Notwithstanding his translators may have been of

the first abilities, the lovely butterfly, in passing through their hands, has left a part of the powder of its wings, and the little that remains is deadened and has lost its gloss.

Voltaire hath indeed transfused the spirit of two of the canzoni into his imitations of them, which equal the originals; and the French might be satisfied with seeing Petrarch in their language, if the whole were as happily executed as the specimen of one or two pieces by an anonymous writer. One inconvenience has attended Petrarch, which he could not foresee nor prevent; and that is, an innumerable crowd of execrable imitators. They are thick clouds of starlings rising from the ashes of the phoenix. The limits within which Petrarch confined himself, who had more delicacy than genius, they have prescribed to this species of poetry itself; and they have thought that their mistress, and their mistress only, was to be sung, and sung exactly in his manner. The same images were introduced, the same forms of expression used. The eye was as luminous as the sun; the heart was a volcano, or 'Monte Ghibello;' but these trifles at last ceased to be in fashion. Cold as the snow of Nova Zembla is, it is not comparable to these copies of an original, whose greatest merit consists in purity, elegance, and grace. 'Eat, lord,' said the Persian magicians to their deity, when they threw into their sacred fire the incense, the myrrh, and the faggots, which were to feed the flames. The same compliment may be properly bestowed on the immense mass of the canzoni, with which Italy has been pestered. Petrarch, as he advanced in life, blushed at having been the author of so many Italian verses, which he calls 'Nugellas Vulgares.'

Vulgar Trifles; yet to these trifles he is indebted for his fame.

We have many of his Latin poems, which are never read; and an epic poem with the title of 'Africa'—a tedious and prosaic relation of the second Punic war. Silvius Italicus has treated nearly the same subject; and Silvius Italicus, who then slept in the dust of Swisserland, is Virgil in comparison to Petrarch.

Petrarch has also made use of the Latin in many prose compositions, and he was both much attached to it and considered it as his mother tongue. He did not indeed foresee a long existence of the Tuscan idiom, in his opinion a bunch of straw, that is extinguished as easily as it is set on fire. His Latinity was unequal and incorrect; or, speaking more exactly, he had not any Latin style of his own. Every where the 'disjecta membra' are to be seen—a motley assemblage of phrases from Cicero and Seneca, and scraps from St. Augustine, and his other favourites. Yet his treatise 'De sui ipsius et aliorum ignorantia,' on his own ignorance and that of others; will repay the reader for his trouble.

If an idea is formed of Petrarch as a frivolous person, who passed his life at the feet of his mistress, his lyre in his hand, and tears in his eyes, it will be an erroneous one. Neither love, nor poetry, nor even study, had so absorbed his faculties as to leave him no spare moments for more active duties. He was a statesman, an able negotiator, a profound politician; but his lyre and his love have alone immortalised him. It would be useless to repeat what all the world knows—his solemn coronation as a poet in the Capitol: the form is, notwithstanding, curious, and re-

sembles the pompous bulls of many universities.

This honour, which at present would be ridiculous, was then of great importance, and in high estimation; and, consequently, it was the object of Petrarch's wishes. Experience convinced him of his vanity and folly, and he lived to think very sensibly of the matter. What, perhaps, displeased him more than the absurdity inseparable from 'the permission of making by authority verses that should last for ever,' was the necessity he was reduced to of sharing the honour of the laurel with his countryman, Zanobi de Strata, crowned by the emperor Charles IV. in person, with those evergreens which fluttered round his temples without bearing any fruit.—Zanobi had merit, though he is not to be ranked with Petrarch. Some of his works are in the public library of his native city, and among them a poem on the sphere, which has never been thought worthy of being printed. Of such a rival, Petrarch had no reason to be jealous; but he could not conceal his sentiments.

The STORY of EPONINA.

THE following little history has in it something so peculiarly interesting and affecting, that it can scarcely be read without the most lively emotion.

During the struggles of Otho, Vitellius, and Vespasian, for the sovereignty of Rome, and in the unsettled state of the empire, Sabinus, a native of Langres, an ambitious and wealthy man, of high quality, put in his claim, among others, to the possession of the throne. Encouraged by his countrymen to this bold undertaking, he

pretended, by casting an imputation on the chastity of his grand-mother, to trace his lineage from Julius Cæsar. Having revolted against the Romans, he caused himself, by his followers, to be saluted emperor.

But his temerity and presumption quickly received a check: his troops, who were defeated and scattered in all directions, betook themselves to flight; while, of those who fell into the hands of the pursuers, not one was spared. In the heart of Gaul, Sabinus might have found safety, had his tenderness for his wife permitted him to seek it. Espoused to Eponina, a lady of admirable beauty and accomplishments, from whom he could not prevail upon himself to live at a distance, he retired from the field of battle to his country-house. Having here called together his servants, and the remnant of his people, he informed them of his disaster, and of the miscarriage of his enterprise; while he declared to them his resolution of putting a voluntary period to his existence, to escape the tortures prepared for him by the victors, and avoid the fate of his unfortunate companions. He proceeded to thank them for their services, after which he gave them a solemn discharge: he then ordered fire to be set to his mansion, in which he shut himself up; and, of this stately edifice, in a few hours nothing remained but a heap of ashes and ruins.

The news of the melancholy catastrophe, being spread abroad, reached the ears of Eponina, who, during the preceding events, had remained at Rome. Her grief and despair on learning the fate of a husband whom she dearly loved, and who had fallen a victim to his tenderness for her, were too poignant to be long supported. In

vain her friends and acquaintance offered her consolation; their efforts to reconcile her to her loss served but to aggravate her distress. She determined to abstain from nourishment, and to re-unite herself in the grave to him without whom she felt existence to be an intolerable burthen.

For three days she persevered in her resolution. On the fourth, Martial, a freedman, who had been a favourite domestic in the service of her husband, desired to be admitted by his mistress to a private conference, on affairs of the utmost importance.

In this interview, Eponina learned, with an emotion that had nearly shaken to annihilation her languid and debilitated frame, that Sabinus, whom she so bitterly lamented, was still living, and concealed in a subterraneous cavern under the ruins of his house, where he waited with impatience to receive and embrace his beloved and faithful wife. This scheme had been concerted in confidence with two of his domestics, in whose attachment Sabinus entirely confided. It had been hitherto concealed from Eponina, that, through her unaffected grief on the supposed death of her husband, greater credit might be given to a report on which his preservation entirely depended. To these welcome tidings Martial presumed to add his advice, that his lady should still preserve the external marks of sorrow, and conduct herself with the utmost art and precaution.

Eponina promised, with transport, to observe all that was required of her, however difficult might be the task of dissimulation: and to endure yet a short delay, lest suspicion should be awakened, of the meeting which she anticipated with so much tenderness and joy.

At length, devoured by a mutual anxiety, this affectionate pair could no longer sustain a separation. By the management of the faithful freedman, Eponina was conveyed in the darkness of the night to the retreat of her husband, and brought back, with equal secrecy, to her own house, before the dawning of the ensuing day. These visits were repeated with the same precautions, and with great peril, during seven months, till it was at last determined, as a plan which would be attended with less inconvenience, and even with less danger, that Sabinus should be conveyed by night to his own house, and kept concealed in a remote and private apartment. But this project, in its execution, was found to abound in unforeseen difficulties: the extensive household and numerous visitants of Eponina, who feared to change her manner of life, kept her in a continual terror of a discovery, and harassed her mind with insupportable inquietude. Sabinus was therefore again removed to his subterranean abode, whose darkness love illumined.

The intercourse between the husband and wife thus continued for nine years, during which interval the pregnancy of Eponina afforded them at one time the most cruel alarm. But this interesting and amiable woman, by a painful but ingenious stratagem, contrived to elude suspicion and satisfy inquiry. She prepared an ointment, which, by its external application, produced a swelling of the limbs, and dropsical symptoms, and thus accounted for the enlargement of her shape. As the hour of her delivery drew near, she shut herself, under pretence of a visit to a distant province, in the cavern of her husband; where, without assistance, and suppressing her groans, she

gave birth to twin sons, whom she nurtured and reared in this gloomy retreat.

Conjugal and maternal affection, thus united, while time and impunity had in some measure allayed her fears, drew her more frequently to the place which contained the objects of her cares, till her absences gave rise to curiosity and suspicion. She was at length traced to the cavern of the ill-fated Sabinus, who, being seized and loaded with irons, was, with his wife and children, conveyed to Rome.

Eponina, distracted at the consequence of her imprudence, rushed into the presence of the emperor Vespasian, and, presenting to him her children, prostrated herself at his feet. With the eloquence of a wife and a mother, she pleaded the cause of her husband, and, after having extenuated his fault, as proceeding from the disorders of the times rather than from personal ambition, from the calamities of civil war, and the evils of oppression, she thus proceeded to address the emperor: 'But we have waited, sire, till these boys shall be able to join to those of their mother their sighs and tears, in the hope of disarming your wrath by our united supplications. They come forth, as from a sepulchre, to implore your mercy, on the first day in which they have ever beheld the light. Let our sorrow, our misfortunes, and the sufferings we have already undergone, move you to compassion, and obtain from you the life of a husband and a father.' The spectators melted into tenderness and pity at the affecting spectacle; every heart was moved, every eye was moist, but that of a pitiless tyrant, deaf to the voice of Nature, and inaccessible to her claims.

In vain did this heroic and ad-

mirable woman humble herself before a monster, whose heart ambition had seared, inexorable in cruelty, and stern in his resolves. To political security the rights of humanity were sacrificed and the husband and the father coldly doomed to death.

Eponina, determined to share the fate of her husband, wiped away her tears, and, assuming an air of intrepidity, thus addressed the emperor: 'Be assured,' said she, in a firm and dignified tone, 'that I know how to condemn life. With Sabinus I have existed nine years in the bowels of the earth, with a delight and tranquillity untasted by tyrants amidst the splendors of a throne; and with him I am ready to unite myself, in death, with no less cheerfulness and fortitude.'

This act of ill-timed severity threw a stain upon the character and memory of Vespasian, whose temper in other respects had not been accounted sanguinary. The generous affection and heroism of Eponina were consecrated in the admiration of future ages.

ACCOUNT of CURIOSITIES in CONSTANTINOPLE and its ENVIRONS.

[From *Travels in the Crimea—a History of the Embassy from Petersburg to Constantinople, lately published.*]

THE winter was become so severe by the beginning of December, that I was obliged to have recourse to a chafing-dish to heat my chamber, instead of a stove, a thing rarely to be met with in the houses at Constantinople. This rigour of the season made me for a moment apprehensive that I should not be able to execute my project; but towards the middle of this

month the weather became so fine, that I determined to take advantage of so fortunate a circumstance, and to employ the few days I was to remain in this capital in a pursuit the most agreeable to my feelings.

I set out in a fine morning about nine o'clock, accompanied by four persons belonging to the embassy. As we proposed making our first visit to Scutari, we embarked in a caique, and went on shore in the island which contains Leander's Tower, directly off the coast of Asia. Two bostangis, charged with the care of this tower, conducted us to the highest part of it. The view of the sea, of the seraglio, of the city itself, and of the Dardanelles, forms a most singular and ravishing spectacle; but it is a pleasure which has already cost dear to a number of mussulmans. This tower is less celebrated for its antiquity and elevation than for the object to which it is destined. It is here that the grand-signior holds in confinement the kishlar-agas who have had the misfortune to incur his displeasure. Their fate in this exile is soon decided. They often receive the intelligence of being condemned to death than that of being pardoned. Very near this tower, which is of an immeasurable height, as well as the greatest part of the Turkish edifices, is another of much smaller size, called the light-house, and which, in fact, serves to contain the fires that are constantly kept during the night, for the purpose of lighting the ships which float in these parts. The highest part of the inclosure is constructed with squares of glass, so that the fire which is every evening made in it, on a column of stone, is visible on all sides, and serves to indicate the situation of the port to the ships which arrive from the Black Sea.

We were scarcely re-embarked in our caiques, in order to continue our researches, before we perceived on the surface of the water a prodigious quantity of dolphins, whose number and incessant motion announced an approaching change of weather. In fact, we had no sooner arrived at Scutari, than a very heavy rain fell, and continued for some hours. The narrow streets and niggardly appearance of the houses in this town were very little alluring; and we soon reached its extremity, where we found a beautiful cypress wood, which serves for a burying ground to the Turks. We remarked several tombs of rather distinguished appearance, the inscriptions of which afforded me the following information: when the Turks made themselves masters of the Greek empire, they did not content themselves with merely destroying every monument of the arts, and of architecture, but they seized and carried off a large part of the wrecks, and transported them to Asia, where they used them for ornamenting their tombs. This is the origin of the great number of fine mausoleums which are seen at Scutari, decorated with marble columns, which are the labour of the Greeks.

In general, the Turks regard Asia as their original country, and prefer it to all their possessions in Europe. This is also the reason why the greatest part of them, after their death, are transported to Scutari. On their death-bed they consider it as a privilege, and a motive of consolation, to carry out of the world with them the certainty that they shall be buried in the country of their ancestors. At some distance from this wood we remarked the ruins of an ancient palace, almost half a league in circumference, and which before the taking of Constantinople sometimes served

for the residence of the Ottoman emperors. Nothing more of the ancient magnificence of this edifice is remaining than some columns, statues, and foundations of walls. At half a league from thence we reached the Cape of Chalcedon, and a village of the same name situated near the sea. We here rested ourselves during a short time, in hopes that the rain would cease; but, seeing that it rather increased, we resolved on returning in the same track by which we came.

After a few days, however, we had again fine weather. The verdure, which on all sides embellished the fields and neighbouring meadows, though we were now only in the middle of December, encouraging the desire I felt to make new excursions, I embarked with some of my companions, and pursued a direction along the Bosphorus, to enjoy the delightful view presented by the coasts of these straits, on which are situated a number of handsome country-houses. In particular, we remarked a palace destined for a country residence for Selim, and which was now building. Further on we perceived the country-house that the capitan-pacha owns, in right of his wife, niece to the grand-signior, as I have already remarked. These straits are broader and narrower in different places; the water which is compressed in one of these narrow passages is called the Devil's Current, and runs with such rapidity, that at a certain distance from thence we were obliged to take in our sail, and have our vessel drawn with cords. In another passage of the straits, you see on one side the Rumi Hissar, (Fort, or Castle, of Europe;) and on the other the Anadolu Hissar, (Strong Castle of Asia Minor.) Both the one and the other are defended by a great num-

ber of old towers, and batteries of sufficient strength to hinder the most powerful fleet from entering the Bosphorus.

On leaving this place the prospect becomes still finer and more extensive, and is increased by the country-houses of the foreign ambassadors, built at a small distance from the shore, the grandeur and beauty of which exhibit the most varied and agreeable picture. That of the Russian ambassador is one of the handsomest and most considerable. Leaving the straits, we perceived at a distance two other castles which protect the entrance of the Bosphorus; and at the extremity of the horizon we discovered the waters of the Black Sea. Several large ships in full sail before the wind added still more to the beauty of this magnificent spectacle.

Towards noon we landed, and, having taken a guide, advanced on foot towards Belgrade, where the foreign ambassadors formerly resided during the summer. After walking half an hour, we met with a large aqueduct, composed of pretty high walls, and supported by several arcades. It was constructed about sixty years ago by a grand-visir, who was beheaded for incurring too much expense in building this edifice. As night was advancing, and we were still far from Belgrade, we were obliged to renounce the project we had formed of visiting this town. We therefore returned to our abode by the way we came, enchanted with our little excursion, and with the tranquillity we had not for a moment ceased to enjoy.

In the course of my rambles, I have had frequent occasions of experiencing the politeness of the Turks, which proves to me that this nation is extremely well dis-

posed and inclined to oblige, and that the climate alone is the cause of the idleness and indifference with which they are reproached. The Turk, when offended, or provoked to jealousy, becomes terrible, and nothing but the blood of his adversary can calm the passion which transports him. During my excursions in the environs of Constantinople I was frequently a witness of the obliging and hospitable propensities of this people. The first Turk I applied to when I wanted directions in regard to the road I was to take, always offered himself as a guide, and with the same readiness presented to me a part of his food or refreshments.

When we had examined the greatest part of the curiosities in the neighbourhood of Constantinople, our next object was to discover those which remained to be seen of the town itself. With this view we profited of an excellent occasion that presented itself for gratifying our wishes. The grand-signior having granted to the Russian embassy a written permission to examine minutely whatever might be interesting in this capital, the most curious amateurs of our suite assembled at the ambassador's, and on the morning of the $2\frac{3}{4}$ th of December we advanced towards what is properly called Constantinople, escorted by the Turks, who had received an order to accompany us, and by a great number of foreigners, who were eager to take advantage of so singular and fortunate an occasion.

The church of St. Sophia, or rather the mosque of that name, situated at the entrance of the seraglio, was the first object which attracted our curiosity. Arrived at the doors of it, we were each of us presented with a pair of yellow slippers, which we were to put on be-

fore entering the interior of the temple, which is of a prodigious size. The quantity of steeple's belonging to it give it an air of magnificence, which excites equal respect and admiration. This edifice was built in the sixth century, under the emperor Justinian, by the two architects Antennicus and Isidorus. It is built entirely of marble, and decorated with an infinite number of large columns skillfully laboured; is two hundred and seventy feet long, and two hundred and forty wide. It is pretended that it has a subterranean communication with the sea, which allows of small vessels advancing as far as the mosque. The arches, as well as the walls, are covered with mosaic productions of perfect workmanship, and with paintings which represent the twelve apostles. The first are falling to decay, and the pieces which detach themselves are carefully collected by the Turks, and sold to foreigners.

We next directed our course towards the mosque of Achmet. On the road we perceived the column of Theodosius the Great, now become black with age, and already half in ruins. There still exists on some of the remaining portions an account of the victories of this emperor. The pyramid; sixty feet in height, which, as well as the mosque, is situated in the Atmeidán, was brought from Egypt by order of Theodosius. This monument did not escape our attention. The mosque, having been built more recently, is in a more modern taste than the temple of St. Sophia; but it wants the respectable impression from the hand of time which the first of these monuments is distinguished, and which is not its least considerable ornament.

The mosque of Soliman, which we next visited, is at a considera-

ble distance from that of Achmet; and is infinitely handsomer, and in a much more agreeable situation. This mosque commands the whole port, and a part of the coast of Asia.

We entered it at a time when an iman was preaching in a loud and articulate voice. He was surrounded by a certain number of auditors on their knees, and with their faces turned towards the east. We were quite astonished on finding, by our interpreter, that the preacher had all at once dismissed the subject of his discourse, and was now treating of the strangers who had just entered. He had been kind enough to exclude us without mercy from eternal happiness, in the picture he drew of us to his auditors, and which appeared to captivate all their attention. This idea, which was not very flattering or consoling to us, was fortunately soon succeeded by other objects, which, by degrees, destroyed the impression of such an apostrophe. Our conductor having led us into a very handsome chapel, by the side of the mosque, informed us that the grand sultans were interred there. In fact, we saw a great number of mausoleums, decorated with turbans, and covered with mother of pearl. We were on this occasion told, that the imans or priests often express themselves, even in the presence of the grand-signior, with great boldness and freedom on the corruption of the manners of the court, and the abuses that were insinuating themselves into the government; and that the freedom of speech they use, and which occurs rarely in a state so subjected to despotism, has more than once produced the happiest effects on the mind of the sultan and of the great officers of state.

The Turkish mosques contain

many interesting and curious objects for the lovers of antiquities: among others, many vases from ancient Egypt, from Athens, and from what is properly called Greece. We saw in the mosque of Soliman four columns, which we were told had been brought from Troy. Satiated, as it were, with the numberless curiosities we had met with on this day, we retired to our abodes, and consecrated its remaining portion to reflecting on the vicissitudes of fortune, and on the past grandeur of the nations whom these different monuments had recalled to our remembrance.

Some time after we formed the project of making an excursion on the water in the environs of Constantinople, and of profiting of the same opportunity for seeing, at least, the exterior of the seraglio, and the castle of the Seven Towers. On Friday the $\frac{17}{18}$ th of February, the weather being very fine, I determined to put my plan into execution. About eight o'clock in the morning I joined several friends; and, after going through a part of Pera and Galata, we proceeded to the quay, where we embarked. As the sea was very calm, we were soon at a distance from the town, and within view of the high mountains which border the coasts of Asia, which at this time were still partly covered with snow. A great number of edifices appearing on the two shores, and Leander's Tower, built on a rock in the middle of the sea, were the objects which first presented themselves to our view.

The port was filled with ships of all dimensions; and the eagerness and activity which prevailed, together with the majestic view of Constantinople, and the high walls which surround it, irresistibly attracted our notice, and fixed our ob-

servation. When we were near the seraglio, we ordered the boatmen, who conducted our caique, to take a direction nearer to the shore, as we wanted to see the port more at our leisure, as well as the country-houses of the sultan, which are built in the Chinese taste. The seraglio is concealed by a thick wood, and a great number of batteries, which defend the approach to it. Along the walls, which are very high, is a narrow path on the banks of the sea: but it is not permitted to a single mortal to enter it. These walls, with which the seraglio is environed, are supported by marble columns taken from the old Greek edifices. After losing sight of this palace, we discovered at the extremity of the town the castle of the Seven Towers, called in the Turkish language Edikul.

We quitted our caique in this place to proceed on foot to the fort. In the narrow streets of the town through which we passed we saw some remains of ancient Greek edifices, of which only the walls are now existing. Our course having conducted us near several weaving manufactories, we entered one of them to examine the manner in which the Turks fabricate this celebrated stuff, half-silk, and known by the name of Schari de Stamboul; the beauty of which we greatly admired.

A short time after, we arrived at the foot of the castle of the Seven Towers. This fort is built near the sea, and is defended by high walls and towers, which prevent the view of any thing that passes within. We very much wished to penetrate as far as the first gate: but we did not dare to make an attempt of this sort, being acquainted with the rigorous orders given on this subject, and the little lenity shown by the Turks towards those

who ventured to infringe them. Having gained one of the gates of the town, we thought it advisable for our greater security to pass for Frenchmen; which enabled us to examine with greater facility the outside of this place. It is environed in the spot where we were by a ditch, and a triple wall, both of which are remains of the times of the Greeks, and which immediately brought to our recollection that the ancient Byzantium was a town of great strength; but all the outworks which defended it are fallen to decay, and the ditches replaced by gardens and fruit-trees of every kind. We found along these ditches a wide paved road, which conducted us to a large opening made in the wall. We were told that this was the breach by which Mahomet II. had made his second entrance into Byzantium, which occasioned the loss of so much blood. A large stone, on which are still existing some Turkish characters, confirmed us in this belief. This wall continues a little further, and then terminates in the place where the fresh water communicates with the strait. As we had already visited the port in the morning, we returned on foot, and about four o'clock regained the suburb of Pera.

LADIES' DRESSES on Her MAJESTY'S BIRTH-DAY, 1803.

HER Majesty. The dress consisted of a rich petticoat of white satin, over which were draperies of dark slate-coloured crape, striped with broad silver net, edged with silver ribband, rich fancy fringe, and balloon ornaments, cords, tassels, &c. The mantle of slate-coloured velvet, with large silver spots, fringe, and

silver ornaments. The whole had a most splendid appearance.

Head-dress of slate-coloured crape, most richly embroidered with silver, with a profusion of diamonds.

Princess of Wales. Petticoat of lilac velvet, covered with a rich silver net, border of vine-leaves, and bunches of grapes: the vine-leaves black velvet, veined with silver, and surrounded with rich stones; the bunches of grapes in topazes and emeralds; drapery and train Etruscan shape. A rich border of vine-leaves and grapes, in topazes and various other stones; the train and drapery all in one; the trimming continued all round—a beautiful stone fringe surrounding the whole; sleeves, a silver net of rich tassels. This drapery was far superior to any we have seen; it was really most elegant and superb, and displayed her royal highness's usual taste.

Princess Elizabeth. A puce satin petticoat, richly embroidered in gold sprays; a puce velvet drapery, embroidered in broken waves of gold spangles, and bordered with a rich pattern of gold and puce, from the olive's shape, intermixed with large drooping bunches of gold foil, laurel leaves, an upper drapery of puce velvet, in stripes of gold foil shells united together by rich gold cords and tassels: on the left side, a drapery in broken waves of gold spangles, and drooping bunches of foil and laurel leaves; puce velvet sashes, embroidered in close stripes of gold spangles, were brought from under the rich draperies to fall to the bottom of the petticoat, which gave a striking and peculiarly elegant effect; train puce velvet, and gold tissue. The rich tassels and fringes which ornamented this dress completed the elegant and majestic ap-

pearance of the whole. It was such as always distinguishes the taste of her royal highness's dress.

A most superb and rich head-dress of entire gold, with a great number of beautiful ostrich feathers, diamonds, &c.

Princess Mary. A rose-coloured satin petticoat, embroidered in waves of silver spangles; a black velvet drapery of conspicuous shapes, forming three distinct corners, each corner filled with a clump of silver foil shells, and bows of silver cords; from each corner proceeded a rich stripe of rose colour and silver, bordered with deep points, alternately, of rose satin and silver foil, with brilliant wreaths of silver stars: on the left side, a drapery of black velvet, with silver spangles, and border of rose colour and silver, with rich tassels and fringe; the bottom of the petticoat a black velvet and silver chain, rich silver fringes, cords, and tassels; train rose-coloured, silver and black velvet tissue.

Princess Amelia. Body and train of rose-coloured figured velvet; petticoat of rose-coloured satin, richly embroidered in waves of silver; the drapery black velvet, most beautifully embroidered with silver and rose-coloured satin, and trimmed with tassel fringe. Her highness's dress was a further display of her usual taste.

Duchess of York. Petticoat of gold tissue, trimmed with a deep gold fringe; draperies real sable, gold tissue, large gold bullion, with beautiful tassels; elegant Indian shawl of gold tissue, dressed with sable; train white satin, inlaid with gold, trimmed with sable. This dress was extremely magnificent.

Princess Sophia of Gloucester wore a beautiful lilac satin petticoat, superbly embroidered with

silver, in rich stripes, bordered with black velvet, richly spangled; the drapery raised embroidered sprigs; an elegant wreath of black velvet and silver leaves across the petticoat, fastened with a black velvet knot, spangled; the train black velvet, striped with silver lilac satin front, and sleeves beautifully spangled, to correspond; the whole superbly trimmed with silver.

Princess Castelvicala. A brown crape petticoat, ornamented with gold; brown crape drapery, embroidered with borders of gold foil, scallops, and twills of gold cord; train brown satin and gold.

Marchioness of Headfort. Petticoat of white crape, richly embroidered in gold stripes, drawn up on the left side with rich cords and tassels; the body and train of puce velvet.

Marchioness of Sligo. Petticoat of white crape, ornamented with white stripes of velvet applique, intermixed with silver, and trimmed with silver fringe.

Countess of Cardigan. Body and train of black velvet, petticoat of amber satin, with velvet stripes, richly embroidered with silver; the drapery of black velvet, richly embroidered with silver and amber tulips tied up with cords and tassels. A black velvet head-dress, embroidered with silver, and fine yellow feathers, diamonds, &c.

Countess of Macclesfield. Body and train of purple velvet, ornamented with gold; petticoat of rich purple satin, superbly embroidered with gold; the drapery of purple velvet, most elegantly ornamented with gold. The *tout ensemble* of this dress was one of the most elegant we witnessed, and did infinite credit to her ladyship's taste, as well as to that of the *marchande des modes* who prepared it.

Countess of Talbot. A black velvet and violet-coloured crape petticoat, richly embroidered with silver spangles and pearl; silver net drapery, looped up with silver rope and tassels; body and train of black velvet, and violet crape embroidered with silver; head-dress violet feathers and diamonds.

Countess of Clonmel. White crape petticoat embroidered with gold, and trimmed with rich ermine and rows of gold beads; the drapery shaded orange embroidered ribband, looped up with gold bullion rope and tassels; the body and train black velvet embroidered with gold; head-dress black velvet and embroidered ribband, and orange feathers and diamonds.

Countess of Jersey. An elegant and splendid dress: the petticoat of purple crape, tufted with silver. The sash of purple crape, crossed with embroidered bands of foil-stone and silver, on black velvet, tufted in variegated stripes, to correspond with the petticoat; the whole fastened up with elegant silver rollio and tassels. The train of black velvet, richly bordered with foil-stone and silver, tops of sleeves of silver tufted crape, tastefully fastened up with silver cord and tassels. The head-dress composed of black velvet, a profusion of diamonds, a plume of fine feathers, with a real heron. Her ladyship looked beautiful, and her dress was certainly one of the most brilliant at court, producing a striking and novel effect.

Viscountess Castlereagh. A buff satin petticoat, with rich border of purple velvet, tufted with silver and chain; two draperies on the right of superb black lace, edged with silver; on the left, a handkerchief; drapery of black lace, edged with broad silver fringe, silver pocket-holes, and a rich display of

silver rollio, and tassels. The train purple velvet, edged with silver; body and sleeves richly embroidered in silver, the old English slash sleeve, with under ditto, of buff satin, drawn through. Head-dress, a plume of buff and black feathers, velvet, and diamonds.

Lady Mary Taylor. White crape petticoat, richly embroidered in waves; over the petticoat a drapery, beautifully ornamented with crescents and stars, composed of coquelicot and silver, drawn up on the left side with rich fringe and tassels: train of coquelicot satin, richly embroidered with silver, the sleeves of white satin. This dress was one of the most tasteful at court.

Lady Honora Lambert. A superbly rich and remarkably elegant dress. The petticoat white, beautifully embroidered in silver, with a deep silver fringe, the drapery embroidered to correspond, and tastefully interspersed with a light laurel trimming of silver, finishing with cord and tassels; the train white velvet, very richly embossed with silver, and trimmed to match the petticoat. The whole of this dress looked uncommonly elegant.

The Lady Mayoress was dressed in a most magnificent and elegant style; her ladyship's dress consisted of a white satin petticoat, richly embroidered with gold spangles, in large sprigs round the bottom; white crape drapery, embroidered with gold in mosaic pattern, and edged with loose gold tassels; a sash of ditto embroidery, fastened with a bow, and end trimmed with broad gold fringe, and edged with tassels to correspond with the drapery; the whole ornamented and fastened with rich gold rope and tassels. Head-dress embroidered in gold, and a plume of beautiful

ostrich feathers, and diamond sprays. This dress was very superb, and one of the handsomest at court.

Lady Lucas. Crape petticoat, fringed with gold and rich gold applique; the drapery of the same, festooned with green velvet wreaths, gold fringe, cord, and tassels; train, green velvet, fringed with gold, half sleeves, striped with gold net, suit fine blond. Cap white crape and green velvet, richly spangled gold ornaments, and white ostrich plume.

Lady Nichols. A white satin petticoat, with a double row of swandown round the bottom; white crape drapery appliqued in white satin, and full trimmed with fine broad blond, and a net-work of Roman pearl fringe, fastened with chains and tassels of Roman pearl; a white satin train trimmed with swandown; body and sleeves ornamented to correspond; a white crape cap, richly embroidered in gold; a plume of ostrich feathers. The elegance and taste of this dress were extremely admired.

Lady Elizabeth Villiers. A white crape petticoat, richly spangled with silver, the bottom ornamented with white and silver; an elegant sash of crape, with alternate stripes of crimson and silver, crossed the petticoat, and returned with square end, tastefully embroidered in rich crimson and silver, trimmed with broad silver fringe; an elegant loop of silver supported the centre of the sash, and fastened up to the corner with rich silver tassels; the train white satin, edged with crimson and silver, tops of sleeves crimson and silver embroidery: the head-dress crimson and black velvet, with superb diamonds, and handsome plume of feathers.

Lady Louisa Corry was extremely well dressed in a petticoat of

rich pink satin, elegant border of black velvet, tufted with silver; the draperies formed of black lace, of a very elegant and novel pattern, edged with silver fringe and rollo, supported with rich silver cord and tassels; the train of black velvet, edged with silver net; body, and slash sleeves, richly spangled in silver; pink under sleeves, drawn through the tops. The head-dress, a handsome plume of pink feathers, and a profusion of diamonds. Both the wearer and dress were particularly beautiful.

Mrs. Robert Williams. Petticoat of white crape, ornamented richly with gold; drapery of ditto, on right side, with a deep gold fringe, a sash of crape crossing ditto, twisted with large gold rolleaus; a shawl drapery on left side, trimmed with deep gold fringe, and tied up with large gold and tassels; bottom and pocket-holes elegantly finished and trimmed with gold; train of rich white satin, ornamented with gold fringe. Head-dress composed of embroidered crape, feathers and pearls.

Miss Townshend. Purple satin petticoat, bordered with black velvet points, embroidered with gold; black velvet and gold points, with purple satin, formed an elegant double drapery; purple satin robe, embroidered round with black velvet, and gold points. This was a very striking elegant dress.

New Fashions.

These were not very striking. The waists remain the same, and all other parts of the dress, except that the hoops are happily diminishing in size, to the great comfort of the crowd. The prevailing colours were black, orange, purple, and brown, but above all black, particularly black velvet. Diamonds were worn in greater profusion

than ever; stones of all colours were also worn. Feathers were much worn, and many of them in a reclining position. Few artificial flowers appeared; but many were in embroidery. Nothing very new appeared in the style of dressing the hair: but we were happy to see that no one introduced the French fashion of antique dripping locks. The head-dresses were chiefly composed of spangled crape, feathers, and diamonds. The shoes, as usual, were made to correspond with the dresses.

The STORY of CLARA FARNESE.

CLARA Farnese was sister to pope Paul III., and the person to whom he owed his cardinal's hat, and consequently all that followed upon it, though he rewarded her ill for it; for he poisoned both her and her mother, that he might have all their wealth. Their father was a poor man, who went about selling sausages, like Horace's *Salsamentarius*. Clara was married young, and was soon a widow; she was a most agreeable woman, but no great beauty: her brother was bred to letters, and was one of those poor churchmen who was looking about on all hands where he might find a patron; when, on a sudden, his sister's charms, and her artifices together, raised him to a height to which he was far enough from pretending at that time. At some public ceremony, Clara Farnese was so near pope Alexander VI, and was so much in his eye and in his thoughts, that he ordered one of his attendants to inquire who she was, and where she lived. Instruments, on such occasions, are never wanting to great persons; and, notwithstanding the pope's great

age, yet his vices still hung so close to him, that he could have no quiet till Clara Farnese was brought to him. She resolved to manage herself on this occasion, and to raise her price as high as possible; so a cardinal's hat for her brother was asked and granted; a promise of it was made at least; upon which she attended on the old lewd pope: yet, when the next promotion came to be in agitation, the proposition for abbot Farnese was rejected by Cæsar Borgia with scorn: he had never been a slave to his word, and he had no mind that his father should observe it on this occasion.

The method of promotion is this: the pope settles the list of the cardinals, and writes down all their names on a paper, with his own hand; and in a consistory, when all other business is ended, he throws down the paper on the table, and says to the cardinals, 'You have now some brethren.' Upon that, one of the secretaries takes up the paper, and reads the names aloud; the *sberi* [the popes's guard] are at the door, and, as soon as one is named, they run for it, to see who shall be able to carry the first news to the party concerned.

On this occasion, the pope, after he had concerted the promotion with his son, wrote down all the names. Clara Farnese was in great apprehensions for her brother: she, being to pass that night with the pope, rose when the old man was asleep, searched his pockets, and found the paper, but her brother's name was not in it; so she set herself, with great care, to counterfeit the pope's hand, and wrote her brother's name the first in the list. Next morning she kept the pope in bed as long as possible, till word was brought him that the consistory was set, and the cardinals were all come; for she reckoned

that, the less time the pope had for being dressed, there was the less danger of his looking into the paper. Accordingly, without ever opening it, he went into the consistory, and, as usual, threw down the list on the table; but, to the great surprise of him, and all his confidants, the first name that was read was that of abbot Farnese. However, the pope thought it better to let the matter pass than to suffer the true secret to be known. It is well that the doctrine of the intention does not belong to the creation of cardinals; otherwise here was a nullity with a witness. Thus began the long course of pope Paul III's greatness, for he lived above fifty years after this, and laid the foundation of the family of Parma, which he saw quite overthrown, his son being assassinated in his own time, and both his grand-children having revolted against him, which, as was believed, hastened his death, though he was then fourscore. From him are descended the present king of Spain, and the duke of Parma (Don Philip), by their mother, Elizabeth Farnese. There are several pictures of Clara Farnese in the Pa-lestrina.

ROBERT M'KENZIE;

OR, THE

ADVENTURES OF A SCOTSMAN.

[Written by himself, and edited by R. Fer-
rie—Glasgow.]

CHAP. I.

IN the latter end of the year 17—
honest farmer M'Kenzie was re-
turning from the city of Glasgow,
in North-Britain, where he had

been disposing of the product of his
farm. In that opulent city he had
met with some old friends, who had
tempted him to taste more real
whiskey than he was accustomed
to. In this agreeable amusement
the hours passed unheeded by, and,
before our honest gentleman could
get quit of the city, the hour of ten
had struck.

As he jogged leisurely on his road
homewards, he began to calculate
his profits, and a violent perspira-
tion bedewed his brow when he
reflected that he had more than
twenty miles to travel over a road
noted for robberies, and that in a
moment he might be deprived of a
whole year's savings. When these
thoughts agitated his mind, he was
almost tempted to turn his horse's
head, and make the best of his way
to the city he had left; and would
have done so, had he not reflected
that now there was more danger in
returning than going forward.

In order to get rid of these gloomy
thoughts, he pressed his horse for-
ward to its utmost swiftness, when,
on a sudden, his suspicions seemed
to be verified by a loud whistle that
sounded close by his side. He had
hardly time to recommend himself
to heaven, and brandish his trusty
oaken cudgel in the air, when three
men jumped from behind a thick
hedge, and, in a tremendous tone,
ordered the farmer to stop; at the
same time assuring him no harm
was intended him. Their rhetoric
would have been little heeded by
M'Kenzie, who did not seem in-
clined to wait the conclusion of their
apostrophe; but a pistol, glittering
within a foot of his head, rooted
him to the spot. One of the men,
who appeared the superior of the
rest, and who had a little boy in his
hand, who cried bitterly, then ad-
dressed the farmer in these words:

‘Do you stand in need of money?’

Answer (in a tremulous tone)

‘Alas! yes!’

‘Have you a wife and children?’

‘Yes.’

‘Will you take this boy, and bring him up as your own son, if you are well paid for doing so?’

The farmer, who had recovered his spirits a little, ventured to demand the *quantum* that would be given as a premium with the boy. The speaker made no other answer than drawing a bag from below his surtout, which he said contained a thousand pounds, and which would be given along with the boy, on this condition, that the farmer would swear he never would reveal to his neighbours how the child came into his possession, but would say he was the offspring of some relation or other, whom he was taking charge of; and, if possible, would obliterate from the mind of the boy the mysterious manner he came into his possession.

After revolving the terms for some time in his mind, the farmer agreed to the bargain, upon condition his wife was apprised of the secret. After some demur the stranger agreed to this, and the oath being taken, with that exception, the boy was delivered into M'Kenzie's hands, along with the bag that induced him to accept of such a strange gift; when the strangers immediately disappeared.

The young fellow, by threats, having been stopped from crying, was taken up by M'Kenzie, and placed before him, who now proceeded at a great rate, praying fervently he might not be intercepted with the load he carried; and, after he had got within a few miles of his house, his anxiety became extreme how to prevent his friends and neighbours from discovering the addition

he had made to his fortune, and to induce his wife to submit to the addition he had made to his family. Of her pacification he was certain when she saw the bag of weighty arguments he carried under his arm; and to his children and neighbours he determined to say the boy was his nephew, whom a dying brother had committed to his charge. These thoughts had brought him to his stable door, when he was awakened from his reverie by his horse stopping at the well-known place: then lifting his protégé gently down, who had been during this period enjoying a sound repose, he secured his horse, and, taking the boy in his arms, carried him into the house, where we will leave them for the night.

CHAP. II.

THE reader perhaps will have anticipated that the boy so mysteriously introduced to their knowledge was no other than the hero of the subsequent pages. Thus far they are right, and I have now been relating to them the narrative of what I may call my *début* in life, which I learned many years afterwards. At this time I was about five years of age, very tall and stout, and already I had begun to be noted for a certain stubbornness, which eminently distinguished me in the after-period of my eventful life; all that I now remember, previous to my introduction to the reader, is a very confused recollection of having lived in a good house, where I was made much of by a man and woman, who seemed earnestly interested in my welfare. The family of which I now made a part consisted of the farmer, his wife, two sons, and a daughter. To attempt to do proper justice to their characters would require the pen of a Smollet or a Fielding. The farmer was noted for an honest

roughness, congenial to the clime where he first drew his breath; his rib was a compound of avarice, vanity, and superstition; the daughter was the exact counterpart of her mother, but the sons were noted for candour and honesty. Such appeared to me to be the leading features of their characters, when age had enabled me to make the observation. To this family (the younger branches of which were not much older than myself) I was introduced, the morning after my arrival, as the nephew of the farmer, and was received in a very flattering manner. The money, which remained a secret with my new uncle and aunt, made them notice me with such gracious smiles as evidently induced the rest of the family to pay me more attention than they would otherwise have done. The childish routine of my boyish days can be of no interest to the reader; I shall therefore slightly pass over what happened to me during that period, till the time when I dearly purchased a small knowledge of men and manners.

I must, however, do this justice to my country, as to say, that none could receive a better education upon less expense; a schoolmaster taught within one mile of my residence, and from him I learned every thing worthy of attention. To a knowledge of the Latin language this worthy man added that of Greek, French, and Italian, which he taught for a trifle that would astonish my readers. Finding in me a peculiar aptness for literature, this gentleman paid every attention in his power to perfect my education; and, from the small library which his humble fortune enabled him to procure, supplied me with such books as appeared to him best adapted for enlightening the mind and improving the heart.

In a word, I can boast, that in the deep wilds of Scotland I acquired an education which the most polished seminary in the metropolis could not improve. Nor even were the lighter sciences wanting: a dancing and fencing master regularly made their appearance from Glasgow at the neighbouring village for some months during the summer, and from them I acquired the name of an expert fencer and a genteel dancer.

In these studies the time flew quickly on, and I had now arrived at the age of sixteen without any thing material having occurred worthy of a place in these my true and authentic memoirs. No inquiry had ever been made concerning me, and I had entirely forgot that I was any thing else than what I appeared. I had always been treated with uniform kindness and benevolence by the honest farmer, who had now arrived to a considerable degree of opulence, and none of his children had any idea but that I was in reality their cousin. At this time, as my ideas began to unfold, I shall endeavour to give my readers an impartial sketch of my person and character. I was about five foot high, well limbed, and of a ruddy and sanguine complexion. I was early remarked for a firmness, inclining to obstinacy; born with ardent passions, that kindled like tinder, to the utmost susceptibility of tenderness I added a great degree of pride and stubborn courage, insomuch, that, from my earliest years, I was certain to be found the chief ringleader in every skirmish or petty broil, so frequent at that time in Scotland; and in these encounters it was remarked, that an obstinate degree of courage never failed me, either in making an attack or skilfully conducting a retreat.

From the nature of the books which had been put into my hands in my early years, which greatly turned upon warlike achievements, I had early embraced the determination of following a military career. The lives of sir William Wallace and Robert Bruce poured a flood of Scottish prejudices into my mind, which no new scenes or countries can ever eradicate. At this period it was destined that an unfortunate occurrence should drive me from these tranquil scenes, and launch me unexperienced on the busy haunts of men.

CHAP. III.

IF the secret motives of the actions of men, from the beginning of time to this day, were thoroughly known, I am confident it would be found that love, or a communication between the two sexes, has been, and still is, the main spring upon which the fortune of man generally hinges. Such has been my case, and such has been the case of thousands.

Near the residence of my foster-father there dwelt a widow, whose sole comfort and subsistence rested on a daughter, whose bright eyes, while I write these lines, seem to beam before me. In a word, this daughter was a first-rate rustic beauty, and held the pre-eminence over all the *belles* of the neighbouring village, while I, on my part, shone conspicuous as a first-rate *beau*. Placed in these relative situations, we fell to be matched in every scene of revelry, which, at certain fairs, and other periods of the year, were held in the place.

As this peerless damsel appeared to be nearly of the same age with myself, we had long noticed each other with the most tender friendship; but, shortly after we had seen our third *lustrum*, the reader will

not be surprised to hear that our friendship ripened apace into a more ardent affection.

Upon one unfortunate night (the consequences of which the reader will have to judge of in the subsequent pages), a periodical merry-making had called upon me to join in an entertainment given at the village, which was to conclude with a ball, for which I had previously secured the hand of my inamorata. After having enjoyed *la danse* till Aurora warned us of the approach of day, I was entrusted with the care of Mary Smellie (so was this girl named), who, from the proximity of her habitation to my own, was naturally placed under my protection, and, after I had seen her home, I was as naturally, on her part, invited in. Her mother was in bed, fast asleep; the house was solitary; my passions were heightened with the scenes of the night in which we had been engaged, and in which a liberal sacrifice had been made to Bacchus. Let me here draw a veil, and desist from any further relation.

Before I proceed further, it will be proper to apologise to my readers for introducing them to such company. This apology will be at once accepted when they reflect that this is a true history, and that the veracity so becoming in a historian compels me to mention events which otherwise I would be the last to take notice of.

After having spent several hours with this girl, I returned to my home, with a heart alternately agitated with joy and torn with remorse. A few interviews, however, completely removed the latter sensation, when I saw that no evil consequences resulted from the meeting.

In this delicious intercourse days and weeks flew unheeded by, till I

was suddenly roused from the lethargy into which I had sunk by the information of Mary Smellie's pregnancy. Then only did I feel the bad effects arising from a meretricious intercourse, which at that time appeared to me as an ample penance for the crime; for I experienced a degree of agony which cannot be described when I reflected that my boiling passions had plunged two innocent beings into the horrid vortex of ruin and shame; nor was the poignancy of my grief any way abated with the reflexion (which I had never before made) that I was poor, friendless, and guilty, and that I had no funds wherewith I could support the innocent fruit of my crime. Never let my greatest enemy be conscious of one half of the torture I felt on these reflexions, and when the swollen eyes of Mary, in whose countenance grief was wrote in legible characters, told me that she was ruined, abandoned, and undone. This must be accounted for by the severe laws of North-Britain in these cases, where the unhappy culprits must undergo the disgrace of a stern rebuke, from a rigid presbyterian, in the face of a whole congregation. This had often come under my inspection; and, at the time, I sympathised with the sufferers, little thinking that it would soon come to be my own case.

The time now nearly approached when I knew that Mary's pregnancy no longer could be concealed; and the more I reflected upon the train of evils that a discovery would throw upon me, the less resolution I felt to withstand it; and at last I determined upon an instant elopement, as I was conscious that, if I absented myself, my uncle would not allow the child to be maltreated; and, previous to my departure, I determined to make a declaration

in writing to him of my guilt, and of my earnest wish that he would comply with my desire, in protecting my child. Little preparations were necessary to fit me for my departure. The funds which I had to depend upon for a subsistence, in the peregrinations which my luckless stars had condemned me to, were only three guineas, a late gift of my uncle's, which I had thrown aside as useless. With this money, and a single change of linen, I determined to take my departure from the almost paternal roof which had hitherto sheltered me. Having determined upon that night as the time for putting my purpose in execution, I previously wrote the following letter to the honest farmer, whom, at that time, I considered in the light of my uncle:—

‘ My dear uncle,

‘ You will throw your eyes on these lines, and you will be astonished when I confess that I am a rascal. You tremble: the letter falls from your grasp: lift it up, for it is true. In one word, I am a deceitful villain: the innocent Mary Smellie has fallen a victim to my passion, and is at this moment six months advanced in her pregnancy, of which I am the author. After this confession, I need hardly add, you will never see me more. Protect the mother, be a father to the child, and may heaven's everlasting blessings light upon you and yours,
prays
‘ R. M'KENZIE.’

After having finished this incoherent epistle, I went over to the beautiful cause of my distress, with a mind which devils need not have envied.

The extreme grief which was so evidently depicted on her countenance rent my very soul, and the address which her mother made me served very little to heal my wounded

bosom; for, knowing the friendship which subsisted between her daughter and myself, she earnestly entreated me to inform her if I knew the cause of her daughter's sorrow, continuing in these words — 'Formerly, my Mary was blithe as a lavrock, the greatest pride o' aw her freends; of late her spirits have entirely sunk, and she seems totally absorbed in the most profound distress. Conjure her, Robert, to have mercy on her aged mither, and disclose the cause of her grief.' This pathetic remonstrance totally unmanned me; and, in a paroxysm of the deepest agony, I rushed from the cottage, and cursed the hour of my birth, determined instantly to put my intended flight in execution. Rushing homewards, I seized my money and the linen I had formerly wrapped up, threw the letter for my uncle on a table, and ran many miles without once knowing or reflecting whither I was going, or what were my intentions.

(To be continued.)

The MORAL ZOOLOGIST.

(Continued from Vol. XXXIII.
p. 691.)

PART II.—BIRDS.

LETTER I.

From *Eugenia* to the Right Hon.
Lady ———.

AFTER having taken a moral survey of the different tribes of quadrupeds, their conformation, various instincts, and manners of life, which have afforded us such ample matter for admiration of the power and wisdom of the great Author of Nature, I shall now proceed to invite your ladyship's attention to the feathered inhabitants of air,—a pleasing race of animals, which contribute much to the solace and entertain-

ment of man, and scarcely in any instance are to him the cause of fear or alarm.

The bodily structure of birds appears to be peculiarly adapted to flight and swiftness; all their parts are proportionably light, and a large surface is expanded without solidity. The shape of the body is sharp before, to pierce and make way through the air; it rises gradually to its bulk, and declines into an expansive tail, by the aid of which it floats in the air. They have, in consequence, frequently been compared to a ship making its way through water; the trunk of the body answers to the hold, the head to the prow, the tail to the rudder, and the wings to the oars.

The wings of birds are usually placed at that part of the body which serves to poise the whole, and support it in a fluid that at first seems so much lighter than itself. They answer to the fore-legs of quadrupeds. These instruments of flight are furnished with quills, which differ from the common feathers only in their size. To enable birds to move their wings with sufficient force to raise themselves by the resistance of the air, they are furnished with two very strong pectoral muscles, situated on each side of the breast-bone. The pectoral muscles of quadrupeds are very feeble in comparison with those of birds. In quadrupeds, and also in man, the muscles by the action of which motion is communicated to the thighs and hinder parts of the body are much the strongest, while those of the arms are comparatively weak: in birds, on the contrary, the pectoral muscles that move the wings or arms are of prodigious strength, while those of the thighs are extremely weak. Birds can therefore move their wings with a degree of force which, when we merely consider the size of the animal, must

appear incredible. The flap of a swan's wing will break a man's leg; and a similar blow from an eagle has been known, it is said, to deprive a man of life.

In fine, the whole conformation of birds conspires to the rapidity of their motion. Their feathers are very light, have a broad surface, and hollow shafts; the wings are convex above, and concave below; they are firm, and spread wide. The body is likewise extremely light; for the flat bones are thinner than in quadrupeds, and have much larger cavities in proportion to their size. Buffon observes that, according to the anatomists of the French Academy, 'the skeleton of the pelican is extremely light, not weighing more than twenty-three ounces, though it is of considerable bulk.'

This power of swift motion some birds exert in a remarkable degree. Many species scarcely rest a single moment; and the rapacious tribes pursue their prey without stopping or turning aside, while quadrupeds require to be frequently recruited. An eagle, says Buffon, will rise out of sight in less than three minutes; and therefore must fly more than three thousand five hundred yards in one minute, or twenty leagues in an hour. A bird might, therefore, perform with ease a journey of two hundred leagues in a day, since ten hours would be sufficient, which would allow time for frequent intermissions of rest, and a whole night for repose. The swallows of our climates, and other migratory birds, might thus reach the equator in seven or eight days. Adanson saw, on the coast of Senegal, swallows that had arrived on the ninth of October, that is, in eight or nine days after their departure from Europe. The old Italian traveller, Pietro della Valle, says, that in Persia the carrier-pigeon travels as far in a single day as a man can go, on foot;

in six days. It is a well-known story that a falcon of Henry II. which flew after a bustard at Fontainebleau, was caught the next morning at Malta, and recognised by a ring which had been fastened to it. A Canary falcon, sent to the duke of Lerma, returned in sixteen hours from Andalusia to the island of Teneriffe, a distance of two hundred and fifty leagues; and sir Hans Sloane assures us that at Barbadoes the gulls make excursions in flocks to the distance of more than two hundred miles, and return the same day.

Birds appear to possess several senses in greater perfection than either quadrupeds or men. They have in general, and birds of prey especially, a very piercing sight. A hawk will perceive a lark at a distance at which it could not be discovered by either men or dogs; and a kite, from an almost imperceptible height in the clouds, darts down on its prey with most unerring aim. That the hearing of birds is extremely delicate and accurate, is manifest from the readiness with which many of them learn tunes, repeat words, or imitate other sounds with the greatest exactness. Their sense of smelling seems to be equally vivid in the generality of birds. Many of them scent their prey at a vast distance, and others are preserved by this sense from their merciless pursuers. In decoys, where ducks are caught, the men who attend them always keep a piece of turf burning near their mouths, on which they breathe, lest the fowl should smell them and fly away. As the practice is general, there seems little reason to doubt that it is necessary, and certainly must be admitted as a proof of the acuteness of the sense of smelling in at least this species of the feathered tribes.

But the instincts observable in

birds are more particularly worthy the attention of the moral naturalist, as they evince the wisdom of the great Creator, and his care for the preservation of his works, to all of which he widely extends his tender mercies. The nests framed by the various species of birds are remarkably adapted to the climate in which they are found, their habits of living, and the dangers to which they are exposed from their natural enemies and pursuers. In the construction of these nests almost every species has a peculiar architecture of its own, adapted to the number of eggs, the temperature of the climate, or the respective heat of the little animal's own body. When the eggs are many, it is requisite that the nest should be warm, that all may receive an equal portion of the animal heat. The wren, and all the small birds, therefore, make the nest very warm, because their eggs are numerous; while, on the contrary, the plover (that has but two eggs), the eagle, and the crow, are less solicitous in this respect; since, their eggs being few, and their bodies large, they can with certainty communicate heat to them by sitting on them. With respect to climate, it may be observed that water-fowl, in warmer countries, are very careless in making their nests; but, in the colder, take every precaution to render them warm; and some species will even strip the soft down from their breasts, to line and defend them against the cold.

Every species of the feathered creation, however, in general, when about to make its nest and hatch its young, resorts to those places where the climate is sufficiently favourable, and food found in the greatest abundance. The larger birds, as also those of the aquatic kinds, choose places as remote as possible from the observation of man. Some birds, who are in danger principally

from the serpent, hang their nests on the end of a small bough, and form the entrance from below, by which means they are secured both from the serpent and the monkey tribes. But all the smaller birds, which feed upon fruits and corn, and consequently frequently devour the produce of the labour of the husbandman, seem to take every precaution to conceal themselves; while the larger kinds, which lead their lives at a distance from the abodes of men, appear to be merely intent on guarding against wild beasts and vermin.

The patience and perseverance of birds, while hatching their eggs and attending their young, is extreme. They cannot be driven from the nest, either by hunger or the dread of danger. The female is frequently fat when she begins to sit, but wasted and almost starved before her young are fledged. Some of the larger birds bring the female food while she is sitting, and that in considerable abundance; but, among the smaller tribes, the male only sits near her on some tree, and soothes her by his singing: when she is tired, he will sometimes take her place; and, while she flies abroad, patiently wait her return. When the young are hatched, the old birds are employed in the most indefatigable manner in supplying them with food. The rapacious kinds now become more than usually fierce and active. They carry their prey, yet warm with life, to the nest, and early accustom their young to seize and rend it. The smaller birds discontinue their singing, and give their whole attention to the providing of sustenance for their offspring. They take care to procure them a regular supply; and feed them in their turns, that one may not engross all to himself, and deprive the rest of nourishment. When the whole family is fully

plumed, and capable of avoiding danger by flight, they are led forth by their parents, and initiated in the art of providing for their own subsistence. They are shown the places which their prey haunts, or where their food is generally found in greatest abundance; they are taught the methods of discovering and carrying it away; till at length, when they are sufficiently able to take care of themselves, the old ones finally leave them, and all connexion between them ceases for ever.

Though birds are so perfectly formed for a wandering life, and so well fitted for changing place with ease and rapidity, we yet find them in general addicted to remain in the places where they have been bred. The rook does not desire, unless she be disturbed, to leave her native grove; the blackbird frequents the hedge to which she has been accustomed; and the redbreast continues in one certain district, from which he seldom removes, but seems to claim as his own, by driving out every intruder of the same species. They appear to be excited to migration only by the change of the seasons, by hunger, or by fear. Actuated by one of these powerful motives, the birds usually called birds of passage forsake us every year for a certain period, and make their regular and expected returns.

These annual emigrations have afforded much employment to the curiosity of mankind, yet are there few subjects concerning which less has been discovered. It is generally believed that the cause of their retreat from the places they frequent is either the scarcity of food, or the want of a convenient situation for producing and nurturing their young. Thus the starling, in Sweden, at the approach of winter, passes every year into Germany, and the hen-chaffinches of the same

country are seen every year to fly through Holland in large flocks, in quest, no doubt, of a warmer climate. Others make journys of much greater length. The quails, in spring, quit the burning heats of Africa for the milder temperature of Europe; and, when the summer is over, return to enjoy in Egypt a winter which has none of the rigours of that season. These journeys are made by them in such a manner that they appear a preconcerted undertaking. They meet in some open place for several days before their departure, and seem to discuss the mode in which they shall proceed, by an odd kind of chattering. When their plan is settled, they all take flight together, and often are met with in such numbers that they seem to mariners, at sea like a cloud resting on the horizon. The strongest and boldest, and by much the greatest number, arrive safely at the place of their destination; but many grow weary by the way, and, overpowered with fatigue, drop down into the sea, and sometimes upon the decks of ships, where they become an easy prey to the sailors.

Of the prodigious number of water-fowl that frequent our shores, it is astonishing how few are known to breed here. These seem to be induced to their migrations not so much by the want of food as by the desire to find a secure place of retreat. They are too shy and timid to be at their ease in so populous a country; while it was less so, and when many parts of it were a mere waste and uncultivated tract of woods and marshes, several species of birds, which now migrate, remained with us through the year. The great heron and the crane formerly bred in the marshes of this country, though they now annually forsake them. Their nests, like those of most cloven-footed water-fowl, were

built on the ground, and exposed to every invader. But, as cultivation increased, these birds became more and more disturbed, till at length they have been obliged to seek, during the summer, a more lonely retreat, where they may be secure from the intrusion of the labourer and the attacks of their pursuers.

Among the numerous tribes of the duck kind, there are only five species that breed here; the tame swan, the tame goose, the sheldrake, the eider duck, and a few of the wild ducks. The rest make a part of that astonishing multitude of water-fowl, which annually repair to the dreary lakes and deserts of Lapland from the more southern countries of Europe. They there can rear their young in undisturbed security; they find plenty of food, and can feed at their ease. So immense are their numbers, that Linnæus observed the surface of the river Calix covered with them, in their progress, for eight whole days and nights. When they fly, many of these species generally arrange themselves in a long line, or sometimes angularly in two lines, meeting in a point like the letter V reversed. The bird which leads at the point seems posted there to cleave the air, and facilitate the passage of those which are to follow. When fatigued with his exertions in this laborious station, he falls back into one of the wings of the file, while another succeeds to his place. In general these birds return to our warmer climate about the beginning of October; but many of the hardier kinds of the web-footed fowl remain in the northern countries during the whole winter, except when it proves more than ordinarily severe, and compels them to seek a milder region.

The migration of swallows is attended with circumstances which render it difficult to form a decided

opinion concerning it. It is admitted that they pass, in great numbers, into warmer climates at the approach of our winter, and return about the beginning of summer; but it is also asserted that numbers of them continue here, during winter, in a torpid state, making their retreat, like bats, into old walls or hollow trees; and, according to accounts so well attested that it seems impossible to refuse belief to them, they have been drawn up in clusters from the bottoms of rivers and ponds, and revived on being brought into a warm place.

I need not remind your ladyship in how striking a manner the structure and various instincts of the feathered tribes evince the power and wisdom of the great Creator; the facts need only to be recited, and the comment will present itself to the dullest apprehension. I shall conclude this letter, therefore, with assuring your ladyship that I remain, with the utmost esteem and affection, your faithful EUGENIA,
(*To be continued.*)

SIGNE AND HAVOR;

OR,

LOVE STRONGER THAN DEATH:

A GOTHIC ROMANCE.

[*From the Danish of M. Suhm.*]

‘ Ah! te meæ si partem animæ rapit
Maturior vis, quid moror alteram?
.....Non ego perfidum
Dixi sacramentum. Ibiinus, ibiinus,
Utcunque præcedes, supremum
Carpere iter comites parati.’

KING Sigar * dwelt in Sigerstedt, and reigned over the southern part

* Sigar, according to Saxo Grammaticus, was the 34th king of Denmark. The story of the love-adventure of his daughter Signe with Hagbarth (the son of Hamund, a king of Norway), and their deaths, as related by the above-mentioned fabulous historian, has furnished the subject of M. Suhm's romance.

of Zealand. Bera, princess of Upsal, was his queen. By her he became father of Syvald, Alf, and Alger—brave warriors. Signe, his only daughter, was as renowned for beauty and understanding as her brothers were for courage and martial prowess. To these she added a firmness and constancy in her resolutions rarely to be found in her sex, a truth and sincerity which were admired even in those early ages, and a magnanimity which rendered her worthy of the sceptre. She declared her intention publicly to make a vow, in the temple of Freya*, that no man should loose her virgin zone, unless he should first have overcome her two brothers, Alf and Alger, in fight, and compelled them to sue for a truce. Her eldest brother Syvald, widely as the fame of his heroism was spread, she too fondly loved to expose to any danger. ‘The warlike deeds of my brothers,’ said she, ‘are known on the Frisic, the British, and the Francic shores. There have they furnished food to the raven †; there the bird of Odin screams over the bodies of the slain.’

The Danish people crowded in multitudes to be present when Signe took this vow. She walked in solemn state to the altar, took from her head the garland she wore, and, holding it before the statue of the goddess—‘I swear,’ said she, ‘by thee, O Freya! who governest the night, and inclinest all hearts to love, that I never will take from my head this virgin crown’ (and, thus saying, she replaced it on her head) ‘till a warrior shall woo me who shall prove himself the bravest of men.’ She now took a horn filled

* Freya was the Venus of the northern mythology. She was represented sitting in a chariot drawn by cats.

† The standard of the ancient Danes bore the figure of a raven.

with mare’s blood, and poured it on the image of the goddess, on the chariot, and the figures of the animals attached to it. Her yellow hair, which outshone the flaming gold, floated on her snow white shoulders, and was bound with a crimson ribband. Her large blue eyes beamed with the exalted and generous sentiments of her soul, and resembled the eyes of Odin when he glances them on his victorious warriors. The whole assembly raised a shout of joy, and struck their swords upon their shields with so loud a clangour, that the birds, as they flew over, fell down with fear. With one voice exclaimed the multitude—‘The vow becomes the daughter of Denmark. Signe is an heroic Dane.’ Some venerable matrons alone wept and said—‘Signe must for ever remain a virgin; never will she know the joys which Freya bestows on other mortals, for her brothers are invincible.’—‘Even then,’ replied Signe, ‘the race of my royal house will not fail.’—‘See,’ said the matrons, ‘the moon is veiled in clouds: Freya mourns that her beloved daughter has proved faithless to her.’—‘No; Freya mourns for Oddur*, and is willing that my love should resemble her own.’

Sigar now arose; he took in his hand his sceptre, which was sacred and venerable, not on account of the value of its materials or decorations, but from its antiquity and the heroes by which it had been borne. It was merely a knotty staff of ash, from which all the branches had been cut. Sigar waved it and said—‘I swear by this sacred sceptre, borne by my great ancestors, and which was cut from the tree by the

* Oddur was the husband of Freya. According to the northern mythology, he had left her, and she continually wept his absence.

heroic chieftain Dan*, with his own royal hands, that this oath of my daughter shall be observed inviolably, and that I will give her to no one but to him who shall excel all others in courage and martial achievements. I will defend her with the whole force of my kingdom against all violence, and every daring attempt.' The whole assembly now exclaimed—'Sigar is worthy of Signe, and Signe is worthy of her race.'

At that time lived in Norway, in the district of Dronheim, a king named Hamund. He had four valiant sons, Hakon, Habor, Helvin, and Hamund. They had all obtained renown by long sea-excursions and great victories; Hakon especially, for he had conquered the Swedish king Huggleik, the brother of queen Bera, and placed himself on the throne of Upsal. One day, Habor came to his father Hamund, and said to him—'Father, I envy not my brother the great name he has acquired; may his fame spread to the ends of the earth! But I will not consent that mine shall be less than his: I too will merit to sit with Odin.' The old king embraced his son, and a tear flowed down his cheek—the first he had shed since he had wept over the grave of his beloved queen Alvilda.—'I know,' said he, 'the valour of the Normans; thus must a Norwegian think I cannot sufficiently thank thee, great father Odin, that the sons thou hast given me resemble me. My ships, my warriors, my swords, my shields, my darts, are ready: choose the best of them; choose as many as thou wilt, and carry the glory of Norway through the world. But, tell me, whom

wilt thou attack, that thy renown may equal that of thy brother?

Habor was long silent: his cheeks glowed with an anxious flame: at length he said—'The Danish Freya, Signe, the daughter of Sigar, has made a vow that she will marry the warrior who shall be able to overcome her brothers in fight. She means to continue for ever a virgin, and defies us with the scornful pride of her race, with Danish pride. But this hand shall combat, conquer, and obtain the prize.'

The aged Norman turned pale.—'Rash youth,' said he, 'thou rushest upon certain death. But this I reckon not: for, though thou shouldst fall without victory, thou wilt not without glory. Yet thou riskest the honour of Norway. The Danish heroes are fierce as bears robbed of their young. They know not flight. How often have I seen their furious valour in the martial encounter! They fought by my side, but never yet against me; for much more do I wish the Danes to be my friends than my enemies. Desist from your purpose, my Habor, and contend not in vain against the sons of war.'

'Signe is the prize,' exclaimed Habor, while his eyes sparkled with redoubled fire. 'Fame vaunts her virtues and her beauty. Norway cannot lose her honour, though I should fall. It is honourable to fall by Alf and Alger; and Norway has a thousand warriors, as brave as I, who will avenge my death. I will fight, though more than mortal force opposed me: Signe is the prize!'

'I recognise the Norman,' replied the king, 'I recognise my son. Immoveable in his resolution, he defies danger, terror, death, and fate. Go, my son, thy valour be thy conductor. Living or dead, thou wilt do me honour. Thou art

* The founder, according to the northern traditions, of the kingdom of Denmark.

the image of thy mother Alvilda : thou hast her beauty heightened by manly vigour and martial courage.'

—The old man embraced him.—

'May fortune follow thee,' said he, 'and Odin and the Fates be thy guides!'—Habor withdrew from the arms of his father, hastily retired, and said to himself when he was alone—'Whether living or dead, I will be worthy of Hamund.'

A fleet was now fitted out with all expedition, and in a short time a hundred well-appointed vessels were assembled at the mouth of the Nidelbe. They were manned with brave and chosen warriors; the youth of Norway flocked to them from every part, for all were anxious to share in this heroic enterprise, and derive honour from the conquest of a hitherto invincible people. The Telleboans came with their bows, the inhabitants of Hordeland with their two-edged axes, and those of Drontheim with their broad swords. The sails of the ship which carried Habor were of silk of a deep gold colour, to signify the fire that blazed in his breast, as also the courage with which he would brave every danger. His shield was white, with a golden border. On it was represented a bear conflicting with a wild boar. The wind was favourable, and in eleven days they reached the Belt, and the next day the river which flowed up to Sigerstedt. There Habor landed with twelve of his bravest attendants.

When he approached the city, a sentinel called to him, and demanded wherefore he was come.—'My name,' said he, 'is Habor; I seek Sigar, and propose to win his daughter in combat.'—The sentinel laughed aloud :—'Friend,' said he, 'you would attempt what is impossible. The force of Alf and Alger is like the thunderbolt. But wait a short time : I will inform the king.

He will not be offended at your rash and absurd wish to fall by the hands of his sons.'

The sentinel hastened to his sovereign.—'Hail!' said he, 'king Sigar. Without are thirteen valiant Normans. Their aspect is fierce, and fire sparkles in their eyes. Their leader, Habor, demands Signe or death. Bera, the queen, burst into a contemptuous laugh—'Now,' said she, 'shall I be revenged, if not of Hakon, at least of Hakon's brother. Hakon drove my brother Huggleik from his throne, on which he sits, arrayed in the splendor purchased with his treasures, and, with my brother's silver horn in his hand, devotes the name of Huggleik to the scorn of his insulting court. But by Alf and Alger shall Habor fall; the ravens shall drink his blood, and afterwards shall the turn of Hakon arrive.'

Thus proudly spoke the queen; but Sigar turned pale, for he was no warrior. He had made some naval expeditions in his youth, but more from compliance with the custom of the age than from martial inclination. He therefore said—'I could not have expected this challenge. The Danes and Norwegians are both brave, and from time immemorial have been friends to each other. Great is the prowess of Alf and Alger; but the valour of Habor is also known through all the regions of the north. The vow, however, shall be fulfilled; and I trust that Odin will still continue to extend his favour and protection to Denmark.'

'This is spoken as becomes a king,' rejoined Bera. 'Habor rushes on certain death. Shall not the Danish and Swedish royal blood, which flows in the veins of my sons, animate them to vanquish a wretched Norwegian freebooter?' Nothing more was now said.

The sentinel received orders to admit the strangers, and Habor entered the palace of Sigar with the air of Balder *, when he walks in Valhalla †. Sigar and all his warriors arose to salute him. A kind of shuddering seized Sigar, and Bera herself felt a tremor. Sigar extended to him his hand.

‘Welcome,’ said he, ‘great northern hero—hero from a friendly country—be seated by my side. We will spare neither beer nor mead while thou shalt remain at my court: thou art worthy to be our guest.’

‘King of the Danes,’ answered Habor, ‘I hate idleness; my soul cannot remain inactive, and victory follows my banners. You know my purpose: your warrior must have told it to you.’

‘I know it,’ said the king, with a half-stifled sigh; ‘but Alf and Alger are now not with us. For a short time they are employed in an expedition to the Wendean shores, where they bathe themselves in the blood of robbers. Remain, however, here: my daughter shall bring you a horn full of mead.’

Habor now sat in silence, while all admired the countenance and demeanour of the hero. Sigar looked on him with fear and anxiety, Bera with hatred and malignant hope of revenge, and the chiefs assembled at the court with reverence. Habor turned his eyes on the white shields, the shining swords, and blood-besprinkled banners. Fancy pictured to him Signe; the Norwegians hastening to welcome him with shouts of victory; and Alf and Alger extended at his feet. In

his *réverie*, he thought he saw blood dropping from the swords and shields.—‘A happy omen!’ exclaimed he, transported beyond himself, and with a voice like thunder. The knees of Sigar smote together, and Bera could scarcely breathe.

Signe now entered with the silver-tipped horn in her snow-white hand. She approached Habor: two female attendants bore up her train. In it, and in her vest, were embroidered in gold, by her own hands, the heroic acts of her brothers.

‘Habor, brother of Hakon,’ said the queen in an angry voice, and with eyes sparkling with hatred,—‘Signe brings thee the fatal draught, the prelude of thy death.’ Habor started, and would have answered the queen, had not his whole soul been enchained to Signe the moment he gazed on her beauty. He took the horn, pressed her hand, and, with the liquor, drank in love. She inclined her head with indescribable grace when she gave him the horn, and said, with downcast eyes,—‘Healthful be your draught!’—‘Poisonous!’ exclaimed the queen with violence.—‘A guest,’ said Signe, ‘demands our hospitality and respect.’

Love and courage now filled the heart of Habor. ‘Signe,’ said he to himself, ‘thou art worthy of the bravest hero, and thou shalt be mine.’ Signe departed with light and graceful steps: and Habor followed her with his eyes, enraptured. He sighed for the first time in his life.—‘Perhaps,’ said he, ‘I shall fall, and Signe shall not be mine!’ But immediately his manly courage revived.—‘I will not fear,’ exclaimed he: ‘inspired as I am with the love of glory and of Signe, victory is certain!’

(To be continued.)

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* The son of Odin, one of the most beautiful of the gods, corresponding to the Apollo of the Greeks.

† The abode of the souls of heroes after death; the Elysium of the northern mythology.

PARISIAN FASHIONS.

(With an Engraving elegantly coloured.)

THE hair is dressed in twists, covering the forehead, instead of the tuft à l'Angloise; the hair gathered behind in silk or gold stuff, or striped silver gauze. It is likewise dressed in twists, with fronts of black or poppy velvet, forming a band over the temple, and fastening the hair, which passes in twisted curls over the top of the head: this latter head-dress is executed in crape, which rises in small puffs in the front. Embroidered kerchiefs, tied under the chin, are still prevalent. The rose has returned to favour with the *modistes*. Orange colour is also frequently worn. Lilac is quite discarded. Capotes of white satin are also much in fashion, and velvet ribbands in squares of zig-zags. Coloured feathers are also worn; and three white plumes, one above the other, appear sometimes in white velvet hats. Flowers are worn only in the hair. The metal arch, which encircles the combs, is no longer in the same direction with the teeth; but, when the comb is placed in the head, the arch or diadem appears perpendicular. Long shawls embroidered with gold are most prevalent.

Some young persons wear riding coats à l'Ecuyere, with small lapels, faced with velvet, the same as the collars: nut-brown is the most fashionable, and gaiters are as much worn as boots.

Within these last few days, some women of fashion have begun to dress their hair in that mode which is called à la Ninon. It divides the hair on the middle of the forehead, leaving it very low from the brow to the crown of the head. On the very front is a single curl. A large love-lock falls down on each

side to the shoulders. On the neck, behind, the hair is partly in plaits, partly in loose curled locks. In those dresses which are the most common, the hair is in many curls over the brow, but in plaits on the neck. Flowers are no longer in fashion. The velvet caps have been lately of a dark-green colour. The hats are still turned up behind. The *toque*-caps are of three or four folds over the brow, with a plain feather. They are often all of one piece, particularly those of white satin. In both caps and hats, the satin and velvet are flesh-coloured, rose, orange, or crimson; many feathers are worn, and few or no flowers. Diamonds are much worn,—in garlands, crosses, egrets, or sultanas. Chains of pearls on links of gold suspend the medallions from the necklaces.

The hair is now dressed in curls, which proceed half over the hinder part of the head, leaving only two inches of the nape of the neck visible. This head-dress is called a *demi-Titus*. Under the temples the hair still plays in waving locks. Diamonds, or steel spangles for the hair, are set on black velvet. The turbans still go so low as to the neck. Within these few days, some ladies have been observed to wear on the turban an *esprit*, in a transverse direction. Most of these turbans are of satin and velvet, of two colours. They are somewhat of a cap form. The colours of the velvet are amarant, crimson, and orange; the satin is white or tawney. Except in that which is called an undress, shawl turbans are rarely worn. The back part of the hat is still turned up; and the edge of the turn-up is pressed into a wolf's-throat form. The very top of the hat is often in the form of a dome. Its compartments are formed of bands of satin on a ground

Engraved for the Ladies Magazine Jan^y. 1803.



Mutlow Sc. Russell. Co.^s

PARIS DRESS.

of velvet, or of loops of velvet on a satin ground. The hats are of a flesh-colour and a black, of a flesh and rose, or of a black and rose. Some ladies cover them with a puffed crape, the ground colour of which is violet, flesh, or rose. Grey beaver hats have gone out, and black beavers are coming again in fashion. On these is worn a small gold string, tied behind, and ending in glandular tassels. Hats made of velvet solely are either flesh-coloured, black, or orange. Coloured feathers are entirely out of fashion. The tuft of curls over the front becomes continually larger; and hence the veils, Savoy handkerchiefs, and cornet-caps, are worn so much backward as not to occupy more than half the same space as formerly. The longest of the robes falls not lower than the middle of the leg, or the tip of the ankle: its waist is long, its sleeves are wide and plaited. The petticoats are short.—Some of the young men of fashion wear spencers of the same colour with their coats.

There is no fashion more prevalent than mob caps of amaranthine or flesh-colour. The hat is worn turned up with deep plaits or wolf's teeth upon the leaf. Ringlets of hair are gathered upon the forehead or top of the head. The mobs are of velvet, and hats of satin or flesh-coloured velvet: they are decorated with flat feathers: the ends of the ribbands are not cut in points, but are rounded. Some of our *élégantes* make a practice at the theatre of laying aside their hats or mob caps, as they would their tippets or shawls; the head then appears about three parts cropped. The head-dresses are constantly formed of long ringlets, and not unfrequently ornamented with tufts of flowers, with gold foil *guipées*. Some of our

fancy flower-workers make bandeaus and arrows, which they edge with pearls; and at a certain distance they rival the diadems and arrows of the jewellers. Velvet ribbands striped are most fashionable: Some of our *modistes* apply narrow stripes of black velvet on rose satin, or jonquil, and flesh-coloured ribbands; others apply spangles and tinsel on velvet. Pointed capotes, *à l'Anglaise*, are still the fashion: those most in repute are of silk. The small lace cornettes and lace handkerchiefs are worn entirely back, to display the ringlets in front, which seem to be the most favourite style of dress.

[From a Paris Correspondent.]

Amidst all the remarkable changes consecrated by fashion in the new dress of the ladies, we must remark the absence of rouge, which was once the chief attribute of the *grande toilette*. In fact, formerly they could not go to a ball, to a theatre, nor even to the smallest circle, without rouge; and a lady without *fard* was a neglected fair-one. Now, however, paleness is the fashion. Pale countenances are not so striking, but they breathe more candour, and inspire more interest. Some persons assure us, that this fashion is to be attributed to the fine picture of *Psyche* by Gerard. Our *élégantes* have found something so mild, so gracious, so attractive, in the *demi-tint* which the painter had given to his picture—the young female had an air of such innocence—that our *belles* wished to resemble her, at least in colour. Hence, when we see a lady at a ball without rouge, we call her a *figure à la Psyche*. Perhaps the origin of this mode is due to caprice, the source of so many others. It appears, however, to have become so general, that eti-

quette will banish rouge; and a lady with *fard* will no longer be able to appear in a public assembly. Yet we do not so soon return to simple nature, for white is still permitted. Thus, to speak more properly, we do not say that the sex has quitted rouge, but that it has passed from rouge to white. But in fact nothing is lost in the world; the one quits what the others take up; and, from our *élégantes*, *fard* has passed to our *petits-mâtres*; and that *Titus*, who affects a great simplicity, who has left off powder, scents, and silk stockings, whom you would take for a quaker by his boots, and for a Roman by his hair—that *Titus* has preserved all that the ancient mode had most effeminate and degrading. Those brilliant colours, that fresh tint, which form so agreeable a contrast with his black locks—nothing of all this is his own; and often, before he goes out, a *petit-maitre*, in order to enjoy freshness and youth, has himself most carefully painted.

LONDON FASHIONS.

ROBE of blue satin, with a drapery of white lace, which is fastened on the right side, and passes round the front. The body quite plain. A full piece of lace, joining the drapery, is fastened to the left shoulder, whence it is drawn across the bosom. White sleeves made full. A round and full turban of white lace, ornamented with ostrich feathers.

Opera dress of scarlet velvet, trimmed round with swan's-down; turban sleeve of white satin. Cap of scarlet velvet, with a plume of ostrich feathers in front.

Dress hat of scarlet velvet, ornamented with ostrich feathers. A

Parisian shawl, placed so as to show the most fashionable manner of wearing it.

Cap made of a half-handkerchief of lace, and ornamented with a wreath of flowers; the ends of the handkerchief tied under the chin. A short robe of muslin, with a lace tucker drawn round the bosom.

Turban of white muslin, finished with a bow, and a long end on the right side, and ornamented with a white flower in front. White muslin dress, with a drapery of fine kerseymere. Silver bear muff.

Pélisse of dark silk, made with a high collar and lined with crimson. White waistcoat buttoned close over the bosom. Bonnet of velvet and ribband, with scarlet and black feathers in front. Bear muff.

Lebrun's new hat of velvet, and straw beads. Short cloak of kerseymere, embroidered with Egyptian brown.

General observations.—The prevailing colours are Egyptian brown, green, crimson, and amber. Caps, or turbans, are at this time universally adopted; the latter ornamented with plumes of white or mixed feathers. In *pélasses*, silk has given place to kerseymeres. Straw hats are still worn, lined with velvet.

Remarks on the Dresses on the Birthday.

Although the dresses of the ladies were not so profusely brilliant as they have sometimes been on similar occasions, the youthful part of the courtly visitors never looked more lovely. Jewels were not so generally worn as on most of the gala days of last year.

The head-dress has undergone little variation; a less display of diamonds than in preceding times.

Bows of hair, and ostrich plumes fancifully disposed, were generally

adopted, and had a very light and pleasing effect; every thing tending to produce the contrary being universally exploded.

Such has been the progress of good taste among our leading belles of fashion, that all heavy appendages of dress, which used to encumber rather than to adorn, have been judiciously relinquished for decorations more delicate and appropriate. This was particularly apparent in the splendid assemblage on the birth-day.

White satin, gauze, and muslin, were the chief articles of which the prevailing dresses were formed.

In the trains and petticoats a fashion was generally displayed, which has been often relinquished, and as often re-assumed, and never fails to please—the Vandyke trimmings—which were attached to the dresses of the most celebrated beauties; a species of decoration which is calculated as well for the display of the most simple as of the most splendid robe.

Stars, spangles, sprigs, gold fringes, and light tassels, were abundantly used.

Point lace also appeared in much request.

The *tout ensemble* of female taste has seldom, if ever, been more felicitous; and although court dresses are generally too uniform to attract by the variegated charms of individual objects, yet it must be allowed that the drawing-room on the birth-day presented an amplitude of variety, with very few instances of that cumbersome appearance which too often characterises the attire prepared for such occasions.

It would be, perhaps, in some degree invidious, certainly not a little difficult, distinctly to enumerate the dresses which more particularly displayed an exquisite taste and judgment. We may, however, without danger of impropriety,

mention that of the princesses as the most rich and beautiful that ever graced a court, evincing their accustomed fancy, which always exhibits a happy union of royal splendor and simple elegance.—It would indicate a want of taste in ourselves not to mention the dress of the lady mayoress as exceedingly magnificent and becoming.

Buttons, of a rich gold colour, elegantly diversified in damask shades, were generally worn.

The ANTIQUITY of LADIES' TRAINS.

LADIES' trains are of considerable antiquity in the British islands. They were introduced by Richard the Second's queen, and then thought so improper and unchristian like, that a morose old-fashioned divine wrote a tract—'*Contra Caudas Dominarum!*'—'Against ladies' tails!' Scotland soon became infected with this dress; and there it was also most ungallantly attacked. A statute passed, A. D. 1460, 'to prohibit the enormous excrescence of female tails!' In Germany, the ladies were not less persecuted for this innocent whimsey. A pope's legate issued a mandate, in the 14th century, in which it was declared—'that the apparel of women, which ought to be consistent with modesty, but now through their foolishness is degenerated into wantonness and extravagance—more particularly the immoderate length of their petticoats (*immoderata longitudo superpelliciorum*), with which they sweep the ground—be restrained to a moderate fashion, agreeably to the decency of their sex, under pain of excommunication. A Scotch poet of this time observes—

'They waist more claith within few yeires
Than wald claith fyftie score of freis'

POETICAL ESSAYS.

ON A COMING STORM.

THE storm draws near—the day's
o'ercast ;

The whistling of the wind I hear :
Chill is the nature of the blast,
And ev'ry robin tells its fear.
—Lately a gleam of vivid light
Enchanted ev'ry heart with joy :
It was a prelude of the night,
Which soon shall ev'ry heart annoy.

In the deep forest's inmost dell,
When not an air was heard abroad,
Seem'd a low breeze to passing swell,
And the pines bent, as with a load.
High, from the north, with fearful
scream,

Did, in a line, the wild geese pour :
Dark was the wave of ocean's stream,
And hollow did it mount the shore.
Nature, revolving ought of change,
To tune her song prophetic deigns ;
And seldom, *vainly*, can we range
To mark her purpose where she
reigns.

—Soon shall the thick'ning haze close
down,

Soon to the sight each object cease :
O'er the poor flock the snow be blown,
And its gay bleatings hushed in
peace.

—It *may* be, as he seeks his home,
The wearied rustic's heart shall fail ;
And that he could not onward roam,
Shall be the morning's earliest tale.

It *may* be, that the tale, when told,
Shall wither all his partner's soul ;
And drop her, on the hearth, as cold
As him, attached from every pole.

—It *may* be, that the bounteous lord,
Who lives *secure* beneath the hill,
Shall hear—and, from his plenteous
hoard,

Shall take *sufficient* for *his will* ;
And to the cot, with eager haste,
Shall bend his charitable feet ;
To check, of grief, the needless waste,
And as a friend the orphans meet.

—And *haply*, e'en a night so dire,
May truly bless the lowly brood ;
That Heaven may visit not in ire,
But by *misfortune* work their good.

Haply, their orphan sad estate,
Produc'd by such a sudden blow,
May int'rest him who mourn'd their
fate

A future friendship to bestow.
And if on Fancy's wing we soar,
The *chances* of their *lives* to view,
There we may *scenes* of joy explore,
And with their *cause* this *night* renew.

—'Tis possible, the wildest storm,
Almighty Power! thou send'st a-
broad ;

Though to the brightest scene deform,
May be a blessing—not a rod.

And human hearts, thou form'st to
know

Thy goodness, too, as well as power,
Should to their Author bend them low,
And fret not at the *darkest* hour.

—To pity, when the murky night,
Or whirling snows around descend ;
Oh ye! whose fate has been to light
Within the sphere which *nerves* a
friend,

To pity yield—be want supplied.
The storm, all merciless, may raise :
Remember who has not denied,
And, with thy actions, render praise.

THE VIRGIN'S CONSOLATION.

STREPHON ask'd me but once, and
I gave him denial,
Intending to snap him the very next
trial :

But, alas! he's determin'd to ask me
no more,
And now makes his court to the fair
Leonore.

But I'll comfort myself, since I'm full
well assur'd,
He ne'er wou'd have taken a maid at
her word :

Had he been worth the keeping, if
great were his pain,
I know he'd have ask'd me again and
again.

December 27, 1802.

SONG.

FLY from the world, oh! Bessy, to
 me,
 Thou'lt never find any sincerer;
 I'll give up the world, oh! Bessy, for
 thee,
 I can never meet any that's dearer!
 Then tell me no more, with a tear and
 a sigh,
 That our loves will be censur'd by
 many:
 All, all have their follies, and who will
 deny
 That ours is the sweetest of any?
 When your lip has met mine, in aban-
 donment sweet,
 Have we felt as if virtue forbid it?
 Have we felt as if Heaven denied them
 to meet?
 No; rather 'twas Heaven that did it!
 So innocent, love, is the pleasures we
 sip,
 So little of guilt is there in it,
 That I wish all my errors were lodg'd
 on your lip,
 And I'd kiss them away in a mi-
 nute!
 Then come to your lover, oh! fly to
 his shed,
 From a world which I know thou
 despisest;
 And slumber will hover as light on
 our bed
 As e'er on the couch of the wisest!
 And when o'er our pillow the tempest
 is driven,
 And thou, pretty innocent, fearest.
 I'll tell thee, it is not the chiding of
 Heaven,
 'Tis only our lullaby, dearest!
 And oh! when we lie on our death-
 bed, my love!
 Looking back on the scene of our
 errors;
 A sigh from my Bessy shall plead then
 above,
 And Death be disarm'd of his terrors!
 And each to the other, embracing, will
 say,
 'Farewell!—let us hope we're for-
 given!
 Thy last fading glance will illumine
 the way,
 And a kiss be our passport to
 Heaven!

LOVE IN A STORM.

LOUD sung the wind in the ruins
 above,
 Which murmur'd the warning of
 Time o'er our head;
 While fearless we offer'd devotions to
 love,— [es our bed.
 The rude rock our pillow, the rush-
 Damp was the chill of the wintery air,
 But it made us cling closer and
 warmly unite;
 Dread was the lightning and horrid its
 glare, [delight.
 But it show'd me my Julia in languid
 To my bosom she nestled, and felt not
 a fear,
 Though the shower did beat, and the
 tempest did frown;
 Her sighs were as sweet, and her mur-
 murs as dear, [down.
 As if she lay lull'd on a pillow of

ODE TO FORTUNE.

NOT pining Love, but wan-ey'd Care,
 Now preys upon my bloom;
 Untimely nips the roses there,
 And sheds them o'er my tomb.
 In this lone solitude confin'd,
 To Discontent a prey;
 With thoughtful brow, and anxious
 mind,
 I count the tedious day.
 Remote from all society,
 Amidst a sordid race,
 My dwelling stands; where Honesty
 Scarce ever shows her face.
 Fair Peace, Content, nor smiling Joy,
 E'er set their footsteps here:
 Domestic jars do life annoy,
 And constant scenes of care.
 Say, Fortune, cruel goddess! say
 Why this hard lot assign'd;
 Unmix'd with any soft allay,
 Or ought to cheer the mind?
 Ah! why thus blindly dost thou deal?
 Why on the worthless smile?
 Whilst Merit does too often feel
 Thy frowns in sad exile?
 On me no longer wreak thy spite,
 Who ill thy frowns can bear;
 But, by some pleasing turn, delight,
 And snatch me from despair.

EUDOCIA.

ODE FOR THE NEW YEAR, 1803.

BY H. J. PYE, ESQ. POET-LAUREAT.

I.

THOUGH the tempestuous winds no
more

The main with angry pinion sweep,
Though raging 'gainst the sounding
shore

No longer howl th' impetuous seas ;
But, sooth'd to rest, the billows sleep,
Save where soft Zephyr's tepid
breeze

Fans with its silken wing the rippling
deep :

Yet still with unremitting eye
The pilot marks th' uncertain sky ;
The seaman watches still the gale,
Prompt or to spread or furl the sail ;
Mindful of many a danger past,
Toss'd by the turbid wave, check'd by
the adverse blast.

II.

Not keen Suspicion's jealous glance,
Not fierce Contention's fev'rish rage,
Shall bid Britannia point the lance
New realms to grasp, new wars to
wage.

In conscious rectitude elate,
In conscious power securely great,
While she beholds the dang'rous tide
Of battle's crimson wave subside,—
Though firm she stands in act to dare
The storms of renovated war,—
Her ready sword, her lifted shield,
Provoke not the ensanguin'd field,
More than the wary pilot's cautious
urge

The wind's tempestuous strife, or swell
the foaming surge.

III.

Oh! from our shores be exil'd far
Ambition's wild and restless crew,
Who, through the bleeding paths of
war,

False Glory's dæmon-form pursue ;
Whose burning thirst, still unsubdu'd
By deluges of guiltless blood,
Glares on the regions round with fiend-
like eyes,

While scarce a vanquish'd world its
wish supplies ;

Yet ne'er may Sloth's inglorious charm
Unnerve the Briton's manly arm,
Nor Sophistry's insidious art
E'er lull the manly Briton's heart.

May Peace, with Plenty by her side,
Long, long o'er Albion's fields preside ;
Long may her breath, with placid gale
Of Commerce, swell the happy sail :
But, rous'd in Justice' sacred cause,
Insulted rights or violated laws,
Still may her sons, with fierce delight,
Flame in the gleamy van of fight ;
Spread o'er the tented plain, or brave
With warlike prow the hostile wave ;
And on each firm ingenuous breast
Be this eternal truth impress'd :—
Peace only sheds perennial joys on
those

Who guard with dauntless arm the
blessings Peace bestows.

CELIA'S RESOLUTION.

BY A YOUNG LADY.

LET foes envenom'd arrows fling,
And welcome—lovely Celia said ;—
Not Envy's self can dart a sting
That shall disturb a harmless maid.
Contented with my little store,
I envy none their gaudy pride ;
And of kind Heaven ask no more,
Than my just wants to be supply'd.
No gold, no jewels, charm my eye :
No sop shall ever gain my heart ;
For grandeur I will never sigh,
Nor from fair Virtue e'er depart.
December 27, 1802. ****

THE ADVICE.

EXCUSE me, Celia, if I dare
Your conduct disapprove :
The gods have made you wond'rous
fair,
Not to disdain, but love.
Those nice pernicious forms despise ;
That cheat you of your bliss :
Let Love instruct you to be wise,
While youth and beauty is.
Whene'er those charms shall once de-
cay,
And lovers disappear,
Despair and Envy will repay
Your being now severe.
December 27, 1802. O.

FOREIGN NEWS.

Constantinople, Nov. 25.

ENGLAND is said to have signified its readiness to deny its aid to the rebellious beys in Egypt, on condition that the Porte shall agree to an alliance for the express purpose of effectually protecting Egypt against all foreign invasion. The grand signior has hitherto declined giving his assent to such a treaty. But as Russia will most probably accede to it, we do not suppose that the Porte will, after that, steadily refuse the alliance.

The Porte has made public the last news from Egypt. The beys twice attempted to force their way to Alexandria, through the Turkish lines, by which they were divided from it. The pacha of Cairo twice frustrated their enterprise.

Colonel Sebastiani takes the title of envoy-extraordinary from the French republic to the whole Levant.

Dec. 8. The disastrous news of the defeat of the Ottoman army, in Egypt, is confirmed; a part were made prisoners, another cut in pieces, and the small number that escaped the enemy owed their safety to the garrison of Cairo, which made a sortie as soon as it was informed of the disaster. The ammunition and provisions have fallen into the hands of the beys, who suspended their pursuit only at the solicitation of the English.

The reis-effendi has had two conferences this week with the English ambassador; it is generally believed they related to the evacuation of Egypt by the English troops; but before that measure takes place, Great-Britain requires to be reimbursed the expense of re-conquering Egypt, which she estimates at thirty-six millions of piastres. From these and other circumstances, it is obvious that, in the present conjuncture, the Eng-

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lish will not abandon Egypt so soon; they behave, there very well, do not meddle in the affairs of government, and observe the strictest neutrality.

Sebastiani, after having qualified himself at Cairo, as minister plenipotentiary for the whole Levant, is gone to Suez.

Citizen Ruffin, *charge d'affaires* of the French republic, has complained to the reis-effendi, of the Porte having given a mark of deference to the English, relative to the navigation of the Black Sea.

Genoa, Dec. 11. Political tranquillity is not yet fully re-established in the republic of the Seven Isles. The Russian admiral on that station was lately obliged to employ both a land and a naval force against the enemies of good order.

We are informed that great preparations are making for war along the Barbary coast, and that, on the 9th of November, five ships of war sailed from the harbour of Tunis. One of them was wrecked near Vado. The crew, consisting of eighty-six men, were made prisoners by the Etrurian troops, and conveyed to Leghorn, after a slight resistance. The English frigate the *Provoyante* arrived at Porto-Rhe on the 20th of November. She had sailed from Malta eight days before. The captain states that an English fleet was cruising off the island of Corsica, and that within the last month several English ships of war and transports had entered the Mediterranean.

Ratisbon, Dec. 17. The deliberations of the diet on the *Reces* of the deputation will be opened on the 7th of January. The deputation was on the point of adjourning, in consequence of the stagnation of the business entrusted to its charge; but, as

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it expects every day to receive some important communication, it has resolved to assemble whenever it shall have matter to deliberate upon.

Hamburg, Dec. 17. We are assured that England has made insinuations at Petersburg and Vienna, with a view to a treaty of alliance; but the latter cabinet is decidedly averse to an alliance which would give umbrage to the government of the French republic, of which it has no reason to complain, all the difficulties relative to the plan of indemnities having been settled, and the plan having been modified in a manner satisfactory to Austria. The archduke Charles has had a large share in promoting this decision.

Stockholm, Dec. 17. Mr. Arbuthnot, the English ambassador, gave, last night, a grand entertainment in honour of the birth of the prince of Finland, at which were present prince William of Gloucester, and two hundred other persons of rank and fashion.

The exports of last year, from the ports of Stockholm, were 848,332 *cwt.* of iron; 62,826 *cwt.* of manufactured goods; exceeding the same exports for last year by about 150,000 *cwt.* of iron, and 10,000 *cwt.* of manufactures.

The provinces of this kingdom have sent deputies to Paris to offer their addresses of thanks to his majesty for his late realisation of the state paper money.

Vienna, Dec. 18. The duchess dowager of Parma arrived here on the 15th instant.

Privy counsellor of state, count Patochi, went last night to bed with a wax light burning on a table beside him; the light by some accident fell upon his hair and bed-clothes. He was in a short space of time so much burnt, that he expired in a few minutes after the countess and her chamber-maid had succeeded in extinguishing the flames.

Coffee, to the value of twenty-eight millions of guilders, was, last year, imported into the Austrian dominions.

Basle, Dec. 20. Citizen Hocpfner, editor of a German gazette at Berne,

has been again arrested, for inserting in his journal a satire against the minister and general in chief Ney.

Brussels, Dec. 21. We hear from the Hague, that the Dutch ships of war which are to transport the French troops to Louisiana, and to protect them on their passage, are completely armed and equipped, and are now ready to sail from Helvoetsluys. General Victor and his staff-officers will take their passage on board the admiral's ship. The other officers, civil and military, will have their accommodation for the voyage on board others of the ships of war. The troops, consisting of six battalions of infantry, several detachments of dragoons, and one detachment of artillery, will sail in the transports. General Victor is said to have given public notice at the Hague of his intention to sail within a few days. The French troops have not yet entered the Hague. New orders are expected from Paris, in regard to this movement.

Berne, Dec. 23. The letter of the first consul, containing the basis of our future constitution, has produced here an extraordinary sensation, such as was never experienced at any period of the revolution. In general, federalism appears to have many partizans, but we are still ignorant whether the canton of Berne will preserve its ancient limits. In the contrary event, the system of unity would be preferred, because then Berne would be the chief place of the republic, and the residence of the government.

Gothenburg, Dec. 23. The fire which broke out here on the morning of the 20th instant, with irresistible fury, was not entirely got under till ten last night. All the buildings between the great South-haven-street and East and West-haven-streets, and Wall-street, together with the Gymnasium and School, have become a prey to the flames, which have destroyed the best-built quarters of the city. The magnificent cathedral, the episcopal palace, the post-house, the town printing-office, are all laid in ashes. Among all the fires which this town has suffered for many years, this has been the most destructive.

Frankfort, Jan. 1. By letters from Vienna, we have the important news, that the emperor of Russia has ordered a very strong note to be presented to the Austrian ministers; by his ambassador count Rasoumowsky. He, in that note, demands of the court of Vienna to renounce its pretensions upon the bishopric of Passau, or any part of the Bavarian dominions. Count Rasoumowsky, after presenting this note, had a long conference with count Cobentzel, in which the interests of Bavaria are said to have been discussed. Austria has communicated to the ambassador a counter note, declaring that she will evacuate Passau, and relinquish it to the elector of Bavaria, as soon as the grand duke of Tuscany shall be in possession of the indemnities secured to him by the convention of Paris.

Hague, Jan. 3. General Victor, who some days since went to Helvoetsluys to inspect the expedition preparing there, has returned with general Berthier to this place. The legislative body has approved the proposal of the directory, for the observation of a day of general thanksgiving and prayer. The day appointed by the directory is the 2d of March ensuing. ---The government has passed a decree, authorising the officers of the Batavian brigades to complete their corps with the Dutch emigrants who composed the corps formerly in the service of the prince of Orange, and in the pay of England.---We are again assured that the prince of Orange has promised many of these emigrants, that he will procure them to be incorporated in the corps which he is raising in Germany, in the states allotted to him as indemnities.

Brussels, Jan. 7. It is certain that the first consul will, very soon, make a journey through the nine Belgic departments of the French republic. General Belliard, who has the command of the 24th military division, and was one of Bonaparte's comrades in arms in the famous campaigns of Italy and Egypt, having gone to Paris, has received orders to form,

near Brussels, a camp of ten or twelve thousand men.

Paris, Jan. 9. The account received a few days ago from America, of the death of general Leclerc, at St. Domingo, is confirmed. He died on the 1st of November, after ten days severe illness. In his last moments he gave directions with respect to the civil and military government of St. Domingo, and appointed general Rochambeau to succeed him as captain-general and commander-in-chief. His body was embalmed and sent to France, in the Swiftsure, which is arrived at Toulon.---Madame Leclerc came home in the same ship. The chief consul went into mourning on the 10th instant, and was to continue in mourning for ten days. He has received compliments of condolence from all the constituted authorities, and from the foreign ambassadors.

The news from St. Domingo, which comes down to the 9th of November, is extremely disastrous. The blacks took advantage of the hot weather, and rose. In the south, the insurrections were partial; but the north is described to be in the most dreadful state. Dessalines, Christophe, and Clervaux, have abandoned the French, and joined the insurgents. As soon as they received an account of general Leclerc's death, they advanced with horrible yells, but were checked by general Clausel. The situation of affairs growing more critical daily, the generals resolved not to wait the arrival of Rochambeau, but to make a general attack. It took place on the 6th of November, and the enemy were forced to evacuate the plain. The expected reinforcements had not arrived, and disease had made tremendous ravages. General Dugua's name is to be added to the list of the generals that have fallen victims to the climate. When the dispatches were sent off, the fury of the yellow fever had begun to abate; but the season had been considerably delayed, and less rain had fallen than was wished and expected.

HOME NEWS.

London, Dec. 31.

THE dangerous practice of forcing little chimney sweeps to climb up a nich on the outside of St. George's church, Hanover square, still continues, notwithstanding the very humane suggestions of Mr. Mainwaring, at the last Westminster sessions, who threatened to send the first person he found offending in that way to the house of correction. A dirty brute, for he cannot be called a man, was yesterday employed for near two hours in forcing a child, at the risk of his life, to climb up the place alluded to; sometimes by sending another lad to poke him up, by putting his head underneath him, and at others by pricking him with a pin fastened to the end of a stick. The poor child, in the struggles to keep himself from falling, had rubbed the skin from his knees and elbows, while the perspiration arising from fear and exertion covered his face and breast, as if water had been thrown upon him. The humanity, however, of some by-standers rescued the boy from his situation, and treated the master with considerable roughness.

Tuesday a young woman, under twenty years of age, went to visit her mother in St. John's lane, Clerkenwell, when a disagreement arose; soon after which the daughter insisting on treating her mother with a dram, went out as if to purchase some liquor; but, on her return, presented to her a tea-cup, containing some *aqua-fortis*, which the old woman raised to her head, and was about to swallow, but fortunately was prevented by the effervescence and nauseous effluvia of the deleterious liquid. We have not heard that this unnatural wretch is in custody.

Portsmouth, Jan. 1. Last Sunday

morning, at half past one o'clock, a shocking fire broke out in a house in Frederick-street, Portsea, inhabited by Messrs. Mayne, and Newberry, shipwrights. It is very extraordinary that no conjecture can be formed of its origin. The family, it seems, went to bed at ten o'clock, and must inevitably have perished, had it not been for the incessant mewling and noise of a cat, which disturbed their rest, and timely warned them of their danger. The whole of the furniture was destroyed: but what we have mostly to lament is, a girl about four years of age was burnt to death. Her uncle had made his way down stairs, as far as the street-door, when, on being asked after the child by its father, he immediately returned, and had actually placed the child on a table while he turned himself to open the garret-window to escape; but, dreadful to relate, when he again looked round, the child had fallen from the table and through the flaming floor. He then effected his escape, by leaping from the window into the street; and, though much hurt, ran instantly to the dock-yard for assistance, when two engines momentarily set out from thence, and another from Portsmouth; but, the tide being at ebb, a sufficiency of water could not be procured; therefore recourse was had to pull down the house to smother the fire, which prevented its spreading further.

A very liberal subscription has been made in money, linen, &c. by the opulent inhabitants of Portsea, and the shipwrights in that yard, for the sufferers. Some of the bones of the girl have been found, and collected for interment. On Monday a coroner's inquest sat on them. Verdict—Accidental death.

2. On Monday the new bason, in

the dock-yard, was opened. It is an extremely beautiful and grand work, being capable of floating several line-of-battle ships, and to receive them at any time of the tide. At high tide the depth of water in the bason is twenty-two feet. The *Russell* went out, completely repaired, and the *Ajax* went in to repair.

Edinburgh, Jan. 3. The trial of John Miller and Alexander Mitchell, accused of murder, came on this day before the court of sessions. The parties, together with Stephens and Shearer, who were admitted as evidence for the crown, were charged with culpable homicide, in killing and slaying Mr. Hutchinson, writer, on the 5th of September last. These four persons had been drinking together on the day named, and were standing near the Cannongate, when Mr. Hutchinson and a Mr. Black passed, with a dog following them; one of the party struck the dog with a cane; a scuffle ensued for a long time, till at length the deceased and Mr. Black were put to flight, when a large stone was thrown, which hit the deceased on the temple; in consequence of which he languished from that night till the following Tuesday, when he died. Mitchell was apprehended at Newcastle, and brought back.

This trial occupied the whole of the day.—The lord-justice Clerk summed up the evidence with great perspicuity, and the jury found the parties guilty, art and part, of culpable homicide; and they were sentenced to be imprisoned five weeks, and to be banished from Scotland for the term of five years.

Dublin, Jan. 4. On Saturday last the bodies of nine persons, driven on shore at Kilbarrack the day before, were interred in the church-yard there. They had all belonged to the brig *Frederick*, from Cork to this port, which had been unfortunately wrecked on the North Bull, and of the entire crew one only was saved. A boat, laden with potatoes, for Dublin, was also lost on the same night, and all hands perished.

Tuesday se'nnight, Mr. White, of

Williamstown, near Castle-Bellingham, county Louth, was attacked at his stable door, after dismounting from his horse, by six armed villains, who robbed him of bank notes to a large amount, and violently abused him; they afterwards entered his house, and plundered it of several articles of value. This robbery was committed a little after four o'clock in the evening.

Detachments of the 3d dragoons were stationed, on Thursday last, in Drogheda, and the neighbouring towns, for the protection of his majesty's mails.

Portsmouth, Jan. 6. The following intelligence was brought by the Hound sloop of war from Gibraltar. Some time ago a squadron of four sail of the line—the *Gibraltar*, of 84 guns, *Superb*, *Dragon*, and *Triumph*—sailed from Gibraltar for Malta. Soon after they had left the Rock, the crew of the *Gibraltar* mutinied, took possession of her, and run her up under the sterns of the other ships, cheering as a signal; but the crews of those ships remained faithful to their king and country, and steady in that discipline and obedience which, equally with the skill and courage of our sailors, have raised our navy to such a height of envied pre-eminence and power. The mutineers, unable to produce any effect upon those ships, became panic-struck, and were easily subdued by their officers, who behaved with great gallantry. The ringleaders were immediately secured, and three of them have been tried and executed.

London, Dec. 8. M. Andreossi has been able, through the assistance of our police, to discover in this country a forgery of French bank-notes and government paper to an enormous amount. The persons engaged in it are all Frenchmen. Having received information of the plan, and the names of some of the ruffians engaged in the plot, he communicated the facts to our ministers, who exerted all the powers of the police to assist him in the discovery. Sir Richard Ford was on Friday and Saturday employed in the examination of the delinquents. They have been taken,

with all their apparatus, and with the proofs of their guilt. They will be delivered up to the French government, there to be brought to trial for the offence. The alacrity which ministers have shown on the occasion, to assist in the discovery of this diabolical plan of mischief, is a seasonable reproof of the splenetic insinuations against their honour, with which the French journals are incessantly filled.

9. His royal highness the prince of Wales, on his arrival in town from Brighton, had an interview with Mr. Addington; and we understand that his claims as duke of Cornwall are in a train of settlement. His royal highness is to have an establishment of clear 75,000*l.* a year, for which a message from his majesty will be brought down to the two houses of parliament on their meeting.

Deal, Jan. 15. The following singular circumstance has occurred here. A person, who has kept a public house in the neighbourhood of Deal with much respectability for some years, was disputing with another person in Deal: high words arose, and a soldier belonging to the regiment in barracks there came up, and inquired what was the matter. After the altercation had subsided, the soldier said to the publican, that he was sure he was a Lincolnshire man by his voice and dialect; the publican said he was, but that he had not been there for some years. The soldier soon after called on one of the magistrates of Deal, and informed him, that a murder was committed about twelve years ago in Lincolnshire, by three men; that two were taken and executed, but that the third, though frequently advertised for, was never found, and that he suspected the publican was the man. The magistrate sent a statement of the circumstance, and a description of the publican's person, to the place where the murder was stated to have been committed, and received for answer that the statement made by the soldier was correct, and that the description of the publican answered, in a great measure, that of the murderer who had made his escape; but that, if it

was the same person, he had a gun-shot wound in one of his legs. The publican was taken up; and on his legs being inspected by a surgeon, he pronounced that a wound appearing on one of the legs was a gun-shot wound: in consequence of which the publican has been committed to Deal-gaol, in order to be sent to the county where the murder was committed to take his trial.

London, Jan. 17. Yesterday, as a party of lads were sliding on the ice in the pond in Lock's-fields, as they were pressing pretty close on each other, the ice suddenly gave way, and two of them plunged into the water; a man, seeing this circumstance, rushed in, and, at the hazard of his own life, rescued one of them; but the other could not be taken out till further assistance was procured, when the unfortunate youth was quite dead.

20. Yesterday Edward Marcus Despard, James Sedgwick Wrattan, William Lander, Arthur Graham, Samuel Smith, John Macnamara, and Thomas Broughton, charged with high treason, were removed from Newgate to the New Gaol, Surry.

At eleven o'clock this morning, the following judges, appointed on this special commission, proceeded to the court-house in the Borough:—Edward, lord Ellenborough, chief-justice of England; sir Alexander Thomson, knight, one of the barons of the exchequer; sir Simon le Blanc, knight, one of the justices of the court of King's Bench; and sir Alan Chambre, one of the justices of the court of Common Pleas.

As soon as the court had met, the grand jury were called over, when lord Ellenborough addressed them in a charge suitable to the occasion, after which they withdrew; and, about half after seven o'clock in the evening, returned a true bill for high treason against E. M. Despard and twelve others. The prisoners were then put to the bar, and informed of the finding of the bill, as also that they would be arraigned on Saturday, the 5th of February, and that their trials would probably commence on Monday, the 7th of February.

Mr. Despard has chosen for his council Mr. serjeant Best and Mr. Gurney.

BIRTHS.

December 19. At Broomfield-house, Clapham-common, the lady of William Wilberforce, esq. M. P. of a son.

28. At his house, Bedford-square, the lady of Peter Pole, esq. of a son.

29. At Bath, the lady of colonel Monro, of a daughter.

At Belmont, Hants, the countess of Clanricarde, of a son.

At his house, in York-street, Portman-square, the lady of Montagu John Wynyard, esq. of the Coldstream regiment of guards, of a son.

January 2. The lady of Charles Thellusson, esq. of a daughter.

3. At Cheltenham, the lady of col. Campbell, 6th regiment, of a daughter.

At Bangor-castle, the lady of the right hon. Robert Ward, of a son.

6. At St. James's-place, Mrs. H. W. Brown, of a daughter.

8. At Blackheath-hill, the lady of captain C. Caldwell, of a son.

At Bath, the lady of Dr. William Robertson, of a son.

11. The marchioness of Bute, of her first son, at the marquis's house, in South Audley-street.

12. The lady of Francis Freeling, esq. of the General Post-office, of a daughter.

16. At Walton-on-Thames, the lady of Richard North, esq. of a son.

17. In Mansfield-street, the lady of the earl of Limerick, of a daughter.

At Limehouse, the lady of Charles Hampton Turner, esq. of a son.

At Stone-hall, Surry, Mrs. Clayton, of a son.

The wife of J. Woodward, labourer, of St. Helen's, Lancaster, of three girls, who, with the mother, are likely to do well: the mother is now in her 50th year, and the father upwards of 65.

MARRIAGES.

December 19. Richard Catton, esq. of Fakenham, to miss Eleanor Turner, of Tavistock-place, one of the daughters of the late George Turner, esq. of Barban, in Westmoreland.

21. Robert Foote, esq. of Charlton-

place, near Canterbury, to miss Keppel, youngest daughter to the honourable Mrs. Keppel.

John Pearson, esq. of Tettenhall, Staffordshire, to miss Hooke, eldest daughter of the late George Philip Hooke, esq. lieutenant-colonel of the 17th regiment of foot.

23. Dr. Fearon, to miss Rose, daughter of the rev. Wm. Rose, rector of Beckenham, Kent.

Mr. Robert Baker, surgeon, of Frith-street, Soho-square, to miss Scott, of St. Martin's-lane.

28. Charles Watkins, esq. of the Middle Temple, London, to miss Mary Williams, second daughter of the rev. Thomas Williams, vicar of Alfriston, in Sussex.

29. At St. George's, Hanover-square, Aubone Surtees, esq. to miss Honeywood, eldest daughter of sir John Honeywood, bart.

Jan. 1. William Hale, esq. son of gen. Hale, to miss Webster, daughter of Rowland Webster, esq. of Stockton.

2. At Plymouth, lieut. Thompson, of the Aggressor gun-vessel, to miss H. Price, second daughter of John Price, esq. of the royal navy.

4. The rev. J. Davies, Twickenham, to the youngest daughter of John Hughes, esq. of Morva, South-Wales.

At St. Pancras church, Mr. Vincent Gahagan, of Tichfield-street, Mary-labonne, to miss Elizabeth Agnes Kay.

6. Mr. Bury, druggist, of Leadenhall-street, to miss Talbot, of Durweston-street, Portman-square.

8. Henry John Lamette, esq. of Great Ormond-street, to miss Matilda Raynes, of New Buckingham, Norfolk.

10. At Blockley, near Northwich-park, the hon. and rev. George Rushour, son of lady Northwick, to lady Caroline Stewart, daughter of the earl of Galloway.

Joseph Farror, jun. esq. of London, to miss Eliz. Black, of Portsea, Hants.

11. Jacob Wood, esq. of Bensom-house, Croydon, to miss Jane Watson, daughter of J. Watson, esq. of Preston.

13. The rev. J. J. Watson, vicar of Hackney, to miss Caroline Powell.

Jos. Goodhart, esq. of Limehouse, to miss Woide, eldest daughter of the rev. Dr. Woide, of the Museum, deceased.

14. At Ardfry, county Galway, lord Clonbrock, to the hon. miss Blake,

only child and heiress of the right hon. lord Wallscourt, and grand-daughter of the late earl of Louth.

At Earsdon-church, Northumberland, the right hon. lord Delaval, to miss Knight.

15. O. Anburey, esq. of Thornbury, in Gloucestershire, to miss E. Douglas, sister to W. Douglas, esq. Newman-street.

John F. H. Rawlins, esq. to miss Baker, eldest daughter of Wm. Baker, esq. of Bayfordbury, in the county of Hertford, and grand-daughter of the late right hon. lady Juliana Penn.

Mr. Benj. Rooke, jun. attorney, of Hertford, to miss Kinder, only daughter of W. Kinder, esq. of St. Alban's.

John Atkinson, esq. of the East-India House, to miss C. Haines.

18. The rev. William Digby, of Offenham, Worcestershire, to the hon. miss Charlotte Elizabeth Digby, maid of honour to her majesty.

DEATHS.

December 19. At his house, at Acton, Samuel Wegg, esq. senior bencher of the hon. society of Gray's-inn, a vice-president of the Royal Society, and one of his majesty's justices of the peace for the counties of Middlesex and Essex, in the 80th year of his age.

21. At her house, in Argyle-street, viscountess Bateman.

At her house, in Bedford-row, Mrs. A. Brettell, widow of the late col. Brettell, and niece to the late lord Hawley.

22. At her house, in John-street, Berkeley-square, Mrs. Frances Tilson, sister to the late John Tilson, esq. of Watlington-park, Oxfordshire.

25. Lady Bowyer, widow and relict of sir W. Bowyer, bart. late of Denham, in the county of Bucks.

28. At Cheltenham, Tho. Crowder, esq. late of the Enniskillen dragoons.

At Edinburgh, Mrs. Monro, relict of Dr. George Monro, late of Auchin-ouy, Stirlingshire.

At Iridesley-bank, Alice Marland, aged 102; and at Winbury, Cheshire, Ann Edgeley, aged 105.

At Glasgow, lieut. Tho. Burbridge, of the 14th regiment of foot.

T. C. Sharp, esq. at Great St. Helen's.

At his brother's house, in London, Azariah Pinney, esq. of Somerton-erly, in the county of Somerset.

January 2. At his house, at Twickenham, sir Richard Perryn, knight, late one of the barons of the exchequer.

3. At Staverton, near Daventry, in Northamptonshire, Mrs. Ann Downes.

4. In Ireland, Mrs. Hawkins, lady of the lord bishop of Raphoe.

5. Mrs. Russell, wife of Geo. Russell, esq. of Old Barge-house, Christchurch, Surry.

At her house, in Baker-street, Portman-square, Mrs. Beckford, relict of the late Frs. Beckford, esq.

At Clapham, Abraham Wilkinson, esq. aged 63, of Dublin, one of the directors of the bank of Ireland.

Mrs. Hake, wife of the rev. A. D. Hake, of Peterborough, and niece of the late general Philipson.

7. At Greenwich, Mrs. Maule, wife of Stephen John Maule, esq.

In Charlotte-street, Portland-place, Mrs. Barry, wife of Mr. Barry, painter, J. Leslie, esq. of Buckingham-street.

8. Mrs. Mary Johnston, wife of captain Johnston, of High Holborn.

At Counde-hall, in the county of Salop, Henry Creper Pelham, esq.

In Kilmainham-gaol, near Dublin, where he had been confined since his arrest at Oliver Bond's, in March, 1798, Mr. Laurence Griffin, the last and only remaining of the Irish state-prisoners.

9. Peter Le Mesurier, esq. governor of the island of Alderney.

11. Mrs. Stainforth, many years housekeeper at Buckingham-house.

Mrs. Radcliffe, wife of Benjamin Radcliffe, esq. of the Stamp-office, Somerset-place.

14. Mrs. Billings, of Southampton-row, Bloomsbury, widow of the late John Billings, esq. of Gower-street.

15. Mrs. Jane Innes, wife of Mr. William Innes, engraver, of Gracechurch-street.

At Bath, miss Randell, daughter of the late J. Randell, esq. of Queenhithe.

At Brompton, aged 85, Mrs. Meysey, relict of the rev. Thomas Meysey, of Pirton, in the county of Worcester.

16. At Smyth's-hall, in Essex, C. A. Crickett, esq. M. P. for Ipswich.

18. In Wimpole-street, lady Parker, wife of admiral sir Peter Parker.

19. Mrs. Levy, of Albemarle-street. At Clifton, Bristol, T. Vernon Dolphin, esq. of Eyford, in Gloucestershire.

THE
LADY'S MAGAZINE,
 OR
ENTERTAINING COMPANION
 FOR
THE FAIR SEX;

APPROPRIATED
 SOLELY TO THEIR USE AND AMUSEMENT.

FOR FEBRUARY 1803.

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This Number is embellished with the following Copper-plates:

- 1 THE HUSBAND RESTORED.
- 2 For the MORAL ZOOLOGIST—THE FALCON.
- 3 An elegantly-coloured PARIS DRESS.
- 4 A new and elegant PATTERN for a VEIL, &c.
- 5 MUSIC—'THE SLUGGARD.'—by MR. W. BARRE.

LONDON:

Printed for G. and J. ROBINSON, No. 25, Paternoster-Row;
 Where Favours from Correspondents continue to be received.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

In consequence of the unfortunate fire which, in the beginning of the month, consumed the printing-office of Mr. Hamilton, the printer of this Magazine, several contributions of different correspondents, intended for insertion in this number, have been destroyed or lost.—Among these are, the continuation of the *Life of Robert M'Kenzie—The Eastern Slaves*, by E. W.—*A Morning's Walk in February*, by J. Webb—and several other pieces. If our Correspondents can send other copies, they shall certainly be inserted.

Veritas is received, and shall have a place.

The Essay, entitled *Political Arithmetic*, is likewise received.

The Elegy and Epitaph, by J. M. L., are intended for insertion.

Engraved for the Lady's Magazine.



The Husband Restored.

THE
LADY'S MAGAZINE,

For FEBRUARY, 1803.

THE HUSBAND RESTORED;

A TALE.

(With an elegant Engraving.)

IN the midst of the most perplexed and distressing circumstances of life, when misfortunes appear to accumulate on every side, many are the examples which prove that the virtuous, however unhappy, ought always to hope, and never to despair.

Mr. Woodgrove, a gentleman of small fortune, married, from affection, (which, however ardent, would be stigmatised as inconsiderate by the coldly prudent) a lady who had still less property than himself, for she had literally nothing. For some time they scarcely perceived that they were daily growing poorer; and even when the 'hungry meagre fiend, worldly want,' pressed close upon them, they for a while fondly imagined that, clasped in each other's arms, they could defy, not only penury, but pain and death.

But these illusions must at last vanish; the idea that love can render his votaries happy, when oppressed by the extreme of indigence, resembles, perhaps, too much the boast of the stoic, that he would smile in the heated bull of Phalaris. The moment of distress arrived, and at the same time an offer was made to Mr. Woodgrove to go out to India

with a gentleman, in a situation which might ultimately prove advantageous to him. The offer, in their situation, could not be refused. Mrs. Woodgrove took a tender and sorrowful farewell of her husband, and returned to her father, who, though he had nothing to give her, lived decently, and was soon after brought to bed of a son.

Within about a twelvemonth afterwards, a lady in the neighbourhood conceived a particular regard for Mrs. Woodgrove, and took her, with her son, to reside with her. For several years she continued with her as a companion, and lived as happily as was possible, in a state of separation from the man whom she valued more than all things else in the world. From him she had in the course of this time heard more than once, and also received remittances in money. But afterwards she heard no more from him for the space of three or four years.

In the mean time, Mrs. Smeaton, the lady with whom Mrs. Woodgrove had so long resided, died; and Mrs. Woodgrove, at the desire of Mr. Smeaton, undertook the management of his household af-

fairs. He had always shown the greatest friendship to her, and now manifested a more particular attachment, which appeared greatly to increase after the occurrence of a somewhat particular, and, to Mrs. Woodgrove, a very distressing incident.

Mr. Smeaton, coming up to the capital on some business, chanced to fall in company with a gentleman lately arrived from India, of whom he inquired whether he could give him any information of a Mr. Woodgrove who was in India. The gentleman replied, that he had seen him about two years before, at Calcutta; and that, if he remembered rightly, he was to embark in a few days on board a country ship for some place on the coast; and that, if he had done so, he was no longer living—for that ship had been lost, and all on board perished.

This account Mr. Smeaton communicated, but gradually, and with tenderness, to Mrs. Woodgrove. She was much alarmed and distressed; but still cherished a secret, though feeble, hope. As for Mr. Smeaton, he entertained no doubt of the death of Mr. Woodgrove, and from this time his kindness and attachment to Mrs. Woodgrove became daily more and more conspicuous. About the same time, too, Mrs. Woodgrove's father died, and she was left without a relative, or any friend to whom she could apply, except Mr. Smeaton; and his increasing attachment soon began to wear so passionate an appearance as to give her great uneasiness. He endeavoured, by every means in his power, to procure proof that her husband was dead, though he was too honourable to attempt to practise any deception; and he used every argument to persuade her, that, had he been living, she could never have remained so long with-

out hearing from him. But nothing could induce her to give up the hope she still cherished. Her constancy only irritated, and rendered more ardent, his passion, which he at length did not scruple openly to declare. She rejected all his offers in so peremptory and firm a manner, that, at length, overpowered by his frantic passion, he swore that neither she, nor her son, should remain longer under his roof, and obliged them to take the few things they could call their own, and leave his house immediately.

Mrs. Woodgrove set out with her son to take her way to a neighbouring market-town; but, in the agitation of her mind, missed her road, and took one that lead into a neighbouring forest, where she wandered the whole day, without knowing where she was, or whither she went, till evening came on, when, perceiving a gentleman at some distance on horseback, she pressed hastily forward, and, conjuring him to stop, informed him in general terms of her distressed situation, and earnestly requested him to inform her, if it were in his power, where she might meet with suitable and safe accommodations for the night. The gentleman, surprised to meet with a woman of such appearance in such a place, told her, that if she and her son would accompany him to the house of his uncle, which was at the distance of about three miles, she would there be certain to meet with hospitable protection. As they went along, he learned that she had a husband in India; on which he observed, that Mr. Harland, his uncle, had arrived from India, where he had been several years, only the night before, and that she might possibly be able to obtain from him some information relative to her husband. This intelligence produced no small agitation in the breast

of Mrs. Woodgrove, which was immediately filled with the conflicting sensations of alternate hope and fear.

On their arrival at Mr. Harland's, the young gentleman hastened to inform his uncle of the strangers he had brought, and the manner in which he had found them. Mrs. Woodgrove was immediately introduced into the parlour, when, what was her surprise to see, sitting there with Mr. Harland, — her husband! — He had come over with Mr. Harland, and had proposed to go out the next day, when somewhat more recovered of his fatigue, to find his wife, and surprise her with his return. The sensations excited by this unexpected meeting, in the breasts of all who were actors in it, it would be fruitless to attempt to describe. Mr. Woodgrove had acquired a very sufficient competence; but his desire to return to the woman to whom his heart was still devoted would not suffer him to make a longer stay, merely to accumulate a cumbrous fortune. Thus, when this affectionate and virtuous woman seemed about to be deserted by the friend who had supported her, and abandoned to indigence, she, unexpectedly, found *the husband* she had so tenderly loved restored to her; with — if not the fortune of a nabob — at least sufficient wealth to enable them to lead the remainder of their lives in independence, and universally respected.

SIGNE AND HAVOR;

A GOTHIC ROMANCE.

(Continued from p. 41.)

FOURTEEN days elapsed before the two brothers returned. In the

mean time Habor was constantly in court, and took part in all the manly exercises and sports which were there customary. He swam, ran, leaped, and hunted, and gained the prize from all who entered into competition with him: Sigar admired and feared him. He proposed to his queen, Bera, whether it would not be more advisable to induce him to desist from his purpose.

‘He is immovable,’ said she, and it is preferable that he should be so, for he rushes on his own destruction. The keen swords of A and Alger shall extinguish my anger in his blood, and this shall be but the beginning of my revenge. Habor, frantic at Habor's death, shall meet encounter my sons, and fall. The ravens shall pluck out his eyes, and inflict on him the punishment he has merited, for seating himself on the throne of Odin. Habor is noble and magnanimous, I will confess; but he is, therefore, the more worthy victim to the injured ghost of my brother.’

‘Not long after, Habor engaged in the chase with other hunters when a furious wild-boar rushed suddenly out of the wood, and made directly towards Bera. Sigar discharged at him an arrow with a feeble and trembling hand, which struck, but fell, without penetrating his tough hide. At the same instant Habor sprang upon the beast, and plunged his hunting-knife into his throat: the ferocious animal fell, and sprinkled Bera with his blood. The haughty queen stammered with difficulty a few expressions of thankfulness, which, however, were more indicative of shame and implacability than of gratitude. All others who were present extolled the heroic deed to the skies; Signe, also, cast down her beautiful eyes, but said nothing.

‘Why were you silent,

daughter?" said Bera, when they were alone. "All praise Habor, and soon they may praise the vanquisher of Alf and Alger.—Do you think that he is braver than your brothers?—Will they fall as easily as the wild-boar?"

"Thousands have they conquered," answered Signe; "they are heroes, and Habor is a hero also."

"But who," said the queen, "do you think will conquer?"

"For the first time in my life," replied Signe, "I feel anxiety for my brothers."

"Heaven grant there may be no wish for Habor!"

"I am a Dane."

"Such ever remain, and prove yourself especially worthy of your mother's illustrious descent."

Here the dialogue ended, and the queen and her daughter separated.

Habor was free and unconstrained in his carriage and conversation with all, except the princess, with whom he was diffident and reserved. He spoke to her seldom, and said but little. She answered in a few words, and never spoke to him but in reply. He had in his train a confidential friend, named Asmund, who expressed his surprise at the conduct of Habor.

"Why," said he, "are you so silent when you are with Signe?—Love inspires courage."

"Love," said Habor, "causes timidity."

"How often," added Asmund, "have I seen you turn pale—pale before a woman—you, who innumerable times have faced and braved death!—Why do you not disclose the secret of your heart?—Speak, and Signe will love!"

"What say you, Asmund?—Do you not remember Signe's vow?—She may not, she cannot, love me till she is assured that I am braver than her brothers.—I love her.—

But either I shall fall, or I shall conquer.—If I fall, I conceal my love.—In Valhalla, Signe shall be my joy.—If I conquer, then is Signe mine."

"She will, no doubt, be yours," said Asmund, "for vows are sacred: but will she love you?—Were you to avow to her your sentiments, you would be more certain of her affection."

"She does not hate me.—Were Signe to give me her heart without reserve, and I were to fall in the contest, she would be unhappy; and should I not be the cause of her unhappiness?"

Habor was silent, and tears flowed down his cheeks.

"A hero weeps!" exclaimed Asmund.

"I am a man," said Habor.

"And for a woman you weep!"

"I will die for her—every thing will I do for Signe.—I will engage in the bloody conflict."

"But should you kill her brothers?—Will Signe then ———"

"She has made a vow to Freya."

"I fear Bera."

"She cannot change the manners of the nation; this will not be permitted her."

"Signe, indeed, is charming."

"Yes, roses are not so fair; they expand not so beautiful before the zephyr as her lovely lips unclose. Grace and gentleness smile upon them. Henos* is not so fair.—Freya herself weeps not such tears.—She alone can bestow the apple of Idun †.—With her is an eternal

* The daughter of Freya.

† Idun's apple, in the mythology of the north, was eaten by the gods, and renewed their youth. Idun was married to Brage, the god of eloquence. The meaning of the allegory, doubtless, is, that the gods, that is, renowned men, renew or prolong their lives, and acquire immortality, by their own eloquence, or the same bestowed on them by poets and orators.

spring.—My heart tells me that she will be mine.'

'But should your heart deceive you, dear friend?—Accept my advice:—let us return to Norway.—Fly the fire that consumes you, and which will either procure you death from the swords of the brothers of Signe, or expose you to fall by the hatred and vengeful machinations of her mother.'

'Is this the language of Asmund?' exclaimed Habor.—'Return!—be dishonoured!—lose Signe!—O death, I embrace thee!—Say thus again, and our friendship must be at an end.'

'You command,' answered Asmund, 'and I am silent.'

'It is resolved,' said Habor.—'I can but die, and then—then—the tears of Signe shall comfort me.—I know my own worth, and I am certain of Signe's pity.'

'I am silent; but suffer me to ask you one question:—When did you see Signe shed tears?'

'When I had killed the wild boar, and advanced towards the place where Bera and the princess were, what a scene drew my attention!—Signe leaned against a broken tree, with her eyes fixed on the dead animal.—Concern and anxiety were painted in her countenance, sighs burst from her breast, and her tears flowed. In a broken voice, she called on Bera, Alf, Alger, and Habor, and then sank down at the foot of the tree, and bedewed its roots with tears.—Oh Heaven! that they had been shed for me!'

'Drink her tears, and then die, happy Habor!—the noble Signe loves thee.—Speak to her, and avow your passion.'

'Actions speak more than words,' replied Habor.—'My virtue, my courage, shall speak, and not my tongue.—My silence shall be profound as my passion is ardent.'

Sigar and Habor sometimes played at chess, but the latter always was victor. One day the princess was present, and Sigar, as usual, lost.

'Avenge my defeat, daughter,' said the king, 'for you are an excellent player; and let your success be the forerunner of your brothers' triumph.'

Signe cast an anxious look on her father; but, without returning an answer, took her seat.

'Princess,' said Habor, 'I accept this challenge, according to the words of your royal father.—You shall represent your brothers, and will contend as against them.'

'No, Habor,' answered she, while a tear of sensibility moistened her eye, 'consanguinity restrains me from treating with levity the defeat of my brothers, while hospitality forbids me to wish yours.'

These words drew a smile from Svanhild, a princess of Gothland who had been brought up from her earliest years with Signe, and who was the affianced bride of Alger.

'We will then commit our fortune to the goddess of destiny,' answered Habor, with an expression of satisfaction in his countenance. The eyes of Signe brightened up and she began to play.

The game lasted a long time. They frequently delayed the move and when they made it, appeared not to have known what they were doing. They overlooked many opportunities, and at length the two kings remained alone on the board, and neither could lay claim to victory. Bera walked backward and forwards in the chamber, with an air of inquietude.

'My daughter,' said she, 'is very polite to this stranger; she has not exerted her whole strength.'

'It seemed to me,' said Svanhild, 'that Habor played better against Sigar.'

‘I have employed my utmost skill,’ said Habor, ‘but Signe plays better than Sigar.’

‘Yes,’ answered Bolvise, ‘she is woman, and beautiful.’

Bolvise was the principal counsellor of Sigar, and almost blind from age, which, however, had not impaired his understanding or his subtlety; for, in the whole court, there was not a person more artful and intriguing.

At another time it chanced that Sigar and his attendants, accompanied by the queen, the princess, and Habor, went out on a hunting-party. Habor rode by the side of Sigar, but with his eyes almost constantly fixed on Signe. They came to a river, which a stag they had roused swam over. Sigar alighted from his horse, as did Habor likewise; many of the company remained on the bank of the river, partly on foot, and partly on horse-back; while others plunged in, and followed the stag. Signe remained on horseback; and, her thoughts being employed on her peculiar situation, let the bridle drop from her hand. Her horse immediately leaped into the stream to follow the others, and she fell from his back, while the animal sank in a kind of gulf, and was drowned. Scarcely could the standers-by perceive the accident before they saw Habor in the midst of the river, with the princess on his back. He soon brought her out; and Svanhild, and all who were present, hastened to give her every necessary assistance. She had fainted, but was soon recovered; and, fixing her eyes first upon Habor, and then upon Svanhild:—‘Was it not Ha-

bor who saved me?’ said she, with a feeble voice.

‘You wish to find it was he,’ said Bera, hastily interrupting her.—‘No person can do any thing but Habor.’

‘Yes, it was Habor who saved you,’ said Belvise, a worthy and wise man, the brother of Bolvise.

‘It was a fortunate accident,’ added the queen, ‘that he was so near the bank—Had he saved the horse too, he would have done more perhaps than another could have done.’

‘Your hatred speaks,’ retorted Belvise, somewhat hastily.—‘Let Odin and the fatal goddesses decide his lot, and let us be content with their decree.’

Sigar approached Habor, took him by the hand, and said:—‘Thou hast saved our daughter—from gratitude I would willingly preserve thy life—combat not with my sons.’

‘I fear them not,’ answered Habor.

On their return, Signe extended her hand to Habor, but drew it suddenly back, while a crimson blush overspread her cheek.

‘Habor has preserved my life,’ said she, ‘and how can I avoid feeling for him the warmest friendship?’

Habor made no reply; for the eyes of the queen were fixed on him, and he wished not to increase her anger. But he glanced at Signe a look which sufficiently spoke his meaning; a look which can only proceed from the eyes of lovers, and which no painter can pourtray, or poet describe.

(To be continued.)

The MONKS and the ROBBERS;

A TALE.

*(Continued from Vol. XXXIII.**p. 512.)*

ALTERNATELY bearing their fair captive, who by this time had recovered her perception, the robbers, apprehensive still of pursuit, pressed forward, nor counted themselves free from danger, till they reached their place of destination, and delivered their lovely prize to their employer.

Again immured within the walls of Reveldi, again consigned to the mercy of Tancred, and again confined to her chamber, the hapless Juliet, when left to herself, gave unrestrained indulgence to the anguish that oppressed her, and spent some time in tears and sorrowful reflexion—reflexion that made her feel more keenly the increase of affliction which the recent events had brought upon her, by restoring to her, now that every hope of their union was extinguished, her long-lost Rudolpho. More poignantly now than ever she felt and deplored the cruel deceit which had been practised on her, and the dreadful consequences that resulted from it—consequences which separated her from him whom she still loved with unabated violence—deprived her of every hope of comfort and consolation, and doomed her to the keenest despair and disappointment. to the torments of hopeless love—to the misery of being married to him of whom she found every circumstance concur to strengthen her abhorrence, and from whom she expected to experience naught but insult and persecution. But, keen and afflictive as were the ideas these things excited, they were yet increased by the dreadful shock which the information of her marriage had given to Rudolpho, the violence of the emotions he betrayed, and the state of agitation and despair

in which he took leave of her, when he and the count Verucci departed to search in the forest. She knew the ardour and impetuosity of his feelings, and she anticipated the most fearful consequences from the wound he had received in the disappointment of his long-cherished hopes; which anticipation was strengthened by reflecting on the encounter of the preceding night, his exclamation on discovering her, and the furious conflict that followed. She suffered the most dreadful apprehensions, lest the agony of his mind had made him court death from the swords of his adversaries; and the emotions which her doubt of his safety excited, more than those which arose from her own situation, threw her into a paroxysm of grief.

Her thoughts were yet absorbed in sorrowful contemplations, and the tears which they produced yet flowed down her cheeks, when the lord Tancred entered the apartment. Her bosom throbbed with increased anguish, and her tears burst forth afresh at sight of him; while he, with looks of kindness and compassion, seated himself beside her, and, with a voice of pity, besought her to be composed; but she regarded him not, and, turning silently away from him, continued still to weep. He now grasped her hand in his, pressed it ardently to his lips; and, drawing her gently towards him, began to solicit her love; but, instead of answering his professions, she snatched away her hand, and reproached him with the base and deceitful manner in which he had acted towards her; but her fear of him checked her upbraiding, and prevented her from expressing entirely the resentment and abhorrence which his conduct had excited in her bosom: yet sufficient proof of both was apparent in her manner to render him almost hopeless of producing sentiments more accordant to his de-

fires. Still, however, he persevered in his efforts; and endeavoured by threats, as well as entreaties, to win her to his purpose; but still he found himself as far as ever from the accomplishment of his wishes. The faint hope he had indulged now vanished, and the anger which his disappointment had kindled in his bosom burst forth. He swore, in the strongest terms, that if, on his return from Palermo (whither, he said, business of import called him immediately) she still persisted in her obstinacy, force should give him the rights he claimed. He bade her not flatter herself with a hope of a second time escaping from his power; and then threatening her with every suffering in his power to inflict, if she consented not to his wishes, he quitted the apartment. She trembled at his threats; and though, in his presence, she had, in a great measure, concealed the terror they inspired, yet, when left to herself, her fortitude gave way, and her mind sunk deeper in despondency; which was increased upon discovering the additional precautions that were taken to prevent the possibility of again escaping from her prison.

During the lord Tancred's stay at Palermo, where, engaged in a round of dissipation and amusement, he continued for some weeks, Juliet passed her time in a state of the most fearful suspense and expectation, which every day increased. The loneliness of her situation, and the want—almost total—of employment, contributed to nourish the deep melancholy which had taken possession of her thoughts. Her days were spent in mournful regret of the past, and dreadful anticipation of the future; and her nights were wasted almost without sleep. If, wearied by miserable reflexions, she sought a temporary oblivion to her woes, her slumbers were short, and disturbed by fearful

dreams; which often so strongly impressed her fancy, that, awaking, she would, affrightedly, gaze around her chamber, and find some difficulty to persuade herself that she had been dreaming.

One night, when, starting from a dreadful dream, she thought she beheld, by the light that burned in her chamber, a figure standing close to her bed-side, which seemed, the instant her eyes were directed towards it, to glide away and vanish into air. Trembling with inexpressible terror, her sight shot rapidly round the large and but half-illuminated apartment, but all was still and silent; and, as no cause for alarm was visible, she began to think that the impression which her dream had left upon her imagination had deceived her, when a slight noise, which seemed to proceed from a dark part of the chamber, renewed all her fears. Almost involuntarily, her eyes were directed to discern from what it arose; and she thought she perceived a faint and glimmering light, which appeared as if shining through some crevice in the wall of a recess near her bed-side. She had but an imperfect view of it. It seemed to move rapidly along, and in an instant vanished from her sight. She knew it was impossible any human being could have entered her chamber, as she had been careful to secure the only door by which admittance could be gained. She endeavoured to repress the superstitious dread which assailed her thoughts, and to persuade herself that its cause was imaginary, and proceeded merely from an imagination disordered by the terrific figures which floated before her eyes while they were closed in sleep: but the evidence of her senses resisted these endeavours; and the more she pondered on it, the more she was terrified at what she had seen and heard.

(To be continued.)

ACCOUNT of the NEW COMEDY—
'HEAR BOTH SIDES'—performed
for the first Time at the Theatre-Royal,
Drury-Lane, on Saturday, Jan. 29.

The characters were thus represented:—

Fairfax,	- -	Mr. Downton.
Headlong,	- -	Mr. C. Kemble.
Sir Ralph Aspen,		Mr. Suett.
Transit, his son,	-	Mr. Bannister.
Melford,	- -	Mr. Raymond.
Steward,	- -	Mr. Wroughton.
Quillet,	- -	Mr. Cherry.
Bailiff,	- -	Mr. Wewitzer.
Gregory,	- -	Mr. Collins.
Major Tennis,	-	Mr. Caulfield.
Sir Luke Loffall,	-	Mr. Webbe.
Master of the hotel,		Mr. Madox.
Robert,	- -	Mr. Hollingsworth.
Caroline Melford,	-	Mrs. Pope.
Eliza Aspen,	- -	Mrs. Jordan.

THE FABLE.

THE scene lies in London. The chief character in the piece is Fairfax, a solicitor, of great credit, and who, till a very short time before the opening of the piece, has uniformly maintained a high reputation for probity and feeling. Having, however, become the inheritor of considerable property belonging to a rich old man, whose nephew he had appeared to patronise, Fairfax begins very rapidly to lose his credit, particularly as he appeared to be in intimate connexion with a worthless attorney, named Quillet, who is supposed, by fraudulent means, to have become possessed of the fortune of a Mr. Melford. Matters remain in this dubious state, and Harry Headlong, the nephew, whose proper inheritance Fairfax has obtained, arrives in London, in expectation of getting at once into possession of the vast fortune left by his uncle. Harry Headlong, with a good heart, is a wild young man, who has already squandered two fortunes by generous profusion. He soon be-

comes acquainted with Transit, another thoughtless but well-meaning young man. Harry has a high opinion of Fairfax, and soon quarrels with Transit, because the latter speaks ill of Fairfax. Transit is arrested, and an intended duel is prevented. Transit had conducted himself in such a wild manner, that his wife Eliza, who is the niece of sir Ralph Aspen, is induced to separate from him, chiefly, however, owing to the artful falsehoods of Sir Ralph. Eliza, finding her husband in town, puts on a mask, and has an interview with him. Knowing he is in distress, she gives him a pocket-book, containing bank-notes, which he presents to Harry Headlong, who takes it to relieve the distresses of Melford, and for that purpose gives it to Caroline Melford, the daughter of the latter. It appears that Harry had seen Caroline at a masquerade in Italy, and had conceived a violent attachment to her, but never could afterwards find her. Melford and his daughter resided in the same hotel with sir Ralph and Eliza, and the ladies are acquainted. When Headlong visits the hotel, for the purpose of relieving the necessities of Melford, whom he had known in happier days in Italy, Caroline conceals herself under her veil for some time, but afterwards lets Headlong know that she is the object of his solicitous search. Eliza seeing the pocket-book, which she had presented to her husband, in the hands of Caroline, and hearing it had been given to her by a young man, naturally concludes that it was an offering of gallantry, and is full of jealousy. Transit, on a subsequent interview, really does pay gallant homage to Caroline; but he supposes his own wife is dead. These matters, however, are all explained, and the only remaining mystery rests upon the conduct of Fairfax. At

length, Fairfax, who seems to have acted a very mysterious part, summons all the characters together, in order to vindicate his conduct. He severely reproaches Harry Headlong for not attending the calls of a dying uncle, though Fairfax had earnestly conjured him to return to England. In defence of himself, for getting possession of Harry's inheritance, he alleges that the testator left his fortune to one who was likely to use it properly, rather than to one who was likely to sacrifice it by extravagance. He then gives Harry the title-deeds of the estates, and also restores those of Melford, which he obtained from Quillet, the vile attorney, whose clerk has betrayed him. Finally, he informs sir Ralph, that Transit is the issue of a clandestine marriage, which sir Ralph had contracted with a lady at Brussels, whom he deserted, and who died soon after. In conclusion, Fairfax fully explains his conduct, and shows that he is fairly entitled to the good name he had previously acquired—Quillet is to abide the decision of the law upon his bad practices; Eliza is reconciled to her husband, whose conduct has been basely misrepresented to her; Headlong marries Caroline, and poetical justice is, upon the whole, accomplished.

Mr. Holcroft is the avowed author of this piece. Several of the scenes are extremely affecting, though generally rather too much detailed. Many of the sentiments are noble and instructive, particularly those in which Fairfax reproves Headlong for his imprudence and extravagance, and Melford, for his want of feeling in the time of his prosperity. The generosity of the young men is somewhat too great for the ordinary cast of human nature; they give away every thing, and in the

next moment fall sacrifices to claims which a part of what they had unnecessarily given away would have satisfied: others of the sentiments are more inflated than natural. The only fault of the piece is, an overstrained philanthropy, in no way useful to public morals. The general character of the play, in this respect, resembles those of Kotzebue, and in many parts is equally successful. This character is well kept up; but so much of the author's attention has been directed to it, that the piece fails to interest in other points. There is a want of business and of bustle. The play is, however, written in the nervous and elegant style which distinguishes all Mr. Holcroft's productions; but there is very little originality of character in it, though the characters are well and boldly drawn.

The prologue, delivered by Mr. Bannister in a masterly style, consists chiefly in comparing the enterprise of dramatic writers with the daring enterprise of Garnerin's descent in a parachute. The epilogue is much better than the prologue, though little more than a versification of Joe Miller's story of the quaker's giving a *bad name* to his dog. The allusion is expressly made to Fairfax, but it was generally thought that another application was meant—namely, to the author, who has been censured for his politics, but whose opinions are now by no means favourable to France or Bonaparte. It was extremely well spoken by Mrs. Jordan. Mrs. Jordan also sang a very beautiful song in a most exquisite style, in the first act; it was encored with enthusiasm, and its effect promoted the good humour of the audience through the remainder of the piece.

The play was, on the whole, received extremely favourably, and has been several times repeated.

The SONG of MORROUGH, the BARD, on the DEFEAT of the DANES, at CLANTARFE, near DUBLIN, by BRIAN BOROM, the great Monarch of Ireland, A. D. 1039.*

HAVE I not my harp in my hand, and shall I not sing the chiefs of the battle; those who brought low the warriors of the north? Oh, king of the east! thy father was there, and the red-haired lost their strength: they fled before him, as the deer from the summits of Mangerton before the striplings of the green lake. Their leader, the mighty Sueno, called aloud—‘Why will ye fly, ye hardy men of the cold hills? The raven † claps her wings, and why will ye fly, ye sons of the sea? The battle is on the sand of the shore, the waves are white behind, and whither would ye fly, ye men of the cold hills?’ They heard him not, but they fled: behind them was the old king; his sword was as the sword of Fune-mac-Cule ‡, when he smote the strangers in the plains of Tura: with him was the flower of the south. The sons of Mac Carthy were there, whose halls are ever open to the stranger and the master of the harp. The bold O’Briens were there, who tame the waves of the great river; the wide of heart! the generous masters of many sheep! Were ye absent then, oh ye branches of O’Sullivan?—Clantarfe well knows ye were not! Ye left the fishy shores of the great sea: ye left the green islands of the

* In the battle, the victorious monarch was mortally wounded, and died next day, in the 88th year of his age.—This song was recited in the hall of Morrough O’Brien, king of Leinster, the eldest son of Brian Borom.

† A raven was painted on the Danish standards: this, they imagined, clapped its wings at the approach of victory; the Danes, being but lately converted to Christianity, had not yet lost this part of their pagan superstition.

‡ Fune-mac-Cule, the real name of Fingal.

west, and fought for the land of your fathers. Thousands were there besides, from the vales and the forests, who smote them on the back. In the morn, the spear was darted; at the foot of Hoath they fled; and the red sun saw that we fought well.

But what shall I say of thee, oh Mac Murchudah §? who shook hands with the robbers, and invited them to the blaze of thy fire: basely thou didst arise against the land of thy fathers! For this art thou fallen! the strong steed of the hoary king pressed thee to the ground, and his spear sent thee to feel the punishment of the treacherous! For this art thou fallen, and no bard to lament thee! The sons of thy house hate the sound of thy name: no pile of stones rises on the beach to point out the seat of thy remains: thou art never remembered in the halls of the great as a friend of the land, and a man of the saving arm. Think of the proud Mac Murchudah, oh ye sons of the great! and think for what he is fallen!

On the top of the clift I stood, and beheld the battle of the strong, near the white waters. Cormac was there, and the young Turges stood before him: they fought long, till the sword of the son of Mahoun pierced the breast of the foe.—‘Lie there, oh thou unhappy!’ said the generous Cormac: ‘thou wert better than thy fathers; thy soul was tender, and loved the voice of the song: but they despised the strings of brass; they burnt the books of our bards ||; they sent the speakers of the deeds of the great to the small islands of the north: for this we do

§ Mac Murchudah, king of Leinster, assisted the Danes in their conquests in Ireland: he joined them also in this battle, where he was slain.

|| Turgesuis, the Dane, having conquered Ireland, burnt all their books, and banished their bards and historians. Edward I. made use of the same policy to extinguish the love of liberty in Wales.

still hate their memory. But thou shalt be praised in the assemblies of our men of words: well hast thou done also in war, and our heroes shall remember thee.

The enemy now is flying; but where, oh Fergus of the sweet pipe! where is now the king with the silver hairs? 'There he is, on the left,' said the master of the sweet pipe, bestriding the body of the mighty Ringo.' I looked again from the cliff, and saw the father of warriors fall: he fell to the ground; an arrow from the crafty Harold pierced the side of the king; his white head touched the sand; the mighty man was no more! Connor, the son of his heart, saw him fall; over the body of his father he laid his mantle; he waved the red sword round his head, and smote the destroyer of the land—smote the swift Harold: down he fell: his wiles availed him not: he fell beneath the sword of Connor.

Oh, thou strength of our hands! art thou gone?—thou mighty Brian, art thou fallen? In the days of thy youth thou wert swift and strong: in the hours of thy wrinkles thou wert wise, nor did thy strength forsake thee! Do we not remember the music of thy hall? Do we not still think of the board of Cincora?—Three thousand men of war fate round it, and many sweepers of the strings were there; three thousand fate daily around it, and thy door was never shut. When the bold men of wrong went abroad, didst thou not arise and bind them? Did not the strong Mac Bruin bow down before thee, when the wailings of the orphans reached thine ear? Thy sword was powerful, and thy laws were good. From the lakes of the north to the hollow bays of the south, did not a fair virgin* walk, adorned with the gold and the bright

stones of other lands? Who then did wrong, allured by the love of gold or the beauty of the daughter of Connel?—Alone she went, and untouched she returned; for they revered thee and thy laws.

Oh, king that art gone! oft have I heard thy voice exhorting thy sons to great things.—'Remember the deeds of your fathers; remember the sword of Denough. The voice of our father Colman was strong, and his feet swift up the mountain: from him proceeded Turlough, the good of heart; from him sprang Lorcan, the tamer of the horse: mighty were these brothers in war, and great in the meetings of the wise-men. Think of them, oh my sons! they shut not their gates against the poor; they inquired not whose footsteps sounded in the hall: the wanderer was welcome to the house of Lorcan, and Turlough gave his hand to the needy and bade him sit down. Think of them, oh my sons! for good they were at home, mighty in war, and great in the meetings of wise men!'

Oh, king that art gone! I see thy children who shall rise in the day to come. As thou hast said of Turlough and Lorcan, they shall speak of thee: the sons of the sweet sound shall raise thy praise with a stronger sweep on the strings: the fathers shall praise thee, and say to their sons, 'Think of Brian Borom!'—the thoughts of the virgins shall praise thee, as they blush at the hour of their marriage: as the castles of the sons of the sea fall to the ground, and the grass grows within their trenches, the tillers of the field shall rejoice, and think of thy name.

Oh, king who now remainest! thy father was great, and mighty was his loss: but arise thou, and look upon his spirit. Think of his sword on the strand of Clantarfe, and let thy soul remember his open gates and the board of Cincora.

* This is a fact attested by all the Irish bards and historians.

The DRAMATIST;

A TALE.

(From the French.)

CELICOUR followed the advice of Agathe, and at every commendation that he bestowed on Fintac, Fintac thought he discovered in him a new degree of merit.

‘The justness of understanding, the penetration of this young man, is without example at his age,’ said he to his friends.

At last the confidence he placed in him was such, that he thought he could trust to him what he called the secret of his life: this was a dramatic piece he had composed, and which he had not had the resolution to read to any one, for fear of risking his reputation. After demanding an inviolable secrecy, he appointed the time for reading it. At this news, Agathe was transported with joy.

‘That is well,’ said he: ‘courage; redouble the dose of incense; good or bad, in your eyes, this piece has no equal.’

Fintac, *tête-à-tête* with the young man, after double-locking his study-door, drew out from a casket this precious manuscript, and read, with enthusiasm, the coldest, the most insipid, comedy that ever was written. It cost the young man a great deal of mortification to applaud what he felt to be flat and insipid; but Agathe had recommended it to him. He applauded it, therefore, and the dramatist was transported.

‘Confess,’ said he to him, after reading it, ‘confess this is very fine.’

‘Yes, very fine.’

‘Very well: it is time to tell you why I have chosen you for my only confidant. I have burned with desire, this long time, to see this piece on the stage; but I would not have it go on under my name. (Celicour trembled at these words.) I was

unwilling to trust any person; but, in short, I think you worthy of this mark of friendship: you shall present my work as your own; I will have nothing but the pleasure of the success, and I leave the glory of it to you.’

The thought of imposing upon the public would alone have terrified the young man; but that of seeing appear, and being damned under his name, so contemptible a work, shocked him still more. Confounded at the proposal, he withstood it a long time; but his opposition was to no purpose.

‘My secret being confided,’ said Fintac to him, ‘engages you in honour to grant me what I ask. It is indifferent to the public whether the piece be yours or mine, and this friendly imposition can hurt nobody in the world. My piece is my treasure—I make you a present of it; the very remotest posterity will know nothing of it. Here then your delicacy is spared every way: if, after this, you refuse to present this work as your own, I shall think you do not like it, that you only deceive me in praising it, and that you are equally unworthy of my friendship and of my esteem.’

‘What would not Agathe’s lover resolve upon, rather than incur the hatred of her uncle.’ He assured him he was only restrained by laudable motives, and asked twenty-four hours to determine.

‘He has read it to me,’ said he to Agathe.

‘Well?’

‘Well, it is execrable!’

‘I thought so.’

‘But he tells me that he will have it pass for mine.’

‘Ah, Celicour! let us praise Heaven for this adventure. Have you accepted it?’

‘Not yet; but I shall be forced to it.’

‘So much the better.’

‘I tell you it is detestable!’

‘So much the better still.’

‘It will be damned!’

‘So much the better, I tell you: we must submit to every thing.’

Celicour did not sleep, through uneasiness and grief. The next day he repaired to his uncle, and told him that there was nothing which he would not sooner resolve upon than displease him.

‘I would not,’ said the dramatist, ‘expose you rashly. Copy out the piece with your own hand. You shall read it to my friends, who are excellent judges; and, if they do not think the success infallible, you are no longer bound to any thing. I require only one thing of you; that is, to study it, in order to read it well.’

This precaution gave the young man some hope.

‘I am,’ said he to Agathe, ‘to read the piece to his friends: if they think it bad, he excuses me from bringing it out.’

‘They will think it good, and so much the better: we should be undone if they were to dislike it.’

‘Explain yourself, pray.’

‘Get you gone; they must not see us together.’

What she had foreseen came to pass. The judges being assembled, the dramatist announced this piece as a prodigy, and especially in a young poet. The young poet read best; and, after Fintac’s example, they were in ecstasies at every line—they applauded every scene. At the conclusion they huzzaed; they discovered in it the delicacy of Aristophanes, the elegance of Plautus, the comic force of Terence; and they knew of no piece of Molière fit to be brought in competition with this. After this trial, there was no longer room to hesitate.

The players, however, were not of the same opinion with the wits; for they knew before-hand that

these good people had no taste; but there was an order to perform the piece. Agathe, who had assisted at the reading, had applauded it with all her might; there were even pathetic passages at which she appeared to be moved, and her enthusiasm for the work had a little reconciled her to the author.

‘Could it be possible,’ said Celicour to her, ‘that you should have thought that good?’

‘Excellent!’ said she: ‘excellent for us!’ and at these words she left him without saying more.

While the piece was in rehearsal, Fintac ran from house to house, to dispose the wits in favour of a young poet of such great expectations. At last the great day arrives, and the dramatist assembles his friends to dinner.

‘Let us go, gentlemen,’ said he: ‘support your own performance. You have judged the piece admirable, you have warranted the success, and your honour is engaged. As to me, you know how great my weakness is; I have the bowels of a father for all rising geniuses; and I feel, in as lively a manner as themselves, the uneasiness they suffer in those terrible moments.’

After dinner, the good friends of the dramatist embraced Celicour tenderly; and told him, that they were going into the pit to be the witnesses, rather than the instruments, of his triumph. They accordingly repaired thither. The piece was played, but it was not finished; and the first mark of impatience was shown by these good friends.

Fintac was in the house, trembling and as pale as death; but all the time that the play lasted, this unhappy and tender father made incredible efforts to encourage the spectators to succour his child. In short, he saw it expire; and then, sinking beneath grief, he dragged

himself to his coach, confounded, dejected, and murmuring against Heaven for having been born in so barbarous an age. As for poor Celicour, they had granted him the honours of a latticed box; where, seated on thorns, he had seen what they called his piece, tottering in the first act, stumbling in the second, and falling in the third. Fintac had promised to go and take him up, but had forgot it. What was now to become of him? How escape through that multitude who would not fail to know him again, and to point him out perhaps to hiss and hoot him! At last, seeing the front empty, he took courage and descended; but the store-rooms, the galleries, the stairs, were yet full: his consternation made him be taken notice of; and he heard on all sides, 'It is he, without doubt. Yes, there he is: it is he! Poor wretch! It is pity! He will do better another time!' He perceived, in a corner, a groupe of damned authors cracking jests on their companion. He saw also the good friends of Fintac, who triumphed in his fall, and on seeing him turned their backs upon him. Overwhelmed with confusion and grief, he repaired to the house of the real author; and his first care was to ask for Agathe. He had liberty of seeing her, for her uncle had shut himself up in his closet.

'I forewarned you of it. It is fallen, and fallen shamefully,' said Celicour, throwing himself into a chair.

'So much the better,' said Agathe.

'What, so much the better! when your lover is covered with shame, and makes himself, in order to please you, the talk and ridicule of all Paris? Ah, it is too much! No, mademoiselle, it is no longer time to jest. I love you more than my life; but, in the state of humiliation

in which you now see me, I am capable of renouncing both life and yourself. I don't know how it has happened that the secret has not yet escaped me. It is little to expose myself to the contempt of the public; your cruel uncle leaves me in my disgrace! I know him: he will be the first to blush at seeing me again; and what I have done to obtain you, perhaps, deprives me of hope for ever. Let him prepare, however, to resume his piece, or to give me your hand. There is but one way to console, and oblige me to silence. Heaven is my witness, that if, through an impossibility, his work had succeeded, I should have given to him the honour of it: it is fallen, I bear the shame; but it is an effort of love, for which you alone can be the recompense.'

'It must be confessed,' said the artful Agathe, in order to irritate him still more, 'that it is a cruel thing to see one's self hissed for another.'

'So cruel, that I would not act such a part again for my own father.'

'With what an air of contempt they see a wretch pass along whose play is damned!'

'The contempt is unjust; we console ourselves for that: but their insolent pity—there is the mortification!'

'I suppose you were greatly confused in coming down stairs?—Did you salute the ladies?'

'I could have wished to annihilate myself.'

'Poor youth! and how will you dare to appear again in the world?'

'I will never appear again in the world, I swear to you, but with the name of your husband, or till after I have retorted on M. de Fintac the humiliation of this failure.'

'You are fully resolved then to be peremptory with him?'

'Very fully resolved, do not doubt it. Let him determine this

very evening. If he refuses me your hand, all the news-papers shall publish that he is the author of the damned piece.'

'And that is what I wanted,' said Agathe with triumph; 'there is the object of all those *So-much-the-betters* which put you so much out of patience. Go see my uncle; hold firm; and be assured that we shall be happy.'

E. R.

Darlington, Dec. 27, 1802.

The STORY of LOCKMAN, a PERSIAN PHYSICIAN.

IN the city of Caswin, in Persia, there was a great number of public baths; one in particular behind the garden of the king's palace, which is now half destroyed, and of which the following story is told, *viz.* That there lived heretofore at Caswin a very famous physician, named Lockman, a black Arabian, who had acquired so great reputation, not only by the books he had written in medicine, but also by many other excellent productions, that the inhabitants have still a very great veneration for his memory. Nay, it is to be found in their Kulusian, they gave him the surname of Wise; for it is written in the sixth chapter of the second book, that the wife Lockman, being one day asked by what means he had attained so great learning and knowledge, he made answer—'It was by means of the ignorant and uncivil; for he had always done what was contrary to what he had seen them do.'—This Lockman,—having attained a great age, and being upon his death-bed,—sent for his son, and told him, that he would leave him an inestimable treasure; and, having commanded to be brought him three glasses full of certain medicinal waters, he said they had the virtue to

raise up a dead man to life, if they were applied before the body began to corrupt. That, casting upon the deceased the water that was in the first glass, the soul would return to the body: that, upon the pouring of the second, the body would stand upright; and that, upon the third, the person would be absolutely alive, and should do all things as before: that, however, he had very seldom made use of this experiment, out of a fear of committing a sin, by undertaking to intermeddle with that which is reserved to God alone; and that, out of the same consideration, he exhorted him to be very careful how he made use of it, as being a secret rather to be admired than put often to experience. With these exhortations, Lockman dying, his son was very mindful of the advice he had given him; and, pretending the same tenderness of conscience as his father had expressed before him, he reserved the glasses till he might have occasion to make trial of them upon himself. Accordingly, being at the point of death, he commanded a man that waited on him, to make use of those glasses as his father had taught him. The man having caused his master's body to be brought into the bath above-mentioned, poured upon it the two first glasses, which wrought the effect which Lockman had promised they should; insomuch that the master sitting up, and impatient to return to life, cries out 'Bris! bris!'—that is to say, 'Pour! pour!'—at which words the fellow was so frightened, that he let the third glass fall down to the ground; so that the unfortunate Lockman Sade was forced to lie down again, and take the journey which all other mortals do. The Persians confidently affirm, that, near the ruinous bath, the voice of 'Bris! bris!' is still many times heard.

*ON MODESTY and DIFFIDENCE,
ASSURANCE and IMPUDENCE.*

THE backwardness and reserve which sometimes happily deters people, unawed by other considerations, from doing things which they are conscious are in themselves wrong, and for which they know the world must censure them, is a virtue, and a very amiable one, though in bad company: this is truly modesty; and it always deserves the applause of others, and the utmost encouragement in the breast of the possessor. But, on the other hand, that sensation of the same turn which awes and prevents a man from doing publicly an action which he knows to be right, and by which himself and others would be profited, is not the virtue which acts in the other cause, but is a mischievous counterfeit of it, which we ought to distinguish from it by the name of diffidence; and which it is every man's interest to get the better of, and every body's advantage, who has any concern with a man, that he should banish for ever from his remembrance.

As we are apt to confound the sense of the words modesty and diffidence, we add to the perplexity by using in the same manner two others, which are indeed their proper opposites, and which, under just regulations, would serve very happily to distinguish them, and to keep them separate for ever. We generally use the words assurance and impudence as synonymous terms, and employ them indifferently to express the same ideas: but this is great injustice; as the one is a naturally and eternally odious and distasteful quality; the other, if not an amiable, at least is a good and useful one.

As I would distinguish modesty, as that quality which represses us from being eminent in ill, from

diffidence, which deters us from being considerable in any thing, I would separate the ideas conveyed by the words assurance and impudence; by understanding the former to express that freedom of deportment, and sense of consequence, which arises in a man's breast from the consciousness of what are his real merits and qualifications; and the latter, that boldness and importance which a man assumes from a pretension to qualities of which he is not possessed.

Assurance, in this sense of the word, is the opposite of diffidence; an active, valuable quality, and the contradictory one to a blamable habit: and, on the other side, impudence, a detestable habit, the contradictory one of a very amiable and useful virtue. As contrarieties cannot exist at the same time in the same subject, it is easy to see, that impudence and modesty will never be found in the same person, nor assurance connected with diffidence. But, on the other hand, as there is nothing of this natural opposition between the other qualities and habits, unless from our confounding the terms, we are not apt to wonder that we sometimes see the boldest pretensions, when not supported by merit, sink, in an instant, into the most sheepish bashfulness; nor are we to suppose the character to be formed of contraries, when we see the man who is most assured and firm on subjects he is acquainted with, and in occurrences he perfectly understands, become reserved and humble in such as he is conscious he is not prepared for, nor a master of their whole scope.

In these distinct senses of the words impudence and assurance, we shall find some of the most useful and most amiable characters in the world, and some of the most distasteful and contemptible, con-

founded by the unthinking, under the same general term of censure; and when we can divest ourselves of those two troublesome and mischievous qualities, partiality and envy, some slight tincture of which is inseparable from self-love, and consequently is inherent in us all, we shall find infinite pleasure in separating the good from the bad, and real advantage in the conversation of the friends whom we have so selected.

A consciousness of whatever degree of merit a man possesses in whatever way, is inseparable from the possessing it: some men may have more artifice and address to hide it; or they may have a greater love for dissimulation; or they may, finally, think it more worth their while to conceal it; but to destroy the consciousness of it, while the thing itself exists, is as impossible as to separate the shadow from the body in the sun-shine: the man who has a sense of his own superiority in any thing that is in itself valuable, cannot but be pleased with that sense; this pleasure will diffuse itself through all his discourse, and will be seen in any of his actions that are connected with the subject of his honest pride; and as he will be convinced, that he is above the reproof or contradiction of those who are less acquainted with it, he will talk and act with an openness and freedom, at which he who is in terror about the truth of every thing he advances, and in continual hazard of being convinced of error in his assertions, will find it as imprudent as impossible for him to arrive.

Such a deportment, so founded, is what we ought properly to understand by the term assurance; and such an assurance is at least an allowable, if not a desirable quality: he who presumes so far upon the ignorance of those with whom he converses, as to assume this behaviour where he has not that inward

consciousness to support it, places impudence in the seat of assurance. Few people are able to judge, in many cases, whether this easy boldness has a just or false foundation; and as superiority, in any respect, is a thing one man is very ill satisfied with allowing to another, it is not a wonder that the two qualities, though such perfect and direct opposites in themselves, are unavoidably confounded by the generality of the world, and purposely, though very disingenuously, by too many of those who are able to judge of them. We find Cicero and Demosthenes very frequently declaring, in very express terms, a consciousness of their own abilities, which the ingenuous candour of the times they lived in never accused of impudence; and Ovid and Horace talk in the easiest manner in the world, of their having procured themselves immortality by their poems. I reverence the age in which a well-grounded assurance was thus in fact, though perhaps not exactly in name, distinguished from impudence; and am apt to believe, that a great deal of the spirit of these inimitable writers would have been lost, if they had not been conscious of living among a people of judgment, who allowed them a reputation which it was their duty to support.

I am well assured, that impudence would never have produced one good line or one just sentiment from any of these authors, in consequence of a false applause given by the injudicious rabble; but it is most certain that the spirit such a deserved fame kept up in these authors, has given birth to many of the passages which have been admired in them for so many ages, and will be so as long as good sense and judgment live in the world.

Darlington, Dec. 28.

E. R.

CRITICAL OBSERVATIONS on the
NOVEL of 'TOM JONES.'

In a Series of Letters from an Uncle to
his Niece.

LETTER I.

DEAR NIECE,

SEVERAL years have intervened since you and I were accustomed to read over together the writings of the inimitable Fielding. Of all his performances, the 'History of a Foundling' afforded us the highest delight. At the time to which I now allude, a few winters only had snowed on your head: Yet you listened to the tender tale with attention, sympathised with the sorrows of the beautiful Sophia, and oftentimes shed a tear as a tribute to the sufferings she underwent. Neither were you less attentive to those passages of this incomparable romance, which serve to excite risibility and set the table in a roar. Few authors have so happily succeeded in exciting the mirth of their readers as Mr. Fielding, and you seemed to feel the impression. Since these days of playful childhood in you, and of my then fiftieth year, many birth-days have passed over. You, my dear niece, though yet a young woman, have encountered many trying scenes of life; and, at the age of twenty-five, now find yourself a widow and mother of three children: for myself, I have already passed my grand climacteric; and, during these three score and odd years of pilgrimage on earth, have experienced many rubs and vicissitudes of fortune. Adversity is at least productive of one good consequence, that it weans us in some measure from the follies and delusive prospects of this world. For you, I doubt not, but many blessings are in store. Of these, a

decent competency is none of the least, to which permit me to add the prattle of your infant family, and the care and assiduity which your attendance on them requires from you. It is with a view of alleviating what I am sensible you must feel, from the great loss you have experienced, that I now address you with 'Tom Jones' in my hand, to intreat you will once more run over those entertaining pages; and permit me to add a short commentary at the conclusion of each chapter. You are not ignorant of the veneration in which I hold every period which came from the pen of this inimitable author; and of all his works, the 'History of a Foundling' is the most interesting; whether we consider it as a dramatic novel, or, in its most serious parts, as an instructive piece of morality. Taken in the former view, it abounds with that true and genuine wit and humour that we should seek for in vain among the works of the numerous class of romance writers; and, as a moral writer, the various passages to be met with in the course of these volumes, entitle Mr. Fielding to the highest rank among authors of this class. I had almost said, that a complete body of ethics might be gleaned from an attentive perusal of his entertaining pages. My own partiality to the works of Mr. Fielding, and particularly to the book now under consideration, is so great, that those who do not know me will scarcely credit how often I have travelled over this agreeable path. In fact, whilst the 'History of a Foundling' should remain on the shelves, it would not much grieve me, although some malicious enchanter, as formerly happened to Don Quixote, should carry away the rest of the library.

I shall now desist from any further reflexions, and proceed to the task I

have undertaken. To begin with the dedication, which, as it is managed by the generality of authors, proves, not unusually, the most uninteresting portion of the book: but this address, in which the reader has generally not the smallest concern, Mr. Fielding has contrived to render pleasing even to those who have no connection either with the author or his patron. Of Mr. Lyttleton, under whose auspices Mr. Fielding has thought fit to usher this history into the world, every one, who is acquainted with his character, must acknowledge that the author, in the selection of a patron, could not have made a more judicious choice. Mr. (afterwards lord) Lyttleton was himself at once a writer of eminence, and the Mæcenas of men of letters. Without adulation on the one hand, or a blunt pertness on the other, Mr. Fielding's address is polite, affable, friendly, and respectful. On this occasion two other personages were introduced, who were well known in the annals of those times. The duke of Bedford was a man of great political talents; and, in private life, an honour to the high rank he filled in the commonwealth. The character of Mr. Allen will long be held in veneration for shining talents and universal philanthropy; and more particularly by the inhabitants of Bath and its neighbourhood, where he resided, and where his public no less than his private munificence was eminently conspicuous. In the dedication, Mr. Fielding declares, that to recommend goodness and innocence was his sincere endeavour in writing that history: that he had employed all the wit and humour of which he was master to effect this purpose; and that he had endeavoured to laugh mankind out of their favourite follies and vices. The de-

lication occupies only twelve pages of letter-press, and must be allowed to have exhibited a specimen of panegyric hitherto unrivalled in our language.

The first chapter of the first book, Mr. Fielding styles an introduction to the work, or a bill of fare to the feast; and he declares it his intention to prefix a bill of fare to every course which is to be served up in that of the ensuing volumes. Accordingly, to each of the books in this history, we shall find an introductory chapter, which, though not immediately connected with the thread of the story, serves, in general, as a very appropriate prelude to the contents of the following book; and, though those chapters bear little relation to the main body of the history, some useful moral instruction never fails to be conveyed in these essays. In the greater part of novels, the two or three first chapters usually form a tedious insipid narrative, as an introduction to the work; and the reader is under the necessity of turning over eight or ten pages ere he is introduced to any of the *dramatis personæ*, or can form any conception of the author's drift: whereas Mr. Fielding, in his first chapter, though a very short one, explains his design to his readers; and, in a witty allusion, compares his book to an entertainment where he presides as cook, and of this banquet his readers are heartily invited to partake. May I be permitted to add, that few of those who received this card of invitation, and are endowed with a nice literary taste, would wish to absent themselves from the feast; or that none of those who have partaken of the banquet ever expressed the smallest dissatisfaction at the ingenious cookery set before him; which, though consisting but of one species of provision—human nature—is, never-

theless, offered to our view in such a variety of cookery, that some part at least of the entertainment must suit the taste of every guest: and here give me leave to remark on the universal insight which this writer possessed into the various manners of the several ranks and orders in society: the modes and customs of the inferior orders of mankind are most admirably delineated, in the several different characters to be met with throughout the twelve first books of this history, as will be more particularly touched upon hereafter; whilst, in the five succeeding books, we are introduced to the regions of the more polished circles; which, as Mr. Fielding justly remarks, afford but little scope for an author to exercise a talent for humour. Yet, even in these more solemn paths, the writer has contrived never to let the subject take that insipid turn, so frequently to be observed in the works of those novelists who attempt a description of high life.

The second chapter introduces to us Mr. Allworthy's sister, miss Bridget. The account given by the author of the former of these personages cannot but inspire his readers with a wish to become further acquainted with his exalted character. Much genuine wit and true humour is displayed on the appearance of miss Bridget Allworthy.

The accidental discovery of the foundling, by Mr. Allworthy, forms the subject of the third chapter; in which the benevolence that warms the breast of this philanthropic character interests the feelings of every tender and sympathetic heart. The gravity of this scene is enlivened by many strokes of true humour, in the observations of Mrs. Deborah Wilkins.

In the fourth chapter, we have a description of Mr. Allworthy's

house, with an eulogium upon the benevolence of his disposition, and an exemplification of this virtue, in a subsequent discourse between this good man and his sister, when he determines to provide for the child.

The behaviour of Mrs. Deborah, in the fifth chapter, cautious to hear the opinion of her mistress before she ventures to deliver her own, exhibits a lively portrait of a lady's woman, and is managed with infinite humour.

The haughty demeanour of the waiting-woman, when she proceeded in search of the mother of the foundling, the voluntary confession of Jenny Jones, and the pert airs and assumed consequence of Mrs. Wilkins, form the subject of the sixth chapter.

Mr. Allworthy's lecture to Jenny Jones, in the seventh chapter, bespeaks the goodness of the author's disposition, and the soundness of his understanding: indeed no one could have succeeded in depicting the character which our author has supported with such justice and spirit throughout the whole novel, but he who had himself a heart overflowing with the milk of human kindness, and whose feelings were in unison with the picture he drew. Nor could any one, not gifted with the splendid abilities of a Fielding, have brought forward these excellent endowments in so captivating a light to his readers. The character of Mr. Allworthy is supported throughout the whole novel with the most uniform propriety; and, if such a man had ever existed in real life, his example, and the exercise of his practical virtues, must have attracted the love and veneration of all around him. Mr. Allen (the patron of Mr. Pope) is supposed to have sat for this picture.

The listening of miss Bridget and Mrs. Wilkins at the keyhole in

Mr. Allworthy's study-door; the smile of miss Bridget, 'sweet as the breeze of Boreas in the pleasant month of November;' the exclamation of the two ladies against beauties, and the prudent demeanour of the waiting-woman, in artfully collecting the opinion of her mistress before she ventures to declare her own; form the subject of the eighth chapter; which abounds throughout with so much humour, that the reader must be of a very morose and saturnine disposition, or of a very barren understanding, who does not feel himself inclined to give a loose to mirth on the occasion.

The satirical reflexions vented by the mob against Jenny Jones, after her return from Mr. Allworthy's, and the quick transition of their malice against Mr. Allworthy himself, are in strict conformity to the behaviour of the lower orders of society in real life, and are a plain demonstration that the author in this, as on every other occasion throughout the work, has adhered to the declaration he set out with; namely, to cook up the single dish he had offered to his readers ('human nature') so as to suit the palate of all his numerous guests.

The panegyric bestowed on Mr. Allworthy, at the commencement of the tenth chapter, in the encouragement given by him to men of genius and erudition, as it reflects a distinguished honour upon gentlemen of fortune of this description, so is it a tacit rebuke on those men of rank and estate who are ready, as Mr. Fielding expresses it, to bestow meat, drink, and lodging, on men of wit and learning, on condition that such persons feed their patrons with entertainment, instruction, flattery and subserviency. The remainder of this chapter, which introduces to our notice the character of the two Blifils, abounds with true

humour; and so likewise does the following chapter, where miss Bridget's playing off the artillery of her charms on each of the brothers is, I believe, by no means a phenomenon in single ladies, who, like her, are advanced to at least the meridian of life. The artifice which the captain and the doctor formed to conceal their intrigues from the notice and observation of Mr. Allworthy, is another specimen of our author's skill in the delineation of human nature.

The artful manner in which Dr. Blifil conveys to Mr. Allworthy the first intimation of his brother's marriage with miss Bridget; his extreme dissimulation; the means he afterwards took of giving a different turn to the conversation between Mr. Allworthy and himself, when he repeated the same to his brother, saying—'I promise you I paid you off, which I knew I might safely do, after the declaration he had made in your favour:'—these circumstances of duplicity, I say, in a great measure alleviate the concern we should otherwise feel, when we are told that the hard-hearted villain, his brother, procures the doctor's dismissal from Mr. Allworthy's, and he dies of a broken heart. The reflexions upon this behaviour in the captain, which Mr. Fielding ascribes to envy, conclude the thirteenth chapter of the first book of the history.

I am, dear niece,
Your affectionate uncle, &c.

LETTER II.

DEAR NIECE,

THE introductory chapters in the front of each book of the 'History of Tom Jones,' have always appeared to me among the most instructive, and by no means the least entertaining, parts of the work. Viewing them

In the light of detached essays, perhaps there are few serious writers who have inculcated such instructive lessons of morality as Mr. Fielding, in these introductory chapters: indeed the whole novel teems with instruction, as well as entertainment; and there is scarcely a page wherein the young reader is not encouraged in the pursuit of some virtue, or instructed how to shun a temptation which might lead him into the paths of vice and folly. To run over the pages of this history, as the general class of novels are perused, in a desultory manner, and solely in the view of passing away a few idle hours, would be a sorry compliment paid to the ingenious author. But even when taken up in the way of amusement only, no author, in our own or any other language (at least none that I have ever perused), can boast such a pleasing diversity of incidents, and such an assemblage of various and dissimilar characters, as are to be met with in the work under consideration. But if studied, as it deserves, with attention, this novel of 'Tom Jones' will be found to teem throughout with the justest reflexions upon men and manners; and few of the moral evils of life but may be avoided, by listening attentively to the counsel of these instructive pages. As a proof of the justice of my assertion in support of this my favourite author, and of his superiority over all other writers of this class, let the works of our best novelists—I speak not of the numerous herd of novels which are a disgrace to the literature of the present age, but of the works of men of the first literary talents;—let these publications, I say, be compared with those of Mr. Fielding, and I doubt not but every reader of taste will pronounce in favour of our author. The introductory chapters, as I have before observed, exhib-

bit lessons of morality and virtue; and as every part of this delightful history is marked with the most lively flashes of true and genuine humour, so in these prolegomena, at the head of each book, whilst the author inculcates lessons of morality, he still maintains a smiling countenance. As it was formerly remarked of one of the greatest wits among the ancients, so it may be truly said of Mr. Fielding, that, whilst he lashes the vices of the age, he performs his office with so much gentleness and good manners, that the persons whom he reproves laugh at their own pictures, and take his corrosive in good part, whilst their fancy is tickled by the manner in which it is applied. These are rare talents, and which I scarce know to be applicable to any other writer.

Mr. Fielding's satirical reflexions on those historians who relate plain matter of fact, must be acknowledged applicable to most historical compilation. These kind of histories (as he observes in the introductory chapter under consideration) do very often resemble a news-paper, which consists of just the same number of words whether there be any news in it or not. The beauty of the simile, wherein he compares the registers of time to a state-lottery, will not be overlooked by you.

In the second chapter of this book is detailed a conversation which passed between Mr. Allworthy and captain Blifil, wherein the latter insidiously attempts to withdraw the good man's affection from the foundling, by quoting texts of Scripture in support of his arguments. The whole of this chapter, wherein Mr. Allworthy confutes the captain's position, merits the most attentive perusal; and the explanation there given of those texts, which have too frequently been quoted by designing men as a palliation of the most flagrant outrages, and often have a

wonderful effect on weak minds, who are perpetually mistaking that for a judgment which is only brought about through the natural concurrence of accidental events, will (if seriously perused) remove those ill-judged and censorious sarcasms, too often imputed to those who, through the indiscretion of their parents, and not from any false steps of their own, have the misfortune to be born out of wedlock.

The third chapter abounds in every section, nay in every line, with the most poignant strokes of wit and humour. The character of the schoolmaster and his wife are strongly delineated; and perhaps there never was sketched a more striking resemblance of a scolding wife, and of an easy pliant husband, than in this family-piece of Mr. and Mrs. Partridge.

The chit-chat between Mrs. Partridge and her gossiping neighbours in the chandler's shop, the introduction to this scene, and the subsequent game of fifty-cuffs between the husband and wife, form the chief contents of the fourth chapter, in which is displayed a vein of truly comic humour. The simile of the cat and mouse, and the eight succeeding sections, are particularly beautiful, and would excite risibility in the muscles of Heraclitus himself.

The long and laboured harangue of captain Blifil, on charity, in the fifth chapter; his endeavours to exclude every largess from the several meanings usually annexed to this virtue, together with Mr. Allworthy's reply, proclaim at once the designing, insidious views of the captain, whilst they form a fresh instance of Mr. Allworthy's benevolent disposition. No preface could have been more artfully imagined by Blifil—(in the introduction of the subject he wished the good man should be made acquainted with, namely, the story respecting Par-

tridge, which he had learned through the canal of Mrs. Wilkins)—than the expedient he had fixed upon, of banishing the noble virtue of benevolence from the human breast; and, could he have prevailed on Mr. Allworthy to adopt these false notions of charity, his end would, most probably, have been attained; and the foundling would, probably, have been abandoned to his fate. Mr. Allworthy's discourse on charity is a specimen, among various other passages which I shall have occasion to point out to you hereafter, of the various perfections which met in the composition of our author; who, while he shines with unrivalled lustre in the description of comic scenes, shows himself equally possessed of those talents which constitute a good moral writer.

In the sixth chapter, we find Partridge, the schoolmaster, at the bar of Mr. Allworthy. The display of wit on this occasion is what the reader would seek for in vain in any other court of judicature. The observation in the third section is well worthy attention, and the evidence of Mrs. Partridge truly laughable. The non-appearance of Jenny Jones, when sent for to be present at the examination, is one of the many instances throughout the work of the nice connexion preserved between the several parts of this novel, and the relation each part bears to the whole. It will appear, by-and-by, how necessary it is to the thread of the story, that Jenny should now absent herself, as she will hereafter be found a very principal agent in the drama. The death of Mrs. Partridge seems to be another event necessary to the clue of the history, and is related in this chapter. The justice of the author's reasoning on the marriage-state, and the opprobrium with which he brands indifference between man and wife, is founded on an intimate

knowledge of the human heart, and ought to be a caution, for married folks of every description, to shun this lamentable quicksand, otherwise they may live to experience that situation which Mr. Fielding declares to be the only one in the marriage-state excluded from pleasure, and which it seems fell to the lot of captain Blifil and his lady. The reflexions in the penultimate section of this chapter are worthy the author of the history; and a strict adherence to the rules laid down by him in this place may, if properly attended to, form a cement to many friendships, which would otherwise be shipwrecked for lack of that overlooking disposition which is here recommended.

The two following chapters, which conclude the second book, relate to the sudden decease of captain Blifil; where the solemn deportment of the physicians, the lamentations of the widow, her decent behaviour on the occasion, her continuance for a whole month under all the decorations of sickness, the transition of her dress from weeds to black, from thence to grey, and from grey to white:—these several passages are managed with such true humour, and in terms of wit so peculiar to our author, that if there are any readers who cannot relish the entertainment, these must be of a very saturnine complexion indeed. Nor should the epitaph on the captain pass unregarded, wherein is a just satire on the long-laboured paelegies which are frequently inscribed on marble, to perpetuate the memory of the most worthless characters in society: and this brings to my recollection a passage in a book of travels, published some twenty years since, where the author says (speaking of the English burial-ground at Lisbon)—‘Here I saw long flattering inscriptions to the

memory of opulent English merchants, memorable only for their wealth; whilst the immortal writer of “Tom Jones” lies interred without a stone to indicate, “Here lies Henry Fielding.”’

The introductory chapter to the third book conveys the reader twelve years forward in the register of time. In the third section of this chapter are contained seasonable reflexions on mortality, directing the true use we ought to make of the dispensations of Providence, whenever it shall please him to call from us those friends with whom we are connected by our natural consanguinity or esteem, illustrated in the conduct of Mr. Allworthy, on the event of captain Blifil’s demise.

In the next section of this chapter is a very humorous description of the behaviour of such women, who mourn for their husbands more through decency and form, than from any sincere regard and esteem for their memory.

The second chapter of this book, which introduces to our notice Tom Jones, the hero of the piece, and his companion, master Blifil, with a sketch of Mr. Western’s character, abounds throughout with poignant humour and lively strokes of wit. The contrast of the vicious disposition of Tom Jones, opposed to the sober virtuous habits of master Blifil, is managed with the most delicate irony. The entrance of Tom into ‘squire Western’s manor, the first introduction of that gentleman in this history, the examination of Jones before Mr. Allworthy, the punishment inflicted by the rev. Mr. Thwackum, Mr. Allworthy’s compunction for his severe treatment of the foundling on this account, and his present of a little horse, as a kind of smart-money, are incidents very artfully brought forward; and do, in truth, all of

them combine to illustrate sundry other passages in the following part of this history.

Square and Thwackum, introduced at the third chapter of this book, perform each of them a distinguished character among the *dramatis personæ* of this novel. The ruling principle which actuates the conduct of these gentlemen, forms a remarkable contrast, in the discourse and actions of each other; and the character of each of them opens upon the reader in the dispute maintained between these extraordinary personages at Mr. Allworthy's table. Opposite as the opinions of these two men are drawn, and strange as are the tenets of each,—the one a religionist without any traces of charity or social virtue, and the other a philosopher unbiassed by any religious principle,—the characters which Mr. Fielding has here drawn of them proclaim the hand of a master. Each of them throughout the whole piece preserves that peculiar turn of sentiment which the reader was taught to expect from him at his primary introduction. In the following chapter, the author declares his intention, on bringing these two extraordinary persons on the stage, which, he says, was not done in the view of imputing an odium either on virtue or religion, which he truly styles the greatest perfections of human nature; but that it was with an eye to their service that he had taken upon him to record the lives and actions of two of their false and pretended champions. Mr. Fielding's reasoning on this subject, in the first, second, third, fourth, and fifth sections of this chapter, is worthy the heart from whence it flowed. The quarrel between master Blifil and Tom Jones, in the latter part of this chapter, gently unfolds the disposition of the two lads; and the ruling principle of

each, by which they were instigated to the support of those characters they are destined to play in the ensuing drama.

In the fifth chapter, the characters of the divine and the philosopher are further illustrated, together with the motives by which these artful men were actuated, however dissimilar their opinions might be on other occasions, to favour and protect master Blifil, and to discountenance Tom Jones.

The sixth chapter abounds throughout with strokes of humour. The aim of both the divine and philosopher upon the heart of the widow, and the affection which Mrs. Blifil shows towards Tom, are passages which serve not only to divert the reader's attention, and to lead him on by degrees towards the catastrophe of the piece, but to discover more fully the characters of Thwackum and of Square.

The advice given by Mr. Fielding to his young readers, in the seventh chapter, cannot fail to inspire them with an emulation, not only that their sentiments be intrinsically good and virtuous, but that they appear so to the world. This is one of those chapters which ought to be read over and over, to impress on the young reader a necessity of regulating all his actions by prudence and circumspection, emphatically styled, by Mr. Fielding, guards to virtue, without which she can never be safe. This novel abounds with moral apophthegms, artfully introduced; which, to those who read with attention, will operate as a beacon to divert them from those foibles, which the warm and sanguine temperament of Jones was perpetually leading him into; and, though our hero afterwards recovered from those false steps, which, from an over-heated imagination, he was induced to take, yet his devious

track ought never to be pursued by those who wish to preserve a fair character through life.

The eighth and ninth chapters abound with true attic salt. The sale of the little horse, and of the Bible, which were undertaken in order to raise money to satisfy the importunate wants of the game-keeper and his family, is related by Tom Jones to Mr. Allworthy in strains so pathetically conceived, that the perusal cannot fail to excite in every benevolent heart the like emotions which arose in that of the good man to whom the tender tale was addressed; and which is still heightened from the contrast exhibited in the opinions which Thwackum and Square think fit to deliver on this subject.

The different lights in which Tom Jones and Blifil are represented in the tenth chapter, cannot fail to interest the reader in favour of Tom, and to stir up an indignation against Blifil.

I am, dear niece,
Your affectionate uncle, &c.

(*To be continued.*)

The RENUNCIATION;

A TALE.

(*By Miss E. Yeames.*)

THE castle of La Fontaine was situated on the Rhine: the entrances to it were defended by a ditch and draw-bridge, which gave admission to a spacious court, overgrown with high grass, and led to the grand hall from which the apartments of the castle appeared. These gloomy rooms, adorned with magnificent furniture, gave decided proof of their antiquity, and filled the mind with sensations of solemn awe, when viewing the fallen grandeur of departed opulence. The battlements

and turrets appeared proudly to overlook the Rhine, seeming to bid defiance to the ravages of time and the fury of the storm; while the hanging woods, of fir and pine, veiled its rugged walls from common observation.

Within the castle bloomed the beautiful and fair Antoinette, who was a pattern of female softness, delicacy, and goodness: love had not yet entered her youthful breast, and she knew no blessing so great as that of her father's tenderness, and her sister Clara's friendship and esteem: sorrow had never held but a momentary hold on her heart, and the keenest anguish she had ever felt seized her on the death of monsieur La Fontaine, her only surviving parent.

Antoinette sought relief in never-ceasing tears. On the banks of some wild and melancholy stream, with all the enthusiasm of grief, she would mourn her parent lost; and, from that moment, took no delight in her former sports, or her sister Clara's friendship. Happily a change soon appeared: her tears no longer flowed; for, while she gazed on the successor to her father's domains in silent admiration, the wounds her breast had received gradually healed, and a thousand delicious sensations swelled her tender heart.

The count d'Arville was very young, beautiful, tall, graceful, and engaging: he had not yet disposed of his heart, and thought Clara and Antoinette two very amiable and beautiful women. The sprightliness of the former charmed him, and the artless beauty of the latter called forth all his admiration; but he had not yet decided to which to give his heart.

Antoinette's returning gaiety delighted the amiable Clara, who lived but in the happiness of her sister;

and to see her smile was the highest gratification she derived, the company of the count excepted. D'Arville's stay at the castle far exceeded the time he had at first proposed; yet he knew not how to tear himself from the enjoyment of the company of these amiable ladies. Dissatisfied with himself for not knowing his own heart, and quickly deciding which of the two held him in chains, he at length prepared to probe the wound he had received; and, after mature examination, found that the bright eyes of Clara had so instantaneously pierced him. With this conviction, he one day sought his enslaver, and opened to her the secret of his heart. Clara blushed; and, with liberal candour, confessed a similar attachment. The count appeared in raptures, and the heart of Clara throbbed with the liveliest joy. To the sister of her affections she prepared to communicate her happiness: but what was her emotion on beholding Antoinette's countenance change from a burning blush to an ashy paleness; and, being repulsed with coolness, the next moment to find her lifeless in her arms. Clara's agony was extreme; and, till her sister's eyes unclosed, she did not venture to breathe; and when they did, she gave a vent to her suppressed tears. Antoinette did not attempt to interrupt them, but sat by her side, mournfully gazing at the castle, ever and anon heaving a deep-drawn sigh. Clara at length recovered from her emotion; and, taking a hand of Antoinette, with an affectionate pressure, asked if she found herself better. Her sister spoke, but the inquiry remained unanswered.

'Success and welfare attend you, with the object of your affections; and may you, my sweet Clara,' said she, 'never know a moment's sorrow, possessed of him.'

Clara appeared more and more surprised. Antoinette, after a struggle with her feelings, thus continued:

'Go, leave me now, sister, since I am quite well. Seek the count d'Arville: he, no doubt, misses your long absence from the castle—farewell, happy Clara.'

Her sister looked back with a lingering anxiety, at a loss what to understand by her behaviour; and, when out of Antoinette's sight, again burst into tears.

Meanwhile the count d'Arville was buried in revolving the past, and dwelling on the hopes the beautiful Clara had given him, till the appearance of the object of his thoughts interrupted them. He started when he saw her, and became alarmed at her pale, melancholy countenance.

'Does my adorable Clara already repent of the half promise she has given me?' asked he.—'Ah! if so, I am very wretched indeed.'

Clara blushed at the retort; and, in a faint voice, assured him, she did not as yet repent. The count's uneasiness, at her reply, immediately vanished. But, when he heard of Antoinette's indisposition, he again became dejected; and, taking leave of Clara, he went in search of the fair invalid. He found her, apparently discomposed, sitting in an arbour in the garden, where Clara had left her. At sight of him she would have retired, but he prevented her retreat by catching her hand; at the same time he exclaimed—

'O, Antoinette! do not quit me!'

'What would you, sir?' asked she.

'Your presence, a few moments,' returned d'Arville; and Antoinette resumed her seat. Some minutes passed without either speaking. Antoinette at length broke the pause, by suddenly exclaiming:

‘I congratulate you, count d’Arville. I have unfortunately broke in upon your happiness, and interrupted the joy this day ought to wear throughout the castle. You must pardon me, and ——’

‘Good heavens, Antoinette! would you apologise for your indisposition? I should be selfish indeed, if that were by me thought untimely; or ——’

Here a servant brought a letter to the count, which he found to be from his father, desiring his immediate attendance home, to be present at the nuptials of his only sister, mademoiselle Palmira d’Arville; and the count, with mournful steps, went towards the castle with the beautiful Antoinette.

The next day d’Arville departed, and the following week the ladies removed from the castle to a convent in the neighbourhood. Here Antoinette had not long resided before a high fever seized on her, and nearly reduced her to the yawning grave. Clara hung over the dying maid in an agony too great to be described; and, from her delirious ravings, learnt the fatal passion that had hitherto preyed upon her, and had now reduced her to such a condition. Clara was divided between love and duty. Must she give up d’Arville? had he not said he lived but for her? ah! would he, if she renounced him, marry Antoinette? he certainly would, she thought; and, believing herself assured of this, she determined never to wed the count.

‘Live! live! my charming Antoinette!’ she cried, clasping her to her breast. ‘Live, my sister! my angel! d’Arville is yours, and yours only!’

Antoinette’s hollow eye gleamed with the fire of transport; her pale cheeks were suffused with burning blushes; and the sweetest smiles

lighted up her heavenly countenance.

‘Can it be?’ she cried: ‘is it possible such a blessing is in store for me?—Ah, no!—Yet can you trifle with my feelings?—You can—you do. He loves the happier Clara: with his own lips he said it; and, in that moment, I first knew I was the most wretched of women.’

‘Then be so no longer, if d’Arville can make you otherwise, my Antoinette; for, indeed, indeed, I will give him up to you.’

‘And can you make such a sacrifice?’ asked Antoinette.—‘Ah! no, it must not be: I will not rob you of happiness; for who so deserving of it as my beautiful sister?’

Clara tried every endeavour to overcome her sister’s objections, which at length proved effectual; and she had the pleasure of seeing Antoinette gradually recover health, from the hope she oftentimes gave her of love being nearly extinguished in her heart, and that she could now behold d’Arville as her husband without emotion.

In the meantime the count had seen his sister Palmira’s happiness ratified by an union with the man of her choice; and, having taken an affectionate farewell of his father, who longed for the time when his son would bring his bride, set out from his château for the castle La Fontaine. As he journeyed towards it, his thoughts were constantly fixed on its mistress. His Clara’s lively sallies every moment rung in his ears: he dwelt upon her smiles with pleasure, and wished most ardently again to enjoy them. The image of Antoinette next presented itself.

‘What an angelic countenance!’ thought he: ‘what eyes! what a form!—but, oh! her voice how thrilling, how transporting?’

He felt a throbbing at his heart he had never experienced before, and for some time forgot there was a Clara in the world.

When he arrived at the convent, he was met by Clara; his joy was great at the sight of her, but his eye fought with a lingering anxiety for her sister. Clara perceived it, and instantly told him of her fortunate escape from death. His countenance every moment changed while she was talking.

‘Thank Heaven, she is well!’ ejaculated he, when she had finished the account of her illness. ‘Thank Heaven she is well!’

‘Shall I bring her to you?’ asked Clara, withdrawing her penetrating eye.

‘Ah!—will you indeed?—Can you?—ah, you know not—’

He stooped, conscious of what he was uttering; and Clara, with a smile, left the convent parlour.

In a few minutes she returned, leading the beautiful invalid; d’Arville rushed forward to meet her; and Antoinette, bursting into a flood of tears, hid her head in the bosom of Clara.

‘Ah, Antoinette!’ cried the count, ‘how altered since I last saw you. To what danger have you not been exposed?’

‘Ah, if I had lost you, then indeed the world would have been lost to me!’

He sunk at her feet, seizing her hand, and imprinting on it countless burning kisses. A thousand blushes crowded over her face: she sighed; she wept; but did not withdraw her hand.—Clara’s heart expanded with joy.—She joined their hands.

‘I see how it is,’ she cried: ‘ye love each other, and thus let me unite two grateful hearts.’

A few months after, d’Arville and Antoinette were married; and, as

the happiest of men, the count never ceased to bless Clara’s GENEROUS RENUNCIATION.

Yarmouth, Dec. 11, 1802.

On the DESIRE of RICHES.

As the love of money has been in all ages one of the passions that have given great disturbance to the tranquillity of the world, there is no topic more copiously treated by the ancient moralists than the folly of devoting the heart to the accumulation of riches. Those who are acquainted with these authors, need not be told how riches incite pity, contempt, or reproach, whenever they are mentioned; with what numbers of examples the danger of large possessions is illustrated, and how all the powers of reason and eloquence have been exhausted, in endeavours to eradicate a desire which seems to have rooted itself too strongly in the mind to be driven out; and which, perhaps, had not lost its power even over those who declaimed against it; but would have broken out in the poet or the sage, had it been excited by opportunity, and invigorated by the approximation of its proper object.

Their arguments have been, indeed, so unsuccessful, that it is doubtful whether it can be shown, that, by all the wit and reason which this favourite cause has called forth, a single convert was ever made; that even one man has refused to be rich, when to be rich was in his power, from the conviction of the greater happiness of a narrow fortune; or disburthened himself of wealth, when he had tried its inquietudes, merely to enjoy the peace and leisure and security of a mean and unenvied state.

It is true, indeed, that many have neglected opportunities of raising themselves to honours and to wealth, and rejected the kindest offers of fortune: but however their moderation may be boasted of by themselves, or admired by such as only view them at a distance, it will be, perhaps, seldom found that they value riches less, but that they dread labour or danger more than others. They are unable to rouse themselves to action, to strain in the race of competition, or to stand the shock of contest; but though they therefore decline the toil of climbing, they nevertheless with themselves aloft, and would willingly enjoy what they dare not seize.

Others have retired from high stations, and voluntarily condemned themselves to privacy and obscurity: but even these will not afford many occasions of triumph to the philosopher; for they have commonly only quitted that only which they found themselves unable to hold, and prevented disgrace by resignation; or they have been induced to try new measures by general inconstancy, which always dreams of happiness in novelty, or by a gloomy disposition, which is disgusted in the same degree with every state, and wishes every scene of life to change as soon as it is beheld. Such men found high and low stations equally unable to satisfy the wishes of a distempered mind, and were unable to shelter themselves, in the closest retreat, from disappointment, solicitude, and misery.

Yet, though these admonitions have been thus neglected by those who either enjoyed riches or were able to procure them, it is not rashly to be determined that they are altogether without use: for, since far the greater part of mankind must be confined to conditions comparatively mean, and placed in situations from which they naturally look up

with envy to the eminences before them, those writers cannot be thought ill-employed who have administered remedies to discontent almost universal, by showing that what we cannot reach may very well be forborne; that the inequality of distribution at which we murmur, is, for the most part, less than it seems; and that the greatness which we admire at a distance has much fewer advantages, and much less splendor, when we are suffered to approach it.

It is the business of moralists to detect the frauds of fortune, and to show that she imposes upon the careless eye, by a quick succession of shadows which will shrink to nothing in the gripe; that she disguises life in extrinsic ornaments, which serve only for show, and are laid aside in the hours of solitude and of pleasure; and that, when greatness aspires either to felicity or wisdom, it shakes off those distinctions which dazzle the gazer and awe the supplicant.

It may be remarked, that they whose condition has not afforded them the light of moral or religious instruction, and who collect all their ideas by their own eyes, and digest them by their own understandings, seem to consider those who are placed in ranks of remote superiority as almost another and higher species of beings. As themselves have known little other misery than the consequences of want, they are with difficulty persuaded that where there is wealth there can be sorrow; or that those who glitter in dignity, or glide along in affluence, can be acquainted with pains and cares like those which lie heavy upon the rest of mankind.

This prejudice is indeed confined to the lowest meanness and the darkest ignorance; but it is confined only because others have shown its folly and its falsehood; because it has been opposed in its progress by history

and philosophy, and hindered from spreading its infection by powerful preservatives.

The doctrine of the contempt of wealth, though it has not been able to extinguish avarice or ambition, or suppress that reluctance with which a man passes his days in a state of inferiority, must, at least, have made the lower condition less grating and wearisome, and has consequently contributed to the general security of life, by hindering that fraud and violence, rapine and circumvention, which must have been produced by an unbounded eagerness of wealth, arising from an unshaken conviction, that to be rich is to be happy.

Whoever finds himself incited by some violent impulse or passion to pursue riches as the chief end of his being, must, surely, be so much alarmed by the successive admonitions of those whose experience and sagacity have recommended them as the guides of mankind, as to stop and consider whether he is about to engage in an undertaking that will reward his toil; and to examine whether he rushes to wealth through right and wrong, what it will confer when he has acquired it; and this examination will seldom fail to repress his ardour, and retard his violence.

Wealth is nothing in itself; it is not useful but when it departs from us; its value is found only in that which it can purchase, which, if we suppose it put to the best use by those who possess it, seems not much to deserve the desire or envy of a wise man. It is certain, that, with regard to corporeal enjoyment, money can neither open new avenues to pleasure, nor block up the passages to anguish. Disease and infirmity still continue to torture and enfeeble, perhaps exasperated by luxury, or promoted by softness. With respect to the mind, it has rarely been observed that wealth

contributes much to quicken the discernment, enlarge the capacity, or elevate the imagination; but may, by hiring flattery, or laying diligence asleep, confirm error, and harden stupidity.

Wealth cannot confer greatness, for nothing can make that great which the decree of nature has ordained to be little. The bramble may be placed in a hot-bed, but can never become an oak. Even royalty itself is not able to give that dignity which it happens not to find, but oppresses feeble minds, though it may elevate the strong. The world has been governed in the name of kings whose existence has not been perceived by any real effects beyond their own palaces.

When, therefore, the desire of wealth is taking hold of the heart, let us look round and see how it operates upon those whose industry or fortune has obtained it. When we find them oppressed with their own abundance, luxurious without leisure, idle without ease, impatient and querulous in themselves, and despised by the rest of mankind, we shall soon be convinced, that, if the real wants of our condition are satisfied, there remains little to be sought with solicitude, or desired with eagerness.

PARISIAN FASHIONS.

(With an Engraving elegantly coloured.)

THE opera boxes have lately afforded a display of all that was most splendid and fashionable in Paris. *Toque* caps; dresses of hair and velvet; dresses of gold-lace and hair, in plaits; dresses, in which the hair flowed at its natural length, were then the most conspicuous. The quantity of ring and screw curls is diminished. Many wear

Engraved for the Ladies Magazine Feb. 1803.



Mutlow & Co. Ragsell Co.

PARIS DRESS.

their hair quite short. Both men and women have all the hair but that on the neck, first combed forward, and then brushed up on the head. Some of the *toque* caps are of black velvet, with steel spangles. Some wear fillets of gold wire, which enclose the whole hair, except only a small part on the forehead. These fillets end in small egg-like sphericles of gold. The fashionable *toque* caps have, for the most part, one or two white feathers on them, nearly in a perpendicular position. The satin hats and *capotes* are turned up in front. Their colours are white, orange, or rose. The brim is, in some instances, broad on the right side, but abruptly shortened on the brow and over the left cheek. Every sort of head-dress hides the hair on the neck, and exhibits screw curls over the brow. At the sides, the hair is sometimes in love-locks, sometimes in spiral curls, sometimes concealed entirely. Small laced bonnets are chiefly worn in undress; they are of a single piece; and there is sometimes an handkerchief over the bonnet. Veils are not much worn. Where worn, they are very much concealed. The *esprit-egrets* are much less frequent than smooth flat feathers. Amaranth and Turkish red are the favourite colours for the tunics.

Short tunics, styled *à-la-Juive*, are much worn, edged with a broad lace: they are of white satin, or of black velvet. Spencers begin to become rare among the more elegant classes; those which are still seen are black, or dark brown. The cloth shawls are for the most part scarlet. *Toques* are more worn than ever: they have three or four folds above the forehead, and are ornamented with a flat feather: they, as well as the hats, are commonly of rose, orange, or flesh-coloured velvet. Hats of white satin are in vogue.

Flowers are laid aside as ornaments of the head-dress; but foliage and flowers are employed more than ever in the embellishing of the robes, which, in full-dress, exhibit festoons of vine and oak leaves, and small roses.

Since the cold has set in, the hair is less shown; and the turbans are made closer than usual, and almost constantly of velvet. Square cloth shawls are, from the same cause, generally worn to the exclusion of the Turkish shawls.

Most of the young men, even in full-dress, and without powder, wear the hair cropped. A black feather is worn in the hat. The hat, itself, is a French hat, not subject to close under the pressure of the arm. The shirts have round plaits on the breast and sleeves.

The public balls are quite deserted; private balls are exceedingly numerous. At the mask balls, dominoes are chiefly worn.

The fashion of dressing the head in hair only, begins to cease. White satin turbans, in some instances silvered, are very generally worn. The *toque* caps now fashionable, are Polonese, of white or rose-coloured satin, high and flat, edged with fur, swan's-down, or white crape. A sort of round cap, suiting the form of the head, but somewhat larger, and of white or rose-coloured satin, is much worn. White and rose are the colours universally preferred by high and low. Edgings of swan's-down are still the most fashionable: some wear them even on their *capotes*. The brim of the *capote* is still turned up, which makes it to appear larger. Neither coloured feathers nor flowers are now worn. The hair on the forehead is still worn in ring-curls: the ringlets frequently hang on both sides of the ears. All shawls, but

those of Cashmere, are square, and are decorated with acorns, garlands, and four flowers of gold. They are generally of a flame-red colour, a purple, or an amaranth.

Men of fashion now wear great-coats of fine broad-cloth. The collar, and the doubling of the breast, are very small. Duffle great-coats have either a single large collar, or have five collars falling one over another.

LONDON FASHIONS.

Full-Dresses.

SHORT robe of plain patent net or crape, embroidered with silver plate, in a manner which produces the same effect on both sides. The sleeves short and plain, are made of white lace, and finished with a bracelet. The train is of white satin, embroidered round the bottom with silver. White shoes. Tiara ornament in the hair, and bracelets on the arms.

Dress of pink crape or patent net, embroidered with gold plate, in the same manner as in the preceding. The drapery finished in a point on the left side, and fastened to the dress with gold cord and tassels. Very full sleeves of pink crape, the same as the dress. The front made plain and very low, with a lace tucker drawn full round the bosom. A white satin petticoat, embroidered round the bottom with gold.

Round-dress, with a long train of Egyptian earth colour, trimmed with gold fringe; short sleeves and handkerchief of white crape, trimmed with net.

A swan's-down tippet, falling very low.

A Niobe turban of velvet and gold ornaments, with amaryllis of gold in front.

Shoes, gloves, and ridicule, of flesh-colour. Diamond ear-rings and necklace.

Promenade-Dresses.

Round-dress of cambric muslin. Spencer cloak of black velvet, trimmed all round with broad lace. Black velvet bonnet, ornamented with black feathers. Bear muff.

Round-dress of white muslin trimmed round the bottom with a coloured border. Long sleeves made across, and confined with two bracelets. Long veil of lace, or patent net, twisted round the head, the ends falling on each side. A gold comb on the top of the head. Bear muff.

Robe of white satin, open in front, and laced with green velvet. Spencer of green velvet, with sleeves *à-la-Mameluke*, trimmed with swan's-down.

Spanish hat of green velvet, trimmed with white, decorated with an ostrich-feather, inclining over the right shoulder.

Ear-rings and necklace in the oriental style, of gold; with a locket-watch pendant to a gold chain. White muff and gloves. Shoes of green velvet.

Head-Dress.

A small round turban of white crape, trimmed round the front with gold. A white ostrich-feather placed behind, so as to fall over the left side.

General Observations.

The prevailing colours are puce, coquelicot, green, and amber. *Pélistes* of velvet or kerseymere are universal. Dresses are made very low in the back; and the lace which trims the bosom, instead of forming a frill, is drawn up close as a tucker. The sleeves are made quite plain, or very full; the plain ones consist of alternate stripes of lace and muslin.

Feathers are generally worn, chiefly ostrich. Beaver hats and bonnets have, for the present, superseded those of velvet.

The MORAL ZOOLOGIST.

PART II*.

(Continued from p. 37.)

LETTER II.

From Eugenia to the Right Hon.
Lady ———.

NOTHING more facilitates the study of the works of nature than a regular distribution and classification of them. When we attempt to arrange the different species of birds, the first distinction which offers itself, is the division into land- and water-fowl, distinguishable by their legs and toes. The toes of land-birds are divided without any membrane or web between them, and their legs and feet formed for the purposes of running, grasping, or climbing; while the legs and feet of water-fowl are adapted to wading in the water, or swimming on its surface. But this distinction alone is far from sufficient for the arrangement of so numerous a race of animals; the number of species of birds amounting to above a thousand, and the catalogue, by the researches of the curious, being daily increasing.

Linnæus, whose name is indisputably entitled to the first place among those who have attempted to form systematic arrangements of the works of nature, divides all birds into six classes or orders: viz.

I. ACCIPITRES, or the *Rapacious kind*, containing four genera.

II. PICÆ, or the *Pie kind*—23 genera.

* This *Second Part* of the *Moral Zoologist*, which treats of *Birds*, not being written by Miss MURRY, the author of the former part, (continued through the last three volumes of the *Lady's Magazine*) we comply with her request in thus announcing to our readers—that, though the title and assumed name are still retained, the *Moral Zoologist* is now continued by another hand.

III. ANSERES, or the *Goose kind*—13 genera.

IV. GRALLÆ, or the *Long-legged or Crane kind*—20 genera.

V. GALLINÆ, or the *Poultry kind*—10 genera.

VI. PASSERES, or the *Sparrow kind*—17 genera.

Mr. Pennant, in a system of ornithology, which is perhaps one of the neatest that has appeared, published in 1781, distinguishes birds into two *Divisions*—Land-birds and Water-fowl.

The first *Division* comprehends six *Orders*. These are:

I. The RAPACIOUS—3 genera.

II. The PIES—26 genera.

III. The GALLINACEOUS—10 genera.

IV. The COLUMBINE—1 genus—the Pigeon.

V. The PASSERINE—16 genera.

VI. The STRUTHIOUS—2 genera—the Dodo and the Ostrich.

The second *Division* comprehends three *Orders*:

VII. The CLOVEN-FOOTED—17 genera.

VIII. The PINNATED-FEET—3 genera.

IX. The WEB-FOOTED—17 genera.

The genera contained in both these systems are subdivided into a very great number of species, which it is not my intention to enumerate in these letters with a dull recital of merely their distinctive marks. The number is besides much too great; the species of birds being at least ten times as numerous as those of quadrupeds, and subject to endless varieties. In the account I propose to give, I shall select such species as are most remarkable, and refer them in general to the Linnæan system; though I shall not scruple occasionally to depart from an arrangement which classes the

humming-bird with the raven, and the rail with the ostrich.

In my next, I shall begin with the first Order, or that of the *Rapacious birds*.

With the sincerest wishes for your ladyship's welfare and happiness, I remain your affectionate friend,

EUGENIA.

LETTER III.

From the same to the same.

THE characters of the order of *Accipitres*, or *Rapacious birds*, are—the *bill* somewhat curved: the *upper mandible* dilated on both sides behind the lip, and armed with a half-tooth: the *nostrils* wide: the *feet* close seated, short, robust: the *toes* warty under the joints, with nails bent, and very sharp: the head and neck muscular: the *skin* adhesive. Their food is the rapine and carnage of carcases: their nests are placed in lofty situations: their *eggs* are about four in number*: the female is the larger: they are monogamous, or pair.

Buffon remarks, that those birds of prey which subsist on flesh, and wage perpetual war against the other winged tribes, are much less numerous, comparatively, than the ravenous quadrupeds; and that, in fact, there is only a fifteenth part of the birds carnivorous, while, of the quadrupeds, more than a third come under that designation.

It is a singular property, common to all birds of prey, that the female is stronger, and one-third larger, than the male, which is exactly the reverse to what obtains in quadrupeds, and even in other birds. Yet

* M. Buffon observes—'It is strange that Linnæus should assert that birds of prey lay about four eggs; for there are some, such as the common and sea-eagles, which have only two, and others, as the kestrel and merlin, that have seven.'

in this we may, perhaps, perceive the wisdom of that Providence, which 'hears the young ravens, when they cry, and gives them their food in due season.' The female, among rapacious birds, has entirely the care of the brood, and is therefore endued with greater strength to enable her to provide for them.

All birds of prey fly high; their wings and legs are strong; their sight piercing. They are in general not so prolific as other birds. In birds, as in quadrupeds, the general law obtains, that the multiplication is inversely as the bulk: though to this rule there appear to be some exceptions. Almost all birds of prey are unsociable. Formed only for war, they lead a life of solitude and rapacity. They choose their habitations in unfrequented places and desert mountains. They make their nests in the clefts of the rock, or on the tops of lofty and inaccessible trees. Thence they make their excursions in quest of prey, and compel the lesser birds to seek safety by flight or concealment. But to prevent the smaller tribes of the feathered race from suffering the destruction to which they would be liable, were all the weaker species to be the prey of all the stronger, indiscriminately, it has been wisely ordered by the great Author of Nature, that every class of birds of prey attack only such other birds as are in size next inferior to themselves. The eagle flies at the bustard or the pheasant, while the sparrow-hawk pursues the thrush and the linnet; and all the species which are the prey of these birds of rapine, have various resources by which they endeavour, and very frequently effect their escape.

The fierceness of this class of animals appears to extend in some measure even to their young, which

they force from the nest sooner than birds of a gentler kind. Other birds do not abandon their young till they are able completely to provide for themselves; but the rapacious kinds expel them from the nest while they still need, in some degree, their protection and support. This proceeds from the great difficulty they sometimes find in procuring food; and the great sacrifices they have made, and hunger they have endured, while, to support their offspring, they have almost famished themselves.

Of the *Accipitres*, or birds of the *Rapacious* kind, Linnæus enumerates four genera—the Vulture, the Falcon, the Owl, the Butcher-bird or Shrike. Mr. Pennant includes in this order only the Vulture, the Falcon, the Owl; referring the Shrikes to the second order, or that of *Pies*.

The eagles are referred by Linnæus to the genus of the falcon. I shall, however, treat of them by the name by which they are commonly known, and begin with them, since the eagle has so long borne the title of the *King of Birds*.

THE GOLDEN EAGLE.

This bird is the largest of the eagle kind. The female measures, from the tip of the bill to the extremity of the feet, more than three feet and a half; the wings, when expanded, extend above eight feet, and it weighs from sixteen to eighteen pounds. The male is smaller, and does not weigh more than twelve. The bill is very strong, and resembles blueish horn: the eyes are large, but sunk in a deep cavity, and covered by the projection of the superior part of the orbit: the iris is of a fine bright yellow, and sparkles with dazzling fire.

This bird is the *Falco Chrysaetos*

of Linnæus. The specific characters, as given by him, are: 'The cere* is yellowish; the feet woolly and rusty-coloured; the body of a dusky, variegated, ferruginous colour; the tail black, with a waved cinereous base.' He adds, that its feet are clothed with feathers as far as the nails; that in fine weather it soars into the higher regions of the air; but when a storm impends, hovers near the earth.

The eagle, in several respects, resembles the lion. Both are possessed of great strength, and exercise an undisputed sovereignty over their fellows of the forest. Equally magnanimous, they disdain the more ignoble animals, and only pursue such as are more worthy their conquest. It is not till after having been long teased and provoked by the cries of the rook or the magpie, that this generous bird will attack the contemptible intruders. Nor will the eagle share the plunder of another bird, or satiate himself with prey that he has not himself taken. He never descends to feed on carrion, how hungry soever he may be; nor will he return to the carcase he has himself made his prey, after being once satiated; but leaves it to animals more ravenous and less delicate. Like the lion, he remains solitary in the midst of the desert; for it is as rare to see two pair of eagles on the same mountain, as two lions in the same forest. This instinctive love of solitude seems, indeed, to have been implanted in rapacious animals of this bulk, by the great Disposer of Nature, in order that they may find a more ample supply of prey. Both the eagle and the lion have sparkling eyes, and nearly of the same colour. They are alike proud,

* The naked skin which covers the base of the bill in some birds; so called from its resembling wax.

fierce, and incapable of being easily tamed. Great patience and much art are requisite to tame an eagle; and even though taken young, and subjected and familiarised with the greatest attention and care, it is still a dangerous domestic, and will frequently turn its strength against its master. Authors inform us that the eagle was anciently used in the east for falconry; but this practice is now laid aside. He is too heavy to be carried on the hand without great fatigue, nor is he ever brought to be so tame or so gentle as to remove all fear of danger.

The eagle rises higher in the air than any of the winged race, and hence he was termed by the ancients the *Bird of Heaven*, and regarded in their mythology as the messenger of Jupiter. He can distinguish objects at an immense distance; but his scent is not equal to that of the vulture. He pursues his prey by his piercing sight; and when he has seized it, checks his flight, and places it on the ground, to make trial of its weight before he carries it off. Though his wings are vigorous, his legs are stiff, and therefore it is with difficulty that he is able to rise, especially when loaded. He bears away geese and cranes with ease, and will likewise carry off hares, lambs, and kids. When he seizes on fawns or calves, he immediately drains their blood, and then conveys the mangled bodies to his *eny* or *ainy*, which is the name usually given to his nest. One of these nests, found in the Peak in Derbyshire, has been thus described by Willughby—'It was made of great sticks, resting one end on the edge of a rock, the other on two birch-trees. Upon these was a layer of rushes, and over them a layer of heath, and upon the heath rushes again, upon which lay one young one, and an addle egg; and by them a lamb, a hare, and three

heath-pouts. The nest was about two yards square, and had no hollow in it. The young eagle was of the shape of a gos-hawk, of almost the weight of a goose, rough-footed or feathered down to the foot, or having a white ring about the tail.'

Smith, in his 'History of Kerry,' relates, that a poor man, in that county, procured a comfortable subsistence for his family, during a summer of famine, out of an eagle's nest, by robbing the eaglets of food, which was plentifully supplied by the old ones. He protracted their assiduity beyond the usual time, by clipping the wings, and retarding the flight of the young. It was fortunate, however, that the old eagles did not surprize the countryman while he was thus employed, as their resentment might have been dangerous; for it happened, in the same county, that a peasant resolved to rob the nest of an eagle, that had built in a small island in the lake of Killarney, and swam to the island for that purpose, while the old ones were away. He took the young out of the nest, and was preparing to swim back with the eaglets tied in a string; but, while he was yet up to the chin in the water, the old eagles returned, and, missing their young, quickly fell upon the plunderer, and, in spite of all his resistance, dispatched him with their beaks and talons.

An instance is recorded, in Scotland, of two children being carried off by eagles: but, fortunately, they received no hurt by the way; and the eagles being pursued, the children were taken out of the nests unhurt, and restored to their affrighted parents.

The eggs of the eagle seldom exceed two at a time in the larger species, and not above three in the smallest. She sits on them, it is said, for thirty days; but often, even of

this small number of eggs, a part is addled, and it is extremely rare to find three eaglets in the same nest.

The plumage of the young eagles is not of so deep a cast as in those that have attained their full growth. At first it is white, then a faint yellow, and afterwards a bright copper-colour. Age, as well as gluttony, disease, and confinement, contributes to render them white. They will live, it is said, above a century; and even at that period, according to some accounts, their death is not so much occasioned by their great age as by their inability to take sustenance, in consequence of the bill growing so much curved as to become useless. It has, however, been observed, that eagles, when kept in confinement, occasionally sharpen their bill, the increase of which, for several years, is not to be discerned.

These eagles feed upon every kind of flesh, and even upon that of other eagles. When they cannot procure flesh, they greedily devour bread, serpents, lizards, &c. When urged by hunger, they will fly upon and bite dogs or men, or any animal that comes within their reach. The eagle drinks seldom, and perhaps not at all when at perfect liberty; the blood of its prey being probably sufficient to quench its thirst.

The golden eagle inhabits Greece, the mountains of Bugey in France, those of Silesia in Germany, the forests in the neighbourhood of Dantzic, the summits of the Carpathian mountains, the Pyrenees, and some of the mountains of Ireland. It is also found in Asia Minor, and in Persia; for the figure of the eagle was the war-standard of the Persians, before it was that of the Romans. With the latter, this golden eagle (*aquila fulva*) was consecrated to Jupiter. The accounts of travellers show that it exists in Arabia, Mauritania, and in many other countries of

Africa and Asia, as far as Tartary; but it has not been discovered in Siberia, or in any other part of the north of Asia. It is not found in North-America, though the common eagle is an inhabitant of that division of the globe.

THE RING-TAIL EAGLE.

This species of eagle, which comprises two varieties, the brown and the black eagle, is less generous than the golden eagle. It differs in size, both the varieties being smaller; in the colours, which are constant in the golden eagle but vary in the ring-tail eagle; and in its cry, the golden eagle uttering frequently a doleful plaint, while the ring-tail eagle seldom screams.

This bird is called by Linnæus *Falco Fulvus*. Its specific characters, as given by him, are—'The cere yellow; the feet woolly and dull rust-coloured; and the tail marked with a white ring.'

The species of the ring-tailed eagle is more numerous and diffused than that of the golden eagle, the latter being found only in the warm and temperate climates of the old continent, while the former is frequent in colder countries, and in both continents, and inhabits France, Savoy, Switzerland, Germany, Poland, Scotland, and even North-America, on the bleak shores of Hudson's-Bay.

THE ROUGH-FOOTED EAGLE.

This bird is also called the *Plain-tive Eagle*, and the *Screaming Eagle*, from its continually uttering moans or lamenting cries. It is smaller and feebler than the other eagles. It measures, from the tip of the bill to the extremity of the feet, only two feet and a half, and its wings are proportionably shorter, and, when expanded, scarcely extend four feet. Its plumage is of a dirty brown, spotted on the thighs and wings with

white spots, and its neck is encircled with a white ring. Linnæus reckons it a variety of the *F. le. Gallinarius*; because it is smaller, and its wings more variegated. The specific character is, that 'the cere and feet are yellow; the upper part of the body dusky; the lower tawny, with dun oval spots; the tail darkish and ringed.'

This species, though not numerous in any particular country, is scattered over almost the whole of the ancient continent. But it does not appear that it is found in America, though the bird called the Oronooko eagle bears some resemblance to it in its plumage.

This rough-footed eagle is much more docile, and more easily tamed, than the other two species of eagles; and, were it sufficiently courageous, it might be employed for the purposes of falconry, as it is lighter on the hand, and less dangerous to its master. But it is as cowardly as it is noisy; and a well trained sparrow-hawk will attack it, and prove the victor. The female, which in the eagle as in all other birds of prey, is larger than the male, and, while in a state of nature, more bold and subtle, loses much of its courage and sagacity when deprived of its liberty.

It is remarkable that the eagle never goes in quest of his prey but in company with his mate, except when the latter is confined to the care of her young. They are almost always seen together, or at a small distance; and it is said that one beats about and rouses the prey, while the other, perched on a tree or a rock, watches it, and seizes it as it attempts to escape. They will frequently soar beyond the reach of the eye, though their cries may then still be heard, resembling the barking of a small dog. Though the eagle is a voracious bird, it will live

a long time without food. Buffon tells us, that he was assured, by a person of veracity, that an eagle, caught in a fox-trap, lived five whole weeks without the least sustenance, and did not appear to droop or be enfeebled till towards the last week; at the end of which it was killed, to end its lingering suffering.

All these species of eagles, in general, prefer desert and mountainous tracts, and the interior country of the continent, because islands are rarely so well stocked with animals. They sometimes, indeed, make excursions into islands, but do not take up their residence, or lay their eggs there. When travellers speak of the nests of eagles found on the sea-shore, or in islands, they do not mean those we have described, but the sea-eagles and ospreys, which feed on fish more than on land animals.

(*To be continued.*)

ACCOUNT of the NEW HISTORICAL PLAY, called 'THE HERO OF THE NORTH,' performed for the first Time at the Theatre-Royal, Drury-Lane, on Saturday, Feb. 19.

THE following were the characters, which were thus represented:

Gustavus Vasa,	-	Mr. Pope.
Casimir Rubenski,	-	Mr. Wroughton.
Carlowitz,	-	Mr. Raymond.
Ufo,	-	Mr. De Camp.
Brennomar,	-	Mr. Caulfield.
Sigismund of Calmar,		Mr. Kelly.
Gabriel,	-	Mr. Downton.
Marcoff,	-	Mr. Bannister, jun.
Iwan	-	Mr. Sedgwick.
Vilitzki,	-	Mr. Fisher.
Nydorf,	-	Mr. Grimaldi.
Basilstern,	-	Mr. Gibbons.
Princess Gunilda,	-	Mrs. Young.
Santa Michelwina,	-	Mrs. Harlowe.
Frederica Rubenski,	-	Mrs. Mountain.
Paulina,	-	Miss Menage.
Alexa,	-	Mrs. Bland.
Ulrica,	-	Miss Tyre.

Chorus of Warriors, Priests, and Miners.

Chorus of Nuns and Swedish Matrons.

The hero of this piece is the celebrated Gustavus Vasa, whose name will for ever be held in veneration by his countrymen. After an unsuccessful attempt to assert his right to the crown of Sweden, in battle, Gustavus, in order to escape from the rage and stratagems of his triumphant enemy, has buried himself in impenetrable seclusion. The piece opens at this period; and the first scene represents the inside of a cottage belonging to Marcoff, a loyal miner, who resides in the province of Dalecarlia. Soon after, some travellers without doors beg to be sheltered from the severity of a snow-storm. They are admitted, and seem to be an aged peasant and his daughter. In a few minutes a shout is heard, and it appears that Carlovitz, the governor of the province, with a large retinue, is in pursuit of these humble travellers. Marcoff had listened to the anxious cries of the latter, and concealed them in a private closet. The governor at first suspects that Marcoff has concealed the fugitives, as they were traced through the snow to his cottage. He however deceives the governor, and sends him upon a false scent in pursuit of them. The fugitives prove to be Casimir Rubenski, a martial nobleman, in the interest of Gustavus, and his daughter, Frederica, of whom Gustavus is deeply enamoured. Marcoff is therefore highly delighted in finding that he has been instrumental in preserving the lives of those who are dear to his lawful prince. As, however, it would not have been safe for Casimir and his daughter to remain in the cottage, Marcoff leads them into the mines, to afford them a secure shelter: a stranger of a dignified demeanor, and apparently very unhappy, had previously obtained the same shelter. This stranger is soon discovered to

be Gustavus, who, having reason to rely on the fidelity of the miners, reveals himself. They are all in his favour, and prepare to join with other friends, who, according to the tidings of Casimir, are ready to take the field again in support of their sovereign. It is necessary, however, in the first instance, that stratagem should be put in practice; and, as the governor is of an amorous disposition, and has made some gallant advances towards Alexa, the wife of Marcoff, she is counselled to pretend to make an assignation with the governor, who promises to send all his guards to a remote place, and to open the gate for her himself. While these matters are in train, Sigismund of Calmar, another noble chieftain, who is in the interest of Gustavus, and betrothed to the princess Gunilda, sister of the latter, pursues her in the habit of a pilgrim. The princess Gunilda is going to take the veil, by order of the usurping power in Sweden, and the awful ceremony is to be performed in the convent of St. Catharine's, on the day that Sigismund arrives at that place. By the assistance of Gabriel, the gardener of the convent, to whom the princess had shown great humanity during his sickness, the lovers are brought together, and the princess is conveyed out of the convent. They are, however, unfortunately intercepted by the guards of Carlovitz, and carried to the castle. Alexa attends her appointment with the governor; and while the latter is engaged in amorous parley with her before his castle, Marcoff and the martial miners steal into it, and a contest soon follows, in which the forces of Gustavus are victorious. Brennomar, an officer of the governor, determines to hold out to the last; and, having secured himself from the immediate pursuit of Gus-

tavus, by raising the draw-bridge, which divides one part of the castle from the other, bids defiance to the latter. Gustavus, after a vain exhortation to this man, orders his troops to scale the walls. At this moment Brennomar presents the princess Gunilda, who is in his power, and threatens to kill her as soon as Gustavus commences the assault. In this interesting moment Gustavus pauses, and seems inclined to withdraw his forces, in order to preserve his sister. The princess, with the most heroic loyalty, fortifies the resolution of her brother, and is on the point of being sacrificed, when the governor is brought forward. Scorning to owe any advantage to the destruction of a helpless woman, the latter orders Brennomar to give up the princess. Gustavus, struck by this act of generosity, offers to decide the contest singly with the governor, in order to avoid the destruction of the forces on both sides, by a renewal of the battle. The governor is affected by this act of heroic condescension, and a sense of loyalty impels him to fall on his knees, and acknowledge his rightful monarch. The piece then, of course, concludes, with the happiness of the lovers, and the accession of Gustavus to the throne of Sweden.

The author of this piece is Mr. Dimond, jun., a son of Mr. Dimond who has long been respected for his theatrical ability, and the judgment and general propriety with which he has conducted himself as manager of the theatres at Bath and Bristol.

Though we cannot speak much of the dramatic structure of the present piece, in point of originality, yet we may fairly say that it possesses strong merit, in point of interest. The events are suspended in such a manner, as powerfully to

arrest the feelings. In fact, we may consider this piece as a *dramatic pasticcio*. Some of the incidents may be traced in 'Richard Cœur de Lion,' in 'The Siege of Belgrade,' in 'Lodoiska,' in 'The Iron Chest,' and even in 'Peeping Tom;' for the manner in which Marcoff takes the money, which the governor is going to present to Alexa, is a counter-part of what happens between the amorous Mayor of Coventry, Tom, and pretty Maude.

However, with all the resemblances, and all its imperfections, it is a piece very honourable to the talents of a young author. The sentiments are sometimes elevated and noble, the diction elegant and vigorous, and the imagery highly poetical.

The overture is of the martial kind—grand and impressive. The music, in general, is partly the composition of Mr. Kelly, and partly selected. It is very creditable to his talents, and what he has the merit of composing stands firmly in competition with what he has derived from other masters.

The scenery is varied, beautiful, and magnificent. Among the most striking, are Marcoff's cottage, the governor's castle, the interior of the castle, the convent, and the church, as well as the awful excavations of the mines.

ON LOVE.

IF you would know whether you love violently, examine the power which love and reason have over your heart: if reason be superior, you do not love enough: if love be, you love somewhat too much: but, if their power be divided, you are in a condition to enjoy all the delights of the passion, and to be actuated only by reasonable desires.

POETICAL ESSAYS.

INKLE AND YARICO;—A TALE.

Rise, feeling Muse, and sing the various ills [Avarice, flow :
Which from that baneful source, fell
Sing of a youth by bounteous Nature
blefs'd

With fair, engaging, prepossessing form ;
In whose young breast no other passion
reign'd

But love of gain, which led him to re-
quite [tude.

The kindest deeds with black ingrati-
Studious of all the arts t' increase his
wealth, [his age,

An affluent merchant liv'd. To blefs
Heaven gave a son—the model of his fa-
ther.

The anxious fire, with all a parent's
care, [reason,
Watch'd the first dawns of his Inkle's
And turn'd the stream of juvenile affec-
tion

In Interest's fordid channel.—

Scarce had five lustres, with their in-
fluence bland, [cheek,
Matur'd the rose that blossom'd on his
When, wishing to amass some yellow ore,
This avaricious youth resolv'd to try
His fortune on the rough tempestuous
ocean.

He sail'd ; when, lo ! propitious
breezes wafted

The gliding vessel o'er the briny deep.
At length a storm arose, which drove the
bark

To seek for safety in a shelt'ring creek.

Inkle, attended by some boon com-
panions, [food :

Quitted the ship, and went in quest of
Nor far they had proceeded : when some
Indians [form'd

Mark'd all their motions, and in secret
An ambuscade to cut the party off.

Too well their plan succeeded : few
escap'd [young Inkle.

The bloody scene ; but with that few
In wild affright he sought a gloomy
forest, [gain'd

—Fear to his feet lent wings—until he

A spot remote, where thick embowering
shades [fierce ray.

Form'd a retreat unpierc'd by Sol's
Breathless and faint, upon a grassy hil-
lock [that sleep

He threw his weary limbs, and hop'd
Would drown his sorrows in a short
oblivion ; [deity

But hop'd in vain. The downy-pinion'd
Flies from the head where Care her vi-
gils keeps, [lid.

And takes his station on the tearless eye-
Not long he'd lain, when, lo ! an In-
dian princess

Stepp'd from a neighb'ring thicket, and
alarm'd him.

Her almost naked form, her brown com-
plexion, [rican,

And the wild graces of this South-Ame-
Surpris'd the youth. Nor less the gay
attire,

The fair, engaging, European face,
Fill'd with delight the gazing negro-
maiden.

Then, Yarico, thine unsuspecting
heart [Love !

Imbib'd that soft enchanting passion,
Awhile astonish'd stood the nymph
and swain ; [gard,

But soon surprize gave place to fond re-
And in endearments pass'd the circling
hours ;

Still not unmindful of her lover's safety,
The anxious virgin led him to a cave,

Where choicest fruits were cul'd for his
repast, [spring.

And water brought him from the crystal
Willing to make his hermitage de-
lightful,

She beautify'd it with the skins of beasts,
And party-colour'd plumes of beauteous
birds,

Presented to her by her former lovers.

When Phœbus (his diurnal journey
ended)

Reclin'd his golden head on Thetis' lap :
When Evening, friend of lovers, dusky

Evening,

Spread his brown mantle o'er the wide
creation ;

To unfrequented groves, and flowery
solitudes,

She led the youth to take his nightly rest.
There nightingales with music charm'd
his ear,

And falls of water lull'd him to repose.
Sweet were his slumbers; for the tender
maiden [ing danger,

Watch'd round him to avert approach-
And lock'd her lover in her faithful
arms.

In scenes like these the lovers spent
their time, [own;

Until they learn'd a language of their
A tender dialect, unknown to schools.

He told her, if she'd leave her native
country, [live

And go with him to Britain, she should
In splendor, ride in houses drawn by
horses,

And shine in purple robes of richest silk,
Such as his costly waistcoat was compos'd
of.

The enamour'd maid comply'd with
all his wishes;

Consented to abandon parents, friends;
To leave her home, the scene of splendid
comforts; [lov'd.

And cross the ocean with the man she
Blame not, ye fair, her fond credulity;
Had ye been Yarico, you'd done the
same!

By him instructed, the obedient pri-
cess [main,

Travers'd the margin of the roaring
And 'spied at length a vessel, made it
signals: [embark'd,

It stopp'd its course. The loving pair
And to Barbadoes plough'd the liquid
plain.

Too soon they reach'd that mart of
human traffic, [fold;

Where captive-negroes are like cattle
Doom'd to endure their haughty tyrant's
scourge, [galling yoke.

And wear, through life, dire Slavery's
All danger pass'd, young Inkle rumi-
nated, [venture:

Revolv'd within his mind the late ad-
He view'd his loss of time with deep re-
gret, [maiden.

And to repair that loss he sold the
Fain would my pen omit the shameful
fact,

And let it sleep in everlasting silence;
But truth forbids.—He sold his Yarico—
His fond believing damsel—for a slave!

Words are too faint to express in
proper language

The poignant pangs that wrung her
faithful heart,

When told of his intention: soon she
found him;

And strove to soften his obdurate nature,
With all the silent eloquence of tears;
But strove in vain.—

'Unkind, ungrateful Inkle!' cried
the maiden, [heart?

'Why wilt thou break an ever-constant
Oh! think for thee I left the best of
homes, [remember

The kindest, tenderest parents! Oh,
With what a fond affectionate anxiety

I did preserve thee from my savage
countrymen! [love,

And can you thus requite my gen'rous
And wrong the maid who ventur'd all
for thee?

'Reflect upon the sacred oaths you
swore!—

The vows of everlasting love you made,
Within my native groves and palmy
shades!

'There is an awful Power that rules
on high, [roll,

Who bids the loud tremendous thunder
And launches from his arm the swift-
wing'd lightning:

(Oh, dread his vengeful bolt, and blast-
ing flash!)

He, who ne'er fails to punish perjur'd
lovers, [mine!

Will dreadfully avenge such wrongs as
'But if these sad complainings will
not soften [virtue;

Thy callous heart, and bring it back to
Yet let the infant, which I bear within
me,

Excite parental feelings in thy bosom.

Oh, spare thy helpless, unborn innocent!
Doom not thy little-one to certain woe!

Then shall the pretty cherub, with gay
smiles, [mother

Repay thy kindness, while its happy
Grows weary with invoking blessings on
thee.'

Unmov'd, unmelted by this soft ad-
dress, [planter—

He left the nymph abruptly—sought the
(To whom he'd sold this greatly-injur'd
victim)

Inform'd him of her pregnant situation,
And ask'd advance of price; this end
obtain'd, [isle,

Cheerful he sail'd to Britain's sea-girt
And left poor Yarico to pine in bondage.

JOHN WEBB.

Haverhill, January 29, 1803.

THE VIGIL OF ELVA.

(From 'Poems by William Richardson, A. M. Professor of Humanity in the University of Glasgow.')

I.

WEARY with the toils of war,
From his native valley far,
Underneath a secret shade,
By his wedded Elva laid,
With mail unclasp'd, his morrion lying
near,
And leaning on a rock his massy spear,
Edwald all unconscious slept;
While Elva heav'd the tuneful sigh and
wept.

II.

'Softly, very softly blow,
Gales the woody wild that sweep;
Gently, very gently flow,
Surges of the adjoining deep!
May no din, nor tumult rude,
On this lone recess intrude!
And now, beneath the moon-light ray,
The languid gale, slow panting, dies
away; [the wave
With ebbing pause and hollow groan,
Murmurs expiring in a distant cave.

III.

'And now, while not a vagrant sound
Strays on hill or dale around,
Gentle sleep! on downy wing,
Thy opiate essences and balsams bring:
From thy plumes of dusky hue,
Softly shake the fragrant dew,
And to Edwald's ravish'd sense
Thy mildest influence dispense.

IV.

'Anon, with animated bloom,
In youthful glow let Fancy come:
And, bright with many an orient gem,
Let a blazing diadem
Press her auburn locks, that flow
O'er a bosom white as snow:
And let her gorgeous vesture, hemm'd
with gold, [fold.
A thousand hues in mingling flow'rs un-

V.

'Oh! at this solemn, silent hour,
May she wave her rod of pow'r,
And to Edwald's mental eyes
Bid domestic scenes arise!
High let the castle's banner'd brow
In vision guard the furrow'd vale below;
Where in slow state to meet th' Hibernian
deep,
Sabrina's mighty waters sweep.

Flowing from the Cambrian wire,
Let Music's melting voice conspire,
With Love's soft accent, while he seems,
Rapt in the transport of ecstatic dreams,
Again to tread, and, with endearment
sweet,

His hospitable threshold greet.

VI.

'Oh! while around his thrilling knees,
The blooming pledges of our love he sees,
Gushing from the well-spring clear
Of pure affection, let the genuine tear
Quench the wild light'ning of his ardent
eye,
And every vengeful wish within him die.

VII.

'Gentle dreams! with lenient charm,
Th' impatience of his soul disarm;
With kindly influence assuage
The tumult of vindictive rage;
Oh! let no form of injury intrude
On the soft calm of his forgiving mood;
But let him wake to peace of mind re-
stor'd,
And sheath the fury of his fiery sword!

AN ELEGY.

YE silent groves resound my last adieux,
Ye grottoes sacred to the sylvan
Muse.

The town I seek, since here all joy is fled,
To soothe my anguish for Clarissa dead.

No more the shepherd's pipe delights the
ear:

No more their songs dispel corroding care:
Alas, their notes of joy have swiftly fled!
Each swain laments the fair Clarissa dead.

The birds no more pour forth their am'-'
rous tale;

But notes of anguish die upon the gale.
No flow'rs adorn the once enamel'd
mead; [sa's dead.

She who out-bloom'd them all—Clarif-
The lambkins now forget their wanton
sport;

No longer do they to the vale resort:
The opening rose reclin'd salutes its bed;
E'en savage beasts bewail Clarissa dead.

The soaring lark omits to hail the morn;
The blighting insects pest the rising corn;
And gloomy clouds the æther over-
spread—

All nature mourns the fair Clarissa dead.
Tooley-street, Southwark. J. S***K.

TO FANCY.

PROLIFIC Fancy, still attend,
Sweet wanton, airy shade,
A care-worn mortal's wish befriend,
Who courts thy potent aid.

Thy gentle magic, oh! impart,
That lulls the sense of grief;
That calms the restless throbbing heart,
And brings the mind relief.

Be thine to whisper soothing peace;
Each anxious thought destroy;
To bid conflicting passions cease,
Or turn to springs of joy.

Thy pow'r distraction's self beguiles;
Each opiate balm distills:
By thee the wretch contented smiles,
Nor feels the present ills.

'Twas thou, on Homer's darken'd light,
Could pour the visual ray;
Could cheer his age and wasted fight,
And ope poetic day.

'Twas thou the wond'rous song* inspir'd
That caught the infant gaze;
When rude untutor'd Greece admir'd,
And lis'd the voice of praise.

'Twas thou the jasper gates unbarr'd,
When Milton's soul survey'd
The dread Eternal's countless guard,
The seraph band array'd.

Lur'd on by thee, in youthful pride,
(Gay nature's vernal bloom)
We wanton blithe, on pleasure's tide,
Regardless of our doom.

How sweetly steal the halcyon hours;
In vain each end we miss;
Each soft ideal joy is our's,
If Fancy stamps the bliss.

Oh! wrapt in fleecy clouds, descend,
As falls the gentle dew;
Benignant, still my couch attend.
Auspicious sprite, adieu.

SONGS in the new Historical Play of
'THE HERO OF THE NORTH.'

AIR.—ALEXA.—(Kelly).

AH! should my love in fight be slain,
I ne'er could bear my woe,

* The Iliad.

This stricken heart would burst with
pain,
Yet no distraction show.
This faithful eye no tear would shed,
This lip betray no sigh,
I should but hear my love was dead,
Just bless his name, and die.

Then should the trumpet wake thy zeal,
Dear youth, guard well thy life,
Though for thyself thou canst not feel,
Yet, oh! preserve thy wife!
For like the grafted flower that lends
Some hardier plant its bloom,
That storm which on the *one* descends,
Must breathe a *double* doom!

SONG.—GABRIEL.—(Kelly).

OH, when I was young how I kiss'd
and I toy'd,
The lasses, sweet creatures! my time
quite employ'd;
I wrote them such posies,
'Bout sweet-briars and roses,
When dancing, their pride was with me
to be seen:
Though now run to seed,
And am call'd an old weed,
Yet I do as I please,
Still enjoy my heart's ease,
And contented I know I'm an old ever-
green.

Shut up in this place as though under a
frame,
My trunk remains firm, yet my sap an't
the same;
There's not a day passes,
But all the young lasses,
Like ivy cling round me wherever I'm
seen;
Though grown somewhat old,
My heart's not yet cold,
I'm as blythe and as gay,
As a daisy in May,
And my love for the wenches remains
ever green.

ANACREONTIC.

PRESS the grape, and let it pour
Around the board its purple shower;
And while the drops my goblet steep,
I'll think—in *woe* the clusters weep.

Weep on, weep on, my pouting vine!
Heav'n grant no tears, but tears of wine.
Weep on, and as thy sorrows flow,
I'll taste the *luxury of woe*!

FOREIGN NEWS.

Naples, Dec. 22.

BY letters from Algiers of the 5th inst. we learn that the regency had declared war against Denmark. Orders were given to the Danish consul to take his departure within three days. These were accompanied with menaces of violence, if he should fail to comply.

Citizen Dubois Thainville, agent for the French republic, having special orders from the first consul to protect all powers in amity with France from the injustice and violent outrage of those pirates, signified to the dey, that the first consul would hear with concern of conduct so irregular towards a power, against which there was no reasonable ground of complaint, and which had lately paid him a very considerable tribute.

The mediation of France was highly offensive to the dey; he even threatened to send away the French agent with the Danish consul. Matters are supposed to have been since mutually accommodated between the parties.

The Danish agent remains; and it is believed, that, for this time, the regency will not put into execution its threats of declaring war against Denmark.

Turkish Frontiers, Dec. 25. - The Ottoman Porte has, in compliance with solicitations from the court of Vienna, agreed to desist from the search of boats passing up and down the Danube.

Constantinople, Dec. 27. According to official intelligence from Alexandria, eight English ships have arrived, to take on board, as is said, the English troops in that country, and to convey them to England. The adjutant of general Stuart arrived a few days ago in this capital, and this evening will have an audience of the reis effendi. Nothing yet has transpired respecting the contents of the dispatches which he brought, and which have been delivered to the grand vizier.

Rome, Jan. 1. Most of the public papers have given out, that the commander Ruspoli, appointed by his holiness to be grand master of Malta, was not to be found. It was said also that he had refused to accept the appointment. We are, however, now positively assured, that in the beginning of last December he was found at Bath, returning from Scotland, and proceeding to London; and though he shewed some reluctance at first to accept the nomination of his holiness, there is reason to believe that he will obey the new letters which he must by this time have received from the sovereign pontiff.

Ratisbon, Jan. 1. We have received the important intelligence, that the Austrian troops now in garrison at Passau have received orders to quit that city, and to remove into Invertel and the bishopric of Saltzburg. The evacuation will take place before the end of January. This order has been given in consequence of the convention concluded on the 26th of December, between France and Austria, to which Russia has formally acceded, and which is actually submitted to the approbation of the deputation of the empire.

Genoa, Jan. 8. This day, three French ships of the line have entered our port, under the command of vice-admiral Bedou, after a voyage of twenty days from Brest; each with a crew of 560 men. On board this squadron the Polish demi-brigade will embark, after being reviewed.

Gibraltar, Jan. 10. We have had a series of the worst weather and the most violent gales of wind for a month past that have occurred in the memory of the oldest inhabitant. Yesterday and last night it again blew a hurricane. This morning no less than fourteen vessels were discovered on shore at the bottom of the bay, several of which will

be wrecks; only one of them is English; the rest are French, Dutch, or Spanish. The *Cynthia* sloop of war, destined for England, still remains wind-bound.

Ratisbon, Jan. 12. The Austrian envoy and minister plenipotentiary to the diet, M. de Fahnenberg, is charged with making a proposition to the diet relative to the preservation of a balance of religion in the College of Princes, which could not be maintained if the plan of indemnities was strictly adhered to. The plan proposed by M. Fahnenberg distributes the votes according to the importance of the different powers. Of seventy voices given to the catholics, Austria is to have ten, the grand duke of Tuscany eight, Bavaria twelve, &c. Of sixty-eight protestant voices, Brandenburg to have thirteen, Hanover seven, &c.

It is easy to foresee that this plan will meet with much opposition from the states known by the description of the Prussian party.

M. de Hugel, the Imperial plenipotentiary, has given his adhesion to the last conclusion of the deputation. He has on this occasion presented to the ambassadors of the mediating powers a note, in which he invites them, in the most pressing manner, to bring before the diet, and to have decided, the points yet unsettled, viz. the remainder of the endowment of the elector arch-chancellor, and the annuities to be assigned to the different states injured by the dispositions of the plan of indemnity; the formation of a fund to maintain the elector of Treves without recurring to the payment of Roman months. The diet sat on the 10th, but no vote was given on the affairs of the indemnities.

Berne, Jan. 14. Roederer has prepared a plan of a constitution for the *ci-devant* aristocratic cantons. A grand council, consisting at Berne of two hundred and ninety-four members, and at Zurich of two hundred and twelve, is, according to this plan, to form the legislative power. The organic laws are, however, to be submitted to the sanction of the Helvetic diet, which will reject them if they have any thing in them opposite to the cantonal constitution. This council names the principal officers and deputies to the diet. A

petty council of twenty-seven members for Berne, and fifty for Zurich, unites the executive, administrative, and judicial powers. The pensioners and secretaries to be elected by the councils. The grand council to hold a regular sitting of fourteen days every six months; it may be brought together on extraordinary occasions by the convocation of the petty council. The members of the grand council to have no salary: those of the petty council to have eight hundred francs at Zurich; six hundred at Berne; one thousand two hundred at Lucerne. The members of the grand council to be for life, those of the petty council to be re-elected every year. The principal articles of this plan are much disapproved of, particularly the proportion of numbers between Berne and Zurich. Remonstrances have been presented on this head, which it is thought will have some effect.

Brussels, Jan. 20. It appears that it is not in the vicinity of our city alone that an encampment is to be formed for twelve thousand men. Accounts from the borders of the Rhine mention, that an equal number of troops is to be stationed on this part of the frontier. The general commanding the twenty-seventh military division has received positive orders to this effect. According to the same advices, the prefects of the four new departments are to meet in a few days at Coblenz, to confer with citizen Dauchy on all matters that concern their governments. General Beliard had set out on the 13th for Paris, with the greatest precipitation; he returned yesterday evening, but did not stop a moment. He proceeded immediately to Ghent, where the counsellor of state, Pellet de la Lozere, still is. It is not known what occasioned this precipitate journey, and this return equally precipitate.

Milan, Jan. 24. A decree of the vice-president, dated the 21st of this month, has been promulgated, declaring that every person publishing printed works is responsible to government for their contents as far as regards the religion of the state, public morality, and the freedom of worship, guaranteed by the constitution; for every attempt against public order, submission to the laws, or the respect owing to govern-

ment and the authorities, as well as against every thing that might interrupt the harmony, and the attention due to friendly powers, and tending to the defamation of individuals. In consequence, the author will be obliged to put his name to his printed work; the printer will also be bound to annex his own to it: and, if the author choose not to be known, the responsibility is to fall on the printer, even to the severest consequences, unless he discovers the author. Every proprietor of a printing office is obliged to notify it to the local police authorities, under the penalties mentioned in the decree. All compositions for the theatre; every periodical paper, as well domestic as foreign; all foreign works, so far as they are articles of commerce or traffic; are alike subject to the operation of the decree. The privilege of judging is vested in a magistracy, composed of three persons residing at Milan, subject respectively to the ministers of the interior and of war, in every thing that regards their departments. This magistracy is the centre of all the inferior offices of inquisition throughout the territories of the republic.

Hague, Jan. 25. The enormous thickness of the ice has given rise to considerable apprehension that its breaking will, this year, be more dangerous in most districts than in former seasons.

The government, by means of notices transmitted through different provinces, has taken effectual measures to have the dykes which secure the safety of Gueldres and a part of Holland put into a situation capable of resisting the impetuosity of the ice. On the other side orders have been given to the inhabitants of the villages situated on the Rhine, the Wahal, and the Meuse, to form themselves into detachments, to name persons to command them, and to be ready to march in case of danger to the places where their presence may be necessary.

Admiral de Winter is to go to Lisbon, after a short stay at Toulon, about the beginning of February. There he is to finish his cruise and to return home. In his latest communications to our government, he observes, that the coasts of Italy are entirely abandoned by the Barbary pirates. The Batavian flag

has been highly distinguished in the Archipelago.

Paris, Feb. 3. Upon the news of the death of general Leclerc, and of the urgent necessity of the army in St. Domingo for immediate assistance, the minister of war proposed to such of the soldiers as were willing to embark in that service to come forward and offer themselves for it as volunteers. Nearly sixty thousand men from the old corps accordingly enrolled their names for an expedition to St. Domingo.

The first consul has directed the minister of war to testify to those gallant men, that he has had the highest satisfaction in being informed of the generous spirit with which they had made their offers; but that, as fifteen thousand men had recently been dispatched to the West Indies, no farther supplies of troops were, at the present moment, wanted for that service. He, however, was desirous that they should know with what esteem he beheld that love of glory and of danger which is the true characteristic of French heroism, and the best pledge for the lasting prosperity of a great nation.

Feb. 8. The government of the republic has decreed, on the 4th of this month, the forms of convocation: 1st, of the electoral colleges of the department; 2d, of the acts for nominating the presidents of the said colleges; 3d, of the letters of the first consul to the public officer commissioned to receive the oaths of the presidents of the said colleges; 4th, of the letters of the first consul to the presidents of the colleges; 5th, of the letters of the first consul to the chief inspector of the national gendarmerie; 6th, of the letters of the first consul to each general commanding a military division; 7th, of the arretes for assembling the electoral colleges of each circular district; 8th, of the acts for nominating the presidents of such colleges; 9th, of the letters of the first consul to the public officer commissioned to take the oath of the president of such colleges; 10th, of the letters of the first consul to the presidents of such colleges; 11th, of the letters of the first consul to the chief inspector of the national gendarmerie; 12th, of the letters of the first consul to each general commanding a military division.

HOME NEWS.

Glasgow, Jan. 25.

ON Sunday afternoon a crowd of disorderly persons assembled in front of the College, on the pretext of searching for a dead body, and though all the college rooms were immediately opened and searched by the magistrates, and the most perfect assurances given that the body was not in the college, and that the college had no concern either directly or indirectly with the matter, they proceeded to acts of violence, breaking most of the front windows, and threatening to break into the buildings.

Yesterday they again assembled, and, after the most daring acts of outrage, were dispersed by the magistrates. No person has been materially hurt. Today the university is protected by a military force, and the business of the college is to go on as usual to-morrow. Several persons have been apprehended and committed to prison in consequence of this outrage, and rewards are offered by the magistrates and by the college for the discovery of any of the persons principally concerned in exciting this disturbance.

Jan. 29. The number of new buildings at present going on, and to be begun in the spring, in this city and its neighbourhood, afford a striking proof of its prosperity, and of the increase of the population. A great number of houses are to be built immediately, and lots of building ground have, within these few days, been formed in different parts of the city, to the amount of 80,000l. sterling. Five hundred houses are soon to be built, chiefly for operative weavers, by societies into which they have formed themselves. Every member is to have a house built for him, for which he is to pay, at his entry into the society, six pounds sterling, and every month thereafter half a guinea, till the whole expence be defrayed.

London, Jan. 31. A singular attempt to commit suicide occurred yesterday evening at the *Cheshire Cheese*, Fleet-street. A respectable-looking young man, who had frequently been in the house, who had conducted himself with propriety, and who, from his appearance and other circumstances, is supposed to be a clergyman, after dining, and offering up large libations, suddenly left the room in a state of extreme intoxication. In a short time the report of a pistol was heard: some gentlemen in the house instantly ran into the yard, where they found the young man in the greatest perturbation, his mouth bleeding most copiously, and the pistol, on their entering the yard, thrown from him. He appeared, at first, much agitated, and declared he was "a dead man." Nothing further than a violent contusion of the lip, however, appeared to have taken place; and whether the pistol was loaded with ball, or not, is yet unknown. On his being taken into the house, and questioned as to his intention, he said, had his design taken place he should have been now in heaven. In some further conversation, he, in a very incoherent manner, attempted to justify suicide. On being asked where he lived, he said, in *Mount-street*, *Lambeth*. His conduct evincing every mark of insanity, whether from intoxication or otherwise, it was deemed necessary to place him in a state of security until the morning: he was therefore taken to the *Compter*.

About one o'clock on Saturday a man threw himself over *London bridge*: he was hurried by the torrent from the *water-works arch* under a vessel: his body disappeared, and is not yet found. He had for some time been mentally deranged.

Newark, Jan. 31. Thursday morning, a person going into the house of *Mrs. Mayfield*, of *Beaumont Cross*, near

this town, beheld the woman, who was very old, lying before the fire, and burnt to a cinder! It appeared she had been at breakfast alone, and had probably fallen into the fire in a fit.

London, Feb. 1. A very serious accident has taken place in the Paddington Canal, which, till reparation can be made, has entirely put an end to the navigation. It appears that the cylinders which run under the canal, and are constructed for the purpose of carrying off the land waters, have burst, owing to the sudden frost, and let out nearly all the water in the canal, from its commencement at Paddington to the fourth bridge.

The hurricanes for the last fortnight on the whole of the East Riding of Yorkshire have been more tempestuous and fatal than were ever known. Nothing has been seen along the whole shore but parts of wrecks of vessels and the dead bodies of unfortunate men who have perished in the storms. The American consul, his wife, and child, were with great difficulty saved at Bridlington Quay, and were brought on shore, nearly naked, in an open boat. A black, who attempted to swim to the shore, was dashed to pieces against the rocks.

Feb. 2. A gentleman in a respectable mercantile house, not long since married to a very amiable young lady, exhibited of late some symptoms of mental derangement, particularly in writing an incoherent letter to his partner, with whom he was in the closest habits of intimacy, requesting him to take care of his wife after he was gone. The substance of this letter was communicated to the lady, who judged it right to watch narrowly the conduct of her husband, fearing he had some design on his life. Notwithstanding the precautions used, the unfortunate gentleman found means, on Tuesday last, to go to a chemist's, and purchase a crown's worth of laudanum in a phial, with which he wandered towards Bedford-square, and there drank the contents. Soon after, he went into a public-house, and sat down: the landlord, supposing him intoxicated, took little notice of him, till, appearing very ill, he was questioned. The unfortunate person

then asked for brandy: the landlord gave him some, which had the immediate effect of bringing a good deal of the laudanum off his stomach, or he must shortly have died. His pockets were then searched, when nothing was found about him but the direction to a friend's house, which probably he had put in his pocket on purpose: through this friend intelligence was conveyed to the lady, who, on her arrival, found her husband in the most deplorable state, with one side of his face and body completely paralysed. Notwithstanding the best medical assistance, he still remains in this state, and very little hopes are entertained of his recovery. This rash act cannot otherwise be accounted for but by insanity, as the gentleman was in no pecuniary or other embarrassment.

Feb. 4. In the night between Tuesday and Wednesday last, the extensive manufactory of Messrs. Wedgwood and Byerley, at Etruria, in Staffordshire, was discovered to be on fire: the neighbourhood was immediately alarmed, and every assistance possible was rendered; but considerable damage was done before the flames could be extinguished.

Feb. 5. The special commission for the trial of colonel *Despard* and twelve others, on an indictment for high treason, was this day opened at the courthouse, Horse-monger-lane, in the Borough. The judges on the commission were lord Ellenborough, Mr. justice Le Blanc, Mr. justice Chambre, and Mr. baron Thompson. The prisoners were arraigned, and pleaded not guilty; after which the court adjourned till Monday, Feb. 7.

Dover, Feb. 6. The *Hyacinth*, captain Pollet, master, from Calais, arrived yesterday evening, with twenty-one passengers and baggage; also the *L'Achille*, captain Robert Cornue, from Boulogne, with Mrs. Susannah Meynai, Joseph Estridge, esq., and the corpse of Edward Estridge, and two carriages. For some days past a great deal of money has been brought over from Calais: this morning were landed from the *Duchess of York*, captain Watson, from Calais, 18 cases of money; from the *Hyacinth*, 4 cases, 5 bags, and 2 casks ditto; and from the *Auckland*, captain Norris, 23 cases and casks; making in

all 52 packages of money, weighing 68 cwt. 3 qrs.

London, Feb. 7. The trial of colonel Despard for treason came on this day at the court-house, Horse-monger-lane, and lasted eighteen hours, till nearly three o'clock the following morning. Seventeen witnesses were called on the part of the prosecution. Mr. serjeant Best addressed the court in behalf of his client, the prisoner; and, after a very able speech, called witnesses to character, viz. lord Nelson, general sir Alured Clarke, sir Evan Nepean, and George Long, esq.; all of whom spoke highly of the conduct of colonel Despard while he bore a commission in his Majesty's service. Mr. Gurney then addressed the court and the jury also in behalf of the prisoner, and was replied to by the solicitor-general. The arguments of counsel on both sides being concluded, the lord president proceeded to sum up the evidence, which he did in a speech of nearly two hours. A few minutes before three, the jury retired to consider their verdict: at half past, they returned into court, and pronounced a verdict of *guilty*; but, in consideration of the high testimonials to the colonel's former good conduct and character, they begged leave to recommend him earnestly to mercy. The court, after thanking the jury for their patient attention, adjourned till Wednesday, when the trials of the other prisoners will be proceeded on.

Colonel Despard was dressed in a dark-blue coat and scarlet waistcoat: his hair was without powder. His behaviour during the whole of the trial was cool and collected: he paid much attention to the evidence, but did not put any questions himself to the different witnesses. He handed several letters to his counsel during the progress of the trial, and at one part of it wished to be permitted to sit near them: the court, however, could not depart from the usual form of the prisoner's remaining at the bar.

The colonel heard the verdict with firmness.

Feb. 8. The new palace at Kew is not expected to be finished for five years, when the expences, it is estimated, will amount to nearly half a million of money. The joists for the flooring are

formed of cast iron: the ceilings are to be composed of the new stucco; and the better to obviate any accident from fire, iron is substituted for wood on every possible occasion. One wing, comprising part of the offices, is built; and the whole is to be surrounded by a wall 30 feet high, which will give it the appearance of a fortified prison.

Feb. 9. The court met, at the sessions-house, Horse-monger-lane, pursuant to adjournment, a little after nine o'clock in the morning, and proceeded to the trial of the following prisoners—John Wood, Thomas Broughton, John Francis, Thomas Phillips, Thomas Newman, John Doyle, Daniel Tyndal, James Sedgwick Wrattan, William Lander, Arthur Graham, Samuel Smith, and John M'Namara.

The trial lasted from nine in the morning till six the next morning. The evidence was nearly the same as on the trial of colonel Despard. The jury retired for one hour and thirty-five minutes, and then returned a verdict of guilty against the nine following prisoners, viz. John Wood, Thomas Broughton, John Francis, Thomas Newman, Daniel Tyndal, John Sedgwick Wratten, William Lander, Arthur Graham, John M'Namara.

Thomas Phillips and Samuel Smith were acquitted.

Mr. Despard was then ordered into court, and was speedily brought to the bar. The court then announced to the prisoners their conviction, and put the usual question, if they had any cause to shew why sentence should not pass.

Mr. Despard addressed a few words to the court, but in so low a tone of voice as to be inaudible to our reporter.

Lord Ellenborough then proceeded to address, first Mr. Despard, and afterwards the other prisoners, in a most solemn, awful, and impressive manner, on the enormity of their offence, which filled every eye in the court with tears. His lordship then proceeded to pass the awful sentence of the law in cases of high treason—which is, hanging, disemboweling, quartering, and beheading.

Feb. 14. Some curious Galvanic experiments were made on Friday last, by professor Aldini, in Dr. Pearson's lec-

ture rooms. They were instituted in the presence of his excellency the ambassador of France, general Andreotti, lord Pelham, the duke of Roxburgh, lord Castlereagh, lord Hervey, the hon. Mr. Upton, &c. The head of an ox, recently decapitated, exhibited astonishing effects: for the tongue being drawn out by a hook fixed into it, on applying the excitors, in spite of the strength of the assistant, the tongue was retracted, so as to detach itself, by tearing itself from the hook: at the same time a loud noise issued from the mouth, by the absorption of air, attended by violent contortions of the whole head and eyes.

Feb. 21. This day colonel Despard, Broughton, Francis, Graham, Wood, Wratten, and M'Namara, were executed, pursuant to their sentence, on a scaffold erected on the top of the new gaol, in the Borough. They were first drawn on hurdles, across the court-yard of the prison, to the foot of the stairs leading up to the scaffold. Colonel Despard addressed the populace in a short speech, which he delivered with manly firmness.

After hanging about half an hour, they were taken down, their heads placed on a block, and severed from their bodies; the executioner holding up the head of each, and exclaiming, "This is the head of a traitor," mentioning the name.

They were turned off about nine o'clock. There was not the least tendency to riot or disturbance: a great body of the civil power, and a large military force, were, however, on duty.

BIRTHS.

January 24. The lady of the right hon. Lord Hervey was safely delivered of a son, at his Lordship's house, in Cleveland-row.

27. Lady Caroline Capel, at the hon. J. T. Capel's residence, at Holmbush, near Horsham, of a son.

29. At Panmure-house, the lady of the hon. capt. John Ramsay, of the 92d regiment, of a daughter.

At Cottle's house, Wilts, the lady of B. Hobhouse, esq. M.P. of a daughter.

30. At his house in Ruffel-place, the lady of Charles Bishop, esq. of a daughter.

At Everton, near Liverpool, the lady of William Robison, esq. of a son.

In George-street, Mansion-house, the lady of George Smith, esq. of a son.

31. At Ampton, in Suffolk, lady Charles Fitzroy, of a daughter.

The lady of W. Mills, esq. of John-street, Pentonville, of a daughter.

The lady of sir F. L. Wood, of Hensworth, of a daughter.

The lady of Daniel Blake, esq. of a son.

February 3. The lady of W. Davies, esq. at his house, in Gower-street, of a daughter.

The hon. Mrs. J. Markham, of the Admiralty, of a son.

The lady of Vincent Kennet, esq. of New Cavendish-street, Portland-place, of a daughter.

5. At Melbury, the countess of Ilchester, of a son.

Lady Mary Murray Ocmertyre, of a daughter.

9. In Queen Anne-street West, the lady of Hugh Doherty, esq. of the 29th Light Dragoons, of a son and heir.

The right hon. lady Clifford, at his Lordship's seat, Ugbrooke, near Chudley, of a son.

Viscountess Southwell, of a daughter.

10. The hon. Mrs. Spencer Perceval, at the house of the Attorney General, in Lincon's-Inn-fields, of a son.

12. At Chelsea, the lady of lieutenant Bremer, of the Royal Navy, of a daughter.

The right hon. lady Charles Somerset, at his lordship's house, at Hadley, near Barnet, of a son.

At Rochester, the lady of the hon. and rev. Dr. Marsham, of a daughter.

13. At Great Ealing, the lady of Rd. Chambers, jun. esq. of Hanley Castle, Worcestershire, of a daughter.

14. In Baker-street, the lady of lieutenant colonel Knox, of the 1st Foot Guards, of a son.

MARRIAGES.

January 20. At St. George's church, Hanover-square, major-general Gent, to miss Temple French.

27. At Chepstow, in Monmouthshire, George Christopher Pulling, esq. captain

in the royal navy, to miss Moser, of Chepstow.

At Pool, Michael Sweetman, esq. of Ross, in Ireland, to miss Saunders, daughter of Thomas Saunders, esq. of Poole, Dorset.

At Canterbury, after a courtship of thirty years, Mr. M. Devine, to Mrs. Jane Edwards.—They are both upwards of 70 years of age.

At Yarmouth, by the rev. Dr. Turner, Mr. S. Simpson, woollen-dra- per, to miss Judith Batley, daughter of Mr. Batley, merchant.

29. Captain Hodder of the royal navy, to miss Troy, eldest daughter of the late J. C. Troy, esq. of Chatham.

February 1. At St. Margaret's Church, Westminster, Mr. Samuel Charouneau, of the great sanctuary, Westminster, to Mrs. Brown, of Strat- ton-grounds.

Mr. Thomson, of Grovesnor-row, Chelsea, to miss Ann Mably, of Aylef- bury, Bucks.

Last week, at Hadham, Herts, Mr. C. Chessins, of Hoddesdon, farmer, to miss C. North, of Hadham.

2. By special licence, at the earl of Jersey's, in Stratford-place, by the rev. Egerton Robert Neve, John Ponsonby, esq. to the right hon. lady Fanny Villiers.

In the Isle of White, J. P. Murray, esq. M.P. for Yarmouth, only son of the late hon. general J. Murray, to miss Rushworth, eldest daughter of E. Rushworth, esq. of Freshwater-house, and grand-daughter of lord Holines.

At Hanmer, in the county of Flint, lord Kenyon, to miss Hanmer, daughter of sir Thomas Hanmer, bart. of Bettis- field-park.

At Bromley, Kent, by the rev. Dr. Smith, Mr. Edward Lattar, attorney there, to miss Robison, of the same place.

At Deptford, T. Nunn, esq. of Red- cross-street, Cripplegate, to miss Nichol- son, second daughter of the late R. Nicholson, esq. of Loampit-hill, Kent.

3. At St. Andrew's Church, in Ply- mouth, captain Walrona, of the Cold- stream Guards, to miss Hall, of Ma- nadon.

The rev. Dr. Price, chaplain to his royal highness the prince of Wales, to miss Pepys, eldest daughter of Edmund

Pepys, esq. of Upper Charlotte-street, Fitzroy-square.

5. Mr. Raulinson; of Tottenham-court road, to miss Seymour, of Portland- street.

7. At Harston, in Norfolk, the rev. W. Legard, son of the late sir Digby Legard, bart. of Ganton in Yorkshire, to miss Oldershaw, eldest daughter of the late Dr. Oldershaw, of Stamford.

Capt. George Hope, of the royal navy, to lady Jemima Johnstone, daughter of the right hon. the earl of Hopetoun.

9. At St. Margaret's Church, by the rev. Dr. Fynes, captain Howard Elphinstone, of the royal engineers, to miss Warburton, eldest daughter of John Warburton, esq. of Parliament- street.

At Balindean, in Perthshire, the hon. major-general John Hope, to miss Louisa Dorothea Wedderburn, daughter of sir John Wedderburn, bart.

10. At Windsor, Matthew Buckle, esq. of Sheet, in Hampshire, to miss Buckle, daughter of the late admiral Buckle.

DEATHS.

January 25. Suddenly, at Bristol, H. W. T. Hawley, esq. lieutenant-colonel of the king's dragoon guards.

Thomas Allwright, esq. first captain of the royal naval hospital at Green- wich.

31. At his apartments in the city chambers, J. Vaughan, esq. late banker in Cornhill.

February 4. At Paris, the lady of sir Alexander Grant, bart.

5. At Plymouth, lieut. John Newton, of the royal navy, aged 67: 52 years of his life he had spent in the service of his country, out of which he was 43 years a lieutenant.

6. At West Moulsey, Mrs. Shuker.

10. Lieut.-col. Frederick Manners, of the 96th regiment.

At Bath, John Buchanan, esq. of Devonshire-street, Portland-place.

At his house, Devonshire-street, Portland-place, Walter Kettleby Alder, esq. aged 49.

At Chester, at the advanced age of 84, Mrs. Conway Hope, widow of the late George Hope, of Hope, esq. and the only remaining daughter of the late sir Thomas Longueville, bart. deceased.

THE
LADY'S MAGAZINE,

OR
ENTERTAINING COMPANION

FOR
THE FAIR SEX;

APPROPRIATED
SOLELY TO THEIR USE AND AMUSEMENT.

FOR MARCH, 1803.

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This Number is embellished with the following Copper-plates:

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- 3 An elegantly-coloured PARIS DRESS.
- 4 A new and elegant PATTERN for a VEIL, &c.
- 5 MUSIC—THE MAN FOR A HUSBAND; a favourite Duet.

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Printed for G. and J. ROBINSON, No. 25, Paternoster-Row;

Where Favours from Correspondents continue to be received.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Miss Yeames' contribution is received; a continuation of that already transmitted is requested.

Veritas shall appear in our next; as shall the Essay entitled *Political Arithmetic*.

The Essay by I. T. cannot be inserted till the conclusion is sent, especially as it is so short.

The communication of Lucinda shall be attended to.

The Ode to Spring—Damon and Myrtilia—Ode to Hymen—Verses to miss E. C.—and Acrostic on miss R. L. are received and under consideration.

Engraved for the Lady's Magazine.



Benevolence its own Reward.

THE
LADY'S MAGAZINE,

For MARCH, 1803.

BENEVOLENCE ITS OWN REWARD;

AN ANECDOTE FOUNDED ON FACT.

(*With an elegant Engraving.*)

IN a gloomy evening, in the month of November, a violent shower of rain compelled Mr. Darwel, a gentleman of considerable property, to take shelter at the first inn he could find on the road along which he was riding, and which stood near the entrance of a small country-town. While he remained here, waiting for better weather, he overheard the landlord and his wife, who were in an adjoining room, consulting together in what manner they should get rid of a poor woman, their lodger, who they perceived had no longer any money to satisfy their demands; and whom they, therefore, unanimously resolved the next day to turn into the street, and abandon to the kindness of the parish, and the generosity of the world at large. Mr. Darwel, who had heard the whole of this consultation, was not a little moved by the unfeeling manner in which the final resolution was taken; and, as he possessed a considerable portion of the true spirit of active benevolence, he resolved to inquire further into the situation of this poor woman, and, if he found her deserving, to afford her some relief and protection. With this view he called the landlord, and, entering into conversation with him, soon induced him to mention his lodger; whose husband, he said, had,

he supposed, run away from her; but he could not afford to maintain her on that account, and so, as he found all her money was gone, he must make her run after him.

'As to the woman herself,' said he, 'I have nothing to say against her; she is certainly a very decent, quiet, good woman, but what of that? I cannot live by her decency and goodness. There is above ten shillings due to me already, and that, if I can't get it, why it must go: but I must have her take herself away, for I want the room—and take herself away she shall.'

Mr. Darwel now expressed a desire to see this woman; telling his host, that if he found her to be the person he suspected, he should not lose his ten shillings, but that he would himself endeavour to do something for her relief.

'Oh, ho!' says Boniface, 'I think I understand you. Well, now, you will find her as comely a lass as you would wish to set eyes on; and, as she is in such want, I dare say a little money will go a great way, compared with the price of these things in town.'

Without making any reply to this illiberal insinuation, Mr. Darwel, according to the directions given him by the landlord, went up stairs, and in a poor room, with scarcely

any thing in it but a wretched bed, found Mrs. Martin, a handsome, middle-aged woman, with an infant of about two months old in her lap. He introduced himself by telling her the plain fact—that having overheard some discourse concerning her, in which were particulars that at once excited his compassion and gave him a favourable opinion of her, he had wished to see her, to enquire of herself her real situation, and to endeavour to afford her some relief.

‘Sir,’ said she, ‘to be thus addressed by a stranger, cannot but appear very extraordinary to one who, for a long time,—that is to say, since she has been assailed by misfortunes and poverty,—has not heard professions of friendship from any living creature. I hope my situation does not embolden licentiousness to make to me any unworthy overtures; which, whatever I may appear, will be rejected with the most indignant scorn. I, besides, still have a husband who loves me, and who, when he regains his liberty, will revenge any insult offered me, at the hazard of his life.’

Tears gushed into her eyes as she spoke these words.

‘Madam,’ said Mr. Darwel, ‘believe me, I scorn the idea of making so base an offer as much as you can the insulting proposal. My only motive for wishing to see you, was to relieve your distress. The temporary relief of a guinea I could easily have sent you; but I have often observed that benevolent intentions frequently fail of half their effect for want of proper inquiry.’

‘Sir,’ said Mrs. Martin, ‘your appearance and manner inspire me with confidence. My story is not long. I resided several years with a country-gentleman of fortune as his house-keeper, when I became acquainted with the person who is now my husband. My master—who was

a very worthy, but a very whimsical and almost superannuated old gentleman,—was greatly offended at my marrying, and, when he paid me the wages due to me, forbade me again to enter his house. I had, however, saved some money in his service, and with that my husband, who had been bred to the sea, purchased a small coasting vessel, and for about two years we lived very happily, and were sufficiently successful in our undertakings. But at the end of that time my husband’s vessel was wrecked, he lost his all, though (thank Heaven!) he preserved his life; and, nothing we attempted succeeding, we are at length reduced to the situation you see. About three weeks ago, too, to complete our misfortunes, he was pressed and carried on board a ship of war which failed immediately; and thus am I, perhaps for a very long time, deprived of him, and of all earthly assistance.’

‘That shall you not be,’ said Mr. Darwel, ‘for I have still wealth enough left to do some good in the world with, though I am on the point of losing the one-half of my estate; because my father, who was, as you say of your master, a very worthy, but almost superannuated old gentleman, concealed some deeds of importance (I suppose for safety) in such a manner that they cannot be found; and, without they can be produced, the claimants against me have so plausible a case, that an estate of two thousand a year must be lost. I will pull the house down, however, but I will find them. But all this is nothing to you. Permit me to ask you the name of the gentleman with whom you resided as house-keeper?’

‘Mr. Darwel, of Hadley-hall, Hampshire. He died, I understand, about a twelvemonth ago.’

‘My father!—But it is not surprising that I should not know you; for I resided many years abroad with

my uncle, in the West Indies, and only came home on the death of my father. You knew my elder brother, who died about a year before my father?’

‘I did: he was a good and amiable young gentleman. He died about a month after I left Hadley-hall.’

Mrs. Martin now seemed to muse for a while; then, suddenly starting, exclaimed—

‘I could almost venture to wager a good sum that I can find the deeds you have mentioned, if the large shed near the green-house has never been examined. I have frequently observed my master go into that shed, and seem to look round as if to see that nobody noticed him. I one day happened to be near, unobserved by him, and, as you know a woman’s curiosity, watched him, and saw him go into a dark corner, open a private door, and go down some steps. I remember, too, that he once told me that he had by accident found so private and secure a place, that he believed he could conceal any thing he chose in such a manner that it should never be discovered. This information may, perhaps, prove of importance to you.’

Mr. Darwel was much struck with this intelligence, and, procuring a post-chaise, took Mrs. Martin immediately with him to his house, which was about twenty miles distant. She found the place she had described, though the opening was so artfully concealed that there was not the least appearance of a door. In the cellar to which the stairs led, were above a hundred guineas in money, and, in a chest, the writings which had been so anxiously sought in vain.

Mr. Darwel presented Mrs. Martin with the money, and settled on her an annuity of a hundred a year. Her husband, in a few months afterwards, returned to England, procured his discharge, and they lived

together happily on the estate, and under the protection, of Mr. Darwel.

ACCOUNT of the WESTPHALIAN SECRET TRIBUNALS.

THE secret tribunals of Westphalia were at first only designed for that country alone, and had no jurisdiction whatever elsewhere. The extent of their power was limited on the west by the Rhine, on the east by the Weser, on the north by Friesland, and on the south by the Westerwalde, *i. e.* the western forest and Hesse. They are first mentioned as generally known in the year 1220, and reported to have been in force to the year 1663. They were never formally abrogated, but lost their influence by degrees as the sword of justice was wielded by vigorous hands.

The emperor being supreme judge of all secular courts of judicature in Germany, was also the sole institutor and chief of all tribunals.

Free counties were certain districts, comprehending several parishes, where the judges and counsellors of the secret ban administered justice conformably to the territorial statutes. A free county contained several tribunals subject to the control of the *master of the chair* (*Stuhlherr*). These masters of the chair, who commonly were secular or ecclesiastical princes, held their appointment by the will of the emperor, which they forfeited by deciding on matters not within their jurisdiction, or if they deviated from the laws of the free tribunals. They appointed the *free counts* (*freigrafen*) who were presidents of particular tribunals of the secret ban. They were presented by the masters of their chair to the emperor for confirmation, who were made responsible for them, upon which they were invested with

the royal ban, and obliged to swear fealty and obedience to the head of the empire. The latter also could punish the free counts, or deprive them of their office; occupy the seat of a free count in the tribunals, decide in matters of appeal brought before him, inspect and reform the tribunals, and appoint the free knights; but this was confined to the territory of Westphalia.

The number of these free knights belonging to each tribunal never was less than seven, nor did it amount to more than eleven. Seven free knights, at least, were required to compose a plenary court (*vollgericht*), in which the final sentence was pronounced. Knights of other tribunals were indeed permitted to be present on these occasions, as visitors, but were not allowed to give their vote. On their reception they promised, upon oath, to give information to the secret tribunal of every thing coming under its jurisdiction, perceived by themselves, or reported to them by creditable persons, and not to suffer any created thing betwixt heaven and earth to divert them from the execution of their duty. They also bound themselves to promote the interest of the sacred Roman empire, and not to invade the possessions of the masters of the chair, and of the free courts, except on legal grounds. After having taken this oath, they were not permitted to reveal, even to their confessors, the secrets of the tribunal; and on transgressing this law, though only in the most trifling point, they were hanged without mercy. They pronounced judgment according to the statutes of the Westphalian secret tribunal, and executed it conformably to the decrees of the free courts. They knew each other by certain secret signs.

The original constitution of the secret tribunals did not long, how-

ever, continue in force; all sorts of abandoned characters being admitted. The number of free knights allowed to every tribunal was originally limited to eleven, but in a short time many of them amounted to sixty or seventy, who were not even possessed of an inch of landed property in Westphalia, and were induced by self-interest, ambition, and revenge, or some other disgraceful motive, to join the association. The meeting-places of the members of the secret tribunals degenerated into haunts of sanguinary banditti, who indiscriminately assassinated the innocent with the guilty. The masters of the chair being actuated by the most sordid avarice, divided the free counties into numerous smaller seats of justice, whereby the number of spies and secret informers was prodigiously increased, and various opportunities afforded for fraud, imposition, and extortion. Although they were originally authorised to pronounce sentence only in criminal cases, they, at length, in order to increase their fees, interfered in private and domestic affairs, and contrived to lay even counts and princes under contribution. On their admission they vowed, in the most solemn and awful manner, to judge with incorruptible impartiality, to regard no person, and even to be insensible to every emotion of the heart, in framing their decrees: but, on the contrary, they were swayed by selfishness, and were accessible to corruption; they were partial to their friends, while they prosecuted their enemies with the most rancorous malice, and prostituted their function by rendering their authority subservient to the gratification of the most brutal passion. They were deaf to the lamentations of calumniated innocence, assassinated their relations to obtain the inheritance of their estates, and were more dreadful to

the virtuous than the midnight ruffian. A free count frequently acted at once as witness and as judge. The spy, informer, witness, and judge, were, in many instances, united in the same person; in short, the abuses which disgraced the secret tribunals rendered them a real curse to mankind.

In the beginning of the 15th century, their power in Germany rose to an alarming degree; and we may safely assert that the German empire, at that time, contained more than 140,000 free knights, who, without either previous notice or trial, executed every one who was condemned by the secret ban. Austrians, Bavarians, Franconians, and Swabians, having a demand on any one whom they could not bring to justice before the regular courts of their country, applied to the Westphalian secret tribunal, where they obtained a summons, and, in case of non-appearance, a sentence, which was immediately communicated to the whole fraternity of free knights; a step by which was put in motion a host of executioners, bound by the most dreadful oath to spare neither father nor mother, nor to regard the sacred ties of friendship or matrimonial love. If a free knight met a friend condemned by the secret ban, and gave him only the slightest hint to save his life by flight, all the other free knights were bound to hang him seven feet higher than any other criminal. The sentence being pronounced in the secret ban, they were obliged to put it in immediate execution, and not permitted to make the least remonstrance, though they were perfectly convinced that the victim was the best of men, and innocent of the crime alleged against him. This induced almost every man of rank and power to become a member of that dreadful association, in order to secure himself against its effects. Every prince had some

free knights among his counsellors, and the majority of the German nobility belonged to that secret order. Even princes (for instance, the duke of Bavaria and the margrave of Brandenburg) were members of the secret tribunal. The duke William of Brunswick is reported to have said—‘I must order duke Adolphus of Sleswic to be hanged, should he come to see me, lest the free knights should hang me.’—It was difficult to elude the proceedings of the free knights, as they at all times contrived to steal at night, unknown and unseen, to the gates of the castles, palaces, and towns, and to affix the summons of the secret tribunal. When this had been done three times, and the accused did not appear, he was condemned by the secret ban, and summoned once more to submit to the execution of the sentence: and, in case of non-appearance, he was solemnly outlawed, and then the invisible hands of free knights followed all his steps till they found an opportunity of taking away his life. When a free knight thought himself too weak to seize and hang the culprit, he was bound to pursue him till he met with some of his colleagues, who assisted in hanging him to a tree, near the road, and not to a gibbet, signifying thereby that they exercised a free imperial judicature throughout the whole empire, independent of all provincial tribunals. If the devoted victim made resistance so as to compel them to poignard him, they tied the dead body to a tree, fixing the dagger over his head, to show that he had not been murdered, but executed by a free knight.

Their transactions were shrouded in the most profound concealment, and the signal by which they recognised one another never could be discovered. Their secret proceedings were not permitted to be disclosed to the emperor himself, al-

though he was supreme master of the chair: only when he asked, 'Has N. N. been condemned?' the free knights were allowed to reply in the affirmative or negative; but when he enquired 'Who had been condemned by the secret ban?' they were not permitted to mention any name.

PARISIAN FASHIONS.

(With an Engraving elegantly coloured.)

THE head-dresses in hair become much less frequent and give way to the turbans. The latter, some time since, were almost all of them of a single colour—white, embroidered with silver. It is now not uncommon to see them of two colours, as rose and white, *nakar* and white, orange and white.

Beaver hats with the riding-dress, are much worn. Some very round toquets, which adjust well to the form of the head, begin to be seen: they are of white or rose-coloured satin more or less puckered.

The fashionable shops still show upon sale, hats of white, orange, rose, and flesh-coloured satin. Some use a crape of an amaranth, a green, or a sky-blue colour. The most common ornaments of the hats, are knots of ribbands, swan-down edgings, and peculiar decorations of cut crape. The turbans are of silvered crapes, or of crimson silk embroidered with gold. Some women of fashion comb down the hair smooth, and simply bind it with a band of black velvet. Golden arrows, lyres of pearls, or diamonds, and combs of rich materials, are still much in use. Topazes, instead of cameos, are now enchased in the centre of the combs. Cornelians are now out of fashion. The palm-branch necklaces are still generally worn.

LONDON FASHIONS.

Evening Dresses.

A ROUND dress of yellow silk or muslin; the back made plain, and very low on the shoulders, with a small frill of white lace at the bottom of the back. Plain sleeves of white satin, with full yellow epaulets, trimmed with lace.

A dress of blue muslin, made low and full over the bosom; a half handkerchief of patent net or lace, fastened on the shoulders, and drawn full over the bosom. Full sleeves of white satin or farsnet. Pearl necklace. An embroidered handkerchief twisted round the head, with one end falling over the right shoulder. A blue feather, fixed on the right side so as to fall over the left side.

Morning Dresses.

A round dress of white muslin, the back made full; long sleeves, with lace twisted round from the shoulder to the wrist. White tippet, bonnet of white silk, trimmed, and tied under the chin, with a white silk handkerchief; the bonnet turned up in front, and lined with coquelicot.

A short dress of white muslin, trimmed all round with a wreath of white crape and beads. Plain short sleeves of worked muslin, trimmed round the bottom with puffings of ribband. Petticoat with a long train, trimmed round the bottom the same as the sleeves. The hair dressed long and full over the face, and ornamented with a wreath to correspond with the dress.

General Observations.

Barcelona handkerchiefs of various colours, and with gold and silver trimmings, are much worn as turbans. A straw bonnet with a high dome crown, called the St. Cloud, has just been introduced. Pearl necklaces are much worn. The prevailing colours are blue, green, and amber.



Mitton sc. Puffin (ot

PARIS DRESS



On the MANNERS and PRIVATE LIFE of the ENGLISH during the REIGN of HENRY VI.

(From Ellis's 'Specimens of the early English Poets.')

IT is generally agreed that, before the Norman conquest, and for a long time after, nearly all the lands of the kingdom were cultivated by serfs, whose situation was, in many respects, scarcely distinguishable from absolute slavery. It may, however, be inferred from *Pierce Ploughman*, that about the middle of the fourteenth century, and probably much earlier, the labouring poor, though still serfs with respect to their feudal lords, were perfectly free with respect to their immediate employers. The poet says—

'Labourers that have no land to live on, but
their hands——
But if they be highly hired, else will they
chide.'

During a great part of the year, indeed, they were glad to work for a mere subsistence; but when provisions were plentiful, they could only be induced to work at all by the temptation of excessive wages.—Against this indolence the author inveighs with great vehemence; but his remonstrances were probably ineffectual, because a stupid insensibility, and a heedless profusion, are the natural characteristics of an oppressed and degraded people.

Besides, their conduct seems to have arisen, in some measure, from the imperfect state of agriculture. Animal food formed a considerable part of the support of the people; but as the whole of the manure was used on the arable lands, and it was impossible that large numbers of cattle could subsist, during the cold season, on the natural pastures, they were slaughtered and salted, in autumn, for a winter provision. This is a reason adduced by sir John Fortescue

for rejecting the gabelle, or salt-tax, as a source of revenue for England. 'In France,' says he, 'the people salted but little meat, except their bacon, and therefore would buy little salt, but yet they be artyd (compelled) to buy more salt than they would. This rule and order would be fore abhorred in England, as well by the merchants, that be wonted to have their freedom in buying and selling of salt, as by the people, that usen much more to salt their meats than do the Frenchmen.'—*Fortescue on Monarchy*, chap. x.

But it appears that, partly from an improvidence usual in a barbarous state of society, and partly from the want of those internal means of communication which tend to diffuse general abundance, these stores of animal food, as well as the grain, were often consumed before the reproduction of a fresh stock. Hence, in *Pierce Ploughman*, the poor are represented as reduced to 'loaves of beans and bran,' and to 'feed hunger with apples, chyboles, and charvell,' until the return of the harvest again enabled them to waste their time in idleness and profusion.

Even the farmers themselves, the order to which *Pierce Ploughman* apparently belonged, do not seem to have fared very sumptuously during some part of the year; for he declares that his whole provision consists in 'two green cheeses, some curds and cream, and an oat-cake:' but he adds, that, 'after Lammas, he might dight his dinner' as he likes. The particulars of his wealth are a cow and calf, and a cart-mare, which he keeps for the purpose of carrying manure upon his land. These articles, perhaps, were designed to give an exact statement of his condition in society; for they seem to agree with what sir John Fortescue considers as sufficient for the maintenance of a yeoman.

It is very honourable to the good

sense of the English nation, that our two best early poets, Chaucer and the author of *Pierce Ploughman*, have highly extolled this useful body of men; while the French minstrels of the twelfth, thirteenth, and fourteenth centuries, universally seem to approve the supercilious contempt with which the nobles affected to treat them. The absurd prejudices of chivalry on this subject are not ill expressed by Lydgate, where he makes Achilles express his apprehension that,—

‘ In this rage furious and wood,
Full likely is that all the noble blood
Throughout this worlde shall destroyed be;
And a rural folk (and that were great pity)
Shall have lordship, and wholly governance;
And churlis eke, with sorrow and mischance,
In every land shall lordis be alone,
When gentlemen shall slayen be each one.’

There is a curious chapter in sir John Fortescue’s treatise ‘*De Laudibus Legum Angliæ*,’ which seems to prove that the smaller land-holders in England usually enjoyed more comforts than, from the general language of historians, we should be led to imagine; for he asserts that ‘there is scarce a small village in which you may not find a knight, an esquire, or some substantial householder, commonly called a frankleyne, all men of considerable estates: there are others who are called freeholders, and many yeomen of estates sufficient to make a substantial jury.’—(Chap. xxix.) This wealth he attributes principally to the inclosure of our pasture-lands.

The same writer thus describes the comparative poverty of the French common people:—‘The same commons be so impoverished and destroyed, that they may unneth (scarcely) live. They drink water; they eat apples, with bread right brown, made of rye. They eat no flesh, but if be seldom a little lard, or of the entrails or heads of beasts slain for the nobles and merchants of the land. They wearen no wool-

len, but if it be a poor coat under their outermost garment, made of great canvass, and call it a frock. Their hosen be of like canvass, and passen not their knee, wherefore they be gartered, and their thighs bare. Their wives and children gon bare-foot; they may in none otherwise live. For some of them that was wont to pay to his lord, for his tenement which he hireth by the year, a scute (a crown), payeth now to the king, over that scute, five scutes; wherethrough they are artyd (compelled) by necessity so to watch, labour, and grub in the ground, for their sustenance, that their nature is much wasted, and the kind of them brought to nought. They gon crooked, and are feeble, not able to fight,’ &c. *Fortescue on Monarchy*, chap. iii.

But though the lower orders of people in England were so advantageously distinguished from those of other nations by a superiority in food and clothing, their domestic buildings seem to have been much inferior to those of the continent; and this inferiority continued even down to the reign of queen Elizabeth, as appears from the confession of Harrison.

‘In old time,’ says he, ‘houses of the Britons were slightly set up with a few posts, and many raddles (hurdles) with stable and all offices under one roof; the like whereof, almost, is to be seen in the fenny countries, and northern parts, unto this day, where, for lack of wood, they are enforced to continue this ancient manner of building. So in the open and champain countries, they are enforced, for want of stuff, to use no studs (upright beams) at all; but only frank-posts and such principals, with here and there a girding, whereunto they fasten their splints or raddles, and then cast it all over with thick clay, to keep out the wind, which otherwise would annoy them.

Certes, this rude kind of building made the Spaniards in queen Mary's days to wonder; but chiefly when they saw what large diet was used in many of these so homely cottages; inasmuch that one, of no small reputation among them, said after this manner:—'These English,' quoth he, 'have their houses made of sticks and dirt, but they fare commonly so well as the king.'—*Harrison's Description of England, prefixed to Holinshed. p. 187.*

Glazed windows are always mentioned by our early poets with an air of affectation which evinces their rarity*; so that we are not surpris'd at being told that the yeomen and farmers were perfectly contented with windows of latices. Rooms provided with chimneys are also noticed as a luxury by the author of *Pierce Ploughman*; but it is difficult to read with gravity the sagacious observations of Harrison, on the ill consequences attending the enjoyment of warmth without the risk of suffocation.—'Now,' says he, 'have we many chimneys, and yet our tenderlings complain of rheums, catarrhs, and poses (colds in the head). Then had we none but reredosses †, and our heads did never ache. For as the smoke in those days was supposed to be a sufficient hardening for the timber of the house, so it was reputed a far better medicine to keep the good man and his family from the quacke (ague) or pose, wherewith, as then, very few were oft acquainted.'—*Description of England*, p. 212.

After witnessing the indignation which this author has vented against the tenderlings of his time, the read-

* Anderson ('History of Commerce,' vol. i. p. 90.) says, that they were first introduced into England A. D. 1180.

† This word is sometimes used to express some part of a chimney, and sometimes as a substitute for one. It seems to mean a plate of iron, or perhaps a coating of brick, to enable the wall to resist the flame.

er may possibly learn with some surprize, that from the latter end of the thirteenth to nearly the sixteenth century, persons of all ranks, and of both sexes, were universally in the habit of sleeping quite naked. This custom is often alluded to by Chaucer, Gower, Lydgate, and all our ancient writers; yet it prevailed at a time when the day-dress of both sexes was much warmer than at present, being generally bordered, and often lined with furs; inasmuch that numberless warrens were established in the neighbourhood of London, for the purpose of supplying its inhabitants with rabbit-skins.

Perhaps it was this warmth of clothing that enabled our ancestors, in defiance of a northern climate, to serenade their mistresses with as much perseverance as if they had lived under the torrid zone. Chaucer thought he had given us the date of his dream with sufficient exactness when he described it as happening—

'About such hours as lovers weep,
And cry after their ladies grace.'

In France, it appears from the *Aresta Amorum*, the lovers were sometimes bound to conduct *les tabourins et les bas menestriers* to the doors of their mistresses, between midnight and daybreak, on every festival throughout the year; though the principal season for such gallantry was the beginning of May, when the windows were ornamented with pots of marjoram, and maypoles hung with garlands carried through the streets, and raised before every door in succession. This was called *receiler les pots de mariolain*, and *planter le mai*. The same season appears to have been chosen by English lovers for the purpose of 'crying after their ladies grace.'

In houses of which the walls were made of clay, and the floors of the

same materials, and where the stabling was under the same roof with the dwelling rooms, the furniture was not likely to be costly. Of this the author before quoted received, from some ancient neighbours, the following description:— ‘Our fathers (yea and we ourselves) have lien full oft upon straw pallets, on rough mats, covered only with a sheet, under coverlets made of dag-swain or hopharlots (I use their own terms), and a good round log under their heads, instead of a bolster or pillow. If it were so that our fathers, or the good man of the house, had, within seven years after his marriage, purchased a mattress or flock-bed, and thereto a sack of chaff to rest his head upon, he thought himself as well lodged as the lord of the town; who, peradventure, lay seldom in a bed of down or whole feathers. As for servants, if they had any sheet above them, it was well; for seldom had they any under their bodies, to keep them from the pricking straws that ran oft through the canvass of the pallet.’

The progress of improvement in building was from clay to lath and plaster, which was formed into pannels between the principal timbers: to floors or pargets, as Harrison calls them (*i. e.* parquets), coated with plaster of Paris; and to cielings overlaid with mortar, and washed with lime or plaster ‘of delectable whiteness.’ Country houses were generally covered with shingles; but, in towns, the danger of fires obliged the inhabitants to adopt the use of tiles or slate. These latter buildings were very solid, and consisted of many stories projecting over each other, so that the windows on opposite sides of the street nearly met.— ‘The walls of our houses on the inner sides,’ says Harrison, ‘be either hanged with tapestry, arras-work, or painted cloths, wherein either divers histories, or herbs,

beasts, knots, or such like, are stained; or else they are seeled with oak of our own, or wainscot brought out of the east countries.’—This relates, of course, to the houses of the wealthy, which he also represents as abounding in plate and pewter. In earlier times, wooden platters, bowls, and drinking-vessels, were universally used, excepting in the houses of the nobles. In France, if we may believe M. de Paumy (*Vie privée des François*), slices of bread, called *pains trançoirs*, were used as a substitute for plates till the reign of Louis XII.

*On the LUXURY of ANCIENT TIMES
compared with that of MODERN.*

WE every day hear violent declamations against the luxury of the present age, without ever taking the trouble to consider that our good ancestors, of the 15th and 16th centuries, were still fonder than we are of magnificence in dress and the delicacies of the table. Of this all the authors of those times furnish numerous proofs.

At the marriage of William, duke of Bavaria, the guests brought 3534 horses, who were all lodged and fed at the expence of the prince. This may be sufficient to give some idea of the cost and profusion in other respects. At the marriage of William of Rosenberg, one of the richest lords of Bohemia, who married Mary, margravine of Baden, there were consumed 40 stags, 120 pieces of game, 2130 hares, 240 pheasants, 30 heathcocks, 2050 partridges, 150 fat oxen, 546 calves, 634 hogs, 450 sheep, 5135 geese, 3106 capons and pullets, 18120 carps, 10209 pikes, 6080 trouts, 2600 lobsters, 7096 dried fish of different kinds, 350 tails of stock-fish, 675 lampreys, 30,997 eggs, &c. There were drunk 1100

fetiars of the wine of the Tyrol, Austria, and the Rhine, 40 tons of Spanish wine, and prodigious quantities of wines and *liqueurs*. The horses consumed 3703 bushels of oats. The festivities lasted from the 26th of January, 1378, to the 1st of May of the same year.

This spirit of extravagance prevailed not only among the great, but among persons of meaner condition, who would not scruple to expend in a single day the fruits of the industry and labour of a whole year. Many of the governments of Europe, therefore, found themselves obliged to enact sumptuary laws, which were certainly well intended, but, for the most part, were never carried into effect. Such, for instance, is the regulation of the municipal body of Munden, by which even persons of quality are restricted from having, at the celebration of their nuptials, more than 24 tables, with 10 persons at each, and the feast was to last only three hours. Behind the house were collected all the poor persons of the town, with a flag at their head, and all these mendicants must be regaled. The front of the house was besieged by all the cripples in the neighbourhood.

Yet, notwithstanding a great number of similar regulations, profusion and expence increased in a very alarming manner among all ranks of society. A description has come down to us of a feast given by duke Frederick of Wirtemberg, when he received from king James I., of England, the order of the garter. It reminds us of the times of Lucullus, if not for the taste displayed, at least for the luxurious prodigality which reigned at it*. There were served up to the table of the absent king 90 dishes, and nothing was

spared that could feast the eyes and ears of the guests. All the viands were seasoned with spices so rich and odorous, that, the moment the silver covers of the dishes were raised, so voluptuous a perfume exhaled, and filled the air, that the guests were reminded of that ambrosia on which the gods regaled in Grecian fable. To delight the eye, there were two kinds of services of confectionary, one of which might be eaten, and the other was to feast the sight, by the elegance of the figures and decorations in gold and silver. Here were represented different birds—such as swans, cranes, standing erect and raising their long necks; peacocks displaying their brilliant plumage. Fishes, likewise, were formed in pastry, some with their natural colours, others ornamented with gold and silver.

We will now proceed to the dishes of parade. — On the royal table appeared a colossal Hercules raising the jaw-bone of an ass, instead of a club*, to slay two other whom he had gotten under his feet, an allegorical figure, meant to represent the heroism of king James. Had not this festival taken place in the first year of the reign of that monarch, it would have appeared intended to ridicule him. The table of duke Frederick was ornamented with a Minerva, placed on a pedestal. On the table of the English ambassador was a Mercury and on another table five savages.

To enliven the spirits of the guests, the band of the ambassador and that of the duke, played by turns. Without reckoning a great number of trumpets, the band of the duke was composed of sixty mu-

* This feast was given in the great hall of the knights, in the castle at Stutgard.

* It was thus that the greater part of the gods and heroes of antiquity were caricatured to sanctify the profane personages of mythology, by assigning them the habits and attributes of the Bible.

icians. After the banquet, different kinds of dances were executed; and, during supper, the English performed so well the drama of the sacred history of Sufannah; that, according to the testimony of contemporary authors, they received the greatest applause, and were rewarded with rich presents.

Yet the moralists and censors of those times exclaimed loudly against the sumptuousness of habits, and the mutability of modes. In fact, every day produced a new fashion.

Who would believe it?—in the most remote times we find a luxury, magnificence, which is without example in the present times. We read, in a very ancient manuscript, that St. Eloi, a native of Limousin, well known for the excellence of his oldsmith's work, wore, in 628, birdles covered with precious stones. When he came to the court of Clotaire, he made for that prince a hat of massive gold; and an entire throne of the same metal for Dagobert. These riches, the fruits of the commerce of the Levant, which the negociations with the emperors of Constantinople had opened, arose from the spoils of Italy, from which country the French never returned without being laden with an immense booty, even when they were given out of it.

EASTERN APOLOGUES.

THE POWER OF RELIGION.

THE calif Hussian, son of the great Ali, being at table, one of his slaves let fall a plate of boiling soup upon his head. Hussian cast a stern look at the slave, who, trembling, prostrated himself before him, and repeated these words, from the sublime Koran: — ‘Heaven is pre-

pared for those who withhold and moderate their rage.’

‘I am not at all angry,’ said Hussian, coolly.

‘And he who pardons those who have offended him’—said the slave, continuing the verse.

‘I pardon thee,’ said Hussian.

‘And God especially cherisheth him who renders good for ill,’ said the slave, still continuing the words of the divine doctrine.

‘Rise,’ said Hussian, presenting his hand; ‘I give thee thy liberty, and four hundred drachmas of silver.’

The slave returned a thousand thanks to the virtuous calif.—‘Oh, my prince,’ cried he, ‘you imitate the tree abounding with leaves and fruit, who friendly lends its shade and yields its fruits even to him whose audacious hand hurled stones against it.’

THE SAGE.

‘THOU,’ said Mirvan to the renowned philosopher, Tahika, ‘who knowest all things, tell me, I pray, what I shall do to attain unto wisdom?’

‘You see,’ answered the philosopher, ‘yon blind man, how he walks amidst the crowd with the help of his staff; he maketh sure of nothing till he hath touched it: you see him; why ask you then what you ought to do? You have the example before your eyes.’

THE CALIF AND HIS FAVORITE.

‘WHEREFORE,’ said Hormus, ‘have you withdrawn from me your confidence?’ Hormus was the calif's favorite.

‘I have fallen into many errors,’ replied the calif, ‘and thou didst not admonish me. If thou didst not see my faults better than myself, that shows thy ignorance; if thou didst see them, that proves thy treachery.’

Kings, treat thus the favorites who deceive ye; so shall ye oftener hear the voice of truth, and, perhaps, one day, ye may find a friend.

*On the BENEFITS of REGULARITY
and VIRTUOUS CONDUCT.*

ADDRESSED TO YOUTH.

‘Eye well your conduct, let your deeds be
wife,—

There all the merit of your reason lies :
The want of virtue, wealth nor pomp avail,
Beauties disgust and miseries entail.’

THE creation exhibits a finished picture of consistency, uniformity, and order; and the just exactitude evident in the most minute work of the Almighty hand tends to prove that it is from thence Nature draws her unequalled beauty. Wherefore, man living negligent of order, and contrary to that regularity of conduct essential to his happiness and comfort, militates against the designs, and daringly violates the laws, of God: as by judicious laws and regulations the peace and internal tranquillity of nations are preserved, so, by union and fit propriety is the domestic felicity of private families secured. -By just order and regulation, the meanest plebeian is fitted for his situation in life, and fulfils the duties thereof with as much honour to himself as the most potent prince in the government of his empire. It is the sense of propriety that stimulates the obedience of the subject to his king, and regulates the conduct and prompts the submission of the servant to his master. It is that which excites the parent to love, cherish, and promote the comfort of his offspring; and the child, in return, to behave with mutual tenderness, and follow with due obedience the will of its parent.

As all men, in the various and multiplied stations of life, may, by

circumspection and regularity of conduct, become their several stations; so, on the contrary, those who live heedlessly, without forethought or determined management, are continually involved in tumult and confusion; nor can their affairs be otherwise, since it cannot be expected that an inconsiderate choice of things to be done, want of judgment in the time, and ignorance of the fittest method of performing them, can ever be crowned with success, or terminate satisfactorily. In fact, I must affirm, that to live unthinkingly in the world, without a fixed rule of conduct, is one of the most abundant sources of misery in life. The actions of a wise man will be clearly in unison with the harmony of the creation; every circumstance in which he is engaged is undertaken with prudence, and carried into execution with caution and consistency; and, however unfortunate the event may prove, he still enjoys the pleasurable satisfaction of feeling, in his own conscience, that his intention was good, though the result, by the unforeseen contingencies incident to human affairs, ran counter to his wishes and expectation.

The world, as it emerged from a mass of undigested matter, and at the *fiat* of the Creator, assumed the beauty discoverable in all its parts; so, were it divested of the order and proportion that now pervades it, would it not immediately fall into an undistinguishable chaos of confusion? And were man left without the guidance of rule, and swayed only by his passions and inclinations, we should soon find him involved in a desperate conflict between his will and his reason. Alas! when a mind, from ill government, betrays internal tumult, the faculties of its melancholy possessor are convulsed, his ideas are wandering and perplexed, his imagination bewildered, and,

when the period arrives that reason throweth off the shackles of imprudence, conscience never fails poignantly to condemn his want of consideration.

The world, however thoughtless, in its own favourite habits, will readily arraign the man who appears to do business without method, and lives with regulation. In fact, who could place confidence in that character whose actions are as uncertain as the wind, and whose promises cannot be relied on? in a word, whose qualities are enveloped in caprice, and whose only guide the premature impulse of the moment. This man merits reprobation, and he is considered as one who interrupts the harmony of society; and is accordingly judged incapable of performing the duties of amity, or preserving inviolate the ties of civilised compact. Nor is he unjustly stigmatised; for can he, who has no government over his own passions and conduct, be supposed to possess one virtuous property conducive to the general good or ornament of his fellow-creatures? The man governed by his inordinate affections, and whose uncontrolled wishes wildly pursue their gratifications, may justly be compared to a kingdom void of all law and government, where its inhabitants, rising superior to legislative order or a sense of subordination, are continually imbrued in civil anarchy. The mind of such a man is rent with tumultuous and contending passions, and his heart is an utter stranger to peace and tranquillity. It should be considered that he who thus acts, in manifest opposition to the laws of his Creator, certainly frustrates the very end of his existence: nay, his degradation is such, that he degenerates beneath the beasts that perish, inasmuch as they perform the purposes for which they were made. From insects man may draw the most useful lessons of

economy. Let him behold the wisdom of the ant, and lament his folly. Let him review the indefatigable labours of the bee; and, from her unremitting exertions, let him learn the excellence of industry: and hence,—shame to a superior being, endowed with reason and faculties capable of the most sublime functions—let him be taught virtue! Let him reflect they are infinitely more honourable to their Maker, and more obedient to his commands, and mark with dismay—

‘How those in common all their wealth bestow’

towards the general weal: they, though void of sense and judgment, rebel not against his will, nor deviate from the paths that nature has allotted them. Let these considerations, I say, instruct man:—let him also be convinced, and avow his inferiority to those little creatures which he presumes to despise, and blush at the abject confession!

We have attempted to delineate the disagreeables arising from a conduct void of order and regularity; a few observations will now be offered on that mode of manners and behaviour the most important to our comfort, and which, if adopted in our earlier years, may carry us through life in safety and peace, and at the termination of it afford the most sanguine hope of everlasting happiness.

To youth, on its first entrance into public life, whatever be its aim, self-moderation and government are essentially incumbent. The fallacious scenes then presenting themselves to view are at once uncommonly flattering and delusive; and, as yet inexperienced and forcibly impelled by lively spirits, we rush into dangerous indiscretions, that too often our riper years and sober reason most bitterly lament. Credulous and inconsiderate, we are apt

to gild every prospect, and our youthful imaginations depict pleasures springing up on every side; nor do we discover the ‘serpent concealed from our view*,’ till cruel disappointment crushes our expectations, and leaves us to regret the rashness of our conduct, and the imminence of our danger. Thus, then, to avoid these perils, an early and serious regard to rectitude and regularity of manners is absolutely necessary: nor can we act a wiser part than laying down a certain plan of demeanour, and accustom ourselves to the regular observance of it; by which we shall arrive at such a standard of judgment, that we may be enabled at all times rightly to estimate things of value, and reject those which, however inviting in appearance, are unworthy; and—what is of infinitely more importance, amid the infidelity, false doctrines, and prejudices of the times—we may, for the most part, weigh its errors in the just scales of reason, and give the preference to the *holding fast that which is good*.—Be assured, adherence to virtue and probity is the only foundation of all that is good, honourable, or valuable in life; and, as Juvenal saith,—

————— ‘*Semita certe,
Tranquillæ per virtutem patet unica vitæ?*’

And, profligate and vicious as the world appears, it will involuntarily join in paying that tribute to virtue which it unquestionably demands.

The importance of an early attention to conduct thus impressed, we will now observe that piety, and a strict observance of the precepts and doctrines of revealed religion, are indispensably necessary. In youth, a religious disposition is highly meritorious; while, on the other hand, a negligence of divine obligations and disregard of religion indicates a heart destitute of every generous emotion.

At this period of life the passions glow with ardour, and the impressions which the heart at that time receives are generally lasting, and—

‘Grow with our growth, and strengthen with our strength.’

Wherefore, if in our youth we cultivate a due regard to religion, we shall imbibe such a sense of gratitude and love towards our Creator, such a zeal in his service and reverence of his word, that neither time nor the vitiated practices of the world will be able to draw us aside from the paths of duty. Neither the misfortunes nor the vicissitudes of the successive periods of our lives will be able to interrupt our religious sentiments. Then may we truly exclaim, in the words of the Roman hero:

————— ‘Let grief or fear
Disturb man’s rest, Cato knows neither of
them;
Indifferent in his choice, to sleep or die.’

Youth erroneously imagine that religion imposes the necessity of solemnity of manners, and asperity in reproving the faults of others; but this is a gross error, and repugnant to the dictates of Christianity. True religion is averse to superciliousness, and breathes in affability the true spirit of meekness. It forbids not social cheerfulness, within the bounds of reason; but is an avowed enemy to superstitious bigotry and unnecessary formalities.

The principles of piety inculcated, every other moral duty will be discharged from motives of conscience. We shall honour and reverence our parents; we shall submit with humility to our superiors, either in age, wisdom, or station; and to those in subjection, our exemplary conduct will be attended with the most beneficial consequences, both as it respects their moral improvement, as well as diligent employment of time. Remarking the comfort and advantages we apparently derive from a

* *Latet anguis in herba.*

pious conduct, our servants will become virtuous, and, from our precepts and example, labour indefatigably in our employ, and ultimately promote our interest.

In youth, modest diffidence and humble deference of opinion are truly becoming, and the acknowledged presages of real merit. While no deformity is so degrading to a young man, or more subversive of his future advancement in life, than self-conceit, in obstinately pursuing the dictates of his own judgment, however contradictory to the wishes, and adverse to the riper opinions, of his more experienced friends.—Alas! how many have been brought into contempt by precipitancy, and that positive unyielding self-opinion that proudly towers above all conviction, and have been ashamed of their rashness and former arrogance.

Here it may not be improperly observed, that occasional recreation is certainly as necessary to the mind, as it is conducive to the health of the body: but if we immoderately indulge in pleasures, they become habitual; and that which was before innocent, may be rendered, by imprudent indulgence, highly criminal. Yet as the world teems with novelty, and as the love of variety is but too congenial to the human mind, the inclination, most especially in youth, is, from the enjoyment of one pleasure, impelled to desire further gratification. Thus the mind, from continued participation in the follies of the world, is rendered careless and averse to every virtuous consideration, and, from blindly following the dictates of wild and sensual appetite, ruin inevitably ensues. Alas! the want of due restraint in the gratification of our desires has been the fatal rock on which too many have split.—Diligence and industry, however, are faithful guardians, and the best securities against the all-seducing

allurements of pleasure. A natural genius and the greatest abilities have the most dangerous tendency, either if there be a want of prudence in their direction, or activity in the exercise of them. Indeed, unless industry becomes habitual when flattering prospects are the strongest incitements to emulation, we are seldom influenced by them at an advanced period of life. What is more contemptible than idleness; or what is a more certain conductor to penury, guilt, and ruin? Shun, therefore, this dæmon of destruction, and quickly redeem your misspent time:—then will you not have to lament, in the day in which death shall close this mortal scene, either indolence or inactivity; but view with pleasure and satisfaction the things that are past.

Youth should be familiarised to scenes of distress. They should visit the habitations of wretchedness, and a sense of justice will excite commiseration for the distresses of others; for what is more honourable to the human character, the certain indication of a good heart, than to sympathise with another's woe? Let not the comforts we enjoy, or the numerous blessings the Almighty has so liberally bestowed on us, engender selfishness, nor steel our heart against the necessities of our fellow-creatures: for, be assured, to sport with misfortune argues the degenerate heart, in which no feeling that dignifies human nature claims resort.

I shall conclude this essay with observing, that sincerity and truth are so requisite in all our dealings, that no qualification can compensate for the want of them. The character of ambiguity renders us liable to constant suspicion. Dissimulation in youth is particularly odious, and leads indisputably to the commission of the most perfidious actions as we advance in life. Let us then adhere to truth and justice, ever bearing in

mind that sublime rule of doing always to others what we would they should do unto us; and, whatever our misfortunes, we need not blush at poverty; conscious integrity will soothe the haggard brow of distress, and, amid our necessities, cheers us with that serenity, which neither earth can give, nor man deprive us of.

HENRY FRANCES.

Jan. 14, 1803.

CRITICAL OBSERVATIONS *on the*
NOVEL of 'TOM JONES.'

*In a Series of Letters from an Uncle to
his Niece.*

(Continued from p. 85.)

LETTER III.

DEAR NIECE,

IN the introductory chapter to the fourth book, we are entertained with a comparison between the kind of history which Mr. Fielding has undertaken to compile, and those voluminous accounts of different nations and countries, the perusal of which, as he wittily observes, should be always attended with a tankard of ale, the liquor which generally inspires the writers of such histories. This kind of historians Mr. Fielding likens to the compilers of our daily prints; observing, that the watchfulness which Homer ascribes to Jove himself can only be proof against a newspaper of many volumes. Whereas, it is necessary that the heroic, historical, prosaic, poem, which he offers to his readers, should be interspersed with sundry similes, descriptions, and other kinds of poetical embellishments, to supply the place of the said ale. On this occasion, he takes the opportunity of declaring his intent to introduce

the heroine of this romance in the following chapters of this book. Accordingly, in the next chapter, this lovely maid is brought on the stage; as a prelude to which, he invokes the balmy Zephyrs of the lovely Flora to assist as harbingers to her approach. The language which the author makes use of on this occasion, cannot fail to delight every reader; but, like many other parts of this work, will make a more forcible impression on those who are versed in classical lore. This observation I shall have various occasions to repeat in the course of the following pages. The portrait which the author has drawn of Sophia is, in truth, a most finished piece, and conveys an idea of true beauty and symmetry, equal to what could have been delineated by the pencil of his friend Hogarth. In truth, the poet and the painter were kindred geniuses; the characters which Mr. Fielding has introduced are fairly set before our eyes, whilst the portraits of Mr. Hogarth seem to be speaking forms.

The childish incident of the bird, in the third chapter, opens to us the character of Sophia; and whilst her behaviour, as an actress in this scene, interests our feelings in her behalf, prepares the way for that friendship which afterwards glowed in her breast towards Tom Jones, whose gallantry is very conspicuous on the occasion.

The dispute between Thwackum and Square, on the subject of the bird, in the fourth chapter, is truly characteristic of the ruling principle which actuated each of these extraordinary personages. The humorous though just observations of Mr. Western on this head, with the grave answer of the counsellor to the 'squire's question, will not escape your notice.

The fifth is a most interesting chap-

ter. — The contrast between the thoughtlessness of Tom Jones and the wary sober carriage of Blifil, appears in a striking light. The request of Tom Jones to Sophia, begging her intercession with the 'squire in behalf of the game-keeper, serves to keep the reader's curiosity alive, and to introduce us to the acquaintance of black George and his family, to whom we are afterwards obliged for no small portion of entertainment.

The scene which passed between Sophia and Jones at this time laid the foundation of an honourable and affectionate attachment on his side, as the incident of the bird had formerly kindled in the breast of Sophia a tender flame towards our hero. All the circumstances in this chapter, the request of Tom Jones, Sophia's behaviour on that occasion, her playing over to the 'squire his favourite tunes, the success which attended her application to the old gentleman in behalf of black George, and the rage of young Blifil expressed against Jones on account of the philanthropy and good-will exerted by him towards the game-keeper, fully illustrate the characters of each of the actors in this scene, which displays throughout the inimitable comic talents of the author.

Jones's gallantry towards Molly Seagrim, in the sixth chapter, and his adherence to her from a principle of conscience, however culpable his attachment to this girl may have been in a moral or religious point of view, seem necessary to be developed to the reader at this time, as an apology (to use the author's own expression) for his insensibility towards the charms of Sophia.

Mr. Fielding never neglects any opportunity of doing justice to every worthy character, and that in a manner peculiar to himself. Thus, in the fifth section of the chapter under consideration, he passes a very

handsome encomium on the then lord chancellor Hardwicke. The introduction of this compliment must be acknowledged, by all those who recollect the period when this nobleman presided in the court of chancery, to have been a just tribute of praise to his consummate knowledge of the laws, to his unrivalled ability as a statesman, and his uncommon discernment and penetration in every branch of knowledge. Philip earl of Hardwicke was a Kentish man. His father (Mr. Yorke) was an attorney at Dover. The son was an articled clerk to a solicitor of eminence, in one of the inns of court; and, at this early age, exhibited a taste for the *belles-lettres*, by a literary effusion which was published in the 'Spectator,' under the signature of Philip Homebred*. Having served out his clerkship, Mr. Yorke procured himself to be called to the bar, where he was soon distinguished as a young man of great abilities and superior talents, and was quickly respected as an eloquent pleader, became a king's council, and passed successively through the offices of solicitor and attorney-general; from whence he was advanced to the high dignity of chief justice of the king's-bench, and afterwards filled the important station of lord high chancellor of England, and was created a peer by the style of earl of Hardwicke. This high post he enjoyed for a long term of years, during which time not one of his decrees was reversed, and he was esteemed by the practisers one of the most upright lawyers that ever sat upon that bench. Lord Hardwicke resigned the seals on a change of ministry, in 1757. At his death, he was succeeded in title and estates by his eldest son. Of the chancellor's other children, sir

* See the 36th No. of the 'Spectator.'

Joseph Yorke, after having resided many years at the Hague in quality of ambassador from our court, on his return, in 1788, was created lord Dover. Another of lord Hardwicke's sons was brought up to the church, and become a bishop; and his daughter intermarried with lord Anson.

Jones's triumph over Molly Seagrim's chastity is delivered in terms peculiar to Mr. Fielding, who possessed the rare talent of embellishing plain narrative with the flowery wreath of wit and humour.

The seventh chapter, though short, forms a very necessary link in the chain of events to be commemorated in this history, and is a very proper introduction to the battle so beautifully sung in the succeeding chapter, which is one of those, as I remarked before, that can only be truly relished by such readers as are intimately acquainted with the classics; yet it abounds with such a redundancy of humour, that it must afford infinite delight to every reader. The ironical sketches in the account of this engagement, between Molly Seagrim and the Somersetshire mob, must be highly entertaining to every classical reader, and is, in truth, the most finished specimen of the mock heroic I ever recollect to have met with; and I am persuaded there can be no reader of taste and learning but must be fascinated with the magic humour with which every period so luxuriantly abounds.

The twelfth chapter exhibits a lively picture of cottage manners. The quick transition of the mother's temper from anger to placability, at the touch of the gold which Molly put in her hand; Mrs. Seagrim's address to her husband, and the application of his infallible nostrum; are scenes so truly comic, that a disciple of Heraclitus himself must be provoked to laughter at the recital.

The story related by parson Supple at Mr. Western's table, brings forward another example of Mr. Fielding's power to excite the mirth of his readers. Clergymen of Mr. Supple's cast are, perhaps, rarely to be met with in the present day; but, at the time when our author wrote, the pedantic learning, such as is here characterised, formed one distinguished feature in the clerical order: and, although in these enlightened times, such a character as parson Supple in real life would be considered as a phænomenon, it will, nevertheless, be a subject of pleasantry, as Mr. Fielding has sketched out the portrait.

In this chapter the character of Mr. Western opens upon our view. This gentleman will be found to act a very distinguished part in the subsequent stages of the drama. The character of a country 'squire, such as existed in the days of Mr. Fielding, was, perhaps, never more properly delineated. This portrait you will, perhaps, be inclined to think is the child of the author's fancy, and that a man so clownish in his address, so untutored in his manners, and so unlettered and uninformed in every respect, never existed in that class of life. But the truth is, Mr. Fielding, in this character, as in every other portrait which he has drawn, adhered closely to his original; and, at the time when this romance was written, there were many country 'squires who might have sat for the picture, although at present (within half a century from the time when this author wrote) nearly the whole race seems to have become extinct, for which various reasons may be assigned. The modes of life have varied with greater rapidity during this lapse of time, than in any preceding century from the epoch of the Norman conquest. The improvement in the roads, since

that period, has invited gentlemen, who were used to reside throughout the year at their country-seat, to pass four months out of the twelve in London: and to this they are not seldom induced through the remonstrances of their ladies; for the indiscriminate admission of women to the table has operated with no feeble influence towards humanising and polishing the manners of our sex, which, at the time when, as Mr. Fielding observes, it was the custom for women to come in with the first dish and to retire after the first glass, were, it must be acknowledged, of a cast too ferocious and unrefined. But, perhaps, the most powerful motive towards effecting this change remains yet to be considered—namely, the military turn which during the late and preceding wars has obtained among every description of people. When the militia acts were first passed, at the commencement of the present reign, the younger gentry were all of them emulous to qualify themselves for commissions in these corps, and this association soon effected a change in their manners and address. The militia having been encamped with the regulars, during the time of the American war, were perpetually under military duty; and, at the peace, returned to their estates, not only in the habit but with the manners of a foldier. During the late calamitous warfare, not only the militia have become regulars, but every tenth man capable of bearing arms rode a trooper in the yeomanry cavalry, or was metamorphosed into the foldier under some volunteer commander. Hence, not only the manners of the country gentleman have undergone a revolution, but other classes in society likewise, which heretofore were considered as plebeians, have risen into consequence; so that, as our inimitable

dramatist phrases it, 'the toe of the peasant treads so near upon the heel of the courtier that it galls his kibes.' The yeoman, who rides in his landlord's troop, and is often admitted to his table and his hunting parties, forgetting the obscurity of his origin, assumes the air and consequence of sir John. Thus, the several different classes of society being huddled together in a vile chaos of disorder, little distinction is preserved between the man of rank and his tenant. After all, it must be acknowledged that this insubordination has effected a considerable refinement in our manners. The easy communication with the capital has likewise contributed in no slight degree to this end, and introduced a total change in country breeding. The courtly manners of the town have pervaded every corner of the kingdom, and banished that rusticity which formerly attached to those individuals who resided at a distance from the metropolis. The London pavement, the London papers, and the London dress, together with the London phrases and *degagée* air, have found their way to every country village; so that the inferior tradesmen, and even the upper rank of domestics, assume a garb and address superior to what was the characteristic of the squire half a century back; and these latter are become rivals in politeness and elegance of living to the inhabitants of Bond-street and Grosvenor-square. But these improvements (for improvements in some measure they certainly are) cannot be brought about but at a considerable expence; and hence the advance in price of the necessary articles of consumption have kept at least an equal pace with our improvements.

In the eleventh chapter, the amiable traits in Mr. Allworthy's character are brought forward in a striking point of view. Much as

Jones had given offence, neither the sophistry of Thwackum nor the philosophic jargon of Square could prevail on the good man to withdraw the affection which was so firmly rooted in his breast towards the foundling.

Mrs. Honour's relation to her mistress of the intrigue carried on between Jones and Molly Seagrim, in the twelfth chapter, is conceived with infinite humour, and delivered in the appropriate terms and pert loquacity of a lady's woman. Sophia's reprimand, by which the secret of her attachment to Jones is betrayed, and her determination to shun his company in order to subdue her passion, are circumstances perfectly in nature; and so likewise are the reflexions that the author makes on them, which are expressed in a strain of true humour.

The accident which befel Sophia in the hunting-party, and the broken arm which Tom Jones encountered in his attempts to save his mistress, as related in the thirteenth chapter, are further specimens of Mr. Fielding's dexterity in bringing forward incidents which, whilst they minister temporary delight to the reader, operate in furtherance of the main design, and serve to correct the several parts of the fable, not by a dull languid enumeration of plain matters of fact, but by painting the whole representation in lively and glowing tints. Thus, in the last chapter, Sophia, fired with indignation at the profligacy of her lover's conduct, forms a resolution of discarding him; but the gallantry which he now displays in rescuing her from impending death, at the expence of a broken arm, dissipates all her anger, converts her resentment into a more indissoluble bond of attachment, and endears him to her threefold.

In the fourteenth chapter, a new

and entertaining character is introduced, in the person of the surgeon; and here it may be observed, that Mr. Fielding never loses any opportunity of lashing the pedantic ostentation of professional coxcombs, whatever their abilities may be in other respects, with the keenest edge of his satirical wit. Instances of this kind have been before remarked, and will frequently offer themselves to our view in the subsequent pages of the history. The discourse between Sophia and her maid opens to us the delicate sensations of a virtuous and accomplished young woman roused by the danger she had escaped, through the gallantry of our hero, and warmed by the irresistible charms of his personal bravery and address; and this dialogue with Mrs. Honour tends likewise to co-operate in the main drift of the novel, by preparing the mind of the reader for the subsequent elopement of the young lady, who appears now to have fallen a victim to a passion already too strong for resistance, by Mrs. Honour's relation of the incident of the muff. The effects which this relation had on Sophia are truly natural; and the whole chapter, whether considered as a specimen of genuine humour or as a prelude to matters of greater importance, cannot fail to yield infinite delight to every reader of taste and judgment. I shall now close my observations for the present, and subscribe myself

Your affectionate uncle, &c.

LETTER IV.

DEAR NIECE,

LET us now proceed in our examination of the fifth book of 'Tom Jones.'

The introductory chapter to the

fifth book contains a severe rebuke on the then race of critics. What Mr. Fielding has been pleased to advance upon contrast, in this place, which, as he observes, runs through all the works of the creation, and which it is necessary for every author to preserve in his characters, will appear to be exemplified in the work before us, and cannot fail very forcibly to strike the mind of every reader who peruses these pages with attention. The similes, culled upon the occasion, form a very distinguished part in this literary bouquet. The introduction of the discourse on pantomimic representations, in this place, enables the author to display his talents of ridicule upon that childish species of dramatic mummery, and to dismiss the chapter with ironical sarcasms on himself.

In the second chapter of this book, the dissimilar characters of Allworthy, Thwackum, 'squire Western, Blifil, and Square, are set in a more conspicuous light; and as these are intended hereafter to form the principal *dramatis personæ*, Mr. Fielding has, in this place, artfully introduced them to the reader's notice, that he may be perfectly acquainted with the excellent worth of Allworthy, and with the eccentricity of the other four. The same philanthropy and the like serious deportment distinguish Mr. Allworthy on this, as on every other occasion. Thwackum still preserves his haughty supercilious demeanour, and the pedantic manners of the ostentatious priest may be traced in his discourse; whilst Square maintains the same false principles of philosophy. The accident which happened to Square, during his dispute with Thwackum, whilst it forms a severe reprimand on these kind of dogmatists, is delivered in language so replete with humour, that it cannot fail to excite a smile in the

reader. The uncharitable disposition of Thwackum, in clapping a judgment on the back of Square, acts as a pretty smart memento, though delivered in truly comic terms, to persons of this character. Blifil, who makes one among those who appear as visitors to Mr. Jones in his illness, is dressed forth in the same hypocritical array in which we have been accustomed to view him. The boisterous conduct of Mr. Western, contrasted with the amiable deportment of his daughter; the innocent developement of her attachment to Jones, at the reply of our young hero to her father's pressing solicitation for him to accept of the sorrel mare which had been the instrument of the disaster that had befallen his mistress; together with the effect which Miss Western's manifest disorder, on this conversation, occasioned in the breast of Jones; are all of them circumstances which are managed with infinite humour and address.

The struggle which takes place in the mind of Jones between love and honour, as related in the third chapter, in which the chaste and delicate passion which he entertained for Sophia and the pledge of eternal fidelity which he had vowed to Molly Seagrim, pull different ways; and the doubts he entertains of Western's consent to his union with his amiable mistress, if he should ever be so happy as to obtain the consent of the daughter; together with the hazard of incurring Mr. Allworthy's displeasure; are a lively picture of what must have passed in the mind of every young man of merit and discernment, and cannot fail to interest us in favour of the hero of the piece.

The conversation between Tom Jones and Mrs. Honour, on the subject of the muff, in the fourth chapter, is managed with infinite humour.

This incident constitutes a striking feature in the sequel of the romance, and the effect which it produces on Jones is such as might naturally be supposed to result from the rehearsal of the story, in rivetting his affections on Sophia. You will call to mind the effect which the incident of this very muff wrought on Sophia, as related in the fourteenth chapter of the last book.

The reflexions which arise in the mind of Jones, when deliberating on the alternative of quitting all hopes of Sophia or of deserting Molly Seagrim, continue, in the fifth chapter, still to haunt him with uneasiness; and he forms the resolution of endeavouring to calm the rage which he supposed would be levelled against him by this innamorato, on being made acquainted with the dreadful intelligence, by offering her a sum of money. The subsequent part of this chapter, which relates the interview between Jones and Molly, the conversation which passed on the occasion, and the discovery of Square, the philosopher, behind a curtain in Molly's apartment, are all of them passages truly comic, and such as cannot fail to excite risibility in every reader. And here permit me to repeat my astonishment at the wonderful address of our author, on the introduction of characters and passages, which, as they are necessary in the present texture of the work, serve, at the same time, to connect the several parts, and to bring forward events without exceeding the limits of natural causes, and without trespassing on probability. In this contrivance, 'The History of a Foundling' differs totally from the flimsy composition of the general run of novels. By the discovery which Jones made, on his visit to the mansion of the Seagrim, he not only rid himself of Molly, a matter unavoidably necessary to be accomplished previous to the profe-

cuting any further his honourable suit with miss Western; but the tongue of the philosopher, who had hitherto shown himself no less an implacable enemy than Thwackum, the divine, was effectually silenced. The jargon of philosophic rant is admirably delineated in every sentiment which proceeds from the mouth of this worthless character. The artifice of Molly, in persuading Mr. Square that he alone had possession of her heart, though Jones had formerly enjoyed so much of her favour, may be conceived to have flowed naturally from a girl of her depraved appetite. But, as Molly had hitherto been represented to have fallen a victim to the personal charms of Jones, something was necessary to convince the reader of her tergiversation, and this is brought in full view before us in the next chapter.

The male coquetry of Will Barnes is by no means a phenomenon in the rural walks of life. Every day's experience furnishes us with instances of ploughmen of this description, and who make it their boast to have triumphed over the chastity of their female associates. From this *eclaircissement*, the reader is conducted, by progressive steps, to the discovery which Jones makes of his passion for Sophia. Having given over the criminal intercourse with Molly, Sophia Western alone becomes the object of his attention. The perturbation which this caused in his spirits, the awkward mistakes which he frequently committed in consequence, and the ill effect which a concealed passion caused in his health, are circumstances plainly in nature; and the esteem and pity which Sophia conceived for the enamoured youth may, on this score, be easily accounted for. The accidental meeting of the young couple in the garden falls out very *d-propos*, to bring about the overture of a

passion which Tom had long concealed; nor is there any thing forced or unnatural in this meeting. The image which the fish-pond raises in the mind of Sophia, of the narrow escape of Tom Jones many years before, as related in a preceding chapter, furnishes her with a subject of discourse, and this enables Tom to reveal a passion which he had long concealed within his breast. The delicacy with which this short but momentous discourse between the two lovers is managed, will be readily acknowledged by every one; and that reader must be very prudish indeed who censures this reply of Sophia—'Mr. Jones, I will not affect to misunderstand you.' In truth, Sophia had not overstepped the most rigid bounds of decorum. And here give me leave to repeat, what I have often had occasion to remark, with what art our author introduces characters and incidents, which not only conduce to the present amusement of the reader, but serve as a link in the great chain of the history. Those who turn to the third chapter of the fourth book may convince themselves of the justice of the remark, in the incident there related of the bird.

In the seventh chapter we are treated with a specimen of Mr. Fielding's talent in the pathetic; and here he seems to be not less the man of genius than in the exhibition of comic scenes. We are here introduced to Mr. Allworthy's chamber, and, as it was then imagined, his death-bed; yet even on this melancholy occasion flashes of wit occasionally break forth, as when, in a witty strain peculiar to himself, he gently lashes the formal sons of Hippocrates. The picture of a good man, informed by his physicians that his thread of life is nearly spun, with his domestics weeping around him, must work a corre-

sponding effect in every feeling breast. In this chapter the several incidents are sketched out by the hand of a master. The scene appears full in our view, and every character may be conceived to be exhibited before us like portraits on a canvas. The speech that Mr. Allworthy delivers to his surrounding audience would have been received for the first-rate pulpit eloquence, and have done honour to the most eloquent preacher. The several discourses which he addresses to Blifil, to Square, to Thwackum, and to Jones, are further traits in the benevolent disposition of Mr. Allworthy, and confirm us in the opinion we had before conceived of the good man. We all of us sympathise in his sufferings, and we all wish to be able to say, with him, at our latter end, 'That life is, at best, only an entertainment; and that to enjoy this feast, and partake the company of our friends, a few moments longer, can be of no material consequence.' The bitter lamentations of Blifil, who 'blubbered aloud,' when opposed to the generous and manly conduct of Tom, exhibits in lively colours the ruling passions of each. The chapter is dismissed with a witty allusion to the tears of Mrs. Wilkins, which are said to have flowed from her as fast as the Arabian trees drop their medicinal gum.

The soliloquy of Mrs. Deborah Wilkins, in the third chapter, and the argument maintained between Thwackum and Square, on the subject of their legacies, whilst it develops the sordid disposition and selfish views of each of those personages, furnishes a considerable portion of entertainment from the manner of the delivery. The arrival of the lawyer from Salisbury at this critical juncture, when, from the inability of Allworthy to attend to business, Blifil was deputed to give audience to this stranger, will appear hereafter

to have been a fortunate circumstance for Mr. Blifil. The obstinacy of Blifil in urging, contrary to the opinion of the physician, the expediency of making Mr. Allworthy acquainted with the death of his sister, at a time when his own distemper was likely to be aggravated by the discovery, shows the address and discernment of the author in arranging his characters, and assigning to each of them, at their entrance, that peculiar tendency or turn of mind which, from the primary introduction of such characters, the reader was led to expect. The simile of the general and the physician is very humorous. The manner in which Blifil delivered the melancholy tidings to Allworthy, 'first applying his handkerchief to his eyes in order to wipe away a tear, or, if there were none, to wipe away that none, is real wit. The resignation in which Mr. Allworthy received the sad tidings is characteristic of so good a man.

The behaviour of Jones, as related in the beginning of the ninth chapter, so contrary to that of Blifil or any other part of the family, must interest the feelings of every tender heart in his favour. This relation is interspersed with many strokes of genuine humour. The tumultuous joy expressed by Jones, on hearing the favourable report delivered by the physician, naturally resulted on the transition from heart-rending woe to the contrary extreme, and which, in a sanguine constitution like his, could not fail to produce these extravagant raptures. When the conduct of Tom Jones and of Blifil are contrasted, the one swallowing bumper after bumper till he became literally drunk with joy, and the other, with a truly saturnine acidity of countenance, and with the pedant at his elbow, gravely reproving our young hero for the indecency of his behaviour; if those

different portraits, I say, were to appear in real life, few readers I should hope would hesitate in whose favour to pronounce their decision. The answer returned by Jones to his quondam tutor, upon the sarcasm thrown out by Thwackum respecting Mr. Allworthy's legacy, and the contempt expressed by the former towards the pedagogue,—'No, let the earth open and swallow her own dirt (if I had millions I would say it), rather than swallow up my dear glorious friend!'—as they are characteristics of a young man endued with the most virtuous and generous sentiments, so do they no less manifest the tenderness and sensibility of the author's heart. Mr. Fielding's observations on the effects of inebriety upon different constitutions, will, I think, be generally allowed to be well-founded. Blifil's scornful return to Mr. Jones's tender of reconciliation, and the scandalous insinuation of the former on the illegitimacy of Tom's birth, are demonstrative of his malignant disposition; and so, likewise, were the feeble threats and defiance of Blifil, after the fray was at an end; the former of which was altogether as favourable to that young man, as in the primary attack the superiority lay on the side of Jones.

The tenth and eleventh chapters are seasoned with true Attic salt from beginning to end. The battle between Jones and his two opponents, Blifil and the parson, is related in a strain of humour that might extort a smile from the most austere stoic. The appearance of 'squire Western and his companions happens very *à-propos* to confirm the regard which Sophia entertains for Tom; and which, in addition to the entertainment it affords to the reader in the delivery, contributes in no small degree to the main design, by gradually developing the plot.

In the twelfth chapter, the assist

ance which Jones tenders to his lovely mistress, when she had swooned on beholding the condition he was in, calls forth all her tenderness, and leaves no room to doubt of her regard for Tom; and this circumstance likewise introduces him again to Mr. Western's house. The pious wish, of the author, that quarrels between sovereign princes might be determined by pitched battles at fifty-cuffs between the parties, and the sage observations of Mr. Western, on Thwackum's hint that the whole disturbance was occasioned by a wench, are truly comic.

Here I shall pause for the present, and subscribe myself

Your affectionate uncle, &c.

(*To be continued.*)

A MORNING'S WALK *in* FEBRUARY.

'HAIL! February, hail!' I exclaimed, when I began this early excursion. 'Though murky clouds veil the bright eye of day, and fleecy snows shroud from my sight the green face of earth; though the genius of the storm howls in the troubled air, and gelid frosts glaze the bubbling rill; yet I anticipate with pleasure the gentle reign of Spring, and enjoy in idea the approaching vernal season.'

The sight of the simple snowdrop, the harbinger of the flowery race, filled my mind with agreeable satisfaction. This innocent flower had forced its way through the frozen soil, and seemed to bid defiance to the howling blast and piercing gale. It coveted not the light-winged zephyr that fans the bosom of the silver lily, nor the sunny beam that flushes with crimson the summer rose; but bloomed unhurt, surrounded by feathered snows, and flourished amid the severity of hoary-crested Winter.

No unfit emblem of Virtue in adversity;—though the bleak storm of affliction and the rude blasts of misfortune beat on her unsheltered head, yet she is tranquil and resigned, and the smile of complacency is seen on her countenance.

During my ramble, I entered a leafless grove, my favourite rural resort during the vernal months; but, ah! how changed the scene since when on the well-known stile I sat, and listened to the strains of responsive nightingales. The 'little bands of song' were fled, to seek for sustenance at the cottage gate or the friendly barn; and the timorous hare, which used to scud along before me, or dart across my path, driven by necessity, had sought the village garden. A hollow sound murmured through the wood, the presage of a coming storm; its driving fleet beat upon me, and admonished me to return.

On my way home, I passed a fordid hut, where Poverty reigned in all his terrors. A groupe of half-naked, half-famished, children met my view, and excited my commiseration: touched with the sight, I was ready to cry out, with old Lear—

———' Poor little wretches!
How will your clay-built shed, your unfed sides,
Your loop'd and window'd raggedness, defend
you
From seasons such as these? Take physic,
Pomp;
Expose thyself to feel what wretches feel;
Then thou may'st shake the superflux to them,
And show the Heavens more just!'

SHAKESPEARE.

After dropping my mite into the treasury of Charity, I left this scene of domestic misery, and sought mine own comfortable fire-side.

'How blest the man, whose morning ramble
leads
Where pine the sons of indigence and care!
His little gift their gladden'd eyes amaze,
And win, at small expence, their fondest
prayer.'

SHENSTONE.

Haverhill.

JOHN WEBB.

A MORNING'S WALK in MARCH.

'The dawn was overcast, the morning lour'd,
And heavily in clouds brought on the day,'

WHEN I bade adieu to Morpheus, and his 'paradise of happy dreams,' unbound Sleep's 'soft fillet from mine eyes,' and began with alacrity my early ramble.

The first object which engaged my attention was a primrosy bank. To the pleasure occasioned by the sight may be attributed the following apostrophe.

Modest primrose! meek-eyed flower! drest in the plain attire of simplicity, thou enviest not the gaudy tulip, that flaunts in all the colours of the rainbow; nor the blushing rose, with all her fragrant sweets. Thou art not ambitious of decorating the gardens of the opulent, or of adding a grace to the scenes of polished cultivation; for a mossy dell is thy favourite situation, and a rude bramble thy only shelter from the storm.

Emblem just of the virtuous cottager! Blest with a little and content, he prefers his russet garb to silken vestments; and never sighs for grandeur, wealth, or honour. He wishes not to move in the circles of the great, nor to make a brilliant appearance amongst the votaries of worldly splendor; for he is perfectly satisfied with his lowly condition, and his highest ambition is—

'To reign the monarch of his humble shed.'

Fearful of encountering the ruffian blasts of Eurus, most of the buds and blossoms of nature lay safely concealed in their secret folds, till gentle breezes and vernal airs invite them to peep forth.

'Rough thy appearance, March! but pleasant thou,

The harbinger of Spring. The morning walk
Not undelightful now, tho' through the wood,
The green wood ling'ring, now, no gentle gale,

'Mid the full foliage of the cluster'd boughs,
Melodious moves. What though the vernal
mead

No rich profusion spreads of golden flowers,
That laugh luxuriant in the summer sun;
Yet over its calm greenness may the eye
Gaze, and be satisfied.'

My path conducted me to a rookery, where,—

'On the tall elms,
Their pensile nests the feather'd artists build:
The rocking winds molest them not; for, see,
With such due poise the fabrics are constructed,
That, like the compass in the bark, they keep
True to themselves, and steadfast e'en in
storms.'

SMART.

Well pleased I stood, and marked with fixed attention the manners of the cawing tribes; and admired the incessant application, the fond assiduity, and the unwearied solicitude, which the footy assembly display in providing for their clamorous young.

Ye unnatural fathers! (and such there be) who, deaf to the voice of Nature that speaks within you, deaf to the plaints of helpless infancy, will not furnish the welcome morsel to the asking hand and craving mouth,—go to the rook, imitate her ways, and be wise!

'Oh, for a law to noose his guilty neck
Who starves his own, who persecutes the
blood

He gave them, in his children's veins,
And wrongs the woman he had sworn to love.

COWPER.

Passing along, I observed a semi-circle on the verdant turf formed of deep-green grass. Traditionary tales inform us, that on these particular spots elves and fairies danced, lighted by night's silver lamps: nay, immortal Shakspeare affirms that they make them.

————'Ye demy puppets, that
By moonshine do the green four ringlets make
Whereof the ewe not bites, and you whose
pastime

Is to make midnight mushrooms:—'

But whether these light-footed gentry are painters of deep-green

or manufacturers of mushrooms, it is not for me to determine; yet I have gathered many of the latter from off those 'green four ringlets.'

Ever partial to the melody of the groves, I felt a pleasurable sensation when I heard the plummy choiristers chaunt again their mellifluous carols.

'Methought the shrill-tongued Thrush
Mended his song of love; the footy Blackbird
Mellow'd his pipe, and soften'd every note.'

BLAIR.

The hedge-fides, decorated with primroses, and the steepy bank adorned with cowslips and violets, recalled to my mind the happy period of childhood, when I ranged those scenes, collecting the first-fruits of Flora.

Yes, fond remembrance led me to review
The simple calm delights when life was new;
When, free from care, in blithe infantile
hours,

I chas'd gay butterflies, and gather'd flowers:
Oft as the gaily-pinion'd trisler flew,
Sipping from every bloom nectareous dew,
I mark'd its course—pursued its devious way,
Till at my feet the beauteous victim lay.

With truant foot I rov'd o'er hill and vale,
And pluck'd with eager hand the primrose
pale:

Lur'd by the violet's aromatic smell,
I tore the blue-rob'd fragrant from the dell.

What conscious pleasure revell'd in my
breast,

If chance directed to a warbler's nest!
Useless, ye feather'd pair, your anxious pain;
Your fond solicitude was all in vain.
Unfeeling boy! I seiz'd the mossy dome,
And bore the callow generation home.

Oh, envied pastime! innocent employ!
Superior far to scenes of riper joy!
Stranger to guilt, to surly grief unknown,
Light sat my heart upon its bosom-throne.

Haverhill.

JOHN WEBB.

CHARLES AND HENRY;

A TALE.

OF all the passions inimical to the peace of man, jealousy is the most dire. It absorbs every faculty and feeling, both of mind and body: its corroding power so influences mankind, when once it is allowed to

gain admission into the breast, that they are no longer like themselves, but are entirely changed; and, from being mild, unsuspecting, and happy, become gloomy, ferocious, and revengeful.

Charles and Henry were the sons of adjacent neighbours: in infancy they were playmates, in early manhood inseparable friends. Charles was of a hasty temper; he was extremely irritable: but his passion was soon over, and he was then ashamed of his conduct, and sorry for what had happened. Henry, on the contrary, was mild to as great a degree as his friend was impetuous. Though so dissimilar in their tempers, they still continued closely united in the bonds of friendship.

At length Charles conceived an affection for an amiable young lady. It was impossible to say, whether the beauty or good qualities of Maria shone most resplendent. Their affection was reciprocal—it ripened into love; and, in leading Maria to the altar, Charles became the happiest of men.

Time fled imperceptibly away on halcyon wings: Henry still remained the friend of Charles, and visited at his house more like a brother than a mere neighbour.

A year had not elapsed, when Maria brought her husband a son, which added still more to their felicity. He was named Charles-Henry, and it is almost needless to mention, Henry was his godfather.

From the nature of Henry's visits, it frequently happened that he was alone with his friend's wife; but his mind was pure—it revolted at the bare idea of impropriety, and Maria was safe. But, alas! purity of mind is far from being always secure against the attacks of malevolence and envy: so it fared with Henry; some miscreant insinuated into Charles's mind, that his friend had stolen the affections of his wife; and

and that, under the mask of friendship, he was daily plundering his dearest hopes. Stung to madness by this intelligence, Charles instantly sent his friend a challenge, couched in these terms :

‘ HENRY,

‘ YOUR unparalleled baseness in destroying my peace, by seducing the wife of my bosom, has made life a burden.—Meet me at five to-morrow morning, in the green lane, there to surrender your forfeit life, or add to your infamy by *honourably* taking mine. This alone can satisfy

‘ CHARLES.’

To describe Henry’s feelings on the receipt of this note, is far beyond the power of language; he was almost distracted, and for a length of time either to write or speak was too great an effort. When he became a little more composed, he addressed the following lines to his friend :

‘ DEAR CHARLES,

‘ THE task I have now to perform is a most painful one indeed. By your note I am given to understand, that you suppose me capable of seducing your wife. Oh, Charles, how unkind was that thought! how unlike your former friendship!—You may believe me, when I assure you, that no one circumstance of my life, that I can call to remembrance, ever probed my feelings to the degree this has done; but conscious rectitude has relieved me, and I feel a pride in telling you, I am not the diabolical villain you imagine, either in thought or deed. Still the charge against me is a most serious one, it would separate brothers for ever. What hellish fiend can have infused into your mind the dire passion of jealousy, is not for me to determine; I can only again repeat, solemnly re-

peat, that your suspicions are entirely unfounded.

‘ That I have been innocently familiar with your wife, is most certain; it was the familiarity of an old acquaintance of her own—an old play-fellow and friend of her husband’s: but, good God! could I have deliberately endeavoured to seduce the wife of that friend,—could I have calmly endeavoured to tear her from every thing most dear in life, by basely ingratiating myself with her for the most infamous of purposes, I should have hated myself for ever! I should not have dared to walk erect among my species! I should have thought myself eternally pointed out by the finger of scorn and contempt; and if one man had whispered to another as I passed, I should have considered him as saying—‘ There goes a wretch, who basely seduced the wife of his friend; shun him as you would a viper, he is not worthy to eat the bread of life.’

‘ I am sure a little reflexion will convince you of the truth of my assertions; but I shall attend you to-morrow morning, prepared to decide this affair in your own way, if you then continue to persist in your unkind doubts.

‘ Though I am fearful this will disunite us for ever, I still wish to subscribe myself,

‘ Dear Charles,

‘ Yours ever truly,

‘ HENRY.’

The morning came, and with it Charles and Henry; they were unaccompanied; Henry only was armed. Charles was now convinced of his friend’s innocence, and as Henry approached him, he smiled and extended the hand of friendship: Henry, in a paroxysm of joy, threw away his pistols, ran into his friend’s arms, and for some moments they were both so overcome by their sensations as to be deprived of utterance.

Charles was the first to break the impressive silence. He stammered out: — ‘Henry, I have injured you!—grossly injured you!’ He paused, while Henry replied:—‘You have, indeed, Charles; but it is forgotten.’

‘Best of friends, can you then forgive me?—Can you forget my ill usage?’

‘Believe me, Charles, it is forgotten; your present conduct has entirely obliterated the transaction from my memory.’

They now entered into an explanation, when it appeared, that a rascal, whom Henry had dismissed from his service, had contrived to persuade Charles that his former master had seduced his wife, and, from the natural impetuosity of his temper, Charles at first believed the whole to be true, and, in the heat of his passion, sent the challenge to his friend; but, upon a little reflexion, he began to perceive the improbability of his story. While he was in this frame of mind, he received Henry’s letter, which completely convinced him that he had been the dupe of a wretch, who had endeavoured, by his infernal machinations, to destroy the peace of a happy family.

Thus ended an affair, which, but for the cool dispassionate temper of Henry, might have terminated in bloodshed, and made two happy families miserable for ever:—May it be a warning to all, how they credit the base insinuations of those disappointed and envious wretches, who are never so happy as when working the destruction of those around them. J. M. L.

MARY’S TOMB; a FRAGMENT.

(Respectfully addressed to E—— P——, of His Majesty’s Ship J——.)

A FEW mornings ago, I passed, by chance, through the church-

yard of Ya——th, and could not help pausing for a moment on beholding a tall handsome girl, kneeling at the foot of a lowly grave. Her hands were devoutly clasped, and her tearful eyes raised to heaven. She saw me not, and the following affectionate soliloquy issued from the most beautiful lips nature ever formed.

‘Peace to thy spirit, thou amiable unfortunate! thou irresistible child of wit and humour, peace be to thee! and may you, lovely victim of prejudice, be far happier in unknown regions, than when on this troubled earth: for Slander, that base fiend! cannot reach thee now, my dearest, best of friends! Angels will open wide the gates of Heaven to admit my spotless, persecuted Mary, and blooming cherubs loudly chaunt forth her praise! Methinks I now behold thy fragile form bending beneath its weight of woe, reposed on the sofa, with your hand clasped fast in that of Edward’s, and a pensive smile directed to thy Catharine: a smile which even the happy Edward himself envied my possessing! Oh! could thy devoted friend but have been near thee to have smoothed thy rugged pillow, and to have caught thy last expiring sigh, this throbbing bosom would have acquired a transient composure from thy heavenly brow, and a small thrill of serenity would have animated this full heart! But, no; fate, cruel fate! was unpropitious to poor Catherine, and detained her far distant from her beloved Mary and friendship!’

The lovely mourner hesitated: she placed one hand on her heart; while, with the other, she strewed some fresh-gathered flowers over the tomb, from a small wicker basket which was standing by her side.

A little spaniel now came skipping up: it was Mary’s. The agitated maid arose; she looked at the dog, then at the grave, and then again at

the dog. 'Pizarro! Pizarro!' she reassumed, 'only legacy of my angel friend! even thou dost mourn for thy fallen mistress! Come, come to me, my beauteous animal, and let me fondle thee and think of Mary!'

Catherine now for the first time, beheld me: a faint blush tinged her pale cheek for an instant; while, with a dejected air and downcast eyes, she turned from Mary's tomb; and, followed by Pizarro, slowly disappeared, leaving me to my own reflections, which at that moment were not the most pleasant.

C. B. YEAMES.

Harwich, Feb. 28, 1803.

ACCOUNT of the NEW COMEDY, entitled 'JOHN BULL, or THE ENGLISHMAN'S FIRE-SIDE,' performed for the first Time at the Theatre-Royal, Covent-Garden, on Saturday, March 5.

THIS piece is the acknowledged production of Mr. Colman.

The characters were thus represented:—

Sir Simon Rochdale,	Mr. Blanchard.
Frank Rochdale, -	Mr. H. Johnston.
Lord Fitz-Balaam, -	Mr. Waddy.
Peregrine Rochdale,	Mr. Cooke.
Tom Shuffleton, -	Mr. Lewis.
Dennis Bullgruddery,	Mr. Johnstone.
Waiter, - - -	Mr. Emery.
Thornbury, - -	Mr. Fawcett.
Lady Caroline Braymore, - }	Mrs. H. Johnston.
Mary Thornbury, -	Mrs. Gibbs.
Wife to Dennis, -	Mrs. Davenport.

FABLE.

The county of Cornwall is the scene of action in this drama. Peregrine, when about sixteen years of age, being of an adventurous turn, left his family for the purpose of trying his fortune in the East-Indies.

Previous to his departure he was kindly received by Thornbury, who had just set up in business at Penzance, and who, without knowing Peregrine's story, gives him ten pounds in pity of his distress and a letter to a captain of an East-Indiaman at Falmouth, by which means Peregrine obtains a passage, and acquires a large fortune. After thirty years have elapsed, he returns to this country, and is stranded on the coast of Cornwall, in which county he was born. The ten pounds, given to him by Thornbury, he had separately employed in trade, and had raised it into a capital of ten thousand pounds; and this sum, which he had put into a box and slung about his person, was all he was able to save in the wreck of the ship. He rambles over a desolate heath, and at last reaches a little public-house, with the sign of the Bull, kept by an Irishman, named Dennis Bullgruddery. At this time the play is supposed to begin. Soon after Peregrine has made inquiries after his old benefactor, Thornbury, who is now a brazier, he hears the scream of a female in distress. Peregrine flies to rescue her, and she proves to be Mary, the daughter of Thornbury. Having been seduced by Frank Rochdale, the son of sir Simon Rochdale, a magistrate, and a man of great property, in the neighbourhood, she quits her father's house, just at the time when the consequences of her frailty cannot be much longer concealed, and was attacked by a robber as she was wandering in pursuit of a stage to convey her to London. Peregrine obtains her confidence, and promises her redress, placing her in the meantime at the Bull public-house, and leaving money with the landlord for her support. Peregrine's first object is, to discharge his obligation to Thornbury, whom he finds in a state

of bankruptcy, having been security for a friend, by whom he is deserted, to the amount of six thousand pounds, as well as in the midst of distress on account of his daughter's flight. After Peregrine has in vain attempted to induce Thornbury to accept the vast accumulation of the sum formerly given to him by the latter, he persuades Thornbury to let him pay his creditors, upon condition of restoring his daughter. Having brought the father and daughter together, Peregrine now turns his thoughts towards the redress which ought to be obtained for poor Mary. For this purpose, he goes to sir Simon Rochdale's, and is introduced to Frank Rochdale, who is full of contrition for his conduct towards Mary, and who had sent Tom Shuffleton, a worthless man of fashion, with a letter to her, and a promise to provide for her. Shuffleton forms at once the most dishonourable views upon her; and, in order to secure her, gives her a letter of recommendation to the female conductor of a notorious brothel in London. Peregrine having fortunately frustrated this wicked purpose, discloses the villainy of Shuffleton to Frank, who is strongly attached to Mary, and wishes to repair her wrongs by marriage, but is prevented by his father, who has entered into a matrimonial treaty with lord Fitzbalaam, a necessitous peer. After the reconciliation between Thornbury and his daughter, the former also determines to seek redress at Rochdale-castle. With some difficulty he gets an audience of sir Simon, who allots only two hours in the day to his duty as a magistrate. Thornbury relates the wrongs which his daughter had received, without revealing the name of the betrayer, and the magistrate promises him ample compensation. When sir Simon, however, finds that his son is the offender, he re-

cants, and his pride revolts at the idea of suffering his son to marry the daughter of a brazier, though, with all his dignity and grandeur, his own great-grandfather was a miller, a circumstance that he is very anxious to conceal. Thornbury severely reproaches him with having disgraced his office, and gets into the seat of justice himself. All the reproaches of Thornbury, and all the entreaties of his own son, have no effect upon the vain and proud mind of sir Simon, who is determined that his son shall not debase himself by the proposed match. At length Peregrine comes forward, and proves himself to be the elder brother of sir Simon, and of course the proper inheritor of the title and fortune. During these transactions, Tom Shuffleton avails himself of the licence brought for the purpose of lady Caroline's union with Frank Rochdale, and persuades her to marry him at the next church. The powerful intervention of Peregrine in favour of poor Mary at last induces sir Simon to consent to her marriage with his son; and the piece of course concludes with a full redress of her grievances, and the happiness of the parties in general.

We have here given merely an outline of a drama that abounds in a multiplicity of incidents and episodic circumstances, which we shall not attempt to delineate. The fable comprehends a very striking and very diverting mixture of the pathetic and the ludicrous, nor is it only distinguished by an alternation of affecting and laughable events in its main structure, but almost every scene consists of interesting circumstances mingled with facetious points, that at one moment excite tears and the next provoke merriment.

It may, perhaps, be alleged that the author sometimes defeats his

own purpose, in those frequent vicissitudes of laughter and distress; but he has the example of Shakspeare for such a practice; and who shall presume to find fault with it, as the effect is so strong in the piece before us?

There is certainly no striking novelty in the plot, but it is worked up in so able a manner, that it takes a strong hold on the feelings. The same may be said of the characters: none of them, perhaps, are strictly new, but they are placed in such situations, that they powerfully aid the general impression, and operate distinctly upon the mind by the situations in which they are involved. The character of Thornbury is well drawn; so is that of Peregrine: and the author has exerted all his comic skill in portraying that of honest Dennis, the publican. Shuffleton is an admirable portrait of the fashionable loungers of Bond-street, and we fear there are too many originals to warrant the dramatic copy. The rest of the characters have no very marked peculiarity.

The sentiments are warm, dignified, and impressive. The language is, in general, neat and elegant, and is occasionally embellished with much poetical grace.

It is impossible to say too much in favour of the principal actors. Fawcett exhibited the agonies of parental grief, and the honest bluntness of an Englishman, with masterly skill. Johnstone was exquisitely diverting in Dennis. Lewis rendered Shuffleton a very humorous sketch. Blanchard deserves great praise for the manner in which he performed the part of sir Simon, which we understand was designed for Munden. Emery, in the rustic waiter, also deserves a very commendatory notice. Cooke very highly distinguished himself, by the impressive manner in which he delivered the moral and

benevolent sentiments of Peregrine. Mr. H. Johnston displayed great feeling and characteristic propriety in Frank Rochdale. Mrs. Gibbs gave simplicity and interest to the tender anxieties of Mary.

The play was received by a very crowded audience, without the smallest token of disapprobation in any part; and Lewis, in announcing it for the next evening, obtained a loud and tumultuous testimony of unanimous consent.

The prologue, in vindication of John Bull's national character, is well written. It is ascribed to Dibdin, of this theatre. The epilogue, which consisted of a humorous song, adverting to the events of the piece, was so well given by Johnstone, that it was encored. (*See the Poetry.*)

SIGNE AND HAVOR;

A GOTHIC ROMANCE.

(Continued from p. 64.)

IN the meantime, Alf and Alger ravaged and laid waste the Wendean coasts with fire and sword. Hildegisle, a handsome and brave Saxon prince, had joined them; and daily intercourse in their common danger, and common joy in victory, had formed the closest band of friendship between them. The two Danish princes, therefore, said to Hildegisle:—We cannot more evidently show our friendship to you, and render it eternal, than by endeavouring to obtain you for a brother-in-law. Hildegisle heard the proposal with joy, but expressed his fears. Not only the consent of king Sigar and his queen were to be obtained, but that of Signe herself, from whom he had received a refusal about two years before; her vow likewise appeared to be an insuperable obstacle.

Alf now thus addressed him:—‘I know that the simple superstitious girl has made an absurd vow. We agree on every subject, except religion. She believes in all kinds of gods and goddesses, and I, for my part, believe only in myself. I trust in my own right hand, and my own courage, for safety and success. It is true Signe is chaste and reserved, and I could almost believe that she is resolved to live and die a virgin, since she has made a vow to marry only him who shall vanquish myself or my brother; for that is impossible; and, during two years, no person has adventured to make her an offer, and enter the lists against us.’

‘What hope, then,’ said Hildegisle, ‘can I entertain?’

‘You must wait some years,’ replied Alf. ‘When Signe perceives that no person comes to woo on such dangerous terms, and when her father, her mother, and her brothers, unite their entreaties, and you make your appearance, and add your solicitations to ours, doubt not that she will be very willing to be absolved from her rash vow, notwithstanding her chastity, her piety, and her resolution; for neither man nor woman is made to live alone. You will do well, however, to accompany us home.’

‘Most willingly would I,’ replied the Saxon prince; ‘but I have made a vow to my father to return to him immediately, to aid him to combat the pirates.’

‘Vows of that kind,’ answered Alf, ‘must certainly be kept; but I cannot say the same of all the simple ones that are made by the superstitious.’

Alger now spoke. ‘I certainly,’ said he, ‘am no bigot; but we ought not to condemn the gods—their wrath may be kindled, and Odin is powerful.’

‘Yes,’ replied Alf, hastily; ‘your Odin is as powerful as the rest of his fellows. Do you not see that the most zealous worshippers of the gods fall in battle, or die on the bed of sickness, as well as their contempters?’

‘But what, then, are we to think of Nifheim *?’ asked Alger.

‘I think nothing about it,’ replied Alf; ‘for I never saw a ghost.’

‘Syvald thinks very differently,’ answered Alger, ‘and yet he is a brave warrior.’

‘Yes,’ said Alf; ‘and on that account he is Signe’s favourite, and enjoys the rare advantage of not being included in her vow.’

‘Yet that cannot be,’ replied Alger, ‘because she thinks more meanly of his courage; for that is at this moment evinced by the ravaged and smoking British coasts.’

They soon after parted: the Saxon prince repaired to his father, and Alf and Alger returned home. A short time before they arrived, Syvald had likewise returned. Habor and he soon contracted the warmest friendship for each other; for both were brave and magnanimous. Syvald wished that Signe had not made her rash vow; for now must he fear for the life either of his friend or of his brothers. ‘But honour,’ he said, ‘must rise superior to, and restrain, our wishes; and the gods may send aid, and extricate us from embarrassments in which no human powers can afford us relief.’

One day, when the king sat at table, and with him Syvald, Bera, Signe, Habor, and all his warriors, Alf and Alger unexpectedly entered.

‘Hail, my royal father!’ said the former; ‘long may Odin grant thee to drink beer and mead with thy

* The place which, according to the northern mythology, will be the abode of the wicked after the end of the world.

warriors! thy fortune has given victory to myself and Alger; thy fame has filled the Wendean coasts. I have contracted a friendship with the brave Saxon prince, Hildegisle, and promised him my sister in marriage: for her extravagant vow must not be regarded; otherwise she must die a virgin, for who will dare to oppose me in arms?’

‘That dare I,’ exclaimed Habor, suddenly starting up. ‘There are my steel gauntlets; one for thee, Alf, and the other for Alger. I am the lover of Signe, and will conquer or die.’

‘Now wilt thou certainly be married?’ said Alf to his sister, jeeringly: ‘what sayest thou to this adventurous lover?’

Signe cast down her eyes, but no alteration was discernible in her countenance. ‘My vow,’ said she, ‘is sacred. May the gods preserve my brothers, and Freya dispose of my fate!’

‘Yes,’ said Alf, ‘you aspire to obtain a lover who shall be superior to your brothers; but I hope to compel this stranger, whoever he may be,’——

‘My name is Habor: Hamund is my father, Drontheim is my birth-place, and hitherto I have not known defeat.’

‘I have heard speak of you; you, perhaps, expect the fortune of Hakon, but he conquered an old man; I am young and vigorous. I have a twofold inducement to fight: to avenge the death of Huggleik, and to punish thy rashness. Hast thou not heard of my fame? I exterminate my foes, and take no prisoners.’

Signe suppressed a sigh.

‘You are proudly confident in your own strength,’ answered Habor; ‘well is it for you that Signe is your sister, and that I am the guest

of your father, otherwise should my sword’——

The blood mounted in the cheeks of Habor; he laid his hand on his sword, and looked on Signe.

‘Peace in the hall of the king!’ exclaimed Syvald.

‘I see the ghost of Huggleik follows thee,’ said the queen to Habor, ‘eager to bathe in thy blood.’

Signe again suppressed a sigh.

A council was now held to consider in what manner the combat should be conducted: Sigar, Bera, and Bolvise, proposed that Habor should fight alone with Alf and Alger successively; Sigar, because he wished to spare the blood of his subjects; and Bera and Bolvise, because they hoped that Habor would more certainly fall. Bera also desired that Alger should combat with him first, and then Alf: for, though Alger should be slain, my brave and dearest Alf will still live, and will obtain an easier victory over an antagonist wearied and exhausted. But Belvise, Syvald, Habor, and Signe, proposed, that the warriors should contend at the head of their troops. The three former thought this more honourable to the warlike bands of their respective nations; and Signe, that Habor would thus be exposed to less danger. She could not conceal from herself that she wished Habor might conquer, but she wished his victory to be obtained in such a manner that her brothers might be saved. Long she endeavoured to struggle against the wish that Habor might vanquish her brothers, but love obtained the victory.

At length Alf and Alger acceded to the proposal, that the Danish people should share in the glory they were confident of acquiring. The conditions of the contest were settled. The party which should com-

pel the other to fly should be deemed victors; and whoever should fall should acknowledge himself conquered, and desist from the combat. Alf however declared, that he would not depart from his constant practice of never ceasing to fight while he could obtain revenge, or sparing a fallen foe.

The queen Bera applauded his resolution, and called him the avenger of Hagleik, and the defender of Sweden and Denmark.

‘Your courage is somewhat harsh and cruel, my brother,’ said Syvald.

Habor only exclaimed—‘I will show myself worthy of Signe; she can only love the brave.’

Near Sigerstedt was a pleasant grove, in which Signe often walked, accompanied only by Svanhild. Habor had as yet not fought an opportunity of conversing with her alone; but, before he departed, he was desirous of knowing her sentiments towards him: he therefore repaired to the grove, where he found her, and advanced to meet her, while Svanhild stepped aside into another walk.

‘Signe,’ said Habor, ‘I go undaunted to meet your brothers in the martial conflict. The prize is the honour of Norway, and your heart and hand. Even should I fall, my name will be immortal. But, alas! I cannot then hope your love; for you cannot bestow your love on the vanquished.’

‘Then,’ said Signe, ‘shall I never see thee more?’ and she covered with her hand her eyes, which were filled with tears.

‘Vanquished shalt thou not see me; that indignant pain will I not inflict on thy heart. Into the midst of your brave Danes will I throw myself, if I find the battle turn against me, and seek a death worthy of my aspiring hopes.’

Signe stretched forth her hand to Habor. ‘Either shall I be thine, Habor,’ said she, ‘or be the bride of no other man; for who will dare to contend with my brothers shouldst thou be vanquished? Thine shall I be, either here or in the dwellings of the immortals.’

‘In the dwellings of the immortals,’ exclaimed Habor, ‘may then Odin himself envy my happiness!’

‘And Freya mine!’ replied Signe: ‘but live, conquer, and save my brothers.’

‘How can I save Alf,’ said Habor; ‘he will neither give nor receive quarter?’

‘I still cherish a hope,’ replied Signe, ‘that your honour and my brothers’ lives may both be preserved. Go to the combat, and take this ring, as an assurance, that, living or dead, I am thine; for thou preservedst my life, and though thou shouldst fall, thou art worthy of the victory.’

‘My courage and my strength redouble,’ exclaimed Habor; ‘this ring shall be my shield.’

‘Go then, Habor, and Freya be your guide and protectress. Meet me here to-morrow, and I will bring you other presents’.

Habor now departed with light and easy steps, while joy and courage sparkled in his eyes. Continually he looked back on her with whom he had left his heart; while Signe stood motionless with her eyes fixed upon him, and often stretched out her arms towards him.

When Habor was gone, Svanhild joined her companion. ‘Signe,’ said she, ‘love has subdued your heart.’

‘Did you then indulge your curiosity by listening, and hear what I said?’ asked Signe.

‘No,’ replied she; ‘my eyes alone were necessary to discover

this secret, if a secret it be. Oh, may you be happy!—But what then must be the fate of my Alger?’

‘Fear nothing for him; I trust the gods will guard his life.’

‘And his honour. — Ah! you wish that Habor may obtain the victory.’

‘It is not disgraceful to be overcome by the bravest of men.’

‘Is Signe a Dane?’

‘Danes and Norwegians have long been friends: their friendship shall be only renewed and strengthened by this martial encounter, and I shall be the pledge of their union.’

‘You love with fixed affection. — Has Habor then already conquered?’

‘His manly demeanour and martial air will not permit me to doubt.’

‘But Alf is resolved that he will have victory or death.’

‘He causes me much anxiety; yet still I hope that Heaven will prove propitious to my prayer, and preserve at once my lover and my brothers!’

But Bera, your royal mother? — Signe deeply sighed.

‘Never will she consent that you should marry Habor. To seek vengeance upon Habor she considers as a sacred duty.’

‘I am Bera’s daughter: she has always shown towards me the affection of a mother. She will not, she cannot, oppose the laws and manners of my country, or require me to break a solemn vow.’

‘Openly she cannot; but by secret machinations and art much may be effected.’

‘Our friendship alone can induce me to repress my anger, when I hear you speak thus of my mother.’

‘Dearest Signe,’ said Svanhild, while she threw her arms around her, and clasped her in a fond embrace, ‘my sincere affection for you is alone the cause of my fears.

I fear for your fate; I only entreat you to be cautious.’

‘Bera is my mother, I am her daughter: I can die, but I cannot violate the laws of filial duty.’

The next day Habor repaired to the appointed place of meeting, but he came an hour before the time which had been fixed. Hastily he walked backwards and forwards with unequal steps, and sometimes stood still, absorbed in anxious thought, while every feature of his countenance displayed the perturbation of his heart.

‘Harsh vow!’ exclaimed he, ‘which enjoins me to sprinkle the bridal bed with blood, with the blood of the brothers of her to whom my heart is devoted. But thus must Signe be won. Yet may not this be avoided? Heaven is gracious. Oh, that I knew the decree of the fatal goddesses! Can Signe love me when I return smeared with the blood of her brothers?—can she?—she already loves me.—Her vow is sacred; Freya heard it. I am guiltless; she herself dictated the terms on which alone she can be won. If my wishes may avail, her brothers shall not fall. But Alf will only accept death or victory—and if he fall, I have fulfilled the vow. I can think only of Signe; I must—I will win her, at whatever cost. When she is the prize, the risk of death is a sport—a dance.—But Bera, what will she say—what will she do? Bera, the Swede, in vain has she Danish children, her heart is Swedish—Bera I fear. The bravest heroes cannot shake my courage in the field, but I fear a woman. Yet what can she do? the vow was made publicly, in the presence of the whole people.—But where is Signe?’

‘Here she is,’ answered the tender voice of the Danish maiden, the voice of affection. ‘Here, Habor, is

a small reward for having preserved my life. Take this mantle, woven of silk seven times doubled: it shall ward off the deadly darts of the enemy, and every blow aimed at thy life.'

'Whose hands have woven it?'

'Whose but mine?'

'That,' said Svanhild, 'I can bear witness to; though I thought the present intended for a brother.'

Signe blushed.

'Habor,' said she, 'has preserved my life.'

'And won your heart,' said Svanhild.

'Brave warrior,' added she, turning to Habor, 'may you enjoy the happiness to which you aspire!—But spare Alger; let him return with life and honour; let him not be vanquished till after a brave resistance; for to the man whose honour is forfeited I cannot give my hand. But the renown and courage of Alger permit not a doubt that he will acquit himself bravely, and as becomes him who is the choice of Svanhild.'

'Should I vanquish him,' said Habor, 'I know well that it cannot be without difficulty, without the bravest resistance.'

'Noble hero!' said Signe, 'go, where love and honour call you; let them guide you to the field, and may they conduct you safe back!—May you prosper agreeable to my hopes and wishes, and may no sinister event cloud your return!'

'The assurance of those hopes and wishes,' exclaimed Habor, 'is the most propitious and animating of omens; it shall lead me to victory, which shall not be purchased by cause for mourning.'

(To be continued.)

*Characteristic and critical REMARKS
on FEMALES.*

(Continued from p. 11.)

'To scatter praise or blame, without regard to justice, is to destroy the distinction of good and evil.'

THAT the female character has of late years been greatly improved and exalted, is a fact which is demonstrable, by comparing the public opinion of a learned writer, given about the middle of the last century, with the general opinion which is at present entertained of the sex. Junius, to whom we allude, in his celebrated Letters, observes, that 'Women are timid, vindictive, and irresolute; their passions counteract each other, and make the same creature at one moment hateful, at another contemptible.' If this unamiable description could not be controverted by the brilliant qualities which characterise many females of the present age, we might, in contemplating the subject, be induced peevishly to exclaim, with Milton,—

——— 'Oh! why did God,
Creator wise, that peopled highest heav'n
With spirits masculine, create at last
This novelty on earth, this fair defect
Of nature?'

But whatever might have actuated Junius to censure the ladies of his time, it is yet manifest, from daily observation and experience, that the women of the present period deserve an eminent commendation, since many of them have acquired honour and renown by their private exertions to alleviate misery and promote the happiness of society; whilst others have gained immortal reputation, by their public endeavours to enlarge the boundaries of science. However, without adducing literary

authorities to support our allegations, and without attempting to establish by argument what now stands uncontradicted, we shall only submit the characters which we endeavour to illustrate to the judgment of the candid reader, as a fair elucidation of our first proposition.

Belinda may deservedly claim a pre-eminence in public opinion, from the general exercise of her benevolence. Her display of beneficent acts at her early age, is a strong and unequivocal testimony of the genuine excellence of her heart. We observe sometimes that some will affect to be benevolent from motives of ostentation, but we seldom perceive very young persons actuated by such principles; for the juvenile mind has a natural tendency to every thing which is good and amiable, so long as it remains free from the intervention of evil habits and examples. Belinda, in this respect, gives us a striking instance of the truth of this observation; for, being protected from evil communications, she continues unvitiated, and consequently undesirous to be distinguished for any other qualification than what would conduce to render her truly feminine and amiable. We admire and approve her remarks on general subjects; they evince a steady reflexion and a comprehensive intellect: but we would recommend to her to divest herself of timidity; and assume greater confidence: bashfulness usually proceeds from a seclusion from public social intercourse. It oftentimes represses the efforts of genius, by confusing and disorganising the regular connexion of ideas, and, consequently, on many occasions, makes a person suffer uneasy sensations, and appear ridiculous. Perhaps Belinda, from experience, is ready to acknowledge the accuracy of this remark; and hence we admonish her to place

greater reliance on her own ability, as it will make her talents appear more conspicuous. Diffidence merely shelters a lady from envy, but it furnishes no evidence of a solid judgment; and such an one must not be surpris'd if her opinion is received with indifference, when it is advanced without confidence. Nevertheless we are not advocates for confidence, when it is not erected on the basis of merit; we detest it when it is assumed only from an inordinate ambition to be conspicuous, and not with the view of promoting a good purpose, as much as we detest vice when it assumes the external semblance of virtue. Belinda discovers the goodness of her heart by her complacency, and her singular suavity of disposition; and though possessing a very active imagination and lively sensibility, yet she has a peculiar evenness of temper, calm and serene as a summer sea unruffled by the wind. Some are apt to attribute such an equability of temper to dullness and stupidity, but we answer this by observing; that dullness can never be attributable to an active person. In addition to these observations, we cannot forbear remarking that Belinda possesses affability in an eminent degree. Without this virtue, a lady cannot justly expect to be beloved, although her qualifications be great, her extraction noble, or her beauty splendid. She may indeed be admired by some, and feared by others; but few will consider her qualified for social endearments, and for a friendship which may be at once fond and lasting. Affability has such conciliating power, that it oftentimes counteracts the virulent operations of malice, and protects the female from the malignant influence of envious observations. If praise be the tribute of merit, we know no one more deserving of it

than Belinda. It has been well observed, by a lady of distinguished knowledge, whose opinion we reverence and submit to, that high encomiums passed on the unmerited ought to make them feel more sensibly how undeserving they are of such compliment; and that many, who now revel in ease and indolence, were they rewarded only adequate to their merit, would be deprived of every luxury which they enjoy. We acknowledge the propriety of these observations, and at the same time deplore that many individuals are not recompensed in proportion to their merit; for we conceive that if a tribunal were established for ascertaining the degrees of merit in ladies, and bestowing on them proportionate rewards and honours, as they regarded behaviour, skill and ingenuity in the arts, or literary knowledge, we should perceive numbers, who now bloom in retirement, become publicly celebrated, and represented as patterns for succeeding generations to admire and imitate; amongst whom we should reasonably expect to see Belinda distinguished as one bright exemplar. And we conclude with these personal observations to her: Preserve your present rectitude of conduct, that your friends may always abound, and continue that benevolent openness of manners which renders you both amiable and lovely; and without which all your artificial attainments, however excellent they are, will be incapable of attracting and securing a permanent admiration. Our delineations we hope will induce the secret gratulation of your conscience, because that will be the proof of their being applicable and just; for otherwise your liberal mind could only consider them as irony, satire, and reproach. S.

Wallingford.

(To be continued.)

The MORAL ZOOLOGIST.

PART II.

(Continued from p. 98.)

THE ERNE.

THE difference between the ernes and the eagles consists, first, in the want of plumage on the legs; the eagles being clothed as far as the pounces, but the ernes naked in all the lower part: secondly, in the colour of the bill; that of the eagles being of a blueish black, and that of the ernes yellow or white: thirdly, in the tail being white; which has occasioned one of the varieties of the erne to be sometimes called the *white-tailed eagle*. They also differ from the eagles in their habits and instincts. They do not retire to deserts and lofty mountains, but frequent the woods and plains of inhabited and cultivated countries. They go in quest of their prey only during a few hours in the middle of the day, and sleep the rest of their time; whereas the eagles are much more active, alert, and industrious.

There are three varieties of the erne, which are considered by Linnæus, and other systematic writers, as distinct species.

First, the great erne, or cinereous eagle, called *Falco Albicilla* by Linnæus. It is of the size of a peacock, being about two feet nine inches long. The head and neck are of a pale ash colour, the iris and bill pale yellow. The space between the eyes and the ears is naked, with small straggling bristles, and of a blueish hue. The body and wings are cinereous, with dun intermixed; the tail white; the feet woolly below the knees, and of a bright yellow; the claws black. It is more vigorous, rapacious, and fierce, than the common eagle, and less attached to its young, which it will frequently drive from the nest before they

can procure subsistence, and which it has been said, would perish were it not for the charitable aid of the osprey which usually takes them under its protection. The great erne inhabits several of the northern countries of Europe, particularly Scotland and the adjacent islands, and preys upon fish, principally the larger kinds.

Second, the little erne, or white-tailed eagle, *Falco Albicandus*, Linn. It is of the size of a large cock, being about two feet two inches long. The head and neck are ash-coloured, bordering on chestnut; the cere and feet are naked and yellowish. The upper part of the body is of a dull ferruginous colour, the lower ferruginous and blackish. The tail is white. The bill and iris are inclined to yellow; the tips of the quill-feathers verging on black; the claws black.

Third, the white-headed erne, or bald eagle, the *Falco Leucocephalus* of Linnæus. This species is three feet three inches long, and weighs nine pounds. The body is of a dusky colour; the head and tail are white, and the feet partly woolly. The head grows white till the second year. It preys on small animals, such as fawns, pigs, and lambs, and likewise on fish. It will watch the osprey when in quest of its prey; and, when that bird has seized a fish, will pursue till the osprey lets it drop, and catch it with surprising agility before it falls into the water. It builds in forests of pine and maple, and generally in the vicinity of the sea-shore. Its nests are very large, and it usually lays two eggs.

THE OSPREY.

This bird, called *Falco Haliaeetus* by Linnæus, resembles the eagle more than any other bird of prey, but differs from it in so many respects that it is generally considered

by naturalists as constituting a distinct genus. It is much smaller than the eagle, and has neither the figure, the carriage, nor the flight of that bird. It preys, likewise, on fish, which it will catch several feet below the surface; and that this is its ordinary food is evident from the strong fishy flavour of its flesh. Another difference between it and the eagle is, that its feet and the lower part of its legs are not feathered; and the hind pounce, which in the eagles is the longest, is in the osprey the shortest. The bill, also, is of a deeper black than that of the eagle; and the feet and toes, which in the eagle are yellow, are commonly blue: some individuals, however, have the legs and feet yellowish. The belly is entirely white, the tail broad, and the head thick and bulky.

Aristotle tells us, that this bird has a very acute sight, and that it rears only two young, which it compels to look at the sun, and kills that whose eyes are too weak to support the dazzling light. The same has been said of eagles in general; but, though it has been repeated by several authors, modern naturalists have not been able to ascertain that it is a fact, and there can be little doubt that it is a fiction. That Aristotle was mistaken with respect to the number of the young is certain; for the osprey often lays four eggs, and seldom three only, and raises all that are hatched.

The osprey does not choose its residence among high mountains and rocky precipices, but frequents low and marshy grounds, lakes that abound in fish, and the sea-shore; though it does not appear to give any particular preference to the latter, since it is more frequently found in inland countries, near rivers, lakes, and other fresh waters; and it is observed by Buffon that it is more common in Burgundy, which is in

the centre of France, than on any of the coasts, whence he infers that the name of *Haliaetos*, or sea eagle, has been improperly given to it by Aristotle, Linnæus, and others. Among the larger birds of prey, the ospreys, in the opinion of Buffon, are the most numerous: they are dispersed over the whole of Europe, from Sweden to Greece, and are even found in the warm countries of Egypt and Nigritia.

THE SEA EAGLE.

This bird is nearly as large as the golden eagle: its body, indeed, is longer, though its wings are shorter. From the tip of the bill to the extremity of the talons it is three feet and a half, and its wings when expanded extend about seven feet. Linnæus calls it the *Falco Ossifragus*, and thus describes it. 'Its cere is yellowish; its body ferruginous; its feet are partly woolly; the tail feathers white along the inside. It resembles the golden eagle, and is of the size of a turkey.'

Aristotle assures us, that the female sea eagle not only rears her own young with the most tender affection, but takes under her care the young eaglets which have been driven out and abandoned by their cruel parents, and feeds and nurtures them as if they were her own offspring. The assertion has been repeated by many other authors; but the fact does not appear to be authenticated.

The sea eagle feeds chiefly on fish, which it takes by darting down upon them from above, when the noise of its plunging into the water is heard to a great distance, especially in the night. It is sometimes drowned in attempting to catch fish that are too large and strong; by which, not being able to disengage its talons, it is dragged under the water. It

does not, however, confine itself to fish for subsistence; it will, likewise, attack game; and, as it is large and strong will seize and carry off geese and hares, and even lambs and kids.

This bird is not very prolific; as it lays only two eggs once a year, and often raises but a single young one, the species is no where numerous. It is, however, widely diffused, since it is found in almost every part of Europe, and is, probably, the eagle which some travellers have described as frequenting the shores of the lakes of North America.

THE OROONOKO EAGLE.

This species of eagle is somewhat smaller than the common, or ring-tail eagle, and most resembles the spotted, or rough-footed eagle. It has a tuft on the crown of the head, consisting of two black feathers about two inches long, and two other smaller ones: these feathers can be raised or depressed at pleasure. The wings and tail are edged with whitish yellow; the legs are clothed to the feet with white and black feathers.

This bird is called by the Indians of Brasil *Urutaurana*. By Linnæus it is classed with the vultures, with the epithet *Harpyia*. It is said to be as large as a ram, and to be able to cleave a man's skull with one stroke of its bill. Latham calls it the crested vulture. It subsists by preying on other birds, especially the arras and paroquets; but, what is remarkable, it never deigns to surprise its prey while on the ground, or perched on a branch, but waits till it has taken its flight, and seizes it on the wing. Buffon thinks that the Oroonoko eagle, the crowned eagle of Brasil, the Peruvian eagle, and the crowned eagle of Guinea, are all the same bird.

(To be continued.)

POETICAL ESSAYS.

ANACREONTIC.

FRIEND of my soul! this goblet sip,
 'Twill chase that pensive tear;
 'Tis not so sweet as woman's lip,
 But, oh! 'tis more sincere.
 Like her delusive beam,
 'Twill steal away thy mind;
 But, like Affection's dream,
 It leaves no sting behind!

Come, twine the wreath, thy brows to shade,
 These flow'rs were cull'd at noon;
 Like woman's love the rose will fade,
 But, ah! not half so soon!
 For, though the flower's decay'd,
 Its fragrance is not o'er;
 But once when love's betray'd,
 The heart can bloom no more.

PROLOGUE TO 'JOHN BULL.'

BY T. DIBDIN.

So you're all here—box, pit, and gallery, full
 Of British jurors, come to try John Bull.
 'Who acts John Bull?' methinks I hear
 you say;
 No character's so nam'd in all the play.
 'The title's then a trick!'—We scorn
 the charge,
 John Bull is *British character* at large.
 'Tis he; or he: where'er you mark a
 wight
 Revering law, yet resolute for right,
 Plain, blunt, his heart with feeling, justice, full,
 That is a Briton—that's (thank Heav'n)
 John Bull!
 And John, till now, we set it down for
 certain,
 Has always ta'en his seat *before* the curtain;
 And so he does—no matter *where* your
 places,
 I see his gen'rous mind in *all* your faces.
 Whether he sits by sweetheart, friend,
 or bride,
 John Bull's as warm as at his own *fire-*
side.

Look up aloft, and you may safely swear
 He's *bigly* pleas'd, close to his las—just
there:

That hand, which round her waist so
 kindly thrown,
 Should any He *mislift*, would knock him
 down:

For John is still (as tells the lyric page)
 A lamb in love—a lion in his rage.
 Where fashion's polish shows him more
 refin'd, [Boxes.

John, still to social gaiety inclin'd,
 Freely, though aim'd at by satiric whim,
 Laughs *with* the bards who raise the
 laugh *at* him.

Or look below, and you may see him sit,
 Gracing, with critic state, an English pit;
 To whom, thus midway plac'd, I say be
 kind,

John Bull *before*, oh! spare John Bull
behind. [Pointing off.

Should you condemn, *sans* mercy, the
 poor elf,

'Twere suicide for John to kill *himself*;
 Nor blame the fears which make the
 bard thus sue,

John Bull ne'er trembles but at *facing*
you.

LYRICAL EPILOGUE TO 'JOHN BULL.'

SUNG BY MR. JOHNSTONE.

I'M come here, d'ye see, to do some-
 thing new,
 So I hope you'll allow me a fiddle or two.
 At talking I'm strange as the man in
 the moon;
 So if I may *sing*, I shall *spea* *more in tune.*
 Tol de rol, &c.

And methinks now I hear the critic men
 say,

'Tis a trumpery, Bartlemy-fair kind of
 play;

It smells strong of *Smithfield*—that all
 must allow,

For it's all about *bulls* and the *yellow red*
cow.

And yet a good moral the author indites,
 For the blessings it paints of an English-
 man's rights—

A *brazier's* the man, and the *barristers* all
Know, that *brass* has great weight, sirs,
in *Westminster-hall*.

But still an improbable tale has been told,
That *Peregrine* swam, sirs, though load-
ed with gold:

If he who sinks *cash* should happen to
swim,

Pounds to *billings* I'll bet, his cash will
not sink him.

But now an excuse comes plump to my
fight—

Suppose we should prove that the *gui-
neas* were light?

And to do these sad tricks, sirs, all men
have a hank,

For the *guineas* are *closely shut up* in the
Bank!

Then, obeying the dictates of nature's
first law,

A delicate female has made a *faux pas*;
But critics, who to praise, sirs, are never
in haste,

Will, I fear, not agree that the incident's
chaste.

Tom Shuffleton oft may in *Bond-street* be
found,

And if all the *puppies* were in *Thames* to
be drown'd;

At this real maxim you need not admire,
For a wager I'll bet, they'll *not set it on
fire!*

Then, *Mr. Brulgluddery*, and his fat
dear—

A sweet pair who agree, sirs, like *thunder*
Though *Irishmen's jokes* are worn out
and *back'd*,

Yet how charmingly, sure, *Mr. John-
stone* did act.

I've given you now the best parts of the
play,

Which I hope you'll not drive, sirs,
completely away;

But nightly be suffer'd, with glee, to go
on,

By *unanimous* voice, though I fear not
nem. con.

Then let us reflect, with pleasure and
pride,

On the comforts surrounding each man's
fire-side;

At which should the foe e'er insultingly
frown,

May he ne'er want a *poker* to knock him
flat down!

HORACE, BOOK I. ODE XXII.

Integer vitæ, &c.

THE man, my friend, whose purest
heart

Is free from racking, guilty fears,
Nor needs the aid of Moorish dart,
Nor quiver fill'd with poison'd spears:

Safe and secure, o'er Lybia's sands,
Or Scythia's icy cliff, he goes;

Or where, through ever-barren lands,
Hydaspes (fam'd in fable) flows.

For as of her my bosom charm'd,
I sung within the Sabine grove,

A furious wolf saw me unarm'd,
And fled as if by hunters drove:

No beast more dreadful, fierce, and curst,
Apulia's forests ever bore;

None e'er more wild Numidia nurs'd,
Though tawny lions haunt the shore.

Place me on that unfriendly coast,
Refresh'd by no soft summer's gale,

Which winter girts in endless frost,
Where clouds the skies for ever veil;

Place me beneath Sol's burning rays,
A clime forbid to human race,

Still, still I'll chaunt my Celia's praise,
Her lovely form and heav'nly face.

March 1, 1803. V———N.

TO MISS PRICE, OF S——Y.

COULD I, like Mantua's bard, re-
hearfe

My charmer's praise in softer verse,
Her coral lips, her flowing hair,

Her ivory teeth, and bosom fair,
On thee alone I'd every thought employ,

And sing thy worth in strains of endless
joy.

Had I Anacreon's power to please,
His sprightly sallies, and his ease;

Or could, like tender Sappho, move,
And fire the heart with rapturous love;

I'd tell my tale, and whisper in thine
ear,

How long I've lov'd thee, and have lov'd
sincere.

No Muse, save theirs, enough could grace
Th' enlivening beauties of thy face;

No taste, save theirs, enough refin'd
To paint the treasures of thy mind.

Though I the bold aspiring task pursue
For all my future bliss depends on you.

P———LL.

ODE TO HOPE.

COME, Hope! thou blessing from above,

Fair offspring of eternal love,
Thou lenient balm of grief;
When troubles rise in frightful form,
On Life's rough sea in bitter storm,
Thou canst afford relief.

When sorrows rack the aching heart,
Thy friendly aid thou dost impart,
And soothe the suff'ring mind:
Say, who this load of life could bear,
Didst thou not kindly interfere,
With lustre all divine?

The wretch that's exil'd from his home,
Destin'd in foreign lands to roam,
Of every friend bereft;
Through the dark clouds that intervene,
Perceives thy light, and courts thy gleam,
While sorrows him beset.

The captives in their wretched cell,
Where sighs, and groans, and darkness,
Dwell,

And clanking chains resound;
Thy cheering ray their minds illumine,
And dissipates the dismal gloom,
While stretch'd upon the ground.

When dreadful thunders loudly roll,
Which shake the earth from pole to pole,
And vivid lightnings glare:
When o'er the deep the billows rise
In frightful form, and lave the skies,
And fill each soul with fear:

While dreadful anguish and despair
In every sailor's face appear,
And bring each danger nigh;
'Tis thou that dissipates the gloom,
Fair Hope!—thy radiant rays illumine,
And quell the rising sigh.

When War, with all its horrors, reigns,
The dead and dying strew the plains,
And Commerce droops its head;
The widow, and the orphan child,
Look up to thy benignant smile,
And court thy friendly aid.

The Christian, too, when parting breath
Proclaims the near approach of death,
His ardent wishes rise:
Celestial Hope! thy brightening ray
Points out an everlasting day,
Beyond the vaulted skies.

PHILIP GOVE.

Fore-street-hill, Exeter.

LINES ADDRESSED TO EVA,

WRITTEN IN AUTUMN.

'FAIR laughs' the blushing dawn, the
orient Sun

Already has his golden course begun,
When from my couch I raise my aching
head,

And find the darkling mists of night are
fled;

I look around, all nature gay I see,
But, ah! her smiles have lost their
charms for me.

The rustic peasantry, with blithesome
song,

Now cheerly trip the dew-fring'd vales
along,

The lark, with shrill-ton'd carol, greets
the morn,

And wanton breezes kiss the waving
corn;

Health, peace, and joy, in every face I
see—

Strangers, alas! long since to wretched
me.

Perchance, when life's short feverish
dream is clos'd,

And this weak frame in death's cold
arms repos'd,

Fate may direct my once kind Eva's eye
To where inhum'd my mould'ring re-
liquies lie;

Then, struck by late remorse, yes, even
she

May teach that eye to drop a tear for me.

Betray'd by love, by friendship's guise
deceiv'd,

Of happiness and her at once bereav'd,
That nought on earth can comfort now

impart,
Despair and grief so lacerate my heart:

Yet, Eva, still I weeping think of thee,
And thou, perchance, ere long, may'st
weep for me!

Oh! I would wander where the
murky gloom

Of sombre cypress shades the lonely tomb,
There would I muse, the haunts of men
disdain,

Till moody madness seize my heated
brain;

Such thoughts alone with my vex'd soul
agree,

For dark and sad is all the world to me.

February 15, 1803.

SELIM.

ON WINTER.

Now frost invests each waving spray,
 In vain the vernal thrortle sang;
 Now, pierc'd by Phœbus' fainter ray,
 The crystal pendants weeping hang.
 Couch'd on the mountain's dreary side,
 The flocks in contemplation lie:
 Mute is the voice of joy and pride,
 And want bedims each mournful eye.
 In Winter's hoary mantle clad,
 Bereft of sustenance and hope,
 They muse in meditation sad,
 Or crop the scanty rifted slope.
 No more the bird* of rosy day,
 Exulting, flaps his downy breast;
 And tunes, aloft, his matin lay
 To harmony and gentle rest.
 Now rough the Boreal tyrant blows,
 Deforms the wood and verdant dale;
 And round the arid foliage throws
 Dry, curling, in the rattling gale.
 The low'ring clouds, to hail condens'd,
 Descending, sweep the sterile ground;
 Or, wide in fleecy snows dispens'd,
 Involve the solitary round.
 The servile blasts his will obey:
 Hills, woods, and limpid streams com-
 plain:
 Stern Winter holds his tyrant reign,
 And rules with arbitrary sway.

ELEGIAC LINES,

To the Memory of an Infant, the Author's Godson, who died before he was weaned.

SWEET babe, adieu! how soon thy ear-
 ly bloom
 Was doom'd to moulder in the silent
 tomb!
 Thy form too sweet, thy temper too se-
 rene,
 To linger long upon this earthly scene:
 Too good to dwell amongst the sons of
 men,
 The Almighty took thee to himself
 again:
 And whilst thy mother fondly weeps for
 you,
 And all thy friends are pitying of thee
 too,

* The lark.

Perhaps you hover round, an angel blest,
 And stretch your pinions o'er your mo-
 ther's breast;
 That breast where you so lately hung
 and smil'd, [guil'd.
 And all your mother's lonely hours be-
 Perhaps you pity us! blest spirit, say?
 You want not pity in those realms of
 day;
 Where, happy with the spirits of the
 just,
 'The wicked vex not, and the weary
 rest.'
 You might have liv'd, and finn'd for
 meanest ends,
 And thus have been a trouble to your
 friends:
 Or illness might have seiz'd thee, if not
 fin,
 And thus a trouble to yourself have been.
 Fond parents, grieve no more; your son
 yet lives
 In either breast, there fond remem-
 brance gives
 His form, his features, and his temper
 mild;
 In fancy thus again you clasp your child.
 Father of Mercy! may we, when we
 die,
 As pure as him, attend thy throne on
 high:
 Till then protect us here; thy mercy
 give;
 And teach us, for that period, how to
 live!

EPITAPH ON THE SAME.

STOP, gentle friend! an instant stop
 thy way!
 A beauteous infant sleeps beneath this
 clay.
 A sweeter babe ne'er breath'd upon the
 earth;
 All nature seem'd to smile upon his birth:
 But ere his lips were taken from the
 breast,
 By sickness seiz'd, he sank to endless rest.
 We can but pay the tribute of a tear!
 Stranger, if feeling to thy heart is dear,
 Drop thine beside his grave, and mourn
 his doom,
 Who bloom'd a day, then hasten'd to the
 tomb!
 Go, gentle friend! and, warn'd by his
 sad fate,
 Prepare thyself to meet a future state!
 February 14, 1803. J. M. L.

FOREIGN NEWS.

Constantinople, Jan. 10.

ON the 26th of December, in the evening, an adjutant of general Stuart had a conference with the reis effendi, and proposed, in the name of the English government, that the porte should grant a pardon to the Egyptian beys, and assign them a distant place in Upper Egypt for their residence, where they should engage to live peaceably, and conduct themselves as faithful subjects of the porte.

The reis effendi, who had expected very different proposals from the English adjutant, answered, that the porte would communicate its determination, on this subject, to the English ambassador, lord Elgin. The latter, accordingly, had several conferences with the reis effendi, and the negotiation was yesterday evening brought to a conclusion, as lord Elgin took his leave of the grand vizier. The porte has, in fact, contrary to general expectation, granted a pardon to the beys, under the following conditions:

1. 'The cavalry of the Mamelukes shall enter immediately into the service of the pacha of Cairo.

2. 'The porte will assign to the six insurgent beys, the little town of Awan, in Upper Egypt, where they shall reside in peace, and subject to the porte, without interfering, in any manner, in the public affairs and government of Egypt.'

As soon as this convention was concluded, lord Elgin declared officially to the grand vizier, that Egypt should be immediately evacuated by the English troops, which would be conveyed from thence to Malta. The latter island the English will continue to retain possession of, till they have certainty of the maintenance of peace between England and France.

On the 6th inst. the French ambassador, general Brune, arrived here with the squadron from Toulon, consisting of

a ship of the line, a frigate, two brigs, and two corvettes. This squadron, likewise, brought the French agents of legation and commerce, destined for the different ports of the Levant.

Corfu, Jan. 28. Since the 11th of this month two hundred and eighty persons have been arrested, of whom two hundred were peasants, and eighty bourgeois, all inhabitants of the borough of Pottamo, the centre of the disorders and massacres which have ensanguined this isle. They are closely confined in the prisons of the old castle, and we expect every day the decision of their fate. Some of them are accused of having assisted to burn more than thirty houses belonging to the nobles, and to ruin the grounds attached to them. Since this salutary measure, we enjoy the greatest tranquillity. The proprietors are returning to their respective possessions, without fear of being disquieted as before. It is to the Russian garrison that we are indebted for the peace that we enjoy. The greatest tranquillity prevails also in the isle of Zante, through the care of the delegate sent thither. The minds of the people of Cephalaria appear also to be perfectly reconciled.

Rome, Feb. 17. His holiness, by virtue of the right conferred upon him by the great powers of Europe, of appointing the grand master of the order of Malta, has chosen M. le Bailly de Thomas, a Neapolitan knight. The commander, de Busy, has set out from Rome to Sicily to carry to the new grand master the brief of election, conferring upon him that dignity.

Berne, Feb. 23. General Serras arrived here yesterday morning from Paris: he is the bearer of very important news for us. There is to be established in each canton a commission of seven members, in order to put into activity the new cantonal constitution. Six of

these members are appointed by our deputies at Paris, and the seventh by the first consul. As soon as the cantonal commissions shall have entered upon their functions, the present government will dissolve itself. The epoch of that dissolution is fixed for the 10th of March.

Hamburgb, Feb. 23. It is not yet known for what purpose the sum of 28,000*l.* has been paid by England to Denmark: some say it was for the cargoes of the vessels that were unjustly condemned; others say, that it is to defray the expence of the war, and the losses occasioned to Denmark by the taking of her islands by Great-Britain.

Munich, Feb. 23. The formal order has arrived from Vienna, to the Austrian general, Strauch, to deliver up the city of Passau to the Bavarian troops, which, to the number of 4000 men, took possession of that place yesterday at ten in the morning.

The corps of Austrian troops destined to take possession of the bishopric of Eichstett, having obtained a free passage through the dutchy of Bavaria, is in full march for its destination.

On the 19th the baron de Crum-pipen, commissary of the grand duke, took civil possession of the city and bishopric of Saltzhourg.

Hague, Feb. 24. Government has received dispatches from admiral De Winter, dated the 30th of January, stating, that the vessels of his squadron were in good condition in the harbour of Toulon, and that he meant to sail with the first favourable wind to return to Holland.

It has been definitively decreed, that the French troops, who are to remain in this republic, are to have their headquarters at Breda; a military office, and a commissary of war, will be established there. The Dutch rescriptions, payable after the peace, have risen 5 per cent. since the decree of the legislative body, annulling the decree of government, which had converted them into perpetual rents.

Brussels, Feb. 28. We are assured that government has approved of the last plan which was presented, for improving the port of Antwerp. The plan, which is a very extensive one,

comprises the following points: first, the raising of the bar at the mouth of the harbour, which will enable vessels of 600 tons to enter the port. Secondly, to clear out the port, and to rebuild the quays. Thirdly, the establishment of arsenals, naval and military founderies, &c. And lastly, a dock-yard for the building of frigates and sloops.

A French courier, on his way from Paris to Petersburg, passed through the city last night. Couriers have for some time past been very frequent between Paris and Berlin. It is said that M. Otto, who fulfilled so honourably his mission in England, is appointed ambassador from the French republic to his Prussian majesty.

Banks of the Mein, Feb. 28. A negotiation has been opened at Hamburg between his Danish majesty and the senate of that city, upon the subject of a dispute which has taken place respecting the right of collation to some prebends belonging to Hamburg. It is supposed that the emperor of Russia will offer his mediation on the occasion.

It is now determined that the duke of Mecklenburgh-Schwerin is to be created an elector. There have been negotiations upon this subject between Russia, Prussia, Austria, and France, which have terminated in favour of that prince.

General Deroi, who commanded the Bavarian troops on the banks of the Inn, is appointed governor of Passau. The Austrians have evacuated almost the whole of the bishopric which falls to the share of the grand duke of Tuscany. There only remains one company of the regiment of Sporck.

Augsburg, March 2. Letters from Verona say, that movements are making among the French troops in Upper Italy, which seem to announce the project of occupying some maritime places in this country. These movements may likewise have a relation to the future fate of Sardinia, the prolongation of the stay of the English troops at Malta, of the cruising of an English squadron on the coasts of Italy.

Paris, March 2. The camp which is to be formed between Brussels and

Louvain, at the epoch of the journey of the first consul into the Belgic departments, will be established in the plain of Cortemberg. The number of troops of which it will be composed, appears to be definitively fixed at 15,000 men, who, as soon as the season permits, will be marched to their destination.

Brest, March 5. The effects of general Decaen, and of the officers belonging to the expedition to India, were yesterday embarked. They were themselves to go on board, and the fine weather will, no doubt, expedite their departure. The captain-general Decaen, and vice-admiral Linois, embarked in the *Marengo*, formerly called the *J. J. Rousseau*. The ships employed in this expedition are crowded with a vast number of passengers. Transport vessels are expected from Bourdeaux and L' Orient, which are to sail soon after on the same destination.

8. The expedition for India, which failed in the afternoon of the day before yesterday, must have made a rapid progress in its voyage; for the wind, which was favourable, blew very fresh during that night and the whole of yesterday. The vessels that compose the expedition are, the *Marengo* of the line, the frigates *La Semillante*, *L'Atalante*, *La Belle Poule*, and the transport, *La Cote-d'Or*. General Vander Mac Sen, adjutant-general Binot, and the officers of the *etat-major*, departed with general Decaen. General Montigny having received a cut on one of his fingers, in getting into a boat, has remained on shore.

Paris, March 8. General Brune, ambassador of the French republic to the sublime porte, arrived at Constantinople the 21st of January.

His squadron was composed of six ships, large and small, one of which was a ship of the line. He has been received by the captain pacha. The vizier and the divan have sent him presents, and his reception has been attended with the utmost solemnities. The news of his arrival has spread joy throughout the whole empire.

The same day the ambassador of England embarked on board a frigate of his nation, to repair to Palermo, and

from thence to England. His frigate got under weigh about eight in the evening, yet he thought proper to salute the seraglio with eighteen discharges of cannon, though it was night; a circumstance which extremely alarmed the city.

The commissaries for foreign affairs in all the trading towns of the Levant, have obtained firmans, and have departed for their destination, on board the different small vessels of the squadron.

The porte has nominated Galeb Efsendi the resident ambassador at Paris. All the commercial relations of the French have resumed in the trading towns of the Levant their ordinary course. They have reason to flatter themselves at the support they have received from the Turks. On the demand of general Stuart, the porte has granted to the Mamelukes that part of Upper Egypt composed of Sevan and Senne.

The captain pacha daily expects news of the evacuation of Alexandria.

17. It is now certain, that, in compliance with the wishes of the mediating powers, the elector arch chancellor of the empire will in future fix his residence at Ratisbon, where, on important occasions, he will preside in person at the Germanic diet.

We hear from Italy, that the pope now seriously thinks of executing the noble plan of Michael Angelo, for turning aside the Tiber from its channel, in order to recover those monuments of antiquity which are there buried.

Leyden, March 18. According to advices from the Hague, the Batavian government has received information that the dey of Algiers has declared war against the French republic. It was declared on the 16th of January, not much more than five months after the last settlement of differences between the two powers. If we may believe our letters from Paris, the cause of this renewal of hostilities is the first consul's refusal to pay the wonted tribute to the dey. The insolence of the Algerines will, in this instance, not escape that chastisement which it well deserves, and which France, no doubt, is already prepared to inflict.

HOME NEWS.

Cork, March 1.

A FEW days ago, a woman presented, at a pawn-broker's office, in Hoare's-lane, a bundle of clothes as a pledge, demanding at the same time to be informed of the sum which the pawn-broker would lend. After a proper inspection of the contents of the bundle, she was answered that eighteen shillings was the highest sum that could be advanced on the goods; but, as the woman seemed to consider the sum to be inadequate to her wants, she repacked her bundle with great care, in the presence of the clerk, and withdrew to the door. In about a few seconds she returned, and said she had changed her mind and would accept of the sum offered her, laying, at the same time, a bundle on the counter: she, accordingly, received the money, and went away. The clerk took up the bundle to convey it up stairs to the store-room, and had proceeded a part of the way, when he perceived something to move within the bundle; a circumstance which caused him to re-examine what he thought he had before inspected with sufficient accuracy; and, upon opening the outside folds of the bundle, his astonishment on perceiving a fine boy may be easier conceived than expressed. The woman had prepared two bundles as much alike as possible, and, by the dexterous substitution of the one for the other, she contrived to impose the infant on the clerk. It should be stated, with the credit it deserves, that the pawn-broker, having had the child christened, and called Bundle-boy, provided it with proper clothes and a nurse, and has exercised the most attentive humanity to the little orphan.

London, March 1. Yesterday afternoon, about three o'clock, part of the bank of the Paddington canal gave way, a little on this side the first bridge; the water rushed through the tunnel close to the spot, and the meadows on the other side

were immediately inundated; the lock at the bridge prevented the water flowing from the upper part of the canal. The gap is about eight feet wide, a log of timber is placed across, and planks driven to secure the lower part of the bank. The water in the basin, and to the first bridge, has sunk between two and three feet. Indications of a similar accident have appeared on the opposite bank, near the second bridge.

Portsea, March 2. A curious seizure was made last week. Upon occasion of a marriage, the bridegroom gave an entertainment to his friends at the Society-hall, and sent the wine from his own house: soon after the company were placed at the table, two revenue-officers entered, and seized all the liquors in the room; they had been purchased at the custom-house, but the gentleman had neglected to take out a permit for removing them from his own house to the place of entertainment.

Edinburgh, March 7. Last week, Peter Duncan, farmer, at Baldowie, returning home in the evening, had been thrown from his horse—his foot had stuck in the stirrup, and, dreadful to relate, when the horse arrived, the master was found still entangled, but quite dead, his head having been dreadfully bruised.

On the evening of Tuesday last, the 1st instant, a most melancholy event happened at Arboath.—Captain Hytman, of the brig Providentia, of Hamburgh, lying there under repair, went to bed in his cabin, in which a pan of live coal was imprudently left. Mr. Campbell, custom-house officer, was also in the cabin, intending to stay all night. Next morning both gentlemen were found dead. It is conjectured they had been suffocated early in the night, as every attempt to restore animation proved ineffectual.

London, March 8. The following message from his majesty was communicated to both houses of parliament:

‘ GEORGE R.

‘ His majesty thinks it necessary to acquaint the house, that as very considerable military preparations are carrying on in the ports of France and Holland, he has judged it expedient to adopt additional measures of precaution for the security of his dominions. Though the preparations to which his majesty refers are avowedly directed to colonial service, yet as discussions of great importance are now subsisting between his majesty and the French government, the result of which must at present be uncertain, his majesty is induced to make this communication to his faithful commons, in the full persuasion, that, whilst they partake of his majesty’s earnest and unvarying solicitude for the continuation of peace, he may rely with perfect confidence on their public spirit and liberality, to enable his majesty to adopt such measures as circumstances may appear to require, for supporting the honour of his crown and the essential interests of his people.

‘ G. R.’

Portsmouth, March 9. In consequence of orders having been received from government, large parties of seamen from the different ships lying at Spithead and in the harbour, amounting to above six hundred, were ordered on shore in separate gangs late last night, for the purpose of impressing seamen for the fleet; and so peremptory were the orders, that they indiscriminately took out every man on-board the colliers, &c. The merchants to whom the colliers belong, have great difficulty to procure people to take care of their vessels and cargoes till the captains are released. Early this morning the same bustle was repeated, and several gangs paraded the point, and picked up a great many useful hands, whom they lodged in the guard-house on the grand parade, from whence they are to be conveyed on board. The receipt of these orders, and the promptitude with which they have been executed, have given rise to many conjectures. Orders have also been received to give five guineas bounty per man for the royal marines.

London, March 11. Yesterday a message from his majesty was delivered to both houses of parliament, announcing his intention to call out the militia.

Two proclamations were issued yesterday afternoon: the one for encouraging seamen and landmen to enter themselves on board his majesty’s ships of war; and the other for recalling and prohibiting seamen from serving foreign princes and states, and for granting rewards for discovering such seamen as shall conceal themselves.

About nine o’clock last night, a fire broke out at Mr. Johnson’s cooperage, in Branch-alley, adjoining Rosemary-lane, which for a length of time threatened destruction to the whole neighbourhood, the houses in that quarter being all chiefly built of wood. About eleven o’clock, several small houses, attached to the cooperage, were entirely destroyed, and it was thought by the assistance of the firemen and engines that the fire would be prevented from extending further: but that was not the case; for about twelve o’clock it communicated itself to some buildings in Chamber-street, and began to rage again with greater violence, and in the course of an hour did material damage: near a dozen houses were destroyed. It was near two o’clock before the fire was completely got under.

Ipswich, March 14. James Wright, convicted of indecently and publicly exposing himself in the church-yard of St. Lawrence, in this town, was sentenced to be confined for one year, and to stand in the pillory of the public market for one hour in the course of that term, and to pay a fine of one shilling at the expiration of the year, to find sureties for his good behaviour for three years longer; himself in one hundred pounds, and two sureties in fifty pounds each. This sentence gave general satisfaction, as the prisoner had not been liberated from gaol above a year, where he had been confined twelve months for a similar offence.

Portsmouth, March 14. Admiral lord Gardner is daily expected here to hoist his flag. The Dreadnought, of 98 guns, was this day commissioned by captain Bowen, who was lord Howe’s master in the Queen Charlotte on the glorious 1st of June.—Sailed yesterday, the Dryad, of 36 guns, captain Domett, for Cork; and the Apollo, of 36 guns, captain Dixon, for Dublin, to impress seamen.—This morning sailed the Mor-

giana, of 16 guns, captain Raynsford, for Lymington; and this evening the Kite brig, captain Pison, for Yarmouth, with press-warrants, to get seamen at those places. An express arrived at the port-admiral's office this afternoon, from the admiralty, which is said to contain instructions relative to impressed men, &c. The Puissant and Royal William are ordered to be repaired, as to which is in the best state of repair as a receiving ship. The constables, and gangs from ships, continue very alert in obtaining seamen; many of whom have been sent on board different ships in the harbour this day. The Hydra frigate is ordered to some port in Ireland, to impress seamen. The whole of this day cannon have been mounting on the ramparts round the garrison.

Sheerness, March 15. The men in the dock-yard work from day-light in the morning till dark, and every exertion is used to equip the fleet. Admiral sir James Saumarez is arrived here, so that the place now assumes a warlike appearance. Arrived at the Nore, from the Thames, the Amelia, lord Proby, and Africaine, captain Manby: from Sheerness, the Hussar, captain Wilkinson, and the Ethalion, captain Stuart. The three latter have been paid two months advance this day. The Reasonable, captain Hotham, and the Minotaur, captain Mansfield, are both put into commission, and ordered to be fitted with all possible expedition. The Diligence sloop, captain Kerr, arrived yesterday from the Thames, and is ordered to the mouth of the river, to impress men from the ships coming up. A hundred and seventy regular troops are arrived at the garrison here.

London, March 16. Yesterday morning, as a gentleman on horseback was riding along Providence-row, towards the country, his horse suddenly took fright, owing to the keeper of the turnpike gate attempting to seize the reins upon the gentleman refusing to take some bad halfpence offered in change, and running off with great speed, made towards Finsbury-square. The gentleman finding the horse unmanageable, he suddenly threw himself off without receiving any injury. The horse imme-

diately after leaped into the area, at the corner of the square, carrying the iron railing along with him, where he was dashed to pieces.

A dreadful catastrophe has happened in the family of Emanuel Harrington, a poor man residing between Bracknall and Swinley lodge. On Thursday morning last, about one o'clock, a smoke being perceived, he went down stairs, and on opening a room, in which was a quantity of heath-broom heads, he saw some heath-dust on fire, and attempted to extinguish it, but it communicated with the brooms immediately, and he was instantly so much affected, that with difficulty he got out of doors. Having recovered his breath, he begged his wife to put the children out at a chamber window, when she immediately let down an infant three months old, and a boy aged six years: she then went into the room over the fire after a child aged two years, and a girl of nine years (who were heard just before) but could not find either of them; being almost suffocated, and expecting the floor to sink, she got back to the other room, and escaped from the window. The house, being old lath and plaster, and boards, was in a few minutes enveloped in flames. The distressed family went to Ramslade (the nearest house) almost naked, where they were very humanely received, and met with very kind assistance from several good neighbours. About a fourth part of the bodies of the two poor children have been got from the ruins. It is thought that the fire proceeded from some burning foot falling down the chimney.

The following circumstance took place last week at Croscomb, near Wells:—A young man, servant to a farmer, had been prevailed upon by his worthless father to purloin some hay, and was caught in the fact of putting it upon his father's shoulders. His mistress remonstrated with him on the enormity of the offence, but promised him forgiveness upon the hay being returned. However, the unhappy lad being struck with remorse, the same evening hung himself in an out-house. The coroner's jury returned, without hesitation, a verdict '*felo de se*—' but, through the humanity of the churchwardens, the

ignominious sentence of the law was dispensed with, and the corpse was suffered to be buried in the back part of the church-yard.

The interment of the remains of his grace the duke of Bridgwater, which was to have taken place yesterday, has been delayed from the following circumstance: it appearing to the family, that neither the countenance, nor any corporeal parts of the decease had undergone the least change whatever, since death, but that the features, on the contrary, continued to wear the most placid composure. The household physicians, calling in two others, inspected the remains yesterday, and, from this unaltered state, recommended that the interment might be deferred, until that change should take place to which mortality is almost invariably subject. The funeral rites have accordingly been suspended.

19. A gentleman and lady passing through Fleet-street, on Thursday evening, between seven and eight o'clock, were attacked, near Serjeant's-inn, by a gang of pickpockets, one of whom, on being detected by the gentleman, drew a knife, and cut him in a dangerous manner in the neck and throat.

Dispatches were received yesterday by the *Imogene*, sloop of war of sixteen guns. The *Imogene* was dispatched from this country last October, with directions not to give up the Cape of Good Hope till further orders. It was scarcely expected that she would arrive time enough to prevent the surrender; but fortunately she had a very quick passage, and reached the cape just six hours before the Dutch were to take possession of the settlement. This event will of course have a considerable influence on the pending negotiation.

The following is a letter we have received from a gentleman at the Cape:

Cape-town, Jan. 4.

'I have just time to tell you, that on the very day intended for our departure, a sloop of war arrived with orders for us to keep the Cape till further advices from England.—What can be the cause, you best know on your side of the water. God send us home safe and soon. Adieu.'

21. This day being the anniversary of the memorable battle of Alexandria, the Turkish piece of ordnance, taken in that battle, was placed in St. James's park, amidst a great concourse of people: it is sixteen feet in length, but was originally twenty feet; the carriage for this cannon, on each side, in different compartments is inlaid with copper; the centre one representing Britannia seated on a rock (with a lion at her feet) pointing to the British camp; the figure of a crocodile, four feet long, is executed in a masterly style of workmanship. The royal crown, with the initials G. R. the sword and sceptre, at the lower part, add to the embellishments; and also a star, with the motto of the knights of the garter: the head of the cannon rests on the figure of a sphinx.

The band of the guards, as soon as it was placed, played 'God save the king,' and the soldiers and populace gave three huzzas.

Among the company who were present were his royal highness the duke of York, the earl of Chatham, accompanied by the countess, lord Gwydir, and a number of nobility.

A temporary *chevaux-de-frize* has been put up till the iron railing is finished.

BIRTHS.

Feb. 23. The queen of Prussia, of a princess.

25. In Clifford-street, the lady of the hon. John Bridgman Simpson, of a son.

At Laugharne-castle, Carmarthen-shire, the lady of R. J. Starke, esq. of a daughter.

26. At Holton-park, near Wheatley, Oxon, the lady of the hon. T. Parker, of a daughter.

March 1. At his apartments, in the royal hospital, Greenwich, the lady of capt. Bourcher, R. N. of a son.

Lady Paget, of a son.

3. At her house, in Hertford-street, viscountess Middleton, of a daughter.

4. The lady of Mr. St. George Caulfield, at his house in St. James's-square, of a daughter.

The lady of col. White, of the first guards, of a daughter.

MARRIAGES.

February 25. At Bath, John Miller, esq. of Russell-square, to miss Bond, only surviving daughter of sir Jas. Bond, bart.

March 1. Mr. W. Lipscom, of Cobham, Surrey, to Mrs. Wright, of Ottershaw.

Mr. Jos. Jacob, of New Bond-street, to miss Grantham, of Hammersmith.

David Power, esq. of Cork, Ireland, to miss S. Chandler, of Mortimer-street.

At St. Pancras, Mr. Richard Goodwin, to miss Susanna White.

By special licence, at Ardfort-abbey, the seat of the earl of Glendore, Harry Verelst, esq. of Aston, in the county of York, to miss Herbert, only daughter of Henry Arthur Herbert, esq. of Muckrus, in the county of Kerry, Ireland.

T. Richings, esq. of Thaives-inn, Holborn, to miss C. Patterson, Lambeth.

5. Mr. Humden Noel, of Brighton, to miss Frome, of Brompton.

John Martin, esq. of Lombard-street, to miss Frances Stone.

At Bath, lieutenant-col. Alexander Colston, to miss Warington.

8. W. Haslewood, esq. of Devonshire-street, Portland-place, to miss M. Godsal.

At Edinburgh, the hon. Alexander Murray, eldest son of lord Elibank, to miss Oliphant, of Bachiltan.

Thomas Rutson, esq. of Hillingdon, Middlesex, to miss Isabella Stable, niece to sir Daniel Williams, one of the police magistrates of Whitechapel.

At Halifax, William Parker, esq. to miss Ann Adumefa Priestley.

9. At Hackney, Benjamin Walth, esq. of Lower Clapton, to miss Clarke, eldest daughter of Isaac Clarke, esq.

12. Mr. W. Clifton, of Mount-row, Lambeth, to Mrs. Biddle, of West-square.

Mr. Thos. White, of the Borough, to miss L. Bechley, of Cuckfield, Sussex.

Mr. Henry Shutz, of Little St. Helen's, to miss Elizabeth James.

Mr. William Kerl, of London, to miss Ann Clapham, of Luton.

18. Mr. T. Pedley, of Houndsditch, to Mrs. Elizabeth Gladman Clark, of Union-row, Tower-hill.

19. R. Page, esq. of the island of Madeira, to miss Philips, daughter of William Philips, esq. Brunswick-square.

Mr. J. Brown, of St. Paul's church-yard, to miss Fletcher, of the Strand.

William Heap, esq. to miss Cooper, of Finsbury-square.

DEATHS.

February 25. At her house, at Round-oak, Egham, aged 87 years, Mrs. Revell, relict of Henry Revell, esq.

At Clifton, near Bristol, C. S. Britten, esq. father of Mrs. Heily Addington.

At her sister's house, in Baker-street, Portman-square, Mrs. Middleton, wife of John Middleton, esq. of Strawford-house, near Winchester.

Mrs. Hall, wife of Richard Hall, esq. of Lawrence-lane, Cheap-side.

Mrs. King, relict of the late Mr. T. King, of King-street, Covent-garden.

At Mr. Strutt's, Groton, miss Mumford, aged 23, daughter of Mr. Mumford, of Bricet.—The deceased, in a fit of laughter, broke a blood-vessel, and expired a few minutes after.

27. Mrs. Wood, wife of John M. Wood, esq. daughter of the rev. Edward Dane, of Shrewsbury, and niece to lord Kinnaird, and sir W. Pulteney, bart.

28. In the 16th year of his age, master Beeston Richard Long, eldest son of B. Long, esq. at his house, Sutton, Surrey.

March 1. At Walworth, Mrs. Gill, sister to Mr. Astley, of the Royal Amphitheatre, Westminster-bridge.

2. Mr. Randall, malt and coal-merchant.—He had come to town to market, and on the carriage arriving at the place he was found dead, supposed to have been suffocated in a fit of coughing. He was a man of large property.

Chr. Chambers, esq. of Mincing-lane.

Mrs. C. Page, relict of Mr. W. Page, of Devonshire-street, wine-merchant.

In Thayer-street, Manchester-square, Henry Bostock, esq. aged 76.

In Grafton-street, Mrs. Cuffe, relict of Thomas Cuffe, esq. of Grange, county of Kilkenny, daughter of Edward Herbert, esq. of Muétruís, county Kerry, and mother to the countess of Farnham.

3. Lieut.-gen. D'Oyley, of an apoplectic fit, at his house, in Halfmoon-street.

5. At Holloway-down, Essex, David Mitchell, esq. aged 71 years.

The rev. Mr. Peachy, chaplain to his royal highness the duke of Cumberland.

In Bryanstone-street, Mrs. Day, widow of the late captain John Day.

8. His grace the duke of Bridgwater.

At Shere, in Surrey, the rev. George Bray, in the 75th year of his age

14. Aged 73, Mrs. Lowth, relict of the late bishop of London.

THE
LADY'S MAGAZINE,

OR
ENTERTAINING COMPANION

FOR
THE FAIR SEX;

APPROPRIATED
SOLELY TO THEIR USE AND AMUSEMENT.

FOR APRIL, 1803.

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This Number is embellished with the following Copper-plates:

1. THE CAPTIVE RELEASED.
2. For the MORAL ZOOLOGIST—THE CUCKOO.
3. An elegantly-coloured PARIS DRESS.
4. A new and elegant PATTERN for a VEIL, &c.
5. MUSIC—ON THE BEGINNING OF SPRING. The Words by King James I.
The Music by W. Barre.

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TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We should be glad to hear again from the contributor of *Robert M. Kenzie*.

The Essay entitled *Political Arithmetic* is unavoidably deferred, but shall certainly appear in our next.

Lucinda's communication is not forgotten.

The Castle on the Wold is only deferred on account of its length.

Dip's Acrostic requires revision and correction. We are unwillingly obliged to say the same of *Angelina*—Verses from a Young Lady to her Dog on seeing him beg—and Stanzas written after dancing with a Young Lady.



Engrav'd for the Lady's Magazine.



The Captive Released.

THE
LADY'S MAGAZINE,

For APRIL, 1803.

THE CAPTIVE RELEASED;

A TALE.

(*With an elegant Engraving.*)

ABOUT the middle of the twelfth century, Rodolph, count of Ravensberg, in Westphalia, exercised a despotic tyranny over his own subjects, and frequently committed unprovoked and lawless ravages on the territories of the neighbouring barons and counts. He resided in an ancient castle, which was built on an almost inaccessible eminence; and which, besides the natural strength of its situation, was strongly fortified with all the art of those times. He here maintained a chosen body of armed followers, trained in the strictest discipline, and inured to war and plunder. Their courage, or rather their ferocity, could not be resisted by the feeble and unwarlike vassals of the feudal lords, whose domains adjoined to his territory; and, on the slightest pretext, he either laid them under contribution, or seized their lands and annexed them to his own sovereignty.

Conrad, count of Ritberg, had incurred the displeasure of Rodolph; or more probably the fertility of his fields, improved by industrious cultivation, excited his greediness. He drew out his troops, or rather his banditti, to enforce submission to his pretended claims; but Conrad resolved to oppose force by force, and, arming his numerous vassals and dependants, gave the command of them to his nephew Ernest,

who, having served for a time in the armies of the emperor, added to native courage a considerable knowledge of the military art. By the skilful dispositions of Ernest, his soldiers, if the peasants he led could deserve to be called by that name, were so successful in their first encounter, that Rodolph, who had too much despised his enemy, was compelled to retire to his castle with the loss of many of his most resolute men. He, however, soon afterwards again took the field, and proceeding with more caution, entirely routed the raw troops of Ernest, who now fled panic-struck at the first charge: their leader, who disdained to fly with them, was taken prisoner while endeavouring to rally them. Rodolph then overran and ravaged all the territory of count Conrad, who was compelled to take refuge at the court of Albert duke of Saxony.

Rodolph, having Ernest in his power, and being enraged and mortified at the defeat he had suffered by his means, and the loss of so many of his bravest men, meanly wreaked his revenge on his prisoner. He confined him in a dungeon in his castle, where he caused him to be chained to the wall, and allowed him for his subsistence only a scanty portion of bread and water, which was brought him only once in the day.

Even the most ferocious of the foldiers employed by Rodolph in the defence of his depredations and numerous acts of injustice, condemned his dishonourable cruelty towards his prisoner, Ernest; but not one of them dared to encounter his wrath by making any remonstrance. They murmured secretly, but they obeyed their tyrant. Emma, his daughter, however, whose disposition was as gentle and amiable as that of her father was arrogant and hateful, found means, by using her influence with his keepers, to gain admission into his dungeon, to carry him supplies of provisions and wine, and comfort him with promises that she would avail herself of every opportunity to prevail on her father no longer to disgrace himself with such unfoldierlike severities. She kept her word, and so earnestly pleaded his cause with the haughty Rodolph, who, notwithstanding his natural ferocity, fondly loved his daughter, and would hear her when he would listen to no one else, that he consented to liberate him from his chains, and treat him with more humanity. At the same time that he gave orders for his release, Rodolph commanded that he should be brought into his presence, and thus addressed him:—‘ I release you from the chains with which, in the heat of my passion, I had perhaps unjustly loaded you, at the intercession of my daughter, whose favour you seem to have obtained, I know not by what means. Having proceeded thus far, I must now restore you entirely to liberty, lest that pity and friendship which you have excited in her breast should ripen into a more tender passion, which I do not wish her to feel. You are free: be gone instantly, and let me see you no more.’ Ernest immediately obeyed the injunctions

without hesitation, and without reply.

In the mean time Albert of Saxony, who had taken the expelled count of Ritberg under his protection, raised a body of troops to force Rodolph to do him justice. When they were ready to march, Ernest arrived, and was invited to accompany them; but he declined bearing arms against the father of her who had treated him with such compassion and kindness, and procured him his liberty. Albert and Conrad set out on their expedition, and Rodolph refusing to listen to their propositions, the troops engaged, and Rodolph was defeated and slain in the battle. Emma immediately surrendered the castle to Albert and Conrad, who told her that they meant not to deprive her of her rights on account of the injustice of her father; they would only take what he had wrongfully obtained, and leave her in full possession of that territory to which she was heiress. ‘ And as,’ added Albert, ‘ you will need the protection of a husband, I have a son, a gallant youth, who will succeed to my domains and my wealth; and who, I am certain, will be proud to receive the hand of a lady so beautiful, and of a disposition so truly amiable.’

‘ I am sensible,’ replied Emma, somewhat hastily, ‘ of the value of the offer you have made me, and how much it demands my gratitude; but if I marry, he shall be my husband, whose delicacy, and perhaps affection for me, caused him to refuse to bear arms against my father, lest he should give me pain.’

Ernest was soon made acquainted with this frank declaration. He flew with rapturous eagerness to meet this fair deliverer: they were married, and their descendants possessed the county of Ravensberg for several centuries.

ACCOUNT of the NEW COMEDY, entitled 'THE MARRIAGE PROMISE,' performed for the first Time at the Theatre-Royal, Drury Lane, on Saturday, April 16.

The Characters were thus represented.

Charles Merton,	-	Mr. C. Kemble.
Sidney,	-	Mr. Dwyer.
Tandem,	-	Mr. Bannister, jun.
Confols,	-	Mr. Dowton.
George Howard,	-	Mr. Pope.
Farmer Woodland,	-	Mr. Palmer.
Policy,	-	Mr. Hollingsworth.
Jefferies,	-	Mr. Powell.
Mrs Howard,	-	Mrs. Powell.
Mrs. Harvey,	-	Mrs. Sparks.
Emma Harvey,	-	Mrs. Jordan.
Mary Woodland,	-	Miss Mellon.

FABLE.

THE scene lies at a village near London, and the play opens with the expected arrival of Charles Merton, who, on the death of his father, enters into a fortune of ten thousand a-year. He is accompanied by Sidney, a fashionable spendthrift, who plans a drinking match, in which Merton is so much intoxicated that, though a most excellent and honourable young man, he attempts improper liberties with Mary, the daughter of farmer Woodland. She is rescued from his violence by George Howard, another farmer in the neighbourhood who is attached to Mary, and who demands the most submissive apology from Merton, in such menacing language, that the latter, however eager to atone for his improper conduct, rather consents to hazard the issue of a duel. Previous, however, to the interview between Merton and Howard, the former, in expiation of his error, had sent a letter to farmer Woodland, offering his hand to Mary, and this is *The Marriage Promise*, which gives the play its title. Soon

after this letter had been dispatched. Emma Harvey waits on Merton to solicit the renewal of a lease, that had expired that day, of a cottage, in which she and her mother had long resided. Merton is so much struck with the beauty, elegance, and simplicity, of Emma, that he soon repents of his *Marriage Promise*, and is inclined to give himself, as well as the renewed lease, to the fair suppliant. Tandem, a pert, silly, meddling, steward to Merton, having heard of the quarrel between his master and Howard, employs a couple of men to seize the latter upon his arrival on the ground appointed for the duel. Howard imputes the interruption to the cowardice of his antagonist. Before Merton goes to the field he opens a box, left sealed by his father, which contains a paper, signifying that the latter had been married previous to his union with Charles's mother, and that his first wife is still alive, but had solemnly engaged never to reveal the secret. This secret is also known to Jefferies, a faithful old servant in the family. Merton determines to renounce the fortune he had obtained, in behalf of the heir by the former marriage, but cannot wrest from Jefferies a discovery of the party. At length, the awful meeting between Merton and Howard takes place, and just as they are going to fire, Jefferies rushes in, and, struck by their mutual danger, informs them they are brothers, that Mrs. Howard was the first wife of the late Mr. Merton, and that her son George is the issue of the marriage. Mrs. Howard proves to be the daughter of old Confols, a rich stock-broker, from whom she had eloped five-and-twenty years before, and from whom she had studiously concealed herself during the whole of that time. The discovery is effected by the accidental

entry of Consols into Howard's cottage, where he receives the most charitable attention, upon the notion of his being in distress, while he is in reality in search of proper objects for patronage and bounty. It appears that there is a strong attachment between Howard and Mary; therefore Merton is easily released from his *Marriage Promise*, and enabled to offer his hand to Emma, and hence, with the prospect of a double marriage, the piece concludes. There is an underplot arising from the desire of Tandem, the vain officious steward, to be married to Mary, and his attempts to get her father into gaol for arrears of rent, because he will not cross his daughter's inclination.

—
This piece is the production of Mr. Allingham, the author of 'Fortune's Frolic.' It is confined to three acts, but it is sufficiently long. If it does not exhibit any high pretensions to dramatic fame, it is a piece of considerable merit, and very well calculated to excite a strong interest, and to afford much amusement: there is a liveliness and humour in the dialogue, and the plot is worked up in such a manner as to take a strong hold on the feelings.

The sentiments, in general, if not new, are moral, striking, and impressive; and are conveyed with energy, and sometimes with elegance.

The characters of Consols and Tandem have the chief claims to novelty. Whether the former, after labouring to acquire great wealth, and being still alive to acquisition, would be so ready to engage in a career of Quixotic benevolence to get rid of it, may be questioned. However, the part is sufficiently probable for dramatic purposes, and that is enough.

The same can hardly be said respecting the long concealment of

Mrs. Howard, as she is a very excellent woman, as she was actually married, and as she, for no adequate reason, secludes herself five-and-twenty years from an affectionate father. Nor does it seem quite probable, notwithstanding so great a length a length of time has elapsed, that the father and daughter should discover no traces of each other, since the latter must have been a full-grown girl when she run away with a gallant. We conceive it to be strange that farmer Woodland should be ignorant of the affection that existed between his daughter Emma and Howard, as he is a fond parent, as the parties had no reason to conceal their regard, and might very suitably be united.

There is the same inconsistency in this play as in the 'Iron Chest;'—a man records an account of an action dishonourable to himself, which he wishes to bury in eternal oblivion. If old Merton did not wish that his property should descend to the issue of his first marriage, for what purpose did he leave a paper disclosing the secret to his son by the second, particularly as he is anxious to have his memory remain untainted? Surely he would wish to have his memory as much revered by his own son, as by the world in general. These are certainly reasonable objections, yet they weigh but little against the general merit of the piece.

The acting throughout deserved high praise: Charles Kemble hardly ever appeared before to so much advantage. There was an ingenuous spirit, a sense of honour and feeling, that gave strong effect to the part of Merton. Dwyer was spirited. Downton was excellent in Consols. Pope gave a noble vigour to George Howard. Mrs. Jordan had all her spirit, with an interesting mixture of sentiment, in Emma: she

fung two airs, in the first of which she was encored: they are both pleasing compositions, but the second does not suit her voice. Kelly is the composer. Mrs. Powell was very natural and very interesting in Mrs. Howard. Mr. Powell displayed his usual good sense and feeling in Jefferies; and Palmer gave a good portrait of rustic humour and parental affection in farmer Woodland. Miss Mellon also deserves a very commendatory notice for her tenderness in Mary. Bannister was truly ludicrous and diverting in Tandem, which may be classed with his most whimsical performances.

The prologue, which was an allusion to the title of the play, appeared to be written with poetical spirit. Miss Mellon spoke an epilogue which turned on an author's hitting the taste of all parties like a cook.

The play was extremely well received throughout, and it is probable will become a favourite.

ON TASTE IN GOOD EATING.

[From the French.]

THERE is a wide difference between mere voracious gluttony and the taste of a connoisseur in good eating. An Œstiak, overgorged with fish-oil, may die of the surfeit; and a citizen of Paris may, in all decency, die of indigestion: but the pride of the glutton of taste is to die, like Apicius, stuffed to the chin with the most refined productions of cookery.

Good eating has been sometimes a subject of censure with men of austere virtue, but those were certainly not blessed with a good digestion. When we talk of moderation in our pleasures, we naturally blame the most those excesses which we are ourselves no longer able to commit.

Seneca is so severe upon gluttons, that we may easily believe the vigour of his own stomach to have been worn out. Livy speaks in the same tone, but it is very well known that historians have no good digestion. Juvenal, in his Satire on Parasites, belches out thunder and lightning against it, according to his usual way. Terence makes it a subject of sport in his *Adelphi*. Pliny distinguishes Apicius as the most thrifless of all spendthrifts.

Apicius, we know, kept an academy for teaching skill in good eating; expended two hundred and fifty thousand pounds, in the purchase of Sicilian lampreys, Venafran oil, wines, &c. &c.; and when he saw his fortune reduced to the small sum of five-and-twenty thousand pounds, prudently put an end to his life with his own hand, lest otherwise he should have lived to die of hunger.

The Greeks, likewise, cultivated the science of good eating with extraordinary attention. They had many highly-valued books on this subject. Such were those of Numerius of Heraclea, Hegemon of Thafos, Philoxenes of Leucada, Actides of Chio, Tyndaricus of Sicyon, Archestratus, and others. And we — what have we to compare with those, but such humble productions as 'The French Cook,' 'The Royal Cook,' 'The Modern Cook,' 'The Gifts of Comus,' 'The City Cook,' 'The School for the Officers of the Mouth,' and some other works, not less humble?

At Rome, a cook had four talents, or nineteen thousand livres, a-year. What a poet had then I know not; but, by all that I can see, neither our poets nor our cooks would have been greatly the objects of favour at Rome.

J. J. Rousseau would persuade us that no people ever become fastidiously nice in good eating, but such as have previously lost all the deli-

cacy of moral sensibility;—that a people supremely skilled in good eating must have sunk to a brutal fordidness of character, such as demands only fine actresses, dull pantomimes, singers, and rhubarb.

Good cookery had its origin in Asia. The Persians taught it to the Greeks: the Sicilians became distinguished masters in the art: it found its way thence to Rome: from the Romans it was taken up by the French. We have now our Antiochus Epiphanes, our Vitellius, our Apicius, our Antony, our Curtilius, who live only to eat, and eat with expence and taste. A single dish comes not on their tables, but at an expence for which whole families might be entertained. The Nandets, the Verys, the Roberts, and the masters of our other fashionable eating-houses, derive from this their fame and fortune. Our dancers and singers are famous; our cooks much more famous.

While writing this, I have just received a new book, named 'The Glutton's Almanac.' What a charming publication! It is the very *esprit des loix* of cookery! He tells, among other things, how a *potage* may be made, for two persons only, that shall cost ninety livres. Whether is the gratitude of the public due more to the inventor of this soup or to count Rumford? I could wish this 'Glutton's Almanac' to have had for a frontispiece, a child in an empty barn, with broken windows, half-filled up with snow, gnashing its teeth and clasping its hands in despair, after saying to its unfortunate mother, who had no bread to give—'Must I, then, mother, eat the stool I sit on?'

VILLETERQUE.

THE FATAL LETTER.

WE often hear of dean Swift directing a love-letter to a bishop, and that intended for the bishop to his mistress. The following similar mistake happened in the time of James I. When this monarch's daughter married the palatine, many soldiers of fortune followed her, among whom was one Duncomb, an officer in the earl of Oxford's company: he left a beautiful mistress behind him in England, to whom he was passionately attached, and had promised to marry. Her fortune being small, his father threatened to disinheret him. To alienate his affections from this lady, he sent him to the palatinate. He charged him, at his departure, never to think of her more, if he wished to be remembered by him. The lover had been absent some time, and his heart beat with undiminished affection. He resolved to give way to his affection, and wrote to his mistress, assuring her, that no threats or anger of his unfeeling parents should ever banish the tender recollection of their reciprocal passion. Having occasion to write to his father, he addressed his father's letter to his mistress, in which he renounces his mistress for ever. The father, with cruel indignation, sent to his son a letter of the most unkind nature. Whether it was this letter, or a sense of shame for the mistake that had happened, that she should see he had renounced her, the lover, alive to the finest sensibilities, run himself on his sword, and his death was sincerely lamented by all the English in the palatinate.

AUGUSTA AND EMILY;

A TALE.

[BY MISS C. B. YEAMES.]

AT Ashton-grove, the seat of his ancestors, resided Horatio Harcourt, a gentleman not more respected for his immense wealth than his amiable and gentle manners. With a heart tenderly alive to the misfortunes of his fellow-creatures, he gained the love and esteem of all who knew him; for not one was there to be found who would not risk his life for the preservation of that of the good 'squire. Yet had he, though apparently the happiest man in the world, an alloy to that greatness of soul which was the leading spring of all his actions, and which spread a gloom over the hilarity that used to distinguish the once gay Horatio. A wife, more beautiful than Helena, but more cruel, treacherous, and resentful, than Megæra, embittered those hours which ought to have been devoted to the love of her alone with peevish jealousies and insatiate broils. Still he bore it all: for the manly Horatio scorned to use a husband's power towards her; and only by soft rebukes was the giddy wife informed of his poignant sufferings by her blameable conduct, which made not the least impression on her adamant heart.

To the Hermitage of Hope—

'A paradise, by nature sweet,
Where the wood's brown branches meet,
Nigh where the haunted waters play,
Rapt in airy vision sweet'—

would Horatio retire from the harsh taunts of Mrs. Harcourt; and, trusting that time might work a change in her he so truly loved, he continued to meet with a pensive smile the destroyer of his repose.

Horatio's only offspring was a daughter; a child of four years old. In beauty of person she resembled

her mother, it is true; but far different were their dispositions: for if at that tender age her temper could be judged of, Augusta Harcourt was the most perfect of nature's children in that inestimable gift—good-nature.

The darling of her fond father, and the willing attendant on her capricious mother, Augusta entered her sixteenth year; an age in which our passions are at war with each other, and when we vainly view the actions of men in the fairest light, trusting too oft in the flowery speeches of their subtle tongues. Alas! guileless ourselves, artless and sincere, we expect to find all equally to steer by the pure compass of virtue: but soon the delusive mask is withdrawn; and human nature, with her numerous frailties, stands disclosed before us. At that moment the modern refinements of art appear fascinating, the shining paths of pleasure alluring, and the gaudy attractions of show and equipage present themselves too forcibly to be withstood. Then it is that so many amiable fair-ones throw aside the captivating blush of simplicity, for the more studied simper of fashion.

Augusta now was all the most fastidious could wish; lovely, amiable, sincere, and generous, she out-rivalled every belle, when gaily tripping up the luxuriant ball-room of Mrs. Harcourt.

At one of those routes which were weekly held by her beautiful mother at Ashton-grove, Augusta beheld lord William Agincourt, son to the earl of Cuthbert. His lordship was just returned from making his three years' tour on the continent; not a *petit-maître*, but a graceful, accomplished youth, fit to adorn the high rank he held in society. To enumerate the many brilliant perfections which Fortune had bestowed on her favourite pupil requires a much more able pen; suffice it, that he beheld the blooming

miss Harcourt with partial fondness; in his breast glowed an honourable passion, and he sighed to disclose it to the charmer of his soul.

A reciprocal affection took possession of the throbbing bosom of the lovely Augusta; and, when the long wished for hour arrived in which the noble lover declared his sentiments, that moment was the most blissful of her existence. Miss Harcourt's extreme youth soared her above disguise:—she adored the all-graceful Agincourt, and, trembling, said—

‘Although you possess my warmest affections, dear lord William! I must refer thee to my father: his counsels I will follow, and never swerve from the duty of an affectionate and obedient child;—a character which is ever attended, through the weary walks of life, by a guardian angel to protect it from harm.’

‘Lovely maid!’ softly returned he, ‘if, in the station of wife, you are guided by the same precepts of honour and humanity, the man who possesses thee will be supremely blessed, and seraphs might look down with envy on his bliss.’

Sweetly smiling, Augusta escaped from his embraces, and glided to the Hermitage: his lordship followed; and, arm-in-arm, they entered the charming abode of Hope, where was seated Mr. Harcourt. Agincourt was eloquent in his cause, and Augusta's vermilion blushes discovered to her father that she was not uninterested in his verdict.

Horatio's composure was ruffled by the trying scene now before him, and a gentle smothered sigh burst from its confined boundaries as he gazed on the suffused eye of Augusta. Distracted visions arose to his tortured imagination, and pictured this moment as the epoch of his child's misery or happiness for her future life. The thought would

not bear inspection. A solemn pause ensued; and Horatio, fainting, fell in the extended arms of Agincourt.

He soon recovered, to the great relief of the weeping girl, who was scarcely in a better situation than her father. Lord William would have left them, and returned to the grove for Mrs. Harcourt, fearing (ignorant of the cause) that his indisposition might increase; but the mild parent prevented him.

‘No,’ faintly said he, ‘go not for the disturber of my repose: that fiend which racks my frame to agony go not for.’—He raised his eyes to heaven, wiped the descending tear from his pale cheek, and continued:—‘My child! my Augusta! only soother of my misery! look not so sad: for the wild sensation of the brain has fled; and now I wait to catch that sweet smile which adorns thy beauteous countenance, to throw a shade of illumination over mine own.’

Augusta threw her ivory arms around his neck, and embraced him with transport, saying—‘Now I am again happy: the current of my father's spirits is returned; and peace cheers this panting heart, which beats so quick for you, my beloved parent.’

His lordship gazed on the interesting girl, now more truly bewitching by the dutiful accents which flowed from her guileless breast; and, gracefully bending his knee to Mr. Harcourt, implored him to give a favourable reply, and not to crush the hopes his sanguine fancy had raised.

‘Lord William,’ solemnly replied he, ‘weigh well what thou art about to request; and reflect whether it is a passion founded on a basis firm and lasting, or the transitory impulse of an hour, which induces you to request my sanction for addressing miss Harcourt. If the former, Agincourt is

noble; but if the latter, an affassin is to be preferred to him who would swear at the sacred altar to protect an unsuspecting female through life, when only the caprice of his volatility urged him to unite himself to her, and thus commit an action which common humanity would shudder at.'

'Heaven is my witness,' replied his lordship, firmly, 'that this heart pays sincere and ardent homage to the beauty and virtues of Augusta Harcourt. And never will those sentiments be estranged from my soul till death overtakes me, and ends my cares in the bed of rest.'

Satisfied by the answer of lord William, Horatio gave his entire approbation to his looking on Augusta as the sole object of his affections, and future bride, provided it was equally consonant to the wishes of earl Cuthbert.

In raptures at the condescension of Mr. Harcourt, his lordship pressed the taper fingers of Augusta to his lips, and departed for Henly-house, the country residence of his maternal aunt, lady Anna Beauclerk. Miss Harcourt lightly retraced back the flowery path to the grove, and hastened up to her dressing-room, to write epigrams, and instruct the dress-maker how to fix the costly ornaments on a new gold-muslin robe of her mother's, which that still lovely woman was to make her *entrée* in at a private theatrical of her friend Christina Strangeways.

All now was hilarity and happiness at Ashton-grove; for shortly the nuptials of the youthful heiress were to be celebrated with true eastern pomp and magnificence.

Earl Cuthbert, accompanied by his daughter, lady Mary, had already arrived at the Grove; and Augusta fondly clasped to her breast that amiable young lady, when introduced by her admirer Agincourt.

The evening before that morn

which was to give Augusta to lord William, the pensive lady Mary strolled, with her intended sister, around the delightful environs of the Grove. The sun had already crimsoned the western sky, and the nightingale had begun her melodious strain, when they found themselves yet two miles distant from home. Augusta smiled at the vain fears of the trembling lady Mary, and reassured her, by saying—'It was most probable Agincourt would come in quest of the runaways.'

The humble cottage of the widow Maitland now reared its lowly roof from behind a thickset hedge, when her ladyship stopped, and declared, half fainting, she could walk no further; and earnestly begged of Augusta to ask for their admission at the cottage, till notice could be sent to the Grove of their situation.—Augusta assented, with an encouraging smile, at the same time unclosing the little white paling which separated them from the dwelling; and, after giving a gentle rap at the door, the two fair friends entered. Oh, Heavens! what did they behold! (a sight which appalled their humane hearts with horror!)—Mrs. Maitland, weeping in agony by the side of her dying daughter, met the distracted eye of Mary and Augusta. On a neat white bed rested the poor Jessy. Her senses returned at intervals; and then would she press her mother's hand, and pray to Heaven to forgive her the crime of which she had been guilty, in deviating from the duties of a virtuous daughter. At the time when Augusta and lady Mary intruded on the private woes of the good widow, Jessy's reason for a short moment had reassumed its sway: she looked around the humble abode that sheltered her; then at her mother; then at the weeping lady Mary; and, lastly, her sunken eyes rested on the agitated Augusta.

‘Oh, miss Harcourt!’ she exclaimed,—now faint, and then with an enthusiasm that brightened up her once-lovely dark eyes, and caused the returning blush to kiss her snowy cheek,—‘take warning by my hapless fate, and never trust to man. Perfidious man! that caused me to outstep the paths of innocence, and forget my Creator. But, no; your guileless bosom knows no harm. Dearest madam, excuse the artless language of a simple girl, in daring thus to warn you against errors which are, which can be, only mine!’ continued the fainting Jessy, while strong convulsions shook her frame. A cordial was administered to the distressed sufferer; who, taking the hand of Augusta, added—‘How often has your good father instilled into my mind the purest lessons of virtue. “This you owe to yourself, Jessy,” he would say: “but, most of all, think of your Almighty Father!” But I was wicked; forgot his worthy precepts, and fell, bringing my dear mother with sorrow to the grave.’

Mrs. Maitland rushed into her daughter’s arms, while Augusta knelt by her side. The trembling lady Mary walked to the window to conceal her swollen eyes from the attention of Jessy, while stifled sobs ruffled her fragile form.

‘Can you forgive me, mother?’ poor Maitland slowly uttered.—‘Can you pardon the faulty child of your affections?’

‘My beloved Jessy,’ replied Mrs. Maitland, ‘revive; and live clasped in my bosom! for now thou art again my child, and more dear to my heart than ever.’

‘It is well; and I shall die in peace! Now, beloved mother, farewell!—Kind stranger! beloved miss Harcourt! remember the unfortunate Jessy, and sometimes think kindly of her! Farewell! farewell for ever!’

Her cold icy hand grasped Augusta’s, her eyes glared in their throbbing sockets, her pale lips fevered, and a convulsive fit shook her frame: it ceased; her countenance assumed the serenity of a sweet sleep; and, with a short sigh, Jessy Maitland expired.

Man, dissembling creature! thou base betrayer of our sex! the serpent which stings us with his delusive tongue, wrecks our repose, and blasts the tender flower ere it blooms! Poor Jessy! how many, like you, have fallen victims to the insidious arts of man! But, surely, never was a fairer rose tarnished by its rude destroyer! for thou wast all a fond parent could wish. Not a lass that sported on the green was thy equal; for thou wast their rustic queen, happy and beloved by all, till **** stepped in, and, with his cruelty, crushed thee down for ever!

Peace to thy memory, thou beautiful victim of a guilty passion!—And when chance leads the forlorn traveller to thy mossy grave, let him, like me, shed a tear over the evergreens that surround thee, and cry—‘Heaven help thee! mistaken, lovely Jessy!’

(To be continued.)

*To the EDITOR of the LADY’S
MAGAZINE.*

SIR,

IT will be the means of saving a young head from almost total baldness, if any one of your medical readers or correspondents can prescribe for me a safe, easy, and effectual preventive against the falling off of the hair of the head; and also, a safe, easy, and effectual recipe for restoring lost hair, which did not fall off through any known cause, or visible illness. I am, sir,

Yours, &c.

ELIZA CLARKE.

————, Feb. 18, 1803.

THE SLAVES;

AN EASTERN TALE.

ALZEMIA, the pride of beauty, the descendant of Heros, in whose veins flowed the blood of princes, first gazed on the light of heaven beneath the shadows of the wide-spreading banana. The victim of European oppression, the earliest lesson of her youth was sorrow. Reared in the lap of slavery, the chill hand of tyranny repressed the glowing emotions of her heart, and withered in their bloom the expanding blossoms of her mind; yet her form was comely as the mountain pine, and her polished limbs moved graceful as the waving cedar. From her eyes beamed the soft suffusion of love, and her coral lips dispensed the perfumes of Hadramut. But the loud lash of the tyrant's scourge awoke her to daily labour, and the fierce beams of a torrid sun scorched her veins as she toiled amidst the proud possessions of luxurious idleness. Oft has she listened through the shades of night to the soft murmurs of the rippling stream, where her sad heart has sighed with the keen pangs of disappointment. Here often would she exclaim:—
'Why are my hopes withered beneath the blasting influence of injustice?—why does the phantom, happiness, which I vainly seek, elude my grasp?—am I destined to perpetual misery?

The shrill yell of the tyger could not appal the beauteous Alzemia, and to the dreadful note of the cruel hyæna she would listen with profound attention: its solitary tone seemed to accord with the despair of her soul. Man alone, intelligent man, awakened her fears, and robbed her bosom of tranquillity. The fierce tenants of the desert, urged by the calls of nature, roam for prey, and eagerly fate their hungry

appetites with their destined victims. Yet the loud roar of the lion proclaims his approach, and the sharp hiss of the serpent warns the traveller to avoid his path. But man smiles when he would destroy; and, with the blandishments of courtesy, and the language of love, plunges the hapless objects of his unsated avarice in misery and despair.

Alzemia's heart owned the virtues of the lofty Molarcha, whose stubborn soul never bent beneath the scourge of oppression. Firm were his limbs as the root of the broad plantain; and, from his nervous arm, the unerring javelin had often pierced the shaggy boar. The fierce beams of passion darted from his eye as he toiled through the sultry day by the side of Alzemia: he scorned the lash of the tyrant, and the oppressive heat of noon shrunk not his vigour. His task of labour love rendered light, and his fond heart beat with rapturous emotion if in secret he could lift the burthen that pressed the gentle arms of the hapless maid. But his midnight groans echoed through his narrow hut, and the heavy dew of despair rested on his brow.

'Shall the proud Molarcha,' he cried, 'who once reigned lord of earthly power, yield to the imperious dictates of passion? shall he, at whose command a thousand damsels sported in the sprightly dance, whose subjects kissed the ground, and hailed him as the mighty warrior, clasp the rose of beauty to his breast only to give being to slaves?—No; the great Molarcha, whose heart is a stranger to fear, who never shrunk from the brandished lance of his enemy, will reign despotic over his own soul.'

Sad were the days of Alzemia, and deep the sorrow of her heart; but she looked forward to the land of her fathers as the place of rest, she

sought death as the end of her slavery, and longed to be folded in his cold embrace. Pining anguish had already begun to blast the fair form of beauty, when the proud lord whom she obeyed commanded his slaves to prepare the feast. Loud beat the timbrels at the gate, and the sound of music echoed through his hall; while the gayest of the throng led up the dance. But Alzemia gazed with stupid sorrow on the voluptuous scene. Yet her pensive face, as she languidly reclined where the cool air fanned her glowing cheek, caught the eye of a stranger guest, and passion fired his veins: he demanded the beautiful maid as the partner of his bed, and the reluctant victim was led to grace his luxurious couch. But the heart of Alzemia shrunk from dishonour, though her hand trembled as she pointed the dagger to her bosom:—‘Great Alla,’ she cried, ‘forgive thy hapless daughter for daring to rush unbidden into thy presence; death, alas! is the only refuge of virgin love.’ The blood streamed from her side; and, with her eyes raised to heaven, she expired. Shuddering as he beheld the lifeless corpse, the cold-hearted dealer in human flesh turned with horror from the sight, while compunction rioted in his bosom, and his heart sickened at the mischief he had created. Molarcha had beheld, with indignant anguish, the object of his secret sighs torn from his side, and urged to frenzy as she cast a last lingering look on him, he caught a deadly weapon and aimed a blow at his tyrant. Alarm filled the sumptuous dwelling, and the haughty lord trembled with the dread of retribution. But all was soon hushed in silence; the daring slave was dragged, foaming with rage, to his dungeon, where, loaded with chains, he was left to groan out

the night. The feast and the dance continued, nor could the sighs of misery, or the visitation of death, interrupt the festive scene. The stormy passions of Molarcha were all inflamed: he cursed this tyrant that oppressed him, and blasphemed the mighty power that governs and sustains the world. Vainly he sought to relieve the fury of his soul by the deep wounds he inflicted on his body; the raging of his mind rendered his flesh insensible to pain. Hour after hour passed in this state of intolerable anguish, when suddenly his rage was suspended, and every feeling lost in wonder and awe. A noise, like the roar of the mighty ocean when the storm rises high, filled the air, the earth shook beneath his feet, while a light more bright than the sun-beams at noon shone through the deep gloom of his dungeon, and a figure, in whose face beamed love and benevolence, stood before him.

‘Thy sorrows, Molarcha,’ cried the genius, ‘have ascended to the throne of the beneficent Alla, who pardons thy presumption and pities thy affliction, who has sent his servant to teach thee wisdom to calm the swelling rage of thy bosom. I will shew thee the heart of thine oppressor: thou shalt behold it torn with remorse, and gnawed by the fiend of avarice. Thou shalt see him as he tosses on his bed of down, while the dæmons of fear torment him; and thou thyself shalt own, that vice needs no other flames to punish than the hell which it enkindles within the bosom of the vicious.’

So saying, he spread his garment over the astonished Molarcha, and they mounted together through the regions of the air. As they hovered over the perfumed chamber, where luxury reposed, the eyes of the slave were enlightened, and he beheld the lord of the East, at whose nod a

thousand wretches bowed the knee, writhing beneath the tortures of a guilty mind. Every breeze that played through the apartment startled his soul; he groaned with anguish while he anticipated a dreadful retaliation.

‘My slaves are come!’ cried he, in broken slumbers; ‘already they destroy my costly palace; fearful will be their vengeance; how shall I support their cruel tortures!’ Fear at length subsided, and remorse, even more agonising, usurped its place.

Molarcha bowed before the genius; his spirit was humbled to the dust. ‘I am as a worm in the hands of the mighty Alla,’ cried he, ‘who has deigned to enlighten my understanding—Virtue alone gives happiness to man. I will follow her paths, and adore the beneficent Ruler of the world.’

Again they bounded through the wide regions of the air with such impetuous velocity, that Molarcha lost all consciousness, and every idea was ‘suspended, till at length he opened his eyes on a new world. His faculties were now awakened to fresh vigour; he felt keener sensations thrill through his frame, while he seemed to grasp a wider sphere of comprehension as he gazed on the objects around him. The sun shed a mild, but not oppressive, heat over fields of verdure and hedges of myrtle, and the modest dwellings that covered the plain charmed the eye by their uniform simplicity. He moved slowly forward, while groups of happy beings, who alternately scattered the grain through the field, or sported over the meadows, hailed his arrival. Here he beheld the proud European embracing the tawny negro, and confessing, with joy of heart, the superiority of those delights which flow from mild equality and reciprocal kindness. The cruel distinctions of master and slave were unknown

in this happy region, where love directed the inclinations and wisdom guided the actions of the inhabitants.

‘Almighty power, stupendous being!’ exclaimed Molarcha with rapture, ‘thou hast brought me to the land of felicity. I am no longer a slave; I breathe in freedom, and will worship for ever before thy throne in grateful adoration.’

‘Hold,’ cried the genius, sternly, ‘thou art not yet worthy to be an inhabitant of the land which I have shown thee; thou must return to the lower world, for thou yet wantest understanding. It is from the experience of evil, man learns to appreciate good: the pursuit of vice punishes the vicious, and in the school of adversity they are taught. The great source of light and life is above thy praise, and delighteth not in thy adoration; virtue alone is pleasing to him, and his delight is in the dealings of the just. Here every heart beats with love towards its fellow—for where all are equal, envy must vanish. In this happy society labour excites to rest, and rest refreshes for labour; plenty covers each board, but voluptuous luxury is unknown. Here knowledge opens her varied stores to the enquiring mind, and the secrets of nature are unfolded. To him who pursues the path of rectitude the road to the hill of wisdom is easy: but to him who brutalises his nature and sinks the slave of sensuality, the ascent is difficult, and rugged are the regions through which he must pass.’

The voice of the genius now sounded like thunder in the ears of Molarcha; his eyes were again closed, and his senses suspended; when, lo! the dawn glimmered through his dungeon, and he beheld himself a slave. He felt the heavy chains that galled his limbs, but his mind was calm, and he awaited his fate with fortitude.

C. W.

CRITICAL OBSERVATIONS *on the*
NOVEL of 'TOM JONES.'*In a Series of Letters from an Uncle to
his Niece.**(Continued from p. 140.)*

LETTER V.

DEAR NIECE,

I NOW proceed to the examination of the sixth book of 'The History of a Foundling.'

The introductory chapter to the sixth book treats on the power of love in the human breast, and of the difference between the delicate effusion of that passion and the turbulence of irregular desires. These observations form a very proper introduction to the subject matter of this book.

In the second chapter, the reader is brought acquainted with Mrs. Western; whose character, though highly charged, has nothing improbable in the imagery, if we form to ourselves the idea of a woman haughty and imperious by nature, and from education and habit rendered vain and ridiculous in her carriage: and, who, having in her youth been disappointed in love, now, in the days of stale maidenhood, gives herself wholly to the study of politics. The books to which she had recourse for assistance in this study, as enumerated by Mr. Fielding, were, of all others, the most likely to tickle her pedantic thirst for this kind of reading; and which, as Mr. Fielding observes in another place, is worse in a woman than any of the affectations of an ape. How incongruous soever Mrs. Western's deportment may seem, when contrasted to that of the ladies of the present day, who prudently limit their ambition to feminine accomplishment, leaving political researches to the

sagacity of their husbands; there have formerly existed in our island women of Mrs. Western's description, and this is sufficient to justify Mr. Fielding in bringing her upon the stage. This lady will be found to act no inconsiderable part in the drama; and, whenever she appears, the same affectation of learning and political talents, the like haughtiness of demeanour, and rage for polemical and disputatious altercation, will be found to prevail throughout the piece, in which each individual speaks and acts on every occasion in the very manner which characterised such person on the first introduction to our notice. The dialogue which passes between the brother and sister, in this chapter, is laughable in the extreme.

The ruling principles of Mr. Allworthy and Mr. Western are placed in the most conspicuous point of view, on the squire's abrupt proposal of the match to Mr. Allworthy, in the third chapter. Mr. Fielding's definition of true wisdom, in the latter part of this chapter, forms one, among many, of those hints which abound in this work, and cannot fail to be highly beneficial to those young readers who will submit to listen to instruction administered, as all those of Mr. Fielding's are, with a smiling countenance.

The coldness and reserve of Blifil, when Allworthy communicates to him the nature of Western's visit, in the fourth chapter, flow spontaneously from his saturnine complexion: Mrs. Western, likewise, appears in her true character, when her brother informs her of Allworthy's message.

The discourse between Mrs. Western and her niece, the assumed importance of the old lady, and her self-gratulation at having made a discovery of the favourable opinion of Sophia towards Blifil; the equivocal language which Mrs. Western

makes use of on the occasion, so as in the end to draw from Sophia an acknowledgment of the passion she entertained for Jones, and the rage excited in Mrs. Western at the discovery, form the entertainment of the fifth chapter, the whole of which evinces the abilities of a master.

Every period in the sixth chapter teems with genuine wit and true humour. Mrs. Honour's address to her mistress, and her subsequent discourse, are delivered in the true spirit, and in the natural style, of a lady's woman. Sophia's rebuke at the mention of Jones's name, her determination to seek out Mr. Jones, under pretence of walking with her aunt in the grove, and fixing Mrs. Honour to her needle-work, mark the origin from whence they sprang.

The formal courtship of Mr. Blifil; the favourable light in which he viewed the modest repulses of Sophia; the extravagant joy of the father; the fond caresses and warm protestations which, in consequence of Blifil's report, he bestows on his daughter, and his sudden transition to a violent fit of rage upon his being undeceived by Sophia; his breaking from her, and dashing his face against the floor; and his sending Jones to plead for his rival; form the entertainment of the eighth chapter; which, while it develops the character of Mr. Western, gradually introduces to the reader's notice an occurrence of very interesting moment to the thread of the story, and which is related in the eighth chapter. Were the meeting between Jones and Sophia, described in this chapter, to be expressed by the pencil upon canvas, the picture would be a high treat to every man of science; and such readers who can truly relish the description so beautifully delineated by the pen of Mr. Fielding, may, through the aid of an imagination warmed by the subject, find

little difficulty in bringing each of the parties before their eyes.

The figurative expressions which introduce the 'squire to the lovers, in the ninth chapter, after having been informed of the whole secret by his sister, are perfectly well applied on the present occasion; and the several characters of Jones and Western are very properly discriminated, in the altercation which passes between them. The ductility of parson Supple is characteristic of some of the divines of those days, many of whom did not scruple to submit to the vilest indignities from their patron, in return for the convenience of his table.

The tenth chapter forms an introduction very material to the events afterwards to be related. It was upon the information given by Western to Mr. Allworthy, in this chapter, that the latter came to the resolution of discarding Jones from his protection, and abandoning him to his fate. The manner of Western's relation, in the broad Somersetshire dialect, of what had passed at his house, renders the interview truly humorous. The artful insinuations thrown out by Blifil, after Western had taken his leave, show the dark malignity of his disposition, and probably operated more fatally towards alienating Mr. Allworthy's regard, and hastening the crisis of Jones's fate, than any circumstance which Western had before related; and these hints of Blifil, having been strengthened by the evidence of Thwackum, confirmed the truth of the whole story in the mind of the good man, and brought on the dismissal of the unfortunate youth, as related in the eleventh chapter. The sarcasms and reproaches vented on this occasion against Allworthy by the neighbouring gossips, are characteristic traits of low-bred and illiterate minds.

The purloining of the bank-bill, in the twelfth chapter, naturally excites our resentment against black George, though in other respects a friendly, good-natured, fellow: and, indeed, his subsequent conduct evinces the gamekeeper's attachment to the foundling, and that he would readily do him any services within his power, in return for the benefits conferred on him by our hero; and, so far as the articles of his creed extended, he would have scorned to have violated the precepts of morality. But the temptation overcame his integrity, which did not aspire to extend beyond the bare letter of the law. On this breach of trust in the gamekeeper will be found to rest a very considerable portion of the tale related in the following pages. The same narrow principles which had actuated George, in concealing the bank-bill, caused the hesitation which he expressed, when asked by Jones if he would do him the greatest favour in the world.

The thirteenth chapter opens with the sagacious lecture delivered by Mrs. Western to her niece, and the boisterous treatment of the 'squire. After which we are entertained with the dialogue between Sophia and her maid. The pert airs of a lady's woman in this, as in all the conversation of Mrs. Honour, are strongly marked; and her loquacity at the present juncture seems necessary to the thread of the story, as it conciliates her mistress to Jones, of whose sincerity she began to entertain some doubts. This sudden transition which Mrs. Honour's tale of Mr. Jones having been deserted by Allworthy occasions in the tender breast of Sophia, is strictly in nature. The conference between the conscience of black George and his avarice is laughable enough.

The last chapter of this book con-

tains a dialogue between Mr. and Mrs. Western, in language which betrays the ruling principle of each; and the consequence is, the enlargement of Sophia and her delivery into the hands of her aunt, a measure which seems necessary towards the introduction of the important matters contained in the seventh book.

In the introductory chapter to the seventh book, the comparison made so often of human life to the stage supplies the author with materials for compiling a most valuable essay; in which he considers the individuals which compose human nature as the audience at the representation of the drama, and not as the actors, as they have been generally held forth: this gives him an opportunity of commenting on the behaviour of black George in the last chapter, and of extenuating the offence he had been guilty of. The reasoning of our author upon this head manifests the clearness of his intellects and the purity of his heart. The different opinions entertained by the different ranks of society assembled at this drama, on the conduct of black George, are delivered in a style of great humour: in short, the candour recommended in this chapter ought to be carefully implanted on the memory of every young person; and this (if duly attended to) will in some measure enable them to resist that bias towards slander and detraction so powerfully impressed on the human mind, and enable them to take every occurrence by the right handle.

In the second chapter, the perusal of Blifil's letter determines the resolution of Jones, and he forthwith hires horses to proceed for Bristol, in order to seek his fortune at sea; a very natural expedient for a person, like him, bereft of every comfort on shore.

In the third chapter, we are con-

ducted to Mr. Western's, where a dialogue passes between Sophia and her aunt, in which the latter harangues, with great volubility of speech, on the obligations which young women lie under of assenting to any treaty of marriage which their parents may think proper to enter into on behalf of their children. The language made use of by Mrs. Western on this occasion is dictated by those prudential considerations by which parents are induced to sacrifice the comfort and happiness of their daughters to their own avarice and caprice, treating the idea of the young woman's consent as a matter of the slightest consequence, and enforcing the necessity of her submission from her own superior sagacity, backed by similes and authorities drawn from her favourite study of politics, the usual support of all her *ipsa dixit*. The entrance of 'squire Western, who had mistaken his sister's figurative expressions, and the discourse which passed between these two originals, are circumstances in which the author has displayed much true humour.

The wit and humour displayed by the author, in the third chapter, must be acknowledged genuine by every reader. In truth, the good 'squire never makes his appearance but his dialect and manner draw forth a smile from the reader. The interference of Sophia on behalf of her aunt, shows the mildness of her disposition, and the native goodness of her heart; and her reasonable observation respecting the distribution of her aunt Western's property, if she had died yesterday, awakens the sensation of avarice in the mind of her father, and he forthwith applies his endeavours to prevent the departure of his sister, by detaining her horses. The conversation which Mrs. Honour held with her mistress, when the latter had retired to her

chamber, tends to rivet the affections of Sophia yet more closely to her admirer.

In the fourth chapter Mr. Western's allusion to the supposed demerits of his deceased wife, which we are told was his usual resource when his temper was soured by any trifling vexation, and that the match between the 'squire and his lady had not been founded on the least tincture of reciprocal affection or regard, his conclusions, therefore, in favour of Blifil, were natural enough. The author's reflexions on jealousy proceed from a judicious train of reasoning on that baneful disease of the mind.

In the sixth chapter, a reconciliation takes place between the 'squire and his sister, and poor Sophia is made a sacrifice to this reconciliation. At the interview which, under the 'squire's directions, takes place between Blifil and Sophia, in this chapter, the awkward situation in which they are placed is well described. The impetuosity of Mr. Western, in breaking in upon Blifil and declaring his resolution to close with Allworthy that very afternoon, is characteristic. The observations of the author upon the conduct of Blifil, and the advantages which he derived from the instructions of Thwackum and Square, serve to impress in a forcible manner upon the mind of the reader those sentiments of dislike which he had conceived for these three personages upon their first introduction to his notice. The villainous intentions of Blifil are painted in their true colours to the reader, whilst they are concealed from Allworthy by equivocal answers to those questions which the good man thought fit to propose, by which the uncle is kept in ignorance of the true statement of the transaction. The facts related in this chapter naturally lead to

one of the most important events in the whole history; namely, the flight of Sophia, which takes place soon after.

The intelligence conveyed to Sophia by Mrs. Honour, in the seventh chapter, forms a good excuse for the resolution taken by the former of leaving her father's house. As she saw herself upon the point of being sacrificed to the man she detested, the most rigid casuist will find it difficult to resolve the step she was about to take into a breach of filial duty; and there seems great propriety in making Mrs. Honour the principal agent in this determination, so well calculated for the prying curiosity of a lady's woman. The manner in which she delivered the intelligence to her lady, and the fears she entertained, when requested to accompany Sophia in her flight; her yielding at last, in consequence of the reward held out by her mistress; are all of them lively representations, embellished with true humour. Sophia's determination to throw herself under the protection of a lady of quality is well conceived. The debate which passed in the imagination of Mrs. Honour, balancing the integrity which she owed to her mistress with the advantage likely to result to her upon betraying the whole secret to Mr. Western, proceeds naturally from the contracted ideas of a person of her inferior breeding and education; and the altercation which afterwards takes place between Mrs. Western's waiting-woman and herself, strongly marks the character and disposition of these two Abigails, and is related with infinite humour. The entrance of Mrs. Western at this critical juncture, very opportunely ripens the project which Mrs. Honour was desirous should result from this scolding match.

In the ninth chapter a very hu-

morous account is given of Mr. Western's demeanour in the character of a magistrate. His misconstruction of a speech of his daughter's, and the fond caresses he bestows on her, by which the resolution of Sophia was nearly overcome, and she was on the point of exerting the utmost filial obedience, by consenting to give her hand to Blifil, mark the virtuous principles of our heroine, whom nothing but the prospect of utter ruin could have prevailed on to desert her father. And it should ever be remembered by the youthful female readers of this novel, that the conduct of Sophia, in leaving her father's house, ought not to be brought as an example to encourage other young women to imitate her conduct. Her situation was a singular one, and such as (though it may sometimes have taken place, which is sufficient to justify the plot of a romance) rarely, very rarely, happens in real life. The bank-bill which Mr. Western gave his daughter at this interview, will appear to be a very necessary agent in the sequel of the history.

The tenth chapter overflows with wit and humour. The conversation which Jones maintains with the countryman affords the author an opportunity of displaying his talents in this way. No terms could have been more appropriate to the bent of rustic curiosity, generally to be met with in the converse of the lower orders in the country, than the impertinent questions proposed to Jones by these boors; nor is the conversation between Jones and the quaker less characteristic. The curiosity of this man in his endeavours to fish out the business of Mr. Jones, and his officious relation of his own private concerns, the rage which this excited in Jones, his pushing the quaker out of the room, the sub-

sequent conversation between the latter and Robin, and the sudden transition in the mind of the quaker, upon being informed of the particulars which the landlord had learned from the information of the guide and the watch, so strictly maintained by the former, and his dread of being robbed, though he had nothing to lose; all these circumstances are calculated to excite mirth in the reader, and the language in which these actors severally express themselves is characteristic of each speaker. When it becomes necessary for Jones to depart from this house, the event is not related in a dull, languid, enumeration of plain matters of fact, but through the intervention of an accident, which at once supplies the young traveller with companions on the road, and determines him to relinquish his former project of going to sea. This dereliction, and the incidents which occur in the prosecution of his new plan, serve to connect the several parts of the history in the succeeding pages.

Never was an event related with more pleasantry and true humour than the arrival of a company of soldiers, in the eleventh chapter. Every line teems with wit, and the whole cannot fail to be a dainty treat to every reader of taste. The serjeant's introduction of the tipler to his commanding officer is expressed in very laughable terms.

In the twelfth chapter, a censure is passed on those in power for suffering men of real merit to grow grey in the service of their country, and to be under the command of boys. This conduct has at all times been complained of as a grievance attached to the navy, the army, and the church. The lieutenant's character, given in few words, serves to prepossess the reader in his favour.

The outlines of the birth and characters of the other officers, lead us to expect food for laughter at the table where the company is seated; and so indeed it turned out, notwithstanding the accident of the broken head..

The conversation between the lieutenant and the landlady, in the thirteenth chapter, furnishes a very humorous scene; but the sagacious observations of the doctor, uttered in a style of scientific jargon, which it was impossible for any person, not bred to the profession, to comprehend; the evasive answers which he returns to the lieutenant's questions, with his ductility of compliance to the landlady's request; are all of them brought forward with so much humour, as cannot fail to excite bursts of applauding laughter from every one who reads these several circumstances. The idea of the doctor's submitting to the landlady's recipe of chicken broth rather than lose the custom of the house, though perhaps it may not apply to many of the surgeons in these more enlightened times, must not therefore be condemned as unnatural; for, in the days when Mr. Fielding wrote, many individuals might be found to justify his satire. The discourse which the lieutenant maintains with Jones, shows the force of habit and education. This officer is represented as a worthy man and a good christian, yet he recommends Jones to take out the ensign as soon as possible; and when the latter objects to premeditated revenge, as being contrary to the precepts of the Gospel, the lieutenant acknowledges there is such a command, but refers it to a mistranslation. Such effect will the early habits, contracted by every man through the medium of his profession, have upon his future actions;

they will always leave a tinge upon the mind, with difficulty to be eradicated hereafter.

The fourteenth chapter abounds with humorous sketches throughout; specimens of which will appear in the dialogue that passes between Jones and the serjeant, and in the relation, given by the centinel, of the terrors which he felt at the appearance of Jones, whom his fears represented as a ghost. The sudden recollection of the serjeant, upon Jones's threats of acquainting the lieutenant with the deception he had endeavoured to pass on him respecting the price of the sword, is a good specimen of that presence of mind which is not unfrequently met with in persons of the lower ranks of life, and must be allowed to have been carved from that dish which Mr. Fielding, at the outset of the history, promised to regale his guests—human nature. The portrait which our author has drawn of Mr. Jones, when he proceeded in search of the ensign, is sketched in such lively tints as almost justify the terrors which shook the poor centinel. The doctrine of ghosts and hobgoblins is scarcely yet eradicated in many parts of the country; and, at the time when this book was published (more than half a century back) this fond credulity was in no want of advocates, even among those of more enlarged understanding. Whether the banishment of these ideas from the minds of the vulgar may not have introduced a more dangerous evil in its stead, I shall leave to the decision of the moralists: if I may be allowed to speak my honest sentiments on the occasion, these superstitious notions have not effected half the mischief in the world as those which have arisen from the cant and folly of enthusiasts. How rapidly the delusion of

supernatural agency has declined, may be gathered from a comparison of the present times with an event which took place about the year 1754, when a poor ignorant old woman, not thirty miles from the metropolis, was actually drowned by the populace on a charge of practising necromancy and witchcraft: nay, it is yet in the memory of many persons now living, that the good people in London were palsied with fear, during several weeks, through the delusion of some simple women; and many grave city divines were driven almost to declare their belief, that the noises they heard were occasioned by an invisible spirit, though it afterwards proved to be the artifice of a cunning set of females to extort charity. Well then might the serjeant be intimidated at the figure of Jones. The escape of Northington is necessary towards bringing forward other incidents which contribute to the main thread of the story.

The last chapter of this book accounts for the sudden flight of Northington; and the quarrel between the lieutenant and his colonel, in the twelfth chapter, appears now to have been properly introduced in that place, to explain the secret how the ensign becomes possessed of money sufficient to bribe the landlady: and as this adventure will hereafter be found a necessary agent towards introducing a lady of no inconsiderable figure to our notice, his escape from the hands of justice, by some means or another, was necessary to be effected, as a preparatory step to an incident which we shall find recorded in the next book; and whom could the author fix upon, as better adapted to the purpose, than this loquacious hostess, who, from the whole tenor of her character, as sketched in the next

book, seems favoured by nature for carrying into effect a project of this kind? and of this her declaration of the soldier's guilt, though she herself was conscious of his innocence, exhibited a striking instance. The argument between the drawer and chamber-maid, on their mistress directing them severally to attend Mr. Jones; and their afterwards marching up to his chamber together, is related with much humour.

I am, dear niece,
Your affectionate uncle, &c.

(To be continued.)

A. MORNING'S WALK *in*
APRIL.

'Behold, to the enraptur'd eye,
Fair Spring descends the southern sky!
A primrose wreath surrounds her hair;
Her green robe floats upon the air.
She waves her wanton wings, and round her
flowers
Soft dews, and rich perfumes, and variegated
flowers.'

SCOTT.

'AN April morning,' as Sterne says, 'had opened its moist eye-lids,' when I began my monthly tour. The lark was up before me, and, elevated in æther, was tuning his early anthem; and, as if stimulated by his example, the feathered tribe were quitting their mossy dwellings to join the chorus of gratitude and praise. Soon the 'tuneful nations' were aroused, and all around was melody.

'The blackbird strove with emulation sweet,
While Echo answer'd from her close retreat:
The sporting white-throat, on some twig's-end
borne,
Pour'd hymns to freedom and the rising morn.
Stopt in her song, perchance, the starting
thrush
Shook a white shower from the black-thorn
bush;
Where dew-drops thick as early blossoms hung,
And trembled as the minstrel sweetly sung.'

BLOOMFIELD.

The weather was seasonable, perfectly Aprilian, sunshiny and showery; but with such a morning the early Rambler is seldom satisfied, little thinking that without these fructifying showers Creation would not display her brilliant tints, nor charm us with the view of her golden-spotted robe: the birds would cease to make the groves resound with harmony, the flowers to regale us with their blossomed fragrancy, and the fruits of the earth to arrive at maturity.

From a neighbouring copse the wryneck exclaimed 'Pe-pe-pe!'—Unmusical songster! Herald of the cuckoo! thy plain note pleases me more than the melodious strains of the accomplished chorister; for thou proclaimest that rosy spring (lovely season!) is commenced. Smiling period! that exhibits to the enraptured sight all that is charming to the ear, pleasing to the eye, or grateful to the sense.

The hedges began to array themselves in green attire, and the black-thorn to display its snowy blossoms. The songful tribes were all activity, fabricating their curious domes. Looking up a tree, I saw a chaffinch's nest thereon. What ingenious architects, who without any implements could rear so beautiful a structure! It would have put the art and ingenuity of sir Christopher Wren and Inigo Jones to the test to have erected, with such materials, so commodious an edifice.

'Pretty birds!' I exclaimed, 'may you quickly enjoy your new-built dwelling. No unfriendly act of mine shall mar your domestic felicity. I will not demolish your little home, plunder you of your eggs, nor rob you of your young. No, innocent warblers! I will not despoil you of your tender offspring. I am a parent—I can feel for you. What if some cruel tyrant was to bereave

me of my little ones! I shudder at the idea: but, if the bare supposition cause such poignant sensations, what would be the consequences of the reality?’

Towards the conclusion of my morning's walk, the following pleasing personification, written by an anonymous poet, occurred to my mind, which gives a just description of this changeful month.

‘Next came a blooming boy, in robe of green;

On his fair brow a flowery crown was seen,
Where the pale primrose with the cowslip vied,
And fragrant violets shone in purple pride.
Around the stripling flock'd the plummy throngs,

To hail him with their soft, harmonious, songs.
And now he smil'd with joy, and now apace
The crystal tears bedew'd his alter'd face:
Like the young fondling on his mother's breast,

Who cries for absent joys, and thinks them best;

Mid smiles, and tears, and frowns, he onward came,

With gentle pace—and *April* was his name.’

Haverhill.

JOHN WEBB.

ANECDOTE.

ALMANSOR, king of Morocco, one day lost himself while hunting. A furious storm arose, and the earth was drenched with torrents of rain; and, as night approached, the darkness rendered the tempest still more dreadful. While the king sought a place of shelter, he met with a poor fisherman who was going to fish for eels in a neighbouring pond. Almanzor accosted him, and asked him which was the road to the king's palace.

‘You are ten miles from it,’ said the fisherman.

The king asked him to conduct him to it.

‘That I would not attempt,’ said he, ‘were you Almanzor himself; for in this dark night we might easily both be smothered in the marshes.’

‘What is Almanzor to you,’ said the king, ‘that you should mention his name?’

‘What is he to me?’ replied the fisherman: ‘a thousand lives such as yours or mine are not worth one of his least important days! No prince better deserves the affection of his subjects; and that I have for him is so great that I love him better than myself, and yet I love myself very well.’

‘You must have received some very considerable favours from him, or you would not talk thus.’

‘Indeed I have not: but, in fact, what more considerable favours can we receive from a good king than strict justice, and a wise and peaceable government? Under his protection, I enjoy in peace whatever it has pleased God to bestow on me: I go into my cottage and come out of it when I please, and no person dares to injure or disturb me.—Come, you shall be my guest to-night, and to-morrow I will shew your way wherever you please.’

The king followed the good man to his cottage, dried himself, supped with his family, and took his repose till the next day, when he soon found his courtiers and the company with whom he had been hunting. He amply rewarded the fisherman, giving him his castle of Cæsar Alcubir, which afterwards became one of the finest towns in Africa, distinguished for the arts and sciences and the cultivated manners of the inhabitants.

To the EDITOR of the LADY'S MAGAZINE.

SIR,

I SEND you the translation of a French play, entitled 'Matilda.' The subject is taken from Mrs. Inchbald's pleasing novel, 'A Simple Story,' though the author (M. Monvel, member of the national institute) has not mentioned her name in acknowledgment, but only that of M. Deschamps; the translator of the novel under the title of 'Simple Histoire.' The piece has been acted at Paris with much applause. Yours, &c.

Twickenham, March 25, 1803.

ELEANOR H———.

MATILDA ; A DRAMA

IN FIVE ACTS.

CHARACTERS.

COUNT D'ORLHEIM.

MATILDA, his daughter.

AMELIA WALSTEIN, the friend of the late countess d'Orlheim, and who had brought up Matilda.

ERNEST, nephew to count d'Orlheim.

M. HERMAN, chaplain to the count.

M. BLOUME, steward to the count.

BARON WODMAR.

LOUISA, chamber-maid to Matilda.

PHILIP, servant to the count, in love with Matilda.

CHARLES, another servant to the count.

Several other servants of the count and baron.

The Scene is a Saloon in the Castle of Orlheim.

ACT I.

SCENE I.

Louisa; Philip.

Philip.

WHAT do you say, my dear charming Louisa; will you always love me?

Louisa. Always, my dear Philip: I can promise without danger of breaking my word. I am of a family in which infidelity was never known.

Philip. Those families, my dear, are not very numerous. I should not be willing to swear as much for mine. But I shall be a pattern to my dependents.

Louisa. I hope you will, indeed. But count d'Orlheim comes here to-day, and you will inform him of our intentions, and ask his permission, will you not?

Philip. I shall give him two hours to take breath, for it is not a very short journey from Berlin to our castle; and when he has recovered a little from his fatigue, I will go to him, and, with the utmost polite-

ness, lay before him the state of our affairs, and our plan for future felicity. He will approve it; he will make us a handsome present: we shall marry, be happy, and soon enrich the world with another family of those good but scarce people who know not what infidelity is.

Louisa. I would not advise you to pronounce that word in his presence; it will not be the means of advancing our affairs.

Philip. Why so?

Louisa. I cannot tell: first, because it is a secret; secondly, because I do not know it.

Philip. Those are excellent reasons, certainly. But, perhaps, the count has suffered by this kind of infidelity?

Louisa (in a low voice, and significantly). I assure you it is whispered so.

Philip. It could not be by the poor late countess his wife; for whose death I have so often seen you shed tears?

Louisa (with the air of a person who

knows more than she is willing to tell).
Alas!—

Philip. It is said they lived separate more than ten years.

Louisa. That is a long time ; especially if there should be no cause for it but mere suspicion.

Philip. I have been told, too, that when the countess was on her death-bed, the count remained obstinately shut up in his chamber, and would not even go to receive her last farewell.

Louisa. And what do you think of his expressly forbidding any person ever to mention her name in his hearing ?

Philip. Or what is to be thought of his treatment of his daughter Matilda, who, since the death of her mother, has returned to this castle, where the poor girl lives as if her father were an absolute stranger to her ?

Louisa. All this gives room for many conjectures.

Philip. If I had been longer in the service of the count, I will engage I should have known something more of this secret.—So the countess, whom you all believed to be so virtuous, was actually—

Louisa (hastily). I do not say that.

Philip. What, then, is it that you do say ?

Louisa. Nothing at all : you have forced me to speak. Be assured that I know nothing with certainty ; and that no person in the house, on this subject, knows more than myself ; not even, perhaps, Mr. Herman, our chaplain, the intimate friend of the count ; and if he does not know, certainly nobody else does.

Philip. Do you not think that madame Amelia Walstein, so long the friend of the countess d'Orlheim, and who never abandoned Matilda, knows something ?

Louisa. Yes ; if she would tell—I believe she does. But there is no getting a word out of her.

Philip. And young Mr. Ernest, the nephew of the count, whom he intends to make his heir, to the exclusion of his own daughter, what does he say to all this ?

Louisa. Mr. Ernest ? Since his long illness, that is, ever since the return of Matilda to the castle, his character has greatly altered. All his former vivacity and sprightliness are changed into melancholy and dejection. I am much mistaken if his amiable cousin has not made an impression on him.

Philip. Do you believe so ?—There are in almost all families incomprehensible secrets of one kind or another. But, after all, this is no business of ours. I am sorry for the count, who is unhappy ; and I am sorry for poor Matilda, who, if her mother was guilty, ought not to suffer for the crimes of another.

Louisa. Guilty!—Crimes!—Who said a word of any such thing?—Be on your guard not to talk to any body else as you do to me ; for if you do, you may depend on it we shall not remain long at the castle.

Philip. Am I addicted to talking ? Except yourself, I am dumb to all the world.—Here is Mr. Herman.

SCENE II.

Herman, Louisa, Philip.

Herman. How has Matilda passed the night ?

Louisa. Very indifferently, sir.

Herman (aside). Poor child!—
(Aloud.) And how does madame Amelia ?

Louisa. She does all she can to revive the spirits of my young lady.

Herman. Will they not come down this morning ?

Louisa. Come down!—Good Heavens!—The count will be here to-day.

Herman. Yes, I know it ; but it is as yet early, and the count, perhaps, will not be here till noon.

Louisa. His nephew, Mr. Ernest, is, I believe, just going to mount his horse to go to meet him.

Herman. His nephew will be well received; (*aside*) and his daughter obliged to hide herself. (*Aloud*) Is the count's steward in the castle?

Philip. Mr. Bloume? Yes, sir, I have just come from him.

Herman. Request him to come to me—I have a word or two to say to him—I will wait for him here.

Philip. I will let him know immediately. [*Exit.*]

SCENE III.

Herman, Louisa.

Louisa. I am going up again to my lady and madame Amelia, have you any message to send to them?

Herman. No; I shall see them when they come down.

Louisa. Oh! I had forgot,—Mr. Ernest, who rose before it was daylight, met me a little while ago, and asked me if you were to be seen.

Herman. I am not very desirous to receive his visits.

Louisa. He is a very amiable young man.

Herman. Yes; his exterior appearance is very good.

Louisa. No person can have a more prepossessing countenance.

Herman. Men, in these days, can assume almost any countenance that suits their interest.

Louisa (aside). He does not love Mr. Ernest, and that, indeed, is the only fault he has. (*Aloud*) If I meet him, then, I will tell him that you do not wish to see him.

Herman. No, by no means: I may think so; but it would be very rude to tell him so: he is the nephew of the count.—If he asks you, you may tell him that I am engaged—very much engaged.

Louisa. I will not fail. (*Aside—going*) How is it possible not to love Mr. Ernest!—to me it is inconceivable.

SCENE IV.

Herman alone.

Mr. Ernest—Mr. Ernest, who takes advantages of the prejudices of an irritated father, who will gather the fruits of injustice, who will defraud the natural heir, and enrich himself with her spoils—Yes, certainly I hate him—or, at least, I endeavour all in my power to hate him—for I own I find it difficult. He has a certain air of sensibility, mildness, and candour, which must greatly interest in his favour all who do not know what cause there is to suspect him. But who can penetrate the secrets of the consciences of men!

SCENE V.

Herman, Bloume.

Bloume. Philip has told me, sir, that you wished to speak with me.

Herman. Yes, my dear Mr. Bloume. The count will be here in a few hours: have you disposed every thing in the castle according to the directions I gave you, by his orders?

Bloume. Alas! yes, sir. The iron grate has been put up, and the heavy door, to shut in the long gallery that separates the apartments of the count from those occupied by his amiable daughter, and madam Amelia Walstein, her companion. Every thing is arranged as you directed.

Herman. That is sufficient.

Bloume. During four years that I have lived in the service of the count I have executed no orders that gave me so much pain.

Herman. I believe it.

Bloume. The amiable Matilda is, then, to be again a prisoner, as long as her father shall continue at the castle.

Herman (with a sigh). Prisoner, indeed; that is the true name for her situation.

Bloume. And by order of her father!

Herman. And, what must still more excite astonishment, by order of a man who is good, generous, beneficent, to all around him, and barbarous only to his daughter.

Bloume. But how is it possible he should hate her?

Herman. He adored her, Mr. Bloume. She is his only child.— For six whole years I knew him the most tender of parents. Matilda is the exact portrait of her mother; and no person is ignorant how tenderly count d'Orlheim loved his Caroline, his amiable and unhappy lady.

Bloume. But for a man to love his wife, yet banish her from him for ever, and refuse even to see her on her death-bed; to have a charming daughter, yet to make her a prisoner in his own house, never to consent to see her, and to threaten never to forgive those who shall even pronounce her name in his presence; surely, this is inexplicable extravagance.

Herman. Yet what are the contradictions which do not meet in the human mind and heart; where we find at once reason and folly, vice and virtue, vengeance and remorse! Such is man, my dear Bloume, and thus, with some trifling differences, are we all constituted. When we recollect this, we shall find no cause for pride.

Bloume. It is said that the young baron Wodmar, since the death of his father, has made offers to Matilda: why has the count refused them?

Herman. Wodmar will never obtain Matilda. The very name of this young man makes count d'Orlheim turn pale and shudder, and excites emotions of fury which all his reason cannot repress.

Bloume. Yet the count was the friend of his father.

Herman. Their intimacy was unequalled. Wodmar, though he was a widower and had a son, became a suitor for the hand of the beautiful and virtuous Caroline. But count d'Orlheim obtained the preference. The baron surmounted his passion, and became their most intimate friend. Six years were passed in the utmost harmony. A journey which the count made, an absence of fifteen months, and an unexpected return, divided the friends, separated the husband and wife, and spread discord and confusion through the family. The countess set out with her daughter in the middle of the night, and shut herself up in a solitary castle at a great distance from hence. Count d'Orlheim took refuge at Berlin. Baron Wodmar appeared no more, but left Prussia, travelled, and only returned to his native country to yield his last breath.

Bloume. All this seems to prove that a reasonable motive of jealousy—

Herman. Does jealousy then require a *reasonable* motive?

Bloume. But in fact the countess d'Orlheim—

Herman. Was a most respectable woman. She died the victim of a mystery which could never be penetrated.

Bloume. Here comes Mr. Ernest—

Herman (*with dissatisfaction*). He does. I cannot shun him. Go, my friend, I will see you again in a moment. Our conversation will not be long. I never find much to say to people I do not love.—
[*Exit Bloume, who, as he passes Ernest, makes him an obeisance, which he politely returns.*]

(*To be continued.*)

Characteristic and critical REMARKS
on FEMALES.

(Continued from p. 154.)

‘Base envy withers at another’s joy,
And hates the excellence it cannot reach.’
THOMSON.

It has been before observed, that women who are rendered conspicuous by qualities which adorn and dignify human nature, are oftentimes envied; and, that envy in one person manifests the existence of excellence in another: but, as all must acknowledge that to emulate another’s virtues is more commendable than to envy them, it is the province of the moralist to exert his utmost endeavours for the purpose of inducing persons to be emulous, instead of envious, by convincing them that a great and virtuous character is easily attainable, if its acquisition is earnestly desired. Young persons are sometimes inclined to be envious of another’s exalted reputation, from a doubtful consideration that their own can never, by any human exertion, resemble it; and, therefore, lest this consideration should influence the youthful mind of Selina, which we wish to perceive always regulated by the principles of prudence, we shall in this place presume to take a review of her conduct, and point out a track which cannot fail to lead her to celebrity, and thus we commune with her as her friendly and familiar monitors:

Selina, we are well pleased with that obedience to parental injunctions, which we have at all times beheld you as a daughter, strictly observe:—be assured that parental affection is strongly indicative of virtuous inclinations, and that, in proportion as it lessens, the mind becomes more exposed to evil. We admire the meekness of your tem-

per; so long as you preserve it you will not be friendless. Feminine meekness has a kindly operation on the mind of man, and infuses into his breast the virtue of general benevolence: it operates on the stronger passions as oil on a fluctuating lake, which, wheresoever it flows, smooths the surface, and pacifies the undulations, of the water. You are just arrived at the age of reason, and, in a few years, you will be introduced into public notice. Your mind is contemplative, and capable of distinguishing good from evil. You are surrounded with various temptations, and hence it will be incumbent on you to exercise your utmost vigilance and circumspection, lest you should listen to the captivating solicitations of fashion on one side, or be allured by the general prevalence of dissipation on the other. You must consider your character as the dearest earthly blessing of the free-born mind. We think we may safely entertain an exalted opinion of your rectitude amidst every temptation, although we too often perceive that vice steals on the human heart by imperceptible gradations. We have observed your behaviour to be uniformly prudent from earliest infancy, and hence we reasonably infer that it will continue so. You deserve applause for the sedulous attention which you give to the instructions recommended to you for your mental improvement: a continuance of the same attention will insure to you considerable literary attainments, which will make you respectable in public society. Your musical acquirements are to be esteemed, and we cannot pass by them without a comment. As a musician, you deserve the praise of ingenuity and skill—your ear is chaste, and your judgment correct. The knowledge of music we con-

sider as an elegant accomplishment, and it certainly has an immediate tendency to promote virtue; for, whilst the ear is soothed by harmonious sounds, the heart, by a secret sympathy, is capable of being improved. In a short time you may expect to be surrounded by sycophants; one will praise your sense, another your accomplishments, and others your beauty. Be guarded against the soft notes of flattery. Beauty unquestionably has an extensive power; but though it will attract admiration, it will not always secure it. A lady having beauty alone is like an elegant portrait, which can only be gazed at. For the most part, handsome ladies are ignorant, vain, and supercilious, and sometimes vicious: they are fond of flattery, and parasites at all times abound: they are praised till beauty fades, or till more enchanting beauties appear and supplant them, and then they sink into contempt or oblivion. But those ladies are only truly esteemed who are distinguished for their superior meekness and affability, virtue, and benevolence. The exemplariness of your character is at present unimpeachable: it rests with you to maintain it, and the longer it is preserved unspotted, the more valuable will be your acquaintance and friendship. If ladies in general would imitate your conduct, we are convinced that they would deserve greater commendation, attract more rational admiration, and be more beloved.

Wallingford.

S.

(To be concluded in our next.)

ACCOUNT of the LIFE and MUSICAL PRODUCTIONS of DOCTOR ARNOLD.

[From Dr. Reas's *New Cyclopadia*.]

MR. Samuel Arnold received his musical education at the Chapel

Royal, St. James's, partly under Mr. Gates, and partly under his successor, Dr. Nares. He manifested early indications of those talents by the cultivation and exercise of which he acquired celebrity in the science to which he was devoted; and his application, as well as subsequent attainments, fully justified the expectations which were formed concerning him both by his parents and preceptors. It is hardly necessary to mention that lively little air, 'If 'tis joy to wound a lover,' which first excited popular attention, as it was soon succeeded by various compositions of a superior kind, which evinced the genius and taste, and established the professional reputation, of Mr. Arnold.

About the year 1760, Mr. Beard, one of the managers of Covent-garden theatre, duly apprized of his extraordinary merit, introduced him to the notice of the public, as composer to that house; and, in the year 1776, he was engaged by Mr. George Colman, to conduct the musical department at the theatre in the Hay-market. The chief musical pieces that were produced for many years at this theatre, were composed by Mr. Arnold.

Having in early life enjoyed the benefit of Handel's direction and superintendance, and having derived from this sublime composer a taste for sacred music, he diverted his attention from those lighter pieces in which he had gained reputation, to the composition of oratorios; and his performances of this kind served to augment the fame which he had already acquired. In the year 1767 he made choice of the 'Cure of Saul,' written by the late rev. Dr. Brown, for the subject of his first effort in the higher style of musical composition. Such was his success, that this production is generally allowed to be the best in its kind since

the time of Handel. It was generously presented by the author to the society instituted for decayed musicians and their families; and to that society it proved a very valuable acquisition.

The approbation of the public encouraged Dr. Arnold to proceed; and the 'Cure of Saul' was soon followed by the oratorios of 'Abimelech,' the 'Resurrection,' and the 'Prodigal Son,' which was performed during several successive Lents at the theatre-royal in the Haymarket, and Covent-garden theatre, under his own management and direction. About the time of his composing the 'Resurrection,' he published, in score, four sets of Vauxhall songs, most of which are singularly sweet in their melodies, and display in their accompaniments a thorough acquaintance with the characters and powers of the various instruments. 'Of all his oratorios,' says an anonymous writer, 'the "Prodigal Son" reflects the greatest honour on his talents and judgment.' So high, indeed, was the fame of this sacred drama, that, in 1773, it was performed, with his permission, at the instigation of the late lord North as chancellor of the university of Oxford. In consequence of his ready compliance with the request made to him for the purpose, he was offered an honorary degree in the theatre, but he preferred obtaining it in the academical mode; and, agreeably to the statutes of the university, he received it in the school-room, where he performed, as an exercise, Hughes's Poem on the Power of Music. On this occasion it is customary for the musical professor of the university to examine the exercise of the candidate; but Dr. Hayes, then professor of Oxford, returned Mr. Arnold's score unopened, saying to him, 'Sir, it is quite unnecessary to scrutinise the

exercise of the author of the Prodigal Son.'

In 1771 Mr. Arnold married a lady of good family and fortune; and about the same year he purchased Marybone-gardens, which were a much-frequented scene of gaiety and fashion. Here he provided for the entertainment of the public several excellent burlettas, which were very favourably received.

On the death of the late Dr. Nares, in 1783, Dr. Arnold was appointed his successor as organist and composer to his majesty's chapel at St. James's; and at the grand performance of the commemoration of Handel, in Westminster-abbey, the first of which took place in 1784, he was one of the sub-directors, and presented with a medal, which his majesty permitted the sub-directors always to wear as a testimony of his approbation of their conduct on that occasion. In 1786 Dr. Arnold projected the plan of publishing an uniform edition of all the works of Handel, and he proceeded as far as 118th number, enriching his edition with beautiful engravings. He also published, about the same time, four volumes of cathedral music, intended as a continuation of Dr. Boyce's well-known work; three of the volumes are in score for the voices, and one for the organ. In 1789, the Academy of Ancient Music chose Dr. Arnold for the director and manager of this institution; and he conducted it with honour to himself, and with satisfaction to the academicians and subscribers. In 1796 he succeeded Dr. Hayes as conductor of the annual performances at St. Paul's for the feast of the sons of the clergy, and in this situation he uniformly maintained his distinguished character as a musical professor.

Dr. Arnold closed life, after a gradual decay, in the sixty-third year of his age, on the 22d of October, 1802; and his remains were interred, with every mark of respect, in Westminster-abbey. He had five children, of whom two daughters and one son survived him. His son, Mr. Samuel Arnold, is the author of several musical dramas which have been well received, and of a novel, entitled 'The Creole;' and he is now making rapid progress in the profession of a portrait-painter.

Of the abilities of Dr. Arnold, as a musical composer, it is needless to add any thing by way of eulogium; the public approbation has anticipated the tribute of applause which the biographer might be disposed to pay to his memory. His oratorios are not unworthy of the disciple of so great a master as Handel; and such was the versatility of his talents, that he not only acquitted himself with high credit in those solemn and august subjects which relate to our religious duties, but in those tender, playful, and humorous compositions which belong to the best of our public amusements. The 'Maid of the Mill,' the 'Agreeable Surprise,' 'Inkle and Yarico,' the 'Surrender of Calais,' the 'Shipwreck,' and 'Peeping Tom,' will continue to delight as long as a sense of harmony subsists. Arnold's 'Shunamite Woman,' one of his latest productions, possesses the genius of his earlier compositions, with that additional science which he had derived from study and experience.

It may be further mentioned, to the honour of Dr. Arnold's character and memory, that the exercise of his professional talents was not confined either to the amusement of the public, or to his own private emolument. Many charitable institutions have derived great benefit from his voluntary and gratuitous

assistance. Besides his professional excellences, and the general benevolence of his disposition, Dr. Arnold possessed many qualities which entitled him to the esteem of those who knew him. 'His genius and science,' says an anonymous writer, who seems to have known him well, and to have justly appreciated his merit, 'procured him a numerous circle of friends, and his social and amiable disposition constantly preserved them. His conversation was pleasant and unaffected; his heart was framed to feel for the distress of others; and his friendship was zealous and sincere.'

SIGNE AND HAVOR;
A GOTHIC ROMANCE.

(Continued from p. 152.)

IN the mean time, Alf and Alger collected an army. They assembled a hundred ships, and Habor as many. Both fleets carried the same number of mariners and soldiers. In resplendent ornaments the ships of Habor were excelled by those of the Danes. Some of them had their prows gilded; some were decorated with heads of dragons or lions, and all were painted red, blue, or yellow. The stern of the vessel which was to carry the princes was formed in the shape of a golden dragon's tail. Swords and spears glittered on the decks, and shields hung over the sides. Alf bore on his shield the figure of a warrior in complete armour piercing a bear, over which was inscribed the name of 'Habor.' He went to Signe, who was indisposed, and said to her—'Thus shall it fare with Habor, and then Hildegisse shall be thine'—

'Yet, then, must he first overcome you, brother.—But if you

gain a victory over Habor, you certainly will be safe.'

'I believe,' answered Alf, 'that Bera is in the right, when she says you love that Norwegian: I believe you wish him to obtain the victory more than you wish that we should.'

Signe was silent for some time; at length she answered—'I leave it to Heaven to dispose of my fate; I am prepared for every event.'

An innumerable multitude followed the warriors to the ships. Sigar led the way. He took leave of Alf, Alger, and Habor. His knees trembled and knocked together. Bera appeared more courageous. She surveyed Habor with a revengeful eye.

'Go,' said she, in a low voice; 'go to certain death!'

'To certain victory,' retorted Habor, who overheard her.

She embraced her sons, saying—'My good wishes go with you! I am certain that you will return the avengers of Huggleik, the conquerors of this proud Norwegian, who thinks that he alone is worthy of Signe.—Oh, ye gods! may Signe rather die a virgin! may I rather die without a surviving child to close my eyes, than this hated man,' pointing to Habor, 'boast of victory!'

Alf whispered her—'Do you, then, call on the gods?'

'In compliance with popular prejudice,' answered she.

Svanhild came next. She wore a white robe, on the breast of which was the portrait of Alger embroidered in gold by her own hands. She took from her head a crown of oak-leaves—

'This,' said she, 'will I place on your brow, dear Alger, when you return unhurt, and united in friendship with your antagonist.'

'That,' said the queen, in a whisper to her, is the voice of the friend

of Signe, not of the affianced bride of Alger.'

'He may be victorious, yet be united in friendship to his antagonist. His honour is above all things dear to me,' replied Svanhild.

Alger tenderly embraced her, then tore himself from her, and sprang into the ship. Svanhild dropped a tear; and all present manifested an anxious concern, except Bera, Alf, and Bolvise.

'How fondly Alger loves Svanhild!' said Bera.

'Who does not love the good and affectionate heart?' answered Syvald.

Habor and Syvald took leave of each other as became heroes, with resolution, yet with tenderness.—They embraced each other.

'May Heaven dispose every thing for the best!' said Syvald.

'Your friend I shall ever remain, let what will happen,' answered Habor. 'Bear to Signe my affectionate farewell. Tell her that I will fight bravely, yet will not forget that I am contending against her brothers.' He now broke a gold ring, and giving one half of it to Syvald,—'Carry,' said he, 'this to Signe: it shall be a pledge that I will be hers, living or dead. The other half I will bring her when I return crowned with victory.'

When the Danes went on board their ships, the assembled multitude wished them good fortune and a safe return: but when the Norwegians embarked they were silent; for though they admired and loved Habor, yet their Danish spirit did not suffer them to wish him good fortune and victory. Alver, the priest of Thor, offered a sacrifice on the bank of the river, and consulted the entrails of the beast. Fiercely he rolled his eyes, and wrinkled his forehead; frantic were his attitudes; frequently he unclosed his lips, as if about to speak, gnashed with his

teeth, stamped with his feet, while his whole body trembled, and at length said, in a fearful voice, and with broken exclamations,—‘Reconciliation—Death—Conflagration—Defeat—Joy—Lamentation—Speedily—Far-removed’—

A shuddering seized the multitude, who observed a profound silence. Svanhild fainted, and sunk in the arms of her female attendant, Gunwar. Bolvise alone laughed, and the queen said to him: ‘The prediction is ambiguous, as usual. The impostor wishes to persuade us that he knows something. He pronounces words of contrary meanings, and thus has his choice of two opposite events. But he lives by such deception.’

The ships now descended the river, their green, yellow, blue, and red flags waving in the wind. The sound of flutes and harps was heard on board. On the shore, youthful maidens and newly-married women danced to the sound of drums, cymbals, and conchs. They wished that Signe might obtain a husband she loved, and that the honour of Denmark might remain unfulfilled; yet at the same time they sighed, for they comprehended not how two things so opposite could be reconciled. The queen, however, wished only the defeat and destruction of Habor and the Norwegians; and these she believed were certain. Signe, thought she, will suffer herself to be persuaded to recal her vow when Habor is vanquished; and Freya will not be offended, for she knows nothing of it. But though Signe should refuse to be persuaded, what will be the consequence? she will perhaps die unmarried. Many maidens die unmarried. But I shall obtain my revenge. The blood of Hagleik yet smokes. Sweden and Denmark will be avenged. Signe may sorrow for a while; but time

will heal every sorrow. She is young; she is a maiden—a true maiden, or she would not so suddenly have loved this stranger. She may as suddenly love another.’

In the mean time Signe was a prey to the most tormenting anxiety. Her love of her brothers and of her country struggled in her heart with her affection for Habor. She dared not even ask herself what she really wished. Imagination now represented to her tender heart her brothers; her converse with them from her youth; the cheerful hours she had passed with them, and the tender cares she had felt for them; the caresses and joyful embraces they had mutually lavished on each other as often as they had returned crowned with victory. How should she now receive them?—Perhaps dead, wounded, or, to suppose the most favourable issue, vanquished.

‘Rash vow! and yet must it not be broken.’ Freya heard it. ‘Yet,’ said she, ‘it was this vow which gave to me Habor; but for it, he probably had never seen me. Habor! dear to me is the name. He who bears it is a hero, and I will love him as a heroine. Remember, Signe, thou art a princess, thou art a Dane. Habor may fall, Signe may die: but Habor, too, may conquer; and conquer in such a manner as to become the friend of my brothers. Alf and Alger must still be allowed to be brave warriors, though another should be found to excel them. Signe, show that thou art worthy of Habor. He cannot love one unworthy of him. He braves death to win thy hand, for thy heart is already his; and wilt thou fear to die for him? Live, dear Habor, live; live for Signe; Signe lives, and will die for thee. Arise, Signe, dry thy tears, and show thyself worthy of Habor.’

She left her chamber with a firm

step; her tears no longer flowed, she lifted to Heaven her eyes, which beamed with animation and hope. Before she reached the hall of her father, she met the queen, her mother.

‘What, so calm and so unruffled, Signe,’ said Bera, ‘while on your account your brothers are gone to engage in the deadly conflict!’

‘I trust the gods will protect them,’ said Signe; ‘I leave them and my fate in the hands of the gods.’

‘Yes,’ said Bera contemptuously, ‘the gods will, no doubt, descend from Heaven at your prayer.’

Signe answered only with a sigh.

‘Why do you sigh, Signe?’ said Bera.

‘Because my mother, on a subject of such importance, thinks otherwise than I do—otherwise than all.’

‘Alf and Bolvise think as I do.’

‘The latter deserves not to be mentioned; but Alf gives me much uneasiness.’

‘Alf has frequently returned victorious, though he believes not in the gods, but trusts in himself alone.’

‘We live not merely for this world, but for another.’

‘Of this world we are certain; of the other not. Frode sacrificed daily to the gods, yet was vanquished and slain.’

‘He died like a hero: we must all die. After death virtue will be rewarded. Heaven is the last dwelling of the virtuous.’

‘You hope to find Habor there?’

‘Him and all the virtuous.’

‘Poor Signe! you live for another and an uncertain world, and neglect the present, of which you are sure.’

Here they parted; Bera with looks of contemptuous pity, and Signe with eyes expressive of a gentle and affectionate compassion. Signe was calm, but not indifferent; she was

pensive and silent, and made no anxious enquiries, for she had prepared her mind for whatever might be her fate. Bera, with cruel jesting, frequently spoke of the joy she should feel when Habor’s head should be laid at her feet. Sigar was silent and sighed. Syvald said little, but signified that he trusted in the gods.

Bolvise said, ‘I hope our princes will not leave a Norwegian alive.’

‘And I,’ said Belvise, ‘earnestly entreat the gods that the issue of the contest may be for the general good of both Norwegians and Danes. Svanhild showed, in the whole of her behaviour, affection to her lover, and tenderness for her friend, the princess. Her attendant, Gunvor, when she was alone with her, would ask her, ‘How can you, child, wish well to him who would take the life of your lover?’

‘The princess Signe is my dearest friend: she loves him, and he is worthy her love.’

‘But he is gone to draw his sword against him who loves you and whom you love.’

‘Signe’s vow compels him, and he loves Signe.’

‘But do you not also love Alger?’

‘You know well what answer my heart must return. But Signe too is dear to me; and I love all whom she loves.’

‘But should Alger fall—should the hand of Habor ——?’

‘Say no more, dear Gunvor; let us not render ourselves unhappy by anticipating misfortunes that may never assail us. I trust that the gods, who know the virtues of Alger, will protect him, and that he will return home in safety, and with unblemished honour. Yes, even though Habor should conquer. I know Alger, and that he will not return but as becomes a hero.’

The two fleets now descended the

river, and ploughed the sea with foaming prows. Ship was opposed to ship: they grappled fast each other; and the naval combat was changed into a fight on firm ground. The ships on each side were of equal size, and filled with an equal number of warriors, except that the vessel on board of which were the Danish princes was higher than that which carried Habor. Alf and Alger endeavoured to avail themselves of this advantage, to leap down into and board Habor's ship. They therefore poured upon it a shower of stones, darts, and other missile weapons. Habor ordered his men to kneel, and hold their shields over their heads.

'This storm,' said he, 'will soon be over, and do little damage. Let the Danes exhaust their strength in such ineffectual efforts.'

At length Alger ordered his men to rush impetuously forwards, and endeavour to break the strong phalanx of their enemies. But the Norwegians were immovable: they stood like a wall. When the attack of the Danes had failed, and their missiles were expended, the Norwegians started up, as they had been directed by Habor; and some of them climbing up on the shields of those in front, who still remained on their knees, gained the deck of the Danish ship. Habor entered it first, and was immediately followed by Asmund, Biorn, and Asgrim (for the names of these heroes ought to be immortalised). In an instant they threw their shields on their backs, and, furiously wielding their massy swords with both hands, drove back the opposing Danes, and defeated their attempts to surround them; till, in this manner, thirteen Norwegians had entered the Danish ship. The Danes were then reduced to act solely on the defensive, and fiercely did the battle rage. Loud was the clashing of swords and the

clang of battered armour. The blood flowed in torrents on the deck, and with difficulty could the warriors keep their feet. They fought man to man; and, when their swords were blunted with ineffectual blows, they seized each other with furious gripe, and endeavoured to decide the contest by the difference of bodily strength, since their courage was equal.

'Redouble your efforts, brave Danish heroes!' exclaimed Alf: 'prove yourselves invincible, as you have always hitherto been deemed, by the defeat of Norway's bravest warriors!'

'Advance, brave Danes!' cried Alger: 'exert all your courage and all your strength, for you combat with Norwegians!'

'Oh, ye gods!' exclaimed Habor, 'give me strength, give me fortune, to vanquish those who otherwise will ever remain invincible! Signe!' exclaimed he again, and rushed with more than mortal force on Alger.

The Danish hero retreated one step backwards, and set his foot on a part of the deck which was slippery with blood. The ship sunk and rose with an undulating motion, for a Norwegian fell. Alger slipped, and Habor pressing on him with redoubled violence, he fell. Loud resounded his arms, and far was heard his fall amid the tumult of the battle. So thunder the wild waters of Sarpen* in their headlong descent, or the furious waves that lash the Norwegian rocks.

Rage, indignation, and fear, filled the breasts of the Danes when their prince fell. Habor stooped over him, and said—

'Dearest friend! you have, I hope, received no dangerous hurt?' Alger stretched out to him his

* The great cataract near Sarpsburg, in the diocese of Christiania, in Norway. T.

hand, and said—‘Thou hast conquered: with respect to me, Signe is thine.’

Habor raised him ; they embraced each other, took their helmets from their heads, and sealed their reconciliation with the kiss of friendship.

During this scene the other warriors stood inactive spectators, and their swords ceased from the work of blood. But no sooner had Alger retired than Alf fiercely exclaimed—

‘Here, Habor, here am I, the avenger of Alger, of Denmark, and of Signe!’

As a wolf, raging with hunger, espies and rushes on his prey, so rushed Alf on Habor. With one furious blow he cleaved his shield and gauntlet, and the cuirass and mantle of Signe alone preserved his life. The strength of Alf began to fail after this violent effort, and the Norwegians, by Habor’s orders, pressed upon him, and endeavoured to make him a prisoner; for Habor was unwilling to ascend the bridal bed defiled with a brother’s blood. But to effect this was impossible: furiously he wielded his terrible falchion, and hewed down many a warrior. Habor then took the ring of Signe.

‘I swore,’ said he, ‘by this sacred jewel, that Signe should be mine, here or in heaven. For Signe I combat: never will I renounce the precious prize, though I should be forced to bathe my hands in a brother’s blood.’

The warriors now closed:—so fight two furious lions: their eyes flash fire, they struggle with tremendous strength, and furious rage; while the beholder shudders with dismay. The rest of the warriors desisted from the battle, and viewed the terrible combatants with admiration and awe. Habor discharged a dreadful blow on the head of Alf, which split his helmet, and deeply

wounded him in the neck. More furious was the stroke of Alf; it fevered in like manner the helm of Habor, and inflicted a deep wound in his cheek. The blood poured from the wound of Alf, and enfeebled he sank on his knee.

‘You fall,’ said Habor; ‘yield, and let us be friends.’

‘I will have no friendship,’ said Alf; ‘give me death!’ and, raising his sword, aimed a blow at Habor, which he with difficulty avoided; and which, had it taken place, had ended his life.

Enraged and indignant, Habor rushed on him, and, cleaving at one blow his cuirass, buried his sword in his side. Alf sank senseless on the deck, while the blood streamed from his wounds.

‘I have slain the brother of Signe!’ exclaimed Habor, with a faltering voice; and, bursting into tears, threw himself on his body, and embraced him.

The red shield, the signal of battle, was now taken down from the mast; and the white shield, the token of peace, hoisted. The Danes on board the other ships had obtained some advantage, and a hundred and fifty Norwegians had fallen; but, the Danish princes being vanquished, the victory and Signe were adjudged to the latter. Habor took the tenderest care of Alf, caused him to be conveyed to his own bed, bound up his wounds, and, by the aid of reviving liquors, restored him to sense.

‘My lord,’ said Asinund to Habor, ‘you are anxious for others, and forget yourself: your own wounds require your attention.’

‘Let me,’ replied Habor, ‘be secure of the life of Alf; it will then be time enough to think of myself.’

He continued, therefore, to sit by the bed of Alf till the latter moved, and opened his eyes. He then left

him; 'for,' said he, 'my presence may disturb him.' Asmund then dressed the wound in Habor's cheek as well as he was able.

Alf continued long silent after he recovered his senses. At length he enquired for Habor, who came to him at his request.

'Habor,' said he, 'the laws of honour command that Signe shall be thine; but, in my heart, never can I be thy friend; for thou art the victor.'

'It grieves me much,' answered Habor, 'that the brother of my Signe should refuse to be my friend; but I and Signe will do all in our power, and may the gods prosper our endeavours, to conquer his aversion.'

'It is in vain,' replied Alf, eagerly, 'it is in vain that thou entertainest such a hope, for thou hast conquered; this offence my heart can never forgive. Let it suffice thee that Signe is thine.'

'Alf, too, shall be mine, that is, my friend. But speak no more, it may irritate your wounds.'

'I will say no more. To-morrow the ships will return; but leave me here; were I able I would not go to witness thy triumph.'

(*To be continued.*)

PARISIAN FASHIONS.

(*With an Engraving, elegantly coloured.*)

THE return of mild weather has produced great changes in all the concerns of the *toilette*. The fatin *douillettes* are succeeded by light short robes. The spencer is now of a light cotton or linen stuff, richly trimmed with lace. Veils and parasols are again in use, and some dozens of crops have been seen. These have the hair as short as possi-

ble on the nape of the neck, and behind the ears. On the crown of the head the hair is long, and collected in a pyramidal form, or else laid over the brow. Hats are now much more common than turbans: the round are turned up in front, the oval are nearly of the figure of a bow net. Rose, lilac, jonquil, and barbel-blue, are the favourite colours. Some hats, of the last of these colours, have radiations of black velvet patched upon them. Hats of white straw, with rose ribbands, begin to be worn. Hats of yellow straw are not yet in general use: their brim is narrow, and they are worn with white ribbands. Cornets are still very much in fashion for undress. Coloured girdles are still worn, crossed on the back like the letter X. The sleeves of the white robes are long and white, but not puffed.

The women of fashion have in general cut their hair short; so that, except transparent cornets and veils fastened to the form of the head, few other novelties of head-dress have of late come into use. Yellow are preferred to white straw hats: the crown is high; the brim is narrow, and of one breadth all-round; and over the hat is a half handkerchief of Florence. Lilac is the common colour for the handkerchief. Low waists for the gowns, and robes without a tail, are to be seen only in full dresses. The dresses are trimmed with a narrow frizzled lacing.

Though the number of turbans rather diminishes, the *cape turban*, such as represented in the plate, is still much worn. The fashion of striped ribbands appears to be commencing. They were called, last year, Scotch ribbands; they are now called ribbands *à-la-Pamela*. The three reigning colours for the *ficbus*, or neck-kerchiefs, are lilac, rose, or white; some of them

Engraved for the Ladies Magazine April 1803.



Mudlow & Co. Russell Co. 5

PARIS DRESS.

are striped. The flowers worn are those at present in season, as the hyacinth, jonquil, and lilac. Among the more artificial ornaments we meet with ananas, or pine-apples, executed in the form of that fruit, but of a lilac colour, for lilac still continues the prevailing colour. It suits admirably a delicate complexion, but in the rage of fashion this property is never thought of. *Brunettes*, one would suppose, were fondest of it. Cropt heads are all the rage, with *Medusa* locks in tortuous twists about the face. What a composition of loveliness and ugliness does one of our *elegantes* present! eyes that would melt a heart of stone, and the head-dress of her would turn a heart into stone. Veils still hold their empire; and the little green parasol multiplies its number as the rays of the sun increase their fervour. The black and white lace shawls are of enormous size. Within these few days the *Bois de Boulogne* and *Longchamp* have been well attended. The petticoat transparencies just reach the calf of the leg, and display a fine ankle to great advantage. Nankeen gaiters and pantaloons, with dark-coloured coats, are in general use with our young men of fashion. The display of golden-backed combs is not so great as usual, yet the fashion still continues in force.

LONDON FASHIONS.

DRESS of blue muslin; the back made plain and very low; the fronts formed of a half square of the same muslin, which is fastened on each shoulder, drawn full across the bosom, and tied in a bow before; a full tucker of the same under it. The sleeves full, and drawn up in the middle with quilled or puffed ribband; the train very long, and

trimmed round the bottom with the same as the sleeves. The head ornamented with a silver net, open at the top to admit the hair in large curls. White shoes.

A white crêpe dress over a farfnet slip, made very low over the bosom with a lace tucker; the sleeves drawn up with steel ornaments, and trimmed round the bottom with ribband and steel: the bottom of the train trimmed with the same as the sleeves. The hair dressed in the most fashionable manner, and ornamented with a gold band.

Dress of plain muslin. The head ornamented with a twist of muslin, fastened on the right side, one end falling over the right shoulder.

Evening dress of peach-coloured taffety; the sleeves of white satin, with full epaulets the same as the dress, drawn up and trimmed with white ribband. Turban of satin, ornamented with blue feathers fastened on the left side, and falling over the right.

General Observations.

The most fashionable colours are blue, pink, and pea-green. Pelices are superseded by fur tippets or white cloaks. Straw hats of various shapes, with dome crowns, are becoming general. Ornaments of gold, silver, or steel, are universally worn in full dress.

The MORAL ZOOLOGIST.

PART II.

(Continued from p. 156.)

THE PONDICHERRY EAGLE.

THIS bird is the most beautiful of the rapacious tribe. The head, neck, and breast, are covered with exceedingly white feathers, longer than broad, the shaft and edge of which are of a fine jet black. The rest of the body is of a glossy

chestnut, lighter under the wings than above. The first six wing feathers are black from the middle to the tips. The cere is sky-coloured; the point of the bill yellow, verging on green: the feet are yellow, the talons black. It is of a diminutive size; on which account Buffon is of opinion that it ought to be excluded from the eagles, since it is not more than half the bulk of the smallest. It is found on the coast of Malabar, where the natives pay adoration to it as a kind of divinity. It occurs likewise in the kingdom of Visapoor, and the territory of the Great Mogul; but it appears to be, even in these countries, a rare bird. It is the *Falco Ponticarianus* of Linnæus.

THE WHITE-JOHN.

This bird, which is very common in France, received its name (*Jean le Blanc*) from the peasantry of that country, on account of the whiteness of its belly, the under-surface of its wings, its rump, and its tail. This is however only true of the male, the female being almost entirely grey. Buffon observes that the white-john is so different from the eagles that it scarcely ought to be classed with them, as it seems to have a considerable affinity to the kite and buzzard. Like the kite and other rapacious birds of the ignoble kind, its wings are short in proportion to the size of its body: this is particularly observable in the female, whose size is a third larger than that of the male.

The white-john commonly lays three eggs of a grey slate colour. The male provides largely for the subsistence of his mate during the time of incubation, and even while she is employed in watching and training her young. Hens, young turkeys, and ducks, are carried off; and where poultry fails, rabbits, partridges, quails, lizards, and frogs,

become the indiscriminate prey of these greedy invaders.

This bird is the *Falco Gallicus* of Linnæus, who appears to have applied to it that epithet because it is very common in France, but scarcely known in most other countries.

I have thus described the principal species of the eagle tribe, the most noble and generous of the feathered race: in my next I shall proceed to the vultures, a much more ignoble class, inactive, cowardly, and gluttonous; and whose characteristics, in general, form a contrast to the splendid qualities of the eagle. In the mean time, I remain your ladyship's most affectionate and faithful

EUGENIA.

LETTER IV.

From Eugenia to the Right Hon. Lady ———.

THE vulture has been placed by Linnæus in the first rank among the rapacious kinds of birds, while the species of eagles are referred by him to the genus of the falcon. He has no doubt obtained this pre-eminence from his superior strength and size, for in courage and generosity he is far inferior to the eagle. The latter, unless pressed, will not feed on carrion, nor ever devours any thing but what he has himself taken; while the vulture, on the contrary, is indelicately voracious, and seldom attacks living animals when he can be supplied with the dead. The eagle meets and singly opposes his enemy; the vultures alone of all the predatory birds, when afraid of resistance, form combinations against a single enemy, and meanly overpower him by numbers. They are not nice in the choice of their food; rats, serpents, fish, and the flesh of dead animals, though half rotten, are equally acceptable; putrefaction, instead of deterring, seems to allure them. They unite the strength and

cruelty of the tiger with the cowardice and gluttony of the jackal, like which they assemble in flocks, devour carrion, and dig up the carcases of the dead: the eagle, on the contrary, in courage and magnanimity appears to resemble the lion:

Besides this difference of instinct, the vultures are sufficiently distinguished from the eagles by their external appearance. Their heads and necks are bare, or only covered with a very slight down, or a few straggling hairs. Their eyes are more prominent, while those of the eagle are sunk in the socket. The claws of the eagle are almost semicircular, as they seldom rest upon the ground, while those of the vulture are shorter and less curved. The posture of the vulture is not so erect and stately as that of the eagle, but inclines forward. Vultures may even be distinguished at a distance, as they are the only birds of prey that are found together in greater numbers than two or three. Their flight, too, is slow and laborious; they rise with difficulty from the ground, and make several efforts before they can mount.

Vultures, though rare in Europe, are numerous in Egypt, Arabia, and the islands of the Archipelago. In these countries their skins, which are as thick as that of a kid, form a valuable article of commerce. The dealers in them take off the large hard feathers, and, as it were, convert the inside down of the wing into a very warm and comfortable kind of fur, which is commonly sold in the Asiatic markets.

The eagle chafes by sight; but the scent of the vulture being far more acute, he appears to be guided principally by that sense. No sooner does any animal fall than the vultures assemble round it from every quarter, and from distances much too great for them to have been able to see their prey. The internal formation of the vulture differs considera-

bly from that of birds of the eagle or hawk kind. There is not only a craw, but a stomach, which, from the thickness of its lower part, may almost be considered as a gizzard; so that the vultures seem fitted, by their structure, not only to be carnivorous, but feed on grain, or indeed almost any thing else that may fall in their way.

THE FULVOUS, OR GOLDEN VULTURE.

This bird, the *Vultur Fulvus* of Linnæus, is one of the largest of the European species. It is in several particulars like the golden eagle, but larger in all its dimensions. From the tip of the bill to the end of the tail it measures four feet eight inches. The bill is about seven inches long; the tail two feet three inches; the legs are more than a foot in length, and the neck seven inches. The wings extend eight feet, and the largest feathers of the wing are about three feet in length. The head, throat, and upper part of the neck, are covered with a pale-red down; the back, rump, and coverts of the tail, are blackish. All the lower parts of the body, the breast, belly, and sides, are brown—deep towards the head of the bird, but yellowish as they approach nearer the tail. The eyes are level with the head, with large eye-lids, which are moveable, and furnished with lashes; the iris is of a beautiful orange colour; the bill long and hooked, black at each extremity, and blueish in the middle. The claws are blackish, but not so large or crooked as those of the eagle.

Buffon observes that 'the species of the fulvous vulture consists of two varieties; the first called by naturalists the *tawny vulture* (the *vautour fauve* of Brisson), and the second the *golden vulture*. The difference between these two birds, of which the

first is the fulvous vulture, is not so considerable as to constitute two distinct species, for both are of the same size, and nearly of the same colour: in both the tail is comparatively short, and the wings very long; and by this common character they are distinguished from the other vultures.' He adds, that he is even inclined to believe that 'the bird mentioned by Belon, under the name of the black vulture, is still of the same species with the golden and fulvous vultures; for it is of the same size, and its back and wings are of the same colour as in the golden vulture.' It should seem, however, that it is not very easy distinctly to discriminate the different species of vultures; for the same naturalist afterwards says—'It appears to me that the black vulture, which Belon says is common in Egypt, is one of the same species with the cinereous vulture, and that we ought not to separate them, as some naturalists have done; since Belon, who alone has mentioned them, does not distinguish them, and speaks of the cinereous and the black as composing the species of the great vulture.'

The European vultures of the larger kind may be reduced to four species: the fulvous vulture, the Alpine, the cinereous, and the crested or hare vulture. Of the small or ash-coloured vulture some enumerate three species: the brown vulture, the Egyptian vulture, and the white-headed vulture.

THE ALPINE VULTURE.

This bird (the *Vultur Percnopterus* of Linnæus) is ranked by Aristotle among the eagles; though he confesses that it is rather of the vulture kind, as it has all the bad qualities of the eagles without any of their virtues. It is so dastardly that it will suffer itself to be pursued and beaten by the crows; it is indolent in the chace,

and of sluggish flight; and continually uttering doleful cries of hunger while in quest of carrion. The wings are shorter, and the tail longer, than in the eagles; the head is of a bright-blue; the neck white and naked, or covered merely with a hoary down. At the lower part of the neck is a collar of small white hard feathers, resembling a ruff. The bill and the naked skin covering its base are black; the hook of the bill whitish. The lower part of the feet and legs are naked, and of a leaden colour. The claws are black, shorter and straighter than those of the eagle. This bird is remarkably distinguished by a brown spot upon its breast, immediately below the ruff, shaped like a heart, and edged with a straight white line.

The vulture of the Alps is in general of an ugly and ill-proportioned figure; and is even rendered disgusting, by the continual issuing of a kind of humour from its nostrils and two other apertures in the beak, which seem provided for the constant discharge of this matter. The craw is prominent, and when it is upon the ground the wings are always extended. This species is more rare than those of the other European vultures, as it is only found on the Alps, the Pyrenées, and the mountainous parts of Greece.

THE CINEREOUS VULTURE

is somewhat smaller than the fulvous vulture; and the neck is covered with a longer and thicker down, of the same colour with that of the feathers on the back. It has a sort of white collar which proceeds from both sides of the head, and extends in two branches to the bottom of the neck, bordering on each side a black space, under which is a narrow white ring. The legs are brown, and the feet yellow.

THE CRESTED, OR HARE VULTURE.

This bird, though inferior in size to the three former, is still sufficiently large to be ranked among the great vultures. Its wings, when expanded, extend near six feet: it has a long and straight tail, a blackish rusty plumage, and yellow feet. On the head are two tufts of feathers resembling horns, which it erects when sitting on the ground or perched, but which are not perceived when on the wing. It has a particular stride in walking, and will advance fifteen inches at each step. It preys on almost every kind of bird; it also catches hares (from which the Germans have given it the name of *Hafengeyer*—hare-vulture), rabbits, young foxes, small fawns, and even fish: its favourite food appears to be the entrails of animals, whether living or dead. It makes a great noise in its flight, which is more rapid than that of other vultures. It is so fierce that it cannot be tamed. It is extremely voracious, yet has been known to bear the want of food for fourteen days. It breeds in the most unfrequented parts of thick forests, on the top of the tallest trees. Gesner relates that two of these birds were caught in Alsace, in the month of January 1513; and, in the following year, others were found in a nest built in a lofty thick oak near the city of Misen.

The vultures of all these four species lay but few eggs, and breed only once a-year. Aristotle says that they have only one or two young. They generally build their nests in such lofty and inaccessible places that they are seldom discovered. Vultures seem more sensible of cold than eagles, and are most numerous in warm climates.

Of the smaller kinds of vultures three species are reckoned:—the white-headed vulture, the brown vulture, and the Egyptian vulture.

Of these, the first only is found in Europe.

THE WHITE-HEADED VULTURE.

This is the *Vultur Leucocephalus* of Linnæus. The head and underpart of the neck are naked, and of a reddish colour. The large feathers of the wings are black; the rest of the plumage is white. It is supposed to be the little white vulture of the ancients. It is common in Greece and Germany, and has been found even in Norway, whence M. Buffon received a specimen. It is also frequent in Arabia and Egypt.

I shall now proceed to describe the species of vultures which are natives of America and Africa, beginning with

THE KING OF THE VULTURES.

This bird (the *Vultur Papa* of Linnæus) is undoubtedly the most beautiful of the genus. The head and neck are naked, which is the discriminating character of the vultures. It, however, is not large; the utmost length of the body not being more than two feet and two or three inches. The bill is thick and short; in some entirely red; in others only red at the tip, and black in the middle. The feathers on the breast, belly, thighs, legs, and under surface of the tail, are white, slightly tinged with yellow; those on the rump and the upper surface of the tail vary in different individuals, being in some white and in others black; the other feathers of the tail are always black, as are the great feathers of the wings, which are commonly edged with grey. The feet are sometimes of a dull white or yellowish, and the claws black; sometimes both feet and claws are of a reddish colour. The claws are very short, and but little curved.

But what this bird is principally remarkable for is the odd formation

of the skin of the head and neck, which are bare. This skin arises from the base of the bill, and is of an orange colour; from whence it stretches on each side to the head, and thence proceeds, like loose jagged comb, and falls on either side according to the motion of the head. The eyes are surrounded by a red skin, and the iris has the colour and lustre of pearl. The head and neck have no feathers; the crown of the head is covered with a flesh-coloured skin, which is of a lively red behind, but darker before. Below the hind part of the head rises a little tuft of black down, from which extends on each side, under the throat, a wrinkled skin of a brownish colour mixed with blue, and reddish towards the end. Under the naked part of the neck is a collar, or ruff, formed of rather long and soft feathers, of a deep ash colour. Into this collar the bird sometimes withdraws its whole neck, and sometimes a part of its head; so that it seems as if it had withdrawn its neck into its body. From the resemblance of this collar to a cowl, some naturalists have given to this bird the name of *the monk*.

This species of vulture is a native of South America, and not of the East Indies, as some authors have asserted. Mr. Edwards was informed by Perry, a dealer in foreign animals, that this bird comes only from America; and Navarette, speaking of birds, says: 'I saw, at Acapulco, the king of the *xopilotes*, or vultures; it is one of the most beautiful of birds.' It is common in Mexico and New Spain, and appears to be peculiar to the southern regions of the new continent, and not found in the old.

Notwithstanding the superior beauty by which the external appearance

of this bird is distinguished, it does not differ in its habits or instincts from the rest of the vulture tribe: it is, like them, sluggish and dastardly, attacking only the weaker animals; and preying on rats, lizards, and serpents, as also on carrion, and even excrement and every kind of filth.

(To be continued.)

MISCELLANEOUS THOUGHTS.

THESE are a class of persons whom we only allow to have merit, because we are weary of refusing it. They obtain their reputation, as the poor do alms, by their importunity.

Courage in our manner of thinking is much more rare than what is called bravery; yet in the first case the danger is only imaginary, and in the other real.

Money, in the hands of the covetous man, resembles those delicate viands which were formerly served up to the dead.

Who would believe it?—a woman without modesty resembles the sun without a cloud—Both hurt delicate eyes.

There is a talent, a gift, or an art, of imposing on others in conversation, independent of a superiority of mind or rank. This is sometimes the effect of a certain natural dignity which inspires respect, or great wisdom which inspires reserve. Often, however, it is no other than a vice: pride imposes on modesty; the fool will impose on the man of wit, provided he be only a man of wit.—Often, again, it is the ascendancy some naturally have over others; or the effect of an advantageous figure, air, manner, or tone of voice.

POETICAL ESSAYS.

STANZAS.

[From the French of Segur.]

BY MR. GEORGE DYER.

I.

THINK not, tho' gaily flows my lay,
 Too meanly of the tuneful art;
 Song claims the right to flirt and play,
 Nor less can act the moral part.
 Mirth, while it lightly trips along,
 The weightier truth shall lift to light;
 And hence I learn to reverence song,
 While still its milder charms delight.

II.

The Samian prince, that prince severe,
 His people rul'd with iron hand;
 Great was his power, and great their
 fear:

None durst resist the dread command.
 Anacreon charm'd the tyrant down,
 Affuag'd his wrath, and wak'd desire;
 Such force have tender numbers shown,
 And hence I love the tender lyre.

III.

The rose, ere yet its leaves unfold,
 Requires the sun's enliv'ning ray;
 And, would you warm the heart, when
 cold?

Go, try the love-inspiring lay.
 Ah! little aids the prose-told tale,
 Dress'd in no charms, nor wing'd with
 fire:

But love, in verse, shall seldom fail;
 And therefore will I bless the lyre.

IV.

Behold the man of dauntless brow,
 Who knows no measure in his crimes!
 To stoic rules he scorns to bow;
 He dreads no censor of the times.

But ridicule, if it reprove,
 Shall leave the long-remember'd
 smart:

And hence I love the shafts of song;
 For they can reach the guilty heart.

V.

When griefs and cares perplex'd my
 breast,

To books I ran, to seek relief:
 But Plato could not yield me rest,
 And Seneca brought no relief.

Anacreon, more one verse of thine
 Than seven old sages me shall please:
 Still then shall playful song be mine;
 For song the troubled heart shall ease.

VALENTINE EPISTLE TO A
YOUNG LADY.

DEAR GIRL,

WITHIN my constant breast,
 The fondest love for ever glows;
 There pure affection is impress'd,
 Nor change nor diminution knows.

Oh! then accept the artless strain
 Which true sincerity indites;
 And look with kindness on a swain,
 Who melts with fondness while he
 writes.

Hark! through each vocal wood and
 grove
 The feather'd warblers tune their
 throats;
 Their little hearts dilate with love,
 And love inspires the songsters' notes.

Each am'rous bird selects to-day
 Some fav'rite mate, sincere and true;
 And, oh! should I, as well as they,
 My Harriet find propitious too—

Would she on me her heart bestow,
 And all my tenderness requite,
 Then would my throbbing bosom glow
 With inexpressible delight.

Yes, dearest girl! my faithful soul
 To you alone for refuge turns;
 Nor can the pow'r of fate controul
 The fondness which within me burns.

In vain my fears obtrusive strive,
 With anxious thoughts my breast to
 fill;

Hope keeps th' unchanging flame alive,
 And bids me love with ardour still.

And must a heart by fondness sway'd
 Be still denied its tender claims?
 Forbid it, dear enchanting maid!
 And deign to love your faithful

JAMES.

EPITAPH ON AN INFANT.

G RIM Death, with cruel, stern, relent-
 less power, [flower;
 Has laid in dust a beauteous human
 And spoil'd each blooming grace and
 rosy charm
 By the dire stroke of his gigantic arm.
 Though deep in earth the lovely blossom
 fades, [less shades,
 And wastes its fragrance in these cheer-
 Yet this fair plant shall quit this tomb,
 and rise.
 To grace the glitt'ring scenes of Paradise.
Haverbill. JOHN WEBB.

THE OLD MAID'S PETITION.

'But, earlier, happier is the rose distill'd,
 Than that which, withering on the virgin
 thorn,
 Both lives and dies in single blessedness.'
 SHAKSPEARE.

P ITY the sorrows of an antique maid,
 Who mourns her single, sad, forlorn
 estate:
 Ye bachelors, attend to my complaint,
 And let commiseration soothe my fate.
 Hard is the lot of the unwedded dame,
 To pass 'mid scorns and jeers her term
 of life;
 Who gladly would her liberty resign,
 To gain that enviable title—wife.
 From this pale cheek the crimson tints
 are fled,
 By cruel Time of every charm de-
 flower'd;
 Displeas'd with all, and with myself dis-
 pleas'd,
 I brood in silence—by the spleen de-
 vour'd.
 Oft-times, to speed the lazy-footed hour,
 I sit and stroke, sweet puffs, thy tor-
 toise brow;
 Chirp to my linnet, or, with gentle hand,
 'Bind the pink ribband round my dear
 bow-wow.'
 While disappointment preys upon my
 mind,
 And all fair wedlock's prospects round
 me close,
 Oh! blame not if, with care-dispelling
 glafs,
 I gain a short oblivion of my woes.
 Once I knew happier days, when hal-
 cyon mirth [hour:
 Gilt the bright pinions of each joyous

Each golden morning wak'd me to new
 blifs,
 And sable eve to charm possess'd the
 power.
 Yes, eve had charms!—At ball, with
 graceful ease,
 I danc'd, in fashion's gayest trappings
 dress'd:
 What maid but view'd me with an en-
 vious eye!
 What youth but felt a palpitating
 breast!
 Beauty was mine—(forgive my fulsome
 tale!)
 Disporting Cupids frolick'd in my
 hair:
 Young Smiles and Graces play'd upon
 my cheek;
 Nay, Envy own'd the truth—that I
 was fair.
 Amid the suppliant crowd that own'd
 my sway
 Alexis bow'd—a dear, engaging youth;
 Upon his brow fair Virtue sat enthron'd,
 And his black eyes beam'd constancy
 and truth.
 Coquetish arts a while the swain de-
 ceiv'd;
 At length he saw I sported with his
 pain:
 To shun contempt he sought the hostile
 scene,
 And met his fate on India's torrid
 plain.
 But why should retrospection wound my
 mind?
 I long for innate peace, for present
 rest:
 Oh, for some friend—some tender-heart-
 ed friend!
 To fill the craving void within my
 breast!
 Oh! would he come, and proffer hand
 and heart,
 Glad I'd relinquish fav'rite dog and
 cat;
 Dicky should all my fond caresses lose,
 And spirits yield to tea and social chat.
 Pity, ye bachelors, her hapless lot,
 Who sighs 'to love, to honour, and
 obey;
 Then Love shall shower his blessings on
 your heads,
 And gentle Hymen the kind deed re-
 pay. JOHN WEBB.
Haverbill, March 24, 1803.

TO THOMSON WEBB.

'How strong the tie that links the anxious fire
To the dear child that prattles round his fire.'

DEAR BOY,

THO' three annual seasons have not
Shed on thee their influence kind ;
Tho' the cheerful morn of reason
Dawns not on thy infant mind :

Yet a father's partial fondness
Dedicates to thee this lay ;
Blithesome, sprightly, playful sportling !
With a smile my love repay.

Tranquil is thy little bosom ;
Care doth seldom it molest :
But soft peace, with downy pinion,
Hovers round thy gentle breast.

Little think'st thou what sharp trials
May await thy riper years ;
What temptations may assault thee,
Trav'ling through this vale of tears.

Ne'er may sickness blast thy comforts—
Grant my wish, ye heav'nly powers !
But may Health, that rosy goddess,
Paint thy path with fairest flowers.

If inconstant, changeful, Fortune
Shower not her rich gifts on thee,
In some homely, straw-bound cottage,
Eat the bread of industry.

Tread the shining ways of Virtue,
Then Content will be thy guest ;
Then true joy will fill thy bosom,
Though no star adorn thy breast.

Safely may'st thou cross time's ocean,
Weather all the storms of strife ;
And when thy short voyage is over,
Anchor in the port of life.

JOHN WEBB.

Haverhill, January 29, 1803.

ODE ON SPRING.

WINTER is fled with all its gloom ;
And Spring appears in lovely
bloom,

And gilds fair Nature's face ;
Her powers enliven every heart,
And sweet sensations do impart
To all the human race.

Nor to the human race alone,
But every creature in each zone
Feels its reviving power ;

Each bird, each beast, and things that
creep,

The fish, and monsters of the deep,
And every plant and flower.

For, lo ! fair Flora's tribe to view
Display their variegated hue,
Which gives the eye delight :—
The snow-drop and the primrose pale
Disclose their sweets in yonder vale,
With lilies rob'd in white :

The polyanthus and jonquil,
The daisy and the daffodil,
The jasmine and pea-flowers ;
With pinks, and roses, and woodbine,
Whose tendrils round each branch en-
twine,
And deck the shady bowers.

And now, when breaks the infant day,
The sky-lark mounts th' ærial way,
And spreads the tidings round :
The cuckoo chaunts her simple lay,
While thrush and linnets on the spray
Make woods and dales resound.

The milk-maid quickly trips along,
And cheerful sings her rural song ;
While in the grove and vale,
The sheep and lambs so sportive play,
Wantonly frisk, all blithe and gay,
And breathe the soft'ring gale.

The sower stalks along the plain ;
With lib'ral hand commits the grain
Into the faithful soil :
While rains descend in copious showers,
Refresh the grass, the plants, and flowers,
And bless the rustic's toil.

The river with fresh vigour glides ;
While on its banks, fast by its sides,
The angler baits his hook ;
With every wily art and care,
The finny tribe strives to ensnare,
That wantons in the brook.

While Nature shines in lovely hue,
The sky assumes a vivid blue ;
While the bright orb of light
Through Aries takes his flaming way,
Diffusing far his vernal ray,
And equal day and night.

And now, while Spring illumines our isle,
And Peace and Plenty jointly smile,
Let every being raise
To Him who made, who governs, all,
Who form'd this vast stupendous ball,
A grateful song of praise !

PHILIP GOVE.

Fore-street-hill, Exeter.

TO A TUFT OF EARLY
VIOLETS.

SWEET flow'rs! that from your humble beds

Thus prematurely dare to rise,
And trust your unprotected heads
To cold Aquarius' wat'ry skies:

Retire; retire!—These tepid airs
Are not the genial brood of May;
That sun with light malignant glares,
And flatters only to betray.

Stern Winter's reign is not yet past;
Lo! while your buds prepare to blow,
On icy pinions comes the blast,
And nips your root and lays you low.

Alas, for such ungentle doom!
But I will shield you; and supply
A kindlier soil on which to bloom,
A nobler bed on which to die.

Come then—ere yet the morning ray
Has drunk the dew that gems your crest,

And drawn your balmiest sweets away,
O come, and grace my ——'s breast!

Ye droop, fond flow'rs; but did ye know
What worth, what goodness, there reside;

Your cups with liveliest tints would glow,
And spread their leaves with conscious pride.

For there has liberal Nature join'd
Her riches to the stores of art;
And added to the vigorous mind,
The soft, the sympathising, heart:

Come then—ere yet the morning ray
Has drunk the dew that gems your crest,

And drawn your balmy sweets away—
Oh come, and grace my ——'s breast!

Oh! I should think—that fragrant bed,
Might I but hope with you to share—
Years of anxiety repaid,

By one short hour of transport there.

More blest than me, thus shall ye live
Your little day; and when ye die,
Sweet flow'rs! the grateful Muse shall give

A verse; the sorrowing maid, a sigh.

While I, alas! no distant date,
Mix with the dust from whence I came;

Without a friend to weep my fate,
Without a stone to tell my name.

G.

SONNETS.

I. *Written March 8, 1801; descending a Mountain near Coimbra.*

YE fir-crown'd cliffs, as mournfully I
wind

Among your mossy crags; my pensive
ear

Elfrida's parting accent seems to hear:
'Tis but the cedar o'er yon rock reclin'd,
Her neck in sorrow droop'd beneath the
shade

Of her fine hair; and as she sigh'd
'farewel,'

Her dark-blue eyes were bath'd in
tears, that fell

On her fair bosom—mid the forest glade;
Where the dim convent's spiry turrets
frown,

Ting'd by the fading beam, the sisters
breathe

Their orisons; and hark! the woods
beneath

In echoes faint reply: my spirits own
Its influence, as the soft religious lay
Floats on the ev'ning breeze and dies
away.

ERNEST.

II. *To Hope.*

FRIEND of the friendless! soother of
the mind!

Whose balmy gale can soften ev'ry
care!

From thee the wretched surest comfort
find;

By thee subdued the hagg'd fiend—
Despair.

The helpless wight by thousand ills op-
press'd,

Who sinks beneath misfortune's gall-
ing yoke,

Bless'd with thy ray can calm his trou-
bled breast,

And soothe the anguish of a heart half
broke.

The trembling lover still on thee relies
(Though wan his visage and his look
profound),

Till at the last he gains the blooming
prize,

And finds with bland success his
wishes crown'd.

Then shed thine influence o'er my head
benign,

And make thy glowing raptures ever
mine.

J. V.

April 2, 1803.

FOREIGN NEWS.

Paris, March 17.

THE volunteer cavalry, who are to compose the guard of honour to the first consul while he is at Brussels, are a corps of a hundred young men of fortune, and of very good personal appearance. They are to wear the old national dress of the times of Ferdinand and Isabella, for their uniform. Its expence will be 100*l.* sterling to each volunteer.

Mr. Forfait formerly minister for naval affairs, now counsellor of state, arrived within these few days at Antwerp. He is said to have authority from the first consul to examine the means proposed for the execution of the plans laid before government, in order to render Antwerp at once a military and commercial port.

Preparations begin to be made at Ratisbon, for a negociation between citizen Laforet and Baron d'Albini, relative to the duties on the navigation of the Rhine. It is expected that seven-eighths of the expence of collecting these duties may, by the new arrangement, be spared.

Stutgard, March 22. According to private letters from Paris, alluded to by the *Algemeine Zeitung*, the opinion is generally prevalent there, that a rupture with England is inevitable. It is asserted even, that the first consul said on the 13th, before several persons—

‘We have made war for ten years—we will make it for ten years more.’

And upon another occasion he said to lord Whitworth, after having enquired with much affability about his health, and after having spoken of the approaching fine weather—

‘In order that the hope of possessing you still among us at this period be realised, it will certainly be necessary that your government should change its conduct. What does this message mean? It is only to impress terror. Two great

powers, like France and England, cannot make each other afraid. The French people may be killed, but cannot be frightened. We are for peace; but we are also for the fulfilment of solemn treaties.’

The first consul then addressed himself to the Russian minister, who was near the English ambassador, and said to him in the most serious tone,

‘If war be renewed, let all treaties be covered with crape. God and Europe will judge us.’

On the other hand, some persons pretend to have heard, from the mouth of the minister, that it was four to one in favour of peace; it is asserted even that a man was taken up on the Exchange at Paris, for having spread a report that war was certain.

Berlin, March 22. On the evening of the 20th ult. the French general Duroc arrived here from Paris, having been preceded, some hours before, by his adjutant, who had been dispatched as a courier by the marquis Lucchefini, to announce the departure of general Duroc from Paris, and the occasion of his mission. So sudden an appearance of general Duroc has excited here great attention. His mission has been occasioned by the sudden warlike preparations of England. He is said to have brought a proposal for the king of Prussia to act as a mediator to prevent a new breach between France and England. It is however fully determined that the king will not, himself, take the most distant participation in the affair.

General Duroc will only remain here five days, and then return with all speed to Paris. He is accompanied by major Segur and colonel Coberg, the latter of whom will proceed from thence to Petersburg. He will probably only remain here so long as may be sufficient to learn the issue of the proposals made

to our court, in order to regulate by it his proceedings at St. Petersburg.

Hague, March 25. A report is in circulation, that our government has applied to one of the first powers of the North, to obtain permission to preserve a state of neutrality, in case of a war between France and England.

Stutgard, March 25. According to letters from Basle, a great number of French troops are expected there from the interior of France, in order to proceed to Italy. The greater part of the French troops in Switzerland are intended for the same destination. The situation of affairs between France and England has, it is said, induced the first consul to assemble a considerable force in the southern parts of Italy.

The generals of division Klein, Pully, Chabat, and Verdier, as well as the generals of brigade Fiorelle, Quesnel, Milhaud, and Lesuise, have joined the French army of Italy; other generals will repair thither also. We are still unacquainted with the nature of the differences which seem to exist between France and England, but it is certain that they are, and will be, absolutely foreign to Germany, which is of great importance for the repose of Europe.

Brussels, March 25. By letters from Flushing we have the news that merchant ships, which came in thirty hours from the coast of England, brought information that several English ships of war had already failed to take a station in the North sea. The same letters state, that the arrival of a body of French troops is expected to augment the garrison of Flushing.

Between the 16th and 19th of this month there arrived at Calais an English state messenger and three couriers from London, with dispatches from the French ambassador, general Andreossi, addressed to the minister of foreign affairs. Two couriers and a state messenger on their way from Paris to London arrived at Calais at the same time. Both sets of couriers travelled with the utmost celerity. The same letters add, that several bodies of English troops, and even a numerous train of artillery, are on their march to Dover, and to the rest of the English coast opposite to the strait of Calais, and to the coast of

Picardy. It is observed that the English are returning home in alarm, in consequence of the dispositions which have taken place.

29. Several demi-brigades of infantry of the line and light infantry, some regiments of cavalry, with a sufficient body of artillery, are going to Holland to take a position along the coast. The Dutch Gazette of Haarlem states at 15,000 the number of the French troops destined for Holland.

Other Dutch papers announce that the Batavian government has had official information of the speedy approach of those forces, and has, in consequence, taken measures for their subsistence. We learn from other quarters, that all is in movement in the ports of Batavia. Preparations of all sorts are with the greatest activity forwarded. Several English ships of war have been already seen in the North sea. A camp of Dutch national troops will be formed next month above the Hague.

Hague, March 29. The French Gazette of Leyden gave, some days since, information that the march of the French troops to enter this republic had been for the present stopped. But the course of the negotiation now appears to have ordered matters as to that march in a manner expressly the reverse. The French ambassador received dispatches by a courier last night. Their contents have been communicated, in the following terms, to the Batavian government. The government will, in the beginning of the month of April, receive into its pay six battalions of French infantry and as many squadrons of French cavalry, with a large detachment of artillery with its field-pieces. General Montrichard will have the chief command of these troops, as well as the other French troops already in the territory of the republic. Generals Frere and Delaloi, whose arrival is daily expected, will command under him. General Osten remains in Zealand, and will there have the command of the 95th demi-brigade of the line.

Paris, March 31. It has been discovered at Hamburgh, that an order had been given to a manufactory of fire-arms at Thuringes for 30,000 musquets of the French model, and that 30,000 flo-

bins of the value had been paid in advance. The apparent and pretended purchase is the slave-trade. The fact that such a speculation has been made is ascertained, but its avowed purpose is evidently supposititious. It cannot be imagined that so considerable a quantity of arms can be employed in a branch of traffic, to which a great variety of merchandise and but a small quantity of the same articles are generally necessary. There is reason to believe, that the intention of the speculators was to furnish the means of defence and destruction to the revolted negroes of St. Domingo; and more than one circumstance renders it probable, that these speculators are 'Anglo-Americans.'

Last Wednesday a decree passed the legislative body, at Paris, for a gold and silver coinage. The silver pieces are to be quarter francs, half francs, three-quarter francs, two-franc pieces, and five-franc pieces. The franc is to contain five grammes, of which nine-tenths are to be pure silver, and one-tenth alloy. The gold coinage is to be of twenty and forty franc pieces, each having nine-tenths of gold, and one-tenth of alloy. The copper pieces will be those of two hundredths, three hundredths, and five hundredths of a franc. These coins are to bear on one side the head of the first consul, with the legend, 'Bonaparte, First Consul,' and on the other the value of each, surrounded by two branches of olive, with the legend, 'French Republic.' The five-franc pieces are to have the legend, 'God protects France.'

Brussels, April 1. A battalion of infantry of the garrison of Brussels, a battalion of the garrison of Mechlin, and corps from that of Louvain, set out on their march two days ago, in order to proceed towards the frontiers of the Batavian republic. We are assured that other corps of troops will immediately pursue the same direction. However, we learn by letters from Breda, that the head quarters of the French auxiliary troops in the pay of the Batavian republic, now in that place, expect to receive orders to proceed to some other place. These dispositions, however, will depend upon the result of the negotiations between the French and English

governments. No workmen can be found at Brussels; they are all employed either by the constituted authorities or by private individuals, on the preparations making with the utmost celerity for the reception of the first consul.

Amsterdam, April 5. Private letters from Paris contain the following intelligence: After the first consul had received, on the 29th of March, a courier from general Andreossi, an extraordinary council of state was held, and the important question of peace or war again debated. It is understood that the votes were not adverse to the maintenance of peace, and a courier was sent off to general Andreossi, at London, with the ultimatum of the French government. England, it is said, is to evacuate Malta, and a treaty of commerce to be negotiated between the two nations. Should war, however, ensue, it will not be declared by the chief consul; but a senatus-consultum will be passed, which will render it a national transaction. This document, it is said, is already prepared and printed.

Rotterdam, April 8. The Batavian government was, some days since, informed, that, in case of necessity, the town of Flushing would be declared to be in a state of siege. We are this morning assured, that the French generals have, in pursuance of that notice, actually declared that town to be in a state of siege. We have the same news from the Hague. We this day learn that general Montrichard has enjoined all officers, superior and subaltern, who are now at the seat of government, forthwith to repair to Breda, there to receive farther orders. All these incidents seem to indicate war. The trading interest of this city, and of Amsterdam, is now in the greatest uneasiness. We are in particular surprised, that a foreign power should, of its own authority, and by its own troops, have declared one of our towns in a state of siege, at a time when no assistance has been demanded from it, when we have no differences with the British government, and when we are not, as our great ally would persuade us, in the smallest danger of invasion from Britain.

HOME NEWS.

Rumford, (Essex,) April 2.

LAST Wednesday, being market-day, a farmer, who brought a fowling-piece with him, went into a house, and inquired for a person to do some repairs to it. He gave it to a person to look at it, who, not knowing that it was loaded, stood before the muzzle of the piece, when by some accident it took fire, and the whole contents lodged in his groin. Professional gentlemen were resorted to, who extracted part of the charge, and pieces of his clothes, which the shot forced into the wound, but they give very little hopes of his recovery.

London, April 7. A legacy, left by the late duke of Bridgewater, was brought to be stamped at the Stamp-office. The legacy was for 482,450*l.* and the stamp-duty came to 14,473*l.* 10*s.* being three *per cent.* on the legacy.

An instance of suicide occurred yesterday, of an extraordinary and a most lamentable kind.—Mr. Habgood, partner in the house of Habgood, Joyner, and Bloxam, wholesale haberdashers, in Rood-lane, Fenchurch-street, attempted to put a period to his existence, at his stock-broker's, Mr. Clerk's, in Prince's-street, close to the Bank. For several days it had been observed, that he was very melancholy, and a particular wildness about his eyes was noticed. Yesterday he rose suddenly from dinner, and went out to take a walk, it was supposed. He went to his stock-broker's, as above, where he conversed for some time with Mrs. Clerk; but while left alone, he went into a small apartment, taking from off the desk the clerk's pen-knife, with which he cut his throat in a most deliberate and determined manner, cutting and hacking it with a resolution that could arise only from insanity. He was heard to groan and make a noise, and on going to the closet he was found

standing, and blood streaming from his throat. This was about half past two o'clock. The fact transpired, and a concourse of people instantly assembled round the door. Two surgeons were sent for, who sewed up the wounds. He remained alive and sensible last night, but so weak, from loss of blood and a cut in the windpipe, that very little hopes were entertained of his recovery. It is supposed Mr. Habgood committed this deed in consequence of losses in the funds.

8. Yesterday being Maunday-Thurs- day, in commemoration of the Passover, his majesty's bounty to as many poor men and women as the king is years old, was distributed in Whitehall-chapel, by the rev. the dean of Westminster, sub-almoner to his majesty. The rev. prelate delivered a short explicit exordium on the royal beneficence. The poor were as usual regaled with a platter of fish, a ratio of beef, and four three-penny loaves; after which, in the afternoon, after evening service was performed by the rev. Dr. Moor, and an anthem by the choristers of the Chapel-royal, the rev. Dr. Vincent, in the body of the chapel, gave to every applicant who had a right to the benefaction cloth to each man for a coat and shirt, a pair of shoes and stockings; to each woman, cloth for a shift and camblet for a gown, with two little leather-bags, one containing a one-pound note, the other as many silver penny-pieces as the king is years old. After which, each person had given to them a small wooden bowl of wine, to drink the king's health—when they departed, well pleased with what they had received.

Yesterday morning, as colonel Montgomery and captain Macnamara of the royal navy were riding in Hyde-park, each followed by a large Newfoundland

dog, the dogs attacked each other, and, each gentleman defending his respective dog, words of such import ensued, that a meeting was appointed. The place of rendezvous was agreed to be Primrose-hill; and about five o'clock, just in the valley under the hill, appeared colonel Montgomery, attended by major Keir, and captain Macnamara, accompanied by another gentleman. The ground measured was fourteen paces; they both fired together; colonel Montgomery received a ball in his right breast, and fell! Captain Macnamara was wounded in the groin, but able to walk to a coach which was in waiting for him.

At the report of the pistols, Mr. Harding, of St. James's-street, who accidentally happened to be there, ran to the spot, and, with great humanity, assisted in carrying the colonel to his coach, which drove to Chalk-farm, where Mr. Heavyside immediately, but too late, attended. Colonel Montgomery is dead, and falls a lamentable instance of that pernicious custom which renders an human life liable to be sacrificed in a personal quarrel.

Weymouth, April 11. A terrible affair happened on Saturday se'nnight.—A press-gang from a frigate, lying in Portland roads, consisting of a captain and his lieutenant, with the lieutenant of marines, and twenty-seven marines, and about as many sailors, came on shore at Portland-castle, and proceeded to the first village, called Chefelton. They impressed Henry Wiggot and Richard Way, without any interruption whatever: the people of the island took the alarm, and fled to the village of Eason, which is situated about the centre of the island, where the people made a stand at the pond. The gang came up, and the captain took a man by the collar. The man pulled back, on which the captain fired his pistol, at which signal the lieutenant of marines ordered his men to fire, which being done, three men fell dead, being all shot through the head, viz. Richard Flann, aged 42 years; A. Andrews, 47 years; and Wm. Lano, 26 years: all married men, two of them quarry-men, and one a blacksmith.—One man was shot through the thigh, and a young woman in the back; the ball is still in her body, and but little hopes are entertained of her recovery. Poor Lano, the blacksmith, was at his shop-door, and

there fell dead. An inquisition has been held, and a verdict given of 'Wilful Murder' against the whole, leaving the law to discriminate the ringleaders.

London, April 11. A lady, in Mount-street, Grosvenor-square, on retiring to her bed-chamber, between nine and ten o'clock on Friday evening, by some accident, unfortunately set fire to part of her dress; she was observed by a lady opposite to rush into the drawing-room in a perfect blaze, who caused an alarm, and was the means of a person in the same house hurrying over; he was the first who could give her the least assistance; from the carpet being encumbered with several heavy articles, it was some moments ere he could throw it over her, and not till she was most seriously burnt in the neck, shoulders, and face. Medical assistance was immediately procured, but in vain; she died on Saturday morning about six o'clock, another victim to the fashionable mode of dress.

On Friday evening last, about eight o'clock, a fire broke out at the house of Dr. Clarke, navy-surgeon, in Sion-gardens, Aldermanbury: it began in the kitchen, and the flames ascended to the second floor in a few minutes, but, by the skilful exertions of the firemen, was got under without farther damage.—The doctor's son, a child about three years old, was somewhat hurt, as was Mrs. Clarke, in her successful endeavours to save it. Mr. Clarke was absent, being on board his ship at Sheerness, and the property was not insured.

Lincoln, April 12. Lady Ingleby Amcotts had nearly experienced a dreadful accident, a few days since, at her seat at Harrington, near Spilsby, in this county. Whilst her ladyship was stirring the fire, a coal fell on her gown, and the flames had already reached her handkerchief, which would, most probably, have proved fatal before the family could have rendered assistance, when her ladyship's great presence of mind induced her to roll herself in the carpet, by which she was providentially extricated from her dangerous situation.

London, April 13. On Monday, being Easter-Monday, there was a very hot press on the river, between London-bridge and Greenwich; when the press-galleys boarded most of the boats going down the river, and took a great many

young men who were going a holiday-making, and conducted them on board the tender. One boat, with six stout young men in it, resisted a press-galley, and a desperate contest ensued. One of the young men, seizing on the boat-hook, insisted that they should not take any one of them away, and the rest, with sticks, kept off the gang for the space of ten minutes; but another boat coming up, they were overpowered, and dragged on board the galley. Some of the young men were severely bruised, and the life of one of them is despaired of.

15. Yesterday, Mr. Heavyside, the surgeon, dressed the wound of captain Macnamara, at Blake's hotel. The captain is recovering: he is still in custody of some of the police-officers. As soon as Mr. Heavyside had dismissed his patient for the day, Mr. Townshend, one of the Bow-street officers, read to him (Mr. H.) a warrant from sir Richard Ford, and arrested him as a principal in the murder of colonel Montgomery. Such is the language of the law, which regards every one who is present as a principal in a duel, if previously privy to it. Mr. Heavyside attended on the field as captain Macnamara's surgeon. He was conveyed to Bow-street, where he underwent a private examination before sir Richard Ford. Several persons who were spectators of the duel were also examined privately, and bound over to appear. After the examination, Mr. Heavyside was fully committed to Newgate for trial, standing charged with aiding and assisting in the murder of colonel Montgomery. He went to Newgate in his own carriage, in the care of Townshend, accompanied by Mr. Holloway, his solicitor. Captain Macnamara, it is expected, will be also committed to Newgate for trial. The seconds have not yet been heard of.

16. Yesterday afternoon, about five o'clock, as Mr. Spencer Townshend, a gentleman who holds a high situation in the navy-office, Somerset-house, was returning from the office to his house in Cleveland court, St. James's, he was stopped within a few yards of his own door by a gentleman of the name of Grant, lately a merchant in Lawrence Pountney-lane, with a pistol in each hand, who approached, and thus addressed him: 'You d---d v---n, you are the cause of destroying the happiness of

my mind; take one of these pistols, and you shall shoot me, or I shall shoot you.' Mr. Townshend, perceiving Mr. Grant assuming an attitude which indicated a resolution to carry his desperate purpose into immediate execution, made an attempt to rush suddenly by and gain his own door; when Grant, who stood in his way, turning round as it were with intent to follow him, discharged one of the pistols at him. The pistol was loaded with swan-shot, but the parties were so close at the time of the fire, the charge probably passed him like a single ball, and Mr. Townshend fortunately escaped unhurt by it; Mr. Townshend, however, was not thus freed from danger, for, in the sudden spring to gain his own door, his foot slipped, and he fell upon the pavement; and Grant, seizing the opportunity, followed up his diabolical intent, by discharging the contents of the second pistol at him, while he lay prostrate upon the ground. The contents of the pistol passed through Mr. Townshend's coat, and slightly wounded one of his knees, and the wadding lodged in the skirt of his coat, and set fire to it. Mr. Townshend, however, made a sudden exertion, and recovered his feet.

Mr. Grant was secured, and immediately conveyed to Bow-street, where he underwent a long examination before Mr. Bond, and sir William Parsons; after which he was committed for further examination. Mr. Grant, we understand, appears to be insane, and the cause of his melancholy state, as well as of the crime which he attempted, is supposed to be this: Some time ago, he paid his addresses to a daughter of the late lord Dudley and Ward, who was bequeathed by the will of her father a sum of 4000l. Mr. Townshend was one of the trustees in the will, in whom the above sum was vested for the use of the young lady, in case she should marry with the consent of her friends. This consent Mr. Grant was unable to obtain; and Mr. Townshend, as a faithful trustee, adhered to the will. This disappointment is supposed to have preyed upon the mind of Mr. Grant, and to have produced that alienation of understanding, under the influence of which he made the above desperate attack.

21. Yesterday, the grand jury, at Clerkenwell, threw out the bill of in-

dictment against captain Macnamara and Mr. Heaviside for murder. Mr. Heaviside was accordingly discharged from Newgate.

22. Captain Macnamara was tried at the Old-Bailey, for man-slaughter, on the verdict of the coroner's jury which sat on the body of colonel Montgomery, and acquitted.

BIRTHS.

March 26. At his house, in Duke-street, Westminster, the lady of William Lubbock, esq. of a son.

31. The lady of John Prinsep, esq. M. P. of a son.

April 2. The lady of Edward Dennison, of Castle-Bear, Ealing, esq. of a son.

At her father's house, College-street, Westminster, the lady of captain G. Murray, of the royal navy, of a son.

At his house, in Charlotte-street, Bloomsbury, the lady of sir Francis Vincent, bart. of a son and heir.

5. At his house, in Gloucester-place, the lady of the hon. major-general Forbes, of a son.

6. In Guildford-street, the lady of the hon. J. Abercromby, of a son.

8. At her house, in Tenterden-street, Hanover-square, Mrs. Doyle, of a son.

Mrs. Edward Orme, of New Bond-street, of a son.

9. The lady of James Adams, esq. M. P. for Harwich, at his house in Berkeley-square, of a son.

The lady of J. M. Raikes, esq. of a daughter.

11. At his house, in Upper Berkeley-street, Portman-square, the lady of the rev. Mr. Beville, of a daughter.

In Holles-street, the lady of Gilbert Mathison, esq. of a son.

At her house, in Manchester-square, the right hon. lady Charlotte Drummond, of a son.

In Tavistock-place, Tavistock-square, the lady of R. Caton, esq. of a daughter.

12. In Cavendish-row, Dublin, lady Harriet St. George, of a daughter.

At her house, in Spring-gardens, the countess of Berkeley, of a daughter.

13. At Baldwins, Kent, the lady of sir John Harrington, of a daughter.

14. At his house, in Portland-place, the lady of J. Ellis, esq. of a daughter.

15. In Berner's-street, the lady of Courts Trotter, esq. of a daughter.

MARRIAGES.

March 30. Mr. George Roramer, of Great Castle-street, Cavendish-square, to miss Hale Martin, of N^o 6, Queen Anne-street East.

J. M. Scott, esq. of Ballygannon, in the county of Wicklow, to the right hon. lady Arabella Brabazon.

April 2. Henry Perkins, esq. of Camberwell, to miss Latham, daughter of Thomas Latham, esq. of Champion-hill.

Thomas Thistlethwayte, esq. of Southwick-place, to miss Guitton, youngest daughter of the late John Guitton, esq. of Wickham, Hants.

At St. James's church, John Leach, esq. to miss Julia Ruth, second daughter of sir W. Beaumaurice Ruth.

At Lydeard St. Laurence, near Taunton, sir John Lester, to miss Russell.

4. William Nettlefold, esq. attorney-at-law, of Barnard's-inn, to miss Grace Gawler, of Lambeth.

At Hammersmith, Thomas Bond, esq. eldest son of sir Jas. Bond, bart. to miss Read, youngest daughter of the late J. Read, esq. of Porchester-lodge, Hants.

7. Mr. Thomas Blizard, of America-square, surgeon, to miss Aston, daughter of Mr. Thomas Aston, of Billiter-lane.

Mr. Godby, of Lombard-street, to miss Eliza Layton, daughter of Thomas Layton, esq. of Kentish-town.

8. Mr. Saunders, to miss Jane Calkett, youngest daughter of Daniel Calkett, esq. of Ely-place, Holborn.

9. At Mary-la-bonne church, J. H. Budd, esq. to miss M. Reinagle.

12. Mr. Kelly, of Fareham, Hants, surgeon, to miss Leathes, of Stamford-street, Black-friars.

14. Mr. A. D. Welch, of Leadenhall-street, to miss Allen, of Walthamstow.

Launcelot Haslope, esq. of America-square, to miss H. Stock, daughter of T. Stock, esq. of Highbury-place, Islington.

15. At Ipswich, R. Wiltshire, esq. of New Bridge-street, to miss M. Bleden.

At Edinburgh, the hon. lord Polkemet, to miss Sinclair, daughter of the late George Sinclair, esq. of Ullister.

Geo. Hollings, esq. of Mount-street, Berkeley-square, to miss Maria Barker, daughter of Richard Barker, esq. surgeon to the 2d regiment of life-guards.

18. Major Maxwell, eldest son of sir W. Maxwell, bart. to miss C. Fordyce.

DEATHS.

March 19. At Chertsey, Mrs. Hudson, in the 65th year of her age, wife of Sol. Hudson, late of Titchfield-street.

24. At her house in Thornhaugh-street, Bedford-square, aged 69, Mrs. Gaskell, relict of Peter Gaskell, esq. of the city of Bath, and only daughter of William Penn, late of Shannagarry, in the county of Cork, esq. the grandson and heir of William Penn, the founder and first proprietor of the city of Philadelphia and province of Pennsylvania, in America.

28. At her house, at Inverness, Mrs. Mary Hutchinson Fraser, widow of the late Simon Fraser, esq. of Fanellan.

30. In the 83d year of her age, Mrs. Reynolds, of Cleveland-row.

At Gaddesden Cottage, in the county of Hertford, in the 69th year of her age, Mrs. Noyes, relict of Thomas Herbert Noyes, esq. and sister to the late Thomas Halsey, esq. of Gaddesden-place, in the same county.

At his seat near Ealing, Middlesex, in the 79th year of his age, Thomas Devenish, esq. many years an eminent auctioneer.

31. At her father's house in Great Marlborough-street, of a decline, Miss Siddons, eldest daughter of Mrs. Siddons, of Drury-lane Theatre.

In Harley-street, Mrs. Clay.

Mrs. Godfrey, of Holland-street, Kensington.

At Bath, Mrs. Bogle French, the wife of Nathaniel Bogle French, esq. of Dulwich.

April 1. At Hatley St. George, in the county of Cambridge, Mrs. Quintin, wife of T. Quintin, esq. of that place.

3. At Brentford, Mrs. Trimmer, wife of Mr. James Trimmer, and daughter of the rev. William Cornwallis, of Wittersham, Kent.

At York, Mr. Thomas Sanderson, late sheriff of that city, and uncle to the late sir James Sanderson.

4. At Coltness-house, Edinburgh, Mrs. E. Stewart, daughter of sir J. Stewart, bart., of Goodtrees.

5. At her house in Wimpole-street, lady Frances Williams Wynn, in the 86th year of her age. She was relict of sir Watkin Williams Wynn.

6. At Broome-house, in Barham, lady Oxenden, lady of sir Henry Oxenden,

bart. and daughter and co-heiress of sir George Chadleigh, bart. of Devonshire.

At his house in Piccadilly, the right hon. sir W. Hamilton, knight of the bath, aged 78.

At Bath, Mr. William Newberry, of Croydon.

7. At Edinburgh, in the 77th year of his age, the earl of Dumfries, one of the sixteen peers of Scotland.

At St. Leonard's Hill, near Windsor, G. Birch, esq.

At his house in King-street, Portman-square, Joseph Chaplin Hankey, esq.

Mrs. Sarah Lawrence, relict of Mr. Thomas James Lawrence, of Cheap-side, woollen-draper.

At his house in Gower-street, Godfrey Kettle, esq.

9. At his house in Jermyn-street, general de Banermeister, resident minister from the court of Hesse Cassel, in the 63d year of his age.

At her seat in Kent, the countess dowager of Chatham, mother of the right hon. William Pitt.

12. At his brother's house in Bishopsgate-street, the rev. Robert Wall, fellow of Merton-college, Oxford.

Of an apoplectic fit, Mr. Daniel Henwood, of Smithfield.

At her house in Charles-street, Berkeley-square, Miss Conyers, eldest daughter of the late John Conyers, esq. of Copped Hall, in the county of Essex.

14. At his house at Sonning, near Reading, after a short illness, admiral sir T. Rich, bart.

M. A. Horatio Beloe, the youngest daughter of the rev. W. Beloe.

In Wigmore-street, Mrs. Feake, daughter of the late governor Feake, of Durrington, in Essex, in her 32d year.

At her house in Wigmore-street, in her 63d year, Mrs. Emma Little, relict of the late Thomas Little, esq.

17. Mr. James Aickin, late of Drury-lane Theatre, in the 64th year of his age.

Suddenly, at the Deanry, Bristol, the rev. Dr. Layard, dean of Bristol, in the 54th year of his age.

18. At Stratford-house, in the county of Essex, the right hon. John lord Henniker, baron Henniker of Stratford-upon-Avon, of Stratford-house, and Newton-hall, both in the county of Essex; Great Bleaining's-hall, in the county of Suffolk; and St. Peter's, in the Isle of Thanet.

THE
LADY'S MAGAZINE,

OR
ENTERTAINING COMPANION

FOR
THE FAIR SEX;

APPROPRIATED
SOLELY TO THEIR USE AND AMUSEMENT.

FOR MAY, 1803.

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This Number is embellished with the following Copper-plates:

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- 3 An elegantly-coloured PARIS DRESS.
- 4 A new and elegant PATTERN for a VEIL, &c.
- 5 MUSIC—A NEW SONG, set to Music by Mr. BARRE.

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Engraved for the *Lady's Magazine*.



Envy disappointed.

THE
LADY'S MAGAZINE,

For MAY, 1803.

ENVY DISAPPOINTED;

A TALE.

(With an elegant Engraving.)

WHEN the malignant passion of envy appears in all its odious forms, it can only excite our contempt, and, in some measure, our pity: its poison, when recognised, is its own antidote; but when dissimulation veils it beneath a cheerful exterior, insinuating manners, and a show of friendship, in order to the attainment of its base purposes, it is far more vile and hateful, since it is doubly dangerous to the object it destines for its victim.

Miss Eliza Lascelles was a young lady of fortune, beauty, and elegant accomplishments. She had gained the affections, and accepted the addresses, of Mr. Charles Pierrepoint, a young gentleman of genteel connexions and considerable expectations, whose engaging manners, good sense, and manly frankness of character, continually won more and more on the heart of his Eliza. The friends of both had given their approbation to their intended union, which was only deferred by some circumstances, which however it was very certain would occasion no long delay.

Miss Lascelles was in habits of the most familiar intimacy and entertained the sincerest friendship for a Miss Vane, who was of a character, notwithstanding the specious appearance of the most amiable disposition, entirely different from her own. Miss Vane had great vivacity, was

extremely artful, and capable of the most complete dissimulation, by which she concealed the utmost selfishness and vanity. Before Mr. Pierrepoint had seriously declared himself the suitor of Miss Lascelles, Miss Vane had frequently endeavoured to attract his attention, conceiving that a marriage with him would be (what is commonly called) a very good match for her. But he preferred the sensibility and tenderness of Miss Lascelles to the giddy flippancy of Miss Vane. The latter had indeed been frequently before disappointed in advances of the same kind to others, for she was several years older than Miss Lascelles. Her love of self and offended vanity soon produced a mean envy of the triumph of her companion; but she was too well practised in dissimulation to appear in any manner disappointed or ruffled in her temper. Her heart, however, was secretly a prey to the most malignant and baneful of passions, and she resolved to employ the vilest artifice to prevent the union and happiness of two persons who had in reality never given her the least cause of offence.

To carry this base design into effect, she expressed a warmer friendship than ever for Miss Lascelles, and was almost inseparable from her; she appeared in the same manner friendly and familiar with Mr. Pierrepoint; and, in conversing with

each severally, lavished the greatest praises on the good and amiable qualities of the other.

But, on a sudden, she entirely changed her behaviour, in the latter respect, towards both miss Lascelles and Mr. Pierrepoint. To the former, when the conversation had any reference to her lover, she expressed herself with satirical levity; ridiculing, in fact, though in a very cautious and covert manner, the warmth of her attachment to him, and throwing out obscure intimations that she could give her information that would surprise her, and perhaps cure her of her prepossession for him, if she thought it adviseable to intermeddle in an affair so delicate. Mr. Pierrepoint, on the few occasions when she happened to be with him while miss Lascelles was absent, she rallied, with much vivacity, on his love-sick condition; reminded him that Cupid was blind; and gave some very artful but distant hints, that he was by no means acquainted with all that passed in the mind, nor indeed with all the conduct, of the mistress he so fondly adored.

She had thus, without venturing on any positive falsehood in matter of fact, and by that exposing herself to detection and shame, instilled into the hearts of the two lovers a jealousy which began to operate of itself to the furtherance of her views. She carefully fanned the flame she had kindled with all the artful industry she could exert, and coldness and distrust were soon but too apparent in all their behaviour to each other.

She now pretended to observe this alteration in them with much surprise, and even undertook to mediate between them; but at the same time took care to infuse into all her overtures for a reconciliation such insinuations as effectually tended to

widen the breach between them. To miss Lascelles she would say—‘Believe me, my dear, you must give up these lofty expectations of perfection in the other sex. You are, I believe, now absolutely in love, which a woman certainly should never be, at least not before marriage; and when you are married you may perhaps see still less reason for being so. Even suppose Mr. Pierrepoint’s affairs should be a little embarrassed, and yours should be particularly convenient to him at this time to repair them, you may see hundreds of women who were married from no sublimer a motive, who yet live very happily with their husbands.’

‘Do you mean to say that you know or have heard any thing to that effect?’ said miss Lascelles.

‘I certainly do not; for as to the idle scandals that were flying about at Mrs. Tattle’s card-tables the other night, I know you would pay as little regard to them as I do.’

She talked to Mr. Pierrepoint in nearly the same strain.—‘You love-sick swains,’ said she, ‘will never admit your mistresses to be other than angels; you at last find them to be mere women, and complain bitterly of your fate. Even suppose that miss Lascelles should have had in view some more affluent fortune, or the distinction of a title, she will differ but little from the generality of her sex; and I do not see why such a circumstance, when you have obtained her, should diminish your happiness. If all those whose wives would have accepted a better match, had it been offered them, were on that account to make themselves unhappy, the number of miserable husbands would be very much increased.’

‘Have you a knowledge of her entertaining any views of this kind?’ said Mr. Pierrepoint, with great warmth.

‘Not I, indeed,’ replied miss Vane; ‘nor, if she had, should I have been her confidante; she knows too well my friendship for you. But I feared that you might have heard some silly reports that have been circulated, which I am persuaded are without foundation; though, as I said before, I cannot expect to be in her confidence on such a subject.’

The entrance of a third person here interrupted the conversation, and saved miss Vane from the necessity of numerous prevarications, to which she would have been driven by the further enquiries which Mr. Pierrepoint would certainly have made, had he had an opportunity.

Mr. Pierrepoint now resolved to go to miss Lascelles, and take a final leave of her, unless he could obtain from her a satisfactory explanation of the alteration in her behaviour, and the mysterious insinuations of miss Vane. Eliza, who had likewise, in the mean time, been industriously practised on by her false friend, received him with particular coldness, which greatly heightened the perplexity and irritation that preyed on the heart of her lover. At length, unable longer to endure and disguise his feelings, Mr. Pierrepoint thus addressed her—

‘I have for a long time, Eliza, observed a very visible alteration in your conduct towards me, and such as convinces me that I have obtained no place in your heart which may not more easily be obtained by another, who possesses what is more suitable to the gratification of female vanity than any thing I can boast. Nor do I say this from mere suspicion, for I have the strongest proofs (so jealousy will always call its trifles light as air). I say, I have the strongest proofs, that you have in view some other person who is

esteemed my superior in fortune and rank, and this renders you so cold to me. I can bear it no longer: you must explain it. It is better that we should separate for ever than remain in this state of dissatisfaction and distrust.’

‘I can explain nothing,’ said miss Lascelles; ‘you are the cause of all the dissatisfaction, and the distrust is yours.’

‘Evasive answers, madam,’ said Mr. Pierrepoint, ‘are useless; if you persist in refusing to return any other, I shall consider them as a full proof that you wish to put an end to all further connection between us, and from this time I——’

At this moment miss Lascelles’ mother entered, and introduced to her daughter some ladies from a distant part of the country, who had come on a visit to the family. Mr. Pierrepoint, after a few cold compliments, with which he endeavoured to conceal his embarrassment and perturbation of mind, took leave with much more formality than usual, and went away.

The feelings of the two lovers, after this scene, are not easily to be described. Miss Lascelles found the presence of her visitors an insupportable burthen to her, and when she retired to rest she passed a sleepless night. Mr. Pierrepoint rambled about, he scarcely knew whither, and did not attempt to take rest at all. Sometimes he resolved to see her again, and, in a more gentle and submissive tone, intreat her candidly to put an end to his doubts, in compassion to his sufferings; at other times revolving in his mind all the artful suggestions of miss Vane, his jealousy rekindled, and the pains it inflicted increased till he almost determined to end uncertainty by despair, and utter some dreadful vow that he would never see or think of her more.

In the morning, miss Lascelles rose early; and, as solitude agreed best with her disturbed state of mind, walked for some time alone in a park, at a little distance from her father's house. She at length sat down on a bench, scarcely noticing any thing around her; her thoughts being wholly occupied on the subject most interesting to the feelings of her heart.

Mr. Pierrepoint, at the same time, in the course of his wanderings, approached the same spot, and soon recognised his Eliza. He advanced without being perceived. Just as he came up, miss Lascelles took in her hand a miniature picture of her lover which she had received from him as a present, and, surveying it, broke out into the following exclamations:—

‘Oh, Charles! how frank, how generous, seems that countenance! what an affectionate confidence does it appear to display! yet how have you treated me? My heart was affectionately, sincerely, and wholly devoted to you; but yours——’

Mr. Pierrepoint had stopped for a moment, perceiving he was not seen, and heard this. He could restrain his feelings no longer; he threw himself at the feet of his Eliza, and, in the state of mind in which the two lovers now were, an explanation soon took place, by which they discovered the treacherous practices of their pretended friend, but real enemy; and the tenderest reconciliation took place, which was never afterwards disturbed. Miss Vane was in future shunned by them with equal aversion and contempt, and consigned for punishment to the corrodings of her disappointed envy; for the tortures inflicted by that wretched passion, as the ancient poet has justly observed, are fiercer than any that have been invented by the most cruel tyrants.

To the EDITOR of the LADY'S
MAGAZINE.

SIR,

THE insertion of the following translation of an Essay on the subject of *Political Arithmetic*, published in the Gotha Almanack for the present year, will oblige an occasional correspondent, and, I presume, convey some amusing information to your readers.

Your's, &c.

Chester, Feb. 20, 1803. J. M.

POLITICAL ARITHMETIC.

IF we suppose the earth to be peopled with about a thousand millions of souls, and reckon 33 years for a generation, there will die in that space of time one thousand millions of persons—consequently there will die—

Every year,	- -	30 millions
Every day,	- - -	82,000
Every hour	- - -	3,400
Every minute,	- - -	60
Every second,	- - -	1

But as, on the other hand, the number of those who die is to that of those who are born as 10 to 12, there will be born—

Every year,	- -	36 millions
Every day,	- - -	98,400
Every hour,	- - -	4,080
Every minute,	- - -	68
Every second,	- - -	1

If men did not die, there would be at present about 173,000 millions of persons on the earth. As the superficial contents of the land amounts, at least, to 1587 billions (thousands of thousands of millions) of square feet, there would still remain 9110 square feet for each person.

If we reckon three generations to the century, and suppose the world to have existed only 5800 years, there will have been but 180 gener-

ations from the creation, 127 from the deluge, and 56 from the christi-an æra to the present time; and, as there is no family which can trace its descent to the time of Charle-magne, it follows that the most ancient cannot reckon more than 33 generations—indeed very few can go so far back without manifest fiction; and the most illustrious, for a thousand years of distinction have 4800 of obscurity.

On an equal extent of ground, where

there lives in Iceland	1 person,
there live in Norway	3 persons,
Sweden,	14
Turkey,	36
Poland,	52
Spain,	63
Ireland,	99
Germany,	127
England,	152
France,	153
Italy,	172
Naples,	192
Venice,	196
Holland,	224
Malta,	1,103

Iceland is, therefore, the part of the world, at least of Europe, which is most thinly peopled, and Malta the most populous.

Of the whole of the inhabitants of a country one-quarter usually live in the towns, and three-quarters in the villages.

Of a thousand persons, 28 are estimated to die every year.

The inhabitants of a country or a city are renewed nearly every thirty years; and in a century the human race is renewed $3\frac{1}{3}$ times.

Of 200 children, not more than one dies in child-birth.

Of 1000 children suckled by the mother, there do not die more than 300; but of 1000 children suckled by nurses, 500 die.

The mortality of children has

greatly increased in the present luxurious age. Convulsions and dentition carry off the greater part of them.

Among 115 deaths there is only one woman in child-birth; and among 400 only one who dies in the month after labour.

The small-pox usually carries off 8 out of 100 who are attacked by it.

It has been observed, that the small-pox is more fatal to girls than boys.

Of 300 who are inoculated, not one dies.

From a calculation founded on bills of mortality, it appears, that among 3125 deaths there is only one person of 100 years of age.

It is confirmed by experience and the observations of physicians, that out of 100 persons who live in great towns there will not be more than 20 ill during a month in the course of the year, or 24 during a fortnight.

There are more old persons in elevated than in low places.

The proportion between the deaths of women and those of men is as 100 to 108. The probable duration of the life of women is 60 years; but after that term it is more favourable to men.

Married women live longer than those who remain unmarried.

By observations made during the course of 50 years, it appears that the greatest number of deaths has always been in the month of March; the next greatest in the months of August and September; and the least in the months of November, December, and February.

Of 1000 deaths there are 250 in Winter, 290 in Spring, 225 in Summer, and 235 in Autumn.

More persons, therefore, die in the Spring than in any other season of the year. In great cities, however,

such as Paris and London, the greatest number of deaths are in Winter.

Half of those who are born die before the age of 17; so that those who survive that period enjoy a happiness denied to half the human race.

The number of old persons who die in cold seasons is to that of those who die in warm ones as 7 to 4.

The first month, and especially the first day, of life, are remarkable for the greatest number of deaths. Of 2735 children who died very young, 1292 died the first day, and the remainder during the first month.

According to the observations of the great Boerhaave, the most healthy children are born in the months of January, February, and March.

The married women are to the whole sex in a country as 1 to 3; and the married men to all the males as 3 to 5.

The greatest number of births happen in the months of February and March.

The number of twins is to that of other children as 1 to 65, or 70; so that among 65 or 70 births twins are found but once.

The number of persons living is usually to that of children born in the year as 26, 27, or 28, to 1; according to the fecundity of marriages.

The number of marriages is to that of the inhabitants of a country as 175 to 1000.

In very populous countries, out of 50 or 54 persons there is but one who marries.

In the whole extent of a country we can only reckon four children for each marriage, one with another: in cities and great towns we can only reckon 35 children for 10 marriages.

The men able to bear arms are a fourth part of the whole inhabitants of a country.

The number of widows is usually to that of widowers as 3 to 1; but that of widows who marry again is to that of widowers who marry again as 100 to 120, or as 5 to 6.

The number of widowers in a country is to that of all the inhabitants as 1 to 51; that of widows to that of those same inhabitants as 1 to 15.

The widowers and widows, taken together, are to the married couples of a country as 3 to 7.

OBSERVATION on the MONTH of APRIL.

(From a French Journal.)

IN this month the most celebrated mistresses of the kings of France have breathed their last: Diana de Poitiers, Gabrielle d'Estrees, madame de Maintenon, and madame de Pompadour. This remark is connected with a more general observation, which is, that the greater part of celebrated women have died in the month of April.

Laura, the mistress of the poet Petrarch, died on the 6th of April; Diana of Poitiers, on the 26th; Gabrielle d'Estrees, on the 9th; the duchess de Longueville, on the 15th; mademoiselle de Montpensier, on the 5th; madame de Sevigny, on the 14th; madame de Maintenon, on the 15th; madame de Caylus, on the 15th; mademoiselle de Luffan, on the 2d; madame de Pompadour, on the 15th; Judith, queen of France, on the 19th; Joan, of Navarre, on the 9th; Elizabeth, queen of England, on the 3d; Christina, queen of Sweden, on the 19th.

We might hence be led to conclude, that of all the months in the year that of April is the most dangerous to women in general.

A MORNING'S WALK *in*
MAY.

Born in yon blaze of orient light,
Sweet May! thy radiant form unfold:
Unclose thy blue, voluptuous eye,
And wave thy shadowy locks of gold.
Warm with new life, the glittering throngs,
On quivering fin, and rustling wing,
Delighted, join their votive songs,
To hail thee, goddess of the spring.'

DARWIN.

BEFORE I began this agreeable
morning ramble—

'Bright Phœbus, rising from the shades of
night,
With rosy keys unlock'd the gates of light.'

The weather was extremely fine,
delightfully calm, and beautifully
serene. Cheered by the influence
of vivifying sun-beams, the unno-
ticed daisy reared its dewy head,
and the blithe tenants of the bough
chaunted their merry modulations.
To an early walker this morning
was particularly inviting.

'For April, with his childish eye,
Alike prepar'd to laugh or cry,
Had, unlamented, flown away,
And left the world to Love and May.'

Nature, like a fair bride, was ar-
rayed in beauty, and the profusion
of blossoms which decked the apple-
trees impregnated the air with aro-
matic fragrancy. Not one envious
cloud intervened to rob creation of
Sol's resplendent rays. Aloft in
æther the lark was praising his
Maker, and a cheerful blackbird on
an adjacent spray was offering up his
early gratulations.

'Sweet, O sweet, the warbling throng,
On the white-emblossomed spray,
Nature's universal song
Echoes to the rising day.'

CUNNINGHAM.

Amid the general choir of plummy
performers, the voice of the cuckow
was heard; whose simple plaintive
note is ever grateful to the contem-

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plative philosopher, and to the truant
school-boy,—

'Who starts the curious sound to hear,
And imitates the lay.'

Creation smiled, dressed in her ma-
ny-coloured robe; the trees, whose
naked limbs were shook by the breath
of Boreas, now clothed in eye-cheer-
ing green, waved their verdant orna-
ments; and the meadows, which a
few weeks before appeared crisped
by frosts, or mantled by snow, were
enamelled with gold cups and
sprinkled with 'daisy flowers.'—
How exhilarating to my spirits was
this lovely change! What an heart-
delighting metamorphosis!

'Stern Winter now, by Spring repress'd,
Forbears the long-continued strife;
And Nature, on her verdant breast,
Delights to catch the gales of life.

'Now o'er the rural kingdom roves
Soft Pleasure, with her laughing train:
Love warbles in the vocal groves,
And vegetation plants the plain.'

DR. JOHNSON.

In the course of my walk, I called
at a rural cottage, surveyed its little
garden, and seated myself in a leafy
arbour. Being alone, I took a retro-
spective view of past times, and
reflection produced the following
apostrophe.

'Shady recess! oft in the jocund
season of youth—the May of human
life—with gay companions did I
visit thee, and spent some bliss-tipt
moments in amusing conversation
beneath thy verdant canopy. Calm
retreat! dearer to me than the proud
alcove! within thy green abode,
with the maiden of my choice, in
"courtship's blooming hour," I've
sat.

'Crown'd with delight, the minutes flew
along,
And scatter'd blessings from their balmy
wings.'

When I was about terminating
my walk, I espied a wren's nest:

2 H

I will not attempt to describe it; but will quote a beautiful description from Hervey's 'Theron and Aspasio.'

'The wren makes up by contrivance, what is deficient in her bulk. Small as she is, she intends to bring forth, and will be obliged to nurse up a numerous issue. Therefore with the correctest judgment she designs, and with indefatigable industry finishes, a nest proper for that purpose. It is a neat rotund, lengthened into an oval, bottomed and vaulted into a regular concave.— To preserve it from the rain, it has several coatings of moss; to defend it from cold, it has but one window, and only a single door, or rather the window and door are the same; to render it both elegant and comfortable, it has carpets and hangings of the finest, softest, down. By the help of this curious mansion, our little lady becomes the mother of multitudes; and the vivifying heat of her body is, during the time of incubation, exceedingly augmented. Her house is like an oven, and greatly assists in hatching her young; which no sooner burst from the shell than they find themselves screened from the annoyance of the weather, and most agreeably reposed amid the ornaments of a palace, and the warmth of a bagnio.'

Haverhill.

JOHN WEBB.

LETTER from Mr. GARRICK to the
SECRETARY of the CUSTOMS.

DEAR SIR,

NOT Rachael weeping for her children could shew more sorrow than Mrs. Garrick—not weeping for children—she has none—nor indeed for her husband; thanks be to the humour of the times, she can be as philosophical upon that subject as her betters. What does

she weep for then? Shall I dare tell you? It is—it is for the loss of a chintz bed and curtains. The tale is short, and is as follows: I have taken some pains to oblige the gentlemen of Calcutta, by sending them plays, scenes, and other services in my way; in return they have sent me Madeira, and poor Rachael the unfortunate chintz. She has had it four years, and upon making some alterations in our little place at Hampton, she intended to shew away with her prohibited present. She had prepared paper, chairs, &c. for this favourite token of Indian gratitude. But, alas! all human felicity is frail. No care having been taken on my wife's part, and some treachery being exerted against her, it was seized, the very bed, 'by the coarse hands of filthy dungeon villains, and thrown among the common lumber.'

If you have the least pity for a distressed female, any regard for her husband (for he has had a bad time of it), or any wishes the environs of Bushy-park be made tolerably neat and clean, you may put your finger and thumb to the business, and take the thorn out of Rachael's side.

I am, dear sir, your's,

D. GARRICK.

TEXT.

'For earthly power doth then look likest
God's,
When mercy seasons justice.'

SHAKSPEARE'S *Merchant of Venice*.

PETITION.

O Stanley, give ear to a husband's petition,
Whose wife well deserves her distressful
condition,
Regardless of his and the law's prohibition.
If you knew what I suffer since she has been
caught,
(On the husband's poor head ever falls the
wife's fault,)
You would lend a kind hand to the contraband
jade,
And screen her, for once, in her illicit trade.

For true, as 'tis said, since the first Eve undid
 'em,
 Frail woman will long for the fruit that's for-
 bidden;
 And husbands are taught, now-a-days, spite
 of struggles,
 Politely to pardon a wife, though she smuggles.
 If your honours, or you, when the sex go
 astray,
 Have sometimes inclin'd to go with them
 that way,
 We hope to her wishes you will not say Nay.)
 'Tis said that all judges this maxim do keep,
 Not their justice to tire, but at times let it
 sleep.
 If more by the Scriptures their honours are
 mov'd,
 The over-much righteous are there disapprov'd.
 Thus, true to the Gospel, and kind as they're
 wife,
 Let their mercy restore what their justice de-
 nies.

REFLEXIONS *on* HAPPINESS, *and*
 the PLEASURES of the IMAGINA-
 TION.

HOPE, deceitful as it is, says the
 judicious La Rochefoucault,
 serves at least to conduct us to the
 end of life by an agreeable road.
 But that it may possess this advantage,
 it must be rational and suited to our
 condition. If it is more chimerical
 than probable, it can only be con-
 sidered as the extravagance of a
 heated imagination. To hope with
 some foundation is reason; to hope
 contrary to hope itself is madness.
 Good sense must support the illusion.

Though hope frequently deceives
 us, it, nevertheless, has its utility.
 The innocent pleasure it gives in-
 vigorates us to act. Hope well con-
 ceived diffuses a calm through the
 soul, and tranquillises the mind.
 It is a balm which promotes health,
 and agreeably prolongs life, to which
 it attaches us by a secret charm.

We are only happy from our de-
 sires. It seems that our eagerness to
 pursue any object bestows on it a
 value. The imagination embellishes,
 magnifies, and forms, at its pleasure,

the subjects which excite it to act:
 they are roses which it divests of
 their thorns before it presents them
 to us.

Enjoyment is the touchstone of
 happiness and pleasures, which dis-
 covers what is false, or of the nature
 of alloy, in them. Our satisfaction
 is never perfect: the enjoyment of
 happiness always detracts something
 from happiness itself. When plea-
 sure passes from the imagination to
 reality, it loses much of its value in
 the passage, because it arrives either
 too late, or in circumstances which
 prevent our tasting all its sweets.

Happiness never comes up to the
 idea we had formed of it. Some-
 thing is always wanting when we
 have obtained possession. We re-
 semble that Sybarite, who, when laid
 on a bed of roses, could not sleep the
 whole night, because a leaf of one
 of them was doubled under him.
 Such is man: he desires, he sighs for
 an object; and when he possesses it,
 he is not content, he still complains.
 Why? Because he enjoys.

To believe ourselves happy is to
 be so; but, in order to this belief,
 the chimerical idea we embrace must
 have all the appearances of reality, or
 at least the possibility of real exist-
 ence. When these conditions are
 wanting, such an imagination is only
 the delirium of a man in a fever.

The pleasures of imagination are
 lively, because nothing blunts their
 edge, and it presents them to us
 without any foreign mixture; they
 are pure, because the soul tastes them
 independently of the senses. They
 are not corrupted by fear; they are
 not followed by disgust: they are all
 pleasure.

The degree of ambition makes
 the difference of fortunes. Without
 forming desires which can never be
 gratified, let us profit by the advan-
 tages we possess, and we shall avoid
 many disappointments. Let us con-

sider as useless whatever we have not, and what we have as sufficient for our happiness; let us weigh every thing in the balance of reason; let us estimate it according to its true value; and this estimation will enable us to disregard whatever is wanting to us. The less we possess, the more we are free; our possessions, in fact, render us dependent. The imagination is the most valuable gift that nature has bestowed upon us: it is an infallible resource for all our wants. Let us use it moderately, lest the frequent illusion should become habit, and cease to have its due effect on us.

DISCUSSION of the QUESTION *whether* WOMEN have more WIT than MEN.

[By a French Writer.]

THIS question has been examined by the late La Beaumelle, and he has not hesitated to assign the superiority in wit to the sex which so evidently possesses the superiority in the graces. It is not merely to gallantry that we are to attribute the pre-eminence he has thus allowed to women; he establishes it on their exterior and their natural dispositions. He supports his opinion by the authority of a philosopher who was nothing less than gallant. Diogenes the Cynic said, on his return from Sparta into Attica, that he came from the apartment of the men into that of the women.

Women, adds La Beaumelle, unite in themselves a thousand charms; and shall wit be the only one which is wanting to them? Shall Nature, so constant, so regular, so uniform in her works, fail to be so in this single instance? After having lavished on woman the most brilliant gifts, shall she have withheld from her that

which was most essential to give them effect?

The part of man in society is that of a thinking, of woman, that of an agreeable, being. The former governs the world by reason, the latter by charms and soothing delicacy. To the one, heaven has given vigour of body and solid sense; to the other, beauty and the graces: can we suppose that wit has been denied her?

Formed to please; born, so to speak, with that design; living only to execute it, growing old with regret at not having sufficiently pleased; dying with chagrin at not being able longer to please, and with the desire of still pleasing; must not woman have received from heaven that quality which may best enable her to attain the object to which she tends as if by instinct; that perfection which is most proper to maintain the equilibrium between the two sexes, to correct the imperious powers of the one and to give full effect to all the brilliant charms of the other?

In fine, experience comes to our aid, to prove the truth of this conjectural theory, and attest the superiority of woman. Where, let me ask, do we find men who express themselves with that facility, who think with that delicacy, who speak with that elegance, which we so much admire in almost all well-educated women? To them alone it appertains to adorn their ideas with the lively colours which have been tempered by the hands of the Graces themselves.

We do not find in their conversation or their writings those far-fetched allusions, those precise phrases, those forced antitheses, those harsh figures, which are at present so much in fashion; but in return, they describe with vivacity, they delineate, they paint. Every thing in their productions is grace or sentiment, and often both combined.

DIALOGUE on DUELLING.

(By Dr. Brown, of Trinity College, Dublin.)

Philemon.

IT much surpris'd me to hear, Eugenio, that you, a religious man, and a firm believer, have lately been on the point of fighting a duel, and even seem to court it.

Eugenio. I own myself wrong, Philemon, and will neither justify it, nor endeavour to palliate it by the excuse of passion; yet give me leave to say that I do not think that subject is ever fairly handled, nor the arguments for duelling allowed their full weight.

Philemon. Why, have you any doubt that duelling is indefensible?

Eugenio. Not the least: all I mean to say is, that its condemners, before they censure its supporters, should maturely consider all the latter have to say.

Philemon. Surely they are satisfactorily and perpetually confuted in the pulpit, and by the clergy every day.

Eugenio. As to the clergy, permit me to say, they have often appeared to me its best defenders.

Philemon. That is a paradox, indeed!—How so?

Eugenio. By speaking in conversation with as much contempt and reprobation of men who do not wish or decline to fight duels as any other men do; but with infinitely more force, on account of their order: so that the clergy, like the ladies, while, speaking in formal language, they abuse duelling, give by these bye hints the strongest inducements to it. I have heard a clergyman, after descending from the pulpit, where he had preached against this practice, talk with contempt of a man for not fighting.

Philemon. Believe me, Eugenio, you see the matter in a false light: the clergy, like all other persons,

despise cowardice, and while they think that such conduct proceeds merely from timidity, justly deride it; but if they thought it proceeded from conscience, they would not call it cowardice. I dare say, in the instances to which you allude, there could be no reason to think that this aversion to combat proceeded from conscience.

Eugenio. Upon reflection, I believe you are right; and acquit them, except of want of caution and discrimination. I did know a young and very spirited man, who declared, very early in life, that he never would fight a duel, and was honoured for it. I wish I had done the same; but then I wish I could have been lucky enough to signalise myself in the cause of my country, or to prove my courage in some really justifiable way.—But I am losing sight of my original intention.

Philemon. Proceed then to say what can be plausibly urged in defence of this horrid custom.

Eugenio. I decline the commonplace topic of the difficulty of warring with general opinion; I reduce the arguments for it to two—self-defence, and the support of rectitude.

Philemon. I shall be glad to hear how you make them out. How are you driven to self-defence when you have the laws to defend you?

Eugenio. A bully or a bravo may do me irreparable injury, where the laws cannot help me. Suppose him my rival in a liberal profession, where my income depends upon popular opinion; suppose him determined to silence or expose me to the public eye; and by thus reducing me to contempt, to deprive me of my income, and my wife and family of subsistence. You will not deny that such things are possible; and that a man who would bear insults

tamely would not, for instance at the bar, get business. Does he not attack me, in the eyes of common sense, at the point of the sword, as much as the robber who assails me on the highway? nay more; for the robber would take but a few guineas, but this man reduces me to beggary, and my starving infants upbraid my dereliction. How could an indictment for a challenge remedy these evils? Surely there may be an implied self-defence as strong as a literal one.

Philemon. What a string of sophisms does the man impose upon himself, who argues according to his wishes! you have formerly wished to convince yourself that duelling was compatible with religion, and were willingly deceived. Not to dwell on the greater probability that, by fighting and losing your life, you may instantly reduce your family to that distress you so much seem to dread, let me observe that you have been perpetually begging the question; you have not shown that the decay of business is a necessary consequence of the decline of the challenge, and that clients will be so absurd as not to apply for aid to the man who has superior knowledge of the laws, because he does not make a trade of fighting; their own interest will carry them to the best shop, though it were kept by a quaker. Show me an instance of a man of virtue, religion, real honour, and knowledge, ruined because he would not fight a duel; let the experiment be tried, if it has not been. But suppose me mistaken, is this an argument for you, Eugenio? 'I will disobey God, and fly in the face of heaven for my own interest!' Is that the genius of the Christian religion? Take up your cross and follow him, and do not deceive yourself with the idea that you may

disobey religion when it counteracts interest: as well might you argue that you had a right to steal, because your family was in danger of starving; or, if some writers on law have justified that, to murder the man to whom you are next heir. But be convinced there is no necessity of making so hard a struggle; nor is there any real danger of your being prejudiced, even in this life. Heaven will, very probably, reward you even here; for I am convinced, that even worldly prosperity is made by Heaven to follow religious conduct in this life, much more than either the railers against, or defenders of, Providence seem willing to allow.

Eugenio. Well, I will say, in college language, *conceditur* (granted). But what would you say if an actual attack was made on your person? Men have been often kicked and beaten.

Philemon. Then self-defence would come in. I would go armed and repel the assailant.

Eugenio. Allow me to be sometimes right: that would not do: I assure you the case has happened, the assailant was killed. It was proved that the self-defender had never been known to go armed until a fortnight before. Malicious intention was from thence argued: he had been attacked only by the fist, but by a very strong man, and he was a very weak one: he had powerful enemies, false evidence was given of his making the first assault, and he very narrowly escaped being hanged.

Philemon. You put a case that is very special; too much so to draw general conclusions from. Every man does not encounter powerful enemies and false evidence. But what have all these things, for instance, to do with your case? You were in a public assembly, in no danger of

personal violence; and, as to defence of income, surely you were in more danger of losing the best and surest part of your livelihood if ever you did fight, and yet you quarrelled with a very good-natured man to whom you wished well.

Eugenio. There I recur to the position of its being in defence of rectitude.

Philemon. Pray tell me how?

Eugenio. I had conceived at the time that a system seemed to be formed to bear down liberty of speech, and prevent, by intimidation, right from being supported. It appeared to me at the time, that so far from a breach of religious duty, I was fulfilling a moral obligation, in endeavouring to do justice to my country (which cannot be done without liberty of speech), even at the expence of my life, and that I had a right to lay down my life in such a cause as much as in the field. I do not say I was right, or that I might not be mistaken, as to such an intention; in this particular gentleman I am sure I was. Cases are possible. Suppose a man were to threaten the defenders of the Christian religion, or to endeavour to prevent their speaking its truths by the sword; might they not repel such violence?

Philemon. Your last instance is really too ludicrous: that a man should think himself justified in defending the Christian religion by a direct breach of it, you cannot seriously maintain; and see whether this does not illustrate the former. Heaven intended that you should support the rights of your country; but not by a breach of God's laws: there is no such demand upon you. A firm and steady, but cool and deliberate, manner of delivering your sentiments, if they contain any real weight, will always insure respect and attention; and it is always

free for you, if you have ability sufficient, to encounter invective by argument, and, if you have dignity of character, to oppose to unprovoked attack the feelings of all the rational and respected part of mankind.

Eugenio. Well, I am sure you are right; but you will own the task is a very difficult and delicate one.

Philemon. I will own it; but that is no excuse for a breach of duty.

CRITICAL OBSERVATIONS on the
NOVEL of 'TOM JONES.'

In a Series of Letters from an Uncle to
his Niece.

(Continued from p. 191.)

LETTER VI.

DEAR NIECE,

I NOW resume my observations on the novel of 'Tom Jones.' The introductory chapter to the eighth book is a well-written essay, designed to ridicule the idea of calling in ghosts, or other aerial spirits, as agents in a romance. The author's reasoning on the subject is very just, and will be acknowledged to be so by every reader who attends to the arguments he makes use of on the occasion. The justice of his remark on the tale related by lord Clarendon in his 'History of the Rebellion' will be readily assented to. The method taken by Mr. Fielding of illustrating what he has said of the marvellous and the incredible by referring to the acts, as transmitted to us by history, of the four Roman emperors, Trajan and Antonine, and Nero and Caligula; the good deeds of the two former, which formed striking contrasts to the shameless barbarities of the other two; introduces a story of mo-

dern date, and which had then been recently perpetrated. The villanies of Fisher, our author observes, will obtain easy credit with posterity, whilst the relation of acts of beneficence and humanity will with more difficulty find belief. The sketches of a benevolent mind, which were intended for the late Mr. Allen, are drawn by the hand of a master. The distich alluded to is taken from Mr. Pope, and is as follows:

‘ Let humble Allen, with an awkward
shame,
Do good by stealth, and blush to find it
fame.’

Mr. Fielding's own works are a good comment upon what he says on conservation of character. On this head I have before taken occasion to speak, and shall probably find an opportunity of pointing out to you several other instances of the same in the course of this our literary conversation.

The second chapter of this book opens with the conversation between the landlady and our hero. The artful discourse of the former, by which she draws from him the secret of his attachment to Sophia, and a part of his own history, for the hearing of which her curiosity was wound up to the highest pitch of expectation by the feeble hints which she had gleaned from the post-boy; all these circumstances, I say, denote the propensity to idle curiosity in the minds of the female mob, and which are falsely imputed as characteristic traits attached to women in general. The artifice of the sagacious dame, and the sudden departure of her civility on view of the expiring purse, by which her whole frame was in a manner palsied and her strained complaisance turned into contempt, mark the fordid avarice of an inn-holder, which, as Mr. Fielding observes of

the postillions in another part of this novel, is pretty much the same all the world over. How far this behaviour in our inquisitive landlady accords with the idea we had an expectation of finding in her from her primary introduction, must be obvious.

The doctor, at his second visit, turns out to be the same prating coxcomb as before; and the hints which the landlady throws out, with the surgeon's reply, are characteristic of both these personages.

I have observed, in a former letter, that the adventure of Jones with the company of officers, where the broken head occurred, would lead to the introduction of a person who was to act a very distinguished part in this history. This person makes his appearance in the fourth chapter: and here give me leave to intreat your attention to the address of the author, in adapting every passage of his book to the incidents which occur in real life. Here we often perceive the most material incidents which occur in our commerce with mankind to arise from such slender accidents that we are scarcely able to trace them from their sources, and often the most unfortunate issues spring from those occurrences which at the time seemed to hold out the most flattering presages; and so, on the other hand, those events have frequently turned out the most prosperous and happy that have owed their birth to incidents which, at the outset, appeared the most untoward. Thus Louis XVI. ended his life on a scaffold, from having entered into a league with the trans-atlantic republicans, by which he gave his subjects an idea of freedom and independence. So in this transcript of the events of human life, an accident which, at the time, was likely to prove fatal in its consequences to

poor Jones, turned out to his advantage by introducing him to the acquaintance of a man, without whom his future reconciliation with Mr. Allworthy could not so easily have been brought about, I mean little Benjamin the barber.

The dialogue between Jones and little Benjamin, in the fifth chapter, abounds with humour. The pedantic quotations of the barber will be in a peculiar manner relished by those who have enjoyed a classical education. The remark of Mr. Fielding upon the partial manner in which Jones relates his history, and that this will always happen to every person in the like predicament, and that his vices will come purified through his lips; the justice of this observation will, I say, be generally acknowledged. The catalogue of books in Benjamin's library is characteristic.

The arrival of Benjamin, under the character of a surgeon, in the sixth chapter, furnishes an opportunity to Mr. Fielding of displaying those talents for true humour of which he had so great a share. The assumed gravity and self-importance of little Benjamin when he had taken upon him this new profession, is a good satire on those surgeons who suppose they derive a consequence from a haughty carriage and supercilious demeanour. The discovery of Partridge, the school-master, under the disguise of little Benjamin, and his resolution to attend Jones in his travels, not only accommodates that young man with a facetious companion on the road, but turns out, in the sequel, to be a necessary character among the comic actors of the novel.

In the seventh chapter much humour is displayed in the dialogue which takes place between the landlord and his wife, respecting Jones, in which each of them adheres closely

to the characters given of them—the husband a worn-out fox-hunter, and the dame a petulant and imperious scold. The observations upon inn-keepers, at the close of this chapter, may be applied to the major part of that class.

The arrival of Jones and his companion at the Bell, in Gloucester; the description of the personages assembled at table (one of whom will be hereafter brought forward as a necessary actor in the scene); the officious impertinence of the pettifogger, and the loquacity of Partridge, in the kitchen; are related with much humour, at the same time that they are a fresh proof of our author's happy talent in bringing forward incidents which, ripening by degrees, contribute to the main design of the piece, whilst they administer present delight to the reader. The compliment paid to Mrs. Whitfield, in this chapter, is a fresh indication of the beneficence of the author's heart.

The travels of Mr. Jones and his companion, with the flight of Sophia, accompanied by her maid, together with the several episodes which accompany the relation in the remainder of this and the three succeeding books, have always appeared to me to constitute the most interesting part of the tale.

The conversation between Jones and Partridge, in the ninth chapter; the reluctance expressed by the latter of becoming a volunteer against the rebels, and his accommodating temper to the principles of his master, when he had discovered the error he had committed in the misapprehension of Jones's resolve to join the royal army; are all of them characteristic oddities in the pedant's character, and must excite risibility in every reader.

The tenth chapter opens upon us with a very extraordinary incident

in a most beautiful episode, wherein is related the story of the man of the hill. The pusillanimity of the school-master again breaks out upon his approach to the old man's residence. The relation which the house-keeper gives of the manner in which her master passes his time, and of the habit in which he is usually equipped, again recal the terrors of Partridge. The shrieks of the old man at being attacked by the robbers at the gate, affords the author an opportunity of introducing this tale in the most natural manner, since it imposes upon the old gentleman a kind of necessity of gratifying the curiosity of Jones, to whom he had laid himself under the highest obligation, Jones having just before been rescued by him from the most imminent danger: whereas it would have demanded no small portion of credulity in the reader, to have supposed that a person who had lived so many years in retirement would have condescended to lay open the circumstances of his life to a stranger who had broken in upon him so abruptly. Not only gratitude for his deliverance, but the questions proposed by the man of the hill to Mr. Jones, are a sufficient justification to the latter for his request. The misanthropic reflections to which the old man gives vent, at the close of this chapter, appear to have been the natural result of those misfortunes which he had undergone, and cannot on any other reasoning be justified. The story of the man of the hill is delivered in very appropriate terms, and the sources whence all his misfortunes originate may serve as a beacon for young men to avoid that baneful rock on which he was shipwrecked: namely, an association with idle companions of either sex; but particularly it should teach them to shun the society of abandoned females, by an immoderate attachment

to whom he was tempted to the perpetration of a crime which had well nigh brought him to an ignominious end. The story, related by Partridge, of the white-faced calf, is not only laughable in itself, but serves as a just satire on those persons who are weak enough to yield assent to the superstitious doctrine of ghosts and spirits.

The picture of a gaming table, in the twelfth chapter, is well drawn; and, from the effects here related which these associations had on those who frequented them, the youthful readers of this beautiful tale may, it is to be hoped, be induced to avoid these vicious scenes, where the unsuspecting youth rarely escapes with impunity, and is not seldom completely ruined by the experienced sharper.

In the thirteenth chapter, the precarious situation of a gambler, and the want and misery to which he is occasionally reduced, are set forth in the most impressive language. The manner in which the man of the hill is reclaimed by an accidental meeting with his father, who had fallen into the hands of ruffians, is perfectly consonant to reason and probability, and opens a way for his escape from that horde of robbers in whose society he was initiated, and from whom it might have been difficult for him to have escaped without this casual interference. The compliment paid to the doctor forms a delicate eulogium (as I conceive) on Mr. Rankin, king's surgeon to George the second, at the time when this novel was written. This anachronism may be justified by the practice of the best writers among the ancients. The recognition between the father and son is expressed in terms the most affecting. The reformation in the manners of the latter, on this occasion, his return to his father's house, and his close application to the study of

philosophy and religion, hold out a salutary lesson to such youths who may have been led astray through the influence of bad example. The just tribute of praise which Mr. Fielding offers to the sacred writings, when contrasted to the most admired moral authors of antiquity, is a convincing testimony of the author's piety and rectitude of heart. The character drawn of the old man's brother is a true portrait of a mere country fox-hunter. The kindness of the man of the hill towards Mr. Watson, whom he met with several years after at Bath, and whose life he preserved at the time when he had plunged himself into the Avon; his tender sollicitude afterwards towards this abandoned character, and the pecuniary relief which he generously afforded him in his necessity; must awaken a tender sensation in every breast sympathising in acts of true benevolence and friendship: and the subsequent behaviour of Mr. Watson, in betraying his friend to the soldiers, must excite detestation against the wretch who could act with such black ingratitude. The surprise expressed by the old man, in the sixteenth section of the fourteenth chapter, at Jones's recapitulation of some historical events of public notoriety, may seem to bear marks of improbability, it being unlikely for any man to pass a life so very reclusive as to be ignorant of the convulsions which had twice agitated his own country within a course of sixty years; in which period the two rebellions of 1715 and 1745 had taken place, and the latter was then raging in the heart of the kingdom. This objection was not overlooked by Mr. Fielding, as appears by the question which Jones put to the man of the hill. If we attend to the eccentricities of this singular character, his ignorance of the foregoing extraordinary facts will cease to appear improbable;

and, though such as are not to be met within our daily commerce with the world, is perfectly reconcilable to those precepts which our author has, in another place, laid down as being indispensably necessary to writers of this class*.

The historical remarks made by the man of the hill, in his tour through Europe, which he relates to Jones in the fifteenth chapter, furnish a curious specimen of his misanthropic turn of mind, and are truly characteristic; at the same time that they may be considered as a just criticism on the generality of modern travels, in which the authors usually spin out huge volumes with the recital of much uninteresting matter, and which may probably contribute to the pecuniary exigencies of the writer, but can be of small avail towards the instruction of the reader. From an attentive perusal of this beautiful episode, it may be learnt that solitude was never designed for man. This misanthrope, however he might affect to think otherwise, was nevertheless a malecontent at bottom; and of this a more convincing proof could not be given than those perpetual railings against his fellow-creatures. Every person who sequesters himself from the commerce of the world does, in some measure, become the same ungracious cynic with this man of the hill. Such people, having immured themselves within the small circuit of a village, in which perhaps they keep up only a trifling association with their neighbours, the temper becomes peevish; their notions contracted; their manners clownish; and, when the infirmities of age overtake them, they find themselves, like a drone in the midst of a hive of bees, deserted by those who have been wise enough to mix with society, and to adopt those various modes of

* See the introductory chapter to the 8th book.

life which are perpetually on the change. Not only the habit, but the phrases and common-place discourse, become so varied, in the revolution only of ten or fifteen years, that what was esteemed as the most graceful in one period, would be considered as truly ridiculous in the other; and the person who should adhere invariably to old customs and antiquated phrases, will find his language and his wardrobe equally obsolete, and to the other part of the world will appear scarcely less ridiculous than the man of the hill, when he was first seen by the affrighted Partridge in his long beard and ill-formed tunic. As in the walks of real life, so in this mirror of human agency, the most trivial occurrences frequently lead to great events. Of this I have had many occasions to remark. The which Partridge takes, at the close of this chapter, is of this kind; which (however trifling in itself) is, in its consequences, productive of events the most important to the ensuing part of this history. I am, &c.

LETTER VII.

DEAR NIECE,

THE introductory chapter to the ninth book forms a just criticism on the general run of novel writers; the composition of which, as Mr. Fielding wittily observes, in the opinion of those authors, requires neither learning nor knowledge, but paper, pens, and ink, with the manual capacity of using them. The several good qualities enumerated by Mr. Fielding as necessary to constitute a comic historian or writer of novels, will totally exclude that quiver of male and female pens, who have at various times, in and since the days of our author, attempted to scribble in this department of literature. The compliment paid to Mr. Garrick, Mrs. Cibber, and Mrs. Clive, is most delicately expressed;

and those who are old enough to recollect the inimitable excellencies of those three performers, cannot fail to acknowledge the justice of the panegyric.

The intelligence contained in the second chapter of this book is a necessary prelude to those circumstances which lead to the catastrophe of the whole. The accidental rencontre between Jones and Norther-ton, and the revenge taken by the former on that adventurer, fall in naturally with the thread of the story. All the incidents here related do not exceed the strictest limits of probability. How necessary the appearance of the lady was at this time will appear hereafter. This chapter, as you will perceive, is embellished with many witty strokes.

The rich vein of humour which displays itself through the third chapter, proclaims the inimitable hand of Henry Fielding, and reminds one of what Scaliger, the famous hypercritic, says of the greatest wit among the ancients. How far the admirers of 'Tom Jones' may claim a right of placing Fielding on a par with Horace, in point of wit, I will not determine: for my own part, without infringing on the laws of Parnassus, I shall not hesitate to declare, that the novel writer has far exceeded the old lyric poet in humour.— 'That in felicity of invention, chastity of style, and in the novelty and variety of expression, his writings are not barely faultless, but above all praise.'

The relation of the Upton fray cannot but provoke bursts of laughter from the most prudish reader. The description here drawn of Susan Chamber-maid, brings to our recollection the celebrated Maritornes. Indeed the sententious manner in which this battle is rehearsed bears a great resemblance to the serio-comic writings of Cervantes; and both the Spanish and the English histories will

be read with delight, so long as any relish shall be left for true and genuine Attic wit and humour. The address of the serjeant to Mrs. Waters; and the apology of the hostess, when she had learned the quality of her female guest, whom she had hitherto treated with such rudeness and indignity; are truly characteristic. The libations offered by the several parties on their reconciliation, must again incline us to extol the talents of our author.

The fifth chapter exhibits a further instance of our author's talents at the mock-heroic, the beauties of which cannot fail to be relished by every classical reader.

The conversation in the kitchen, between the serjeant, Mr. Partridge, and the coachman, related in the sixth chapter, abounds with humour. The dispute between the serjeant and the landlady, respecting Mrs. Waters, is maintained in very appropriate terms; and so, likewise, is the conversation between the landlord and his wife. The loquacity and pedantic quotations of Partridge, and the inquisitive temper of the landlady, are distinguishing traits in the character of each. The altercation between the landlord and the serjeant; the misapprehension in the former, of a phrase uttered by Partridge; and the battle between the serjeant and the coachman; are incidents all managed with infinite humour.

In the seventh chapter is given an historical account of Mrs. Waters, so far as was necessary to unfold the mystery of her having been found in company with ensign Northerton; and this is one proof, among many others to be met with in this most pleasing novel, how far plain narrative may derive embellishment under the management of a skilful and ingenious writer. I am, dear niece,

Your affectionate uncle, &c.

(To be continued.)

AUGUSTA AND EMILY;

A TALE.

[BY MISS C. B. YEAMES.]

(Continued from p. 180.)

‘AND art thou gone for ever from me!’ exclaimed, frantically, the poor widow, when she beheld the cold dew of death on the pale cheek of the late blooming Jessy. ‘Art thou gone to rest?—to seek that repose in a kinder region, which thy ill starred fate denied thee in this!’

Mrs. Maitland could no more. Tears drowned her feeble voice into a faint-like prayer for the poor departed, in which she acquired a degree of painful ease—ease that resembled the welcome calm after a boisterous tempest. Lady Mary and Augusta were totally unable to support the awful scene: their bosoms heaved with pitying anguish, and large pearly drops gently descended to abate the depressing grief which swelled their humane hearts.

Mr. Harcourt's chariot now rolled up to the humble gateway, and from it alighted the handsome Agincourt, with pleasure sparkling in his fine expressive eye, and expectation glowing in his virtuous breast. He repeatedly embraced the agitated girls, and somewhat cheered the aged mourner by giving her strong assurances of his future favour and protection.

When seated in the carriage, with her slender form reposing for relief in the bosom of Augusta, lady Mary heaved a bitter sigh and fainted; miss Harcourt shrieked aloud, and Agincourt was not a little alarmed at the indisposition of his amiable Mary. The fair invalid, however, shortly recovered, to re-animate the spirits of the depressed lover; and the broad walk, which was the entrance to Ashton-grove, now appearing, lord William and miss Harcourt were all themselves.

Lady Paul's indisposition increased, and the venerable earl Cuthbert felt all the father rushing to his heart on seeing his beloved girl in such an alarming state. The feeling Horatio exhorted him to comfort; while his unamiable spouse sat deep in meditation, studying the part of Alicia, in Rowe's pathetic tragedy of 'Jane Shore,' to please her most charming friend, the honourable Christina Strangeways. Her husband was supported by Augusta and the lady of the mansion, and Mrs. Harcourt did for once condescend to slip from her fingers the part of Alicia, to conduct the emaciated Paul to her chamber: Horatio thanked her with a pensive smile, and the subtle wife pressed his hand to her lips with seeming pleasure.

The marriage of Augusta was now postponed till the recovery of Paul; and Ashton-grove, lately the abode of happiness, was changed to a scene of dark despair. It would have continued so for ever, had not the blushing rose again returned to replace the lily in the pleasing face of Mary. Earl Cuthbert again grew young, with her return of health; and miss Harcourt, if possible, was too happy at the recovery of her delicate friend.

As the family were one morning seated in the breakfast-parlour, a servant came to Mr. Harcourt with the message, that 'Two ladies wished to speak with him in private.'

'In private!' retorted Mrs. Harcourt, her face instantaneously growing red with rage. 'In private!' she again repeated; and, taking the hand of Horatio as he was walking to the door, forcibly detained him. Mr. Harcourt spoke not, but the strong emotion which pressed hard to his soul was too visible for the timid Augusta not to notice it.

'Dear, dear mamma!' she softly

exclaimed, kissing her burning cheek, and pressing the hand which still confined the passive Harcourt by her side,—'let my kind respected papa be at liberty to hear the account that those fair ladies have, perhaps, brought him. Pray do!' she faintly added;—'Pray, do!'

Mrs. Harcourt deigned not to bestow an answer on such a 'forward miss,' as she usually styled her; but, with a look of savage fierceness, ordered her again to her seat.

'That being who can resist so sweet a pleader as Augusta Harcourt,' sternly replied Horatio, 'must be dead to all feelings of compassion—dead to all sense of honour and humanity!' and for once he darted a look not very kind on his turbulent partner.

The company was all confusion; now fear, then hope, assailed them, at what might follow from the enraged Mrs. Harcourt. Lady Mary's spirits already began to be too much affected, and, making a low curtsy to Mrs. Harcourt, and casting a lingering look of regret on Augusta, she suffered the earl, her father, to lead her to the garden, leaving her brother to take care of and console his adored mistress.

The footman now returned with a second summons for Mr. Harcourt, saying 'That the patience of the ladies was totally exhausted; and that if he (Horatio) was not at liberty to receive them, they would instantly depart from the Grove.'

'Am I doomed to be for ever your slave?' exclaimed Horatio to his wife.

'Oh, no!' returned she; 'I would not that you should wait on me in that occupation:' and, raising her snowy streamer to her eyes, she walked majestically to the further end of the room.

'In bondage to you, madam,'

continued he, 'I have long been held; but, for the sake of my darling Augusta, have refrained from contesting your usurped power. But know that your ill-treated captive now bursts asunder his galling chains, to taste the sweets of liberty, as once he did before he beheld Agatha! the cruel wife, and unkind mother! the hard-hearted mistress! and the slow assassin to this bleeding heart!'

'Dare you to treat me thus?' returned she haughtily. 'Dare you thus to triumph over the wretch your wife?'

'I dare do all within the roomy bounds of honour; and now am not your insatuated lover, but your husband!' replied the noble Harcourt.

Mrs. Harcourt began, like a maddened fury, by tearing handfuls of her luxuriant golden hair, and demolishing the fragrant china vases which lined the apartment, to the inexpressible grief of her daughter, who sat weeping by the side of lord William.

Horatio, however, heeded not the furious Agatha; but, kissing the ambrosial lips of his Augusta, departed to meet his visitors. As he approached the library, his heart palpitated, he knew not why. He gently opened the door, and two elegant females rivetted his attention to the spot. The elder of the two appeared about thirty years of age; tall, slender, and majestic, she commanded awe; while her fascinating features inspired the love of every beholder, who possessed not that apathy of soul to gaze on a beautiful woman without admiring and owning the absolute power she must always command over the human faculties. They were both habited in sable robes, and the youngest might certainly be allowed to be pretty; if not so strikingly beautiful as her companion, at least the whole contour of her countenance exhibited a

heart so feeling, a soul so generous, and sensibility shone with so much animation in her full azure eye, that Horatio secretly felt a parental affection in her favour.

'Madam, may I ask your commands?' he faintly uttered, addressing the elder lady; while his eyes were constantly fixed on the bewitching graces of her companion.

A heavy sigh was the only answer she was capable of making him, till the first struggle of her feelings was over: she then said—'Sir, you once had a sister, who, if remembrance is still dear to you, loved you with the fondest affection.'

Harcourt trembled, turned pale, and caught hold of a chair for support. 'Go on, madam! go on!' piously ejaculated he, taking his eyes from the young stranger to raise them to heaven.

She continued—'A few months back your sister, the spotless Emily, breathed her last in my feeble arms, intrusting to my care her only treasure; with strict injunctions, six months after her decease, if you were still living, to deliver her from mine into your hands; and, if not, the innocent Emily would have been for ever sheltered in my humble cot. With the assurance that you would fondly protect her destitute orphan, the anxious mother sunk into a profound sleep never more to awake. Behold, in this beauteous girl, the image of the departed Emily,' continued she, leading forth the agitated maid to her enraptured uncle.

'And is this the daughter of my Emily? my best beloved and unfortunate sister!' exclaimed he, glowing with enthusiastic fondness, and saluting her with rapture.

'It is,' replied his niece; 'and thus humbly does your devoted Emily kneel for protection to the only relation she possesses in this world!'

He raised the weeping Emily, and

pressed her to his heart, saying—
‘All the love I bore to my angelic
sister I transfer to her Emily.’

Madame de Perpignon, for that
was the lady’s name, thus continued,
taking from her bosom a small pack-
et of papers—‘This, likewise, my
dear sir, I was to present. It is a
narrative of the series of misfortunes
my unhappy friend encountered;’
and madame de Perpignon wiped
aside the trickling tear.

‘Whence do you come?’ fondly
enquired Horatio.

‘In a small cottage, near Paris, I
dwell; and there I first and last be-
held the fainted Mrs. Lewis,’ replied
madame de Perpignon. ‘And, in
a few days,’ continued she, pressing
the white hand of Emily, ‘I must
leave my darling young friend under
a more worthy guardian.’

Miss Lewis wept, and the amiable
de Perpignon was not less affected.

‘My beloved girl!’ exclaimed
Mr. Harcourt, ‘you shall have no
reason, I hope, to regret leaving
France for England, except the dear
delight of residing with your respect-
ed friend, and visiting those favourite
haunts which were once your mo-
ther’s.’

‘Sir,’ returned Emily, ‘I would
not wish to be thought ungrateful;
but’—Here sobs choked her utter-
ance, and madame de Perpignon
concluded the broken sentence.

‘Scenes of blissful childhood,
scenes of rosy pleasures, and scenes
where a dutiful child can fancy to
herself she beholds her beatified mo-
ther, are too dear to be left without
a sigh.’

Emily could not express her gra-
titude to her friend, but by flinging
herself into her arms: she reposed
for relief on the ruffled bosom of de
Perpignon.

Mr. Harcourt now summoned
Augusta to his presence, and the
beautiful girl eagerly flew to learn
the request of her father. Horatio

presented Emily; and, in an im-
pressive tone, bade her consider her
in future as her sister. Augusta em-
braced the weeping Emily, and led
her forward to lady Mary and Agin-
court. Horatio followed, supporting
madame de Perpignon, and intro-
duced to the now appeased Agatha
and his worthy friends his beautiful
niece, whom he said for the future
he should consider as co-heiress with
his Augusta to his fortune and affec-
tion.

(To be continued.)

MATILDA ; a DRAMA.

(Continued from p. 196.)

SCENE VI.

Herman, Ernest.

Ernest.

PERHAPS, sir, I disturb you?
*Herman (sitting at a table scatter-
ed over with papers).* It is certain,
sir, that, at the moment when your
uncle is expected, I have a thousand
things to attend to.

Ernest. I will not detain you long.
I was told this morning that the
amiable Matilda is indisposed.

Herman. The melancholy prospect
she has before her; the continual
renewal of trouble and sorrow—

Ernest. Oh, I share all her sorrow!

Herman (with an ironical smile).
You, sir!

Ernest. Much more than you may
believe. My uncle, it is said, has
given some orders relative to the
countess.

*Herman (rising, with an air of sup-
pressed indignation).* Very rigorous
orders. I should be surprised to
find that you are ignorant of their
purport.

Ernest (with mildness and concern).
That is to say, you accuse me of
having prompted them.

Herman. I have the misfortune not to know how to dissemble.

Ernest. How! Do I hear this from you, who were once so much my friend?

Herman. Matilda was then in the arms of her father; she was not rejected from the bosom of her family; she had not been sacrificed to him—who has not, nor can have, any right to be preferred to her.

Ernest (with eagerness). You say truly, Mr. Herman; he has no right. He was an orphan, unfortunate, deserted from his cradle, and reduced by a concurrence of disastrous events to languish in obscurity, in poverty. He owes his preservation and his happiness to the mother of the unfortunate Matilda. But nothing has abated his gratitude; he has ever acknowledged his benefactress, and respected the rights of Matilda, whose slightest uneasiness is a torture to his heart. He, I call Heaven to witness, cannot reproach himself with having ever contributed to the misfortunes of any person.

Herman. I wish he may not, for his own sake.

Ernest (with a deep sigh). And what must I not suffer, if my cousin has conceived the same harsh opinion of me which you appear to entertain?

Herman (with vivacity). You enjoy advantages to which she is entitled by birth: you will inherit her fortune.—(Checking himself, but still with firmness).—Compare her rights and her situation with yours—and then decide.

Ernest (with great warmth). I take from her her fortune!—I!

Herman (with a sarcastic smile). You know the count has planned for you a great marriage.

Ernest (firmly). It has not taken place.

Herman (with an ironical smile). But it will take place, and the great wealth which ought one day to become Matilda's—

Ernest (with firmness). Will never be mine:—(He fixes his eyes on Herman, endeavouring to discover his thoughts).—It will go to Mr. Wodmar, who, since his father's death, has not concealed his views on Matilda.

Herman (vaguely). He has been here several times.

Ernest (with a timid curiosity). He seems—is, I suppose, favourably received?

Herman. That secret remains with your cousin.

Ernest. And should my uncle approve of this match—

Herman (somewhat hastily). That I think he never will.

Ernest (with a sudden emotion of joy, which he instantly represses). Oh!—Time will justify me, Mr. Herman; time will restore to me your esteem and friendship.—But some one is coming.—I must leave you.—Heavens!—It is Matilda!

SCENE VII.

Matilda, Amelia Walstein, Ernest, Herman.

Matilda (with surprise at seeing Ernest). Ah! my dear Amelia! Herman was not alone!

Ernest (approaching her respectfully). Excuse me, madam; I should be most unhappy if I thought I gave you a moment's uneasiness. If my presence is improper, I will withdraw immediately.

Matilda (embarrassed and timidly). I expected to find Mr. Herman alone—But there is nothing in your appearance, sir, which can give me uneasiness.

Ernest. Pardon me—I had feared—Such harsh opinions are entertained of me—You turn pale, dearest cousin!—Louisa told me this morning that you were indisposed—

Matilda (with a deep sigh). I am not happy; and the pains of the mind have a great influence on the body.

Ernest (with a strong expression of concern and tenderness). You are not happy!—For whom then was happiness intended?

Matilda (with an expression of sorrow, but without harshness). It appears, not for me, and that you know better than any person.

Ernest (sighing). I know—that I do not deserve your hatred.

Matilda. To sigh for the happiness you enjoy is not to hate you. Hatred is too painful a sentiment, and I will not add it to my other sufferings.

Amelia (as if impatient of a conversation which had continued too long, but without unpoliteness). Matilda, we have no time to lose: your intention was to take a short walk before the arrival of your father—and if Mr. Ernest will permit—

Ernest. I obey, and retire. Ernest will never, willingly at least, be an obstacle to the slightest desire of his amiable cousin (with expressive mildness). All appearances are indeed against me, and I have nothing for me but the testimony of my heart. [He offers to go, but stops when he sees Louisa.]

SCENE VIII.

Matilda, Amelia Walstein, Ernest, Herman, Louisa.

Louisa. The gate was open, and no person but myself in the avenue. It was to no purpose that I told Mr. Wodmar that you could not be seen, and that you was at home to nobody; he would hear nothing I said. He would follow me, and you will see him in a moment.

Matilda. Indeed! My dearest Amelia, let us be gone this instant.

Ernest (at the bottom of the stage, aside, and with eager joy). She refuses to see him!

Amelia. Mr. Herman, you will dismiss him as soon as possible.

Matilda. Do not delay; we shall not be gone before he comes.—

[*Exeunt.*]

Ernest (aside). Would she fly him, if her heart felt a prepossession in his favour?

Louisa. Here is Mr. Wodmar.

SCENE IX.

Wodmar, Ernest, Herman, Louisa.

Wodmar. I did not hope to have the pleasure of meeting you here, sir; I supposed your impatience to see again an uncle who must be so dear to you—

Ernest (coldly). I shall not delay, sir, to fulfil my duty.

Wodmar. He will, I think, arrive this morning.

Ernest (with cold politeness). We expect him. Permit me to leave you. [They bow. Exit Ernest.]

Wodmar (politely saluting Herman). I ask your pardon, sir; I did not see you.

Herman. Sir!

Wodmar (to Louisa). May I be permitted to pay my respects to the lovely Matilda?

Louisa. She is not at home, sir, at present.

Wodmar. I was told that I should find her in this saloon. Is she in the garden?

Louisa. She may be; but I am not certain. I will go and look for my mistress: (aside) and I will answer for it that I do not find her. [*Exit.*]

SCENE X.

Herman, Wodmar.

Herman. I do not think, sir, that you can speak to her to-day. The count, her father, is expected here every hour.

Wodmar. This is precisely the circumstance which causes me so earnestly to solicit the favour I request. Join your entreaties to mine, Mr. Herman, and endeavour to prevail on madam Walstein and her amiable friend not to refuse me a favour on which depends, perhaps, our common happiness.

Herman. I cannot promise you

success; I can only answer for my own zeal. [Exit.

SCENE XI.

Wodmar alone.

Ernest has always seemed to observe me with an anxious and mistrustful eye. Does he love Matilda? This is not the first time I have entertained that suspicion. Is he beloved? No, certainly; he must appear too culpable. But, alas! I am so, in fact, much more than he!—One word, one single word, and Matilda would be happy. But this decisive word, honour, or at least what is mistaken for honour, a cruel prejudice, forbids me to pronounce. Oh! my father! what a crime was yours!

SCENE XII.

Wodmar, Charles.

Charles. I am glad I have met with you, sir; I wanted to see you.

Wodmar. Did you, Charles?—What intelligence do you bring me?

Charles (looking round him, suspiciously). Nobody is coming, I hope. We ought not to be seen together. You are waiting here to see the countess Matilda?

Wodmar. Yes.

Charles. You will not see her, then. As I passed along the farther end of the garden, I heard madam Walstein and the countess Matilda talking together. I was behind a hedge, so that they did not see me. From what they said, I understood that they were seeking some retired place, to avoid being seen by you.

Wodmar. What have I done that they should be so anxious to avoid me?

Charles. I do not know. But we must be very careful to prevent any suspicion that we have a communication with each other. The utmost confidence is placed in me here, and I deserve it: for if my young mistress were more happy; if I knew

that my master would one day restore her to his affections; in fine, if marriage were not your object; do not believe that for all the treasures in the world I could be capable of acting treacherously towards the count, in whose family I was born, and who has always treated me with the greatest kindness; or his amiable daughter whom, when little, I have frequently carried in these arms.

Wodmar (offering him a purse). I know very well you are a worthy fellow, and I can never sufficiently recompense your services.

Charles. No, sir, no! Keep your money: that is not necessary to induce me to serve you with all my heart. My aim, in assisting you in your designs, is to give happiness to Matilda. Make her happy, and I am sufficiently rewarded. But (be not offended at what I am going to say) you are not the object of her affection: you may become so in time; but you certainly are not at this moment. This Matilda has frequently declared to madam Walstein. I have myself heard her. If, therefore, you press her for an answer to your avowal of your passion for her, you will not, at present, obtain one in your favour.

Wodmar. I am afraid I shall not, indeed.

Charles. I am sure you will not. You will, therefore, consider what is to be done.

Wodmar. To have recourse to the means we have before talked of would be to proceed to a dreadful extremity.

Charles. It would, most certainly.

Wodmar. My heart revolts at the thought of carrying her off by force.

Charles. So does mine—I cannot deny it.

Wodmar. It is impossible that I can consent to employ such violent means, till I have lost all other hope.

Charles. Alas! I am much afraid that before the day is over—At all

events, there is a key of the little gate of the park. I have procured it without the knowledge of any person. You will send her, in the morning, such of your domestics as you place most confidence in. They may let themselves in with this key. I will wait for them between the wall and the hedge; and we will concert together such measures as shall remove all difficulty, in case of any urgent necessity.

Wodmar. I wish to see Matilda once more, and to speak to her father: let us, at least, have nothing to reproach ourselves with.

Charles. That is acting like a man of honour. But, above every thing, endeavour to engage Louisa in your interest. She is the handsome chamber-maid of our young lady, and in an affair of this kind a chamber-maid is a very necessary assistant. I believe there is a particularly good understanding between her and my companion Philip, a worthy lad, much attached to Mr. Ernest. You will lament to her your hard fate, sigh, and move her tender feelings. Amorous young ladies, like her, are always compassionate. If you meet with her, do not lose a moment. Go directly into the garden. They know you are here, and will not return, I am certain. At the bottom of the broad walk, behind the cascade, you will find a thick grove. At the farther end of that is a grotto. There they are concealed.

Wodmar. Which way must I go?

Charles. On this side. You will turn to the right. Yes, that way. But the key—you have forgotten the key. Your servants—remember,—in the morning. A little address, dispatch, and courage, and we shall be sure to succeed.

[*Exit* at different doors.]

END OF THE FIRST ACT.

(*To be continued.*)

ANSWERS to a former QUERY.

To the EDITOR of the LADY'S
MAGAZINE.

SIR,

IN answer to the query of Eliza Clarke, in your Magazine for April, p. 180, I transmit the following extract, from Dr. Turnbull, for her perusal, which I by chance, a few days back, happened to read in your agreeable miscellany for the year 1784.

‘With regard to the falling of the hair off the head,’ says the doctor, ‘I know of no better method than to cut away all the hair, shave the head, and rub it for three or four weeks with honey and rum.—Or, Take a handful of box leaves, and boil them in a quart or more of water, to the one-half consumption; strain the decoction, and rub the head all over, every morning, for a month or more, with the decoction.’

‘As it is a very serious affair for a young lady to want her hair, the above method may be tried before she parts with it; and I advise her to lay aside, as much as possible, the use of the hot curling tongs.’

That the fair Eliza may gain benefit by this, I sincerely hope.

And am, sir,

Your humble servant,

CATHERINE BREMEN YEAMES.
Harwich, May 4, 1803.

To the EDITOR of the LADY'S
MAGAZINE.

SIR,

IN answer to the query of Eliza Clarke, I would recommend her to get her hair shaved off, and bathe her head with brandy three or four times a day: not but at the present time the loss of her own hair can be of little consequence, since the deficiency may be so easily remedied by the art of a peruke-maker. And, as she may chance to dislike the colour of

her own hair, she has the advantage of choosing whatever shade she pleases; which will, exclusive of adding an air of smartness to her person, render her entirely in the fashion. — I am, sir,

Your humble servant,

ELIZ. YEAMES.

Harwich, May 3, 1803.

Characteristic and critical REMARKS
ON FEMALES.

(Concluded from page 198.)

THE love of pleasure is inseparable from human nature; and therefore every thing which is conducive to sublunary happiness is sought after by the majority of mankind with unceasing avidity; but as the disposition of the mind materially varies in different individuals, and, as it is an acknowledged truth, that the same thing which pleases one person will not please all, it is necessary that pleasure should be capable of being derived from a great variety of causes, in order that it might be adapted to each distinct inclination. No proposition admits of so little equivocation as this; namely, that the same incident which gives pleasure to one, sometimes conduces to the misery or uneasiness of another, and hence that cause is universally confessed to be the most excellent, and considered as the best standard of admiration, which promotes the felicity of the greatest number of persons, whether it be a mental exertion or a mechanical performance, or whether its effects are perceptible by its operation on the intellectual or corporeal senses. Now amongst many excellent properties which we sometimes discover in women, we do not find any one more extensive in its influence, beneficial

in its operation, or more congenial to the soul, than vivacity: it checks the corrosions of care, dissipates the torpitude of melancholy, corrects the listlessness of indolence, exhilarates, harmonises, and enlarges the heart, and induces benevolence.

These preliminary observations lead us to consider the endowments of Velera, whose distinguishing characteristic is vivacity; but her sprightliness alone would not render her conspicuous among her sex, were it not restrained and regulated by an accurate and discriminating judgment—a judgment strengthened on one side by nature, and refined on the other by a classical education. With these qualities, in conversation she delights the ear, her wit excites mirth, and her sense inspires respect. Notwithstanding this, Velera is oftentimes governed by two principles, which have been represented by the censorious as imperfections in her general character; one of them being an ambition to be signalised in matters of opinion, and the other an irritability of temper. As an apologetic answer to the first of these objections, we observe, that ambition, or rather emulation, of this nature, is the necessary and unavoidable consequence of education; it is the well-grounded evidence of a superior energy of mind, a prerogative which exclusively belongs to every lady who has been unremittingly assiduous to improve her understanding. As to the second, we know that irritability of temper in some persons is a dangerous failing, and accompanied with malignity; in others it is neither dangerous nor malignant, but is merely indicative of acute sensibility and quick apprehension. We lament that ignorant people, who are always strangers to abstracted thinking, should ever presume to point out errors and propose amendments in

others who act in a more difficult and enlightened sphere, solely because their ideas of external rectitude do not exactly coincide. These persons intermingle different objects, things, and consequences, altogether; and then from the incongruous mass educe an inference, which they obtrude on others in the form of an opinion. Surely this is absurd, and must be, as the learned and exemplary Dr. Johnson observes, 'one of the many inconsistencies which folly produces, or infirmity suffers, in the human mind.'

Admitting therefore that ambition and irritability are imperfections existing in Velera, they resemble spots on the sun's disk, which can only be seen by observing that luminary through a darkened medium; or, to be more intelligible, her imperfections can only be seen by persons whose narrow and contracted mental vision is obscured and darkened by envy, ill-nature, affectation, or ignorance. Women of vivacious dispositions are commonly passionate, though their passion is seldom connected with any mischievous propensity, and therefore may be defined to be an irritation, or a collision of ideas produced in the mind by some sudden fortuitous circumstance, causing an unpleasant emotion which cannot be suppressed, and which terminates in immediate disapprobation or resentment.

We seldom find a lady whose external appearance is lovely possessed of an improved understanding: this is not the consequence of a deficient capacity, because beautiful and unhandsome women are alike endued with improvable powers and strength of mind; but it is the consequence of something more obvious. Beautiful women are admired and flattered, and reiterated flattery gradually induces a self-importance, and

an irresistible ambition to be celebrated only for beauty. All things therefore which tend to beautify the mind are disregarded. An understanding tutored into elegance can only charm a few intimate acquaintance; but beauty has a more extensive influence, and fascinates all beholders; the female experiences this, and lives studious only of outward embellishments, until advanced age, decayed beauty, disappointment, and neglect, convince her of her error. Velera is an exception to the general remark which we thus have made: she has seen the propriety of uniting elegance of mind with the elegance of nature. Being unmindful of her own personal attractions, she has evinced how easy it is for a lady to please, as well those who are capable of discriminating real excellence, as the superficial observers who know or feel scarcely any thing besides that which operates immediately upon their eye-sight. It is pleasing to behold a lady, the splendour of whose personal qualities is heightened by candour, parental affection, and attention to domestic duties. Such we consider Velera; and, comparing her with many others, esteem her a superior among her sex, to adopt the simile of Horace, as the moon amongst the lesser luminaries,—*Velut inter ignes luna minores.*

Since we have attempted to show the fairer side of the female character, we have been censured for being too exuberant in our praise, as tending to create vanity. Now with unaffected deference to superior discernment, we remark, that as human judgment is liable to error, we might have been mistaken in some particulars of our delineations; but we presumed that this mistake would act beneficially, inasmuch as the lady who felt her merit too highly rated would, we

conceived, instead of being vain, exert her future endeavours to deserve and corroborate that opinion which we had given. In our description of characters we have endeavoured to confine our opinions to the unerring principles of truth: and we disregard any insinuation that our sentiments have partaken of mere adulation, since we wished to distinguish rightly; and where any one's conduct deserved our praise we were desirous to bestow it as a tribute of respect and approbation; and we were stimulated to express impartial sentiments from a conviction that we were wholly independent of the favour of those whom we attempted to characterise: and lastly we were unconcerned whether our exertions incurred approbation or dislike, if such approbation or dislike resulted from partiality, self-love, envy, ill-nature, peevishness, or contempt, or from any other cause than just and dispassionate criticism. SCOOLETT.

Wallingford, May 7, 1803.

On the FEMALE CHARACTER.

(By Mr. Gisborne.)

IN different countries and at different periods female excellence has been estimated by very different standards. At almost every period it has been rated among nations deeply immersed in barbarism, by the scale of servile fear and capacity for toil. Examine the domestic proceedings of savage tribes in the old world and in the new, and ask who is the best daughter and the best wife. The answer is uniform. She who bears with superior patience and perseverance the vicissitudes of seasons, the fervour of the sun, the dews of night. She who, after a march through woods

and swamps, from morn to eve, is the first to bring on her shoulders a burden of fuel, and foremost in erecting the family wigwam, while the men stand around in listless unconcern: she who searches with the greatest activity for roots in the forest, prowls with the most success along the shore for limpets, and dives with unequalled fortitude for eggs in the creek: she who stands dripping and famished before her husband while he devours, stretched at ease, the produce of her exertions, waits his tardy permission without a word or a look of impatience, and feeds, with the humblest gratitude and shortest intermission of labour, on the scraps and offals which he disdains: she, in a word, who is the most tolerant of hardship and of unkindness. When nations begin to emerge from gross barbarism, every new step which they take toward refinement is commonly marked by a gentler treatment and a more reasonable estimation of women; and every improvement in their opinions and conduct respecting the female sex prepares the way for additional progress in civilization. It is not, however, in the rudeness of uncivilized life that female worth can either be fitly apprehended, or be displayed in its genuine colours. And we shall be the less inclined to wonder at the perversion of ideas which has been exemplified on this subject, amid ignorance and necessity, among Hottentots and Indians, when we consider the erroneous opinions on the same topic which have obtained more or less currency in our country, and even in modern times. It would perhaps be no unfair representation of the sentiment which prevailed in the last age to affirm that she was completely versed in the sciences of pickling and preserving, and in the mystery of cross-stitch and embroidery: she

who was thoroughly mistress of the family receipt - book and of her needle, was deemed, in point of solid attainments, to have reached the measure of female perfection. Since that period, however, it has been universally acknowledged, that the intellectual powers of women are not restricted to the arts of the house-keeper and the sempstresses. Genius, taste, and learning itself, have appeared in the number of female endowments and acquisitions. And we have heard, from time to time, some bold assertions of the rights of the weaker sex, stigmatising in terms of indignant complaint the monopolising injustice of the other; laying claim on behalf of their clients to co-ordinate authority in every department of science and erudition; and upholding the perfect equality of injured woman and usurping man in language so little guarded, as scarcely to permit the latter to consider the labours of the camp and of the senate as exclusively pertaining to himself.

The Power who called the human race into being has, with infinite wisdom, regarded, in the structure of the corporeal frame, the tasks which the different sexes were respectively destined to fulfil. To man, on whom the culture of the soil, the erection of dwellings, and, in general, those operations of industry and those measures of defence which include difficult and dangerous exertions, were ultimately to devolve, he has imparted the strength of limb, and the robustness of constitution, requisite for the persevering endurance of toil. The female form, not commonly doomed, in countries where civilization is far advanced, to labours more severe than the offices of domestic life, he has cast in a smaller mould, and bound together by a looser texture. But, to protect weakness from

the oppression of domineering superiority, those whom he has not qualified to contend he has enabled to fascinate; and has amply compensated the defect of muscular vigour by symmetry and expression, by elegance and grace. To me it appears that he has adopted, and that he has adopted with the most conspicuous wisdom, a corresponding plan of discriminating between the mental powers and dispositions of the two sexes. The science of legislation, of jurisprudence, of political œconomy, the conduct of government in all its executive functions, the abstruse researches of erudition, the inexhaustible depths of philosophy, the acquirements subordinate to navigation, the knowledge indispensable in the wide field of commercial enterprise, the arts of defence and of attack by land and by sea which the violence or fraud of unprincipled assailants render needful; these, and other studies, pursuits, and occupations, assigned chiefly or entirely to men, demand the efforts of a mind endued with the power of close and comprehensive reasoning, and of intense and continued application, in a degree in which they are not requisite for the discharge of the customary offices of female duty. It would therefore seem natural to expect, and experience, I think, confirms the justice of the expectation, that the Giver of all good, after bestowing those powers on men, with a liberality proportioned to the subsisting necessity, would impart them to the female mind with a more sparing hand. It was equally natural to expect, that in the dispensation of other qualities and talents, useful and important to both sexes, but particularly suited to the sphere in which women were intended to move, he would confer the larger portion of his bounty on those who

needed it the most. It is accordingly manifest, that in sprightliness and vivacity, in quickness of perception, in fertility of invention, in powers adapted to unbend the brow of the learned, to refresh the overlaboured faculties of the wise, and to diffuse, throughout the family circle, the enlivening and endearing smile of cheerfulness, the superiority of the female mind is unrivalled. Does man, vain of his pre-eminence in the track of profound investigation, boast that the result of the enquiry is in his favour? Let him check the premature triumph; and listen to the statement of another article in the account, which, in the judgment of prejudice itself, will be found to restore the balance. As yet the native worth of the female character has been imperfectly developed. To estimate it fairly, the view must be extended from the compass and shades of intellect, to the dispositions and feelings of the heart. Were we called upon to produce examples of the most amiable tendencies and affections implanted in human nature, of modesty, of delicacy, of sympathising sensibility, of prompt and active benevolence, of warmth and tenderness of attachment, whither should we at once turn our eyes?—To the sister, to the daughter, to the wife. These endowments form the glory of the female sex: they shine amid the darkness of uncultivated barbarism; they give to civilised society its brightest and most attractive lustre. The priority of female excellence in the points now under consideration man is seldom undiscerning enough to deny. But he not unfrequently endeavours to aggrandize his own merits, by representing himself as characterised in return, by superior fortitude.—In the first place, however, the reality of the fact alleged is extremely pro-

blematical. Fortitude is not to be sought merely on the rampart, on the deck, or the field of battle. Its place is no less in the chamber of sickness and pain, in the retirements of anxiety, of grief, and of disappointment. The resolution which is displayed in braving the perils of war is, in most men, in a very considerable degree, the effect of habit and of other extraneous causes. Courage is esteemed the commonest qualification of a soldier: and why is it thus common? Not so much because the stock of native resolution, bestowed on the generality of men, is very large; as because that stock is capable of being increased by discipline, by habit, by sympathy, by encouragement, by the dread of shame, by the thirst of credit and renown, almost to an unlimited extent. But the influence of these causes is not restricted to men. In towns which have long sustained the horrors of a siege, the descending bomb has been found, in numberless instances, scarcely to excite more alarm in the female part of the families of private citizens than among their brothers and husbands. In bearing vicissitudes of fortune, in exchanging wealth for penury, splendour for disgrace, women seem, as far as experience has decided the question, to have shown themselves little inferior to men. With respect to supporting the languor and the acuteness of disease, the weight of testimony is wholly on the side of the weaker sex. Ask the professors of the medical art what description of the persons whom they attend exhibits the highest pattern of firmness, composure, and resignation, under tedious and painful trials, and they name at once their female patients. It has, indeed, been asserted, that women, in consequence of the lighter texture of their frame, do not

undergo, in the amputation of a limb, and in other cases of corporeal suffering, the same degree of anguish which is endured by the rigid muscles and stubborn sinews of persons of the other sex under similar circumstances; and that a smaller portion of fortitude is sufficient to enable the former to bear the trial equally well with the latter. The assertion, however, appears to have been advanced not only without proof, but without the capability of proof. Who knows that the nerves are not as keenly sensible in a finer texture as in one more robust?—Who knows that they are not more keenly sensible in the first than in the second?—Who can estimate the degree of pain, whether of body or of mind, endured by any individual except himself?—How can any person institute a comparison, when of necessity he is wholly ignorant of one of the points to be compared?—If, in the external indications of mental resolution, women are not inferior to men, is a theory which admits not of experimental confirmation a reasonable ground for pronouncing them inferior in reality?—Nor let it be deemed wonderful that Providence should have conferred on women in general a portion of original fortitude, not much inferior, to speak of it in the lowest terms compatible with truth, to that commonly implanted in persons of the other sex, on whom many more scenes of danger and of strenuous exertion are devolved. If the natural tenderness of the female mind, cherished, too, as that tenderness is in civilised nations, by the established modes of ease, indulgence, and refinement, were not balanced by an ample share of latent resolution; how would it be capable of enduring the shocks and the sorrows to which, amid the uncertainties of life, it must be exposed?

—Finally, whatever may be the opinion adopted as to the precise amount of female fortitude, when compared with that of men, the former, I think, must at least be allowed this relative praise: that it is less derived from the mechanical influence of habit and example than the latter, less tinged with ambition, less blended with insensibility, and more frequently drawn from the only source of genuine strength of mind, firm and active principles of religion.

The reader will have been aware that the sketch which I have endeavoured to trace in the preceding outlines, is that of the female character under its customary form; not under those deviations from its usual appearance which are known sometimes to occur. It is our first business to settle the general rule, not to particularise the exception. But amid the endless diversity of nature; amid the innumerable multitudes of contemporary individuals, distinguished each from the other in their minds no less than in their countenances, by stronger or fainter lines of difference, and thrown into a variety of situations and circumstances, severally calculated to call forth and improve particular talents and encourage particular pursuits, exceptions will be frequent. Hence many instances might be produced from each sex, of persons who have possessed a more than common share of the qualities and dispositions which in ordinary cases are found most conspicuous in the other. It might even be possible to state some examples of women who have scarcely been surpassed by the most eminent men in depth and comprehensiveness of intellect; and of men who have nearly equalled their rivals of the other sex in quickness of fancy, in delicacy of sentiment, and in warmth of affection. There are also

persons of each sex who are greatly deficient in those qualifications by which it was natural to expect that they would have been distinguished. But all these cases are variations from the general course of things, and variations on which, at present, it would be useless to enlarge.

Of the errors and vices which infest human nature, some are equally prevalent in the two sexes; while others, in consequence of the peculiarities by which the character of the one sex is discriminated from that of the other, peculiarities which gain additional strength from the diversity in the offices of life respectively assigned to each, do not exercise an equal power over both. Thus, among women in whom feminine delicacy and feeling have not been almost obliterated (I am not, at present, taking religious principle into the account), intemperance in wine, and the use of profane language, are unknown; and she who should be guilty of either crime would be generally regarded as having debased herself to the level of a brute. On the other hand, there are failings and temptations to which the female mind is particularly exposed by its native structure and dispositions. On these treacherous underminers, these inbred assailants of female peace and excellence, the superintending eye of education is steadily fixed. The remains of their unsubdued hostility will be among the circumstances which will exercise even to the close of life the most vigilant labours of conscience. It is necessary, therefore, to be explicit on the subject.

The gay vivacity and quickness of imagination, so conspicuous among the qualities in which the superiority of women is acknowledged, have a tendency to lead to

unsteadiness of mind; to fondness of novelty; to habits of frivolousness, and trifling employment; to dislike of sober application; to repugnance to graver studies, and a too low estimation of their worth; to an unreasonable regard for wit and shining accomplishments; to a thirst for admiration and applause; to vanity and affectation. They contribute, likewise, in conjunction with the acute sensibility peculiar to women, to endanger the composure and mildness of the temper, and to render the disposition fickle through caprice, and uncertain through irritability. And sensibility itself, singularly engaging and amiable as it is, shares the common lot of earthly blessings, and comes not without its disadvantages. It is liable to sudden excesses; it nurtures unmerited attachments; it is occasionally the source of suspicion, fretfulness, and groundless discontent; it sometimes degenerates into weakness and pusillanimity, and prides itself in the feebleness of character which it has occasioned. And if, in common, it fills the heart with placability and benevolence; it is known at other times to feel even a slight injury with so much keenness as thenceforth to harbour prejudices scarcely to be shaken, and aversion scarcely to be mollified.

There is also another source of female errors and temptations which has not yet been noticed, because it springs not from mental peculiarities; namely, the consciousness of being distinguished by personal attractions. The effects of this consciousness on the female character, if considered by themselves, are extremely striking, and in many cases are ultimately combined with those which result from the qualities and dispositions already specified.

PARISIAN FASHIONS.

(With an Engraving elegantly coloured.)

THE succession of the spring-fashions has been interrupted by the return of cold weather. The Jewish coats (or *Josephs*), of silk, are again in use; they are edged with black lace. *Capotes* of dark-green taffety, or of straw and silk tissue, are very much worn. The ladies who wear their hair short cover the head with a cornet, or simply with a veil. The shawls, which were lately gathered on the neck in the fashion of a cravat, are now spread out on the shoulders. Almost all the straw hats are bound with a violet silk handkerchief. Violet and rose are the prevailing colours. The newest ribbands are radiated and clouded with different shades of green. Long hair is worn smooth and unfrizzled, with a necklace round it as a band, and with a comb to fasten it up. Handkerchiefs are worn on the head, in several different fashions, instead of bonnets.

The *capotes* of the newest style have round crowns, and have small pecked ornaments. The prevailing colours, next to black, are Florence rose-lilac, and jonquil and green. A great number of Jewish tunics are still made, as are also gimp kerchiefs. These tunics have sometimes endive trimmings, and sometimes have serrated festoons of muslin. The reign of the *canexons* is passed; but the Savoyard kerchiefs, caps and mob-caps of figured muslin, still keep their ground. *Cornettes* are now, for the most part, substituted for *toquets*. The most fashionable ribband is lilac and orange-coloured, and is striped and clouded. In the assemblies of opulent females we still observe a great number of crops. When a woman of fashion enters her box, she takes off her hat, hangs it up, and remains bareheaded.

The young *beaux* have very high collars to their shirts. The angles of a fashionable collar rise above the neckcloth as high as the nose.

Our fashions have taken a retrograde direction. With the exception of swan furs, of satin and velvet, all dresses are in the winter style. Very deep caps are much run on: they have the front made very broad. Sometimes they are edged with plaited ribbands, and sometimes trimmed with cut taffety. The ribbands are either tartan, or embroidered with hieroglyphic characters, and called Mameluke ribbands. *Tulle* is no longer used for trimmings. Yellow straw hats, plain or pearled, are worn in the form of caps: the brim is cut away on the neck, where it is absolutely necessary that the roots of the hair should be left uncovered.

The trinket-dealers begin to discontinue the exhibition of palmated chains, and display, in their stead, round tresses, or *cordelieres*. The ear-rings and arched combs are ornamented with diamonds.

The young men of fashion wear very short coats, with skirts so separate as to allow the breeches to be seen between them. These coats, which are light on the arms and very broad on the shoulders, have, of course, a number of folds towards the sleeve, and fit awkwardly, like an ill-made coat. They are worn with yellow buttons, which are oftener globular than flat. The riding-coats have small velvet lappels, and no cross pockets.

LONDON FASHIONS.

Promenade Dresses.

ROUND dress of blue Cambray muslin, with a long train, large lace veil, flowing loose.

Engraved for the Ladies Magazine May 1803.



Mudlow & Co. Russell Co.

PARIS DRESS.

Round muslin dress, with an embroidered shirt handkerchief. A muslin or lace shawl, lined with coloured silk, and richly embroidered. Straw hat with dome crown, adorned with oak leaves and wheat-ears.

Muslin dress. Large orange-coloured silk French shawl, with a pale-blue border. Straw gipsy hat, tied with blue.

Dress of lilac Cambray muslin. Shawl cloak of patent lace, with arm-holes, and worn with the point behind. Bonnet of straw and lilac-coloured silk.

General Observations.

The shawl cloaks and shawl *pé-lisses*, worn with the point behind, and with arm-holes or sleeves, and also the large plain muslin and silk shawls of various colours, have lately been very generally worn. Straw hats of various patterns, particularly of the dome crown and gipsy form, are as prevalent as in former springs. The coloured and figured Cambray muslins, chiefly slate, lilac, and blue, are becoming general.

The MORAL ZOOLOGIST.

PART II.

(Continued from p. 212.)

THE BRASILIAN OR CARRION VULTURE.

THIS bird (the *Vultur Aura* of Linnæus) is called *Ouroua*, or *Aura*, by the Indians of Cayenne; *Umbu*, by the Brasilians; *Zopilotl*, by the Mexicans; and by the French settlers in St. Domingo the *Merchant*. As it bears some resemblance to the turkey, the Spaniards and Portuguese have given it the name of *Gallinaço*, and Catesby and Clayton denominate it the *Turkey-Buzzard*. Dampier and Sloane call it the *Carrion-Vulture*, which name has been adopted by Pennant and Latham. It is

very little larger than a wild goose. The head and neck, as in other vultures, are bare of feathers, and have only some straggling black hairs. The wrinkled skin which covers these parts is variegated with blue, white, and red. The wings when closed extend beyond the extremity of the tail, which yet is of considerable length. The feathers over the whole body are of a deep-brown or almost black colour, with a tinge, varying by reflection, of dull green and purple. The beak is of a yellowish white, the feet are of a livid colour, and the claws black. The nostrils are longer in proportion than those of the other species of vultures.

With respect to its habits and instincts, the Brasilian vulture is perhaps more dastardly, filthy, and voracious, than any of the rest of the tribe of which these qualities are among the principal characteristics. Their flight is lofty and rapid; but they dare not attack any animal in the least capable of resistance, unless when they are assembled in numerous flocks, and their victim is either wounded or asleep. Hans Sloane, who saw many of these birds in America, says, that they fly like kites, and are always lean. All accounts agree that they fly very high in the air, and generally in large flocks. They pass the night on lofty trees or inaccessible rocks, from which they repair in the morning to the vicinity of inhabited places, where they watch for their prey. Their sight and smell are remarkably acute; and they can descry from a vast height, and at an immense distance, the carcasses on which they prey; and which when they discover they all fall upon at once and devour in silence, till they are frequently so glutted that they are unable to rise from the ground. When this happens, some travellers tell us, they have the power of vomiting their

food till their bodies are sufficiently lightened to admit of their making their escape. In some parts of South America, where the hunters kill beasts merely for their skins, these vultures follow them in great numbers; and when they perceive a carcase flayed and left on the ground, they call to each other, and, alighting on it, in an instant devour the flesh, and leave the bones as clean as if they had been scraped with a knife. Both the Spaniards and Portuguese, who reside in the countries where they traffic in hides, are so sensible of the benefit they derive from these birds, by their devouring the bodies left by the hunters, which otherwise would soon putrefy, and perhaps occasion infectious distempers, that they have imposed a fine upon those who shall destroy them. This protection has rendered them extremely numerous in Guiana, Brasil, and New Spain.

These birds are likewise extremely useful in those regions, by their enmity to the alligators, or American crocodiles. The female alligator, which in the rivers of America grows to the enormous length of twenty-seven feet, lays her eggs, to the number of two or three hundred, in the sands, on the side of the river, where they are hatched by the heat of the climate. While depositing her burden, she takes every precaution to conceal the place from all other animals; but seldom can elude the piercing sight of this species of vultures, who sit silent and unseen among the neighbouring trees and view the operations of the crocodile, with the pleasing expectation of an approaching banquet. They patiently wait till the crocodile has laid the whole number of her eggs, covered them with the sand, and retired; then, all at once, they pour down upon the nest, tear up the sand in a moment, lay the eggs bare,

and presently devour the whole of them.

This species of vulture is likewise found in Africa, and is called by Holben the 'eagle of the Cape.' 'They feed,' says this author, 'upon dead animals. I have often seen the skeletons of cows, oxen, and wild beasts, which they had devoured. I call these remains skeletons; for no operator could have anatomised them more completely. These birds have an extraordinary method of separating the flesh from the skin and the bones, and yet leaving the skin quite entire. On approaching the carcase we should not suppose that it is deprived of its internal substance, till on a close examination we find it nothing but skin and bone. The manner in which they proceed is this: they first make an opening in the belly of the animal, from which they pluck out and greedily devour the entrails; then, entering into the hollow which they have made, they separate the flesh from the bones without ever touching the skin. It often happens that an ox after being unyoked from the plough, and left to return alone to its stall, lies down by the way; and if these birds perceive it in this unguarded posture, they infallibly fall upon and devour it. They will sometimes attack them when grazing in the fields, by collecting to the number of a hundred or more, and making the assault all together.— They have so acute a sight that they can discern their prey at an amazing height, and when it would escape any human eye; and when they perceive the favourable moment they drop directly upon the animal which they watch.'

Catesby observes of this kind of vultures, that 'they feed on carrion, and fly continually on the search; they continue long on the wing, and rise and descend so smoothly that

the motion of their pinions cannot be perceived. A dead carcase attracts great numbers of them, and it is amusing to see their disputes with each other while eating. An eagle often presides at the banquet, who does not suffer them to approach till he has satisfied his appetite. These birds have a most acute scent, and smell carrion at a vast distance, to which they resort from all quarters, wheeling about and making a gradual descent till they reach the ground.

The flesh of this bird is entirely useless as food: it has a rank and putrid flavour, which no care of cleansing or art of cookery can remove; and emits a stench scarcely supportable.

‘The carrion vultures,’ says Mr. Pennant, ‘are not found in the northern regions of the ancient continent; but in the new they are common through its whole extent from Nova-Scotia to Terra del Fuego, and also in the West-India islands, though they are said to be smaller there than on the main land. They swarm in the torrid zone, and about Carthagera especially; they haunt inhabited places, sit in numbers on the roofs of houses, or walk with sluggish pace along the streets.

THE CONDOR.

The condor has been classed among the vultures by Ray, Linnæus, and most naturalists, on account of the nakedness of the head and neck; but his habits and dispositions appear to give him a greater affinity to the eagles, as he is courageous, fierce, and lives by the chase. If the power of flying be considered as the essential character of birds, the condor has an indubitable claim to be styled the largest of this race of animals; for the cassowary, the ostrich, and the dodo, not being able to lift them-

selves from the ground, may be regarded as imperfect birds, or a kind of intermediate links between birds and quadrupeds. The wings of the condor extend from sixteen to eighteen feet; the body, the bill, and the talons, are proportionably large and strong, and its courage is equal to its strength. The most full and complete description of this bird which has been given by any traveller, is that of father Feuillé, which I shall here subjoin:—

‘The condor is a bird of prey which frequents the valley of Ylo, in Peru. I discovered one there perched on a high rock. I approached it within gun-shot, and fired; but, as my piece was only charged with swan-shot, this was not able sufficiently to pierce the bird’s feathers. I perceived, however, by its manner of flying, that it was wounded; for it was with difficulty that it could reach another rock about five hundred paces distant, on the sea-shore. I therefore charged again with a bullet, and hit the bird under the throat. I saw I had succeeded, and ran up to seize it; but even in death it was terrible, and defended itself upon its back, with its claws extended against me; so that I scarcely knew how to lay hold of it. Had it not been mortally wounded, I should have found it no easy matter to take it; but I at last dragged it down from the rock, and, with the assistance of one of the seamen, carried it to my tent to make a coloured drawing of it.

‘The wings of this bird, which I measured very exactly, when extended, were eleven feet four inches (twelve feet one inch, English) from one extremity to the other. The great feathers, that were of a beautiful shining black, were two feet two inches long. The thickness of the bill was proportionable to that of the body, and its length was three inches and

a half: the point hooked downwards, and was white at its extremity; the other part was of a jet-black. A short down of a brown colour covered the head; the eyes were black, and surrounded with a circle of reddish brown. The feathers on the head, neck, and wings, were of a light brown; those on the back were rather darker. The thighs were covered with brown feathers to the knee. The thigh bone was ten inches long, the leg five inches. The toes were three before and one behind: that behind was an inch and a half, and the claw with which it was armed was black, and three quarters of an inch. The other claws were in the same proportion; and the leg was covered with black scales, as also were the toes, but in these the scales were larger.

‘These birds universally haunt the mountains, where they find their prey: they never descend to the sea-shore, but in the rainy season; for, as they are very sensible of cold, they go there for greater warmth. Though these mountains are situated in a warm latitude, the cold is often very severe; for a great part of the year they are covered with snow, but particularly in winter.

‘The little subsistence which these birds find on the sea-coast, except when large fish are cast on shore by storms, obliges the condor to continue there but a short time. They usually come to the coast at the approach of evening, stay there all night, and fly back in the morning.’

Frezier, in his *Voyage to the South Sea*, describes this bird in the following manner:

‘We one day killed a bird of prey called the condor, the wings of which measured nine feet. It had a brown comb, but not jagged like that of the cock. In the fore part, it

had a red gizzard, naked, as in the turkey. This bird is commonly very large, and will carry off a lamb with ease. Garcilasso says that he had seen some in Peru, whose wings extended sixteen feet.’

By the accounts of other travellers, it certainly appears, that these two condors, described by Feuillé and Frezier, were either very young, or unusually small for their species. The fathers Abbeville and Laet assert, that the condor is twice as large as the eagle, and so strong that it will carry off and devour a sheep; that it even attacks stags, and easily beats down a man. There are some, say Acosta and Garcilasso, whose wings extend sixteen feet. Their bill is so strong and so hard, that they easily pierce an ox's hide. Two of these birds will attack and kill a cow or a bull; and they will carry off children of ten or twelve years old, and prey upon them. Sometimes they will even dare to attack men. Sloane, in his account of this bird in the *Philosophical Transactions*, says—‘It has often happened that one of these birds has killed and eaten children of ten or twelve years old.’ Fortunately, however, they are rare; for if they were numerous they would extirpate all the cattle. Desmarchais says, that these birds measure eighteen feet across the wings; that their talons are thick, strong, and very hooked; that the American Indians assert, that they will seize and carry off a hind, or a young cow, as easily as an eagle would a rabbit; that they are of the size of a sheep; that their flesh is coriaceous, and has the scent of carrion; that they are extremely sharp-sighted, and of a fierce aspect; that they seldom frequent the forests, where there is scarcely room for the expansion of their enormous wings; but that they haunt the sea-shore, the sides

Engraved for the Ladies Magazine.



The Domestic Cock.



of rivers, and the savannahs, or natural meadows. Condamine, in his Voyage to the River of the Amazons, relates that he has often seen the condors among the mountains of Quito, and on the banks of the river Maragnon, hovering over a flock of sheep, some of which they would probably have carried off had they not been deterred by the presence of the shepherd. It is a general opinion, he adds, that this bird can bear off a roe-buck, and that it sometimes preys on a child. It is reported that the Indians decoy it by presenting to it the figure of a child formed of a very viscous clay, upon which it darts with such eagerness and force, that it strikes its talons in so deeply, it cannot disengage them, and thus is taken. De Solis, speaking of this bird, says, that there were, in the menagerie of the emperor of Mexico, birds of such astonishing size and ferocity that they seemed to be monsters; and that he had been informed their voracity was so prodigious that each of them would devour a whole sheep at a single meal.

It is doubted whether this extraordinary bird be confined solely to South America. Buffon and other naturalists have thought that it is to be found likewise in Africa, Asia, and even in some parts of Europe. Garcilasso suggests that it may be the same bird with the *ruch*, or *roc*, of the eastern nations, so famous in the Arabian tales, and mentioned by Marco Paolo. 'It appears to me,' says Buffon, 'that the bird, said to be almost as large as an ostrich, in the 'History of the Voyages to the Southern Continent,' which the president de Brosses has digested with equal judgment and care, must be the same with the condor of the Americans. I am also of opinion that the bird of prey found in the vicinity of Tarnafar, a city in the

East Indies, which is said to be much larger than the eagle, and of which the bill is used to make the hilt of a sword, is no other than the condor; as is, likewise, the vulture of Senegal, which attacks and carries off children. The ferocious bird of Lapland, as large and thick as a sheep, mentioned by Regnard and Martiniere, and of whose nest Olaus Magnus gives an engraving, is probably the same.' M. Buffon likewise supposes that the *læmmer geyer* (*lamb vulture*) of the Germans, which frequents the Alps, is the same bird with the condor; but other naturalists affirm that it has since been discovered to be quite a different bird. It is the vulture eagle of Albin, and the *Vultur Barbatus* of Linnæus: the condor is the *Vultur Gryphus* of Linnæus. With respect, probably, to this species of vulture, Gefner relates, from the testimony of George Fabricius, an author of credit, that some peasants between Miesen and Brisa, in Germany, losing every day some of their cattle, which they sought for in vain in the forests, observed a very large nest, resting on three oaks, constructed of sticks and branches of trees, and as wide as would cover a cart. They found in this nest three young birds already so large that their wings, when extended, were seven ells in width; their legs were as thick as those of a lion, with talons of the size of a man's fingers; and in the nest were several skins of calves and sheep. Valmont de Bomare and Salerne thought, as well as M. Buffon, that the *læmmer geyer* of the Alps must be the condor of Peru; and the latter describes a large bird, shot in France in 1719, at the castle of Mylourdin, in the parish of St. Martin d'Abat, the wings of which, when extended, measured eighteen feet, and which he thinks must have been the condor, not only from its

size but the colour of the plumage, which was mottled with black and white in the same manner as that of the Peruvian bird of prey.

The condor is happily a rare bird in every quarter of the globe: he generally avoids the haunts of men, and dwells either on lofty and inaccessible mountains, or in remote deserts, where he is seldom seen. And your ladyship may here observe that, by the wise disposition of Providence, the tribes of rapacious birds are of two characters; either they are fierce and bold, like the eagle, or mean and dastardly, like the vulture. In the former case, they seek solitude, and chase their prey singly; in the latter they are frequently gregarious, and assemble in flocks to devour the carrion on which they feed. Had the fiercer and more courageous tribes attacked in troops, what creatures could have resisted their ferocity and strength? But most wisely has this diversity in their habits and instincts been ordained to prevent the feebler races of animals from being too much thinned, or totally extirpated.

Your ladyship's good sense and genuine piety will, I doubt not, frequently suggest to you similar reflections that may escape the observation of your affectionate

EUGENIA.

(*To be continued.*)

SKETCH of BONAPARTE'S PERSON.

THE person of the first consul is small, below the ordinary size of men. The consular garb does not become him; he looks best in the plain uniform of a national guard, which he much affects to wear. His face is strongly marked with melancholy, reflection, and deep thought; the lines of premature

age are very visible upon it. He is said to be impenetrable even to his friends. His head is remarkably large, and his eyes are well formed and well set, animating a countenance which has been seldom known to smile. His voice is the deepest toned, and seems to issue as from a tomb. His mouth is large and handsome; and in general it may be asserted, there is that harmony of features which denotes an entire character. The various resemblances of him are tolerably exact; though they by no means do him justice, nor give his *look*, which is extremely interesting and impressive.

ACCOUNT of the NEW MUSICAL ENTERTAINMENT called 'THE FAIR FUGITIVES,' performed for the first Time at the Theatre-Royal, Covent-Garden, on Monday, May 16.

CHARACTERS.

Zafco	- - -	Mr. Incedon.
Courtenay	- -	Mr. Hill.
Le Blanc	- -	Mr. Simmons.
De Merville	-	Mr. Davenport.
Pedro	- - -	Mr. Blanchard.
Ornubo	- - -	Mr. Emery.
Julie	- -	Mrs. H. Siddons.
Adelaide	- -	Mrs. H. Johnston.
Katharina	- -	Mrs. Mills.

THE scene is laid in Guadaloupe; Julie is just arrived from a convent at Lisbon, where she has been educated, accompanied by her friend Adelaide. They are attended by Courtenay, a British naval officer, and Le Blanc, a French officer, their respective lovers, with whom they had become acquainted at Lisbon, and who are also at that time summoned by their duty to Guadaloupe. De Merville, Julie's father, is averse against her match with Courtenay; and, to avoid an immediate match with his rival, she

flies her father's house under the protection of Ornubo, a slave, and in the midst of a hurricane. The violence of the tempest impels Courtenay, from anxiety for her safety, to seek her there, when he finds the house in ruins, its master involved in the destruction, and the household made captive by the brigands. Ornubo, amid the solitude of the hills, attempts to make Julie the victim of his brutal passion, when a random shot kills him, and she becomes the prey of Zafco, the rebel chief. Courtenay, in a rencontre, vainly endeavours to rescue her. They both become captives to the insurgents. Courtenay, however, escapes; and meeting Le Blanc, with Adelaide (whom he had encountered, a wanderer accidentally separated from her friend) under his protection, assists him in attacking the rebels, and the piece concludes with the rescue of Julie, and the burning of the rebel camp.

This piece is the first dramatic effort of Miss Anna Maria Porter, already known to the literary world for her poetical talents. If it has faults, they are such as a young dramatist, and a female one particularly, cannot be expected to be without. To conceal them, therefore, were to wrong the fair author in withholding that which may contribute to her improvement, and ought not to impair her reputation: they are the faults of inexperience, rather than of incapacity. The materials are good; but there is a certain skill requisite in making up of the best materials, which is acquired only by a familiar acquaintance with the scene, and careful attention to its effect—a kind of mechanical dexterity, become indeed of so much importance, that, of latter days, it has crowned with success plays of which classical criticism has disdained the scrutiny. The incidents of the Fair Fugitives

want coherence; they are never, by their intimate connection, or by a happy contrivance of situation, wrought to interest; the attention is too much on the flutter. To this point, however, our objections are confined. Miss Porter has a claim to the indulgence of the critic on yet another score:—this piece, we understand, was not originally written as an opera; the arrangements of the theatre required its transformation, and the incidents are probably much distorted from the author's original conception.

The approbation on the fall of the curtain was nearly unanimous. A warmer reception could scarcely be wished or expected, considering the unfavourable circumstances which attended the piece's preparation. Braham and Munden have severally seceded from the *dramatis personæ* since its first cast.

MISCELLANEOUS THOUGHTS.

THE vain man loves to speak only of himself, but he does not perceive that others are tired and disgusted with hearing him.

The ordinary effects of envy are less destructive of the reputation of him whom it attacks, than of him who nourishes it.

The worthy man sees envy, expects ingratitude, and follows the dictates of his conscience and his heart.

The man who has only memory, is like him who possesses a pallet and colours; but who is not yet a painter.

In morals, it is easier to give the impulse than to regulate it.

Friendship has no equivalent.

The pleasure of vanity lasts only for a quarter of an hour: that of a good action does not pass away so quickly; the heart treasures it up for the time when nature seems to deprive us of every other.

POETICAL ESSAYS.

TO THE MEMORY OF JOHN
FREESTONE, CARPENTER;

*Who died Feb. 1, 1803, aged 92 Years.
His Teeth all remained perfect, and he
could read without Spectacles.*

PAUSE, reader! Here is laid a man of
years;

A long, long traveller through a vale of
tears:

He's gain'd the point to which the liv-
ing tend.

Of rich and poor behold the journey's
end!

Build not thy hopes, fond man! on length
of time;

Life's sun may never reach meridian
prime;

The clouds of fate may intercept its light,
And shroud it in the grave's unchanging
night.

But wiser thou, the present space im-
prove,

And fix thy views of happiness above:
Then, when thou quitt'st the scene, in
youth or age,

Kind seraphs will conduct thee off the
stage;

Bear, on glad wing, thy joyous soul
away,

To bask for ever in the fount of day.

JOHN WEBB.

Haverhill, March 19, 1803.

ODE TO VENUS.

VENUS, queen of Cnidos fair!
Lovely goddess, hear my pray'r!

Give me Celia to my arms,
Deck'd with all her heav'nly charms,—

Charms which far outshine the day;
Ever sprightly, ever gay!

To my longing arms, O give
Her for whose sake alone I live.

Venus, ever young and fair!
Lovely goddess, hear my pray'r!

V. JAMES.

EVENING.

AT evening's pensive shade 'tis sweet
to rove

Along the margin of the silver stream;
With soul attun'd to harmony and love,
Soft as the shadows from the moon's
pale beam.

Reflective thought fills the expanding
mind;

With energy sublime our bosoms glow:
Sensations quick, and feelings more re-
fin'd,

Throb in the heart,—through all the
senses flow.

What rapture then to see the rising tear
Of warm emotion, starting to the eye!
In friendship's voice to read the heart
sincere;

To mingle thoughts, and melt in sym-
pathy!

Then, as the landscape fades before the
sight,

All ruder passions sleep within the
breast;

Ambition's cares are sooth'd to calm de-
light;

The soul, with nature, feels the hour
of rest.

What is the glare of rude tumultuous
joy!

What the vain pomp of courts! the
gaudy throng!

To the mild pleasures which no blasts
destroy,

And which to cultivated minds be-
long?

E. W.

PROUD DUMFERLINE,

THE CASTLE ON THE WOLD;

A GOTHIC TALE.

DEEP in a lone sequester'd dell
A dreary ruin spread,
The scene of ev'ry midnight spell;
So neighbours round it said.

At eve strange noises oft were known ;
 When thunders rent the pole,
 The lights would seem to dance alone,
 The bell would loudly toll :

And shrieks, and screams, and horrid
 cries,

Full oft would fill the air ;
 And spectred forms were seen to rise :
 As those who pass'd declare.

In feudal times this place had been
 A pow'rful baron's hold ;
 It still is call'd Proud Dumferline,
 The Castle on the Wold.

Young Allwin dwelt upon the moor ;
 A rustic life he led ;
 He beauteous Mary did adore,
 And soon he hop'd to wed.

All Mary's friends were rich and gay ;
 Though poor her lovers are,
 Yet at no very distant day
 They rich and happy were.

But dire Misfortune's iron hand
 Upon them heavy bore ;
 They lost their cattle, lost their land ;
 They sunk, to rise no more.

Fond Mary had to Allwin vow'd
 She'd love him evermore ;
 But still her parents were too proud
 To wed her to a boor :

For such they deem'd poor Allwin's race,
 Though Mary was inclin'd
 To think misfortune no disgrace,—
 They equal were in mind.

Young Allwin would not brook disdain ;
 His love was close confin'd ;
 And, though he went through wind
 and rain,
 He ne'er could Mary find.

One evening, as the dell he pass'd
 To take his usual round,
 In hopes dear Mary might at last,
 To bless his arms, be found ;

By thought beguil'd, he wander'd late,
 Unconscious where he went,
 Till near the gloomy castle's gate
 He found his steps were bent.

Rous'd from his torpor, round he gaz'd ;
 The night was now come on ;
 It thunder'd loudly ; and, amaz'd,
 He heard the bell toll ' One !'

The storm advanc'd ; the rain loud beat ;
 Tremendous light'nings flash ;
 An oak was struck—at Allwin's feet
 It fell with pond'rous crash !

Alarm'd, he tow'rd's the castle-gate
 His wayward footsteps bent,
 Intending, shelter'd there, to wait
 Till this dire storm was spent.

He reach'd at length the inner hall,
 And gain'd a shelter'd seat ;
 He lean'd his arm 'gainst the damp wall ;
 His heart with anguish beat.

He sat, in contemplation lost ;
 The thunder louder roar'd ;
 The owlet screech'd upon his roof ;
 The rain still heavier pour'd.

Sudden a distant murm'ring sound,
 Between the thunder's pause,
 Assail'd his ear : he listen'd round,
 Anxious to learn the cause.

'Twas silent all ! Again most near,
 The thunder shook the zone ;
 It paus'd ; when, lo ! he seem'd to hear
 A deaf'ning, hollow, groan.

Eager to find from whence it came,
 He rush'd across the room ;
 And, guided by the light'ning's flame,
 Explor'd the distant gloom.

A flight of steps he shortly found,
 That downwards seem'd to lead :
 He onward press'd—but now profound,
 The darkness check'd his speed.

The light'ning found no entry here ;
 The noise continued on ;
 But still, as he advanc'd more near,
 Assum'd a diff'rent tone.

It rose full oft upon the air
 A many-mingled cry ;
 And laughs and shrieks united were
 With clamour loud and high.

The steps had ceas'd, and now he pac'd
 A gloomy passage-floor ;
 He kept on still with cautious haste ;
 At last he reach'd a door,

Which right across the passage stood,
 And farther access stay'd ;
 All of the firmest, hardest wood,
 This stubborn door was made.

The sounds no more his ears invade,
 He tried the door in vain :
 Exhausted on the floor he laid ;
 Some rest he wish'd to gain.

Tir'd Nature yields to Somnus' power,
 And soon, on Allwin's head,
 His poppies, in a plenteous show'r,
 Were bountifully shed.

He slept, and dream'd of Mary lov'd:
 He thought her parents, now,
 Had all their prejudice remov'd,
 And alter'd their stern vow.

He thought dear Mary to his arms
 Was giv'n by their consent:
 But, lo! a voice his ear alarms;
 His happiness is spent.

He wak'd, and felt his arms confin'd;
 Around him ruffians stand;
 Some torches bear, while others bind
 His legs with hempen band.

Their features spoke them robbers vile,
 Their language spake the same:
 They talk'd of plunder and of spoil;
 They gloried in their shame.

Between them Allwin's borne along,
 Through subterranean gloom,
 Till, in a cavern large and long,
 They paus'd upon his doom.

Suspended from above, a lamp
 Illum'd the dismal space;
 It was a dreary, dreadful, damp,
 And solitary place.

Yet here the diabolic rout
 Their revels often hold;
 And here they drink, and sing, and shout,
 And here divide their gold.

Stretch'd on the ground poor Allwin lay,
 Expecting some hard fate;
 But the adventures of the day
 Soon underwent debate.

Some trifling villainies, at first,
 Were quickly hurried o'er;
 But one recounted caus'd a burst
 Of joy, unknown before.

'Twas how that night a house they
 robb'd,
 Upon the neighb'ring moor.
 Young Allwin's heart with terror
 throbb'd,
 And bled at ev'ry pore:

For there liv'd all on earth held dear,
 His parents and his love;
 He listen'd on—but fear'd to hear
 What their sad lot might prove.

The house too soon, alas! he found
 Was own'd by Mary's fire;
 And, as the woe-fraught tale went round,
 He learn'd 'twas set on fire.

His soul was agonis'd to know
 If Mary perish'd there;
 Yet still he would not anguish show,
 Or seem at all to care.

He heard, with deep attention, now,
 That, ere it was on fire,
 They seiz'd, and laid in prison low,
 Both Mary and her fire.

Her mother, too, was here confin'd:
 But Allwin's heart was rent,
 To think, so near him, Mary kind
 Was in a dungeon pent,

And he unable now to save:
 His mind was torn with grief;
 His arm was strong, his heart was brave,
 But could not give relief.

A thought now beam'd his mind across,
 If question'd he should be,
 To say a crime most foul and gross
 From home had made him flee:

That, as last eve the dell he past,
 The storm came on amain,
 Which made him to the castle haste,
 Some shelter there to gain:

That, as he sat within the hall,
 He heard a dismal cry,
 Which follow'd, brought him where
 they all

Had seen him sleeping lie:

That now the noise was caus'd, he knew,
 By bringing pris'ners there;
 But, if they'd let him join their crew,
 He'd gladly take a share

In any sin of deepest dye;
 For now he roam'd in fear,
 An outlaw'd villain, doom'd to die
 For crimes the most severe.

This story in their breasts, he thought,
 Some influence might gain;
 He only wish'd they could be brought
 To take him in their train:

He then would have it in his pow'r
 To save his fondest love;
 He then, in some propitious hour,
 Might this vile horde remove.

This tale, suffice it now to say,
 Deceiv'd the plund'ring crew;
 And Allwin, ere another day,
 Is nam'd a robber too.

Some days elaps'd, he's forc'd to join
 The robbers, in his turn;
 He's forc'd to fight, nor seem to pine,
 Or shew he felt concern.

Night after night he join'd them, yet
 Expecting soon to find
 An opportunity most fit
 To leave them far behind.

(To be concluded in our next.)

LINES,

ADDRESSED TO MISS S—— P——.

To thee, sweet maid, I'll tune the
trembling string:
The vocal groves shall with thy praises
ring:
Thy graceful port, thy smiling aspect,
meek,
The roseate blushes glowing on thy
cheek,
With twice ten thousand charming
beauties more
My warm imagination keeps in store,
What cold unfeeling heart can fail to
move, [love.
Or charm the soul with airy dreams of
Such heav'nly sweetness round each fea-
ture plays,
Celestial beings might, enraptur'd, gaze,
Surpris'd such charms should centre all in
one,
As shine unrivall'd in yourself alone.
Could I reveal the tumult of my breast,
Estrang'd to pleasure, happiness, and
rest,
'Twould melt thy heart, and urge the
tender tear;
For love and pity sure are inmates there.
No venal passion in my bosom glows,
Pure as the stream from crystal fountain
flows:
Thy lovely form I'll treasure in my
heart,
Nor from thy beauteous image ever part:
At thought of thee, my breast with rap-
ture burns,
A prey to hope and racking fear by
turns:
Each softer feeling rises at thy name,
And ev'ry passion kindles to a flame;
Swift through each vein the vital cur-
rent flows,
Nor finds my heart one moment of re-
pose,
On wings of love, I'd fly earth's utmost
bounds,
For thee, and brave stern Fortune's en-
vious frowns.
Oh, then, dear girl! incline a lenient ear,
Nor sternly check the sympathizing tear;
'Tis thine to give my wounded heart
relief, [grief.
And from my breast remove this load of
Oh! deign, at least, to grant one sooth-
ing smile, [guile;
My breast to calm, and ev'ry care be-
Then should my tongue, enraptur'd,
own the bliss,
Could I but seal it with a fervent kiss,

Accept the homage due to beauty's
shrine; [thine:
For such, ah P——! for ever will be
Nor think the youth who pens these art-
less lays,
With honest warmth, too lavish in thy
praise. W. M. N.

A PASTORAL BALLAD.

BENEATH the wide boughs of a beech,
One evening young Colin reclin'd,
Away, as he thought, from all reach,
From the 'squire, from the courtier,
or hind;
A languor pervaded his frame,
His features discovered his care,
When thus he began to exclaim,
And pour forth his sighs in the air.
' Ah, Pamela! Pamela dear!
Why raise from my heart the deep
sigh?
Why force from this eye the moist tear?
For you would I cheerfully die.
A victim I fell to despair,
When first thy sweet image I knew;
I lov'd you because you were fair,
You spurn'd me because I was true.
' The brook that meanders along
Reflects thy gay form to the sky,
As round thee the light-feather'd
throng
Each other attempt to outvie.
Can I of thy charms then be mute,
When to thee all offer their lays?
Each shepherd his pipe and his flute
Attunes in my Pamela's praise.'
No sooner these words had he said,
No sooner had vented his grief,
Than flew to his arms the fair maid
With looks that gave instant relief.
' Ah, why,' she exclaim'd, ' could you
blame?
Why injure the nymph that was true;
Whose heart has been ever the same,
And prov'd but too constant to you?'
Unable to make a reply,
O'er her charms with amazement he
hung,
While words seem'd to flow from his eye
More eloquent far than his tongue.
Next morn to the church they repair,
Attended by villagers gay,
Where the hand of his long-belov'd fair
Drove each rankling passion away.
V. JAMES.
Southampton, April 30, 1803.

EPITAPH ON DR. SMALL,

In the New Church, at Birmingham;

BY DR. DARWIN.

M. S.

GULIELMI SMALL, M. D.

QUI OB. FEB. XXV.

M. DCC. LXXV.

YE gay and young, who, thoughtless of
your doom,Shun the disgustful mansions of the
dead,Where Melancholy broods o'er many a
tomb,Mould'ring beneath the yew's un-
wholesome shade;If chance ye enter these sequester'd
groves,And day's bright sunshine for a
while forego,Oh! leave to Folly's cheek the laughs
and loves,

And give one hour to philosophic woe!

Here, while no titled dust, no fainted
bone,No lover weeping over beauty's bier,
No warrior frowning, in historic stone,Extorts your praises, or requests your
tear;Cold Contemplation leans her aching
head,On human woe her steady eye she
turns,Waves her meek hand, and sighs for
Science dead,For Science, Virtue, and for SMALL,
she mourns!

AIR.

*Sung by Mrs. JORDAN, in the 'MAR-
RIAGE PROMISE.'*YOUNG Colinette, a lovely maid,
Had she been wife, as she was fair,

By Lubin had not been betray'd;

Who prais'd her shape, and prais'd
her air,

And stole her heart away:

Ah! well-a-day.

By vows as false as false could be,

He ruin'd lovely Colinette;

And careless then away went he,

And left the maid to pine and fret,

And sigh her life away:

Ah! well-a-day.

ON RICHES.

BOAST not to me Peruvian ore,
Nor Coromandel's glowing shore,
Where richer gems are found:
The bliss of these but specious show;
So Nature thought, when deep below
She hid them under ground.Though polish'd fine by toils of art,
Say, can the brilliant blaze impart
The vivid glow of health?Or bid, when life no longer charms,
The bosom beat to joy's alarms?

Then tell me—what is wealth?

Oh! say, when o'er the couch we bend,
Where droops some dear departing
friend,

Can wealth his flight delay?

Or when the spark of hope is fled,
Despair still hovering near its dead,

Can wealth revive the clay?

What nature asks indeed is small;

A little compass circles all

Those wants that gold supplies:

But, trace the wants of mind in man,

'Tis then you'll find the boundless plan
Extends to distant skies.

One only substitute below,

And ah, how few the blessings know

To be belov'd and love!

For, sure, 'tis love that gives delight.

In regions where, 'midst purer light,

Superior beings move.

Mile-End.

AUTOLICUS.

TO MISS A. C—N, OF M—D.

FAIREST work of this creation!
Nature's comeliest, sweetest flow'r!

My pure love has no cessation,

But increases ev'ry hour.

Oh! too charming, heav'nly creature!

Maid by whom my heart's subdu'd!

Graces shine in ev'ry feature,

Graces such as ne'er were view'd.

Had Jove seen thee when a-roving,

He had felt all love's alarms;

And with eyes not half so loving

Would have gaz'd on Iö's charms.

Happy youth, such virtue gaining,

Days of endless joy must know;

And, each wish in thee obtaining,

He must taste of heav'n below.

V. JAMES.

FOREIGN NEWS.

Constantinople, March 10.

THE beys in Egypt are complying with the conditions entered into with the Turks. They have already given up their mamelukes to the army of the grand vizier, and are themselves preparing to retire to Awan, in Upper Egypt. More transports are continually arriving from Malta, for the conveyance of the English troops which are about to evacuate Egypt.

Genoa, March 26. The English frigate the Niger, of 32 guns, which is arrived from Malta in a week with 110 persons, confirms the evacuation of Egypt by a part of the British troops.

Bern, March 29. At Freyburg, where the Landammann D'Affry was insulted in his house, an order has been published, that every person passing through the streets, in dark evenings, after nine o'clock, shall be arrested; and that wherever more than four persons are found standing together in the streets, in the evening, they shall be dispersed.

Paris, March 30. A letter from Vienna, of the 16th, says 'The day before yesterday M. Stuart, counsellor of legation in the British embassy, set off in great haste for London, with very important dispatches, supposed to relate to Malta.'

Accounts from Constantinople, of the 18th of February, say, 'that the French squadron only waits for a favourable wind to set sail; and that the last advices from Egypt state, that the transports are already arrived at Alexandria, on board of which the English troops were to embark.'

General Bernádotte will set off immediately upon his embassy to America.

Calais, April 3. Affairs have suddenly taken an appearance of war in this place, and along the coast. Three thousand troops came in here last night and this

morning early; two thousand more marched into Boulogne; and at Ostend, Dunkirk, and in every place, troops are hourly flowing in.

Nantz, April 4. We have, by the Egyptian frigate, news from Port-au-Prince, of the 9th of February, that some mulattoes, at the head of a number of negroes, had surprised the Anse-à-Veau, destroyed it by fire, and committed at it various cruelties. General Rochambeau, with 1800 men newly arrived from France, and general Laplume, with 1200 men, marching against those negroes, dispersed them with great slaughter. Their mulatto chiefs were made prisoners. General Rochambeau had fixed his head-quarters at Port-au-Prince, and its inhabitants are no longer in alarm.

Mechlin, April 6. The day before yesterday arrived in this city a detachment of artillery, which yesterday morning proceeded on its march for Dutch Brabant. Yesterday, likewise, two battalions of the 10th demi-brigade passed through, taking the same route. It appears that all the French troops on this destination will be provisionally stationed in garrison or cantonment in Breda, Bergen-op-Zoom, Bois-le-Duc, Huifden, Gertruydenberg, and in the environs of those frontier places, and that they will not march into the interior of the Batavian republic, except in the case of an actual war with England.

Ghent, April 6. On the 4th, the eighth demi-brigade, in garrison at Bruges, embarked at Breskens for the Isle of Walcheren. Several companies of cannoneers embarked to-day for the same place. The 95th demi-brigade arrived some days ago at Flushing, to remain in garrison till further orders. A detachment of the thirteenth regiment of dragoons repaired yesterday to the isle of Cadzand. The 19th regiment

of dragoons will arrive to-morrow at Ghent; it is going to Breskens, where it will receive further orders. The two first battalions of the 48th demi-brigade, completed to its full number, set off yesterday from Antwerp for Breda. They were followed by different companies of horse and foot artillery.

Brussels, April 6. Our letters from Maestricht announce, that an unexpected letter, transmitted from government on the 26th of March, by the general commanding the division, obliged the 1st and 2d battalions of the 48th demi-brigade of the line to set out three days after—that is, on the first instant—for Breda. By the same order, those two battalions are immediately to be completed out of the 3d, in both officers and men: and it should seem, that they are destined for some distant expedition. The 3d battalion, now at Venlo, is immediately to march hither. So considerable a diminution of the garrison has produced a necessity for employing the national guard to perform the service of certain posts.

The two battalions, of which mention is made in the letters from Maestricht, arrived on the 3d instant at Malines, from which they proceeded in the morning of the 4th to Breda.

The English have now ships of war cruising in the North Sea and in the Straits of Calais. The Downs are covered with gun-boats and other light vessels. We have information that several strong squadrons are about to sail from different ports of England to cruise in sight of the coasts of France and Holland.

Hague, April 9. The French envoy, Semonville, gave previous notice to our government of the placing the town of Flushing in a state of siege, which measure appears to have been hastened by the refusal of the English to deliver up the island of Goree to the French.

The 7000 French troops which have entered Breda, Flushing, Middleburg, and Veere, will be reinforced with nearly an equal number—that is, with four battalions of infantry and three squadrons of cavalry; which will take possession of, or have already occupied, Herzogenbusch, and other places in our territory. To-day 600 men have en-

tered Nimeguen, where, yesterday, the gates were shut against them.

All these, amounting to 12 or 14,000 French troops, which are well clothed and accoutred, come from Belgium, where they will be replaced from the interior of France. A communication will be established by telegraphs from the frontiers of our republic to Paris, which never was done in the late war, for the telegraphic line only extended to Lisle; it will now be continued to Brussels, and so to Paris. The telegraph director, Chappe, will erect a telegraph on the church of St. Sudula, at Brussels.

Citizen Michaud is arrived here as *commissaire ordonnateur*, to superintend every thing relative to the maintenance of the French troops, which, as well as their pay, will be furnished by our republic.

In about ten days the couriers, which have been sent to Petersburg from London, Paris, and the Hague, are expected back. The answers they bring will decide the present crisis; and this decision, it is hoped, will be pacific.

Amsterdam, April 9. In case of a rupture with England, three armies, according to our gazettes, will be immediately assembled on the coast near Boulogne, in Normandy, and in Belgium. Moreau will command in a camp to be formed near Brest; Oudinot at Cherbourg; Massena at Dunkirk; and Macdonald a fourth army, in Holland.

The Batavian rescissions, payable after the peace, are at 61 three-fourths.

The English papers have asserted, that a German regiment, in Batavian pay, at the Cape, offered to enter into the pay of England. This is without foundation.

Paris, April 27. We are informed from Besançon, under date of the 22d, that Touissaint Louverture, who was in custody at Fort de Joux, departed this life a week ago.

Sixty boats, and upwards of 600 individuals, condemned to the galleys, are daily employed on the works at Cherbourg. The mound is already above a metre higher than low water.

Brille, May 2. The French troops which arrived here from Helvoetsluys

some days since were drawn out yesterday, in the Great Square, where carouches were distributed to them: guards were at the same time placed at the town-gates; and a detachment of grenadiers went to the house of Mr. Van Linth, keeper of the national magazine. An officer, who was with Mr. Van Linth, came out in a few moments with the keys. These he delivered to the French cannoneers who stood near the magazine. They proceeded immediately to draw away the carriages, and other implements of artillery which they found there. It is affirmed, that a certain number of horses have been demanded from the chief magistrate, to carry the artillery and ammunition to the batteries; and that, in case of necessity, the horses of the inhabitants must be employed in that service.

Rotterdam, May 2. Some days since, a part of the artillery and troops of the armament destined for Louisiana was disembarked. The ships, on board which they were, have suffered considerable damage, and are to be repaired as fast as possible.

The English have not yet left our coasts. They seem even to augment their force there.

Brussels, May 7. We have now positive information, that the first consul will come first to Bruges and Ostend, to inspect the coasts of Flanders, and the reparations which the dykes of Polders and Watingues, in that which was formerly Dutch Flanders, are about to receive. It is impossible to describe the impatience with which he is expected here. Strangers of distinction still continue to take lodgings at Brussels for the time of his arrival. Among these is the duke of Bedford.

Paris, May 8. Letters from Naples state, that the English show a disposition to occupy the island of Sicily, in order to prevent the French from doing so, should hostilities break out; and light flotillas are to be stationed off Messina and Catania, in the strait which separates Sicily from the kingdom of Naples.

It is reported that general Rochambeau is on his return from St. Domingo; and that he has been succeeded in the command by general Lapoype.

General Caffarellie, aide-de-camp to

the first consul, has espoused mademoiselle Julienne d'Hervilly. She was presented, on Sunday last, to madame Bonaparte.

The duke of Bedford, with several other Englishmen of distinction, dined, on Saturday last, at the house of the minister for foreign affairs.

General Rapp has returned from his mission to Switzerland. M. Constantine de Maliardoz, and M. Albert Fegali, have arrived here from Friburg, on a mission, which is supposed to relate to the nominations of the new authorities of the Helvetic cantons.

11. The first consul, on Monday, met with a dangerous accident, of which the consequences might have been the most serious, if he had not happily rescued himself by extraordinary presence of mind. About three in the afternoon, he went from St. Cloud to take an airing in the gardens in his calash, or sociable. Madame Bonaparte, Cambaceres, the second consul, and some other persons, accompanied him. The calash was drawn by four horses, and Bonaparte himself drove. The horses, being young and fiery, became ungovernable. They broke over a gate in their way, and then fell. The first consul, to avoid falling forward, sprang off at a side, and fell at some distance from the carriage. He had a violent fall; but it was fortunately on the grass, so that he suffered no injury, but by slightly spraining his hand. He rested well last night; and this morning he went to Malmaison.

By an order of government of the 18th of April, the seamen and ship-carpenters, &c. of the maritime inscription, whose names were enrolled in the list of emigrants, and who have returned to France, or shall return before the first Germinal, year 12, are to have their names removed from the list of emigrants, and replaced on that part of the maritime inscription to which they previously belonged, or on such other part of it as they shall themselves desire.

The news from Genoa mention, that six ships of the line have been put on the stocks at Toulon, and are to be ready to be launched within six months. It is added, that several other ships are to be immediately built in the same port.

HOME NEWS.

Falmouth, April 29.

A FEW days ago, a young woman, dressed as a seaman, came to one of the rendezvous houses in this place, for the purpose of entering herself for the navy; but her sex being soon discovered, she was of course rejected. It appears that she belongs to a parish at a small distance from Falmouth; and that her attachment to a young man, who is gone into the navy (and by whom she is with child), actuated her to this extraordinary proceeding, for the sake of following him.

Plymouth, April 30. The ships fitting for sea at Hamoaze are exactly as follow:—St. Josef, of 112 guns; Ville de Paris, of 112; Prince, of 98; Canopus, of 84; and Conqueror, of 74. When ready for sea, which will be soon, as victualling hoys are hourly alongside, victualling and storing them for sea, with the following ships, already victualled and stored, in Hamoaze, Cawsand, and Torbay, they will furnish no bad specimen of the activity of the artificers at this yard and its dependencies, as well as of the captains, officers, and crews of those ships, *viz.* Salvador del Mundo, 112 guns, capt. Lane; La Tonant, 84 guns, captain sir E. Pellew; Malta, 84 guns, capt. F. Berkeley; Spartiate, 84 guns, captain G. Murray; Mars, 74 guns, capt. Sutton; Culloden, 74 guns, rear-admiral Thornborough; Plantagenet, 74 guns, captain A. Hammond.

The only ship to be called ineffective, out of these eleven sail of the line, is El Salvador del Mundo, of 112 guns, fitted as a receiving-ship, and for the flag of admiral lord Keith, as superintending port-admiral.

Portsmouth, May 1. Sailed the Kingfisher, Ant, Swan, and Lord Howe sloops, with troops for Jersey.—The Russell, of 74 guns, captain Williams, is ordered to join the squadron at Torbay, and will sail on Monday. The Isis, of 50 guns,

captain Lobb, which came in yesterday, fell in with his majesty's ship Utrecht, captain Rogers, on Wednesday evening, and immediately rear-admiral Thornborough shifted his flag from the Isis to that ship. The Isis soon after parted company, leaving off Goree the following ships:—Utrecht, 64; Africain, 44; Leda, 38; Hydra, 38; Ambuscade, 38; Constance, 24; and two revenue cutters.

There were three French frigates in Helvoetsluys, where it was believed the whole of the Louisiana expedition had disembarked.

Dover, May 4. Last night, after post, Le Deux Amis, captain Gillot, arrived here from Calais, with 16 passengers; the news by this vessel is warlike: and to-day the Success, captain Philip Cornue, arrived here from Boulogne, with major Schmitter and captain Honeywood, son of Filmer Honeywood; member of parliament for this county. When they left Paris, most of lord Whitworth's heavy baggage was said to be packed up; and report said, that every entreaty had been made to Bonaparte, by his friends and relations, to induce him to be peaceable, but without effect. Mr. Shaw, the messenger, passed through Boulogne this morning about six o'clock, on his way to Calais, no English vessel being there to bring him: three vessels are now in sight, and he is supposed to be in one of them.

St. James's, May 4. This day, the chevalier d'Anduaga, envoy extraordinary and minister plenipotentiary from Spain, had a private audience of his majesty to deliver his credentials.—And Rufus King, esq. minister plenipotentiary from the United States of America, had an audience of leave of his majesty.

London, May 5. One of the most extraordinary forgeries ever known was this day practised. Between nine and ten o'clock in the morning, the following letter was received by the lord mayor:

“ To the right hon. the Lord Mayor.
 ‘ *Downing-street, 8 A. M.*

‘ Lord Hawkesbury presents his compliments to the Lord Mayor, and is happy to inform him that the negotiation between this country and the French republic has been amicably adjusted.’

The letter was sealed with lord Hawkesbury’s seal.

The Lord Mayor, not doubting the truth of the intelligence, communicated the news immediately to the Stock Exchange and Lloyd’s, and ordered the following bulletin to be posted up at the Mansion-house :

‘ *May 5, 1803.*

‘ Lord Hawkesbury has, this morning, informed the Lord Mayor, that the negotiation with the French republic is brought to an amicable conclusion.’

Stocks immediately rose five *per cent.* They were $70\frac{1}{2}$, 71 — $69\frac{3}{4}$, $70\frac{1}{2}$.

Soon after twelve o’clock, however, the Lord Mayor received, by one of the clerks of the treasury, a note from Mr. Vansittart, announcing to his lordship that the letter he had received was a forgery.

Never was there seen such a scene of consternation and confusion as that which took place. The bills posted up at the Mansion-house were immediately torn down, and one of the city-marshal’s was sent over to the Stock Exchange, to inform the brokers of the contents of Mr. Vansittart’s letter. The fall of the funds was, of course, rapid and great. The three *per cents.* fell below 63—they then recovered a little, and rose to 64;—a rise and fall of seven *per cent.* in one morning!

The Lord Mayor has issued bills, offering five hundred guineas reward for a discovery of the author of the forgery.

6. Mr. Addington informed the house of commons that it was supposed lord Whitworth had left Paris; and that gen. Andreossi, the French ambassador, had that morning applied for passports to return to France.

7. The paper called *The Times* published this morning that a messenger had arrived late last night from Paris, and that the dispute between the two governments was completely adjusted.

In consequence of this, and the forgery yesterday, no business was done for a considerable time on the Stock Exchange; and it was agreed that the

market should be closed, until the truth of this report could be ascertained.

An application was made at twelve o’clock, by the Lord Mayor, to the Chancellor of the Exchequer, for the purpose of ascertaining whether any communication was to take place: an answer was instantly returned, of which the following is an extract :

‘ Extract of a letter from the right hon. Henry Addington to the right hon. the Lord Mayor, dated May 7, 1803 :
 ‘ If any information had been received by government, which could properly be the subject of public communication, your lordship may be assured that such a communication would not be withheld.’

In consequence of this answer, the Stock Exchange opened at one o’clock. Consols began at 63, and at two were at $65\frac{1}{4}$.

9. On Saturday afternoon two galleys, each having an officer and press-gang in it, in endeavouring to impress some persons at Hungerford-stairs, were resisted by a party of coal-heavers belonging to a wharf adjoining, who assailed them with coals and glass bottles: several of the gang were cut in a most shocking manner on their heads and legs, and a woman who happened to be in a wherry was wounded in so dreadful a manner, that it is feared she will not survive.

The impress on Saturday, both above and below bridge, was the hottest that has been for some time: the boats belonging to the ships at Deptford were particularly active, and it is supposed they obtained upwards of two hundred men, who were regulated on board the Enterprize till late at night, and sent in the different tenders to the Nore, to be put on board such ships whose crews are not completed.

The impressed men, for whom there was not room on board the Enterprize, on Saturday, were put into the Tower, and the gates shut, to prevent any of them effecting their escape.

The impress on the river was yesterday continued with the utmost activity.

12. Yesterday, about three o’clock, an obstruction took place in the narrow part of the Strand, near Exeter-change, in consequence of the breaking down of an hackney-coach. Two men and a woman crossing the street, unfortunately ran between two coal-waggons, then in contact with each other; when the two men and

the woman were so jammed in, that, notwithstanding their screams and shrieks, before any assistance could be given they were killed on the spot.

13. Oldfield, a lunatic, went last night to the Queen's-house, about half past ten, and asked the porter if he had any commands for him. On knowing him, he was secured in the guard-room all night, when Sayers, the Bow-street officer, took him to Tothill-fields: he was taken before sir R. Ford yesterday morning, by Sayers and the porter, when it appeared he came from Dover, where he had a wife and six children, having broke out of the work-house after fifteen weeks' confinement; he had likewise been in Bethlem some time ago (eleven months): he was remanded, after a private examination, and sent to Tothill-fields again, till an order for Bethlem is obtained. He used to go with a Bible under his arm, dressed neatly: he is about forty.

A bowl made of granite, weighing five tons, is just arrived from Egypt, in the Anacreon transport, as a present for the Lord Mayor of London. There being certain duties to pay, his lordship wrote to the lords of the treasury to have the duties taken off.

14. The right hon. lord Hawkesbury sent the following letter to the Lord Mayor, which his lordship read at the Stock Exchange:

'My lord,

'I think it right to lose no time in informing your lordship, that Lisle, the messenger, has just arrived from Paris, with dispatches from lord Whitworth; and that his lordship had received his passports, and was on the point of setting out from Paris on Thursday evening, when the messenger came away.

16. The following message from his majesty was communicated to both houses of parliament.

'G. R.

'His majesty thinks proper to acquaint the house, that the discussions which his majesty announced, on the 8th of March, as then subsisting between his majesty and the French government, have terminated.

'The conduct of the French government has obliged his majesty to recall his ambassador from Paris; and the ambassador from the French republic has left London.

'His majesty has given directions for

laying before the house, with as little delay as possible, copies of such papers as may be proper for the information of parliament, at so important a juncture.

'It is a consolation to his majesty to reflect that no endeavour has been wanting on his part to preserve the blessings of peace; but, under the circumstances which have occurred to disappoint his just expectations, his majesty relies with perfect confidence on the zeal and public spirit of the house, and upon the exertions of his brave and loyal subjects, to support his determination to employ the power and resources of the country, in opposing the spirit of ambition and encroachment which now actuates the conduct of the French government, in upholding the dignity of his crown, and in asserting and maintaining the rights and essential interests of his people.'

19. This day there was a grand installation of Knights of the Bath, in Westminster-abbey. The procession was splendid and sumptuous in the highest degree. Her majesty, four princesses, and the princess of Wales, attended to view the procession, and sat in a box fitted up for the occasion at the west end of the south aisle in the abbey.

20. On Wednesday a maniac endeavoured to gain admission to his majesty at the levee. He said he had risen from the dead, and had a commission from Heaven to kill Bonaparte; but was directed to see the king of England first. He was apprehended by the police-officers, who carried him before sir R. Ford, by whom he was committed to a place of confinement.

21. Wednesday evening another fatal duel took place near Chalk-farm. The parties were a Mr. Thomas O'Reilly, an officer in the army, and a gentleman of the name of Hobart. They met at seven in the evening, in a field a little to the north of the house, attended by their seconds. The combatants fired at the same moment, and Mr. O'Reilly was shot in the body, near the hip; on receiving of which, he ran some short distance, and then walked; but before he could get to Chalk-farm he fainted with the loss of blood. The ball, which had lodged near the skin on the opposite side, was soon after extracted; notwithstanding which he died yesterday afternoon, and the coroner's inquest have returned a verdict of 'Wilful Murder.'

BIRTHS.

April 28. At Chatham, the lady of sir William Burdett, bart. of a daughter.

At Bristol, the lady of lieutenant col. Baillie, of a son.

In Gloucester-place, the lady of E. Fletcher, esq. of a son.

The lady of col. Hay, of Maidstone, of a daughter.

29. Lady George Cavendish, of a daughter, at his lordship's house, in Saville-row.

May 1. At Brighton, the right hon. lady Leslie, of a daughter.

In Portland-place, the lady of George Simpson, esq. of a son.

At Newport, in the Isle of Wight, the lady of lieutenant Trickey, of a son.

3. The lady of Richard Solly, esq. of York-place, of a daughter.

4. At Netherby-hall, Cumberland, lady Catherine Graham, of a daughter.

5. At Southampton, the lady of Z. H. Edwards, esq. of a son.

The countess of Sunderland, of a son.

Same morning, lady Sefton, of a daughter.

The lady of major Maister, of a son.

10. At Brompton, Mrs. Pollock, the lady of capt. Pollock, of the East-India company's military service, of a daughter.

11. On Wednesday last, in Portman-street, the lady of John Wyldmore Smith, of a daughter.

MARRIAGES.

April 25. At Ore, the rev. Henry Hodges, to miss Murray, of Beauport, in Sussex.

28. At St. Bartholomew's the Great, Nathaniel Belchier, esq. of the royal navy, to miss Bryant, daughter of the rev. Edward Bryant, of Newport, Essex.

At Kenfington, Mr. D. Williams, to miss E. Marth, of Sloane-square.

30. At Bath, Thomas Austin, esq. major in his majesty's 60th regiment, to miss Margaretta Morland, third daughter of the late Thomas Morland, esq. of Lambhurst, Kent.

At Camberwell, by the rev. G. Landley, Edward J. Utterton, esq. of the Middle Temple, to miss Brown, eldest daughter of T. Brown, esq. of Peckam-lodge.

May 3. Mr. Randall, of Southampton, to Mrs. Jordan, late of Gosport.

5. At Balindean, in Perthshire, Philip Dundas, esq. M. P. to miss Wedderburn, daughter of sir John Wedderburn, bart.

At St. Martin Outwich, the rev. Robert Price, to miss Grace Ross, of Bishopsgate-street.

At Baltinglass, county of Wicklow, Mr. Frazer, of the 71st regiment of foot, to miss Eliza King.

At St. James's, Westminster, Gervas Wylde, esq. of the East Middlesex militia, to miss Sophia Plasket, second daughter of Thomas Plasket, esq. of Clifford-street.

At St. George's, Hanover-square, Charles Littledale, esq. eldest son of Thomas Littledale, esq. of Harley-street, to miss Catherine Louisa Castell, daughter of Samuel Castell, esq. of Bruton-street.

Joseph Sladen, esq. of St. James's-street, Bedford-row, to miss Ann Mainwaring, second daughter of Wm. Mainwaring, esq. of the Crescent.

7. At Mary-la-bonne, Mr. Archer Brunell, of Basinghall-street, to Mrs. Head, of Beaumont-street.

John Tomlinson, esq. of Cley, in Norfolk, to miss Chad.

At Mary-la-bonne church, James John Smith, esq. to miss Hanchett.

10. The rev. J. W. Wilbraham, rector of Falmouth, to miss J. Croucher, of Baker-street (North), Portman-square.

At viscount Oxmantown's, Stephen's-green, T. Tenison, esq. of Castle-Tenison, Roscommon, to the right hon. lady Frances King, youngest daughter of Edward earl of Kingston, and aunt to the present earl.

14. At St. George's, Hanover-square, capt. Whyte, of the royal navy, son of general John Whyte, to Mrs. Mowbray, widow of George Mowbray, esq. of Mortimer, in the county of Berks.

Wm. Sharp, esq. to miss Ann Nash, of Albion-street.

At St. George's, Hanover-square,

Buckles Lethbridge, esq. of Rookely-house, Wilts, only son of John Lethbridge, esq. of Stanthill-park; Somerset, to miss Ann Goddard, second daughter of Ambrose Goddard, esq. M. P. for the county of Wilts.

The rev. John Clayton, of Kenfington, to miss Ellis, only daughter of Wm. Ellis, esq. of Fenchurch-street.

At St. Mary-le-Strand, Thomas Bentley, of the Little Hermitage, near Rochester, esq. to miss Lunan, of the Strand.

At St. James's, Clerkenwell, W. Howard, esq. of St. John's-square, to miss Ann Elliott, of the same place.

At Aldgate-church, George Wyndham, esq. to miss Dominicus.

DEATHS.

March 20. Miss Rebecca Payne, third daughter of Mr. Payne, of Lagsheath, in the county of Suffex, after a long and painful illness, which she bore with true christian fortitude.

April 16. At Lisbon, in the 38th year of his age, where he went for the recovery of his health, Simon Frazer the younger, of Lovat.

24. At Clifton, miss Erskine, sister to sir W. Erskine.

25. At his house in Mile-End-green, in the 62d year of his age, capt. George Young.

27. In Mortimer-street, the only daughter of capt. W. G. Rutherford.

28. At Lambeth, of an apoplectic fit, Mr. W. Brown, stock-broker.

At her house, in Brunswick-square, the wife of W. Walker, esq.

29. Rowland Conyers, esq. late of Argyle-street, in the 78th year of his age.

30. Lady Harriet Hamilton, eldest daughter of the marquis of Abercorn, in the 21st year of her age, after a short illness, at her father's seat, the Priory, near Stanmore. She was to have been married, in a few days, to the marquis of Waterford, who now remains overwhelmed with the deepest affliction.

Mrs. Munday, of Clapham-common.

At Vitry-sur-Seine, near Paris, Wm. Putland, esq. of Ireland.

May 1. At her house, in Upper Seymour-street, after a few days' illness, lady M. Melbourne.

At the same hour also died at her house, in Park-street, Grosvenor-square, Mrs. E. Hervey, many years the intimate friend of lady M. Melbourne.

2. At Darn-hall, vice-admiral sir G. Home, bart.

4. At his house, on Stockwell-common, John Salisbury Hoare, esq. late of Honduras.

In John-street, West, Mr. Vigne.

At Tenbury, Mrs. Mary Price, aged ninety-two.

On Tuesday last, at Lymington, Mrs. Allen.

At his apartments, in town, major Thomas Thispe Fowke.

At his house, in Gloucester-place, J. Cotton, esq.

7. John Lord Rivers, a lord of his majesty's bed-chamber, lord-lieut. and custos rotulorum of the county of Perth. He is succeeded by his only son George, now lord Rivers.

At his house, in Beaumont-street, Mary-la-bonne, Mr. C. Brown, botanical painter.

At Oxford, aged 75, Charles Haldon, sen. printer, who had for some years enjoyed one of the pensions for decayed printers, agreeably to the will of the late Mr. Bowyer.

8. Mrs. Deshons, widow of the late Mr. Deshons, of Threadneedle-street.

At Cantleston-castle, Glamorganshire, the lady of col. Huddleston, of the royal artillery.

11. After four days' illness, Mr. J. Ovendon, attorney, of Jermyn-street.

13. Mrs. Crawford, of Hoxton-square, aged 57.

At Chelsea, Mrs. Draper, wife of Mr. Draper, of the navy-pay office, Somerset-place.

14. Mrs. Dawson, wife of John Dawson, esq. of Bedford-street, Bedford-square.

THE
LADY'S MAGAZINE,
OR
ENTERTAINING COMPANION
FOR
THE FAIR SEX;

APPROPRIATED
SOLELY TO THEIR USE AND AMUSEMENT.

FOR JUNE, 1803.

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This Number is embellished with the following Copper-plates:

- 1 THE MISTAKES OF JEALOUSY.
- 2 For the MORAL ZOOLOGIST—MAGPYE—JACKDAW.
- 3 An elegantly-coloured PARIS DRESS.
- 4 A new and elegant PATTERN for a VEIL, &c.
- 5 MUSIC—A NEW SONG, set to Music by Mr. BARRE.

LONDON:

Printed for G. and J. ROBINSON, No. 25, Paternoster-Row;

Where Favours from Correspondents continue to be received.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

THE piece of poetry sent with the *Castle on the Wold* our Correspondent will perceive is inserted this month.

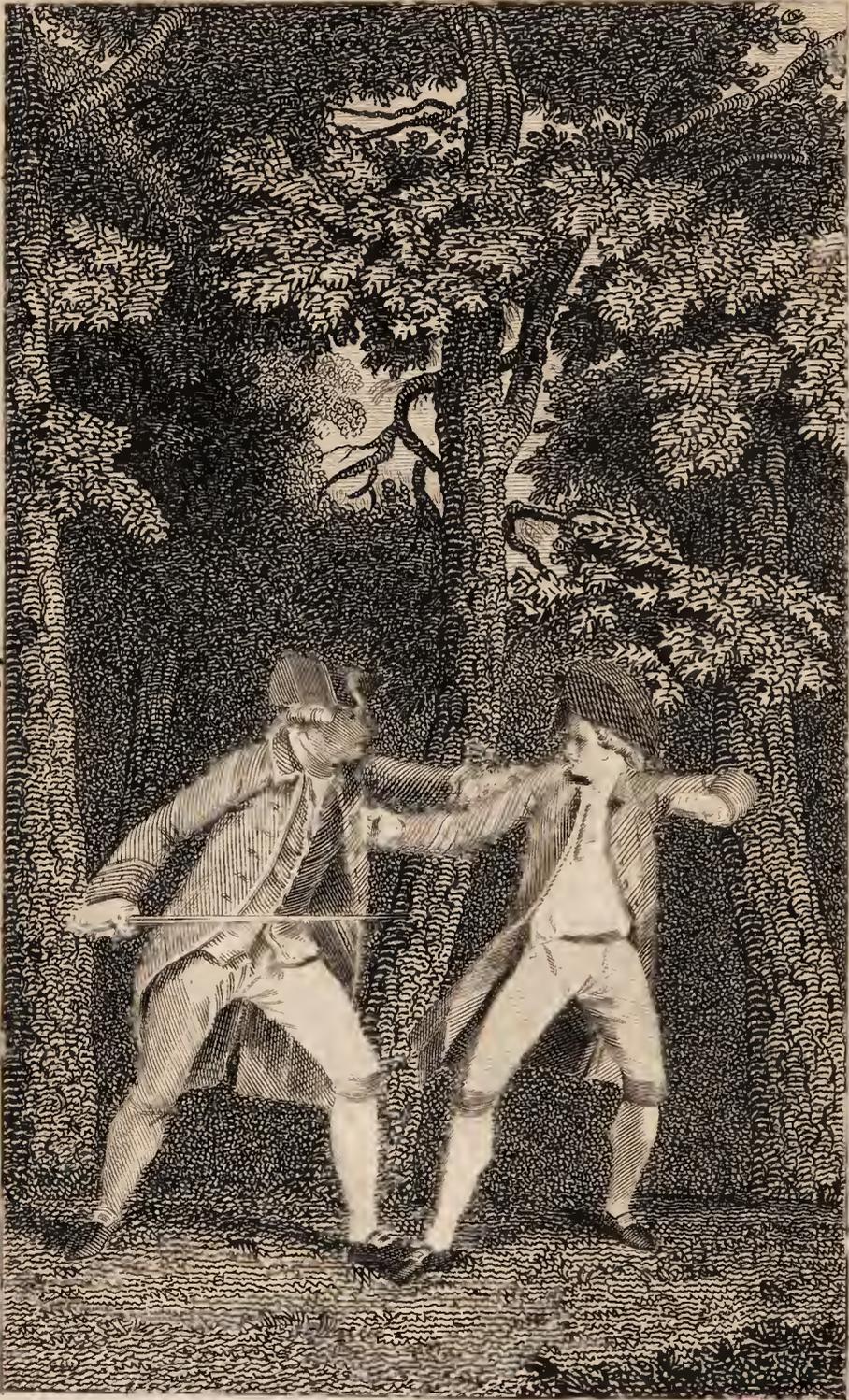
The Essay signed *Clementina* is not forgotten.

Several other corrections and alterations, besides *Thetis* for *Perfina*, are necessary in the poem transmitted by miss Y——.

We should be obliged to Leonce for the communications he offers.

Lines written after dancing with a Young Lady—Ode on the Vernal Equinox—An Evening's Walk with three Young Ladies—Epistle to a Miser—Rebus by W. R.—Acrostic by Florio—are received.

Engraved for the Lady's Magazine.



The Mistakes of Jealousy.

THE
LADY'S MAGAZINE,

For JUNE, 1803.

THE MISTAKES OF JEALOUSY:

A TALE.

(With an elegant Engraving.)

THERE is no passion which will sooner betray the person over whom it exercises its power into ridiculous situations than jealousy. Blind and unreflecting in its nature, it hurries those who yield to its wild impulse, without calling in the aid of reason to restrain it, into such absurd extravagancies as render them objects of pity to their friends and of contempt to strangers.

Mr. Wilmore was a gentleman possessed of many excellent, and even amiable, qualities; but they were all obscured, and rendered of little utility to himself or others, by an unhappy disposition to suspect every one with whom he had any intercourse, of some secret designs unfriendly to his interests. By brooding over his own gloomy distrust, he wrought himself into a full conviction that the chimeras presented by his imagination were realities; and by his absurd behaviour, in consequence, procured himself the contempt, and, in many instances, the enmity and opposition, of those who would otherwise have been his friends, and have rendered him essential services.

As a very considerable estate of which he was the owner, was, if he died without heirs, to pass into another family, which, as usual, he suspected of having acted with no great friendship towards him; and as he had now attained, or rather passed, the meridian of life, he began to look around for some young lady by forming a union with whom he might disappoint their expectations. His attention was soon drawn to miss Lætitia Marsden, the daughter of a gentleman of small fortune, whose beauty and accomplishments induced him to make her an offer of his hand, with a very ample settlement. Miss Marsden, though not absolutely enamoured with his person and manners, suffered herself to be persuaded to make no objection by her father and brother, who were extremely eager for a match which they considered as likely to prove highly profitable and advantageous to herself and her family.

For a short time Mr. Wilmore conducted himself in a manner which was liable to no objection in his intercourse with miss Marsden

and her family; but it was not long before his natural unhappy disposition began to display itself. By repeated interviews and conversation with his intended bride, her charms and vivacity inspired him with a real and ardent passion; but this only gave a new and more violent impulse to his natural jealousy, which displayed itself on a variety of occasions. Lætitia frequently expressed to her brother her fears that such a temper must render her very unhappy after marriage, but was answered that jealousy was the sign and the proof of love.

‘That there is a jealousy,’ answered she, ‘which is the genuine offspring of love, I cannot but admit; but there is also another, of far baser origin, which centers entirely in self. This wretched passion rages in the breasts of those who are so far from loving that they even hate the person of whom they are said to be jealous. Candidly to confess the truth, I much doubt whether the jealousy which Mr. Wilmore so frequently displays be not rather of the latter kind, originating more in a mean suspicious temper, conscious of feebleness of mind and want of desert, than in any very violent affection which he entertains for me.’

Mr. Marsden could only reply by an awkward and ill-timed raillery of the fine-spun sentiments which his sister had imbibed, and which he said were not at all suited to the sober practice of common life, in which, for the sake of great and solid advantages, little imperfections ought to be overlooked, and not to be too minutely enquired into with respect to their nature or origin.

Lætitia cultivated a particular intimacy and friendship with a young lady named Laura, who was especially distinguished by her acuteness and vivacity. She communicated to her, confidentially, her fears of

the effects of the suspicious and jealous disposition of Mr. Wilmore, and the little expectation she had of happiness in a union with him; to which it seemed, nevertheless, that she would be obliged to consent, unless she was resolved to give the greatest offence to her father and her brother, who would never forgive her if she refused. Her friend, in answer, lamented that parents should so frequently sacrifice the happiness of their children to views of interest; and resolved, though without communicating her intention to Lætitia, to give such a direction to the suspicions which the mistrustful temper of Mr. Wilmore was continually engendering, as might exhibit him in such a light to Mr. Marsden and his son that Lætitia might be ultimately freed from his addresses, to which she every day conceived a greater dislike.

Mr. Wilmore, among his other suspicions, tormented himself with fears of a rival. Laura artfully encouraged his jealousy, without, however, disgracing herself by any absolute falsehood. Mr. Wilmore lurked on the watch, near the house, in the dusk of the evening; and at length, seeing some person come out, rushed hastily upon him, and making no doubt but that he was the more favoured lover, to whom his imagination attributed the cause of the increasing coldness which he observed in the behaviour of Lætitia, he addressed him in very rude language. But what was his surprise when he discovered this supposed rival was no other than Mr. Marsden, the father of Lætitia; who was not a little astonished at the strange salutation he had received from his intended son-in-law. The apologies and excuses of Mr. Wilmore, however, soon induced Mr. Marsden to think no more of the adventure; for he was more intent on pro-

curing Mr. Wilmore's great estate for his daughter than anxious that his character and disposition might appear to be such as should ensure her happiness.

Yet still Mr. Wilmore could not banish from his suspicious mind his jealous fears of some unknown rival. He took an opportunity to confer on the subject with Laura, who archly told him, that though she knew of no such person, yet she possibly might not be admitted into all Miss Lætitia's secrets. She added that she had just seen a gentleman go into Mr. Marsden's; but that he so much resembled Lætitia's brother, that she had supposed he must be him.

This was sufficient for Mr. Wilmore. His distempered imagination immediately represented to him that he had now sufficiently ascertained the fact that attempts were making to impose on him; and he immediately set out, with great heat, to demand an explanation of all the parties concerned.

As he approached the house, in the dusk of the evening, by an avenue of trees leading to it, he perceived a gentleman coming from it, who, though he could not see him very distinctly, he could discern greatly resembled, both in dress and appearance, the brother of Lætitia. He retired back to some distance, to let him advance further from the mansion; and then, suddenly rushing on him with his sword drawn, with which he had provided himself for the occasion, exclaimed, with a furious voice—

'I must immediately know, sir, why your visits are made there?—No delay!—I have detected the imposture.'

What was the surprise of Lætitia's brother, for he was the person thus seized, at being accosted in so strange a manner! It was not without some

difficulty, and even danger of serious injury, that he could bring the infatuated man to recognize him. But the confusion of Mr. Wilmore, when he was convinced of his absurd mistake, is not to be described.—He had recourse to his former excuses and apologies; but such repeated extravagance could not be disregarded; and both the brother and the father of Lætitia resolved that, from that time, all connection between him and the family should cease, in which Lætitia herself not less willingly concurred.

This incident, however, in its consequences, operated, in a great degree, to the advantage of both parties. Mr. Wilmore was so ashamed of his foolish and precipitate conduct, that he ever afterwards repressed and greatly corrected his natural disposition to suspicion and jealousy; and Miss Marsden was preserved from a matrimonial union in which she had very little prospect of happiness.

The MORAL ZOOLOGIST.

PART II.

(Continued from p. 266.)

LETTER V.

From Eugenia to the Right Hon. Lady ———.

THOUGH I place the falcons after the vultures, on account of their inferiority in size and strength, they certainly merit to be ranked before them, with respect to their more noble qualities. Linnæus has therefore, with reason, classed them in the same genus with the eagles.—The falcon, though diminutive in size, is not inferior to the eagle either in courage or generosity; and, from

its being domesticated by man and rendered subservient to his pleasures, becomes a much more interesting object of curiosity.

Falconry, though now in a great measure disused, was the principal amusement of our ancestors. A person of rank scarcely stirred out without his hawk on his hand, which in old paintings is the criterion of nobility. Harold, afterwards king of England, when he went on a most important embassy into Normandy, is represented, in an old bas-relief, embarking with a bird on his fist and a dog under his arm. 'In those days it was thought sufficient for noblemen's sons to wind the horn and to carry their hawk fair, and leave study and learning to the children of meaner people.' This diversion, in fine, was in such high esteem among persons of distinction throughout Europe, that Frederic, one of the emperors of Germany, did not think it beneath his dignity to write an elaborate treatise on falconry.

The expence which attended this sport was very great. Among the old Welch princes, the king's falconer was the fourth officer in the state; but, notwithstanding all his honours, he was forbidden to take more than three draughts of beer from his horn, lest he should become intoxicated and neglect his duty. In the reign of James the First, sir Thomas Monson is said to have given a thousand pounds for a cast of hawks; a prodigious sum, if we consider the value of money in that age. At a period when the people had no rights, and existed only by the permission, and for the service, of their superiors, we cannot wonder at the rigour of the laws enacted to guard an amusement purchased at so extravagant a rate. In the reign of Edward the Third, it was made felony to steal a hawk; and to take its eggs, even in a person's own ground,

was punishable with imprisonment for a year and a day, together with a fine at the king's pleasure. In the reign of queen Elizabeth the imprisonment was reduced to three months; but the offender was to find security for his good behaviour for seven years, or to lie in prison till he did procure it. 'Such,' says Mr. Pennant, 'was the enviable state of the times in England. During the whole day our gentry were employed with the fowls of the air or the beasts of the field. In the evening they celebrated their exploits with the most abandoned and brutish sottishness. At the same time the inferior ranks of people, by the most unjust and arbitrary laws, were liable to capital punishment, to fines, and the loss of liberty, for destroying the most noxious of the feathered race.'

The manner of training a falcon to the pursuit of game is as follows:—The master begins by putting straps upon his legs, which are called jesses, to which there is fastened a ring with the owner's name, by which, in case he should be lost, the finder may know where to bring him back. To these also are added little bells, which serve to mark the place where he is, if lost in the chace. He is always carried on the fist, and not suffered to sleep. If he be stubborn and attempts to bite his head, he is plunged into water. Thus by hunger, watching, and fatigue, he is constrained to submit to have his head covered by a hood or cowl which covers his eyes. This troublesome employment continues often for three days and nights without ceasing. It rarely happens but at the end of this time his necessities and the privation of light make him lose all idea of liberty, and bring down his natural wildness. His master judges of his being tamed when he permits his head to be covered without resistance, and when uncovered he seizes

the meat before him contentedly. The repetition of these lessons by degrees ensures success. His wants being the chief principle of his dependence, it is endeavoured to increase his appetite by giving him little balls of flannel, which he greedily swallows. Having thus excited the appetite, care is taken to satisfy it; and thus gratitude attaches the bird to the man who but just before had been his tormentor.

When the first lessons have succeeded, and the bird shews signs of docility, he is carried out upon some green, the head is uncovered, and, by flattering him with food at different times, he is taught to jump on the fist, and to continue there.—When confirmed in this habit, it is then thought time to make him acquainted with the lure. This lure is only a thing stuffed like the bird the falcon is designed to pursue, such as a heron, a pigeon, or a quail; and on this lure they always take care to give him his food. It is necessary that the bird should not only be acquainted with this, but fond of it, and delicate in his food when shewn it. When the falcon has flown upon this, and tasted the first morsel, some falconers take it away: but by this there is danger of daunting the bird; and the surest method is, when he flies to seize it to let him feed at large, and this serves as a recompence for his docility. The use of this lure is to flatter him back when he has flown in the air, which it seldom fails to do; and it is always requisite to assist it by the voice and the signs of the master. When these lessons have been long repeated, it is then necessary to study the character; to speak frequently to him, if he be inattentive to the voice; to stint him in his food, if he do not come kindly or readily to the lure; to keep waking him, if he be not sufficiently familiar; and to cover him frequently with the hood, if he

fear darkness. When the familiarity and docility of the bird are sufficiently confirmed on the green, he is then carried into the open field; but still held by a string, which is about twenty yards long. He is then uncovered as before; and the falconer, calling him at some paces distance, shews him the lure. When he flies upon it, he is permitted to take a large morsel of the food which is tied to it. The next day the lure is shewn him at a greater distance, till he comes at last to fly to it at the utmost length of his string. He is then to be shewn the game itself alive, but disabled or tame, which he is designed to pursue. After having seized this several times with his string, he is then left entirely at liberty, and carried into the field for the purpose of pursuing that which is wild. At that he flies with avidity; and when he has seized it or killed it, he is brought back by the voice and the lure.

By this method of instruction a falcon or hawk may be taught to fly at any game whatsoever; but falconers have chiefly confined their pursuit only to such animals as yield them profit by the capture or pleasure in the pursuit. The hare, the partridge, and the quail, repay the trouble of taking them; but sportsmen generally prefer the diversion afforded by the falcon's pursuit of the heron, the kite, or the woodlark. Instead of flying directly forward, as some other birds do, these, when they see themselves threatened by the approach of the hawk, immediately take to the skies. They fly almost perpendicularly upward, while their ardent pursuer keeps pace with their flight, and endeavours to rise above them. Thus both diminish by degrees from the gazing spectators below, till they are quite lost in the clouds; but they are soon seen descending, struggling together, and using every effort on

both sides; the one of rapacious insult, the other of desperate defence. The unequal combat is soon at an end: the falcon comes off victorious; and the other, killed or disabled, is made a prey either to the bird or the sportsman.

As for other birds, they are not so much pursued, as they generally fly straight forward, by which the sportsman loses sight of the chace, and, what is still worse, runs a chance of losing his falcon also. The pursuit of the lark, by a couple of merlins, is considered, to him who only regards the sagacity of the chace, as one of the most pleasing spectacles this exercise can afford. The amusement is to see one of the merlins soaring to gain the ascendant of the lark, while the other, lying low for the best advantage, waits the success of its companion's efforts; thus while the one stoops to strike its prey, the other seizes it at its coming down.

Of many of the ancient falcons used for the chace we at this time know only the names, as the exact species are so ill described that one may easily be mistaken for another. Of those in use at present, both here and in other countries, the principal are the gyr-falcon (or jer-falcon), the common falcon, the lanner, the facre, the hobby, the kestrel, and the merlin. These are called the long-winged hawks, to distinguish them from the goshawk, the sparrowhawk, the kite, and the buzzard, that are of shorter wing, and either too slow, too cowardly, too indolent, or too obstinate, to be rendered serviceable in the field.

THE GYR-FALCON.

This bird is the largest of the falcon-tribe, and approaches to the magnitude of the eagle, being nearly of the size of the osprey. His bill is yellow and very much hooked, the throat is white, and the whole plumage of the same colour, but

marked with dusky lines, spots, or bars.

This bird is a native of the arctic regions, both of Europe and Asia: it inhabits Russia, Norway, Iceland, and Tartary; but is never found in the warm or even temperate countries. Buffon thinks it probable that there are three distinct and permanent breeds of the gyr-falcons, viz. the Iceland gyr-falcon, the Norwegian gyr-falcon, and the white gyr-falcon. Linnæus makes two species of the gyr-falcon—*Falco Gyr-falco*, perhaps the Norwegian gyr-falcon of Buffon. 'Its cere is cerulean; its feet yellowish; its body dusky, with cinereous stripes below; and the sides of the tail white.' His second species is the *Falco Candidus*; no doubt the white gyr-falcon of Buffon. 'The cere and feet are of a blueish cast, verging to cinereous; its body is white, with dusky spots.' To this belongs a variety, which is the Iceland gyr-falcon; of which the feet are yellow, the body is dusky, with white spots on the back and wings, and below white spotted with black.

The gyr-falcon is, next to the eagle, the most formidable, the most active, and the most intrepid, of all the rapacious birds. It is also the most valuable, as it is the most esteemed for falconry. It is brought from Iceland and Russia into France, Italy, and even into Persia and Turkey; nor does the heat of those climates appear to diminish its spirit or its strength. It boldly attacks the largest of the feathered race: the stork, the heron, and the crane, are easy victims; and it kills hares, by darting directly down upon them. The female, as in other birds of prey, is much larger and stronger than the male, which is called the *Tiercel Gyr-falcon*, and is used in falconry only to take the kite, the heron, and crows.

(To be continued.)

A MORNING'S WALK in
JUNE.

'Tis June, 'tis that sweet season's prime
When Spring gives up the reins of Time
To Summer's glowing hand;
And doubting mortals hardly know
By whose command the breezes blow
Which fan the smiling land.'

WHITEHEAD.

PHŒBUS had driven his glittering
chariot through the golden gates
of morn, and was advancing on his
journey, when I arose and walked
to survey the fields of corn, the rural
landscapes, and all the green and
flowery scenery of creation.

O. Nature! how, in every charm supreme,
Thy votaries feast on raptures ever new!
O for the voice and fire of Seraphim,
To sing thy glories with devotion due!

BEATTIE.

I chide myself for wasting, in what
Thomson calls 'dead oblivion,' the
delightful hour of morning; when
every breeze was pregnant with
fragrance, and every bush replete
with melody.

'Falsely luxurious, will not man awake;
And, springing from the bed of Sloth, enjoy
The cool, the fragrant, and the silent hour,
To meditation due, and sacred song?
Who would in such a gloomy state remain
Longer than nature craves; when every Muse
And every blooming Pleasure waits without,
To bless the wildly-devious morning-walk?'

THOMSON.

Surely 'tis a rational as well as an
innocent amusement to quit the
couch of indolence, and devote the
morning hours to the instructive re-
creation of roving through such
beauteous eye-enchancing scenes.—
To me how grateful is an early trip
over dew-besprinkled plains!—

'When the rosy-finger'd Morn
Opes her bright resplendent eye,
Hills and valleys to adorn;
While from her burning glance the scatter'd
vapours fly.'

Ye candidates for untainted plea-
sures! ye advocates for unpolluted

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joys! evacuate your couches, quit
your cots, repair to the hills,—

'And taste the sweets of exercise and air.'

In the course of this engaging
ramble, I sat down upon a flowery
bank,—

'clothed in the soft magnificence of Spring,'
and listened to the strains of a mu-
sical blackbird, who, perched on the
top of a lofty elm, was chanting his
matins.

'Sooty songster,' I exclaimed,
'sing on! Long mayest thou enjoy
that seat, free from the attacks of the
destructive kite, or more destructive
school-boy! Still continue to address
thy morning-hymn to nature's God,
and reproach ungrateful man, if he
remain silent!—Sweet minstrel! oft
when Sol, that splendid limner,
paints with golden pencil the eastern
sky, may I leave my pillow, hearken
to thy song, and imitate thy ex-
ample!'

A woodbine hedge, hard by, per-
fumed the air with honeyed sweets,
which, mingled with the fragrance
proceeding from a clove of beans in
full blossom, yielded odours grateful
to the sense as those that issue from
the spicy groves of Arabia.

In an adjacent meadow, a groupe
of young lambs, in sportive mood,
were playing their artless gambols.
Pleasing sight! enough to soften the
rugged temper of the Cynic, and to
smooth the ruffled brow of care.

'Say, ye that know—ye who have felt and
seen
Spring's morning smiles, and soul-enlivening
green;
Say, did you give the thrilling transport way?
Did your eye brighten when young lambs, at
play,
Leap'd o'er your path with animated pride,
Or gaz'd in merry clusters by your side?'

'Ye who can smile (to wisdom no disgrace)
At the arch meaning of a kitten's face,
If spotlets innocence, and infant mirth,
Excites to praise, or gives reflection birth,
In shades like these pursue your fav'rite joy,
Midst nature's revels, sports that never cloy.'

2 P

‘ A few begin a short, but vigorous, race,
And Indolence, abash’d, soon flies the place :
Thus challeng’d forth, see thither, one by one,
From every side assembling play-mates run ;
A thousand wily antics mark their stay ;
A starting crowd, impatient of delay :
Like the fond dove from fearful prison freed,
Each seems to say, “ Come, let us try our
speed.”

Away they scour, impetuous, ardent, strong,
The green turf trembling as they bound along,
Adown the slope—then up the hillock climb,
Where every mole-hill is a bed of thyme ;
There panting stop : yet scarcely can refrain ;
A bird, a leaf, will set them off again.
Or if a gale with strength unusual blow,
Scatt’ring the wild-briar roses into snow,
Their little limbs increasing efforts try,
Like the torn flow’r the fair assemblage fly.
Ah, fallen rose ! sad emblem of their doom !
Frail as thyself, they perish while they
bloom !

BLOOMFIELD.

Haverhill.

JOHN WEBB.

SIGNE AND HAVOR ;

A GOTHIC ROMANCE.

(Continued from p. 206.)

IN the mean time anxiety and eager expectation prevailed at the court of Sigar. The imagination of the monarch represented to him his sons returning vanquished, wounded, and bleeding. Syvald was thoughtful. As the waves impel the rolling vessel, so fluctuated his mind between his brother and his friend. The whole soul of Svanhild was filled with thoughts of Alger. She laid herself down to rest, but every moment started up again, for the clashing of swords sounded in her ears.

‘ Alger is brave !’ said she to herself : ‘ who can be compared to him ? But the goddess of war is changeable. Hildur*, it may be, favours Habor ; Signe is happy, and I unhappy. Can I then think of being unhappy, when Signe rejoices ?— Can I weep while Signe smiles ?’

Oppressed by such anxious fears,

* The goddess of war, in the northern mythology.

she passed the night. As often as she closed her eyes, images more cruel than death presented themselves, and banished repose.

Bera said to herself, with a forced contemptuous laugh, for a secret fear preyed on her heart—‘ The Norwegian acquits himself bravely, but he falls. Before Alger, before Alf, all must fall !’

Yet in her heart she was contriving in what manner, should the issue be contrary to her wishes, she might still delay, or, if possible, destroy, the happiness of Habor.

‘ Every day,’ said she, ‘ in which he embraces not Signe, adds to my happiness. Signe suffers, but my revenge is gratified.’

But what, in the mean time, passed in the heart of Signe ? It was filled with tenderness for her brothers, with love for Habor, and with confidence in the gods ; who, she hoped, would listen to her prayers, and bring back the combatants reconciled, and united in friendship, with uninjured honour. Should Habor fall, her resolution was more firmly fixed than ever.

The sun now rose, and his golden rays began to stream over the summits of the mountains. A sentinel was brought to the king.

‘ Hail, sovereign !’ said he ; ‘ a flame appears in the south, and seems to approach.’

‘ It proceeds,’ said Syvald, ‘ from the golden flags of the ships which are returning.’

‘ Bring me my staff !’ cried Sigar, and, in his haste to rise, fell down.

Joy, mixed with anxious fear, was diffused over the countenance of Svanhild. ‘ Is Alger with them ?’ exclaimed she.

‘ Simple girl !’ said Bera, ‘ the ships are as yet scarcely visible, and can you expect that the men on board them should be seen ?’

Svanhild held her hand before her face, to conceal her tears.

All now hastened to the banks of the river, to meet the returning ships. Svanhild was the first who arrived there; Signe came next, with a composed calmness in her countenance and manner; Sigar was last. A ship, decorated with golden streamers, moved majestically forwards before the rest; and on its deck stood two warriors of distinction. It approached nearer, when suddenly Signe exclaimed 'Habor!' and Svanhild 'Alger!' at the same instant. The queen immediately sank down and fainted, and her attendants were obliged to carry her away. Svanhild fainted too, and was not restored to sense till her lover Alger clasped her to his breast. 'My Svanhild!'—'My Alger!' was all their excessive joy permitted either to utter.

Signe approached Habor, and said to him, 'Does Alf live?'

'He does,' replied Habor, and embraced her for the first time.

'He lives, but vanquished,' said Bolvise, with anger and malice but too apparent in his countenance.

'He did every thing the brave man can do,' said Habor; 'but Odin and Signe aided me.'

Signe hung on the neck of Alger, and again enquired after Alf.—'The propitious gods have heard my prayer!' exclaimed she, when Alger had briefly told her what had happened. 'Habor is mine, yet the honour of Denmark and of my brothers is preserved!'

The anxious crowds now returned homewards, but with much less haste than they came. Signe and Habor went hand in hand, fondly gazing on each other. Their conversation was of honour and virtue, of the gods and love. By the side of Habor walked Syvald, who held his friend's hand and was silent, for he would not disturb the intercourse of the lovers. Alger followed with Svanhild, who hung on her lover,

shedding tears of joy; they spoke only of their mutual affection.—Among the multitudes who succeeded were many similar scenes. Young married women embraced their returning husbands, dissolved in ecstatic tears; affianced maidens walked hand in hand with their lovers, while joy sparkled in their eyes; aged parents seemed to have new life infused into them by their sons, who supported them. But what words can describe the grief of those who had lost their lovers, their sons, their husbands? Yet these consoled themselves with the reflection that they had died like heroes; that the skalds* should sing of their glory, and stones of victory be erected to their memory. All agreed that the Danes and Norwegians were the two most heroic nations in the world, and invincible as long as they should remain united. Without chagrin or envy, the Danes extolled the bravery of the Norwegians, and the Norwegians that of the Danes. 'If Fortune,' said the former, 'deserted for once our princes, Habor alone could have deserved her smiles.' All were unanimous that this was to be considered as the last contest between the two nations. 'Signe,' said they, 'will dispel the clouds of distrust and animosity, and unite us by an eternal bond: then may the whole world oppose us in vain!'

In the mean time, Bera consulted with Bolvise in what manner she might defer, and if possible prevent, the marriage of Habor, and satiate her vengeance. Her mind was strong, but malignant. She was resolved to call cunning to her aid, since force had failed her. She went therefore to Habor and Signe, and thus addressed them:

'Before your victory, Habor, I will frankly confess it, I hated, but now I admire you. You have van-

* The bards of the northern nations.

quished my sons, and the first emotion I felt was grief and regret; but now I rejoice that I have found for Signe a husband worthy of her.'

She threw herself on the neck of Habor, and shed feigned tears.—Habor embraced her, while the liveliest joy swelled his heart, and tears rushed into his eyes. Signe was silent.

'The hero weeps,' said Bera.

'True heroism is ever accompanied with the most refined sensibility,' said Signe.

'But do you love Habor as well as before, now he has that ugly scar, the consequence of his wound?' asked the queen.

'Much more,' replied Signe: 'it was for my sake that he received the wound.' And she kissed the scar, while the hero claped her to his breast. Pure, innocent, and genuine joy shot through their veins, and they trembled in each other's arms.

'They love: they mutually love!' said Bera to herself. 'They enjoy the most enviable delight. Signe loves my enemy: she deserves severest punishment. Habor must not live, though Signe should meet her death with him.' The heart of Bera recoiled at the latter thought; but again she said to herself—'Signe is a female; she is young; she loves life and pleasure; she will weep, and she will forget.'

Her reverie was interrupted by Habor, who exclaimed—'Dearest Signe, you think only of me; you forget to thank the best of mothers!'

Signe took the hand of the queen, kissed it with trembling, sighed and wept. Bera clasped her to her breast, and tears started into her eyes. The wickedest of mortals sometimes recoil from the crimes they meditate the commission of, for the human heart was not framed for malignity.

'Excellent and amiable pair!' said Bera, 'repair to-morrow to Freya's

temple; and there, O daughter! take from thy head thy virgin crown, and declare before all the people that he who has vanquished Denmark has vanquished thee'—

'I have not vanquished Denmark!' exclaimed Habor, hastily: 'on the contrary, the Danes had gained the advantage over the Norwegians; but the fatal goddesses had ordained that Alger should fall, and the Danish princess'—(he fondly threw his arms round Signe)—'inspired me with redoubled strength and courage.'

Indignation sparkled in the eyes of Bera, but the hero noticed not her looks. He proceeded—'After having appeared in the temple to-morrow, I should presume that my happiness may be crowned by the celebration of our nuptials on the same day.'

'Lovers,' answered Bera, 'are always in haste; but you have a father, you have brothers, who should be witnesses of your happiness.'

'I had almost forgotten that, dearest mother!' said Habor; 'but my love deprives me of recollection. My father is old—I cannot expect his presence; but my brothers, especially Hakon, the brave Hakon'—He had no sooner pronounced these inconsiderate words, than he suddenly recollected himself and was silent.

The cheeks of Bera glowed, but it was not with the warmth of friendship. She turned her head towards the door.

'Let us go,' said she, 'to Sigar, and learn what are his commands in this respect.'

When they had arrived in the presence of the king, Signe threw herself on her knees before her royal father, and kissed his hand. Habor embraced him, and said—

'To-morrow, with your approbation, I and my bride will exchange our vows'—

‘And celebrate your marriage,’ interrupted Sigar.

Signe pressed the hand of Habor to her lips.

‘That,’ said Habor, ‘was my wish; but the queen has reminded me of my father and my brothers, who should partake with us in the joy and happiness of the day, and whom love, by fixing all my thoughts on one dear object, had almost caused me to forget.’

‘But what says Signe to such a proposal?’ said Sigar.

Bera was about to answer, but Signe prevented her.

‘From the moment that Habor conquered,’ said she, with alacrity and firmness, ‘I became his, and I have no will but his.’

Her eyes met Habor’s with tender glances, which mutually spoke the feelings of their hearts. Bera could not but admire their virtue, and turned pale.

It was now agreed that Habor should return to bring his brother, and, if possible, his father; and that Bolvise should carry his invitation to Hakon as soon as it should be known that he had arrived at Dronheim. In the evening Habor met Signe with Syvald.

‘And can you,’ said the latter to Signe, ‘consent that Habor should leave you, and return to his country?’

‘Why not?’ answered Signe.— ‘I will not deny the love I feel for him; I love him as myself, nor do I blush to confess that I wish to be united to him by an indissoluble bond. Falsehood and affectation could alone dictate such a denial. Love is no shame, nor is it even a weakness. But I love his honour more than I love myself, and his honour enjoins him to love and prove his affection to his father and his brothers. Ought he, in an effeminate unmanly manner, to remain continually with me? Then were

he not the brave hero, the Habor whom the world admires, the Habor who is my glory, whom my enemies envy me, and on whose affection all my friends congratulate me.’

Syvald embraced her. ‘Thou art my sister,’ said he: ‘such is ever the language of real love. May the gods make thee as happy as thou art virtuous!’

Habor, in the mean time, stood as it were entranced. He was silent; for excessive joy is speechless. The words of Signe penetrated his heart: he heard, he saw, he was alive to, nothing but Signe. Suddenly he awoke from his delicious dream, when he heard the voice of Syvald. He took the hand of Signe, and pressed it to his heart.

‘May the gods grant,’ said he, with a voice at once animated and tender, ‘may the gods grant that we may ever remain as virtuous as we are devoted to each other; and may the fates be propitious to our union!’

‘The fate of virtue cannot but be happy!’ answered Signe, and threw herself into the arms of her lover.

As it was night, they now separated; and Syvald accompanied Signe to her apartments, which were at some distance from the royal residence of her father.

‘Beloved sister!’ said he, ‘why should your happiness be deferred? Why did you give your consent to this separation? Oh, much do I fear what may be the issue!’

He was silent: Signe uttered not a word, but gazed on him with expressive eyes.

‘I read in your heart,’ continued he, ‘great contending duties—those of a daughter and a bride. A mother must not be suspected. Habor, especially, must not entertain suspicions. Hope must rather strive with fear, and every danger be encountered.’

Signe pressed his hand, and sighed. Signe, Svanhild, and Gunvor, were now alone.

‘Bera appears friendly,’ said Svanhild; ‘but much do I fear her friendship!’

‘She is my mother and my queen,’ answered Signe.

‘She is,’ rejoined Svanhild; ‘but she has brought with her from her own country a hatred both to Danes and Norwegians.’

‘Mere prejudice!’ said Signe. ‘All countries produce mean and ignoble minds, and all, those which are exalted and generous. My mother cannot be of the number of the former.’

‘You hope, yet suffer not a little from anxious fear,’ answered Svanhild.

Gunvor now spoke.—‘Dear Svanhild!’ said she, ‘you would underestimate the virtue of Signe, were it possible, by infusing into her mind mean suspicions, which you carry to an extreme. Bera has always been a good and tender mother. She has given her consent to Signe’s choice; and the laws enforce the fulfilment of the engagement. What then can Signe fear, so long as she is obedient to the dictates of virtue and her duty?’

Thus Gunvor spoke; but secretly resolved to examine carefully, and observe what advantage to herself might be derived from circumstances.

‘Virtue and duty,’ answered Signe, ‘shall always be my guides. Conscious of my upright intentions, I can fear nothing. Living or dead, I will ever be Habor’s.’

Signe and Svanhild retired to rest together, according to their custom. They conversed for a long time of their lovers; their personal accomplishments, their deportment, their strength, courage, descent, and honours: nothing was forgotten. Each

extolled her own, yet no envy or dissatisfaction took birth in their hearts. In her dreams, Signe seemed to herself to stand at the foot of the altar, holding the hand of her lover in her’s. She withdrew her hand, and found it bloody. She started in her sleep, sighed heavily, clasped Svanhild in her arms, and exclaimed ‘Habor!—Is Habor dead?’

‘Dearest Signe!’ said Svanhild, awaking, ‘compose yourself: to-morrow is the happy day.’

‘Yes,’ answered Signe, ‘Heaven shall protect me!’ and again she sank into peaceful sleep.

We will now turn from the couch of the virtuous to that of the vicious.

Gentle sleep closed not the eyes of Gunvor: her thoughts were anxiously employed on the prospect of future wealth.

‘The queen,’ said she to herself, ‘hates Habor, and this hatred must procure me riches. But then, Signe, the affectionate friend of my Svanhild, must be wretched. Be it so. Why will she act contrary to her mother’s wishes? Why will she marry the conqueror of the Danes; the man who is polluted with the blood of her mother’s brother?—But she has made a vow which her mother has approved? Yes; but the event that has happened was supposed impossible. Who could have imagined that the Danish princes could have been vanquished? How alluring is the splendour of gold!—it cannot be resisted.’

Hastily she rose, a prey to restless anxiety, and directed her trembling steps to Bera’s chamber. As she approached it, she heard a cry like the scream of the night-owl. It was the voice of Bera, who said to Bolvise, her confidential counsellor—
‘Let death rather overtake Signe, Sigar, all my sons, and even me my-

self, than Habor continue to live; than my enemy enjoy happiness in the arms of my daughter!’

Gunvor now entered. Even her cruel heart recoiled, and felt a momentary compunction, at the sight of the queen, who sat with her arms stretched out towards Bolvise; her countenance pallid; her eyes red, not with tears but rage, and ready to start from their sockets. Revenge loured in the wrinkles of her forehead, mischief in her cheeks, frantic rage in her livid lips. Every muscle was contracted and distorted, as in one who knows he must die, yet dreads death because he fears eternal vengeance. Gunvor entered and said—‘Fear nothing, queen; Gunvor will aid your revenge.’

Bera lifted up her eyes, which sparkled with infernal joy; and, with a malignant smile, exclaimed—‘Aid my revenge, and your reward is certain.’

Bolvise appeared calmer; an insidious and malicious smile seemed to indicate that base satisfaction which results, in vile minds, from the consciousness that their plans of villany are well concerted and matured.—Mean and treacherous in his nature, he took cunning for wisdom, and found pleasure in deceit. Virtue and the sight of others’ happiness he detested. Frequently he entertained the idea of deceiving Bera, and discovering all to Habor; but he was restrained from this by recollecting that Habor was happy, and Bera miserable.

Gunvor advised that Habor should be immediately murdered; since, as he suspected nothing, he might be easily surprisèd.

‘Such a proceeding,’ said Bolvise, ‘is not safe: the foolish multitude admire him, and we may endanger ourselves.’

‘He would, besides,’ said Bera, ‘die a too easy death: let him enjoy the happiness of to-morrow, that he

may feel a keener pang when death and despair disappoint his hope.’

Bolvise started up and exclaimed—‘I yield to you the palm, for this refinement in the cruelty of revenge.’

After long consultation, it was resolved that Habor should be suffered to set out on his journey, and then be challenged and attacked by Alf, who should be stimulated to the assault by being reminded how disgraceful it was for such a hero to be conquered. Gunvor objected that by this the queen exposed the life of her son; but Bera replied, that would be more exposed were Habor taken by surprisè.—‘Besides,’ added she, ‘such conduct will appear more generous and justifiable.’

‘True,’ said Bolvise; ‘we should have the appearance of virtue, but not virtue itself, the chimera of feeble minds, who fear the gods they themselves have made.’

(To be continued.)

ANECDOTE.

[From the ‘Souvenirs de Fèlicie’ of Madame de Genlis.]

THE following singular anecdote of the celebrated physician Chirac I received from M. Schomberg. Chirac was at the last extremity in the illness of which he died. After some days of delirium, his senses half returned: on a sudden he felt his pulse.

‘I have been called too late!’ cried he:—‘has the patient been blooded?’

‘No!’ was the reply.

‘Then he is a dead man!’ said he. The prediction was verified.

The MONKS and the ROBBERS;

A TALE.

(Continued from p. 66.)

OPPRESSED by the gloomy and terrific images which rushed upon her thoughts, and which produced the most tormenting and uneasy sensations, the affrighted and trembling Juliet lay for some time scarcely daring to move or breathe, when suddenly the solemn stillness that reigned around was disturbed by distant and confused exclamations as of some one calling for help. It seemed to approach nearer, and Juliet thought it was the voice of Tancred. Startled at this, but doubtful from her belief that if he had returned to Reveldi she would have heard it, and willing, from the terror which the mere suggestion and the remembrance of his menaces inspired, to persuade herself that it could not be he, she listened with the most anxious attention to catch again the sound; but it had ceased, and another, like the forcing of a door, succeeded. Footsteps were now distinctly heard within a closet that opened into her chamber, and in a moment the door flew open, and Tancred rushed into the room with all the symptoms of violent consternation. His face was pale and haggard, he trembled in every joint, and his whole appearance was strongly expressive of the utmost terror and agitation. He staggered forward, and, falling on the nearest seat, lay for a short time motionless, and seemingly insensible.

Surprised to find him returned to Reveldi, at his manifest disorder, and at his sudden and unexpected appearance in her chamber; and alarmed at what she instantly conjectured were his intentions in stealing to her chamber at such an hour, and by a way utterly unknown

to her; Juliet gazed at him fearfully for some moments: but perceiving that he still lay apparently overpowered with terror on the seat where he first had fallen, she sprang from the bed, and was hastily putting on part of her dress, when he seemed somewhat to revive:

‘Horrible shade!’ he exclaimed, in low and breathless accents, while his whole frame trembled excessively, ‘pursue me not. Hence! hence! Wherefore dost thou come?’ Soft, ’tis—Ha! and what art thou?’ added he, starting up, and wildly gazing on Juliet, who just then passed him to unlock the door, with an intention of summoning her attendants, who slept in an adjoining chamber. ‘’Tis thou, Juliet! Oh! leave me not,’ he cried, as she unfastened the door; ‘but come to me! Let me feel that I have a human being near me! for I have been tortured with dreadful visions! pursued by horrid phantoms!’

He paused, and again sunk back upon the seat, seemingly overcome by the emotions which the recollection produced. His features were distorted: his eyes rolled wildly around, and his every limb shook with terror.

Base, cruel, and treacherous, as his conduct had been to her, and much as she had suffered by that conduct, Juliet yet could not behold the agony he endured unmoved; but the strong sense of terror and abhorrence which had been excited in her mind by the affliction he had brought upon her, by the indignities she had already suffered, and by the persecution and violence she expected to suffer from him, checked the compassionating sentiments she otherwise would have felt: yet the remembrance of the esteem she once entertained for him induced her to regard him with some degree of commiseration. Her looks ac-

corded; and the gentle tone in which she almost involuntarily enquired what was the matter, appeared greatly to affect him. He raised himself up, and seemed much more collected than before.

‘Canst thou,’ he cried, ‘speak thus to thy cruelest enemy? Canst thou look thus compassionately on his sufferings who so vilely caused thee to suffer? Oh, yes! I know thy gentle nature: know that thou canst feel even for me, basely as I have wronged thee; and to know it adds another pang to my tortured soul, already racked with agony and despair, already harrowed up by the horrors I have this night witnessed; horrors which, perchance, may often haunt me. Madness is in that thought! Let me not think that ever I shall see again that dreadful phantom! hear again those appalling sounds, the mere recollection of which distracts me with horror inexpressible, and can only be exceeded by what I felt at the moment when the dreadful spectre stood before me; when its hollow voice murmured sounds the most fearful that ever assailed human ear! The blood seemed to freeze in my veins, my limbs stiffened, and my senses seemed to forsake me; but when they returned, how horrible was’—

He stopped, interrupted by a slight noise from the closet, which was almost immediately followed by a deep and awful groan. He started at the sound, and exclaiming—‘Again it comes, that horrid phantom!’ wildly rushed across the room towards the chamber-door. While he yet spoke, a tall and ghastly figure slowly glided from the closet. Juliet, whose terror and agitation

now almost equalled Tancred’s, gazed wildly at it as it advanced into the room, and instantly recognised the form and features of her father. She saw no more, but screamed aloud at the sight, and immediately dropped on the floor, deprived of sense and motion.

Her attendants, roused from their sleep by her screams and the noise of her fall, hastily arose, and, in a few minutes, hastening to their lady’s apartment, found the lord Tancred extended, apparently lifeless, on the floor; but Juliet was not to be found. Amazed and alarmed, they called up some others of the domestics, who conveyed their inanimate lord to his chamber; but it was some time ere he was recovered to a consciousness of his existence. When his faculties resumed their energy, how dreadful was the gloom that presented itself to his mind!—The terror he had undergone made strong impressions on it; the dreadful sight he had seen continually occurred to his imagination. His conscience rose up in judgment against him, and tormented him with agony and remorse inexpressible, which the mysterious disappearance of Juliet, who had in vain been sought after, not a little contributed to increase. All the pleasing pictures which his fancy had drawn of happiness in the gratification of his ambition, his avarice, and his desires, vanished; and of all the pernicious counsels he had heard, and which had excited him to deeds that he otherwise would have shuddered at, none now could soften his sense of the guilt he had incurred by listening to them.

(To be continued.)

CRITICAL OBSERVATIONS *on the*
NOVEL of 'TOM JONES.'*In a Series of Letters from an Uncle to
his Niece.*

(Continued from p. 245.)

LETTER VIII.

DEAR NIECE,

IN the introductory chapter to the tenth book is displayed a fund of erudition, delivered in terms of true wit. The fifth section deserves to be engraven in letters of gold. Let but the sentiments expressed in these few lines be imprinted on the memory of the attentive young reader of this moral history, and I am confident the happiest effects will result from the observance of the precept here inculcated. He would then be enabled, not only to shun those foibles which had brought disgrace on his favourite characters, but should from hence be inclined to refrain from censure, even with respect to those people whose actions in general might not quadrate with that evangelical rule of doing as we would be done by; since those imperfect characters might have a bright speck sufficient to restrain our censure on their evil actions.

The facts recited in the tenth book appear all of them most essentially requisite towards introducing the subsequent events, which follow each other in a regular climax of progression; and the most trivial circumstance in one way or another contributes to the main design.—The characters brought forward are such as are to act a principal part in the future scenes; and so ingenious and acutely is the dialogue written, that every reader of taste must relish it with peculiar satisfaction and delight.

The second and third chapters relate the further transactions at the

inn where Jones and his companion had taken up their abode. The arrival of Mr. Fitzpatrick, his bursting into the apartment of Mr. Jones, the conversation between the two Irishmen, and the behaviour of Mrs. Waters, are given in the most appropriate terms, and the whole abounds with strokes of the most poignant wit and humour; and in the same class may be ranked the conversation between the landlady and Susan the chamber-maid, at the beginning of the third chapter. The arrival of the lady and her maid, in this chapter, will appear hereafter a necessary occurrence in the thread of the story: indeed the manner in which this occurrence is related, the contrast which appears between the affability of the lady and the affected airs and pert loquacity of her attendant, cannot fail to afford a treat to the reader. The discovery which Partridge had opened to the landlady respecting Jones, and which she now imparts to her new guest, leads to those passages which gradually tend to the catastrophe of the plot.

In the fifth chapter the curiosity of the reader is satisfied, by being informed that the lady in the fine riding-habit was no other than Sophia herself, and her attendant, Mrs. Honour. The arrival of our heroine at this inn, and at this critical period, is brought about without the smallest deviation from the laws of probability; and the steps which Sophia took, in order to discover if Jones was then really at the inn, and in the circumstances which Partridge had described to Mrs. Honour, were the most likely means of ascertaining the truth. In the dialogue which passes between the landlady and Partridge, and between the pedagogue and Mrs. Honour, the several speakers express themselves in the most appropriate language, the sentiments of each being delivered

in terms coincident to the opinion we had already conceived of them.

The sixth chapter disposes of such characters whose appearance is at present no further necessary, by sending them off to Bath in the coach with the two Irish gentlemen. The arrival of Mr. Western at the inn is related in the seventh chapter, where the peculiarities of that gentleman are well preserved. The arraignment of Jones before the Worcestershire magistrate, the wise demeanour of the justice, and the behaviour of Mr. Western, are delivered in a truly comic strain of humour; and in the two following chapters the escape of Sophia is accounted for. The remarks of Mr. and Mrs. Western on this occasion are truly characteristic. Mr. Fielding's observations on the becoming fortitude necessary to the fair sex, and which, as he justly remarks, is not incompatible with that tenderness and suavity of disposition so peculiarly their characteristic features, is deserving the consideration of every female reader of this romance, and is in a very peculiar manner exemplified in the conduct of Sophia at her meeting the man who had been dispatched by Mrs. Honour. The route of Sophia and her maid is described with great humour; and their arrival at the inn which Jones and his companion had chosen for their abode is accounted for on rational grounds.

The introductory chapter to the eleventh book forms a pretty severe sarcasm on those gentlemen who set themselves up as arbiters of wit and learning, under the denomination of critics. These self-created dictators in the commonwealth of Parnassus Mr. Fielding does not hesitate to brand with the epithet of slanderers: the slanderer of books, our author contends, is a character not less noxious than the slanderer of the reputation of others. In this chapter he takes

an occasion to ascertain the original meaning of the Greek word which we translate critic, and to describe those who are exempted from the censures here passed on that class of writers.

The casual rencounter between the two cousins on the road, mentioned in the second chapter, is within the bounds of probability, though not one of those occurrences which, as our author in another place observes, are to be met with in the home articles of a newspaper.— From the trivial accident which happened to Sophia whilst she was endeavouring to accommodate Mrs. Fitzpatrick with a handkerchief, an incident afterwards arises which tends in a very material degree to the catastrophe of the plot, by introducing Jones to his mistress at a time when his affairs were in a very critical situation. The portrait drawn of the landlord of the inn where the ladies stopped after their long and toilsome ride, is no distorted likeness of many a host in real life. Many people there are, as well in this as in other professions, who, if they can maintain a reputation for shrewdness and cunning among their neighbours, are not very solicitous as to the stains which may attach to their moral characters.

The history of Mrs. Fitzpatrick, given in the fourth, fifth, sixth, and seventh chapters of this book, forms a most beautiful and entertaining episode. In the sixth chapter the pathos of the narrative is relieved by the conversation of the landlord at supper, which is a lively specimen of the *vis comica*. The embarrassment which appears in Mrs. Fitzpatrick at her relation of the manner in which she escaped from confinement opens in some measure the character of that lady, which seems in every respect to have formed a contrast to that of Sophia. The concluding sentence of the seventh chapter

ought to be imprinted on the mind of every young married woman. I must own I have always dwelt with particular delight on the two episodes of the man of the bill and this of Mrs. Fitzpatrick: both of them are written in that peculiar strain of humour and turn of phrase peculiar to Fielding; and from each of them, by the attentive reader, may be gleaned instruction no less than amusement. During the remainder of our stay at the inn the repast is of the most elegant kind; and the dish, which has been so often served up to us, never was cooked in a more relishing *gout* than what is brought forward in the eighth and ninth chapters. The metaphorical allusions on Mrs. Honour's scolding, the reason assigned for this outcry, the anecdote of Mrs. Gwyn, the intemperate rage of the landlady, the chagrin of her husband at the failure of his predictions, and the terms in which he delivers the message of the noble peer to the ladies, are all of them passages of such a truly comic turn that they cannot fail to excite bursts of laughter in every reader. The hurricane occasioned by these events called forth a noble guest, who will appear to be of some consequence in the ensuing part of the drama: this was the noble peer, through whose intervention Mrs. Fitzpatrick had obtained her liberty, and whose conversation and address towards that lady accounts, in the mind of Sophia, for that part of her cousin's history over which Mrs. Fitzpatrick was desirous of casting a veil. You cannot but have remarked that mere narrative, which under the management of other writers would appear dull and insipid, derives embellishment from the colouring of our author's pencil. To instance in this place the account of led captains, the contrast drawn between hired vehicles and those which (for distinction's sake) are termed

gentlemen's coaches, and the dialogue which passes between the sagacious landlord and his wife; these are all of them specimens of true humour; and the wit of every period is enhanced from appearing in a part of the history which, as I said before, as a plain narrative, seems in some measure to need this kind of ornament. The equanimity of Sophia at discovering the loss of her bank-bill holds forth a useful lesson to the fair readers of this novel, to bear up with fortitude against every trifling disappointment. The praises which Mr. Fielding bestows on the several noblemen's seats mentioned in this chapter cannot fail to recal to the imaginations of those who have visited these delightful spots the pleasure they had heretofore experienced on viewing them. The compliment paid to Mr. Allen, who then resided at Prior-park, is remarkable for the delicacy of the conception and the terseness of its expression. The contrast between the beautiful scenes of Devon and of Dorset, when opposed to the gloomy paths over the barren heaths of Bagshot and of Stockbridge, is finely painted. The itinerary of the numerous offspring of Wealth and Dullness, described at the latter end of the ninth chapter, is beautifully characteristic.

The doubt which was entertained respecting the amorous complexion of Mrs. Fitzpatrick, and her attachment to the noble peer, were fully confirmed by her behaviour in the coach. As the disposition of the two cousins was in direct opposition to each other, the actions and principles of Sophia being regulated by the nicest laws of decorum, whilst those of Mrs. Fitzpatrick were at least problematical; hence it is not to be wondered at that the two ladies should remain no longer together after their arrival in town. This chapter finishes the eleventh book

of the history; and I shall here conclude my letter, by assuring you that I remain, &c.

LETTER IX.

DEAR NIECE,

THE twelfth book contains the travels of Jones and his companion to their arrival in London, and will be found a most delicious cookery of the dish offered up at the commencement of this mental repast. Never did human nature appear in a more ludicrous attitude than in the following pages. It is in truth a savoury dish, and which, though often repeated, can never pall the appetite, so well seasoned is it with the true Attic salt of wit and humour. The metaphor which Mr. Fielding has thought proper to make use of, in the introductory chapter of this book, towards elucidating the subject he has taken up, namely, the discrimination between what may be termed plagiarisms in an author and what not, is very happily conceived.

In the second chapter, the hunting-match, and afterwards the drinking-bout between the two 'squires, is related in terms replete with wit and humour. The remark of the author, in the third chapter, of having been frequently given to jumping on the refusal of voluminous historians, is a well-founded rebuke on those minute descriptions which are oftentimes met with, as well in historians and voyage-writers, as in the modern novels. The pedantic observations of Partridge, on the man of the hill, are perfectly in nature; and so likewise are his fears of being shot in battle, and the comfort he derives from the procrastination of his term of years in this life, and of dying in his bed at a good old age: in short, the whole of this chapter is replete with true and genuine humour; and not less in nature is the conversation with the beggar man whom they

casually meet with, in the fourth chapter. Upon the circumstance of the pocket-book which this man had found, depends a very considerable portion of the entertainment to be met with in this book. The skill of our author, in connecting the several incidents of his drama so that each part may have a coincidence with the other, and his art in making the most trivial circumstances in some way or another conduce to the main design, we have taken notice of more than once; and I know of no one example that more clearly illustrates this observation than the pocket-book in question. The fortuitous coincidence of the several incidents relative to this toy, namely, the loss by Sophia, the beggar's fortunate discovery, and the accidental meeting of Jones and the beggar man, though they are all of them occurrences necessary to the thread of the story, yet in all these fortunate events there is nothing forced or unnatural, but all is brought about through a combination of such causes which we may observe to happen every day in real life; and the mind easily yields its assent to the several incidents, not so much because they were necessary to the plot, but because it feels the propriety of the relation. The dialogue between Jones, Partridge, and the beggar, flows in a truly comic strain, and each of the actors in the scene expresses himself in the most appropriate terms.

The exhibition of the puppet-show, in the fifth chapter, furnishes the author with a just subject of criticism on sentimental comedies. Of this description are many of those which have lately had a run on the stage; particularly those comedies which have been translated from the German, and which have frequently attracted full houses. In relation to these solemn representations, the same question might, without any

impropriety, be asked, which the manager of Covent-Garden theatre once put to an author, upon his offering a comedy and a tragedy for his acceptance. Mr. Rich, the patentee, after having perused the former, gravely accosted the author in these terms—'Pray, sir, is this your comedy or your tragedy?'

In the sixth chapter, poor Grace's frailty, and her appeal to the conduct of the lady in the puppet-show, as an excuse for her backsliding, furnishes a good argument for the landlady to turn the weapons of the puppet-show man against himself. This chapter and the next overflow with humour in every line. The serious altercation in the kitchen deserves your notice, as a specimen of colloquial disputation, in which the peculiar turn of each of the speakers is strongly marked with an analogy to his profession. The incidents brought to light in the eighth chapter are a further illustration of what I have before observed, respecting the excellent disposition of the several parts which connect the links of this history, and the nice coincidence of each part to the whole. The quarrel between the puppet-show man and his merry-andrew; the intelligence which, in consequence of this dispute, Mr. Jones obtained of the track which his lady had taken; and the meeting with the post-boy who had attended on Sophia; however extraordinary they may appear at first sight, may nevertheless be matched by those which frequently occur in real life. The arrival of our travellers at the inn where Sophia had been lodged, and the meeting with Mr. Dowling, the attorney, form subjects for the ninth and tenth chapters. This gentleman will hereafter appear to be a very principal agent in bringing about a reconciliation between Mr. Allworthy and Jones. The observations which Mr. Fielding makes in

this place, on the prevalence of habit and the change which the profession of a man frequently works in his natural disposition, are the result of deep reflection on the manners and principles of men: at the same time Mr. Fielding spares no pains to exculpate these characters from the charge of inhumanity and selfishness, where the trade or calling of the man is out of the question. This he illustrates in the cases of a surgeon, an attorney, a butcher, and a foldier. Great numbers of the lawyers, in the days when our author wrote, were men of low breeding, and of little or no education; for at that time it was easy to procure admission to practise in the courts, which are now rendered inaccessible to any but men of property and scholastic acquirements. Mr. Dowling's ignorance of the dead languages, and indeed his inability to converse on any other topic but what related to his own profession, is therefore easily accounted for. The relation of our travellers' peregrination in a dark and rainy winter's night, in the eleventh and twelfth chapters, is set forth in very picturesque language, and with infinite humour. Though we cannot avoid compassionating poor Jones, accommodated as he was with an ignorant guide and stumbling horses; yet we cannot refrain our mirth at the superstitious fears of the pedant, and at his tale of the farrier, which last is in the true Cervantic style. The introduction of our triumvirate to the gipseys, the conversation which passed between Jones and the king, with the several passages that took place in the barn, are all of them faithful copies from real life; and so likewise is the intrigue between Partridge and one of these footy ladies. The gipseys were once a numerous race, and had spread themselves over the greatest part of Europe. In England there were large gangs of

them. Juggling, fortune-telling, and thieving, were the distinguishing features of this community; and the observations which the king makes respecting his subjects is a pretty just one.—'Our people rob your people;' and I believe there are but few instances of their having paid a visit to any parts where they have not left marks of their pilfering dispositions. But their numbers are now considerably diminished. The dialect of these people was a kind of broken English, of which the specimen given by Mr. Fielding is no bad resemblance. Whenever our author relates mere matter of fact, he never fails to embellish the narration with some enlivening *jeu d'esprit*: thus, in the present chapter, the amorous parley between Mr. Partridge and the female gipsy, is introduced as a relief to the discourse which passes between Jones and the king. In the latter part of this chapter, the observations of the author, recommending a limited form of government in preference to absolute monarchy, must be readily assented to by every reader.

In the eleventh chapter, the expeditious route of our travellers from Coventry to St. Alban's is related; and to diversify the scene and render the recital more pleasing, we are treated with a very facetious dialogue between Jones and his companion. On this occasion you cannot but have observed how nearly the sentiments of the lower orders in society accord with those of the pedagogue, in respect to the notions of right and wrong. Few of those whose ideas have been narrowed (if I may so express myself) by a mean birth and illiberal breeding, are capable of distinguishing between the literal construction of the decalogue and that decorum and comprehensive energy which regulate every act of those of more elevated and enlarged minds. Mr. Partridge, though he

had a sufficient fund of grammatical lore to render him pedantic, was of that class of men who, provided they keep within the letter of the law, conclude they have fulfilled every thing required of them: even the rebuke of Jones would have affected him but little, had not our hero presumed to sneer at his affectation of superior knowledge. 'A little learning,' says Mr. Pope, 'is a dangerous thing;' and so it proved to Mr. Partridge, whose hackneyed quotations served only to make him appear ridiculous in the eyes of men of real erudition, who in general conversation avoid everything which may denote them to be better lettered than their neighbours. The attack made by the highwayman on Mr. Jones, as related in the fourteenth chapter, may very easily be reconciled to probability. Mr. Jones's generosity on this occasion is very conspicuous, and this occurrence serves hereafter to combine with other passages very material in the future period of this history. I am, &c.

LETTER X.

DEAR NIECE,

IN the thirteenth book we are introduced to a society totally different from any of the former personages in this work. The rural scenes which have hitherto engaged our attention now give way to the more elevated prospects of a town life. Mr. Jones and his friend have now reached the capital; and not only the persons with whom they have connections differ, as I before observed, both as to their manners and behaviour, from their former associates, but as the history draws nearer to a conclusion the dialogue, for both these reasons, becomes more serious than that to which we had formerly been accustomed. Indeed, as the company in which Mr. Jones now passes his time is chiefly made up of personages of rank and fashion,

among whom the established laws of politeness and decorum do not admit of that variety of manners to be met with in the more humble walks of life, the whole would have formed a dull insipid narrative, had not the author contrived to enliven the scene with some humorous sketches from among the lower orders in society.

In the introductory chapter to this book the invocation exhibits a true classical taste. The two preceding sections are beyond all description beautiful, and indeed, in some measure, prophetic. Many a tender maid, whose grandmother was then scarcely born, has sent forth the heaving sigh from her sympathetic breast while she read the many affecting passages to be met with in this history. Perhaps there never was a groupe of authors more happily associated than those enumerated by Mr. Fielding in this chapter—two of them of ancient, and four of modern, date. You will, doubtless, admire the very elegant manner in which he passes a just, and at the same time the most delicate, tribute of praise on two of the most amiable personages then living (lord Lytleton and Mr. Allen); nor is the compliment which he pays to the vast erudition of Mr. Warburton, afterwards bishop of Gloucester, less refined.

The second chapter of this book recites, in very humorous terms, the arrival of Mr. Jones and Partridge in London, and their fruitless inquiry after the peer who had brought Sophia and Mrs. Fitzpatrick to town. The gentle tap at his lordship's door; the apparel of Jones; the appearance and behaviour of the porter; the comparison drawn between the keeper of this gate and Cerberus, the dog who is said, in Virgil, to stand sentinel at the gates of Hell; are calculated to excite humour in every reader. The con-

versation between Mrs. Fitzpatrick and her maid likewise serves to enliven the plain narrative delivered in this chapter; and from the opinion which this lady now conceives of Sophia from her disingenuous manner of not having made any mention of Jones in the relation of her adventures, seem to originate many of the perplexities which befall our heroine at lady Bellaston's. Curious is the character which Mr. Fielding has drawn of lady Bellaston; yet, strange as the conduct of this lady appears, it is by no means a phenomenon in high life. The grave discourse which passes between lady Bellaston and Mrs. Fitzpatrick, and the concern which each of them expresses for her cousin Sophia; whilst the one was eager to be introduced to Jones and was fully determined to supplant poor Sophia in his affections, and the other had no further end to accomplish than to regain the friendship of her uncle and aunt Western at the expence of her cousin; exhibit a lively portrait of many persons in real life, where every individual strives to advance his own interest, however detrimental the means may prove to the interest and well-being of his neighbour.

In the third chapter is shown the advantage which Jones derived from meeting with the merry-andrew mentioned in the eighth chapter of the preceding book. The possession of the pocket-book now relieves him from an embarrassment which he would otherwise have felt at the interrogation put to him by Mrs. Fitzpatrick. The arrival of lady Bellaston and the peer is announced with much humour. The simile by which the conversation is compared to a French dish is a witty allusion; and the sarcasms so freely bestowed on Jones, when he had taken leave of this brilliant circle, are a convincing proof that the au-

thor was not unacquainted with the modes and usages of the *bon ton*.

The family with whom Mr. Jones takes up his habitation, as related in the fifth chapter, being the same whose rooms Mr. Allworthy occupied when in town, affords materials to the author in the prosecution of his history; as it will be seen hereafter that the mistress of the house and her daughters are very principal actresses in the drama, and that in some sort, through the means of Jones's connection with this family, the passages which lead to his reconciliation with Mr. Allworthy and the developement of the whole plot, is brought about. The contrast between the men of wit and pleasure at the commencement of the last century and those who in modern days have assumed the like denomination, is a well-directed irony against the latter, and is maintained with infinite pleasantry. The relation of the dispute between the young gentleman who inhabited the first floor of the house and his servant, and the distress of miss Nancy on the occasion, is very animated; the latter circumstance leads us gradually to the expectation of a circumstance which hereafter affords a considerable portion both of interest and humour. The speech of Mr. Nightingale, on this occasion, is truly characteristic from a young gentleman of wisdom and *virtù*, such as he is described in a preceding section of this chapter. The brief sketches of the widow paint her in so prepossessing and amiable a light, as to induce the reader to wish for a more intimate acquaintance with her.

The manner in which lady Bellaston contrives to obtain an interview with Mr. Jones, in the sixth chapter, is happily conceived. Upon the sanguine expectations which Jones entertained of meeting with Sophia at the masquerade, though

the foundation for these hopes were in reality very slender, Mr. Fielding takes occasion of expressing his sentiments in a language peculiar to himself on this happy disposition of mind; and as well those readers who feel themselves actuated by this sanguine turn, and view every event of life in the fairest and most promising light, as those whose saturnine complexions are unable to reach to this elevation, must acknowledge the justice of his reasoning. The grave lecture of the mother, upon the subject of masquerades, ought to be considered by every young lady under the like predicament with the daughters of Mr. Miller as a useful and important lesson. The conversation between Jones and Partridge, wherein the extreme indigence of the former is made known, prepares the mind of the reader for some unexpected event which may operate to the relief of his necessity. To preserve a consistency in the thread of the story, and that every event might fall out according to the usual accidents of human life, it was necessary that Jones's finances should become exhausted; and, that the tale might at length be brought to a happy issue, it was likewise of importance that his purse should be recruited. But how is this to be accomplished? Not by supernatural means; for all those events which do not fall within the compass of human agency Mr. Fielding has disclaimed. To bring about this event, therefore, we shall hereafter find that the masquerade ticket is no feeble instrument; nor could our hero have been fairly relieved from his present distress without some such interposition as the author has provided for him in the person of lady Bellaston. The blemishes in the character of this lady are of so gross a nature as to preclude all credit in the minds of those who

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have been brought up in virtuous habits, and are unacquainted with the manners of high life: but too true it is, that the modes derived from a town education have planted in many a female mind vicious habits, which have thrown out no less vigorous shoots than may be observed in the conduct of the lady in question. Under Mr. Fielding's management no evil can accrue from the perusal of those pages wherein the gallantries of this lady are recorded, as the relation of them is always accompanied with some striking contrast.

The faculty of our author in exciting the mirth of his readers we have frequently had occasion to remark; and various instances have occurred in the foregoing pages, and more will be observed in the present and succeeding books, of his superior excellency in depicting those passages which have a more serious tendency. The story related by Mrs. Miller, in the eighth chapter, is set forth in language so pathetic, and withal in terms so artless and unaffected, that it cannot fail strongly to impress the feelings of every benevolent reader. And now permit me once more to express my admiration at the skill and address of Mr. Fielding, in adapting to each of the personages whom he introduces a turn of sentiment and of language peculiar to their several characters, and of assigning to them the same peculiarity of expression, whenever either of them is introduced. Mrs. Miller is represented as a woman of good understanding, of strict virtue, and endued with the most tender feelings of humanity. These traits in her character are visible in all her deportment, whenever she is introduced to our notice; and so far probably an author of inferior abilities might have succeeded. But what I mean

chiefly to insist upon is, the happy talent of Mr. Fielding in appropriating to each of his characters the same phraseology and the same mode of expression throughout the novel, so that each of the *dramatis personæ* is distinguished by this circumstance. In the case of Mrs. Miller, we recognise her by her circumlocution; which, however, does not render the conversation less pleasing. The tale of woe, related in this chapter, of the Anderson family, is well imagined, and coming from a lady, with whose character we have reason to be enamoured, renders it more interesting to the reader.

In the ninth chapter we are again introduced to the company of lady Bellafton. The tormenting ideas which are here said to have arisen in the mind of Jones, are such which his unfortunate circumstances may naturally be supposed to occasion. What Mr. Fielding relates of lady Bellafton, in the fifth section, will not prepossess the reader with a very high opinion of her personal charms. Indeed, from the character which our author has given of this lady, we may reasonably conjecture that her person was not less tarnished than her mind. The contents of the notes which Jones is said, at the latter part of this chapter, to have received from lady Bellafton, are well adapted to denote the tumult and perturbation of her mind, after the rebuke which she had received from her dependent, and are a demonstration to what shifts a woman may be reduced, through that contamination which is the consequence of every deviation from the paths of rectitude and purity of manners.

The meeting between Jones, Mrs. Miller, and Mr. Anderson, in the tenth chapter, forms a very pathetic scene. The enthusiastic gratitude of

Mr. Anderson, with the reply of Jones; are couched in language which denotes the hand of a master.

The appearance of Sophia, in the eleventh book, is brought to pass from a concurrence of very natural circumstances. The riot at the play-house was of itself competent towards hastening the return of our heroine. In this place I would in-treat your recollection of that passage, in the fourth chapter of the twelfth book, wherein Jones fortunately meets with the beggar-man and strikes a bargain with him for the pocket-book, which now appears of so much consequence to the history.

I am, dear niece,
Your affectionate uncle, &c.
(To be continued.)

ROBERT M'KENZIE;
OR, THE
ADVENTURES OF A SCOTSMAN*.

[Written by himself, and edited by R. Ferrie—
Glasgow.]

(Continued from p. 33.)

CHAP. IV.

IN the language of Milton, I might now have said, 'that the world was all before me, and Providence my guide;' but, unfortunately, the consoling ideas of that divine poet never happened to enter my memory: on the contrary, I was plunged in the most profound melancholy; and it was not till I had left my household-gods ten miles behind me that the smallest gleam of hope darted on my mind. About this time, however, I recovered in a small de-

* The loss of a considerable quantity of the copy of this work, begun in January last (as mentioned in the notices to correspondents for February), has occasioned a long interruption in its continuance; but we hope we may now rely on the gentleman who favours us with the communication that it will be regularly continued till it is completed.

gree, and was enabled to make an observation with respect to the place in which I was; for, by the direction of a finger-post, I found I was only thirty miles distant from Edinburgh, to which place I resolved to direct my steps.

Nature, in spite of sorrow, cried aloud for refreshment; and, upon making a strict look-out, I observed a small cottage which the proprietor had dignified with the name of an inn, and, to support the title, had affixed St. Andrew, the tutelar saint of Scotland, completely decked in a Highland garb, over the wall, as a sign-board. Having entered into this cabaret, I was welcomed, in the common style of Scotland, with good oat-cakes, bad cheese, a flagon of whiskey, and a hearty 'Where gang you, my braw laddy?'

As this question in my circumstances was rather *mal-à-propos*, I did not trouble myself to answer it; but, applying the flagon to my lips, in the haste of despair took a draught of the liquor which would have startled an older man. This potation had an almost instantaneous effect on my mental faculties; but, after I had tasted some of the provisions, no entreaty could induce me to postpone my departure. Although a very dark night had now set in, my answer only was—'I am a poor isolated being; and, whether I live or die, I shall not be missed by more than two persons in the world.'—With this obstinate determination, after satisfying mine host for his refreshments, I set forward for the capital of Scotland, on one of the darkest nights in the end of October I had ever seen: but to me was alike the noontide glare of a perpendicular sun, or the murky shades of eternal darkness.

Sustained by the strength of the malt spirits I had imbibed, I proceeded at a great rate, and had already got within fifteen miles of Edin-

burgh when I was overtaken by a man on horseback, who began to enter into conversation with me; who, by the superior style of his language and the obsequiousness of his attendant, I had reason to believe ranked in the first class. However as my sorrows were deep-rooted in my heart, nothing but the whiskey I had drunk could have induced me to enter into conversation with any one: as this was the case, I supported the discourse with proper spirit, and was politely invited by the stranger to mount behind him, in order, as he expressed himself, that we might not part. These words had hardly been uttered when five men rushed from a dry ditch on the road-side, and immediately discharged their pistols. The bullets having struck the horses of the riders precipitated them both on the earth, fortunately without doing them any injury. I was the only sufferer, as a ball had grazed my left shoulder.

At the moment the discharge was made, one of the assailants cried out—'Tremble, thou wretch; for the wrongs of my sister shall now be expiated in thy heart's blood!'

The temporary flash which the discharge had made, served to illuminate the road so far as to make the aggressors visible; and my two companions drew pistols from their pockets and fired them at the men, apparently with effect, as two heavy groans announced. For my part, being unprovided with fire-arms and irritated with the pain of my wound, I rushed upon the man who had grasped one of my friends, and with one blow of an oaken cudgel, which I carried in my hand, I precipitated him to the earth: his accomplices shared the same fate; both, after a severe struggle, measuring their length on the ground, under the heavy strokes of my trusty bludgeon.

The gentleman who had first ac-

costed me, and who had by this time recognised the good success which had attended my exertions in his service, now came forward; and, clasping me in his arms, swore that he was my eternal debtor, as he was conscious that I had saved his life. An exquisite sense of pain prevented me from answering this polite address, and I could hardly stammer out that I had been severely wounded, when I sank insensible in his arms.

The first object that presented itself to my eyes, when I regained my senses, was the figure of a genteel youth, hanging over my bedside, in a small room which appeared like a cottage. When this gentleman saw me revive, he informed me that he was the person to whom I had rendered such a material service; and added, that, after I had fainted, his servant and himself had with difficulty removed me to a small cottage, near the scene of action where I then was; and that a surgeon had been sent for immediately from a neighbouring village.

The entrance of the surgeon here broke off the discourse. He, after having examined my hurts, pronounced (with a candour seldom found in his craft) that my wound was a mere scratch, that my fainting was only owing to fatigue and loss of blood, and that he would guarantee my restoration to health after a quiet rest of twenty-four hours; at the same time, after dressing my arm, giving me a potion for the purpose of procuring me sound repose.

These tidings seemed to create an unusual degree of joy in my young friend, who took the doctor by the hand and exclaimed—'I swear by *Æsculapius*, you are the most worthy son of *Galen* that ever opened a vein.'

To this rhodomontade the surgeon answered with a bow; but insisted that the room should be cleared, in order that I might enjoy the repose

I stood so much in need of. To this the only answer was an immediate departure; saying, as he went out, that he would wait till he saw me restored to health, though that time should not come for a twelvemonth.

When I awakened next morning, I found myself in good health; that is to say, I was totally recovered from the sickness that had pervaded my whole system the preceding night, and the only mark that remained was a slight scound, wholly unworthy of notice.

The gentleman with whom I had met the evening before having entered my apartment, and seeing me in that state, proposed that I should immediately set off for Edinburgh, where he said he was proceeding previous to our meeting; and announced himself by the name of Kenneth Murchison, styled lord Gartferry, only son of the earl of Kirkintilloch. After this previous introduction, his lordship, with the utmost delicacy, proceeded to inquire what were my future views, and whether the place of his friend and companion would suit my intentions.

'My lord,' I replied, 'I am a poor isolated being, cut off from every connection. I have nought to expect, that you would condescend so far as to receive me into your service; but this you may depend upon, that my life and action, consistent with honour, shall be devoted to your service.'

After this explanation had taken place between us, his lordship dispatched a servant to the neighbourhood of Falkirk to order a post-chaise, and at the same time he munificently satisfied the people of the house and our son of Æsculapius for the trouble they had had.

When we were on the road, Murchison, after having properly satisfied himself that I knew something of the modern languages, proceeded as follows;

'It will be proper,' he began, 'previous to your introduction to my father, that I should inform you of certain peculiarities in his character which will the better enable you to conduct yourself in such a manner as may gain his esteem. In his early days my father was distinguished as a man of gallantry. Every court on the continent resounded with his fame. This continued for some years, till he was awakened from his dream of pleasure by the duns of his creditors; who at last became so urgent for their cash, that my father was obliged to bethink himself not only of a retrenchment, but a retreat: in a word, he was obliged to bury himself in his native mansion, situated in the wildest part of Perthshire; where, by rigid economy, he satisfied his creditors in the course of three years. In this place, however, he soon experienced so much *ennui*, from the unvarying round of his days, that in a short time he became as much famed for a misanthrope as he had formerly been for a man of pleasure: yet even here his heart was not able altogether to resist the attacks of that sly archer Cupid. The *bonnie* daughter of a neighbouring laird, whose beauty and *gude blude* were her only portion, convinced him he was still a man. In the language of Cæsar, my father might have said that he came, saw, and conquered; for, in less than a month after his first declaration of love, my mother presided in the halls of his ancestors as countess of Kirkintilloch.

'For some time my father seemed to experience a renovation of his youth: but, alas! he was soon plunged in the same gloomy apathy as before; for, in less than a year after his marriage, his lady expired in giving me existence. This event nearly distracted my surviving parent; who for a long time, from the strong resemblance that I bore to my

deceased mother, could not endure my approach. I was therefore early sent to the university of Glasgow, where I have passed the most part of my days, with no other token of remembrance from my parent than a regular supply of pocket-money. Latterly, however, he seems awakened to every feeling of parental tenderness, and has transferred to me that ardent affection which was formerly devoted to my mother. But you will observe that, indulgent as he is to me, he is not only stern, but morose to the rest of mankind. This is a foible which every exertion I have hitherto made cannot eradicate, and I had reason to believe myself singularly successful when I prevailed upon the earl to leave the founding halls of his forefathers to accompany me to Edinburgh, previous to my departure for the continent, which I intend to visit in the course of a few days; and in my tour, with your leave, I should be happy of your company, in the situation of my travelling-companion.'

After making a suitable answer to the discourse of lord Gartferry, I could not avoid forming an anxious anticipation of my introduction to this morose father. Another reverie continued till the post-chaise stopped at an elegant house in Charlotte-square, the mansion of the earl of Kirkintilloch. After we had entered the house, lord Gartferry, perceiving an evident degree of agitation in my countenance, assured me that, from the powerful recommendation of having saved his life, my reception would be cordial and satisfactory. Desiring me to follow him, his lordship preceded me into a room, where I beheld an elderly gentleman, who at his appearance sprung into his arms, and exclaimed 'My dear son!' Murchison returned the embrace; and, taking me by the hand, introduced me to his father, with these words—

'If your son is dear to you, what recompense owe you not to this young man; for in him behold the preserver of my life? Attacked by a band of ruffians, I should, ere now, have been food for the worms, had he not gallantly interposed and defended me from their barbarity.'

The earl, on hearing this, turned pale, and staggered back; but, recovering from his emotion, he clasped me in his arms, and bedewed my face with a parental tear. Language is too feeble to express the rapturous gratitude with which I was penetrated; suffice it to say, that the earl gave his instant consent to the proposal of making me attendant and companion to his son, and desired me from that moment to consider his house as my home.

My mind was thus relieved from a load which hung heavy on it, and again my heart opened to the prospect of happiness: a happiness which would have been unalloyed, had it not been for the idea of the ill-fated Mary Smellie, which constantly intervened to disturb my repose.

The morning after the day on which I had been introduced to the earl, being accustomed to rise early, I had betaken myself to a library adjoining to my chamber. The volumes which were here collected consisted, for the most part, of the best authors, ancient and modern, most of which I had previously perused; but, upon looking narrowly around, I found a small press filled with books, which were marked as collected by lord Gartferry. Curious to learn what studies peculiarly attracted his attention, I turned some of them over, and found most of them to consist of French and Italian novels, a species of reading with which I was little acquainted. Taking up one of the volumes of the witty Crebillon, I was perusing it with such eagerness that I had utterly forgot the hour of breakfast, when I

was suddenly interrupted by the earl of Kirkintilloch; who, observing that I was reading, came forward, and requested I would allow him to see the book I seemed to peruse with so much attention. When he had examined it, he proceeded thus:

‘This is a book which ought to be put in the hands of no young man. The scenes are drawn in so lively a manner as highly to interest the reader; but the ideas suggested in every page render the work very unfit for a youth. The interest which I take in your future fortune induces me to point out this to you, and I hope that what I have observed will prevent you from perusing such books in future.’

These words were pronounced with such a dignified air, that I was deprived of the power of making an answer; but, in silence, returned the book to the place whence I had taken it.

During our stay in Edinburgh the elegant buildings with which that city abounds entirely engaged my attention, and my time was completely taken up in satisfying the curiosity which that romantic capital failed not to raise. The beautiful view of the shipping in the Firth of Forth, and the country around the city, which appears one continued garden when viewed from the turrets of Edinburgh castle, is peculiarly attractive.

While I was enjoying the prospect, I could not help turning round to lord Gartferry, who commonly attended me in these excursions, and exclaiming ‘What folly must it be to wander over Europe, gaping like a fool at the curiosities of nature, when your own capital abounds with such beautiful and romantic scenes as this!’

‘Ha, ha, ha, M’Kenzie! thou art a true Scot. Although this is the first city thou hast ever seen, yet I could swear thou art of opinion that

it can be exceeded by none; and the reason of such preference is plain, *viz.* because this city is in Scotland.’

Not wishing to enter into any argument on the subject, I gave up the point; yet neither reason nor ridicule could efface the idea that Edinburgh was the first of cities.

Through the kindness of the earl and his son, every necessary that could be required by any gentleman was provided for me; and I was introduced to every company on the same footing with his lordship, and treated in every respect in a similar manner.

Two weeks had now elapsed since my introduction into the family of the earl, and the packet that was to conduct us to the continent was now on the point of being ready to sail.

(To be continued.)

LADIES’ DRESSES on his MAJESTY’S BIRTH-DAY, June 4.

Her Majesty.

PETTICOAT of amber colour, and silver tissue, with ornaments of fine black lace, with a great profusion of diamonds, in various forms suspended; the draperies were in large Vandykes, and at each Vandyke was a large diamond, and several chains of diamonds, bows, and other ornaments: the whole had a most superb appearance, together with the addition of a diamond stomacher, and *bouquet* of diamonds; sleeve bracelets, &c.; body and train of the same; silver tissue, ornamented, to correspond. Her majesty’s head-dress was amber-coloured satin, richly spangled silver, and a tiara of diamonds.

Princess Augusta. A white crape petticoat, very richly embroidered in silver, and a border of lilac, with silver worked; over which a drapery of lilac crape, most superbly embroi-

dered in silver convolvulus, and large Vandykes round the draperies, and *bouquets* of silver flowers; body and train of lilac farcenet, wove in silver.

Princess Elizabeth. A white crape petticoat, richly spangled with silver, with full draperies of rich silver tissue gauze, formed in divisions by broad Vandyke silver foil, and brilliant *rouleaux*, drawn to a centre, and fastened with handsome large silver bunches of oak and acorns; a broad foil bottom; the whole elegantly displayed and highly finished, with rich silver cords and tassels: train white and silver tissue; head-dress, an elegant display of feathers and diamonds, tastefully disposed. The *tout ensemble* of her royal highness, as usual, bore a splendid appearance.

Princess Mary. A white crape petticoat, superbly embroidered in silver; a superb large drapery of small silver rings, with a rich border of silver foil, studded with large white beads, and intermixed with spangles, broad sheaves joined to bunches of lilies of the valley; small pointed draperies thrown over with a border of foil leaves, drawn up with wreaths of lilies of the valley; rich silver cords and tassels. This petticoat merits much notice, as it was peculiarly admired for the light and elegant display of taste; white and silver tissue train.

Princess Sophia. The same as princess Mary's in every respect.

Princess Amelia. Body and train of blue silver tissue, richly trimmed with Brussels lace, &c. &c. Petticoat blue crape; on the left side stripes of foil, and stars of steel bugles; on the right, a drapery elegantly embroidered with silver, forming bunches of flowers, bordered with a foil chain, and drawn up with handsome cord and tassels; second drapery bordered the same, and tied up with bullion and tassels to form a large Vandyke.

Princess of Wales. Her royal highness's dress was magnificent beyond description: the petticoat and train of rich silver tissue, with drapery all round, embroidered in a most elegant and tasteful manner, with high polished steel wreaths of flowers, intermixed with stars, roses, and crescents of the same; also silver spangles and pearls; the pocket-holes fancied with silver *rouleaux* and lace; high polished steel embroidered band round the waist: head-dress superb diamonds and feathers.

Duchess of York wore a white crape petticoat, with a most superb border in silver, *à-la-Grecque*. over the petticoat; drapery consisting of chains of silver, with an elegant border of silver raised flowers, drawn up on the left side, with diamonds, and cords and tassels; body and train of white crape, embroidered in chains of silver to correspond. This dress was much admired, and we never saw her royal highness look so well.

Princess Sophia of Gloucester. A beautiful silver gauze petticoat, embroidered border, and broad silver fringe; the drapery festooned in crescents, and superb silver plumes, with roses suspended with elegant tassels; a wreath of roses fancifully displayed on the left side of the petticoat: the train silver gauze, richly trimmed with silver.

Princess Castalcicala. A white and gold petticoat, with purple and gold draperies, rich cords and tassels; train purple crape.

Duchess of Dorset. White crape petticoat, most superbly embroidered in silver, with very broad and rich border of the same; robe white and silver.

Duchess of Northumberland. Petticoat white satin, drapery colour *de Cannelle*, with broad scrole border, elegantly embroidered in silver; robe, colour *de Cannelle*.

Duchess of Gordon. Petticoat of white crape, richly embroidered in

silver, draperies of rich silver gauze, elegantly trimmed with rich silver tassel and cord; train of rich silver gauze, trimmed with rich wheat-sheafs in silver; sleeves of silver net, with cord and tassel; the whole trimmed with fine broad blond: head-dress white ostrich feathers and diamonds.

Marchioness of Downshire. Petticoat white crape, most sumptuously embroidered in silver spangles, white drapery, with rich Mosaic border, drawn up with wreaths and bunches of mignonette; robe, white crape and silver.

Marchioness of Salisbury. Blue and silver, with white petticoat, trimmed with silver, and festooned with oak leaves; head-dress, profusion of diamonds in front. We observed a cameo of his majesty on a large ruby, to which was suspended a very large and beautiful pearl.

Countess of Westmoreland wore an elegant petticoat of white crape; covered with the most beautiful point lace, with ornaments of jewels fixed on the petticoat, in a most elegant style: the whole formed a superb dress. Her ladyship's body and train were trimmed with pearls.

Countess of Cholmondeley. A petticoat of lemon colour crape, richly embroidered in brown and silver; draperies of the same; the whole elegantly trimmed with large silver tassels, and silver *rouleaux*; train of lemon colour crape, trimmed with blond and silver; pair of Brussels lace sleeves, and Brussels lace handkerchief; turban of lemon colour crape, with feathers of the same and diamonds.

Countess of Uxbridge. A white crape, rich embroidery in silver; the under petticoat in elegant Mosaic work, over which an embroidered drapery of a different pattern, with a rich border, rich cord and tassels, fine broad blond: the whole was

extremely elegant, and much admired.

Countess of Aberdeen. A white crape petticoat, handsomely formed at bottom with rich silver *rouleaux*, so contrived to have a new and very pleasing effect; the drapery obliquely fastened with beautiful *rouleaux* and crape, that gave it the appearance of broken waves, rising in gentle order, and so continued till lost under the fluidity of an elegant silver cord and tassel; blue sarsenet body and train.

Countess of Carnarvon wore a very superb dress, quite in the Indian style: it consisted of a silver gauze, thrown over a white sarsenet petticoat in draperies, with a rich embroidery interspersed, and bordered with Vandykes, tastefully drawn up from the right to the left side with rich bullion and tassels; train of Indian gauze, trimmed with silver and Brussels lace. This dress altogether was extremely elegant, and, as usual, displayed her ladyship's superior taste.

Viscountess Hereford. A train of white crape, richly trimmed with silver, sleeves appliqued with ditto, and trimmed with large silver bullion; petticoat of white crape appliqued, and rich border of silver in demi-Vandykes, and finished at bottom with a deep silver fringe; right side ornamented with rich embroidered stripes upon green; a drapery on the left side appliqued, bordered with Vandykes, and fringe to correspond with petticoat, and tied up with very large silver rope and tassels; pocket-holes handsomely finished with silver, &c.

Viscountess Hampden. A slate-coloured crape body and train, ornamented with silver and yellow roses; white crape petticoat, with yellow and silver; a drapery of slate colour crape, tastefully drawn up with handsome silver cords and tassels, embroidered with silver, and decorated with

large yellow roses: the whole had a most beautiful effect, and was much admired.

Lady Augusta Clavering. A white satin petticoat, with rich embroidered border in silver, and a most beautiful pink drapery, elegantly embroidered in silver, with large rich tassels: a pink train. Her ladyship wore a very splendid coronet of jewels on her head.

Lady Mary Thynne. Petticoat of pea-green crape, richly embroidered in bugles and beads; draperies of the same, vandyked with white satin, and trimmed with silk cords; train of pea-green crape, embroidered in bugles, and trimmed with broad blond lace; head-dress, pea-green feathers, and *bandeau* of diamonds.

Lady Ann Ashley. A white crape petticoat; the drapery of spangled crape, with a beautiful embroidery across the petticoat, and tied up with large silver tassels and cord of uncommon richness; the body and train of white crape, very richly spangled, and embroidered sleeves and point lace; head-dress, silver *bandeau*, diamonds, and feathers: the *tout ensemble* very brilliant and beautiful.

Lady Young. A white crape petticoat, with crape draperies, tastefully ornamented with white ribband and blue corn flowers; the draperies drawn together with large bunches of wheat ears and corn flowers. This dress was much admired for its simple but truly elegant appearance; train white figured sarcenet.

Lady Younge, the lady of sir George. This lady's dress displayed a great deal of taste and elegance; white crape coat richly spotted over with large silver spangles, at the bottom a running pattern of white silver roses and leaves, trimmed with deep silver fringe over the coat; two draperies of Pomona green crape, with a rich border of silver roses and leaves,

covered over with large silver spangles, trimmed with silver fringe; pocket-holes of the turban kind; body and train white crape, with silver sleeves and turban half-sleeve; head-dress white crape, with silver border to correspond with the dress: truly elegant.

Lady Calthorpe. A dark-green crape coat, ornamented with bunches of lilies of the valley; the leaves of fine white lace, the flowers white beads rising out from the centre of a large crescent, made of white lace surrounded with small beads; across the coat a loose green crape drapery, flowered with a deep white fine lace, trimmed with beads to correspond with the coat; the whole covered over with beads suspended: the bottom of the coat trimmed with lace and beads, which had a beautiful effect; turban pocket-holes with large bows of green ribband; body and train dark-green crape, with turban sleeves. This lady is remarkable for the elegant taste of her court-dresses, and generally designs her own patterns.

Lady Grantham. Petticoat crape, with deep border of white and silver, and lilac; a drapery of white and silver, with loops of silver *rouleaux*; and small bunches of blue flowers: rich silver cord and tassels; train lilac and white gauze in stripes, fringed with silver; cap lilac, white and silver, with white ostrich plume.

The Lady Mayores was elegantly and superbly dressed: the petticoat of lilac crape, embroidered in silver stars; a drapery and point of beautiful silver Venetian net and tassels, with a broad border of embroidered sprigs and crescents, edged with tassels, ornamented with large *rouleaux* and brilliant silver tassels; train of lilac crape, richly embroidered in silver to correspond; head-dress a plume of ostrich feathers, and diamond sprays and *aigrette*. Her lady-

ship's dress was very magnificent, and one of the handsomest at court.

Mrs. Dupree was dressed with much elegance and taste: her petticoat a rich embroidery of silver upon white crape, edged with a border of Venetian net and bullion; bases of soft crape, looped up with embossed silver rope and tassels; the body and train to correspond, with diamond epaulets and armlets; head-dress a wreath and feather of diamonds.

Mrs. Charles York. A blue crape petticoat, richly embroidered with silver foil and spangles; elegant drapery of the same, richly embroidered with borders of antique scroll, covered with silver spangles; the drapery was separated by very large rich tassels and cord; blue and silver train; head-dress feathers and diamonds. It was superb, and admired in general.

Miss Addington. Straw-coloured crape petticoat; spotted bead crape drapery, elegantly ornamented with yellow laburnums, beads, and tassels, and a straw train. This young lady attracted much admiration.

Miss Courtenay. Petticoat of buff crape, richly embroidered in silver; draperies of buff crape, embroidered in lilies of the valley in silver, rich silver cord and tassels; the petticoat trimmed with broad blond; train of brown and silver tissue, trimmed with wheat-sheaf trimming in silver, with sleeves of buff crape spangled and blond; head-dress buff and white feathers.

Miss Calborne. White crape petticoat, with festoons of artificial moss-roses and rose-buds across the petticoat as a drapery, fastened up with bows of white ribband; body and train white crape, with the turban sleeves; the bottom of the petticoat trimmed with white lace, and large bunches of moss-roses. This dress, from its elegant simplicity, was greatly admired, and does the designer much credit.

Mrs. Mainwaring. A white crape dress, richly embroidered with silver foil; bottom of the petticoat and drapery trimmed with deep silver fringe; pocket-holes ornamented with bows of crape, trimmed silver fringe; train beautiful brown imperial net; sleeves of white crape, embroidered with silver, and twisted with ditto; head-dress of net, silver feathers, and diamonds, to correspond with the dress.

Mrs. Weld (on her marriage, by her mother, lady Stourton). Attired in white and silver; the petticoat embroidered in small sprigs, a border round the bottom of embroidered crescents, double draperies of embroidery, edged with loose silver tassels, drawn up on one side with silver *rouleaux* and tassels; head-dress a plume of ostrich feathers and diamonds.

Miss Mainwaring. A pale-green crape petticoat embroidered with silver, and fastened with tinged pink and white roses; the sashes and bottom of petticoat trimmed with broad silver fringe, turban pocket-holes, and silver-edged bows; train of green crape; embroidered sleeves, twisted with silver bands; head-dress composed of feathers, pearls, and silver.

The Miss Cookes. Violet crape dresses, ornamented with wreath and bunches of flowers; petticoat finished at bottom with festoons of beads; sashes of violet crape, tied up at left side with large rope and tassels, tastefully crossed with wreaths of maidens-blush, roses, and fastened at right side with bunches of ditto; pocket-holes crossed with wreaths of ditto, and tied with bead-cord and tassels; train of violet crape, elegantly ornamented with a *coq de perle*; head-dress, pearls.

General Observations.

The prevailing colours were lilac and pale-blue: more white than

usual was worn, and flowers were in extraordinary abundance; much British lace was also seen, which, for beauty, surpasses Brussels. The head-dresses almost universally consisted of feathers and jewels, few caps being worn. The feathers were large ostrich ones, drooping on the side of the head, the ends falling on the neck: the hair is still dressed in the Grecian style, long beads and bows of hair; the corkscrew curls and round beads are abolished.

Of jewellery, diamonds in profusion, ornamented combs in the head, antiques, amethysts and coloured stones, gold necklaces, thick gold cords, and gold chains about the neck, were in high vogue, to many of which were suspended medallions. Rouge (an article of dress) was rather less put on than usual. The sleeves were shorter than ever; very little ruffles were worn. The waists were much the same as formerly; hoops rather smaller, a change which adds to the grace and comfort of the ladies. The drapery petticoats, and the sloped trains, are the greatest improvements that have been made in the court-dresses, as nothing is more stiff and formal than either plain.

AUGUSTA AND EMILY;

—A TALE.

[BY MISS C. B. YEAMES.]

(Continued from page 248.)

DAYS and weeks rolled on. Ashton-grove was again enlivened, and Mrs. Harcourt greatly approved of her affable niece. Madame de Perpignon had just left her Emily with her fond uncle, and lady Mary's health was perfectly re-established, when Horatio, who had often beheld the papers of his deceased sister with humid eyes, gained the

resolution to break the fatal seal; and, with a throbbing heart, read as follows:

‘EMILY TO HORATIO.

‘CAN I, or dare I, put down on paper the guilty indiscretions of my past life? Oh, Horatio! only brother of my soul! peruse the errors of the once-innocent Emily with lenity—with compassion of heart; and do not upbraid and load my memory with curses! for when you behold these lines, written in the agony of affliction, the tyrant Death will have taken this emaciated form to that happy bed of rest, where—perhaps unpitied—I may sleep in quiet!

‘Well, well do I remember with what fond affection you kissed away my flowing tears, and pressed me to your heart, when my beloved father led me to the open arms of my mother; consenting to let me accompany his sister, Mrs. Dickson, to London. Fatal consent! for from that dreadful hour has followed all the misery of the now-wretched Emily!

‘In the busy scenes of the gay metropolis, I became immersed in all its fashionable gaieties: a coquet without knowing it, I still pursued with eager avidity its luxuriant pleasures, to the infinite delight of Mrs. Dickson, who was a professed lady of the *haut ton*. Still in an hour of languor a thought of the rural shades of Ashton-grove would cross my mind, and cause a sigh to swell my breast for its worthy inhabitants.—But could I resist the sweet delirium of being the favourite of a throng of youthful *beaux* and *belles*? No!

‘My little stock of fortitude forsook me, and I sunk fainting on the bosom of my beauteous Isis, when my kind father wrote me word that, if it was agreeable to me, I might stay with the bewitching Mrs. Dickson the ensuing winter. My

heart strongly throbb'd, my temples beat with violence, and only under the pressure of the beautiful soft hand of Inis could they gain composure.

‘ Miss Randolph was the sincere friend of her false Emily. Oh, beloved Inis! methinks I now behold thy soft angelic countenance beaming with animating sweetness on thy destroyer! thy cruel, cruel Emily! Inis, when I first beheld her, was the sole surviving offspring of a numerous family, and under the guidance of a most worthy relation of her deceased mother. She was not rich nor handsome, yet there was that inexpressible something in her soft speaking eye which made her more than beautiful—more than all that is lovely. Inis, dear Inis! if thou art permitted to look down from thy blessed abode on thy desolate Emily, gaze on my altered frame with pity, and send forth one of thy sister-seraphs to animate this aching breast with comfort! Ah! dare I to ask thee, beatified saint! to pity thy subtle friend? No: the blood freezes cold to my heart; my stiffen'd fingers deny to trace more at this moment than that I am most wretched! Farewell, till the pangs are past which rend it to despair and madness!

* * * * *

‘ The task is heavy, yet I must submit: the struggle is over, and I now must unfold the secret thoughts which agitated this guilty soul!

‘ Captain Jenkins was introduced to me by Mrs. Dickson, as an object worthy of gaining. He was young, handsome, and engaging; and heir to a splendid fortune when he attained his twenty-third year. I played away all my little stock of arts to gain the affection of this graceful hero, but in vain; for soon (ah, soon!) did I perceive that miss Randolph’s pensive smile and sim-

licity of manner had more entwined themselves around his virtuous breast than all that I could do. My spirits took the alarm: I could not bear to see my humble friend, with her moderate share of beauty, eclipse me, the reigning toast; but suffered the fiend jealousy to enter my breast, and like a flaming torch it fired my heart.

‘ Alfred Jenkins now forsook me, and in the amiable Inis’s chains fast was held. She loved him with the most ardent passion; and quickly would their spotless loves have been riveted in Hymen’s bands, had I not infused into the unsuspecting mind of Alfred suspicious injurious to the honour of Inis, respecting her and a young attorney, whom, as a sister ward, she had been brought up with.

‘ Frederick Santer was most amiable, most engaging; and, in the tender friendship of the blooming Inis, forgot the shafts aimed by ingratitude. For poor Frederick, by the ill-natured few, had been cruelly treated: his spirits, less manly than feminine, could ill support a shock which a bolder heart would perhaps have shuddered at; and, had not the kind miss Randolph supported him in his languid hours, by her mild lessons of piety and resignation, the consequences in all probability would have proved fatal, and the worthy Santer have fallen a devoted victim to the foul tongue of calumny.

‘ Inis trusted me, her Emily, with the secret workings of her soul. Her own bosom free from every failing, she did not suspect but that mine was equally as pure; but I (wretched I!) deluded her, and in an evil hour stabbed her peace for ever, and brought her—an angel!—to the early tomb. On her lover I doated to distraction, nay madness; but when I beheld his eyes so bewitchingly animated when addressing

the mild Randolph, and so contrary when addressing me, my pride took the alarm, my bosom heaved with "contending emotions," and I swore to have my revenge.

'From the time that I disclosed the horrid tale to Jenkins, a settled melancholy took possession of his mind; his eyes, no longer sparkling, were constantly fixed on the ground; and, when his once ruby lips unclosed, he uttered the murmurings of a distracted soul. Yet he revealed not the suspicions infused into him to the agitated maid, but suffered her to remain ignorant of the cause, ignorant of the wound his heart had received. At length, in one dreadful hour, he caught Frederick supporting her in his arms. He rushed upon him, drew his sword, and pierced him to the heart; then, branding the distracted, though innocent, cause of his misery with infamy, fell upon the reeking weapon, and closed his own life—a prey to the insidious arts of a subtle woman!

* * * * *

'Long, long did the unfortunate miss Randolph exist a mourning maniac, to load my sight with the crimes I had been guilty of, in blasting her peace for ever. She breathed no sigh, she shed no tear; yet her wretchedness preyed heavy upon her fragile form, and only ended in her death.

'When the news first reached me of my once-loved Inis's death, my heart felt freed from a heavy weight which it could ill support, and smiles again revelled on my countenance to betray the unthinking. Ah! why was I born, if not to live virtuous? But let me not repine: 'tis past—'tis over—and only the barbed arrow is left in this distracted heart! But to return.

'A twelvemonth passed, and my regretted fire breathed his last, leav-

ing me a small fortune, which was inadequate to support my numerous wants. England now to me was hateful; and, under the protection of the volatile Mrs. Dickson, I travelled to the continent. My mistaken aunt soon left me for, I trust, a better world; and I then remained alone in Venice, the voluptuous Venice.

'Misfortunes had changed my person and softened my heart: mild tenderness and feeling compassion alone reigned there, and gained me the affections of Edwin Lewis, an English gentleman of a prepossessing and mild exterior, joined to the most profound knowledge, which he had improved by travelling and the sensible converse of the most enlightened men. For him I felt not that ardent affection I had done for the regretted Alfred: no, the passion which the worthy Lewis inspired was respect, which soon ripened into a pure attachment never to be severed till death should part us, perhaps for ever!

'Emily, my sweet blooming Emily, was our only offspring, and under the tender care of her father she passed her early years. Happy to appearance, in the reposing care of my adoring husband, I spent eleven years; and when these watching eyes beheld the last sight of my beauteous Lewis, I swooned, and continued for eight months a prey to wretchedness, till the innocent foothings of my child recalled me, and I then felt what it was to be deprived of an adoring partner.

'I now quitted Venice, the scene of my misery, and passed into the romantic wilds of France; where chance led my steps to the sweet retired dwelling of madame de Perpignon, a woman whom to describe would be impossible, so lovely, so fascinating, was she. To her I told my story; yet so disguised it, that to this hour she believes me spotless.

Nay, do not undeceive her: let one at least revere me.

‘Now, Horatio, this bleeding heart has disclosed its sorrows, I will speak of my child, the image of my sweet Lewis! Oh, Horatio! brother of my affections! spurn not the tender girl; but clasp her to your heart, and teach her to shun her mother’s fatal conduct. Rear her an Isis, but warn her not to resemble her mother. Horatio, ’tis hard, ’tis painful, for me to say farewell! yet it must come. Oh, brother! protect my child, my Emily, who must not suffer for my crimes!—Remember ’tis my last request.—Farewell, kind Horatio, farewell!

‘Thy devoted sister,
‘EMILY LEWIS.’

(To be continued.)

MATILDA ; a DRAMA.

(Continued from p. 252.)

ACT II.—SCENE I.

Herman, alone.

MR. Wodmar is not here: I suppose he was tired of waiting, and went away.

SCENE II.

Wodmar, Matilda, Amelia, Herman, Louisa.

Wodmar (following Amelia and Matilda). Fly me not, madam.—I ask only one moment. Condescend to sacrifice it to the tender attachment I feel towards you.

Amelia. The honourable views you have declared to Matilda must certainly, sir, ensure to you her utmost esteem; but she has not concealed from you that she cannot give you her heart in return for yours; and since your last conversation with her, I do not believe that she has changed her sentiments.

Wodmar. Permit me to ask the young lady herself whether she has condescended to consider my proposals?

Matilda. They were certainly of a nature to merit my attention—but—I cannot accept them.

Wodmar. You hate me, then, lovely Matilda?

Matilda. I hate no person.

Wodmar. Are you happy?

Matilda. I can submit to what is my fate.

Wodmar. Do you flatter yourself it will one day be less severe?

Matilda. Those who have no hope must be wretched indeed.

Wodmar. The count, your father, is expected to arrive to-day?

Matilda. He is, sir.

Wodmar. And he has renewed those orders which place between you and him an insurmountable barrier.

Herman (eagerly). How, sir!—Can you imagine—

Wodmar. I cannot doubt it. The daughter of count d’Orlheim, banished to the most remote apartment of the mansion, is separated from him by a grate and an iron door, which none dare open till his departure; by the most rigorous injunction never to appear in his presence; by a prohibition to the whole family to speak in her favour, or even to pronounce her name. I know every thing. My curiosity may be thought reprehensible; but humanity, but love, are its motives and its excuse. Dearest Matilda, you are rejected, deserted, proscribed!—You weep! Alas!—pardon me. Judge me by my heart, and forgive the harsh means which necessity compels me to have recourse to. Your father comes, and in his train hatred and contempt for the unfortunate Matilda, who is condemned to confinement and grief. Yet Wodmar is at your feet; Wodmar, who adores you, who wishes to rescue you from

your fate, who offers you his hand, his fortune, his heart. Say but the word, and I will speak to the count, and perhaps I may obtain his consent. You shall no longer languish and suffer: you shall be restored to the rank to which you were born, and my whole life shall be dedicated to the obliterating from your memory the unmerited persecution your innocence has suffered.

Louisa (aside). The gentleman, it cannot be doubted, means very sincerely and generously.

Amelia. You certainly, sir, have undeniable claims to our gratitude.

Herman. You seem to deserve to be happy.

Matilda (much embarrassed). I cannot, sir, but be sensible of your generosity; but I depend on a father—

Wodmar (eagerly). You will then permit me to solicit his consent; and if he grant it, you promise—

Matilda (hastily). No—(Checking herself, and much confused) I—I—promise nothing.

Wodmar (with warmth). But if your heart is free, if you do not hate me, suffer me to rescue you from your present situation, and terminate your sufferings; with which I reproach myself, which render me miserable, and of which, in fine, I am the cause.

All (with the greatest surprise). You!

Amelia. What have you said?

Herman. Explain yourself.

Wodmar. I cannot. Honour forbids me to speak. I am innocent, yet culpable. I am the victim of a crime which I have not committed, and which enchains me in its fearful bonds. You alone can give me the power and the right to make reparation for this crime. Matilda, have pity on yourself and on me—save yourself from neglect and disgrace—save me from remorse and despair.—Be mine.

Matilda. I cannot comprehend, sir, what part you can have in my

griefs: it is a mystery which I do not even desire to penetrate. I thank you for the interest you take in my situation. I am sensible to the proofs of an esteem which unhappily I can only repay with my gratitude. But I must refuse my consent to your acting in the manner you propose; for I cannot accept your hand. Be happy; but with another. I wish it, and you deserve it. As to my misfortune, it may be mitigated. A father will not always be inexorable: Heaven, I trust, will inspire mine with compassion. Should my fate not change, I shall be able to submit to it. A pure conscience and a blameless life are consolations under suffering; courage familiarises us with it, and death is its termination.

Wodmar. Me too, believe me, courage shall never forsake. Love shall redouble its force, and I will prevent you from presenting to the inhuman pity of mankind the spectacle they admire of virtue struggling with adversity, and which they tell us Heaven views with complacency. But this is a calumny against Heaven in which I will not join. I will call it to witness that in despite of your father, and, if necessary, even of yourself—

SCENE III.

Amelia, Matilda, Wodmar, Herman, Louisa, Philip.

Philip. A courier who precedes the count has this moment alighted in the avenue. My master will immediately arrive, and Mr. Ernest is gone to meet him.

Matilda. My father! Oh, Heaven! Let us be gone. Happy Ernest!—Unhappy Matilda!—

[*She retires with Amelia.*]

Herman (accompanying them). How much do I lament your situation, and sympathise in all your sufferings!

Wodmar (looking after them). Un-

fortunate Matilda! And of your misfortunes I am the cause!

Louisa (aside, looking at Wodmar). He stays. What is his intention?

Herman (to Wodmar, with a kind of embarrassment). The count, on his arrival, will, no doubt, come into this saloon.

Wodmar. And as I must speak with him, I shall remain here.

Herman. This may not be the favourable moment. Do not expose yourself, sir.

Wodmar (haughtily). How!—
(*Checking himself*). The count shall see me. My fate depends on him; but his also depends on me.

Herman. I shall say no more.—
(*Aside*). Fatal interview!—(To *Louisa*). Endeavour to persuade him to go. A woman may perhaps obtain what he refuses to my intreaties.

[*He retires to the bottom of the stage.*]

SCENE IV.

Wodmar, Louisa.

Wodmar (aside). Let me calm, if possible, my troubled mind; I have need of all my reason.

Louisa (aside). This gentleman has some very excellent qualities; but he seems to be too hasty, and a little inclined to obstinacy.—(Aloud). Permit me, sir, to represent to you——

Wodmar. You have heard what I said to Mr. Herman: I persist in my resolution.

Louisa. I have done, sir!

[*Offering to go; Wodmar stops her.*]

Wodmar. Your name is Louisa, I think; is it not?

Louisa. Yes, sir.

Wodmar. You were brought up with the beautiful Matilda, in this old castle, which the countess, her mother, inhabited for ten years?

Louisa. I was born here, sir.

Wodmar. Matilda loves you, and honours you with her confidence?

Louisa. I hope, sir, I am not undeserving of it.

Wodmar. There is here a very

obliging and deserving young man, of the name of Philip, to whom I believe you are not absolutely indifferent.

Louisa (smiling). You seem to be very well informed, sir.

Wodmar. Oh, perfectly so!

Louisa. What may be the meaning of all these questions?

Wodmar. That if you will promote my interests with the amiable Matilda, my gratitude shall be boundless; and you and Philip, who, it is said, are soon to be married, shall have no reason to repent that you have served me.

Louisa. I beg, sir, you would say no more.

Wodmar. I am naturally not deficient in generosity, and when services of such importance are rendered me——

Louisa. But I, if I oblige any person, always do it disinterestedly.

Wodmar. That is not very common.

Louisa. But it is very right.

Wodmar. It may be so. But young ladies in your situation frequently have opportunities to become acquainted with secrets.

Louisa. If I have I am able likewise to keep them; nor do I ever endeavour to discover what it is not wished that I should know.

Wodmar. You are very singular.

Louisa. I hope not; that would be little credit to my sex.

Wodmar. Mr. Ernest I believe sees Matilda every day: she admits him to the most familiar intimacy?

Louisa. Mr. Ernest is her cousin, sir.

Wodmar. That will not prevent her from thinking him agreeable.

Louisa. Certainly not; it is only necessary to look on him to think so. He has very fine expressive eyes.

Wodmar. Oh, you have noticed his eyes! have you?

Louisa. With pleasure, and without danger. But, sir, you take a useless trouble; neither your ques-

tions nor your promises will obtain any thing of me. I shall only say, what I think I ought to say, I am neither to be gained nor dazzled. I attend to my own business, and not to the secrets of others. I am not fitted for intrigue. I believe that you are generous and deserving of Matilda. Do not degrade your character by endeavouring to debase mine. I respect you greatly, but I cannot serve you in the manner you seem to wish. The most effectual service that I can render you, in my opinion, would be to persuade you to leave this apartment before count d'Orlheim comes. Whether with reason or not, he is said to be much prejudiced against you. Do not provoke a disagreeable explanation, I conjure you; and if you sincerely love Matilda, give her, in your respect for her father, the most certain proof of your love for herself.

Wodmar. I adore Matilda, I respect count d'Orlheim, and I shall always esteem yourself for the propriety of your conduct.

Louisa. I only do my duty. I hear a noise. Some one is coming. No doubt it is the count.— (*Aside*) I am curious to see how they will meet, and hear what they will say to each other.

Wodmar. Let me not forget that he is unhappy, and by my fault.— He comes. How my heart palpitates! What an ascendancy must he have over us, the very sight of whom enforces a blush!

(*To be continued.*)

PARISIAN FASHIONS.

(*With an Engraving elegantly coloured.*)

HHEAD-dresses in hair, turned up and plaited behind, are still in vogue. *Yellow straw hats, plain or*

pearled, are much worn. An attempt has been made to introduce flat *cornettes, à-la-paysanne*. For hats, the colours white, green, and lilac, are still in favour. Turbans, which are become somewhat rare, are worn more over one ear than another; sometimes almost the whole of one side of the head is left uncovered. *Double colerettes*, in the English fashion, are frequent; as are round robes trimmed with three rows of ribband. Robes with long trains are rarely to be seen. The only shawls in fashion are long shawls. They are worn suspended to the neck, and are of Cashmere, resembling Cashmere, or, at least, bordered with Cashmere. The ribbands in vogue are striped deep-green and apple-green.

LONDON FASHIONS.

Full Dresses.

A SHORT robe and petticoat of white crape over white farcenet, the petticoat made very long and trimmed round the bottom with silver *cheffs*; the robe made short in front with a handkerchief corner behind, the fronts drawn full across the bosom and looped down with a diamond ornament; the sleeves short and plain with full epaulets, the whole trimmed with silver or gold *cheffs*. A *bandeau* of diamonds or pearls through the hair with a whole bird of paradise feather fixed on the right side.

A dress of patent net worked with gold, the body plain and very low in the back, drawn round the bosom with a lace tucker. The sleeves ornamented with gold cord and tassels; the whole ornamented with gold trimming; the hair dressed and ornamented with a gold *bandeau* and flowers.

Engraved for the Ladies Magazine, June 1803.



Mulrow & Russell Co.^s

PARIS DRESS.

Promenade Dresses.

A round dress of white muslin, with a plain habit shirt of cambric, shawl of variegated silk net, straw bonnet with a flower.

Round dress of plain pink Italian sarcenet, with a habit shirt of worked muslin and lace, shawl of white muslin, hat of white silk turned up in front and ornamented with a yellow fancy flower; the hair dressed full over the face, with a diamond or pearl comb in front.

Head Dresses.

A bonnet of pink silk with a white lace front, a full double crown finished on the top with a bow and tied under the chin with pink ribband.

A ribband and straw hat, the ribband in diamonds, and the straw in beads, turned up in front and ornamented with a flower.

A turban of white satin and crape ornamented with a plume of white ostrich feathers.

A hat of white satin trimmed all over with beads, with two ostrich feathers.

A hat of yellow silk covered with black lace, a yellow ostrich feather in front.

A cap of pink silk, and net tied under the chin with pink ribband, and covering the left side of the face.

A morning bonnet of straw or chip.

A cap of white lace, with a bunch of roses in front.

A straw hat with a double front, turned up before and ornamented with a flower.

General Observations.

The prevailing colours are blue, lilac, rose, and pea-green. A handkerchief has been introduced called the nun's handkerchief (*fichu religieuse*) made of embroidered muslin, with open work in front; tied round the neck, and trimmed with net. The shawl *pélisse*, described in our last, is much worn in dresses. Lustre

straws, either all lustre, or mixed with chip or Leghorn, chiefly of the small Obi shade, are among the spring novelties. The other hats, the most general, are the simple gypsey, called the merry gypsey, of plain white chip, trimmed with puffings of white or blue ribband, and tied under the chin; also the conversation hat, covering one ear, made of sarcenet or muslin of various colours, and ornamented with a wreath of flowers.

DETACHED THOUGHTS.

BY VOLTAIRE.

HONOUR is the instinct of Virtue, and the source of her courage.

Pride performs as many ignoble offices as rapacity.

The victim of misfortune is consoled, if he believes himself celebrated.

Good company is a dispersed republic, some of whose members one occasionally meets with.

The imagination proceeds in a gallop, the judgment in a walking pace.

There is no miser alive who has not formed the intention of living expensively at some future time: death comes, and consigns the execution of his project to his heir.

It is said of beggars that they are never out of their road, because they have no fixed abode. It is the very same with persons who dispute without being possessed of determinate notions.

Conversation is the communication of our foibles.

A dull man is the torpedo of society, and a man of imagination a contagious flame.

Misers resemble mines of gold which produce neither flowers nor foliage.

Honour is the diamond that Virtue wears on her finger.

POETICAL ESSAYS.

PROUD DUMFERLINE,

THE CASTLE ON THE WOLD;

A GOTHIC TALE.

(Concluded from page 270.)

FOR many nights in vain he went,
His life became a weight;
And oft he'd in his cell lament
The harshness of his fate.

Although so near him Mary is,
He knew not truly where:
The captain often swore that his
Should be the maiden fair.

One stormy eve these robbers bold
Some travellers waylay:
Their force was equal—when, behold!
The robbers' troop gave way.

They fled in fear across the dell,
And Allwin now descried
A proper time to quit them well,
As o'er the vale they hied.

Full soon a thicket's gloom he gain'd,
And, shelter'd there, kept still
Till all were past,—then soon regain'd
The cottage on the hill;

Where dwelt his aged parents dear,
Now worn with grief and dread;
For Allwin oft they dropt a tear,
They mourn'd, and thought him dead.

Loud blew the blast, the rain hard beat,
No light the casements held;
He knock'd, and soon, with transport
sweet,
His time-worn fire beheld.

His presence now their hearts reviv'd,
His story's quickly told;
And soon as early morn arriv'd,
He from the cottage stroll'd.

To gain assistance was his aim;
A little village near
Afforded what he wish'd to claim—
Some men who knew not fear.

A chosen band, by Allwin led,
March'd off without delay;
They swore to fight till all were dead,
Or conquerors come away.

The castle soon appear'd in sight,
And, as they nearer drew,
Each heart beat high to win the fight,
And extirpate this crew.

Full soon they reach'd the castle-wall;
They silent pass'd along;
They pass'd the entrance, pass'd the hall,
In conscious virtue strong.

They heard at length the noisy horde;
A feast they seem'd to hold;
In bumpers large the health they roar'd
Of Sigismund the Bold.

The cause brave Allwin knew too well!
His Mary's heav'nly charms
This day were doom'd to quit their cell,
For Sigismund's curs'd arms.

To celebrate the union vile,
He gave this pamper'd treat;
And now he went, with ghastly smile,
The heav'n-born maid to meet.

The drunken gang tumultuous came,
With Sigismund along;
To Mary's cell their way they fram'd—
A roaring, reeling throng.

But ere they reach'd poor Mary's cell,
The darksome passage wound,
Where Allwin's party, hidden well,
Were list'ning all around.

Attentive now, brave Allwin's men
Awaited his command;
He gave the word, and eager, then,
They charg'd the robbers' band.

The battle rag'd! each nervous blow
Pass'd quick from side to side:
But soon the bandit' chief's laid low;
By Allwin's hand he died!

In oaths his latest breath he spent;
Curs'd all he most desir'd;
Curs'd heav'n and earth, with brow
stern bent;
Then, with a groan, expir'd!

The robbers now, their chieftain's dead,
Explor'd their gloomy way;
Through subterraneous vaults they fled,
In terror and dismay.

Pursu'd by Allwin's heroes brave,
Full many met their fate;
The rest kneel down, and mercy crave,
Though mercy was their hate.

Meantime young Allwin pac'd around,
In search of Mary dear;
When soon her prison-door he found,
And burst it ope' in fear.

Expecting Sigismund accurs'd,
Her thoughts on Allwin bent,
His wretched Mary fear'd the worst,
With sorrow almost spent.

A bed of straw alone she had,
Where stretch'd in dread she lay;
Her bosom heav'd, her heart was sad,
Her face was turn'd away.

A glimpse he caught—with transport
fix'd,
His heart with joy beat high;
With anguish keen it still was mix'd,
As thus he saw her lie.

When Mary heard the door unclose,
In piteous tone she cried—
'Oh! take me, Heav'n, to thy repose,
Ere I should be his bride!'

Young Allwin heard; his heart reviv'd;
He sprang across the cell:
At Mary's feet he knelt, depriv'd
Of utterance to tell

The joyful tidings he had brought
To Mary and her friends;
But soon to speech he gave each thought,
And now his silence ends.

'Dear Mary!' he exclaim'd, 'behold
Your Allwin at your feet:
No more shall Sigismund the Bold
Invade your lone retreat:

'For, cradled in the arms of death,
His passions are at rest;
And, though he curs'd with his last
breath,
Oh, may he join the blest!'

Fond Mary turn'd—on Allwin gaz'd—
Then fainted in his arms:
She soon reviv'd, yet still amaz'd,
Her heart beat love's alarms.

Affur'd of safety by her love,
More easy now she grew:
He told her how each party strove:—
'They strove, my love, for you!

'But faith and virtuous valour prov'd
Too strong for the vile clan;
Our cause was just—kind Heav'n ap-
prov'd,

And favour'd our weak plan.'
While thus he fondly told each thought,
His men came victors there,
And Mary's parents with them
brought,—

A weaken'd, woe-worn pair.

To paint the scene which follow'd here,
Too weak the poet's pen:
A scene to feeling ever dear!—
To good and virtuous men!

Their raptures o'er, now Reason blest,
Exerted her mild sway;
And Allwin, by each parent press'd,
Ne'er knew a happier day.

Towards his father's house he led
The joyous, happy train;
For Mary's fire nor house nor bed
Could boast upon the plain.

By fire his house and goods destroy'd,—
'Twas hard to be endur'd:
His lands remain'd; and, overjoy'd,
He found his herds secur'd.

Now each one gain'd a night's repose,
Quite free from dire alarms;
And Sol still found them when he rose,
Fast lock'd in Sleep's soft arms.

Refresh'd and happy they awoke,
To them all Nature smil'd;
They met—of dangers past they spoke;
And thus their time beguil'd.

Their kind deliverer they bless'd;
Their hatred was remov'd;
And, by their own consent, he press'd
The maiden whom he lov'd.

They now confess'd that wealth was vain;
That pride was vainer still;
That riches could not joy obtain,
Without their Maker's will.

By Allwin urg'd to name the day,
And make his joy complete,
A month was doom'd to pass away
In preparation sweet.

Meanwhile the captive robbers met
A just, but wretched, fate:
Kind Pity's eyes with tears were wet;
She mourn'd their hapless state!

Hours, days, and weeks, crept slowly on;
A ling'ring month it seem'd;
And Allwin hail'd the happy morn,
As gloriously it beam'd.

A rev'rend father join'd their hands;
The marriage vow was made;
And, bound in Hymen's silken bands,
Their toils were all repaid.

Their wedded life in pleasure fled;
Nor want nor woe they knew;
A cherub off-spring bless'd their bed;
In peace each moment flew.

April 2, 1803.

J. M. L.

SONNETS.

I. THE VILLAGE SABBATH.

THE farm-house left, from upland hills
and dells
The rustic troop crowd through the
church-yard lane ;
With lively chime resound the busy bells,
As wind their footsteps to the ivy'd
fane.
Dress'd in their Sunday shoes, their
milk-white frock,
The lisping youngers trudge with
shining face ;
The curate, watchful shepherd of his
flock,
Smiles on his charge with unaffected
grace.
His partner, doctress of the peasant train,
Her offspring by, showers blessings as
she goes ;
Their little hands huge books of prayer
sustain,
Their cheeks more ruddy than the
damask rose !
Blest emblems of the golden age !—how
few
Scenes of tranquillity, like yours, pur-
sue.
May 13. E. S.

II.

THE noisy din of day was o'er,
Sol sank beneath the west ;
I stroll'd along the Medway's shore ;
All Nature was at rest.
The peaceful eve succeeded day,
No zephyr curl'd the tide ;
The faintest, feeblest, twilight ray,
Was now my only guide.
'This scene,' I cried, 'might soothe the
mind
Of misery and grief ;
Pale sorrow here a balm would find,
The tortur'd soul relief.
'Twould lull the care-worn form to rest,
Make woe forgot, and anguish blest'd.'
J. M. L.

THE WAR-WORN SAILOR.

BEHOLD ! with many a scar, in peace,
The war-worn sailor come,
Trusting to find, in health and ease,
His wedded love at home.

His children dear he hopes again
To clasp to his warm breast :
Alas ! his hopes are all in vain ;
They're number'd with the blest !
He came, and found his offspring dead,
His wife of sense beguil'd ;
A fever's fire, in all its dread,
Left her a maniac wild.
She knew her Henry ! knew her mate
She sunk down by his side !
Her sense return'd—Alas, too late !
She shriek'd, she wept, and died !
April 2, 1803. J. M. L.

THE VIRGIN'S PRAYER.

'GODDESS of love !' a virgin cried,
'Oh, grant my ardent pray'r !
Grant I may soon become a bride,
A husband's love to share !
'If marriages in heaven are made
(And most believe they are),
May mine be free from sorrow's shade,
From anger, and from care !
'May he with whom I join for life
With temper mild be blest !
May sad affliction, friend to strife,
E'er fly our home to rest !
'May brawling-discord's bitter fate
Ne'er wound our peaceful lives !
I hope to be, with such a mate,
The happiest of wives !'
May 2, 1803. J. M. L.

LINES,

Addressed to a young Gentleman.

IF you wish for a pleasant companion
through life,
One deserving your fondness and care,
I can point out a maid that would make
such a wife, [square.
And her dwelling's near Finsbury-
Then now is the time, while she's sin-
gle and free,
To solicit her hand, and be blest ;
For her fortune's immense, as it always
must be. [breast.
Where virtue's enthron'd in the
As to riches, they're baubles, and must
not compare
With the beauties of person and mind ;
And the man who for wealth only va-
lues the fair,
I pronounce a disgrace to mankind.
D. W.

EMMA.

THE dimpled smile on Emma's cheek
Soft lustre spreads around ;
Her dark-blue eyes have learnt to speak,
And every word's a wound.

Her auburn locks in ringlets flow,
On her white bosom rest ;
O'er shade a face unknown to woe,
In matchless beauty dress'd.

Emma, benevolent and kind,
In native humour gay,
Of beauteous form and generous mind,
Come,—smile our cares away.
Kingsland, June 6, 1803. J. M.

THE COTTAGE MAID.

FAIR Emma dwelt in yonder cot,
Far shelter'd in yon woodland glade ;
Content and virtue were the lot
Of Emma fair, the cottage maid.

An aged parent's care to soothe,
She lent a widow'd mother aid ;
Repaid by-duty, love, and truth,
Her mother—once the cottage maid.

A rill, low murm'ring by the cot,
Meander'd through the woodland's
shade,

As proud to deck the pretty spot,
Where Emma liv'd, the cottage maid.

A foe to virtue in distress,
(Whose villain smiles may sorrow
fade !)

His tale of love would often press
On Emma fair, the cottage maid.

The tale she heard, as truth believ'd ;
With virtuous love it was repaid :
His flow'ry words and vows deceiv'd
An artless girl,—the cottage maid.

No more the sprightly dance is seen,—
'Tis pity's tear bedews the glade :
A villain's art o'er shades the scene,
And robs of peace the cottage maid.

Kingsland, June 6, 1803. J. M.

ON HEARING MARRIAGE RIDI-
CULED BY A LIBERTINE.

MARRIAGE, thou state by gracious
Heaven design'd,
Supreme of earthly bliss to human kind !
From God's own lips the benediction
flow'd [flow'd.
On thy first rites, and the first pair be-
In later times, behold the nuptial feast
By Jesus' presence dignified and grac'd.

The obedient water own'd his power
divine,
And at command blush'd into gen'rous
wine.

High-honour'd union ! anathemas wait
On the rash man that mars thy happy
state !

AUTOLICUS.

Mile-End, June 13, 1803.

ODE FOR HIS MAJESTY'S
BIRTH-DAY, 1803.

BY H. PYE, ESQ. POET-LAUREAT.

BRITAIN, alas ! has woo'd in vain,
Reluctant Peace ! thy placid charms
Compell'd, she treads once more th' en-
sanguin'd plain,

Where Fame, where Freedom, call'd
aloud for arms.

Yet be awhile the battle's sound
In notes of festive triumph drown'd :
Whether the fiends of Discord fly
Portentous through the fiery sky,
Or, bound in Fate's coercive chain,
Howl 'mid th' infernal seats in vain,
On this auspicious day the Muse,
Jocund, with grateful voice, her wont-
ed theme pursues.

Amid the boast of tyrant Pride,
The pomp of state, the arm'd array,
Can all the shouts of Slavery hide,

That slaves unwilling homage pay ?
No force can shield Ambition's head
From noon-tide care, from midnight
dread,

When the still monitor within
Searches th' abode of blood and sin ;
While he who rules with virtuous sway,
Whom freemen glory to obey,
Sees every breast the bulwark of a throne,
His people's surest guard—its sacred
rights their own.

Then let the Muse, with duteous hand,
Strike the bold lyre's responsive
strings, [land.

While every tongue through Albion's
Joins in the hymn of praise she sings :
And Labour, from the furrowed plain.

And Commerce, from the billowy main,
With voice symphonious, bid arise

That purest incense to the skies,
Above the proudest wreath of Fame,

Which ever grac'd the victor's name,
A nation's votive breath by truth con-
sign'd. [human kind !

To bless a patriot king—the friend of

SEDUCTION'S TRIUMPH:

OR,
PHŒBE'S DESTINY.

SAD Phœbe mourns her hapless fate,
To peace and virtue lost;
Her youth was pass'd in blissful state,
By discord never cross'd.

Persuasion grac'd Orlando's tongue;
For Phœbe's heart he sued;
On all he spake she fondly hung,
With tenderness endued.

But, mark the villain's artful plot!
A moment weak he seiz'd;
Her virtue gone, he fled the spot,
With his success well pleas'd.

Bereft of friends, poor Phœbe grieves.
Ye affluent and humane,
Her ev'ry hope to you she leaves;
Pity her grief and pain.

May 2, 1803.

J. M. L.

ANSWER

TO THE VALENTINE EPISTLE,

In the Magazine for April.

DEAR YOUTH,

WHY ask me to bestow
A gift which long has been your
own —

A simple heart, with nought to boast
But constancy to you alone?

A heart that once was gay and free
Till taken captive, love, by thee.

Three summer suns this earth has seen
Since, my dear James, thy worth I
knew;

Tho' cheering Hope long since has fled,
They've found me constant still to
you:

Nor time nor chance a change shall see
In that poor heart that's fix'd on thee.

Gay Mirth, with all its smiling train,
Invites me to her willing arms;

But what, alas! is Mirth to me,
Or Pleasure's fascinating charms?

No Mirth or Pleasure can I see,—
Depriv'd of all I love, in thee.

By sickness and by grief oppress'd,
I thought of thee, my heart to cheer;

Religion pointed to the skies,
And bade me hope to see thee there.

Constant to death will Harriet be,
And, dying, breathe a pray'r for thee.

STATE OF EUROPE IN 1803.

TWO nations at present all Europe
command; [land:—

One governs the sea, and the other the
This spreads its domain from the north
to the south, [the mouth;

And lives, like a thief, from the hand to
While the other, like bees, with a well-
hoarded store, [still more.

To the east and west ranges, to gather
In France most are beggars, marauders,
or robbers;

In England — directors, contractors,
stock-jobbers.

These nations, once great, in their pride
and their glory,

Now talk of their greatness, but tell a
new story;

One's anxious for plunder, but fears to
get knocks;

T'other fears to make war—for fear of
the stocks:

No matter if thousands are sent to their
graves, [tion of slaves;

Where a consul commands a whole na-
But in England the value of lives is com-
puted

By annuities granted, transferr'd, or
commuted;

Our glory and pride with the stocks rise
and fall,

'Tis *omnium* determines the fate of us all;
Then how vain about glory all pother or
fuss,

Since *consuls* govern them, and *consols*
govern us!

THE KISS AND THE BLUSH.

MY gentle Grace, I did but seek,
From off that delicate fair cheek,
To steal a kiss: and lo! your face

All o'er with shame and anger glows!
What have I done, my gentle Grace,

But turn'd a lily to a rose?
And well you know, we all declare

That face too delicately fair.
Your cheeks—your forehead too—were

flush'd!

Your neck, and e'en your bosom, blush'd!
And shame may claim the larger part

In that fair neck, and all above;
But the blush so near the heart,

O let it be a blush of love!
Pygmalion thus lit up with life,
The statue that became his wife.

FOREIGN NEWS.

Cadiz, May 27.

A SHIP that put in at Gibraltar brings information that the greatest alarm existed at that place, in regard to the diseases which were making great havoc on board the English Squadron in the Mediterranean, and of which the infection was dreaded.

Hamburgh, May 29. A levy of all males from the age of 16 to the age of 50 has been ordered in Hanover, but has been attended with scarce any effect. Whole villages refuse to submit to it, while others take refuge in the territories of Denmark or Hamburgh; and it is computed that within the last four days 600 Hanoverians had arrived at Hamburgh or Altona.

The duke of Cambridge, who directs these preparations, wishing, under the existing circumstances, that the oath of fidelity to his father should be taken, found but five persons in the city of Zell who had taken that oath, and these were even in the service of government.

I learn from good authority that five Frenchmen have been arrested: three at Hanover, and two at Zell.

The greatest fermentation besides prevails in the electorate of Hanover; archives, jewels, plate, all are packed up, and ready to be removed. The regency of Hanover had wished to dispatch its archives by Hildesheim, but the count de Schullembourg objected to receiving them.

It is certain that the orders of the regency with respect to the enrolment and the oath meet with much opposition, particularly in the cities. It has been so violent in the city of Luneburg, that the magistrates have been obliged to shut the gates of the city. Reports are also in circulation respecting the disturbances that have taken place at Hanover from the same cause.

Hanover, May 31. The day before

yesterday, in the afternoon, the commercial counsellor Brandes, lieutenant-colonel Boch, and M. Von Bremer, set out on a mission of importance, supposed to be the French head-quarters, to conclude such a conventional arrangement as may preserve this country from the mischiefs which must ensue from a French invasion.

Bremen, May 31. The French troops, 6000 strong, have entered Quackenbrück, and thence marched for the neighbouring county of Diepholz. The Hanoverian district of Wildeshausen, which, by the plan of indemnities, has been assigned to the duke of Oldenburgh, has been pointed out by boundary marks set up along the frontier. We shall see whether the French will take their route through Wildeshausen.

Boundary poles have likewise been set up along the frontiers of the territory of Bremen, with the word 'neutrality' on them.

The strictest discipline is maintained among the French troops, who conduct themselves with the utmost decorum and good order.

Berlin, May 31. It is understood that our sovereign remains firm in his resolution not to intermeddle in the dispute between England and France. Should a Russian Squadron appear in the Baltic, it will only be to perform some customary evolutions and marine manœuvres.

We hear nothing more of a cordon under general Blücher.

Bremen, June 1. Yesterday evening about 8000 French arrived in the vicinity of Vechte, on the frontiers of Diepholz: of these 300, which compose the advanced guard, instead of passing through Wildeshausen, have marched by Goldenstedt to Diepholz and Hoya.

2. The accounts received here are no longer of so gloomy a nature as they

were. The French troops, ed, to the number of 8000, are at Diepholz, Vechte, and Cloppenburg, where they, no doubt, wait for reinforcements before they proceed further on their march. We entertain great hopes, however, that an accommodation will be effected by the deputation that has been sent from Hanover to general Mortier.

The French advanced troops have fallen in with some small Hanoverian detachments, but no hostilities have taken place. The principal force of the Hanoverians is at Nienberg.

The Hanoverian deputation which has been sent to general Mortier, in the vicinity of Vechte, has a French escort with it.

The French troops, according to the last accounts, have advanced through Diepholz to the county of Hoya; they are already at Suhlinger heath.

Our town has received an assurance that it shall suffer no injury by the march of the French troops. It is intended that two regiments shall march through the territory; though this, if possible, will be avoided.

The French, it is said, will pass the Weser at Hoya.

A French corps is at Eperer, near Diepholz, and the French troops are only eleven and a half German miles from Hanover. They have not yet directed their march towards the territory of Bremen; and the report that a strong corps was advancing through the territory of Bremen to Cuxhaven, and had passed the Weser at Bremerlehe, is entirely without foundation.

The Hanoverian deputies have arrived at the French head-quarters. What is said of the conditions proposed is mere report. In the mean time the French appear to stand still, and even, for the sake of more conveniently distributing themselves, somewhat to retreat; an advanced part of them is, however, cantoned in Harpsted.

Leghorn, June 1. Our city has been declared in a state of siege, by order of general Murat. All the English who reside here are on their parole as prisoners of war. Two ships of the same nation, with their rich cargoes, have

already fallen into the hands of the French. One of them was in the road, ready to depart; and the other, not being informed of the war, was taken by a French privateer.

Banks of the Maine, June 8. We learn from Ratisbon that there has been received, at the dictatura of the diet, a communication from the Hanoverian ministers, presented by the secretary of the legation of Brunswick Lunenburgh, who provisionally discharge here the functions of minister from that court. The communication contains a declaration of the Hanoverian government to this purport: 'that the king of England, in quality of elector of Brunswick Lunenburgh, had proposed to confine himself within the bounds of the strictest neutrality in the war between Great-Britain and France, in the same manner as he did from the year 1795, till the conclusion of the treaty of peace at Lunenburgh; that the treaty there concluded between France on the one part, and the emperor and empire on the other, provided that no French army should in future enter the territories of Germany; and that it was consequently expected that the Hanoverian states would not be subjected to any part of the burthen of this war, &c. The other ministers have taken this declaration *ad referendum*. And it appears, from the known disposition of most of them, that the above communication will produce no particular consequence, and will only be inserted *apud acta*.

In fact, the ministers of Prussia, Austria, Bavaria, Wurtemburgh, the arch-chancellor, &c. have already spoken out pretty plainly in regard to this affair, in their private conversations, and at particular meetings among themselves. They regard the contest between France and the Hanoverian government, as well as the eventual occupation of the king of England's dominions in Germany, as matters in which the interests of the German empire can have no concern, if the French do not pass the frontiers of the electorate of Hanover. Besides, the intention of the French government not being to raise any pretensions to the final sovereignty of that country, but to occupy it till the re-

oration of peace with England, it is impossible to see how the emperor and empire can have any right of interposition in the affair.

Hague, June 8. A courier arrived at nine this morning from the army of lieut.-gen. Mortier, with dispatches for the Bureau of the post of the army, which were immediately forwarded to Paris. It is known that Hanover and Osnaburgh have capitulated.

It has also been announced by letters to the principal director of the post, that a column of French troops has been sent against Hamburgh, and that it has taken possession of that city—so at least it is supposed.

The Dutch fishing-smacks, taken by the British vessels, have been released; and our government has been informed, that the fishery will not be molested by the English cruisers.

Brussels, June 8. We are informed from Rotterdam, that the English squadron under the command of vice-admiral Thornborough, now cruising at the mouth of the Meuse, and within sight of the coast of Holland, has been augmented by the recent arrival of a seventy-four-gun ship of the line and two frigates. The English have a considerable naval force at the mouth of the Texel and in the North Sea. No hostile attempt is, however, dreaded, as the coasts have been every where put in a good state of defence; and the entrenched camp on the north point of Holland, between the Helder and Callantsoog, is, from time to time, enlarged by the arrival of new bodies of Batavian troops.

According to this intelligence, the Batavian government, which will take an active part in the war against England, is going to equip and arm a numerous squadron, which, if necessary, will take part in an expedition against the coasts of Britain. It is said, that a naval division will be formed in the ports of Zealand.

General Rapp, aide-de-camp to the first consul, who, on Saturday last, passed through this city on his way to Holland and to the head-quarters of the army under general Mortier, has already

dispatched from Nimeguen a courier to government. That courier passed through this city yesterday, and proceeded with the greatest expedition for Paris. Several couriers from Paris have, within these few days, passed through Brussels, on their way to Holland, to the French head-quarters, and into Germany, with dispatches, which, in the present situation of affairs, cannot but be of the greatest importance.

9. Letters from the Hague mention, that Mr. Liston, the British ambassador, having obtained his passports, was yesterday to leave that place for Helvoetsluys, there to embark for England. Letters of recall have been, likewise, dispatched to M. Schimmelpenninck, the Batavian ambassador at London. His immediate return is expected. This fact puts an end to every doubt that might have been entertained in regard to the participation of the Batavian republic in the present war. The government of that republic is now concerting with that of France the most suitable means for prosecuting the war with vigour. The same letters assure us, that the commission which was sent to Paris, to submit to the French government certain propositions for the neutrality of Holland, will be recalled, as that measure is no longer judged to be necessary. The works in the dockyard, and other naval preparations, are about to be pushed forward with great activity in the ports of Holland. Several ships of the line, frigates, and other vessels of war, will very soon be put in a condition for service.

General of brigade Monnet, who has the command at Flushing and in the isle of Walcheren, has put the coasts in a good state of defence, and has also provided for the security of the road of Flushing.

The following is the circular letter issued by the British vice-consul, at Hamburgh, on the 2d. :—

‘Gentlemen, you are required to leave the port with your ships, and to make sail in an hour, in order that you may take advantage of the tide to Cuxhaven.

‘E. NICHOLAS.’

HOME NEWS.

London, June 4.

YESTERDAY morning, at half past one o'clock, the Three Cranes public house, in Mile-End-road, was discovered to be on fire, which burned so furiously that in two hours the house was burned to the ground before they could procure any engine, get water, or gain admittance to the house to save any property, or the lives of the unfortunate family, who fell a sacrifice to the flames. By four o'clock in the afternoon six of the bodies of the unfortunate sufferers were dug out of the ruins, which, although shockingly burnt and mangled, are known to be the bodies of Mr. Williams, the master of the house, his wife, her mother, and three children. This unhappy fire is supposed to have been occasioned by a rope-match being left burning when they went to bed. It being Bow fair, they had company in the house till a late hour, and the men were lighting their pipes with this match.

Dover, June 10. Last night, about twelve, the Auckland packet, captain Hammond, arrived here from Calais as a flag of truce, and brought a courier with dispatches to count Staremberg and count Woronzow. The French are said to be building flat-bottomed boats and gun-boats on a new construction. An order has been received at Calais to march all the English there up to Valenciennes. The English packets, Sutton and Lattimere, are still detained. The French row-boat privateers begin to come over on our shore as soon as night comes on. They have not made any capture of note.

Dublin, June 14. The La Bonne Marie, from Port-au-Prince to Bourdeaux, captured on the 7th ult. by his majesty's ship Caroline, captain Page, in lat. 46. 30. N. long. 9. 30. W. Captain Page, sent Messrs. Stut and Curran, midshipmen, and six men

on board her, to carry her to port. When off the Old Head of Kinsale, blowing a gale of wind and squally, the men were aloft taking in sail; when the Frenchmen, being seven in number, rushed on deck, seized Mr. Stut's sword, confined him in the cabin, and had possession of the ship in about an hour. When the Englishmen came on deck, Messrs. Stut and Curran rushed out of the cabin, knocked the man at the helm down, and fought man to man for some time on deck. At length, a pilot hooker hove in sight, when the Frenchmen desisted and were immediately secured. Mr. Stut, the midshipman, is hurt above his eye, from a stroke of a sword, but no way dangerously. We are happy in being able to claim one of the above young gentlemen (Mr. Curran) as a native of our own country. We understand he is a son of the celebrated barrister of that name.

Plymouth, June 14. Catwater, the eastern arm of Plymouth harbour, is now quite a wood of prizes and detained Batavians; there is just room enough left for a passage way. The number of French prizes and Batavian ships sent into this port in three weeks, by the activity of our cruisers, is astonishing, and amounted yesterday to 105 sail of all descriptions. The computed value of vessels and cargoes cannot be less than a million and a half sterling, as many of the Batavian cargoes cost in Batavia from 40,000*l.* to 60,000*l.* each, as per manifest, besides private ventures; a circumstance unparalleled in this or any former war; for, besides the loss of private vessels, a considerable defalcation in the revenues of France and Holland will be sustained by the non-payment of the duties on importation. One circumstance on board one of the Batavian East-Indiaman detained and sent in, is particularly distressing: Two Dutch young ladies, whose parents had

died at Batavia, were coming to Europe with their whole property and fortune invested in merchandise, to a considerable amount, and being profound peace, of course not insured. The chance of war, and perfidy of their country, sent by our cruisers the ship into this port, and of course their investments will be, if condemned, prize to the lucky captors.

15. The skulking French row-boats, from St. Maloes, Havre, Cherbourg, &c. make sure work of taking prizes on the coast of Devon, &c. They are equipped as fishing boats, sail from their own ports in the dusk of the evening, and get close in with our coasts a little before day-break, where they lay to as if fishing, showing perhaps only two or three men, the rest concealed: if a vessel, who runs it without convoy, happens to near the land, the row-boats make sail, board her, and have, in the late war, carried off, unmolested, several coasters worth 10,000l., and have not been absent, at this season of the year, above twenty-four hours from their own ports.

Dover, June 16. Last night, at seven o'clock, the French schooner l'Unbordable gun-boat arrived here, being one of those vessels mentioned to be taken in my last, by the Jalouse and Cruiser gun-brigs, with a frigate in company, name unknown. They were bound from Dunkirk to Calais, where Bonaparte is expected in a few days, to examine the craft and troops destined for the invasion of England: this schooner is a very long, low-built, vessel, and mounts two twenty-four pounders forward, and one at the stern, on slides, with two twelve-pounders, midships: the stern-gun is a beautiful brass piece, ornamented with trophies of war, and two dolphins in the middle, to hoist it by, with the words '*le curature*' near the muzzle; and the motto, '*nec pluribus impar*' near the breech. It is one of the pieces they stole from Flushing at the beginning of the revolution. This vessel, with the brig taken in company, were both run on shore, and most of the men escaped out of them, but were put into gaol as soon as they landed.

Arrived at five, a. m. a Russian cou-

rier with dispatches; and sailed this day the Auckland, with Mr. Shaw, king's messenger, with dispatches to Paris. Upwards of twenty passengers sailed in the above vessel.

London, June 16. Mr. Shaw, the messenger, left town last night, with dispatches for Paris. A cabinet council was to be held at Windsor this morning. Lord Pelham set out for Windsor between eight and nine o'clock. It is supposed the council was held for the purpose of declaring war against Holland.

M. Schimmelpenninck, the Dutch ambassador, left town this morning.

17. Yesterday, a deputation of the lottery-office keepers waited, by appointment, on the chancellor of the exchequer. The proposed lottery is to consist of 80,000 tickets (with liberty to the purchasers to convert that number into 90,000), to be drawn at three separate periods, viz. in September, January, and April, next. Ten days drawing in each of these periods.

Lord Hawkesbury brought the following message from his majesty to the house of commons.

'G. R.

'His majesty thinks it right to inform the house of commons, that from an anxious desire to prevent the calamities of war being extended to the Batavian republic, he communicated to that government his disposition to respect their neutrality, provided that a similar disposition was manifested on the part of the French government, and that the French forces were forthwith withdrawn from the territories of the Batavian republic. This proposition not having been admitted by the government of France, and measures having been recently taken by them, in direct violation of the independence of the Batavian republic, his majesty judged it expedient to direct his minister to leave the Hague; and he has since given orders, that letters of marque and general reprisals should be issued against the Batavian republic and its subjects.

'His majesty has at all times manifested the deepest and most lively interest for the prosperity and independence of the

United Provinces. He has recourse to these proceedings with the most sincere regret, but the conduct of the French government has left him no alternative; and in adopting these measures he is actuated by a sense of what is due to his own dignity, and to the security and essential interests of his dominions.

G. R.

18. A most daring attempt to commit a street robbery took place, on Thursday night, in Lower Brook-street. As a gentleman was returning home from the theatre, about eleven o'clock, in his carriage, a man on horseback rode up to the coachman, and presented a pistol to his head, swearing he would blow his brains out if he did not immediately stop his horses. There being no alternative, the coachman complied; on which the ruffian went to the door of the carriage, which he opened, and demanded the gentleman's watch and money; on which the latter, instead of surrendering, jumped out of the opposite door and gave the alarm. The robber, finding himself in danger of being apprehended, put spurs to his horse and galloped off; but, being closely pursued, he quitted his steed, in Grosvenor-Mews, and escaped.

Yesterday evening an inquisition was held at the Alfred's Head, near the Elephant and Castle, Newington, on the body of Thomas Minchin, a lad of seventeen years of age, who lost his life on Thursday afternoon last, by sir Thomas Turton's carriage running over him. Several witnesses were called to prove the fact, who agreed that he was thrown down in an attempt to draw the carriage of sir Thomas Turton. A verdict of accidental death was given as to the deceased, and a forfeiture of 40s. as a deadweight for the wheels of the carriage.

Thursday night, one of the Hampstead stage coaches, passing near Red-Lion hill, was stopped by a single highwayman, who took from the person of an elderly lady about 10*l.* and a gold watch, with which he galloped off towards town: although he was immediately pursued, the villain got clear off.

Dover, June 19. The private secretary of general Andreossi was sent down yesterday to Dover, under the care of Mr. Walsh, the messenger, and sent out of the country in the Express packet, captain Dell, who sailed for Calais about 2 p. m. with the foreign mail and near twenty passengers. This day, about 11 a. m. a French messenger arrived from Calais in an open boat, with dispatches for lord Hawkesbury: he set off immediately in a chaise and four for London, under care of a person charged to conduct him to the secretary of state. No news has transpired, and many conjectures are on foot respecting the object of his dispatches: some say it is respecting Hanover. Sailed the Drake privateer, captain King, on a cruise to the Westward. We are now full of troops, having no less than three regiments of infantry and four troops of cavalry.

Half past six, p. m. News is just received here by a boat, that a sharp action has been fought between Boulogne and Calais, between a French brig and a schooner and the two sloops of war on this station; the French brig and schooner are both taken: the sailors on our heights can see them standing for England. Should they come into our roads, will send further particulars in my next. All the English at Calais are marched to Valenciennes.

Plymouth, June 19. Orders are come down to liberate the masters, mates, and crews of the detained Batavian ships, and to let them take a change of linen and clothes; they are free to go home when they please. The seamen mostly enter on board men of war, or privateers. The hatches of the Batavian ships are sealed down, and papers sealed up till their fate is ascertained.

Hull, June 20. Thirty-two vessels from Hamburgh, under convoy of the Melpomene frigate, including fourteen outward-bound ships from London, which, after reaching the Elbe, considered it not prudent to proceed farther on their voyage, arrived off the Humber on Wednesday last.

BIRTHS.

May 21. At his house, in Lincoln's-inn-fields, the lady of John Peter Grant, esq. of a daughter.

22. Mrs. Belville, of Grosvenor-place, of three very fine boys; and they, with the mother, are all likely to do well.

June 6. Mrs. John Schneider, of Finbury-square, of a son.

8. In Lower Brook-street, lady Henry Stuart, of a son and heir.

10. In Great Cumberland-place, the lady of William Holland, esq. of a son.

11. In Lincoln's-inn-fields, the lady of G. B. Tyndall, esq. of a daughter.

12. At Troston-hall, Suffolk, the lady of Capel Lofft, esq. of a daughter.

13. At her house, in Tilney-street, the right hon. lady M. Myer's, of a son.

At her house, in Guildford-street, the lady of J. Mackintosh, esq. of a daughter.

14. In Upper Guildford-street, Russel-square, the lady of Michael Furlonge, esq. of a son.

16. In South Audley-street, the countess of Albemarle, of a daughter.

In Weymouth-street, the lady of G. S. Marten, esq. of a son.

Mrs. H. Siddons, of a daughter.

MARRIAGES.

May 19. Horace St. Paul, jun. esq. of Ewart-house, to miss Ward, daughter of the late lord Dudley and Ward.

25. Colonel William B. Davis, of the East-India company's service, to miss Maria Blair, daughter of colonel Blair, of Stratford-place.

The rev. Mr. Bullock, to miss Sarah Clitherow, of Boston-house, Brentford. After the ceremony, the new-married pair partook of an elegant *dejeuné* at lord Gwydir's house in Whitehall; among the company were the countess of Cholmondeley, miss Seymour, and Mrs. Baker.

31. The rev. George Stanley Faber, B. D. fellow of Lincoln-college, Oxford, to miss Scott Waring, daughter of major Scott Waring, of Ince, Cheshire.

June 3. Lord viscount Glerawley, to lady H. St. Lawrence, daughter to the earl of Howth.

John Cooper, esq. of Poplar, to miss Sarah Gibson, of Grove-street, Hackney.

6. Captain John Covert, of Soho-square, to miss E. Woolley, of Purewell, Christ-church, Hants.

7. The hon. and rev. W. Capel, 4th

son to the late earl of Essex, to miss Salter, only child of T. Salter, esq. of Rickmansworth.

9. T. F. Egerton, esq. of Cholderton, Wilts, to miss Wyndham, eldest daughter of the late William Wyndham, esq. of Denton, in the same county.

At St. George's, Bloomsbury, John Scott, esq. to Mrs. Ernst.

10. The rev. W. Penny, of Heckfield, to Mrs. Ford, only daughter of Solomon Fell, esq. of Drayton-green, Middlesex.

At Brighton, Mr. Edward Bryant, surgeon, of Brook-street, Holborn, to miss Jane Belchier.

11. The rev. Henry Byron, vicar of Granby, son of the hon. and rev. Richard Byron, of Houghton, to miss Polditch, eldest daughter of Thomas Polditch, esq. of Peckham.

T. Tilson, esq. of Earl-street, Blackfriars, to miss M. M. Johnson, daughter of the late Freelove Johnson, esq.

12. Matthews Beachcroft, esq. lieutenant-colonel of the light-horse volunteers of London and Westminster, to miss Serrard, of New Millman-street.

13. At Bradford, Yorkshire, Jacob H. Busk, esq. to miss Martha Dawson, daughter of J. Dawson, esq. of Royd's-hall, in the same county.

At St. Luke's, Chelsea, Thomas West, esq. of Sloane-street, to miss L. Dallas, of Upper Fitzroy-street, Fitzroy-square.

15. H. C. Boisfragen, M. D. of Bath, to miss Fanshawe, only daughter of J. G. Fanshawe, esq. of Parsloes, Essex.

16. J. S. Hage, esq. commissioner-general from his Danish majesty in the island of Santa Cruz, to miss Maria Ruspini, daughter of the chevalier Ruspini, of Pall-mall.

18. Henry Cadwallader Adams, esq. of Ansty-hall, Warwickshire, to miss Curtis, eldest daughter of sir W. Curtis, bart. of Culland's-grove, Southgate.

Mr. William White, to miss Robson, both of Fulham.

Mr. Geo. Yeeles, of Bathford, Somerset, to miss Sarah Baddeley, of Shetton, Staffordshire.

21. Lieutenant-col. Peacocke, eldest son of sir Joseph Peacocke, bart. to miss Morris, eldest daughter of John Morris, esq. of Claremont, Glamorganshire.

23. At Fife-house, by the rector of Cheynies, the duke of Bedford, to lady Georgiana Gordon.

DEATHS.

Lately, at Brompton, Middlesex, Mrs. Ann Sewell, widow, aged 79 years.

May 20. The lady of William Burroughs, esq. M. P. for the borough of Enniskillin.

At his house, in Gower-street, captain William Mackintosh, late of the hon. East-India company's service.

At the house of Richard Parks, esq. Lamb's Conduit-place, Foundling, Herbert Gwynne Browne, esq. of Imley-park, in Northamptonshire, aged 59.

21. At Amwell, Wm. Whittingfall, esq. of Hoddesdon, Herts.

At her house, at Kensington, after a few hours' illness, the hon. Mrs. Luttreck, eldest daughter of the late hon. Mr. justice Gould, and only sister to the countess of Cavan.

22. Aged 70, Mrs. Tilbury, relict of the late Mr. Tho. Tilbury, of Norwich.

26. At Lydiard-Tregotoze, near Wootton-Basset, the hon. Mr. St. John, eldest son of lord viscount Bolingbroke.

29. At his house, in Serle-street, Lincoln's-inn-fields, the infant daughter of James Buller, esq.

30. At Deptford, Kent, of a consumption, in the 47th-year of his age, Mr. George Mitchell, attorney-at-law.

At his house, on Croom's-hill, Greenwich, William Hagen, esq.

June 3. Mr. John Holyoake, of Barbican, aged 69.

Mr. Robert Croft, of Fleet-street, many years tailor to his royal highness the prince of Wales.

In the 43d year of his age, the right hon. and right rev. father in God, lord George Murray, D. D. and lord bishop of St. David's, brother to the present duke of Athol.

4. At Forglen, Scotland, the right hon. Wm. lord Banff.

6. At Stoke-Newington, of a decline, Mrs. J. J. Wetherhead.

8. At her lodgings, at Brompton, after a lingering and painful illness, the beautiful miss Courtney, sister to Mrs. Drummond, of Boulton-row.

At his father's house, Robert Lea Jones, esq. commander of his majesty's Lisbon packet Prince Adolphus, stationed at Falmouth, and 2d son of J. Jones, esq. of Frankly, near Bradford, Wilts.

At Grantham, on the road to Scotland, Patrick Heron, esq. of Heron.

In the 23d year of her age, miss Elizabeth Williamson, of Rolls-buildings.

9. At his house, at Stamford-hill, John Simpson, esq.

The rev. H. R. Courtney, lord bishop of Exeter, at his house, in Lower Grosvenor-street.

10. At Chelsea, Wm. Lyndon, esq. of Great Ryder-street, St. James's.

Sherland Swanston, esq. of Charterhouse-square.

12. After a short illness, at the earl of Derby's, in Grosvenor-square, Mrs. Faren, mother to the countess of Derby.

13. Mr. Charles Hurleston, of Kentish-town.

15. At his house, in Queen-square, London, Edward Dickinson, esq. of Doffhill-house, in Warwickshire.

At Hanger-hill, near Acton, S. Millar, esq. late of St. James's-street.

At Bath, the rev. David Brymer, late fellow of Wadham-college, Oxford.

At his apartments, High-Holborn, Wm. Pearson, esq. brother to the late Joseph Pearson, esq. door-keeper to the house of commons.

16. At Kentish-town, miss Hepworth, daughter of Mrs. Taylor, of Hatton-garden.

17. Mrs. Thomas Harper, of the Strand.

At Shrub's-hill, near Egham, in the 89th year of her age, Mrs. Challoner, relict of George Challoner, esq. of Staffordshire.

18. Mrs. Pope, of Drury-lane theatre. On Friday the 10th she was taken so ill on the stage that she could not go through her part. She remained at home, gradually recovering; no alarm prevailing for her safety till Saturday evening, when she suddenly dropped from the sofa. A lady with her called for assistance, and she was raised up. She seemed to be sensible, but incapable of speaking, and in a few minutes she expired. Upon examination by a surgeon, it was found her disorder was apoplectic; brought on, it is supposed, by exertion and anxiety in her profession. Some of the veins in the head had burst and occasioned her death. She was only 26.

THE
LADY'S MAGAZINE,
OR
ENTERTAINING COMPANION
FOR
THE FAIR SEX;

APPROPRIATED
SOLELY TO THEIR USE AND AMUSEMENT.

FOR JULY, 1803.

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This Number is embellished with the following Copper-plates:

- 1 THE WIDOW.
- 2 FOR THE MORAL ZOOLOGIST—THE DOMESTIC COCK.
- 3 AN elegantly-coloured PARIS DRESS.
- 4 A new and elegant PATTERN for a VEIL, or Handkerchief, &c.

LONDON:

Printed for G. and J. ROBINSON, No. 25, Paternoster-Row;

Where Favours from Correspondents continue to be received.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

The verses entitled *Clementina* are not intended for insertion : some of the lines at the beginning are good ; but, on the whole, they are extravagant and almost unintelligible.

The *Evening Walk*, and the *Acrostic*, by *Alonzo*, are very incorrect.

Laura's poetical communication is likewise too defective for insertion.

The Essay by *J. L.* shall have a place.

The Fop of 1803—*J. T's* Extempore—*Maria's* Tomb—Elegy by *F*—Absence ; a rhapsody—*The Waterfall*—*R. N's* Enigma—are received and under consideration.

Engraved for the Lady's Magazine.



The Widow.

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THE
LADY'S MAGAZINE,

For JULY, 1803.

THE WIDOW;

A TALE.

(With an elegant Engraving.)

“OH, my child! forsaken by our friends, deserted by the world, and plunged in poverty, what remains for us but death? There, by the grave of thy beloved father, where I have laid thee, lovely innocent, could I see thee breathe thy last, without a pang, and almost with joy, when I reflect on the hardships, the miseries, to which we must inevitably be exposed in our forlorn and unprotected state. Not long since, in the midst of affluence and even luxury, I suspected not what evils fate had in store for us; but fancy pictured the brightest scenes of golden futurity. Oh how fallacious are the hopes of mortals—how treacherous is their security! Suddenly burst the unexpected storm; all the illusive prospect vanished, and the dark gulph of poverty and wretchedness yawned beneath our feet. We sank; who shall save?”

Thus lamented an unhappy widow, at the grave of her husband. She had laid down her child to give a loose to her grief: the placid infant slept unconscious of his mother's woes. Tears at length relieved her oppressed heart, and grief for a moment gave way to the delicious feelings of maternal affection. She raised her child, clasped him in her fond embrace, with a thousand tender caresses, and rose to go away.

As she turned, she saw a gentleman at a little distance behind her, who, she supposed, and rightly, had overheard all her soliloquy.

She started, and was retiring with a more precipitate step, when the stranger thus addressed her:

‘Madam, I have overheard some of your passionate exclamations. I could wish, though nothing is farther, I hope, from my disposition than to be guilty of any intrusive impertinence, to be made acquainted with your misfortunes and present situation; for without a knowledge of the complaint it is not possible to apply a remedy. Providence has bountifully bestowed on me the means of relieving, in some degree at least, the wants of my fellow-creatures; and I trust also the inclination to afford such relief, as far as may be in my power.’

‘Sir,’ answered she, ‘I know not why I should hesitate to relate my story to you. Indeed, after what you have heard, it would be affectation and folly to refuse. Perhaps, if you reside near this spot, you will know it all as soon as I mention the name of my late husband, Mr. Betterton. He was the proprietor of a large, and apparently flourishing, manufactory, at the distance of nearly a mile from this place.

‘About two months since, he was

seized with a fever, which carried him off in three days. His commercial affairs were found embarrassed, since, being a man of active and enterprising industry, and highly respected for faithfulness and punctuality in his dealings, he had obtained almost unlimited credit, though the real capital he possessed to support it was but small in proportion to the extensive trade in which he engaged. Had he lived, there is little doubt but a great fortune would ultimately have been the reward of his laborious exertions. But on his death his creditors, conferring together and finding their demands numerous and great, took the alarm, and have, by legal process, divided all they found among themselves. I have nothing secured to me ; for I blush not to own it, I had no fortune. The affection of my husband was all my fortune. My relations are poor, and reside at a great distance : to them, therefore, I cannot apply ; and those who were my polite friends in my affluence daily shock me with their cold and distant behaviour. For myself, I heed not this change in their hollow courtesy. The loss of the husband I loved is a blow that makes every other evil seem light, except the fate of my child. O my child !—It pierces my heart to think what will become of him ! how I shall provide for him ! To-morrow I must leave my late home, and go I know not whither ; but it shall be far from the place where I so lately enjoyed so much happiness, which is now changed into the deepest misery.

Here she ceased, unable longer to restrain a torrent of tears.

Mr. Marston, the stranger to whom she had been speaking, endeavoured to soothe her grief ; and told her, that his house should be her home until some means should be found of providing for her and her child.

His lady, he said, when she heard her story, would be as desirous to afford her all the relief in her power as she could be herself.

Mrs. Betterton surveyed the benevolent stranger with astonishment ; she thought she saw something in his countenance that commanded her confidence, and she accompanied him home that very evening.

Mr. Marston introduced her to his lady, to whom he related her story, and who received her with the most delicate and sympathising affability ; and also to a Mr. Clifton, his friend, who had lately arrived from the East Indies, where Mr. Marston had likewise resided for several years in a public employment. Mrs. Betterton's child attracted the attention of them all, by his beauty and vivacity. Mr. Clifton especially appeared delighted with him : he took him repeatedly in his arms and caressed him.

'I think,' said he, 'there is something in this child which fascinates me ; I cannot take my eyes off him.'

'He is a poor little orphan,' said Mr. Marston : 'you have told me, formerly, I remember, that you went to sea a poor fatherless boy ; so far, there is a kind of affinity between you. You have now a princely fortune ; you must do something for him.'

'I certainly shall,' said Mr. Clifton. 'There is, indeed, something so surprisingly attractive to me in his innocent countenance, that I am almost resolved to adopt him for my son, as I do not think I shall ever marry now. But in that case his mother must permit me to change his name ; for I would revive in him my real name, as all my family, except myself, appears to be extinct. I do not know whether I have ever told you that my original name was not Clifton, but that I assumed it at the request of the gentleman who patronised me in the East Indies, and

to whom I am indebted for my fortune.'

'I think I have heard somewhat of that,' said Mr. Marston. 'But what name is he then to take?'

'Betterton,' said Mr. Clifton.

'Betterton!' exclaimed the mother. 'Good heavens! that is his name at present!'

'How!' said Mr. Clifton; 'who was your husband?'

Mrs. Betterton related her first acquaintance with him, her marriage, his death, and described her present distressful situation.

'Your account,' said Mr. Clifton, 'is of too late date. Where was he born? Are you acquainted with any of the events of his very early years?'

'I only know,' said Mrs. Betterton, 'that he was born at a village, the name of which I do not recollect, near Tewkesbury, in Gloucestershire. I have heard him say that his father died about a month before he was born, and his mother in less than a twelvemonth afterwards. His elder brother went to sea with an uncle, and he never heard of him afterwards. He was himself brought up by an aunt, who at her death, about seven years since, left him a few hundred pounds.'

'My brother!' exclaimed Mr. Clifton, starting from his seat. 'It is impossible I should doubt it. I was born near Tewkesbury; my father died about a month before my mother was brought-to-bed of my brother, and she herself died within a year afterwards. My aunt took my infant brother to bring up, and I went to the East Indies with my uncle, who died soon after his arrival there. Fortune threw me into situations in which I have obtained an ample fortune, and, believe me, the widow and child of my brother shall never want. I have often endeavoured to procure some informa-

tion concerning him, but never was able. In me, however, his child, whose winning ways so wonderfully attached me to him before I could suspect that he was so nearly related to me, shall find not only an uncle, but a father; nor shall you, madam, I trust, ever have cause to regret that you have a right to call me brother.'

Mr. Clifton settled an ample annuity on Mrs. Betterton; liberally educated her son, procured him an advantageous establishment in life, and left him at his death the bulk of his fortune.

*On the DIFFERENCE between the
SEXES.*

AS Nature has made a great difference in the external appearance of man and woman, we may reasonably expect to find one as remarkable in their moral characters; for Nature, in her general course, is always uniform, consistent, and true to her own designs.

Men and women have ever been found to differ in their way of thinking and acting. The female sex has always been considered as the weaker; but it is no imperfection in a dove to want the strength of an eagle.

There are certainly many actions becoming of women which would greatly disgrace a man. I shall endeavour to distinguish their principal characteristics; principally attending, at present, to the peculiarities of the male character.

I only propose to consider the two sexes together, without comparing particular men with particular women. Many of the female sex are, both in body and mind, formed much stronger than many of the male; but upon comparing the most perfect man with the most perfect wo-

man, and proceeding gradually through all the human species, we find that the females, in general, are, both in their bodies and minds, weaker than the males.

Our wise Creator having destined women to be the mothers of mankind, they are hence, in general, more subject to infirmities, accidents, and diseases, than men, whose structure of body is robuster than theirs. And as, by the law of Nature, the mind generally corresponds with the body, the minds of men are in general stronger than those of women: though Nature sometimes produces prodigies of both sexes.

Men being by their nature and make designed to perform those offices, both of body and mind, which require more strength, labour, and application, than women are formed for; we expect men to shew more prudence, wisdom, and knowledge, than women, in all the weighty concerns of life. Prudence, wisdom, and knowledge, are necessarily required to discover the proper means of obtaining an end, and to direct us how to proceed when dangers threaten, difficulties press, or obstacles oppose our progress.

It is justly expected from men to provide for their families, defend their country, perform the laborious exercises, and engage in all the robust employments of life, for which they are fitted by their superior mental and corporeal strength. And hence it is justly accounted scandalous in a man who has a family to leave the support and maintenance of it to his wife. Nor can he be properly called a father who takes no care or pains to provide for his children, but devolves that office entirely upon the mother.

Courage, valour, and intrepidity, being virtues suited to the make of a man, are justly expected from him; as they require superior strength of

mind and body, which enables him to encounter dangers, difficulties, and misfortunes.

This superior strength obliges the men, on all occasions, to defend and protect the women, who, from their weakness, are less capable of defending themselves. No woman can be despised, or suffer in her character, for refusing to engage in battle; but should an officer refuse to fight the enemy, he is deservedly branded for a contemptible coward. Men are formed to stand firmer, and behave braver in dangers, than women.

In those distresses and misfortunes which reduce women to tears and bewailing, men are to exert their stronger mental powers to discover and employ the proper means of preventing or remedying the evils they dread or suffer.

All those duties and virtues are incumbent upon men which cannot be performed and exercised without magnanimity, courage, labour, and difficulty. And though there should have been Amazons in the world, yet the military virtues certainly belong properly, and indeed exclusively, to men.

The subduing the passions, and acting the part of rigid integrity in defiance of every inducement, though it should wear the exterior appearance of a species of virtue, requires a strength of mind and firmness of resolution more to be expected from the male than the female sex. Men, on account of their greater strength, should consider themselves as destined to the severest duties and most heroic virtues, which they are more obliged, by their nature, to practise than women.

Nature constantly tempers one gift with another, in order to maintain a proper equality. If the female sex cannot boast of many heroines in the sublimer virtues, it is not deformed by so many monstrous

vices, and wicked characters, as have appeared among men. There have always been abundantly more criminals executed of the male than of the female sex.

All history, indeed, is incomparably more ornamented by the names of illustrious men than of illustrious women. But though men have a great superiority over women in respect to the qualifications for virtue, they, in fact, sink greatly below them in vice.

There are many endowments either so small in kind or consisting of such petty accomplishments as very well suit the female character, but ill comport with the male. Men, being destined by their nature to exercise the highest virtues, and fitted for the greatest undertakings, are too robust for what is delicate and minute.

When women sit at their toilette to decorate themselves in a proper manner, their design is certainly more laudable than objectionable; but would it become a man to bestow so much time and pains in adorning his person?

Expertness and readiness in judging of lace and needle-work is doubtless an accomplishment in women, that would ill become a man. Men should not endeavour to be well versed in these kinds of female arts.

Many of the failings common to both sexes are much more censurable, ridiculous, and despicable, in men than in women. I mean such

failings as either consist in things of a trifling nature, or arise from some remarkable weakness or want of power in the mind or body. Fear does not ill become a woman, for no one expects great courage in that sex. When women cannot bear to see a drawn sword, or shudder with fright at the report of cannon, or manifest other similar timidity, men are so far from laughing at them, or despising them for it, that they rather compassionate, support, and encourage them. But does he deserve the name of a man who trembles at the sight of a naked sword, or runs from the firing of cannon?

It is becoming in women to blush, and act with reserve and shyness; but such bashfulness is ridiculed in a man. Timidity, and even what may be termed modesty, beyond a certain degree, proceed too much from a want of fortitude and firmness of mind to become the male character.

Superstition, credulity, prejudice, and hasty judgments, are more pardonable in the softer female than in the rough masculine sex. Such foibles are unbecoming a strong understanding, and should be avoided by men, merely on account of their sex, even though they had no other reason.

These outlines may give a general idea of the character of men as contradistinguished from that of women, and enable us to form a right judgment of ourselves with respect to our virtues and vices.

York, April 27. CLEMENTINA.

On what is called a FALSE VOICE.

(From Despiou's "Select Amusements in Philosophy and Mathematics.")

A FINE voice is certainly preferable to every instrument whatever. Unfortunately, many persons have only a false voice; but, in general, this does not arise from any defect in the organs of the voice, which are almost the same in all mankind: it originates from the ears, owing to an inequality of strength in these organs, or to some want of delicacy or tension; in consequence of which, as they receive unequal impressions, we necessarily hear false sounds, and the voice, which endeavours to imitate them, becomes itself false. On this subject Dr. Vandermonde made a very simple experiment, which he relates in his Essay on improving the human Mind, and which may be repeated on children who pronounce with a false voice, in order that a remedy may be applied at that tender age when the organs are still susceptible of modification.

The experiment, as he describes it, is as follows: 'I made choice,' says he, 'of a clear day, and having fixed on a spacious apartment, I took up my station in a place judged most convenient for my experiments. I then stopped one of the ears of the child who was to be the subject of them, and made her recede from me, till she no longer heard the sound of a repeating watch which I held in my hand, or at least until the sound of the bell produced a very weak impression on her organs of hearing. I then desired her to remain in that place, and immediately going up to her, unstopped her ear, and stopped the other, taking care to cause her to shut her mouth, lest the sound should be communicated to the ear

through the eustachian tube. I then returned to my station, and making my watch again strike, the child was quite surprised to find that she heard tolerably well; upon which I made a sign to her to recede again till she could scarcely hear the sound.' It results from this experiment, that in the ears of persons who have a false voice, there is an inequality of strength; and the means of remedying this defect in children, is to ascertain, by a similar mode, which ear is the weakest. 'When this has been discovered, nothing better can be done, in my opinion,' says Dr. Vandermonde, 'than to stop up the other as much as possible, and to take advantage of that valuable opportunity of frequently exercising the weak ear, but in such a manner as not to fatigue it. The one thus made to labour alone will be strengthened, while the other will always retain the same force. The child's ear should from time to time be unstopped, in order to make it sing, and to discover whether both ears have the same degree of sensibility.' This natural defect may be then corrected, and any person may be made to acquire a true voice, provided the means pointed out by Dr. Vandermonde be early employed.

Persons who have a false voice, in consequence of some inequality in the ears, may be compared to those who squint; that is to say, who, in order to see an object distinctly, do not turn equally towards it the axis of both eyes, because they have not the same visual powers. It is probable that the former, if they had early accustomed themselves to make use of only one ear, would hear distinctly different sounds, which they would have imitated, and would not have contracted a false voice.

A MORNING'S WALK in JULY.

‘When Morning, rising from his shadowy bed,
Bound his gold fillet round the mountain’s
head—’

I AROSE and walked. The delightful serenity of the weather enlivened my spirits; and the whispering gales, laden with ambrosial essence, regaled me with their balmy burden. With propriety, I exclaimed with Milton—

‘Sweet is the breath of Morn—her rising
sweet,
With charm of earliest birds.’

How delightful ’tis to ramble in the cool of the morning, free from the sultry influence of Sol’s meridian rays! It was such a smiling scene that prompted my youthful Muse to sing the following strains—

‘Oh, lovely morning, how thy beauties
charm me!

What tranquil bliss attends the early walk!
This is the season when (as poets sing)
The goddess Health is seen to trip along
The dew-imppearled lawn.—At break of day,
Oft will I quit the downy arms of Sleep,
To climb yon hill, to view surrounding prospects,
Or gather flowers in this enamell’d vale.

‘Hark, how the songful minstrels of the
grove
Tune their glad numbers! whilst the lowing
herd,
And ever-bleating flock, with their hoarse
music

Can charm the rural wanderer. See those
lambs,
How gay they gambol o’er the verdant turf,
And play their sportive frolics round their
dams.

‘Sport on, ye playful woolly innocents!
Enjoy your artless pastimes whilst you may;
For your short lives can boast few hours like
these.

‘But, soft! methinks I hear some nestlings
cry
For their accustom’d food: I’ll pierce yon
copse,
And try to find the helpless young complain-
ants.

Lo! there it stands—the mud-wall’d tene-
ment,
Environ’d round with briars and pointed thorns,
Contains an unfledg’d race of infant songsters.
Well may the feather’d parents flutter near,
Fearful that I should violate their cell,
And rob it of the pledges of their love.

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‘Suppress your anxious grief, ye jetty war-
blers!

I’ll not despoil you of your callow brood;
Nor, with rude hand, demolish your clay dome.
May kindly fate from this your snug retreat
Avert the school-boy’s eyes, and turn his feet,
His little truant feet, another way.

‘But I must bid these pleasing scenes adieu.
Farewel, ye grazing beasts and warbling birds;
I go to seek the “savage haunts of man.”

I passed through a meadow, where the grass was laid prostrate by the mower’s scythe. The blushing flowers which lately drank the silver dew, and shed around their odours, now lay withering on the ground, their colours faded, their beauties tarnished.

Significant resemblance of youth cropped by the stroke of death in rosy bloom, stripped by that universal despoiler of all its radiant honours, divested of every trait of loveliness, and consigned to the gloomy cavern of the tomb!

On the top of some lofty trees, the ‘sons of song’ tuned their dulcet matins, to welcome the king of day, who with splendid dignity was rising from his saffron couch.

‘Great source of light and heat!’ I exclaimed, ‘shall little birds greet thy appearance with melody, and shall not man rejoice at thy presence, and admire thy splendor?’

“Cheer’d by thy kind invigorating warmth,
I court thy beams, great majesty of day!
If not the soul, the regent of the world.
First-born of heaven, and only less than God!

ARMSTRONG.

‘Glorious luminary! without thy all-cheering rays, Nature would be clad in fables, nor could she boast one attractive charm. Potent lamp! thy influence pervades the inmost recesses of the rock, ripens the ore to gold, and adds brilliancy to the diamond;

“Tinctures the ruby with its rosy hue,
And on the sapphire spreads an heavenly blue;
For the proud monarch’s dazzling crown pre-
pares
Rich orient pearl, and adamantine stars.”

BLACKMORE.

Though the season of flowers was drawing towards a close; though numbers of Flora's gay assemblage, the yellow cowslips that proudly nodded on the cliff, and the azure violets 'that grew at foot of a thorn,' had resigned their charms; yet the corn-fields displayed a pleasing scene, which gladdened my mind; and Ceres, advancing, exhibited to view a prospect of future plenty, which caused the peasant's heart to bound with joy. The hedges were adorned with a profusion of eglantines, which bloomed unnoticed and undesired.

'Thus humble virtue lives unknown below;
Thus flowers of genius disregarded blow;
Like lilies of the vale, they flourish fair,
And waste their sweetness in the desert air.'

Haverbill.

JOHN WEBB.

MATILDA; a DRAMA.

(Continued from p. 322.)

SCENE V.

Count d'Orlheim, Ernest, Herman, Bloume, Louisa, Philip, and the other domestics of the family. Wodmar retires to the bottom of the stage, unperceived by count d'Orlheim.

Count d'Orlheim (clasping Ernest in his arms).

EMBRACE me a thousand times, my dear nephew. You are restored to me, and Heaven has thus granted all my wishes. (*He turns towards the servants who surround him*) I thank you all for your kind welcome. You see me again with pleasure, and I return to you with joy. (*To Herman, who stands respectfully at some distance*) Herman! my good Herman! come to the arms of your best friend.

Herman. Pardon me, sir, if others have pressed forwards, and been first to welcome you.

Count d'Orlheim. Oh, my friend!

need you attempt to excuse yourself in that respect to me? I am always impatient to see you, and happy when I have seen you. (*He looks round with a kind of disquietude, and frequently turns his eyes towards the door of Matilda's apartments.*)—I suppose every thing is right there—all are well?

Herman. We all wished for you, sir, and your presence renders us all happy.

Count d'Orlheim (with involuntary disquietude). Herman, can you tell me?—Ernest, do you know?—

Ernest (eagerly). What, dear uncle?

Herman (with eagerness likewise). What would you ask, sir?

Count d'Orlheim (endeavouring to compose himself). Nothing, dear Ernest!—Nothing, Mr. Herman!—(*Aside*) My heart betrays me in despite of myself.

SCENE VI.

Enter Amelia: the Count discovers an emotion of indignation, but immediately represses it, and goes to meet her.

Count d'Orlheim. Madam (*with coldness and constraint*), I hope I see you in perfect health?

Amelia (with coldness and dignity). I hasten, sir, to express my attachment to you—to all that ought to be dear to you; and especially my gratitude.

Count d'Orlheim. You owe me none, madam. What I have done, I believed that I ought to do. I shall never alter my conduct.

Amelia (aside). What a reception! What coldness!

Wodmar (at the bottom of the stage; with suppressed indignation, aside). Not a word of Matilda!

Count d'Orlheim. I shall not dine with you to day, my dear nephew: very urgent business requires my presence at a place about a mile from hence. But to-morrow I shall have

your company, and this lady's. I must now go up into my chamber. Ernest, you will be here in about an hour: I wish to speak to you. Do not go away, Mr. Herman. (*As he is going, he perceives Wodmar*). Heavens! Sir! Are you here?

Ernest (*aside, with surprise and dissatisfaction*) It is Wodmar!

Herman (*aside*). What will ensue?

Wodmar (*with dignity, but somewhat embarrassed*). I presume to hope, sir, that you will not refuse me a moment's conversation.

Count d'Orlheim (*coldly and with constraint*). I received, sir, some time since, a letter from you.

Wodmar. And I come to receive an answer.

Count d'Orlheim. I shall do myself the honour to transmit you one in writing.

Wodmar. Why would you wish to defer it?

Count d'Orlheim. At another time.

Wodmar. It is, perhaps, essential to us both not to lose the present moment.

Count d'Orlheim (*discontentedly*). Since you insist on it, sir.—(*With mildness*) You will leave us, my friends.

Ernest (*aside*). What will be the issue?

Amelia (*aside*). Poor Matilda! you are to be the subject of the conversation, and this perhaps will be sufficient to complete your ruin.

[*Exeunt all but Count d'Orlheim and Wodmar.*]

SCENE VII.

Count d'Orlheim, Wodmar.

[*They remain some time without speaking. Count d'Orlheim appears much agitated, and fixes his eyes on the ground. Wodmar seems greatly embarrassed and confused.*]

Wodmar. Count d'Orlheim—

Count d'Orlheim. Sir!—

Wodmar (*timidly*). My presence lays you under restraint.

Count d'Orlheim (*coldly*). I did not expect to find you here. May I ask why you are come?

Wodmar. I have already told you in the letter which you have not answered.

Count d'Orlheim (*with much embarrassment*). It stated, I believe, that you wished to speak to me on a subject of importance; but it was not in my power to conjecture what it might be. (*With cold politeness*) I am now ready to hear you: condescend to inform me what has procured me the honour of this visit?

Wodmar. Love. I adore your daughter.

Count d'Orlheim (*with surprise mingled with anger*). Matilda!—And you come to solicit her hand?

Wodmar. On your consent all the happiness of my life must depend.

Count d'Orlheim (*fixing his eyes on him*). You wish to marry Matilda? You!

Wodmar. My fortune, my rank, my life, all are at her feet.

Count d'Orlheim (*firmly, after a short pause*). Heaven preserve me from ever giving my consent to such a union!

Wodmar. Why?—Assign your reason.

Count d'Orlheim. I cannot assign it. Enmity has no part in my refusal. But honour, but my duty impose on me its necessity.

Wodmar. Your duty!—Honour!

Count d'Orlheim. I will obey them.

Wodmar. And you will not assign a reason?

Count d'Orlheim. I shall say nothing.

Wodmar. Perhaps when you know that my offers have not been totally rejected—

Count d'Orlheim (*alarmed*). You are beloved!

Wodmar. Matilda acts with too much propriety to make such a confession: she knows that she depends on a father.

Count d'Orlheim. Matilda depends only on herself. She may dispose of her heart and of her hand, I shall not oppose her choice whatever it may be — (*lowering his voice, but with firmness*) provided you are not its object.

Wodmar (*with suppressed anger*).
Count d'Orlheim!—

Count d'Orlheim (*with dignity*).
Sir!—

Wodmar. Do you not perceive what an insult?—

Count d'Orlheim. I offer you no insult. I refuse you, and I must refuse you.

Wodmar. Deign then to assign the cause of your refusal.

Count d'Orlheim. You must suppose that I have powerful reasons for it; and your delicacy ought to respect my secret.

Wodmar. Your conduct but too clearly reveals it. Matilda is hated by her father. She will perhaps be disinherited, and abandoned by him to despair; but I will remain faithful to her, and do my duty.

[*Exit.*]

SCENE VIII.

Count d'Orlheim alone.

How is my heart exposed to be repeatedly rent with the most poignant sufferings!— I wish to hate Matilda, but Nature enforces me to love her with the most ardent affection. O Matilda! how wretched is thy father!

SCENE IX.

Count d'Orlheim, Herman, Ernest.

Herman. Mr. Wodmar has just gone out, seemingly transported with passion, and as if in despair.

Ernest. And you, my dear uncle, are in a state of agitation in which I have never before seen you.

Herman. You cannot restrain your tears!

Count d'Orlheim. Leave me, I conjure you—leave me some moments to myself.

Herman. Can this young man have had the audacity!—

Count d'Orlheim. He is unhappy, and I—I am a thousand times more to be pitied than he is. [*Exit.*]

Herman (*to Ernest.*) We must not leave him. Let us at least follow him at a distance; our assistance may be necessary. [*Exeunt.*]

END OF THE SECOND ACT.

(*To be continued.*)

WIT AND BEAUTY.

WIT and Beauty had one day a dispute: Beauty claimed the precedence of Wit in every thing; Wit likewise preferred his claims, but they were confined to what were his due. The dispute divided the empire of Paphos, and it happened on the day of a festival in honour of Venus.

Beauty had in Paphos a separate altar and sanctuary. On her altar incense was perpetually burning; the haughty goddess repaid the homage of the world with a smile, and Love was satisfied. Wit was admitted into the temple, rather from favour than regard, and appeared to resemble those buffoons, whom it was formerly the fashion to maintain in the courts of princes, who were treated roughly, but paid liberally. They seem, indeed, well to have deserved their hire, for what greater service can be rendered to the great than to preserve them from listlessness and ill-humour?

Beauty offered to refer her cause to the whole assembly, and a number of persons of both sexes were drawn by lot to compose the tribunal. Those who were verging towards the decline of life, were excluded: Beauty refused them as interested judges; and Wit, though he might have reason to complain, submitted to the regulation.

Beauty advanced to plead her cause: her air was haughty and confident, and the agitation she felt from the occasion added fire to her eyes, and heightened the crimson of her complexion. She preferred her claims: they were, that Wit should yield to her in all things; that he should even rank only as her servant; that he should have no altar like her, but come every day to cast incense into the fire continually burning in her sanctuary. She was then silent, rather from a failure of ideas than from prudence. Her discourse had begun to diminish the impression which the view of her charms excited; her silence was more efficient in her behalf, and a smile again secured her audience in her interests.

Wit then advanced into the midst of the assembly. His features were not regular, but they were extremely engaging. His eyes were full of fire. His forehead was lofty, and his hair well arranged. All his most trifling gestures were delicate and interesting. The tone of his voice was masculine, forcible, or tender, according to the sentiment it conveyed. Every one waited with impatience to hear what Wit would say in his defence, and observed not that his stature was low, because he was well proportioned. The fire of his eyes communicated that of his soul. Beauty began to lose her influence before him. He bowed with a confidence mingled with respect, and spoke as follows:—

‘My charming antagonist has so many advantages over me, that I cannot doubt that you will permit me to have recourse to every means in my power that may tend to gain my cause. I request then, that judgment may be deferred till the day of the great festival, which will be celebrated three years hence. During this interval I will submit to every

thing that Beauty may require of me. I leave you to judge whether any mean jealousy enters into this dispute on my part.’

Every one applauded the proposal, and the delay he requested was immediately granted. A list was made out of the names of the judges, and inclosed in a box of cedar; and, from that day, Beauty received the homage of Wit, without entertaining a doubt that she should finally obtain the victory.

Three years soon elapsed in the dominions of pleasure, and the solemn festival arrived. Paphos resounded with the sound of flutes and cymbals, and the shouts of a thousand happy lovers. The judges in the great cause between Wit and Beauty assembled to give their final decision. The list was taken out of the box of cedar, and the names called over, and answered to by each, as they took their seats.

Wit prepared to address the court. After having consulted the eyes of all with a single glance, he caused the claims of beauty to be read, and began by a modest exordium, in which, without exalting himself above his rival, he only aspired to equal honours. In support of his rights, he compared wit and beauty, with respect to their intrinsic excellence, the pleasures they procure, the superiority they bestow, and the dangers to which they expose their possessors. It was not difficult for him to show the advantage which a lover of wit and sense, whose eyes, countenance, language, and gestures, every instant discover new charms, has over an inanimate figure, which, however fine and striking at the first glance, must quickly weary, and even disgust. He easily proved that it is impossible long to love what excites our contempt; and described the inexhaustible resources of wit in love, with so much passion, that

the whole assembly, crowding round him, left, without perceiving it, Beauty deserted for the first time. His eloquence soon completed the confusion of his rival.

‘Let us compare,’ said the orator, ‘wit and beauty, with respect to their duration. Age gives to the one, while it takes away from the other: we acquire knowledge, in proportion as personal charms fade. Wit is of every age, beauty is limited to one alone; the latter approaches old age, when the former only acquires maturity. A disease, an unfavourable breeze of air, a nothing, in fine, destroys beauty; while wit is exposed to no such accidents, and can only be destroyed by what destroys life.’

The orator now found himself interrupted by numerous sighs which proceeded from the breasts of the judges. The whole assembly immediately turned on them its eyes. Four of the most elegant females, who were of their number, had lost those charms which, three years before, had rendered them triumphant and haughty. The beautiful Zelia, another of them, was enamoured of a youth who was not very handsome, but admired for his wit. Their repeated sighs and ardent looks were so many arguments in proof of the positions of the orator; till at length the judges, passing from one extreme to another, would perhaps have driven Beauty from her empire, had she not presented herself before them, dissolved in tears. This address was truly eloquent, and Wit was about to reply. But moderation imposed silence on both parties; and the judges decreed, that Wit and Beauty should henceforth possess the same rights, mutually render each other the same respect, and receive from others the same homage. Since this decision, the altar of Beauty is some-

what more frequented by women; but many more lovers resort to that of Wit.

ANECDOTES of DR. MONSEY.

DR. Monsey was many years physician to Chelsea Hospital. He was a man of very comprehensive understanding, genius, and wit, and of infinite whimsicality, all which he preserved in full force to his death, at the age of ninety-six, in December 1788. He was by nature, what Swift was from affectation and spleen. Dr. Monsey was particularly blunt in his humours, and ‘gave his worst of thoughts the worst of words;’ but those thoughts were never malignant. His openness of manner, and severity of language, proceeded entirely from a love of truth, and a disdain of every thing that favoured of affectation and foppery. With an appearance of rigour and parsimony, he was really tolerant to natural failings, and possessed a very benevolent heart, always ready to promote patronage for distress, and to set a liberal example.

This gentleman entertained the highest admiration for Mrs. Montague (the late worthy patroness of chimney-sweepers) and considered her as one of the first intellectual characters he had ever known in his long and large intercourse with mankind. The following extract of a letter of pleasantries from Mrs. Montague to Dr. Monsey, in January 1785, when the doctor was ninety-three years of age, evinces a reciprocity of friendship:—

‘My dear doctor, I flatter myself you do not love me less vehemently at ninety than you did at eighty-nine; indeed, I feel my passion for you increases yearly. A miser does not love a new guinea, or an antiquary an old one, more than I do

you. Like a virtuoso, I admire the *verd antique* on your character, and set a higher price on your affections every day. If the winter of the year had been as pleasant as the winter of your age, I should have called on you at Chelsea before this time; but it has been so harsh and severe, that I durst not venture myself abroad under its influence, &c.'

Dr. Monsey lived so long in his office of physician, at Chelsea Hospital, that, during many changes of administration, the reversion of the place had been promised to several of the medical friends of the different pay-masters of the forces. Looking out of his window, one day, the doctor saw a gentleman examining the house and gardens, who he knew had got a reversion of the place; he therefore came out to him, and thus accosted him:—'Well, sir, I see you are examining your house and gardens that *are to be*; and I will assure you that they are both very pleasant and very convenient; but I must tell you one circumstance—you are the *fifth man* that has had the reversion of the place, and I have buried them all; and what is more,' said the doctor, looking scientifically at him, 'there is something in your face that tells me I shall bury you too.' The event justified the doctor's prediction, as the gentleman died a few years after; and, at the time of Dr. Monsey's death, no person had the promise of the reversion.

Dr. Monsey, by will, directed that his body should be anatomised, and the skeleton preserved in Chelsea-Hospital.

CHARACTER and MANNERS of the
INHABITANTS of the ISLAND of
SCIO, in the ARCHIPELAGO.

(From Olivier's Travels in the Ottoman Empire.)

THE legislator who may wish to observe the influence of insti-

tutions and of laws, on the morals, character, and industry, of man, ought principally to turn his eye towards a people who, living under the same sky, on the same soil, professing the same religion, differ, nevertheless, from themselves to such a degree, that they appear incognisable. After having crossed a little arm of the sea, I thought myself transported into another region, into another climate. I had seen the Greek bent under the yoke of the most frightful despotism: he was deceitful, rude, timid, ignorant, superstitious, and poor: here he enjoys a shadow of liberty; he is honest, civil, bold, industrious, witty, intelligent, rich. Here I no longer find that mixture of pride and meanness which characterises the Greeks of Constantinople, and a great part of the Levant; that timidity, that cowardice, which is occasioned by perpetual fear, that bigotry which prevents no crime. What distinguishes the inhabitants of Scio from the other Greeks, is a decided inclination towards commerce, a warm taste for the arts, a keen desire for enterprise; it is a sprightly, pleasant, epigrammatic, wit: it is sometimes a sort of mad and burlesque gaiety, which has given rise to the following proverb:—'It is as uncommon to find a green horse as a prudent Sciot.'

However true may be the overstrained meaning of this proverb, in regard to a few inhabitants of Scio, there are a great number who know how to combine the most circumspect prudence with the most lively and the most amiable sprightliness. No other town in the Levant presents so great a mass of information; no other contains so many men exempt from prejudices, full of good sense and reason, and blessed with a head better organised.

Some among them may, never-

thelets, be reproached with a ridiculous pride, a misplaced fanaticism. We have seen fools find the gratification of their vanity in a rich portfolio, a fine house, or a numerous set of servants. The ignorant man, who had no personal titles to display in society, thought to be quit towards it, in recalling to mind those of his ancestors. The struggle which exists between the two churches has frequently given rise to scandalous scenes, of which the Turks alone have taken advantage; and the influence of the priesthood is, perhaps, too great in a country that wishes to apply itself to agriculture and commerce.

Notwithstanding their grotesque dress, the women are more amiable than those of the capital, because they are more courteous, more gay, more lively, and more witty. They are seen with tolerable freedom at their own home, in presence of their relations; and they enjoy, more than elsewhere, a liberty which they seldom abuse. They spend, in all seasons, part of the day in singing and working, playing, or amusing themselves before their houses: they make up to passengers, frequently speak to them first, without knowing them; aim at them a jest or an epigram: if the latter displease, pay them a delicate witty compliment, if they have an agreeable manner or prepossessing countenance. If you answer them in the same tone, the conversation begins aloud: you exert all your wit and gentility, you laugh, and you part from each other pleased and gratified.

If you go to the esplanade, into the gardens, and round the town, you will meet, on Sundays and holidays, groups of young damsels, who stop you very frequently, play you a thousand pranks, ask you for money, offer you flowers and comfits. You may in like manner ad-

dress yourself to them first, and begin with them by some pleasantry.

But in this country every thing passes in conversation with the girls, and the married women are much more reserved than one would suppose at the first access. It is not that Scio does not resemble almost all the towns of Europe, and that amorous intrigues do not frequently occur; but scandal, at least, is rare; public prostitutes conceal themselves, and decorum reigns every where.

More circumspect in regard to the Turks whom they meet, the women of Scio do not address themselves to them, nor do they answer their questions; they know that they would expose themselves to some brutality on their part, or, at least, to some indecent conversation. But they preserve in their presence that free air, that confident look, which is not to be seen even in the women of the capital.

Whether easy countenances and gaiety, under a beautiful sky, alike concur to give to women agreeable forms, regular features, soft and slightly animated colours; or whether the Greek women have less degenerated here than elsewhere from their ancient beauty, it is certain that there are not to be found in any other country of the Levant so many beautiful women as at Scio; and, nevertheless, subjugated by a bad taste, they make too great a use of red, white, and black, which, very far from adding to their charms, cause that softness to disappear, conceal that delicate complexion, destroy that bloom, which every where render women so agreeable and so captivating.

Here they frequent the baths much more seldom than the Greek women of Smyrna and Constantinople; and this, perhaps, is the reason why their beauty lasts longer. They attribute the whiteness of their

teeth to the almost continual and general custom of having mastic incessantly in their mouth; but perhaps they owe this advantage still more to the dislike that they have to smoking, in which the others find an inexpressible pleasure.

Economical and temperate in their family, the richest as well as the poorest show an excessive love of gain. Those less gifted by fortune employ themselves in making stockings, caps, and purses, which they sell to passengers, or carry to their dealers. The rich women embroider handkerchiefs, and all the linen in use among the orientals; several have a frame in their own house, and work at some sort of silk or cotton stuff. Sweetmeats, conserves of roses and orange flowers, syrups of lemon, and bergamot citron, occupy a great number of women of all ages and all conditions. It is generally in the country that they breed the silk-worm and spin cotton.

AUGUSTA AND EMILY;

A TALE.

[BY MISS C. B. YEAMES.]

(Concluded from page 319.)

WITH a sigh and a throbbing heart, Horatio folded up the papers of the misguided Mrs. Lewis, and left the hermitage to return to the grove, to meet the placid smiles of Emily and the lively sallies of Augusta.

‘Wretched penitent!’ mentally mourned he, as his feet trod on the verdant carpet of nature—‘Deluded girl! to act so perfidiously to thy dearest friend!—But are we not all prone to err?’ immediately thought he, and his sister’s conduct then appeared less horrid.

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A step now approached near him: it was miss Lewis, ever beautiful, but now more bewitchingly animated by the pale blush which exercise, in crossing the flowery path, had given her; she stood before her astonished uncle with all the graces fluttering round her, with all the unsophisticated charms of innocence pictured in her youthful form.

‘Ah! my dear uncle,’ cried she, ‘why this agitation?—Why those tears?’

‘Sweet Emily!’ returned he, ‘seek not to know the cause which hath so disturbed me, seek it not.’

‘Forgive my curiosity, beloved sir!’ replied she, respectfully pressing his hand to her lips:—‘Forgive the poor orphan intrusted to your love!’

‘Ask not for that which you need not, pleasing girl!’ exclaimed Mr. Harcourt; and slowly they walked to the grove.

‘Agincourt,’ said Augusta, blushing, ‘has been pressing me to name an early day for’ —

‘Our union, which is to complete my bliss,’ returned he with eagerness.

‘Methinks,’ cried lady Mary, fixing her brilliant eyes on William with an arch smile, ‘you are somewhat too much in haste to steal the obedient Augusta from her fond fire.’

Mr. Harcourt thanked her by a smile more expressive than words; and, taking the hand of Augusta, he placed it in lord William’s, saying:—‘In thy protecting arms I place my child, my best beloved; I think by so doing I insure her happiness with yours for ever! if not—but oh! that will not bear the thought, so let it vanish like the empty bubble of a misty morn, which, for a time, obscures to make more brilliant the golden radiance of a blushing day.’

‘Accept the most fervent thanks which my poor tongue can utter,’

2 Z

exclaimed his lordship, 'for such a precious gift: a gift for which an eastern monarch might lowly bow. But I, the humblest of her slaves, will ever prostrate myself before her god-like image, and own no other throne but that of my adored Augusta.'

So passed the day in planning scenes of future felicity, on the part of the youthful groupe; and, by Horatio, in pensive sadness, at the separation which was so soon to take place between him and his daughter.

The night now approached in which Mrs. Harcourt was to make her second appearance in the delightful paragon of fashion, the neat theatrical of her friend miss Strangeways. The part was Elvira, in Pizarro; and, as the beautiful representative of the noble Spaniard, she strove to gain applause. The abode of the admirer of Thalia was Strangeway-park, an elegant mansion, four miles distant from the Grove.

The palpitating heart, the tearful eye, and trembling form, were all known to the new Elvira; and when she stepped into the coach which was to convey her to the doating arms of her friend, her cheek glowed with expectation, and her agile limbs were nearly convulsed with pleasure. Cards of invitation were distributed many miles around the fairy environs of its playful mistress: but none of the courtly company shone more beautiful than the amiable party from the Grove. Earl Cuthbert being slightly indisposed, Mr. Harcourt chose to stay at home, to be his attendant in the room of lady Mary; and Emily, who never before had beheld a dramatic representation in England, longed for the hour which was to take her to its entrancements. Miss Harcourt went to please her mother, and Agincourt could not stay behind. Behold them, therefore, now

just entering into the large decorated hall of the park, from whence they pass into an apartment where they were regaled with the choicest fruits and viands that can feast the eye or refresh the appetite.

Every thing went off with the most unbounded *eclat*; and Mrs. Harcourt, if not the best loved, was the most admired. It is true the delicate Christina, in the mild anxious mother, by some was allowed to be more elegant, more bewitchingly lovely; but then the commanding air, the expressive cast of countenance, and the distinct delivery of speech, gave the dramatic palm to Agatha. Alonzo next came in for his share of approbation: none was more deserving of it, though none wished for it less; as he only personified the character to gratify the ardent wish of his fair cousin Christina.

Mr. Chambaud was the most pleasing of men; tall, handsome, and possessed of the most enlightened understanding, he inspired the highest sentiments of respect and admiration. Emily beheld him with partial fondness, and Orlando could not gaze on the beautiful miss Lewis without feeling the power of her soft blue eyes. Every hour and at every interview his passion for the charming girl became more evident; and the modest maid, had not delicacy prevented her, could have betrayed the same emotions of tenderness. Chambaud one day sought Emily. He avowed his love; he pressed his suit with ardour; and, throwing himself at her feet, exclaimed—

'If I have not offended you, beloved Emily, deign to bestow an answer on thy devoted Chambaud; and, if you cannot give me hope, crush at once all my earthly happiness!'

'Alas!' softly cried Orlando, turning from her, 'why did I ever

leave my native land, to become so wretched—so very wretched, that, without my charmer consents to be mine, this wan frame will shortly sink to' —

Emily's agitation became extreme, her eyes sparkled with a glistening dew, and only could she utter—

'Rise, Mr. Chambaud, and grant me your pardon. I respect your numerous virtues,' added she; 'but press no further. Leave me.'

Her voice faltered: Orlando perceived it. He kissed her hand; and, with a look of animated triumph, left her.

To Augusta, the friend of her bosom, miss Lewis imparted the confession of Chambaud, and soon was Mr. Harcourt informed of the same. To Agatha, who now began to grow more mild, both towards her child and her husband, it gave infinite delight; as she admired no one more than the graceful marquis, the amiable cousin of her sweet Christina. Warmly beat the heart of the young Emily, when her uncle presented her hand to her adored Orlando.

'Live happy!' he cried: 'live virtuous! and may the days of the second child of my affections glide on in blissful serenity!'

All present wept; and the now softened Agatha fell on her trembling knees before her husband, saying—

'Dare I ask you to pardon the assassin of your peace?'

'It is past, beloved Agatha!' cried he; 'and let this auspicious hour be ever sacred. I am eager to accept your offer of a reconciliation to my affections, which, spite of your cutting neglect, could never be alienated from you.'

'This kindness is too much from you, dearest Horatio!' exclaimed she, half fainting in his arms. He

gently supported her, and Agatha once again was the loving and beloved wife of Horatio.

Mild blew the western wind, and serenely beamed the azure vault of heaven, when the two fair cousins were led to the altar of Hymen by the most worthy of men. It was at the village-church of Ashton that the solemn service was performed, and never looked more blooming the beautiful Augusta and Emily.

Lady Mary Paul ever lived a life of celibacy, to watch over the declining years of her father, and to be the choice companion of her sweet sister, Augusta, who, with her William, diffused blessings around her with a plenteous hand: while the fair marchioness Chambaud, after staying in England a twelvemonth, bid adieu to her adoring relations, and returned to her own country; where, in the friendship of her early friend, madame de Perpignon, and the affectionate arms of her husband, the affable Orlando, she lived happy, admired and respected by all.

Harwich, June 3, 1803.

CRITICAL OBSERVATIONS *on the*
NOVEL of 'TOM JONES.'

In a Series of Letters from an Uncle to his Niece.

(Continued from p. 307.)

LETTER XI.

DEAR NIECE,

THE introductory chapter to the fourteenth book forms a well-written essay, on the qualifications necessary to constitute a judicious author; and in this serious discussion much humour is interspersed, particularly in the fifth section, where some ironical compliments are passed on two eminent personages who flourished at the period when

our author wrote; namely; Mr. Effex, the dancing-master, and Mr. Broughton, the celebrated pugilist. The reason which Mr. Fielding gives for the inability of authors in describing the manners of high life, namely, from their being excluded the society of people of rank and condition, will be allowed to be well-founded; and so likewise is his observation, that the manners of the higher classes of society do not admit of that diversity of character which is to be met with in the more humble walks of life, where, from the variety of callings among the general mass of the people, their several habits, conversation, and behaviour, become more diversified, than amongst those who are restricted by the laws of fashion and the universality of prejudice. How far the sarcasm may be well-founded, that the whole race of the gentlemen and ladies of the *ton* are, with a few exceptions, dedicated to the most frivolous pursuits, I shall not take upon me to determine. The ruling principle which Mr. Fielding, in the last section of this chapter, declares to have then been characteristic of many individuals in high life, may probably apply to the present *beau monde*.

The second chapter of this book exhibits the amorous complexion of lady Bellaston in a very strong and ludicrous point of view. The two notes written by this lady to Jones, and the three postscripts to the last note; but, above all, her sudden appearance at the heels of these *billet-doux*; are peculiarly characteristic of the agitation of a female mind bewildered in a labyrinth of doubt and anxiety, arising from the turbulence of her unruly passions. The abrupt entrance of Mrs. Honour, the retreat of lady Bellaston behind the bed, the conversation between Jones and the waiting-woman,

and the awkward dilemma to which Jones is reduced, form altogether a most curious specimen of the ridiculous, and contribute to render this a most humorous and laughable scene. The extreme rage of lady Bellaston; the facility with which her anger is pacified, although she was convinced, from the clearest and most positive evidence, that Sophia alone possessed the esteem of Jones; are circumstances which again proclaim the unruly passions of this lady, and that the indulgence of an illicit commerce had worn out all traces of that decorum of behaviour so necessary to preserve from insult the female character; that decorum or prudence (which in another place our author terms the guard of virtue) without which no woman can safely trust to her own resolutions.

The letter which Jones received from Sophia by Mrs. Honour, and which is given to the reader in the third chapter, forms a striking contrast to those of lady Bellaston, in the last chapter; and the dilemma to which Jones is now reduced, of feigning illness lest his non-compliance with the appointment made to her ladyship should fan the embers of her irritable disposition, constitute, in the sequel, a scene of the utmost pleasantry, as will appear in the seventh chapter of the fifteenth book. But, first, it became necessary for Jones to palliate the irregularities of the preceding night with Mrs. Miller, and to reconcile the hurricane which had passed at that time in his chamber to the strict ideas of decorum entertained by his virtuous hostess. Mrs. Miller is, therefore, now introduced; and the grave lecture which she reads to Jones on this occasion, delivered in the appropriate terms and characteristic phrases of this good woman, not only confirms the reader in his good

opinion of her—(which, had she tacitly submitted to these irregularities, might have justly exposed her character to censure),—but leads on to other matters necessary towards the catastrophe of the piece. That part of Mrs. Miller's speech wherein, from a grateful impulse, she offers a just tribute of praise to Jones for his generous behaviour towards Mr. Anderson, discovers to the reader that this man was the identical person who had stopped Mr. Jones and Partridge, on their journey to London. The remaining part of this chapter, wherein Jones severely rebukes Partridge for having divulged this piece of secret history to Mrs. Miller, and for having likewise revealed to that lady the connection between Mr. Allworthy and our hero,—a matter which Jones became acquainted with through the like source of communication,—is replete with the most laughable periods, arising from the simplicity wherewith Mr. Partridge strives to exculpate himself from the charges brought against him.

The fourth chapter of this book is one of those in which the virtuous disposition of the author shines forth with the most conspicuous lustre. The language wherein he delivers the moral sentences contained in this and the two succeeding chapters is a striking proof that his capacity was not less adapted to the painting scenes of a grave and solemn turn, than to those of a more airy and humorous cast: of this various instances have occurred in the foregoing pages, but none that do greater credit to his talents for exciting sympathy than the chapters under consideration. This fourth chapter opens some further traits in the character of Mr. Nightingale, prepares the reader for the melancholy catastrophe of poor Nancy, and leads to an under-plot, in which Mr. Jones's exertions, in behalf of Mrs.

Miller's family, will be set in a very conspicuous point of view.

The history of Mrs. Miller, in the fifth chapter, is very properly introduced in that place where the good woman is anxious to convince Jones, to whom she stood indebted for numberless favours, that no consideration but that of giving offence to Mr. Allworthy, and of entailing a disgrace on her family, should have prevailed on her to part with so good a friend. This little episode forms a most interesting tale, which is related with an artless simplicity, and clothed in the most unaffected language. The same undisguised freedom, the same turn of periods, and the same loquacious though not unpleasing circumlocution, mark the address of Mrs. Miller, wherever she makes her appearance in this history. The pathetic strains of that period wherein Mrs. Miller relates the death of her husband will not escape your notice. Mr. Allworthy's letter to the widow is above all praise; and the effusions of gratitude which, in her relation of this circumstance to Jones, break forth towards her benefactor, are such as bespeak the most tender heart.—That the sensations of the author were in unison with the actors in the scene he has painted cannot admit of a doubt. The sentiments expressed by Mrs. Miller, in the fifth section, reflect the greatest honour upon the soundness of her understanding: she says, they were the sentiments of her husband; and so I will venture to assert they are of every worthy divine, and of every sensible and unbiassed individual, in the Christian world.

The irony, at the outset of the sixth chapter, and the compliment paid to those people who have that firmness of mind which rolls a man as it were within himself, and, like a polished bowl, enables him to run through the world without being

stopped by the calamities of others, forms a beautiful eulogium on the sympathy of generous minds; whilst it is a keen reproof on those obdurate hearts which feel only for themselves. The man of the hill, as we have before seen, was tinctured with this misanthropy: we are not, therefore, to be astonished that Jones, who was so eminently distinguished for the opposite quality, should smile when the old man, in the course of his story, introduced a quotation from Horace, of which the eleventh, twelfth, and thirteenth lines of the chapter now under consideration are a pretty close version. The answer of Partridge to his master's questions, and his remarks upon what had happened to poor Nancy, are perfectly in character. Generosity of spirit and liberality of sentiment are very rarely to be found within the lower ranks of life, among whom Mr. Partridge (notwithstanding his proficiency in the classics) ought to be numbered. These excellent qualities, though indeed they may in some measure attach to the temper of the individual who possesses them, may nevertheless be attained by every one who will resolve to shun calumny of every kind, not to listen to every gossip's tale, and, in short, to take every thing by the right handle. Mrs. Miller's address to Jones, and indeed the whole scene which passes between them, is a fine specimen of the pathetic; which is still heightened by the innocent prattle of little Betsey. Mr. Jones's humanity and tenderness of disposition shine forth with conspicuous lustre on this occasion; and I am persuaded you never read the penultimate section of this chapter but you join with the mother in imploring Heaven to shower down all its blessings on the head of one whose heart overflowed with such tender sensations.

The conversation between Mr.

Jones and Mr. Nightingale, in the seventh chapter, is perfectly consistent with the idea which a long acquaintance with the hero of the piece enables us to have formed of him; and, with respect to Nightingale, the intimations which have before been given of this gentleman are very proper harbingers to the reception Mr. Jones met with from him on this occasion. Though a man of the *ton* and of *vertu* (as we have been informed before), his principles were by no means so vitiated but he was well inclined to listen to the friendly admonitions of Jones, and to act accordingly.

The eighth chapter conveys Mr. Jones to the house of old Nightingale; a visit which he undertook, in discharge of his promise to his friend, in the last chapter, in order to inform him of the engagement between young Nightingale and miss Nancy. The portrait drawn of old Mr. Nightingale, in this chapter, exhibits by no means a distorted resemblance to those gentlemen who, like him, deal in money, and 'take the advantage sometimes of the necessities of private individuals, and sometimes of those of the public.' To say the truth, it would be an easy task, among the gold and silver mongers every day assembled in the rotunda at the Bank of England, and in the public walks at the Royal Exchange, to single out individuals who might fit for the picture; and so near a resemblance does the fictitious character of Mr. Nightingale bear to the money-brokers in real life, that every reader who hath been in the habit of conversing with the commercial part of mankind, or (to speak in the modern dialect) with the monied men of the city, cannot fail to call to remembrance the features of some one or other of his acquaintance in the visage of Mr. Nightingale. The conversation between Jones and the old gentleman

forms a very ludicrous scene; the questions of our hero being framed in terms so ambiguous and equivocal, that the avarice of Mr. Nightingale is tickled, and he is thus prevailed on to entrust Jones with more of the secret respecting the match he had proposed for young Nightingale than he would otherwise have done. The entrance of the brother at this interval, when the old gentleman was thrown into the utmost perplexity, and, as it were, struck dumb from the unwelcome tidings of Mr. Jones, proved a fortunate circumstance to this latter, for whom the uncle of young Nightingale shows himself a powerful auxiliary; for, although the sensible advice which he gives could have little effect in removing the prejudices of the father of the young man, since the clearest reasons and best-founded arguments, as Mr. Fielding elsewhere observes, can be of no avail against the force of habitual avarice; it will, nevertheless, be found, in the sequel, that the uncle's approbation of the nephew's conduct, and his introduction at this juncture, are incidents very material towards the catastrophe of this little episode, and, indeed, towards the catastrophe of the main story, with which this beautiful tale is materially connected; and is a further specimen of Mr. Fielding's ingenuity in weaving the thread of his piece, where every incident appears to have been brought about through the most natural chain of events, at the same time that every occurrence is so judiciously managed as to furnish forth a fund of amusement, independent of its connection with the rest of the drama. The terms in which our author describes the broad features in the mental and personal qualities of miss Harris, are expressed in a humorous style peculiar to himself; other writers might have dwelt with the most tedious prolixity on the

deformities of miss Harris's mind and person, and might on this occasion have spun out many pages of phlegmatic narrative, but Mr. Fielding chose to express himself in the most laconic phrases, by which the reader has a perfect comprehension of the lady's attractions, at the same time that he is highly gratified by the manner of the relation.

In the ninth chapter, each of the parties assembled at Mrs. Miller's appears in the precise drapery of character wherein such person had been heretofore introduced to our notice. The manner in which Mrs. Miller relates to Jones the pleasing contract which had taken place during his absence, and those unbounded terms of gratitude with which she prefaces her story, at once proclaim the innate goodness of her heart, and confirm us in the opinion we had before entertained of her. You will observe with what art the writer has contrived to bring about this revolution, and how necessary it was that the uncle of young Nightingale should make his appearance at his brother's during the scene which passed between Jones and the old gentleman. The confession which young Nightingale makes to his uncle may be traced, with great propriety, to the ruling principles of the young man, which is that of an open unsuspecting youth. His attendance upon his uncle to his lodgings, however improbable it may appear to those readers whose chief delight consists in perusal of dull insipid narration and plain matter of fact; that he should be prevailed on to leave his bride, as related in the twelfth chapter, in which light she had been before represented to the uncle; serves to illustrate the position which our author had before laid down, that it is contrast alone which can add charms to every incident of life. The abrupt departure of the nephew with the old gentle-

man conduces likewise to the support of the main drift of the novel, as will appear from the matter contained in the subsequent book. The observations of the author, in the fourth and fifth sections of this chapter, upon the effects of duplicity, when played off at each other by two people, the object of each of whom it is to serve his own interest at the expence of his friend, may be confirmed by every day's experience in the commerce of the world, where those who have been many years conversant in the artifices of mankind will be enabled to bring to their recollection instances not less illustrative of the point in question than the apt allusion quoted by Mr. Fielding, of the two horse-jockeys.

(*To be continued.*)

ROBERT M^cKENZIE ;

OR, THE
ADVENTURES OF A SCOTSMAN.

[*Written by himself, and edited by R. Ferris—
Glasgow.*]

(*Continued from p. 311.*)

CHAP. V.

THE earl, previous to the departure of his son, determined to give a grand ball at his house, as a farewell to the friends of the young lord. The most costly decorations that wealth could procure or art produce were brought forward on this occasion, as the earl proclaimed his determination to celebrate this event as his resuscitation from the dead.

A large ball-room was formed by two or three of the principal rooms being thrown into one, in order to accommodate the numerous company that were invited on the occasion.

This long wished-for evening at length arrived, and for some time every idea that I had conceived of pleasure was here realised. The magic splendor of the scene, the elegance of the ball-room, which the blaze of light displayed to peculiar advantage, and the many apparently happy beings fluttering in the maze of pleasure, seemed altogether such a *coup-d'œil* to me, unacquainted with the splendid scenes of the great, as it is now impossible for me to express. Totally surrendering my senses to the brilliancy of the scene, I gave myself up solely to pleasure. The footing on which I stood with the family of the earl had been such as enabled me to form many eligible connexions, and I had therefore no reason to suppose but some of those beautiful females I saw on every side would join me in tracing the mazy labyrinth of the dance. Nor were my hopes disappointed; a young lady to whom I had been introduced consented to honour me with her hand, when, in a moment, every thought, save that of despair, was driven from my mind, on the sudden appearance of a young lady coming close to my side, and whispering, in a low tone that made me tremble:—
'Robert, what a wretch thou must be! At this moment, when nothing but pleasure seems to be your object, the wretched victim of thy crime deplores, in terms that would melt a stone, thy apostacy and guilt.'

As soon as she had said this, she turned round, and, hastily mingling with the well-dressed crowd, escaped every search I could make, and I then saw her no more. This incident entirely deprived me of every inclination to enjoy the scene before me; and, pretending to have been attacked with a sudden illness, I retired to my apartment, where, in darkness and silence, I gave myself up to despair.

The following day was that fixed for our departure, when the bustle of preparation alleviated in some measure the poignancy of my grief. The earl of Kirkintiloch, when he was informed that every thing was ready for our departure, took us into his study and addressed us to the following effect:—

‘ Young gentlemen, you are now going to leave your native country for a considerable period: it is, therefore, proper that your conduct, while you remain in a foreign country, may be such as will throw no disgrace on the name of Scotsmen. In saying this to you, I say every thing; for if you conduct yourself as becomes a Scotsman, you can never be guilty of any thing criminal. Go, and keep honour ever in your view. Bravery you both possess; but remember that virtue will degenerate into vice, when not properly tempered with prudence. I do not wish to weary you with any old-fashioned maxims, which, perhaps, you may think originate in my want of knowledge of the world; therefore, come to my arms, my son, and let me bid you a long adieu.’

With these words he clasped his son in his arms, and remained for some moments speechless; then, gently pushing us out of the room, he desired us to hasten away. In obedience to this order, we took our departure, in a very sorrowful mood, for the port of Leith, where a packet, that was to convey us to Bourdeaux, lay ready for our departure, in which vessel our equipage and servant had been previously lodged.

The moment we entered the packet got under weigh, and in a few hours after having cleared the pier of Leith I first saw the German Ocean.

To me every thing appeared

keith, the distant plains of the verdant Fife, the rugged rock of the Bass, and the majestic spires of Edinburgh, when viewed altogether in the clear radiance of a mid-day sun, formed a romantic and singularly grand appearance. Even Murchison, who commonly was not very heedful of the sublime of nature, was struck with the sight, and acknowledged that the scene was delightful.

By degrees the scene lessened to our view, and in a short time nothing more of my native Isle was to be seen than the distant rocks of Fifeness. A soothing melancholy now stole over my frame; and, retiring to the cabin, I sat down to the writing desk and produced the following

LINES ON LEAVING SCOTLAND.

FAREWELL, my dear, my native clime!
 Adieu, my lov'd and happy shore!
 I now must wander for a time;
 Perhaps, I'll never see thee more!
 Still in my heart I'll fondly grasp the hope
 That Scotia yet may be my dwelling-place;
 Then, in the time, my country's hapless lot,
 With mournful tenderness, I'll slowly trace,
 Where are thy patriots, faithful, ardent, bold,
 Who lov'd thy wilds, and bless'd thy seagirt coast?
 Neglected Scotia! once thy pride and boast,
 Ah! where are now thy patriots, fam'd of old?
 When Wallace shook, unaw'd, the glitt'ring spear,
 And glorious stood, the chieftain of the brave;
 When rumour still convey'd from ear to ear
 That Wallace never would become a slave—
 Those were the days when, nobly great,
 Thy patriot warriors their country lov'd;
 When war's rude clamours in a bleeding state
 Their ardour and their courage nobly prov'd.
 Hail, Scotia, hail! my native land, adieu!
 Adieu again repeats the trickling tear:
 My native home, a long farewell to you:
 Adieu! adieu, to all that I hold dear!

Night having now veiled the world in darkness, I sought his lordship, whom I found talking and joking with the sailors. With some difficulty, I persuaded him to retire to the cabin, where he found the verses I had wrote carelessly laying on the table. After hastily reading them over, he burst into a fit of laughter.

'Poetaster!' exclaimed he, 'thou art a sorry loon; thou must come under my tuition in the art of poetry.' Then sitting down to the table, he produced, in a moment, the following

HYMN TO VENUS.

LOVELY goddess, young and gay,
Cheerful as the month of May,
Venus, nam'd the Cyprian queen,
Who lov'd of gods and men hast been,
Deign to hear a lover's prayer,
Nor leave him hapless to despair;
Kindly grant his first request—
He anxious waits your high behest.

Grant he may a female find,
Who, smiling gently, may prove kind:
Grant that handsome she may be,
And this is all I ask of thee.

'There!' pointing to the verses he had wrote, 'there is an impromptu for you; you must now acknowledge that I am your superior in the art poetic.'

Upon reading over his verses, I at once acknowledged that I was conquered: this declaration put his lordship in alto; and, in the highest glee, he declared he would celebrate his victory in a libation to Bacchus. In this I was forced to partake; and in a short time sorrow had banished to the realms below all reflections on our exit from our native country, and all dread of the seas were expelled by the native energy of old port.

As nothing particular occurred in the voyage, it will be proper to give my readers a sketch of the character of his lordship, and to introduce to

their acquaintance Donald M'Alpine; and who, perhaps, may turn out a person of consequence in the following pages.

Lord Gartferry was of an open, unthinking, and generous, character: the long banishment that he had undergone had, undoubtedly, tended to produce many evil propensities in his mind; but even this circumstance could not eradicate the noble candour, the manly frankness, and the generous heart, that shone conspicuous in his every word and action. These powerful recommendations could not fail to efface the unfavourable ideas that his volubility, heedlessness, and vanity, were but too apt to excite. Our servant, Donald M'Alpine, was a compound of pedantry, simplicity, and pride; but these failings were likewise overbalanced by his bravery, honesty, and fidelity.

The reader will here, undoubtedly, exclaim, that three men, of the characters here depicted, were well calculated to make the tour of Europe to advantage; and, indeed, I must acknowledge, that the subsequent adventures that beset us were to be expected from the rashness and folly of our outset.

On the morning following the day on which we had embarked, my friend Murchison seemed to be in deep and unusual study, and his features beamed with an anxious expression that convinced me some new scheme was in agitation: nor did I mistake; for, immediately after breakfast, he took me aside and begun thus:—

'Robert, is not the man a fool who leaves his country to improve his mind and cultivate his understanding by travelling in foreign lands, and yet is contented with being whirled over the continent in a post-chaise?'

'I must acknowledge no improve-

ment will result from such travelling.'

'Well, then, hearken to me in silence, and reverence my determination; for know that I am resolved that we shall improve our time; therefore, as we are both adepts in the French and Italian languages, I propose that we set out from Bourdeaux on horseback, and traverse the continent in that mode. By this means we shall be enabled to mingle with people of every rank and description, and gain a thorough knowledge of the leading features of every nation; to say nothing of the interesting adventures that we may reasonably hope to meet with by this mode of proceeding.'

I was much alarmed at this imprudent proposal, which I saw was only the prelude of many disagreeable consequences that would arise therefrom: however, every representation that I could make had not the smallest effect with Murchison, who, having once taken a resolution, I saw could be induced by no argument to relinquish it. There was, therefore, no other remedy than submission; and, with a very bad grace, I agreed to begin this equestrian journey through France; from whence we were immediately to set off for Italy.

The discussion of this subject had been hardly finished when the lofty spires of Bourdeaux appeared to our view; for which place we immediately made, and in a short time effected our landing on the Gallic shore.

CHAP. VI.

SUBLIME Genius! who didst inspire Cervantes, Le Sage, Smollet, and Fielding, aid and assist me in the undertaking which I have set about; infuse into me some small portion of their fire; enable me

to excite in my readers an ardent interest for my welfare, and to depict properly the strange and uncommon scenes and adventures to which I was exposed. And, reader, previous to the travels which we have to make in each other's company, allow me to deprecate thy wrath for the follies and vices of which I was guilty: suffer me to hint, that my education and the manner in which I had lived were not adapted for forming a cynic; think that youth, health, and vigour, are always subject to err, and then be severe upon me if thou canst.

The narrow and dirty streets of Bourdeaux were by no means adapted to convey a good opinion of that place to those who had so lately arrived from the elegant squares of New-Edinburgh. This reflection occurred, in a peculiar manner, to our trusty servant from whom we expected to derive no small degree of amusement in the course of our peregrinations.

'The muckle deel tak this town!' cried he out, when we were on the road to the inn; 'it's a hard thing that a body canna gang without rinnin their shoon up to the head in glaur: if this be claffie grund, gude faith I'm wearied o't.'

The uncommon attention that this speech procured him from the passengers did not seem to disquiet him in the least degree; on the contrary, he continued vociferating with the lungs of a Stentor, when he was cut short, in the midst of his harangue, by our entering the inn to which we had been directed.

The next morning Murchison called up the servant, and told him that he intended to travel *incog.*; and that, therefore, he must be careful not to address him by his title, or to give the least suspicion to any that the master he served was a *Mi Lor Anglois*. M'Alpine

having promised to comply with these injunctions, was dismissed, and our host was sent for, to whom Mr. Murchison (so I shall in future name lord Gartferry) explained his desire of immediately procuring three stout horses.

Through the assistance of our landlord, we were soon put in possession of three spirited nags; and, upon the morning of next day, we took our departure from Bourdeaux, on the Quixotic plan of making an equestrian tour over the continent.

The occurrences of the first week by no means claim the attention of the reader; as such I will pass over the usual routine of a traveller's journal, and take notice of no more than what I consider as worthy their attention. Upon the Monday of the second week of our departure from Bourdeaux, as we travelled through the delightful plains of Dauphiny, Murchison, after a long pause in our conversation, exclaimed that he was determined we should no longer exist in the apathy of our present state. 'No,' added he, continuing the conversation, 'I will, this evening, convince you that every man has it in his own power to achieve the most romantic undertaking, when a proper degree of prudence, courage, and firmness, is blended in his spirit; and, to convince you of this, I here undertake that I will spend this evening in the *château* of the proudest lord of this neighbourhood, and be received with kindness and pleasure; and, in short, I have built a most admirable superstructure in my mind, in which I must be assisted by your advice and directions.'

My friend here closed the discourse, and in the course of a few hours we arrived at the small village of Fierriers, where we directed our steps to the principal inn, dignified with the portrait of *Louis le Bien Aimé*.

The garrulity of French landlords, under the old *regimé*, was here admirably exemplified in the person of our host; for, in the course of a few minutes that we were in his company, more intelligence was poured in upon us than would have sufficed to have enabled us to pass upon the *noblesse* of that part of the country as acquaintances or friends. Among other topics which our host introduced and discussed, he pulled out a letter from his pocket, and continued—

'Gentlemen, you have, no doubt, long ago, heard of the baron of Hautement?'

A negative answer.

'What! not heard of the baron? how extraordinary! I thought all the world knew him; and let me tell you that I am much afraid for no good. My brother is his chief butler, and now and then sends me accounts of his behaviour; and such accounts, *mon Dieu!*—

Our host here shrugged up his shoulders; and, opening the paper he had in his hand, he continued:

'My brother, you must know, gentlemen, has received a good education, and explains these matters far better than I can; you shall, therefore, hear his letter on the subject.'

'DEAR PERRIN,

'THE accounts which I have so often transmitted to you, of the conduct of my master, is still the only news which I can entertain you with; but, in fact, the dark mysterious conduct of that gentleman is sufficient to fill volumes, and still the reader would never be able to divine the cause of such conduct.

When a man is blessed with health, a beautiful and amiable consort, and riches in abundance, the world would be apt to think that that man had no reason to complain; yet here

such a case does exist: and I am sure that no wretch who toils in a galley is more deserving of pity than our baron. Amidst the rage of a tempest, when the roar of thunder and gleams of lightning drive the traveller to seek for refuge, the baron's constant practice is to rush from his castle, to wander throughout the forests which surround his mansion, to scale precipices, and dash through the angry torrents; and, when seized with these fits of insanity, as surely I may call it, he will be absent for weeks, and no person ever yet could learn where he conceals himself, or discover his abode. Last night he returned from an excursion of that kind, and, by his presence, this terrific mansion seems enveloped in a double gloom. His lady is truly to be pitied; young, amiable, and innocent, she was sacrificed, by an avaricious father, to the baron de Hautement, and since then she has never enjoyed a single day of true happiness.'

Our host then proceeded to read some family details, in which he was soon cut short by Murchison, who had paid an uncommon degree of attention to the letter, and who now requested that our communicative host would leave us a little to ourselves.

(To be continued.)

The MORAL ZOOLOGIST.

PART II.

(Continued from p. 288.)

THE COMMON FALCON.

THERE are many apparent varieties in this species. Brisson reckons no less than twenty-five;

but Buffon reduces this to two—the genteel falcon, or falcon gentle, and the pilgrim, passenger, or peregrine falcon: both these are much less than the gyr-falcon, and nearly of the size of the raven. They differ but slightly, and, perhaps, only from the different states they were in when deprived of their liberty by man. These differences are more easily to be learned by experience than taught by description. The falcon gentle moults in March and even earlier; the peregrine falcon does not moult till the middle of August. The peregrine is broader over the shoulders; the eyes are larger and deeper sunk; the bill thicker; the legs longer and better set than in the falcon gentle.

The forrel falcons, which are the young ones, and which have been caught in September, October, and November, are the easiest bred to the pursuit of game; those which are caught later, in winter, or in the following spring, and consequently are nine or ten months old, have tasted too much of freedom to submit patiently to captivity, and their fidelity or obedience can never be relied on; they often desert their master when he least expects it.

Those caught in the nest are called *ninny falcons*. When taken too young, they are often noisy and difficult to train. They ought not, therefore, to be disturbed till they are considerably grown.

The peregrine falcons are caught in their passage every year, in September, on the islands in the sea, and the high beaches by the shore. They are naturally quick and docile, and very easy to train. They are caught not only on the coasts of Barbary, but in all the islands of the Mediterranean, and particularly that of Candia, which formerly furnished the best falcons.

THE LANNER.

This bird is now so rare, that Buffon tells us he could not procure a specimen of it, as it was not found in any of the French cabinets. Brisson and Salerne confess that they never saw it; and Belon, though he describes it at considerable length, does not give the figure. Mr. Pennant has, however, given a description of one that was caught, while pursuing wild ducks, under the nets.

'The lanner, or lanner-falcon,' says Belon, 'generally constructs its aerie, in France, on the tallest trees of the forest, or on the highest rocks. It is less corpulent than the genteel falcon or falcon gentle, and its plumage is more beautiful than that of the sacre, especially after moulting; it is also shorter than the other falcons. It subsists, better than any other falcon, upon coarse flesh. It is easily distinguished; for its bill and feet are blue; the feathers on the front mottled with black and white, with spots stretching along the feathers, and not transverse as in the common falcon. The neck is short and thick, as is also the bill. The female is called *Lanner*, and is much larger than the male, which is named *Lanneret*: they are both similar in the colour of their plumage.

This bird breeds in Iceland, and is also found in Sweden; for Linnæus places it among the native birds of that country. It is the *Falco-Laniarius* of his system; and its specific character, as given by him, is, that its 'cere is yellowish; its feet and bill cerulean; its body marked beneath with black longitudinal spots.' It is found also in the Ferroc islands, on the Uralian mountains, and in some parts of Tartary.

THE SACRE.

This is a species which has a near affinity to the lanner, and, like that, is extremely rare. Belon, it seems

probable, is the only naturalist who has seen and described them both. According to his description, 'the plumage of the sacre is inferior in beauty to that of other birds of the falcon kind, being of a dirty ferruginous colour, like that of the kite. It is low; its legs and toes blue, in some degree similar to the lanner. It would be equal to the common falcon in size, were it not more compact and rounder shaped. It is a bird of intrepid courage, and comparable in strength to the peregrine falcon. It is also a bird of passage, and it is rare to find a man who can boast that he has ever seen the place where it breeds. Some falconers are of opinion that it is a native of Tartary and Russia, and towards the Caspian Sea; that it migrates towards the south, where it lives part of the year, and that it is caught by the falconers who watch its passage in the islands of the Archipelago, Rhodes, Cyprus, &c. The male is called the *sacre*, and the female the *sacret*; the only difference between them consists in the size.'

This bird is the *Falco-Sacer* of Linnæus, who thus characterises it:— 'Its cere and feet are cerulean; the back, breasts, and coverts of the wings, mottled with dusky; the feathers of the tail marked with kidney-shaped spots.' It inhabits Europe and Tartary. It is two feet long, and weighs two pounds eight ounces. The feet are feathered almost to the toes.

To this species is to be referred the *American sacre*, or *speckled partridge hawk*; of which the feet are blue; the body, and the wing and tail feathers, marked with dusky pale bars; the head, breast, and belly, stained with dusky white longitudinal spots. This variety is a native of Hudson's Bay and other parts of North America. It preys on the white grouse, and will even seize them while the fowler is driv-

ing them into his nets. It breeds in April or May in unfrequented places; and has, it is said, only two eggs. It is about the size of a crow.

THE HOBBY.

The hobby is much smaller than the common falcon, and differs from the latter no less in its habits than its size. The falcon is fierce, spirited, and courageous, and will attack an enemy far superior to him in size. The hobby has not sufficient courage, except when it is trained to the chase, to attempt any prey beyond larks and quails. But his defect in courage is compensated by his indefatigable industry. No sooner does he perceive the sportsman and his dog, but he closely follows them, and endeavours to catch the small birds they put up before them; and what escapes the fowling-piece eludes not the hobby. It seems not intimidated by the noise of fire-arms, or ignorant of their fatal effects; for it continues to keep close to the person who shoots. It frequents the plain country near woods, especially where the larks are numerous, among which it commits great havoc. The larks immediately recognise, by instinct, their destructive enemy, and when they descry him instantly squat down, and endeavour to conceal themselves among the bushes and the herbage. This is the only manner in which the lark can hope to escape; for, though it soars to a great height, the hobby can still soar higher. They, therefore, remain fixed to the ground through fear, which affords the fowler an opportunity of drawing his net over them. This was formerly practised and termed *daring* the larks.

The hobby is the *Falco-Subbuteo* of Linnæus. The cere and feet are yellow; the back is dusky; the nape of the neck white; the abdo-

men pale, with dusky oblong spots; the under side of the rump and the thighs rufous. The male weighs seven ounces; the length is twelve inches; the extent of the wings two feet seven inches. It inhabits Europe and Siberia. In summer it is frequent in England, where it breeds, and migrates in October.

THE KESTREL.

The kestrel is one of the most common of the birds of prey in France, and especially in Burgundy: there is scarcely an old castle or deserted tower but is inhabited by it. It is a handsome bird; its sight is acute; its flight easy and well supported: it has perseverance and courage, and resembles, in its instinct, the noble and generous birds. The female is larger than the male. The head is rust-coloured; the upper side of its back, wings, and tail, is marked with cross bars of brown; and all the feathers of the tail are of a rusty brown, variously intense; but in the male the head and tail are grey, and the upper parts of the back and wings are of a vinous rust colour, sprinkled with a few small black spots.

Though this bird usually frequents old buildings, it less frequently breeds in them than in the woods. It deposits its eggs sometimes in the holes of walls, or in the cavities of trees; at other times it constructs a very flimsy sort of nest, composed of sticks and roots, pretty much like that of the jays, upon the tallest trees of the forest: sometimes it occupies the nests deserted by crows. It lays four eggs, but more frequently five, and sometimes six or seven, of which the two extremities have, like the plumage of the bird, a reddish or yellowish tinge. Its young are at first covered with a white down, and fed by the parent with insects; they are afterwards supplied with field-

mice, which the kestrel can descry from a great height; as it hovers or wheels slowly round, and on which it darts down instantly. It will sometimes carry off a red partridge much heavier than itself, and often catches pigeons that happen to stray from the flock. Its usual prey, however, besides field-mice and reptiles, is sparrows, chaffinches, and other small birds.

This species being more prolific than most of the rapacious tribe, is more numerous, and more widely diffused. It is found through the whole extent of Europe—from Sweden to Italy and Spain, and even in the more temperate parts of North America.

This bird is the *Falco-Tinnunculus* of Linnæus; and its specific character, as given by him, is, that ‘the cere and feet are yellowish; the back rufous, with black points; the breast marked with dusky streaks; the tail rounded.’

The kestrel was formerly trained, in England, to take young partridges and several kinds of small birds.

It is frequently found in the deserts of Tartary and Siberia; it appears in Sweden early in the Spring, and departs in September. It is uncertain whether it proceeds farther north.

THE MERLIN.

This small bird (for it only weighs about five ounces and a half) resembles the common falcon in disposition and courage, but is shaped more like the hobby, though its wings are much shorter, and reach not near to the end of the tail; while in the hobby they project somewhat beyond it. Notwithstanding its diminutive size, it was formerly trained to chase quails and partridges, which it would kill by a single stroke on the head.

The merlin differs from the ge-

nerality of the rapacious tribe by a character which brings it nearer to the common class of birds; viz. the male and female are of the same size. The great inequality of size, therefore, observed between the sexes in birds of prey, seems to depend upon the magnitude; for in the shrikes or butcher-birds, which are still smaller than the merlins, the males and females are likewise of the same size; while in the eagles, the vultures, and the falcons, the female is a third larger than the male.

The merlin flies low, though with great swiftness and ease; it haunts woods and bushes, where it watches for and pursues the small birds; it hunts without being accompanied by the female; it breeds in the mountain forests, and lays five or six eggs.

This bird is the *Falco-Æsalon* of Linnæus, who thus characterises it:— ‘The cere and feet are yellow; the head ferruginous; the upper side of the body ash-cerulean, with ferruginous spots and streaks; the under-side yellowish white, with oblong spots.’

THE GOSS HAWK.

The goss hawk and sparrow hawk, like the merlin, have their wings so short as not to reach near the end of the tail; a character which, among birds of prey, seems to be confined to the hawk kind and the butcher-birds. The goss hawk is nearly of the same size with the white gyr-falcon, but has longer legs than most of the falcon tribe. It is larger than the common buzzard, being one foot ten inches long, but it is of a slender and more elegant shape. The back, neck, and wings, are brown; the belly and under part of the throat white or yellowish white, with longitudinal brown spots the first year, and transverse brown bars afterwards. The bill is of a dirty blue; the legs are featherless; the toes of a deep yel-



Engraved for the Lady's Magazine.



The Kite.

low, the nails blackish, and the feathers of the tail, which are brown, are marked with very broad bars of a dull grey colour. During the first year, the throat of the male is mottled with a reddish colour, by which it differs from the female, though it resembles it in every other respect except size.

The disposition of the gos-hawk is so ferocious that if one of them be left at liberty with several falcons and hawks, it will kill them all, one after another. M. Buffon kept two, a male and female, in the same aviary, but they never shewed the least affection for each other, but fought frequently with great fury, and at length the female killed the male, after they had remained five months together.

The gos-hawk is a native of the mountains of Franche Comté, Dauphiny, and Burgundy. It is also found in the neighbourhood of Paris; but it is still more common in Germany than France; and it seems to advance to the north as far as Sweden, and to the east and the south as far as Persia and Barbary: there are also varieties of it in America.

This bird is the *Falco-Palumbarius* of Linnæus.

THE SPARROW-HAWK.

The sparrow-hawk (the *Falco-Nifus* of Linnæus) is about the size of a magpie: the female is much larger than the male. The back is of an earth-colour sprinkled with white spots; the under part of the body is more deeply stained; the under surface of the wings and tail is varied with broad white and narrow dirty stripes. There is also a white sparrow-hawk, which has been killed in England.

The sparrow-hawk is docile, and may be easily trained to chase partridges and quails: it will also catch pigeons that stray from the flock, and makes great havoc among the chaffinches and other small birds.

Sparrow-hawks are found scattered over the whole of the ancient continent from Sweden, to the Cape of Good Hope. According to Kiempfer, they are common in Japan as well as in every part of the East Indies.

THE KITE.

The kites and buzzards have the same kind of inferiority to the falcons and hawks which the vultures have to the eagles; destitute of the courage and generous qualities which distinguish the latter, and are cowardly and slothful, though rapacious. The kite is easily distinguished, not only from the buzzards but from all other birds of prey, by a single prominent feature: his tail is forked; the middle feathers being shorter than the rest leave a vacancy that may be perceived at a considerable distance. The wings are also longer in proportion than those of the buzzard, and enable him to fly with much greater ease. In fact he appears to be perpetually on the wing. The ease and elegance of his motion are truly admirable: his long narrow wings seem absolutely fixed; and all his motions appear to be governed by the tail alone, which quivers continually. He rises without any effort, and descends as if he glided down an inclined plane: he accelerates or retards his course, stops and hovers suspended over the same spot for a long time without the least motion being observable in his wings.

The wings of the kite extend near five feet, though he measures only sixteen or seventeen inches from the tip of the bill to the claws, and scarcely weighs two pounds and a half. Some of these birds, however, are twenty-seven inches long, and weigh forty-four ounces. The iris, the cere, and the feet, are yellow; (hence it is called by Linnæus *Falco-Fulvus*): the bill is of a horn colour,

blackish towards the point, and the claws are black. The kite lives principally upon accidental carnage, as almost every bird is able to make good his retreat. His sight is extremely keen, and he can descry his prey on the ground, when soaring, at such a prodigious height as to be beyond the reach of our view. He descends with extreme rapidity upon whatever he can devour without resistance, but attacks only the smaller animals and feeblest birds, particularly young chickens; but the defence of the hen, when she is near enough, is sufficient to make him relinquish his prey.

It was formerly an amusement much in vogue among the great in France, to chase the kite with the sparrow-hawk; from which practice the bird was called *Le Milan Royal*, the royal kite. In these encounters the kite, so dastardly is his nature, though neither deficient in weapons, strength, nor agility, will fly before a sparrow-hawk much smaller than himself; circle and rise, as if to conceal himself in the clouds; and suffer himself to be beaten without resistance, and brought to the ground, not wounded, but overcome more by his own fears than the strength of the assailant.

The kite is extremely common in England and France, and appears to be scattered over the whole of the ancient continent, from Sweden to Senegal; but it seems to be doubtful whether there are any birds of this species in America.

The kite has been supposed by some writers to be a bird of passage; but in England and France they certainly continue the whole year. They commonly build their nests in the hollows of rocks, though some authors have said that they build in forests upon old oaks or firs. The female lays two or three eggs, which are whitish with pale yellow spots,

and, like those of all the carnivorous birds, rounder than hens' eggs.

THE BUZZARD.

The buzzard is a sluggish inactive bird, and will often remain whole days together perched on the same bough, and seldom removes to any great distance from his usual residence. In his choice of food he gratifies his native indolence, and eats frogs, mice, worms, or insects, which he can easily seize, rather than birds that must be pursued. He lives in summer by robbing the nests of other birds and sucking their eggs. He more resembles the owl kind, in his countenance, than any other bird of prey. His figure implies the stupidity of his disposition; and so little is he capable of instruction from man, that it is a common proverbial expression to call one who cannot be taught, or continues obstinately ignorant, a buzzard.

This bird is, in length, about twenty or twenty-one inches; the wings, when extended, expand four feet and a half; the tail is only eight inches; and the wings, when closed, reach a little beyond its point. The iris is of a pale yellow, and almost whitish; the cere and feet are yellow; the body dusky; the belly pale, with dirty spots; the tail streaked with dusky colours; the claws black. It is the *Falco-Buteo* of Linnæus.

The female constructs her nest with small branches, lined in the inside with wool and other soft, light, materials. She lays two or three eggs, which are whitish, spotted with yellow. Both the male and female tend their young longer than the other birds of prey, many of which, as has been already observed, expel their brood before they are able to provide with ease for themselves. Ray even affirms, that if the mother happens to be killed at this season, the male buzzard will hatch and rear the young.

Engraved for the Lady's Magazine.



Buzzard.

The buzzard does not seize its prey on the wing, but sits on a tree, a bush, or a hillock, and thence darts on the small animals or birds which are not sufficiently prepared to make effectual resistance.

This species affords so many varieties, that, if we compare five or six common buzzards together, we shall scarcely find two that are alike. Some are entirely white, others have the head only white, and others are mottled with brown and white. These differences are principally to be attributed to age or sex, for they are all found in the same climate.

I cannot conclude this description of the falcon tribes without remarking to your ladyship, what cannot but already have occurred to you, that the *diversion* of falconry and hawking, as well as that of hunting, does no honour to the feelings of those who practise it. Strange is it that man, who boasts his rationality, his sensibility, and exalted endowments, should call such cruelty *sport*, and find a barbarous pleasure in the terrors, the cries, and the death, of a feeble and wretched animal!

In my next I shall proceed to describe the rapacious birds which prey by night, in the different species of owls.

I remain, with the sincerest wishes for your ladyship's welfare and happiness,

EUGENIA.

(To be continued.)

SIGNE AND HAVOR;

A GOTHIC ROMANCE.

(Continued from page 295.)

THE beams of the glorious orb of day now streamed over the lofty head of the Stevnsklinte*. Signe awaked from light and peace-

ful slumbers, and Syvald assisted her to array herself for the solemn ceremony of the day. She seemed as if attired by the loves and graces. On her head she placed her crown of flowers, with a smile of conscious innocence and pure exultation.

'Beauteous is my lovely friend,' said Svanhild; 'beauteous in her person, and still more lovely in her mind.'

Signe smiled.

'The recollection,' said she, 'that Habor has proved himself a hero, and yet that my brothers are safe, perhaps, animates my countenance: it is Habor who adorns me.'

Thus spake she in unsuspecting innocence, for she thought all around her as undisguised and virtuous as herself. Gúnvor turned pale: her conscience smote her; but the thirst of gain overpowered its remonstrances, and she remained firm in her treacherous purpose.

When noon approached, began the procession. All the young and beauteous maidens of the city proceeded towards the temple, with crowns of flowers on their heads. Hand in hand they went, joyously dancing and singing, with enchanting voices, the heroism of Habor, and its transcendent reward. Signe did not dance, but light was her step as that of the young rein-deer in the Norwegian fields. Scarcely did she touch the earth. For her alone the surrounding multitude had eyes. Erect she walked as the towering mast of some stately ship; the west wind wantoned in her robe, and joy animated every motion. All who gazed on her felt inspired with reverence, while their hearts dilated with the tenderest wishes for her happiness and welfare.

On the other side, the Norwegian hero, attended by all the martial youth of the city, proceeded towards the temple. They wore white tunics, with long white mantles, and

* A promontory in Zealand.

each had his sword by his side and bore on his arm his shield. They advanced dancing and singing, but their dance was martial and their song manly. They drew their swords, and, striking them on their shields, sang the praises and happiness of Signe; for to her was destined the bravest of warriors, the hero of Norway, the friend of Denmark. As when some conquering chief, the father of his country, returns home, after having defeated his enemies and given victory and liberty to his countrymen, who rend the air with applauding shouts; so walked, so looked, Habor, amid the acclamations of the admiring multitude.

Habor and the procession of youths first entered the temple.—Habor kneeled before Sigar, who, immediately raising him from the ground, embraced him, and called him his son. He then kneeled to Bera, who likewise raised him, with dissembled affection. ‘Happiness attend you!’ said she, aloud; but in her heart—‘May the eagles rend thy mangled corse!’—A cold shuddering seized her limbs; for maternal tenderness struggled with her thirst for revenge, but the cruel desire of revenge overpowered affection.

Syvold joyfully advanced to meet Habor, and led him to the altar.—Signe now entered the temple, into which the surrounding multitudes thronged, and bore her, as it were, in their arms, to the feet of Sigar.

‘My wishes are fulfilled,’ said the aged monarch; ‘thou art happy: what more can my heart desire?’

Paternal tears flowed down his cheeks, while Signe hung on his neck in an ecstasy of filial tenderness and joy. Bera endeavoured to appear satisfied and happy, but it was with difficulty she concealed her confusion and perplexity. She embraced Signe with an assumed tenderness. The constraint apparent

in her manner was remarked by none but Signe; for all were intoxicated with joy, and joy is devoid of suspicion.

Sigar now led his daughter to the altar, with slow and solemn step. The heart of Habor exulted as she approached, and at length they held each other by the hand, and their beating pulses met. They stood thus for some time, as it were entranced, and forgetful of the ceremony they were to perform, till they were reminded by Hafthor, the priest of Freya. Signe then took the crown from her head, and laid it on the ground before the image of the goddess—

‘Goddess of love!’ said she, ‘I lay down my crown before thee, for the bravest of heroes has won my heart.’

Habor took a chain from his neck,—‘Be this,’ said he, ‘an offering to thee, O Freya! for the most transcendent of maidens has won my heart.’

The priest now placed in the hand of each a horn filled with blood, which they poured into a brazen vessel that stood before the image of the goddess.

‘As this blood mixes together,’ said he, ‘so may your happiness, your fates, your hearts, and your souls, unite and intermingle! So long as blood shall flow in your veins, so long as the distaff of Freya* shall shine in the heavens, in life shall you be one, one after death, and renew your loves in Freya’s hall.’

A solemn awe pervaded the whole assembly, who worshipped in profound silence; for the goddess herself seemed to be present. Even Bera trembled; so powerful is the influence of the invisible divinity even on the impious. Gunvor too shuddered, and was obliged to cling to a

* A constellation of the northern astronomers.

column of the temple for support. At that moment both were ready to confess and renounce the evil purposes of their vicious hearts; but the feeling was but transient, and their native malignity soon regained its sway. Bolvise alone, hardened in wickedness, shrunk not; but said to himself—'How great will be the pleasure of destroying such happiness!'

When this impression of religious veneration had somewhat subsided, Svanhild pressed the hand of Alger, and said, mild as the gently-breathing zephyr—'Now have I a foretaste of the joy that awaits me when thou shalt vow eternally to be mine.'

'Svanhild,' said Alger, 'I saw thee in Signe, and all my thoughts were fixed on my dearest Svanhild.'

The priest now took a censer full of burning coals, and, casting on it some sweet perfumes, incensed with it Signe and Habor.

'May the gods bless you!' said he; 'may they shower down on you happiness, honour, and glory!—May their blessings be innumerable as the particles of the smoke of these perfumes!'

He next took a linen cloth, and giving to each an end of it to hold—'Thus,' said he, 'may you from this day bear together the burden of your lot in life, whatever it may be.'

The betrothed pair then embraced each other, and the ceremony concluded.

When the procession left the temple, Signe and Habor walked at the head of it, hand in hand; Sigar and Bera followed; next came Alger and Svanhild; and Syvald walked with Belvise. The banqueting continued three days. Beer and mead flowed in profusion; the tables were covered with various dishes of fish, meat, and fruits; and all indulged, without restraint, in joy and merriment; in which even Bera, Bolvise, and Gunvor, appeared to participate.

But the principal joy of Bolvise was the projected mischief with which he hoped to satiate his envy and malignity; and the delight of Gunvor to think of the gold she had already received, and still more to anticipate that which she expected. Bera suffered most; for she saw the love of Signe for Habor now manifest without disguise; but her greatest pain might be said to produce her greatest pleasure, that pleasure which the hope of revenge can give to base and gloomy minds.

Alf could not, on account of his wounds, be present at this festival. Of his wounds he was rapidly recovering, but indignation at his defeat rancored in his heart.

'Habor,' said he to himself, 'owes all his happiness to my disgrace; in secret he triumphs over me, whatever may be his apparent behaviour. How is it possible that we can be friends? He despises me, and I hate him. What will the Danes say of me? "There is the vanquished warrior!"—A Norwegian has vanquished me, and yet he lives! My name is fallen! my glory lies in the dust!—But my plighted faith—my honour!—Oh, death! come to my aid!'

Bera and Bolvise found him in this perturbed state of mind. They artfully reminded him of his former great achievements, and the renown he had acquired.

'Heretofore,' said they, 'thou wert invincible, the greatest hero of the north. Habor is now the fortunate warrior. He commiserates thee.'

'Commiserates me! Have I then lived to see the day when pity is bestowed on me?'

His rage was fierce; with difficulty was he pacified, and prevailed upon to resign himself to sleep. But his sleep was short and interrupted.—As the fire which has seized a lofty building, after consuming it inter-

nally, at length bursts forth and envelops the whole in one furious and invincible flame; such was the mind of Alf. In his restless slumbers the fatal goddess Rota* stood before him. She touched him with her javelin, from which distilled thick drops of a powerful liquor which penetrated to his heart.

‘Habor lives,’ seemed she to say to him, ‘and thou permittest him to live, degenerate Alf! He boasts that he is thy conqueror, and has compelled thee to consent that he shall infold Signe in his arms. Arise! Avenge thyself! Avenge Denmark! Behold, I have devoted Habor to death. Arise! strike, slay, destroy him who has deprived thee of thy honour!—thy honour, which thou hast shamefully lost!’

Up leaped Alf frantically from his couch; wild were his looks as those of the despairing malefactor on the scaffold; vengeance glared in his eyes. The words ‘honour shamefully lost!’ seemed still to resound in his ears, and he repeated them with furious frenzy. Pale and livid was his countenance, all his limbs trembled, his mouth foamed, he gnashed his teeth, tears of rage and despair gushed into his eyes, and he exclaimed ‘Vengeance! Vengeance!’

At the same moment entered Bera and Bolvise.

‘Vengeance against whom?’ asked Bera.

‘Against whom but Habor?’

Undisguised and cruel joy sparkled in the eyes of the queen; she applauded the indignation of her son, and Bolvise concurred in the same sentiment. Alf related his dream; and Bolvise, dissembling his real opinion, told him that such dreams

were not to be disregarded; for they were sometimes sent by the gods to encourage mortals to great actions. Rage and revenge inclined Alf to believe what he had before contemned, for without superior aid he feared he should not be able to overcome Habor. After some conference, the plan was determined according to which it was judged most advisable to proceed. Alf had wished to challenge Habor immediately to single combat; but Bera and Bolvise represented to him the uncertain issue of such a contest, and that very probably it might be prevented by the people.

The day arrived on which Habor was to depart. He first took leave of Alf, who behaved to him with the utmost coldness. Habor mentioned nothing of what was past, that he might not tear open a recent wound. He took an affectionate leave of Syvald and of Alger; Svanhild wept, and Bera forced into her eyes a false tear. Sigar gave a free course to the feelings of his heart. Tender, affectionate, yet firm and noble, was the behaviour of Signe, and that of the hero her affianced husband, at their separation.

‘Embrace for me,’ said she, ‘thy aged father, and bring him hither: the father of Habor will be dear to me as my own; and the brother of my Habor beloved by me as my own brother. Assemble all my friends, and let them accompany thee. I cannot have too many witnesses of my happiness. Duty carries thee from hence, let Love bring thee back. The gods love the pious.’

‘Yes,’ replied Habor, ‘Love shall bring me back. I will fly on the wings of Love, swift as the raven of the north. Odin will give me a favourable wind, for he has been propitious to me.’

All followed him to the ship, Alf excepted; all wished him happiness and a speedy return; and all were

* One of the Valkyrias, or virgin goddesses, who wait on the heroes in Valhalla. They were also sent by Odin into battle, to mark out those who were to fall: they may, therefore, be considered as the Fatal Sisters of War.

sincere in their wishes, the queen, her son, and their evil counsellor, excepted. Danes and Norwegians joined hands.

‘We are now,’ said they, ‘one people; one spirit, one wish, animates us all.’ On the deck of the ship, Signe gave Habor the last kiss. Her tears fell, but they were tears full of hope. Habor affectionately kissed them away, while his feelings moistened his own eyes.

‘I see a hero weep!’ said Bolvise.

‘Yes,’ answered Signe; ‘Odin himself wept for Gunland.’

Svanhild sank, melting into tears, into the arms of Alger.

‘Wereit Alger,’ thought she, ‘and I were parting from him, perhaps never to see him more!’—

Habor had a favourable and constant wind. He found his brothers in Drontheim, but his father was confined to the bed of sickness. He related his good fortune, and the aged sovereign appeared to acquire new strength at the recital. Habor was encouraged to communicate to him the purpose of his visit, and to request him and his brothers to accompany him to Denmark.

‘I am old and infirm,’ said Hamund, ‘but where can I better die than in the arms of my son and his bride? And should I not attain the happiness of seeing my daughter-in-law, I shall die on the sea, which I have so often wished: wherever we breathe our last, Valhalla is near us.’

Within four days Hamund and his sons had made every thing ready for their journey, for they saw that Habor was eager to return.

‘Such,’ said Hamund, ‘was my eagerness to meet Alvilda.’

Wherever Habor appeared the people crowded round him and blessed him.

‘Thou,’ said they, ‘hast restored and confirmed our ancient friendship with the brave nation of the Danes: now are we both invincible.’

As soon as Habor had departed, Alf prepared to carry into execution the plan that had been concerted by Bera and Bolvise. He signified that he wished to make an expedition, in company with Hildegisle, to the Orcaades, there to acquire pillage and glory.

‘Dearest brother,’ said Signe, ‘why wilt thou leave me, and not be present at the final celebration of my nuptials?’

‘They may be celebrated without me; my presence is not necessary.’

‘Dearest Alf,’ said she, while she pressed him in her embrace, ‘forgive what is past; think that Habor is thy friend, thy brother, and my husband. Recollect thy vow: the gods heard it. Thou art faithful, noble-minded, and brave.’

The heart of Alf began to relent; he clasped his sister in his arms, and the tears started into his eyes. He had nearly avowed and renounced his cruel purpose; his confession was on the point of escaping from his lips; when Gunvor, with eagle-eye, perceived his resolution failing, and, hastily turning the discourse to another subject, gave time to his heart again to harden.

From among those who offered to accompany him in his expedition he chose only such as were capable of the most barbarous deeds, and endowed with a savage and ferocious courage; but of these he found so few, that his ships had not a twentieth part of their full number of men, and he was obliged to rely on the Saxons whom Hildegisle was to assemble. Disappointed passion and despair actuated Hildegisle, and he was bound by no engagement of honour. Were Habor once removed out of the way, it seemed to him that he might again hope: the mother and the brother were friendly to his wishes; and Signe, though she might weep for a time, would, he presumed, at length forget her grief, and

he might succeed to Habor. 'Am I not,' thought he, 'as nobly descended as he; am I not as brave, and as well formed to win the love of the fair.' Vanity blinded him to his defects, and he eagerly joined in the schemes of Alf against his rival.

After the departure of Alf, Signe became anxious and uneasy. She said nothing; but she was thoughtful, and even melancholy. Svanhild was the first to notice this, for not the least alteration in the countenance or manner of Signe ever escaped her.

'Ought I not,' said Signe, 'to be uneasy, when I reflect that my brother will not forget? He is eager to obtain a great name; he is ardent, and every thing is to be feared.'

'But the virtue and bravery of Habor,' answered Svanhild, 'relieve us from all fear; besides, the gods—'

'Yes, in the gods I wish to trust; but perhaps my vow was too proud, and by it I have exposed both my brother and my husband to danger. It is true I proposed by it to escape from Hildegisle. He had gained the approbation of my mother, but I was averse to him. I felt he was in no manner formed for me—Yet still I trust in the gods.—But it is not long since you yourself, dearest Svanhild, had your fears.'

'I own,' answered Svanhild, 'I had my fears of Bera; but the affection of a mother seems now to have regained its sway in her heart.'

'Bera!' said Signe, and suppressed a sigh.

'But, dearest Signe,' rejoined Svanhild, 'you was yourself, till within these few days, happy, cheerful, and full of confidence.'

'What we wish,' replied Signe, 'we are easily induced to hope.'

(To be continued.)

PARISIAN FASHIONS.

(With an Engraving, elegantly coloured.)

THE reign of the *capotes* still continues; never were they more

numerous, or made in a greater variety of fashions. Apple green is a favourite colour for them in taffety; we also see them of deep green, rose, light yellow, jonquil, and lilac. Straw hats with very large sides, and of yellow straw, are extremely fashionable: a small *demi-fichu en marmotte* is frequently thrown over them. *White tunics, with long loose sleeves,* are much in vogue. White is indeed become almost the only colour for Jewish tunics and the round robes.

LONDON FASHIONS.

Promenade Dresses.

ROBE of white muslin, with a train petticoat; the robe trimmed with Cambray muslin; the sleeves plain, with full epaulets of the same muslin. A small straw hat, trimmed with pea-green ribbands.

Plain robe of white muslin, with frock sleeves, drawn plain round the bosom; a lace shirt; hat of yellow satin, plaited with black ribband, and turned up all round, with a yellow feather to fall over the left side.

Dress of blue Cambray muslin, made high in the neck, with a collar; long sleeves from the elbow to the wrist of white muslin. Hat of white chip with a silk band, and ornamented with orange-coloured leaves in front.

Plain dress of white muslin. Bonnet of pink and white silk, ornamented with a flower. Shawl with a pea-green border.

Dress of buff Cambray muslin, with a white silk collar, drawn down in puffs; the epaulets very full and drawn up to correspond with the bosom; the back made plain, with white silk frogs.

Robe of lilac cambric sarfnet, shewing the front of the last dress. The hair dressed and ornamented with cameos.

Dress of thin muslin, with a dra-



Multon & Russell Co's

PARIS DRESS.

perly fastened on the left side, trimmed with lace; the sleeves of white silk, ornamented with beads. The hair dressed with a cameo.

General Observations.

The prevailing colours are lilac, pink, blue, and pea-green. Small round straw hats, and others of men's shapes, are the most favourite, ornamented with flowers or white veils. White cloaks of all shapes are very general, but the prevailing is the long Spanish cloak, which reaches nearly to the ground.

LONG TRAINS and SHORT TRAINS.

[From the French Journal 'Des Dames et des Modes.']

MR. EDITOR,

YOUR last account of English fashions, I am sorry to say it, has produced a very disagreeable effect, by occasioning disunion in one of the most peaceable and harmonious societies that ever existed; for such it really was, though, which you will no doubt think very extraordinary, it was composed of Parisian ladies. Yes, sir, we were eight warm inseparable friends; and we are now divided, since the appearance of your fashionable *bulletin*, into two parties. Four of our number, since they perused that article, have lengthened their robes, and declared decidedly for long trains; while the other four, among whom is your humble servant, adhere, from taste, principle, and also from convenience, to the fashion of dresses which do not descend below the ankle. After a very interesting discussion, which I shall proceed to communicate to you, we divided, as I said, into two parties, which may be called the faction of the long trains and the faction of the short trains.

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As this schism has given me not a little pain, since it has deprived me of four friends, I shall recapitulate all the arguments for and against the subject in question, and detail the whole discussion occasioned by the article in your journal; and, since you have excited the dispute, I trust you will be so generous as, by your authority, to determine it. Perhaps, as you are of the other sex, you may conceive the subject too futile and frivolous for your attention; but you will recollect that you are only the minister of fashion; and you will observe, likewise, that all our most serious journalists have for more than a month employed their attention on enigmas and charades, to which the question on long and short trains cannot in any manner be considered as inferior in weight and consequence.

But to proceed to facts. I was chosen by my party to speak as advocate for their cause, and the following is the manner in which I conducted our defence.

'Ladies,' said I, 'I rise to speak in behalf of short dresses. If I wished to make a parade of my erudition, I might adduce in our favour the practice of the Hungarian, Swedish, Danish, Austrian, and Hamburg women, as also that of the more distinguished part of the sex of the whole north of Europe. I might likewise allege the dress of far the most numerous classes of the females of the continent, the peasant women and country ladies, and girls in inferior stations. I might likewise waste your time, and perhaps exhaust your patience, by a prolix dissertation on the dresses of ancient times. But this I shall leave to some male orator; for I wish to prove that women can sometimes talk less and more to the purpose than men. Besides, of what importance is the antiquity of a fashion compared with

its convenience? And, permit me to ask you what can be more convenient than a short dress? If we walk on foot it touches neither the mud nor the dust. In a carriage we are not incommoded by it, nor does it hang to the door of the coach, or entangle under your feet on the step, at the hazard of occasioning falls which may prove extremely dangerous. When the weather is cold we may approach nearer the fire in such dresses, without so much fearing the disastrous consequences of a casual spark. Such is their convenience in the winter; and in summer it is certainly not less evident. In the public walks they do not prevent the gentlemen from walking with us, or coming near us. When at a ball they do not throw down the dancers, but have the advantage of displaying the handsome foot of the lady who dances. Yes, ladies, let us not fear shewing our feet; but, instead of employing the materials of our dresses to make long trains, let us use them to cover the bosom, the shoulders, and the elbows; we shall thus save ourselves many grave reproofs from moralists, and what is, perhaps, not of less consequence, many prescriptions of physicians.'

Having thus made it clear that short dresses unite the advantages of convenience and ornament, and that they are more conducive to health, I think I am undeniably entitled to call upon you to give them the preference.

The lady who acted as counsel on the other side now rose, and took a directly contrary line of argument.

'All women,' said she, 'except Eve (who nevertheless was the first woman in the world), have worn long trains. Not to mention the Jewish or Hebrew women, the Greek and Roman women all wore long trains; witness Andromache, Agrip-

pina, Iphigenia, Berenice, Cassandra, Cornelia, Cleopatra, Emilia, and so many others. Long trains, ladies, long trains! No doubt some women of the first distinction in the northern countries may wear short robes, but in all courts long robes are the *etiquette*. A short petticoat gives the air of a country girl, while a long train adds to grace and bestows dignity. A long train, by raising the dust, seems to surround beauty with a cloud of legitimate incense. A long train prevents the rash from approaching, and favours the careful address of the elegant and fashionable. When displayed, how truly graceful! When raised by a fair hand, how variously elegant may be the attitude! and with this ornamental property is united all the convenience on which the lady who preceded me has so amply dilated. I must therefore demand the preference for long trains.'

The company now proceeded to give their votes, and thus we were divided into two parties. I must leave it, Mr. Editor, to your discrimination and distinguished abilities in every thing relative to fashion, to unite us again in the same opinion, if you may be able. To effect this, however, I am convinced will be very difficult, and I will tell you why.

No sooner was the question proposed of, than I observed that every one of those ladies who had declared in favour of short dresses, and such as were close over the bosom, had a handsome foot, but no breast; while, on the contrary, all those who had given their vote for long trains had a well-made breast, but an ill-turned leg. This being the case, I am afraid, Mr. Editor, it will be easier to alter our shape than to induce us to change our opinion on these subjects.

You must excuse me from signing

my name, but I am your *Constant Reader*,—and wait your answer with impatience.

DETACHED THOUGHTS.

To praise our enemies is either a great virtue or great treachery.

Dis-trust him who does a good action too publicly.

A benefit repaid by gratitude no longer appertains to the benefactor: ingratitude restores it to him entire.

The opportunities of making our fellow-creatures happy are more rare than is usually imagined: the punishment for having neglected them is not to meet with them again.

Science is like land, one can possess but a small portion of it.

Afflictions are in morals what bitters are in medicine.

In works of genius, as in mechanics, time increases force.

Hope is the aliment of the soul, but it is always mixed with the poison Fear.

Honour is a kindly mixture of respect for one's-self and for mankind.

What is dispute?—An offering made in the temple of Pride, instead of that of Truth.

Dispute, when it is moderate, is a useful shock, which develops the germ of ideas and shakes down the fruits of the mind.

A rapid reader too frequently resembles a traveller who thinks he can acquire a knowledge of a country by riding through it post.

It happens to persons who are undeservedly extolled as to the Spa-

niards in Araucana, whom the Indians, at first, took for divinities; but on whom they revenged their mistake, when they were convinced, by their vices, that they were men.

Notwithstanding the multitude of works that are produced, we are taught only one half the things which we ought to know. A great deal has been written on the art of speaking, but scarcely any thing on the art of listening.

Maffieu, the celebrated deaf and dumb pupil of the still more celebrated Sicard, being asked 'What is gratitude?' immediately wrote down—'It is the memory of the heart.' He was again asked—'What is eternity?' His answer was—'A continual day, without a yesterday or a to-morrow.'

The comparisons so commonly made between the rose and pleasure shew of how transient a nature the latter is, and how soon it fades away.

Pleasures are in general like odours, which are frequently noxious in proportion as they are agreeable.

Misfortune disposes the mind to tenderness and friendship; because, having no resource but in the intercourse of confidence, the unhappy attach themselves with warmth to those who will listen to the recital of their griefs and sympathise with them in their sufferings.

The mouth of the wicked is like the box of Pandora; when it opens, calumnies and mischiefs are diffused through society.

The future is an idol at the feet of which we are continually prostrate; like Janus, it has two faces, one of which excites fears, while the other inspires hopes.

POETICAL ESSAYS.

PERAMBULATORY MUSINGS

FROM BLENHEIM HOUSE, IN OXFORDSHIRE, TO TITLEY, HEREFORDSHIRE*.

[From Mr. G. Dyer's Poems.]

WHERE Blenheim's turrets rise to view,
 And where, at length to Nature true,
 Grave Vanbrugh, wearying long his head,
 Soften'd down his house of lead †,
 And where, as bends the spacious dome,
 The rival arts of Greece and Rome
 Still live in Rysbrac's free design,
 And still in Rubens' colouring shine;
 Where Marlborough's valour, Marlborough's praise,
 The fair-wrought tapestry displays,
 Mid varying pleasure through the day,
 Who might not linger life away?
 Or now, as spreads the fair domain,
 O'er lake or lawn, o'er hill or plain,
 Thro' woods, and groves, or vista clear,
 The crystal riv'let sparkling near,
 Still loit'ring idly gay along,
 Muse, as inspir'd; the sylvan song ‡?

* This poem intends to show the effect of variety on the human mind, as well as the pleasure of female society, and not to compare together with the most discriminating accuracy the different places alluded to, though discrimination is not entirely overlooked.

† The general style of Vanbrugh is here alluded to, and not the character of this particular building. After some observations on the Greek and Roman architecture, Gilpin well remarks of Blenheim, 'Vanbrugh's attempt seems to have been an effort at genius; and if we can keep the imagination apart from the five orders, we must allow, that he has created a magnificent whole, which is invested with an air of grandeur, seldom seen in a more regular kind of building. What made Vanbrugh ridiculous, was his applying to small houses a style of architecture, that could not possibly succeed but in a large one.' *Observations relative chiefly to Picturesque Beauty*, part ii. chap. 3.

‡ The scenery, on entering the great gate from Woodstock, is the master-piece of the great improver Brown, who used to say, alluding to the lake, 'The Thames would

How vain the wish! how quick the change!

Thro' simpler scenes my footsteps range,
 Where Nature smiles in peerless grace,
 And Art but claims the second place;
 Scenes, trimm'd by Shenstone, neat and gay,

Where Faunus' self might pipe all day,
 So simple, too, that not a swain
 But there might wake his rudest strain.
 Hail, Leaſowes §! now I climb thy hill,
 Now bless the babbling of each rill,
 Now wander down the fairy glade,
 Till rous'd I hear the hoarse cascade,
 And glows again through ev'ry grove
 The soul of Poesy and Love;
 Then soft I sigh in pastoral strain ||,
 Nor dream of Blenheim-house again.

Sometimes sad, and sometimes gay,
 Like careless pilgrim still I stray,
 Till soon arriv'd at Hagley bow'r ¶:
 I sigh to linger there an hour:
 Where Lyttelton, in learned ease,
 Polish'd his verse, and prun'd his trees;
 Where Pope, the tuneful groves among,
 Soft, as at Twickenham, pour'd the song:
 And Thomson fix'd in colours clear
 The changeful seasons of the year.
 Hail, classic scenes! the willing Muse
 Her flow'rs of many-mingling hues
 Might here entwine, and once again
 Hagley bloom forth in cheerful strain.
 Then farewell Shenstone's simpler scene;
 The rustic seat, the meadow green,
 Willows that near the riv'let weep,
 The murm'ring bees, the milk-white sheep;

never forgive what he had done at Blenheim.' Price, however, in his *Essay on the Picturesque*, has minutely criticised it.

§ The residence, properly the *adorned farm*, of the late William Shenstone, the poet.

|| It was intended somewhat to characterise Shenstone's poetry in these lines. It has been well done by Gray. 'But then there is Mr. Shenstone, who trusts to nature, and simple sentiment;—why does he not do better?—He goes on hopping about his own gravel-walks; and never deviates from the beaten paths, for fear of being lost.' *Gray's Letter to Warton, in Mason's Memoirs of the Life and Writings of Gray*.

¶ The seat of lord Lyttelton.

When Hagley's beauties rise to view,
Yes! I could bid you all adieu*!

Ever musing, ever ranging,
Ever pleas'd, yet ever changing,
Murm'ring onward still I go,
As brooks thro' winding valleys flow,
That sparkle still, and still complain,
That ev'ry rude restraint disdain,
And, gliding on some latent ore,
Steal something not possess'd before;
Then flow along in headlong haste,
And babble o'er the fenny waste.

Ah! then does Nature deck in vain
The hill and valè, the grove and plain?
And can her curious hand supply
Nothing to fix this vagrant eye?
Shall art still vary, still improve
The winding walk, the tapering grove,
And yet man's restless heart implore
With miser-mutt' rings something more?

Thus onward flow I bend my way,
Till soon to Titley-house I stray;
And now delights me most of all
The fair retreat of Titley-hall,
Where near fair Eywood's seat is seen,
And Oxford † smiles like Beauty's queen,
Where Shobden's terrace glitters high,
And varying mountains meet the sky.
But when such num'rous charms invite,
Why most does Titley-house delight?
Eliza there, melodious maid,
Such measures to my ear convey'd,
As, had Cecilia been but near,
Cecilia had not scorn'd to hear:
Softly sad, or sweetly strong,
She directs the varied song,
To native scenes new charms can give,
And bid the breathing landscape live;
Or, as the Sports and Loves inspire,
Wakes the soul-subduing lyre:—
Hence I welcom'd most of all
The fair retreat of Titley-hall.

Vocal groves, and tuneful streams,
Kindling wild poetic dreams,
Where Dryad nymphs are wont to
fray,
Or Naiads swim in wanton play;
Mounts that climb Jove's vaulted sky,
While Ocean's god rolls thundering by;
Valleys rich, and meadows fair,
Touch'd with Flora's pencil rare,

* The design however at Hagley is allowed to be more obscure, minute, and trifling, as well as possessed of less variety, than the Leafowes:—the author's object should be kept in view, which is to delineate the effect of variety on the mind.

† The seat of the earl and countess of Oxford.

Rare, as when the nymph was led
By Zephyrus to his bridal bed,
(Then pencil'd did the fields appear
In all the glories of the year:)
Widest glens, and deepest glades,
Curving walks, and hoarse cascades,
All that Nature loves t' impart,
Or owns the plastic charm of Art;
All that Fancy durst conceive,
Or Fiction's various hand can weave;
All must cloy the sated eye
Till Beauty's lovely form be nigh:
Where Woman walks, there seems
t' appear
The Venus of the smiling year;
Far from her we feed on sighs,
Though roving fields of Paradise.

ANSWER TO LINES

Addressed to a young Gentleman,

IN THE MAGAZINE FOR JUNE, 1803.

MANY thanks to my friend for the
trouble he takes

To point out the lass who's to bless
me for life;

But, resolv'd to prevent matrimonial
mistakes,

I'll ne'er choose by proxy a partner
for life.

British fair, both for virtue and beauty
renown'd!

Lovely lasses! must laugh at that lover
so blind

Who can't seek for himself, and by
looking around,

'Midst so many fine lasses, find one to
his mind.

On the beauties of person and mind then
you dwell,

Prefer them by far to the splendor of
gold?

Still virtue and wealth, in my mind, far
excell

All the charms love and poverty ever
unfold.

Still I thank you, my friend, for your
trouble and care

In providing a pilot to steer me
through life.

If you'll call, your young friend has a
bottle to spare;

But, pardon him, sir, he will choose
his own wife.

July 1, 1803.

INSCRIPTION,

*Written on an Hermitage in one of the
Islands of the West-Indies.*

BY MARIA RIDDELL*.

[From the 'Metrical Miscellany.']

WITHIN this rural cot I rest,
With Solitude to cool my breast;
And, while beneath th' umbrageous
bow'r,

Content beguiles each roseate hour;
And while with Anna oft I rove,
Soft friendship's mutual sweets to prove;
I scorn the pageants of the great,
Nor envy power and empty state.

No thoughtless mortals e'er invade
The sacred limits of this glade;
No busy footsteps here are seen,
To print the flow'r-enamell'd green:
But, far remote from pomp and noise,
No care my happiness destroys;
Save when the lov'd idea reigns
Of distant Albion's blissful plains,
Far, far remov'd; perhaps, no more
Destin'd to hail my natal shore.
(Perhaps, Horatio, thy dear form
No more these languid eyes may
charm,

No more this faithful bosom warm!)
Here, safe in this sequester'd vale,
The stock-doves pour their tender tale;
Here, too, the peaceful halcyons rest,
And weave, secure, their downy nest;
Or sportive now, on azure wing,
Flutter in many an airy ring;
Expanding, gorgeous, as they fly,
Their sapphire plumage to the sky.

Soon as Aurora wakes the dawn,
I press, with nimble feet, the lawn,
Eager to deck the fav'rite bow'r
With ev'ry opening bud and flow'r;
Explore each shrub and balmy sweet,
To scatter o'er my mossy seat;
And teach around in wreaths to stray
The rich pomegranate's pliant spray.

At noon, reclin'd in yonder glade,
Panting beneath the tamarind's shade;
Or where the palm-tree's nodding head
Guards from the sun my verdant bed;
I quaff, to slake my thirsty soul,
The cocoa's full nectareous bowl.

At eve, beneath some spreading tree,
I read the inspir'd poesie
Of Milton, Pope, or Spenser mild,
And Shakspeare, Fancy's brightest
child:

To tender Sterne I lend an ear,
Or drop o'er Heloise the tear;

Sometimes with Anna tune the lay,
And close in song the cheerful day.

'T is thus the circling year is spent
In harmony and sweet content;
And when (should Fortune so ordain)
I view my native realms again,
I'll ne'er forget the tranquil hours
I spent in India's spicy bow'rs;
Nor e'en prefer the world's great stage
To this sequester'd Hermitage.

SONGS.

I. THE FOE OF THE FACE:

*Sung by Mr. Dignum, at the Festival of
the Royal Jennerian Society.*

LET Antiquity tell of her heroes so
bold, [of old;
Who hydras have vanquish'd in fables
Our hero we hail, and the day of his
birth, [the earth;
Who foils a dread monster that ravag'd
For thus will we fight the dire foe of the
face, [our race.
Who spoils us of beauty, and murders
The foe at whose sight the gay palace
has mourn'd, [adorn'd,
Who rifles the bloom that the cottage
Who mars youth and age with his horri-
ble torture,
We'll join heart and hand, and allow
him no quarter;

For thus will we fight, &c.

Ye soldiers, all ardent your courage to
prove, [love,
In defence of the land and the ladies you
To arms!—let us save the fair hopes of
the nation, [tirpation;
And this tyrant pursue till he meet ex-
For thus will we fight, &c.

And ye whose calm bosoms contention
abhor, [pons of war;
Who shrink at the sounds and the wea-
Yet haste to our aid, at Humanity's call,
Till Nature prevail, and the monster
must fall;

For thus will we fight, &c.

All nations, all ages, all ranks, shall com-
bine, [vine;
In this war of benevolence, just and di-
O'er the world, betwixt man and his
brother be peace,
But with man's cruel foe may the strife
never cease!

For thus will we fight, &c.

* The author was then but sixteen.

II. *Written by R. BLOOMFIELD,
and sung on the same Occasion with the
preceding.*

COME hither, mild Beauty, that dwell'ft
on the mountain,
Sweet handmaid of Liberty, meet us
to-day ;
Thy votary's Philanthropy ; ask from
thy fountain
A soul-cheering nectar wherewith to
be gay.
The cup may o'erflow, and new grapes
still be growing ;
The eyes of the drinker resplendent-
ly shine ;
But grant us, bright nymph, with thy
gifts overflowing,
To lighten our hearts and to relish
our wine.
Is Beauty's gay rose-bud a prize worth
ensuring ?
Its guardianship rests with the friends
of our cause :
Shall we mark unconcern'd what the
blind are enduring * ?
No ! mercy and peace are the first of
our laws.
Wave streamers of vict'ry, be brav'ry
requited,
Be sails in all climes still with honour
unfur'd ;
All lovers of man with our cause are de-
lighted :
'T is to banish the fears and the tears
of the world.
All nations shall feel, and all nations in-
herit,
The wonderful blessing we place in
their view ;
And if in that blessing a mortal claims
merit,
Oh, Jenner, your country resigns it to
you !
From the field, from the farm, come the
glorious treasure † ;
May its life-saving impulse, all fresh
as the morn,
Still spread round the earth without
bounds, without measure,
Till Time have forgot when his *Jen-
ner* was born !

* It is worthy of remark, that, in the school
for the indigent blind, in St. George's-fields,
the loss of sight in more than *one half* of the
children has been occasioned by small-pox.

† The vaccine fluid.

III. THE CRIPPLED SOLDIER.

Tune—' BEGGAR GIRL.'

OH ! pity a soldier, all woe-worn and
lame,
Who, in fighting your battles, is co-
ver'd with scars ;
I fought not for wealth, but for honour
and fame ;
Now behold me a cripple, return'd
from the wars !
May each heart of beneficence melt at
my tale,
And pity the soldier all woe-worn
and lame ;
For the storm knows no mercy, and
hard blows the gale !
Pray spare me a trifle, and save me
from shame.
Far distant from hence my poor family
dwell ;
Their lot is most wretched, and hard
to be borne ;
My wife, to support them, once matches
did sell ;
But now she is dead, and they're left
quite forlorn.
May each heart of beneficence, &c.
To them I am trav'ling, but lame as you
see ;
The journey is more than my limbs
can well bear :
I am driven to beg and to bend on my
knee,
And request the small pittance your
goodness will spare.
May each heart of beneficence, &c.
Reliev'd by your bounty beyond my best
hope,
To the home of my youth I go for-
ward with glee ;
With the journey my strength will be
able to cope,
And my heart will remember your
kindness to me.
May each generous heart that was
mov'd at my tale,
And pitied the soldier all woe-worn
and lame,
Be rewarded by Heav'n ; for, when
hard blew the gale,
They spar'd me a trifle, and sav'd me
from shame.

July 4, 1803.

J. M. L.

IV. A PICTURE OF FRANCE.

Tune—'HEARTS OF OAK.'

THE nation of France is a nation of fools,
They fondle and fawn on each rascal that
rules ;

They have prov'd themselves also a nation
of knaves,

And when first they revolted they made
themselves slaves :

But Old England, more bléft, boasts a
fine race of men,

Who always are ready,

And always are steady,

To fight and to beat them again and
again.

Sans Culottes they were nam'd, and then
Robespierre led,

And all who were rich at the guillotine
bled ;

But that tyrant at length met the same
fate himself, [and self.

And his enemies shar'd all his plunder

But Old England, &c.

His successors not long over France held
the sway. [swept away ;

But, like those before them, were soon

Thus each villainous faction in turn
went to pot,

In oblivion were buried, and quickly
forgot.

But Old England, &c.

Thus they chang'd for some time, till a
meteor arose ;

The Corsican came, and he crush'd all
his foes :

He waded through blood, Virtue fled at
his name ;

Thus he rose,—thus at last he their
chieftain became.

But Old England, &c.

'Tis not easy to paint his ambition in
rhyme,

And First Consul assuag'd it a very short
time ;

He dreams that an emperor soon he shall
be— [thing to me.

Of the Gauls, or the West, is the same

But Old England, &c.

But I fear that, when grac'd with an
emperor's vest,

His passion for power will ne'er let him
rest ;

He will strive, like the Romans, in days
that are past, [vast.

To be master of Europe, though ever so

But Old England, &c.

Thus we see that the French, for a se-
ries of years,

Like a pilot unskilful for harbour that
steers,

Have been struggling for freedom, but
quite miss'd their aim ;

The substance is gone, and they 've only
the name.

But Old England, &c.

Oh ! grant, ye kind pow'rs ! that our
own native isle,

Blest with freedom and plenty, for ages
may smile ;

Grant that dire revolutions may never
invade

The content of our homes, or the hopes
of our trade.

But if Frenchmen dare fight, we 've a
fine race of men,

Who always are ready,

And always are steady,

To fight and to beat them again and
again.

July 4, 1803.

J. M. L.

THE WISH OF A FRIEND.

WHEREVER you dwell, may content
be your lot ;

And friendship, like ivy, encircle your
cot !

May each rosy morn, dress'd in mantle
of peace,

Shed health o'er your cot, and your
blessings increase !

May gay smiling Plenty adorn the fair
spot !

May Sorrow ne'er enter the door of
your cot !

But Friendship and Love in your dwell-
ing reside,

And a virtuous wife o'er your cottage
preside !

May your honest endeavours be crown'd
with success !

May you ever live happy—ne'er witness
distress !

May Good-humour and Mirth, in your
rural retreat,

In thy cottage of Friendship, with Inno-
cence meet !

On thy near humble roof may these
blessings descend !

'T is the wish free from guile—'t is the
wish of a friend.

Kingsland, July 1, 1803.

J. M.

FOREIGN NEWS.

Brussels, June 14.

WE learn, in an official manner, that the first consul will leave Paris in the course of this week, to undertake his journey to the Belgic departments. The following has been published by the prefect to the mayor of Brussels.

‘I hasten, citizen, to inform you, that I have been *officially* informed that the first consul sets out this week upon his journey to the Belgic departments. I write you to accelerate the preparations for his reception.

‘DOULCET PONTECOLANT.’

Osnaburgh, June 15. Our garrison is composed at present of sixteen hundred French infantry, under the command of general Dronet. It is to be reinforced without delay by four hundred hussars. It is positively asserted that a considerable body of troops is to come to take possession of our country, and that the headquarters will be established here.

Paris, June 16. Lieutenant-general Mortier, commander in chief of the army of Hanover, informs the minister at war, that he entered the city of Hanover on the 5th June; that the most exact discipline has been preserved, and that two soldiers of the forty-eighth demi-brigade, who had been convicted of having committed pillage and other excesses, have been shot. The army found there fifteen thousand new musquets; five thousand pair of pistols; sixty ammunition-waggons, provided with good horses; one hundred pieces of artillery, of different calibres; the component parts of a bridge, fit for the passage of the Elbe; magazines filled with powder; a foundery in the best condition, and amply supplied.

According to the documents found in the garrison of Hameln, above five hundred pieces of cannon have been surrendered to the French army. The general of brigade Frere, who occupies Harbourgstadt, is on his march to Cuxhaven; and for the purpose of intercepting the passage of all English vessels that may be

on the Elbe, general Rivaud, who occupies Verden, is charged with the execution of a similar plan on the course of the Weser to its mouth. The park of field-artillery belonging to the army of Hanover, which is at Zell, has been given up to general Dulaloy, commander of the artillery: it consists of forty field-pieces, provided with good horses.

General Mortier adds, that although he found but little money in the different public chests, yet it will be sufficient to provide for the payment of the troops, and that in future the French army in Hanover is to receive only its orders from the first consul.

The inventories already received from the different garrisons of Hanover make the contents of the magazines amount to more than four hundred thousand pounds of powder, three millions of cartridges, and forty thousand musquets.

The returns of the Hanoverian army, now prisoners of war, make the infantry amount to twenty-six battalions, of five hundred men each, officers included, which is from eleven to twelve thousand men. The cavalry is twenty-two squadrons, forming together above four thousand men. The number of men belonging to the artillery is about seven hundred. The garrison of the fortress of Hameln consisted of three battalions of infantry, a squadron of cavalry, a regiment of veterans, consisting of one thousand men, four officers of engineers, and an officer of miners. General Dulaloy writes, that he is engaged with the greatest activity in organising his great park of artillery; that it wants for nothing, and that it abounds with warlike stores.

18. Chaptal, the minister of the interior, has written a letter to the prefect of the department of the North, sketching out the first part of the route of the first consul in his visit to the Low Countries. He is to sleep at Amiens, Boulogne, Calais, Dunkirk, Lisle, Ostend, Ghent, Antwerp, and Brussels. At the

last city he is to arrange the plan of the remaining part of his journey.

Genoa, June 18. The English fleet in the Mediterranean has been considerably reinforced; one division blockades the ports of Porto Ferrajo and Leghorn; another is cruising in the Strait of Messina, to prevent the French from passing over to Sicily; and frigates are stationed before the principal ports of the kingdom of Naples.

A brigantine, which arrived here on the 12th, deposes to having seen eighteen sail of English ships steering a westerly course.

A Danish ship, which arrived the day before yesterday from Spain, met, off Cape Corsè, an English squadron of seventeen sail, proceeding towards Gibraltar with the troops from Egypt.

A Ragusan ship, from Cadiz, arrived yesterday. Off Porto Maurizio she fell in with an English squadron of eleven sail of the line.

Hanover, June 19. Citizen Rapp, adjutant-general of the first consul, arrived in this city on the evening of the 17th, after having successively visited the ports and maritime cities which are to be occupied by the French army, particularly Stadt and Cuxhaven. Immediately after his arrival, he set out with general Mortier, to inspect the fortresses of Hameln. They returned this morning together.

It is known that the deputies of Calenberg-Grubenhagen, of Hoya Lunenburg, Bremen, Verden, and Lauenburg, assembled here immediately after the conclusion of the convention of the 3d. They came to a resolution to send a deputation from among them to the first consul. The choice fell upon Mr. Ramdonz, counsellor of the superior tribunal of appeal at Celle, and Mr. Hinuber, counsellor of legation. These deputies left this the 10th, to proceed by Gottingen to Paris. General Mortier inspected their passports. The deputies of Osnaburg had not arrived at the time of their departure: those of Lauenburg take no part in this mission, because their country is not occupied by French troops.

By the fifth article of the convention of Suhlingen, all the arms and artillery are to be given up to the French. The artillery of Hameln and of this city con-

sists of three hundred and fourteen pieces of ordnance, forty-five mortars, about five howitzers, and ten iron field-pieces. Braun, colonel of artillery, has besides surrendered at Celle five howitzers, twenty-two six-pounders, and fourteen three-pounders; the French troops have also received all the pontons. Each Hanoverian horse battery carried three, and each battery of the line two pieces of artillery. About thirty-nine thousand musquets and five thousand pair of pistols have been supplied to the French. Independent of all these, several small parcels of artillery have returned to Hanover from the territory of Lauenburg. Eight English horses, of an Isabella colour, belonging to the king's stud, have also been sent from Lauenburg to Hanover.

Hamburg, June 20. The French returned to Cuxhaven on Tuesday, the 13th *ultimo*, to the number of three hundred; and, on Wednesday, the French minister made known *officially* to our senate the *good* dispositions of the first consul; and when asked why they had possessed themselves of Cuxhaven? it was answered, that it was a *simple military disposition*; that the Prussians had done so in the affair of the northern confederacy; and, further, to prevent the British from having recourse to it for a hostile purpose. It is just now said, that Russia has declared against France: we wish for the confirmation of it.

Frankfort, June 22. The deputies of the Hanoverian regency, who set out for Paris, passed through Frankfort on the 16th. They had an audience of his Prussian majesty the evening before, at Wilhelmsbade. According to accounts received here, the electoral minister of Hanover has been removed from Heldeheim to Ratzburg, a city in the territory of Lauenburg.

Utrecht, June 23. The second battalion of the regiment of Saxe-Gotha, that was in garrison at Schoonhoven, passed through this city to-day, on its way to Bildt, whence it is to continue its route for Deventer or its environs.—The second squadron of Batavian dragoons, which was proceeding from Deventer to Haarlem, received orders yesterday, on its march, to return to its former garrison. The first battalion of the sixth Batavian demi-brigade is also

on its march from Leyden to Deventer. The first battalion of the fifth demi-brigade, after having returned hither from Zwol to proceed to Hardwicke, had again received counter-orders the day before yesterday; it was yesterday sent back, on its march to the environs of Deventer. Numerous corps of French troops are proceeding from all quarters to the same destination.

Hanover, June 25. His royal highness the hereditary prince of Denmark arrived in this city on the 22d, under the name of count Storman, accompanied by his two sons, princes Christian Frederick and Frederick Ferdinand.—Notwithstanding the rigorous *incognito* which this prince observed in his journey, the commander in chief, general Mortier, sent to meet him a guard of honour of seventy dragoons, who escorted his carriage. His royal highness, on alighting at his lodging, found also a guard of honour of two hussars and two grenadiers. In the evening the prince was at the play, in general Mortier's box, and next morning set off for Neudorf, with an escort of forty hussars.

27. People talk here of the speedy passage of the Elbe by the French troops. All the vessels at Stade, Lunebourg, and Harbourg, have been put in a state of requisition. The Hanoverians have retained all the vessels on the opposite bank of the Elbe. The French troops are in motion throughout all Hanover: they are advancing in great haste towards the environs of Lunebourg, where they are to form an army of seventeen thousand infantry and two thousand cavalry. Provisions are conveying from all quarters to the same destination.—The head quarters of the French army will be transferred hence to-morrow to Lunebourg.

28. Yesterday evening general of artillery Dulaloy and the field-commissary of the French army set off for Lunebourg. General Mortier, accompanied by the adjutant-general Rapp and the general of division Ransoutz, commandant of the cavalry, took the road this morning for the same place. General Berthier will follow to-morrow.

General Mortier, having concluded the convention of Suhlingen, under the condition that it should be ratified by the first consul; and Bonaparte insisting upon

the disarming of the Hanoverian army, the French troops approach the Elbe to execute that disarmament.

Paris, July 1. Mr. Green, a member of the English parliament, is just arrived in France, to constitute himself a prisoner of war, in the room of one of his countrymen, who is desirous of returning to his family, to receive those attentions which his age and health require. Mr. Green has been received in France with that respect which his generous conduct deserves.

Boulogne, July 1. The first consul is arrived within our walls. The constituted authorities presented each addresses of congratulation. The address of the council of the first district of the department of the Pas de Calais contains the following expressions:

'You will attack London in London, and this new Carthage shall be destroyed. The people of Boulogne, the nearest to these proud islanders, have already seen the laurels of Nelson fade before their port, they wait for Cornwallis, his successor, to prove to him, that the French, who conquered one Cornwallis in America, have not degenerated.'

Brussels, July 1. All the brigades composing the thirty-second squadron of *gendarmerie* formed a junction yesterday at Brussels, and were reviewed by general Grange, inspector-general of the *gendarmerie*. It appears, that, after leaving Brussels, the first consul will proceed directly by Tongres to Maestricht. He will visit the plain upon which the battle of Lawfelt was fought, as well as the new road which is to be made between these cities. Bonaparte will afterwards pass through Liege and Tongres, for the purpose of visiting the theatre of the battle of Raucourt. At every step are to be met, in our country, places rendered famous by the engagements and battles that have been fought there. There is scarce any part of the Low Countries that has not been many times drenched with the blood of the warriors of Europe.

3. All the English still in this city, who are objects of the *arrête* of government relative to the English detained in France as prisoners of war, are certainly to leave this city for Valenciennes.

HOME NEWS.

Grantham, June 19.

A FEW days since, a gypsie fortune-teller went to the house of a person near this town, and, finding his wife at home, persuaded her that she would produce a thousand pounds, if the latter would consent to be locked in the cellar while she performed her incantations; to which the simple woman consenting, the fortune-teller decamped with a 5*l*. note and a number of silver spoons.

Dover, July 1. The Auckland, capt. Hammond, arrived here last night from Calais. Bonaparte was not then arrived, but was expected every hour; the streets were decorated with green boughs, &c. to welcome his arrival. It is currently reported at Calais, that the communication will be opened by packets as flags of truce again on their side; and the captains of the French packets hold themselves in readiness to come every day.— This morning the Drie Goosters, Prussian passage-vessel, P. Reverry, master, arrived here from Calais, with Mr. Horsley and family, and seven other passengers. A firing was heard at Calais last night after they got out of port; and they suppose Bonaparte was arrived there from Boulogne. A heavy firing has been heard most part of to-day on the French coast; by some it is supposed to be an action with some sloop of war and gun-boats; others say sir Sidney Smith is bombarding Calais; and it is so very thick, that we cannot see above a mile or two from our own shore.

London, July 2. The new houses in the neighbourhood of Russel-square having been repeatedly robbed of the lead in a short time after it was laid on the roofs, the builders have lately taken the precaution of fitting up a room in the upper part of the house as soon as possible after the roof was on, for the purpose of a man to sleep in, to keep watch.— Yesterday morning, between three and four o'clock, a man, who was keeping watch in a house, in Coram-street, Brunswick-square, was alarmed by

hearing some person taking the lead off the roof, upon which he went down stairs, to get the assistance of the watchmen, to secure the robber: the alarm being given, a number of persons joined in the pursuit, which continued for about an hour and a half; during this time the thief escaped from building to building, and at length got into a chimney, where he was, however, discovered. Those in pursuit of him threw bricks down the chimney upon him, which obliged him to quit that situation, and he got from that building by means of sliding down the rafters, in the front of which a number of persons were assembled to prevent his escaping: he endeavoured to get out backwards, when an inhabitant of Hunter-street discharged a blunderbuss at him as he entered the garden, the contents of which lodged in his body, and he expired in a few minutes. On examination, they were found to have entered his belly and thighs, and he likewise appeared to be wounded under his left ear, supposed by a shot from one of the pistols discharged at him in his flight. His appearance was that of a man in great distress; and he is supposed to have been a shoemaker, as a pair of shoemaker's pincers was found upon the roof of the building where he was first seen.

4. Saturday afternoon, about three o'clock, a thunder-storm commenced, which, particularly in the north-east part of the city, and the adjacent country, was tremendously awful. During the storm the lightning, descending by the chimney of the house of Mrs. Colley, the India Arms, Blackwall, after shattering the house considerably, struck the servant-maid, who was two hours before she was tolerably recovered. The house adjoining was also materially injured. Two boats were blown over; and, but for the timely assistance of a boat from Somerset-house, two men would inevitably have perished. The lightning set fire to a carpenter's shop in Gravel-lane,

Southwark. The shavings and other combustibles were instantly in a blaze, but were happily soon extinguished by the endeavours of two men, who were at work when the accident happened.

5. Yesterday, about one o'clock, the inhabitants of Coram-street, Russell-square, were alarmed by the screams of a woman, at intervals calling out murder. The cries were traced to the apartments of a journeyman shoemaker, in Little Coram-street; and, on the room being entered, the wife of the man was discovered with her throat cut in a shocking manner. This had been perpetrated by her husband as they were sitting at dinner, in consequence of a trifling dispute. The man was secured, and a constable sent for, who took him to the public-office, Bow-street, where he underwent an examination before sir Richard Ford, who committed him for further examination till the fate of his wife is known.

7. Yesterday, upwards of forty persons, taken into custody the preceding night, under authority of privy search-warrants, principally at a public-house of ill fame in Tottenham-court-road, and another near Leicester-square, were brought before Nicholas Bond, esq. and sir William Parsons, for examination at Bow-street, when many of them not being able to give a good account of themselves, and being able men, were sent on board the tender at the Tower to serve his majesty. Two very notorious characters among them were arrested in the office for pretended debts, no doubt for the purpose of preventing their being sent to sea, as the writs were dated only yesterday, and at the suit of persons as notorious as themselves, but which the magistrates could not prevent the execution of, as there was no particular charge against the prisoners before them.

8. Robert Aftlett, a cashier of the Bank of England, was tried at the Old Bailey for feloniously stealing, secreting, and embezzling, certain exchequer-bills, to the amount of between two and three hundred thousand pounds; but it appearing that the bills had not been signed, as required by law, by the auditor of the exchequer, the court directed an acquittal, and he was accordingly ac-

quitted, but detained on a civil action for debt.

The prisoner had been arraigned on this charge the preceding sessions, but the informality in the signing the bills being admitted, it was thought an alarm might be excited should it be publicly known that they had no legal value. The trial was therefore put off, and in the mean time an act of parliament passed, declaring them valid, notwithstanding the informality in their signature.

9. This day, about two o'clock, the roof of the centre tower, or rather the lanthorn, of Westminster-abbey, was discovered to be on fire. The flames soon assumed a formidable appearance, rising to a considerable height above the parapet. The fire was first perceived about a quarter past two o'clock. The scarcity of water (there being no plugs within a convenient distance), and the progress the fire had made, previously to its being discovered and to the consequent arrival of the firemen and engines, was such as, in any other instance, might have been of the most serious consequence; but, in the present, the flames were so high at first, that no stream from an engine could have reached them. When, however, the engines did arrive, they were of the most essential service in playing upon the choir, into which the melted lead, and burning timber, showered continually with a noise like thunder. The interior of the abbey could be compared to nothing but a volcano, at the most awful period of its eruption. The size of the beams and the immense height from which they fell, and which the obscurity occasioned by the steam and smoke rather magnified than diminished, presented the most terrible and uncommon spectacle.

More than two hours passed in suspense as to the possible fate of the whole building, till about five o'clock, by cutting away timber from above, and playing upon the choir below, the destructive element was prevented from extending itself, and considerably overcome: fortunately little or no wind was stirring.

The damage done is the total destruction of the lanthorn, and much of the timber adjoining, the communion-table,

pews, part of the choir, stalls, and pulpit. The organ, one of the finest in the kingdom, happily was not injured. We are happy in not having heard of any other accidents.

12. A melancholy accident happened, on Saturday last, near Portland-chapel. A lady had taken leave of her child, previous to her going out of town, and had turned it over to the care of the nursery-maid, who instantly carried it up stairs. The child, however, eager to see her mamma go out, ran to the window, and before the servant could fly to its assistance, in reaching too far over the window-frame, fell into the street, at the moment the mother was stepping into her carriage. The scene is better imagined than described; the child was taken up lifeless—the mother conveyed in doers frantic.

14. Yesterday Mr. Gray, who kept the Bell Savage Coffee-house, on Ludgate-hill, went out in a gig, with two children (boys); and coming home down Gray's-inn-lane, towards Holborn, the gig unfortunately came in contact with a returned chaise; the concussion was so great, that the post-boy was thrown off the bar on the pavement, and killed on the spot. Mr. Gray and the two children were thrown out on the opposite side: one of the children was killed on the spot; the other child had his arm broke, and was otherwise dreadfully bruised; and Mr. Gray himself was taken home speechless, in which state he still remains.

15. Yesterday a half-yearly general court of the proprietors of bank-stock was held at the Bank, for the purpose of declaring a dividend. In the course of doing this, it became necessary for the chairman of the court of directors to state the loss the company had sustained by Mr. Astlett. The actual loss he stated at about three hundred and twenty thousand pounds; about seventy-eight thousand pounds has been employed in sources from which the directors think they will be able to recover, and they are determined to prosecute to that effect. On the part of the directors, it was stated that the loss by Mr. Astlett would make no alteration in the dividends. That loss amounted to nearly the entire dividends of the half year; but the affairs of the company were in

so prosperous a state they would be able to divide as usual. The chairman then proceeded to explain, that the court of directors were not to blame for the malpractices of Mr. Astlett, who had succeeded in making away with the effects of the Bank, by interlining sums, and by calling out false sums when the property was regulated. On this subject a very detailed and satisfactory explanation was given, in which the mode of doing the business was fully described. The directors too relied on Mr. Astlett's character and long fidelity. Under all circumstances, it would have required a supernatural power to have at first detected him.

18. On Wednesday evening last, between eight and nine o'clock, a circumstance happened at the Surrey side of Westminster-bridge, which was very near being attended with fatal consequences. A very young man, genteely dressed, ran with great violence to the water-side, flung his hat against the steps, leaped over several boats, and plunged headlong into the river. He was instantly followed by a beautiful young girl, dressed in white muslin, who plunged in after him. The watermen were so astonished with the suddenness of the affair, that they had not time to prevent either from committing this rash act. One of the watermen, however, got out his sculler, and with great difficulty rescued both of them from destruction; after which they were prevailed on to go to their respective homes. The female said she was an unfortunate girl, and resided near Blackfriars-road. The young man is supposed to have formed a connection with her, which led him into great distress, and to an attempt at suicide.

A most calamitous circumstance happened on Friday noon in Queen-street, Ratcliff-highway:—A lodging-house, from some unknown cause, fell, with a dreadful crash, to the ground, carrying all its unfortunate inhabitants in the general wreck along with it; men, women, and children, to the number of six, were shortly after dug out of the ruins, most shockingly bruised and maimed: they were taken to the London infirmary, where there are no hopes of their recovery.

BIRTHS.

June 26. At Winchester-house, Chelsea, the lady of the hon. and rev. Thomas de Grey, of a daughter.

At his house, in Bloomsbury-square, the lady of John Fowden Hindle, esq. of a daughter.

At the Rectory-house, Finchley, the lady of the rev. Ralph Worsley, of a daughter.

29. In Gloucester-place, the right hon. lady Cathcart, of a son.

At Hertford, the lady of the rev. Thomas Lloyd, of a son.

At col. Calvert's house, in Grosvenor-place, Mrs. H. Calvert, of a daughter.

30. At his house, in Hereford-street, the lady of Joseph Smith, esq. of a son.

July 2. At his house, in Manchester-square, the lady of James Lawrell, esq. of a daughter.

3. At Herdmanston, in Scotland, the right hon. lady Sinclair, of a son.

5. At Woodstock, Oxfordshire, the right hon. lady viscountess Ashbrook, of a daughter.

6. At his house, in Mansfield-street, Portland-place, the lady of Plastow Traupaud, esq. of a daughter and son.

The lady of John Smith, esq. of Finsbury-square, of a son.

7. At her house, in Baker-street, the right hon. lady Charlotte Gould, of a son and heir.

9. In Upper Grosvenor-street, the lady of the rev. W. Garnier, of a son.

At Forest-hall, Essex, the lady of the rev. T. B. Stanes, of a son and heir.

10. In Goodge-street, the lady of T. Dibdin, esq. of a daughter.

18. Mrs. Snaith, of Mansion-house-street, of a daughter.

19. At Somerset-place, lady Louisa Rodney, of a daughter.

MARRIAGES.

June 24. Richard Edwards, of Nanhoron, esq. lieutenant-col. of the Royal Carnarvonshire Militia, and eldest son of the late captain Timothy Edwards, of the royal navy, to miss Lloyd, only daughter of R. Lloyd, esq. of Rhoibeirio.

28. John Pepys, esq. of Upper Charlotte-street, Fitzroy-square, to miss Bond, eldest daughter of the late J. Bond, esq. of Mitcham, Surrey.

The rev. H. Frazer, rector of St. Martin's, Ludgate, to miss Lloyd, of Upper Kennington-place.

William Soltau, esq. merchant, to miss Wilson, daughter of J. Wilson, esq. of Stoke-Newington.

William Ward Jackson, esq. of Normanby, in Yorkshire, to miss Louisa Martin Atkins, youngest sister to Edward Martin Atkins, esq. of Kingston Lisse, Berkshire.

The rev. Edward Nares, rector of Biddenden, Kent, to miss Cordelia Adams, second daughter of Thomas Adams, esq. of Osborne-lodge, in Kent.

At St. George's church, Mr. J. Duval, to miss J. Bagnell.

30. Mr. Geo. Yeeles, of Bathford, Somerset, to miss Sarah Baddeley, of Shelton, Staffordshire.

July 4. At Lewisham church, by the rev. Mr. Hugh Jones, T. Tanner, esq. to Mrs. Warner, only daughter of capt. George Simson, late of the East-India company's service.

5. The rev. Henry John Wollaston, rector of Paston, Northamptonshire, to miss Louisa Symons, younger daughter of the late William Symons, esq. of Bury St. Edmund's, Suffolk.

6. Mr. John Gibbons, grocer, to miss Lucy Mayo, both of Bath.

7. Sir Henry Peyton, bart. of Hagbeach, Cambridgehire, to Mrs. Bradshaw, widow of the late James Bradshaw, esq. of Portland-place.

Mr. Weldon, surgeon, of Wigmore-street, to miss Richardson, of Mortlake.

The rev. D. Fisher, D. D. of Hackney, to miss E. Toms, second daughter of the late rev. I. Toms, of Hadleigh.

Mr. James Dempster, of Baron-house, Mitcham, to Mrs. Bundoeh, widow of the late John Bundoeh, esq. of Mitcham.

Mr. John Imber, of Frome, aged about fourscore years, duly considering the mischievous effects which a life of celibacy produces, and having before long drank of the 'perpetual fountain of domestic sweets,' led Mrs. Hester Yeeles (whose journey through life has been nearly as long as that of her spouse) to the altar of Hymen!

10. Edw. Bayley, esq. of Wytheford, Salop, to miss Horner, of Bucklersbury.

William Doidge Taunton, esq. of the Middle Temple, to miss Henrietta Atkinson, third daughter of Henry William Atkinson, esq.

12. Mr. P. Moore, of Red-lion-square, to miss S. Lainchbury, of Ormond-street.

14. Alex. Bruce Morris, esq. of the island of Berbice, to miss Arabella Beard, of Fenchurch-street.

At Guilsborough, Northamptonshire, W. Abbott, esq. of Wimpole-street, London, to miss Ward, daughter of W. Zouch Lucas Ward, esq. of Guilsborough-hall.

18. S. Chilver, esq. of New Burling-ton-street, to miss Clementson, daughter of John Clementson, esq. of Copt-hall, in the county of Bedford.

Mr. Joseph Curtis, of Shoe-lane, to miss Ann Peters, daughter of the late Mr. James Peters, wine and brandy-merchant, of Holborn-hill.

19. Wm. Dickinson, esq. jun. M. P. son of William Dickinson, esq. M. P. of King-Weston, Somersetshire, to miss Smith, eldest daughter of Samuel Smith, esq. M. P. of Woodhall-park, Herts.

DEATHS.

June 22. At Prescot, in Lancashire, W. Atherton, esq. of that place, aged 61.

25. At his brother's house, at Dowham, near Berwick-upon-Tweed, Wm. Forster, esq. late major of the sixth bat-talion of the 60th regiment, and son of Ralph Forster, esq. of the latter place; a victim to the melancholy effects of a length of service in the West-Indies.

At his house, in Bath, the rev. Wil-liam Somerville, A. M. of Dinder, So-mersetshire, prebendary of Wells, rector of Somerville's Aston, and vicar of Bi-bury, in the county of Gloucester.

Edward Gordon, esq. of Bromley, Middlesex, aged 76.

At Hartforth, near Richmond, in Yorkshire, in the 81st year of her age, Mrs. Raine, wife of the rev. Matthew Raine, of that place, and mother of the rev. Dr. Raine, master of Charter-house school, and of Jonathan Raine, esq. M. P. barrister-at-law.

26. At his house, at Charing-cross, Mr. John Walter, upwards of forty years bookseller there.

Mr. Waugh, of Limekilns, Green-wich, aged 82.

The infant son of Robert Lambert, esq. of the royal navy, at his house in So-merset-street.

29. At his house, in Great Cumber-land-place, in the 65th year of his age, William Blake, esq. of South-Carolina.

30. The infant daughter of lord George Henry Cavendish.

July 1. At Alloa, much regretted, Mr. David Flint, aged 69.

At Gibraltar, in the 23d year of his age, Mr. Charles Douglas Morrison, after a short illness.

Mr. Thomas Evans, formerly an emi-nent bookseller in Paternoster-row.

Lately, in the island of Corfu, Mr. Robert Cole, eldest son of Mr. Cole, of the Strand.

At Teddington, the rev. P. Mackenzie.

4. At No. 74, Guildford-street, the youngest daughter of J. Scarlett, esq. barrister-at-law.

6. After a lingering illness, at his seat of Velynydd, in the county of Brecon, captain Thomas Hughes Williams, of the 24th regiment of foot, in the 22d year of his age.

7. In Sackville-street, Dublin, sir An-thony Brabazon, bart. of New-park, county of Mayo.

At Tyrella, near Downpatrick, Mrs. Hamilton, relict of the hon. Mr. baron Hamilton.

8. At his lordship's house, in Hertford-street, the youngest daughter of lord Bruce, aged four years.

At Catisfield, Hants, vice-admiral Robert Biggs.

12. At Exeter, in an advanced age, Mr. William Jackson, organist of the cathedral of that city.

13. The rev. Samuel Harper, F. R. S. upwards of forty-seven years librarian of the British Museum, and thirty-seven years chaplain to the Foundling-hospital.

14. At his house, East-Sheen, Surrey, William Browne, esq. of Watling-street.

15. At Islington, Mrs. Ives, aged 47.

16. At his house, in Gloucester-ter-race, John Bridges, esq. of an apoplexy.

17. At Sunbury, Middlesex, Roger Boehm, esq. one of the directors of the Bank of England.

At his house, in Billiter-square, Philip Morshead, esq. attorney-at-law.

At his house, at Pentonville, Mr. Rid-ley Surtees, ship and insurance-broker.

At his father's house, in Gray's-inn-lane, Mr. Wm. Brayley, herald-painter.

18. At her brother's house, at Brent-ford, miss Elizabeth Anthoney, late of Beaconsfield.

THE
LADY'S MAGAZINE,

OR
ENTERTAINING COMPANION

FOR
THE FAIR SEX;

APPROPRIATED
SOLELY TO THEIR USE AND AMUSEMENT.

FOR AUGUST, 1803.

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This Number is embellished with the following Copper-plates:

- 1 THE GENEROUS CURATE.
- 2 For the MORAL ZOOLOGIST—THE PHEASANT.
- 3 An elegantly-coloured PARIS DRESS.
- 4 New and elegant PATTERN for a GOWN or APRON, &c.
- 5 MUSIC—THE SEA-BOY.

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Where Favours from Correspondents continue to be received.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Hilario's contribution is inadmissible, from reasons which we doubt not will easily suggest themselves to the author.

J. C.'s communication is intended for insertion.

We hope soon to hear from R. F.

Lucinda's Essay shall have a place.

The Rival Lovers—Address to the Genius of Britain—Lines to Miss Y.—Hope, an Extempore—Epistle to Maria—R. L.'s Enigma—are received.

Engraved for the Lady's Magazine.



The generous Curate.

THE
LADY'S MAGAZINE,

For AUGUST, 1803.

THE GENEROUS CURATE;

A TALE.

(With an elegant Engraving.)

THE generous and benevolent man acquires with difficulty that knowledge of the world which is necessary to guard him against imposition: incapable of deceit himself, he cannot mistrust it in others; and it is only by experience, frequently dearly purchased, that he can be taught to suspect external appearances and fair professions. Yet though this disposition may render the virtuous the occasional prey of the vicious, they still enjoy the rich reward of a good conscience, and sometimes meet with kindred spirits who amply recompence them for all they may have suffered from those of baser nature.

In a small village, distant a few miles from a fashionable place of summer resort, in the North of England, resided a young clergyman of the name of Manning, who performed the clerical duties at the parochial church of the place in the absence of the vicar, who was a man of wealth and eminence, and had other preferments to attend to, for the small stipend of thirty pounds a-year. So scanty an income must necessarily have confined him to the practice of that self-denial and mortification which was more frequent in the church in the primitive ages than it is at present; but, fortunately, he was employed in the same manner by the rector of a

neighbouring parish at the same salary, and thus, between both, he not only made shift to live, but to save a little money, without breaking into a small capital of a hundred and fifty pounds which had been left him by a relation, and which he had put out to interest in the hands of a respectable farmer in the neighbourhood.

Mr. Manning was a man of the simplest manners and most unsuspecting goodness of heart. He had never even seen the capital, and was almost as little acquainted with the habits and real character of persons who have been bred up and long resided in great cities as with those of the inhabitants of the moon. He had a serious and heart-felt sense of the great truths of religion and the importance of the duties of his profession, which he most conscientiously performed. The exercise of charity and benevolence was not considered by him as a duty, but a pleasure in which it was a luxury to indulge. The poorer classes of his parishioners loved and adored him; and the more wealthy and fashionable, in their occasional visits, though they might smile at his simplicity and ignorance of what is called the world, could not but admire, and indeed revere, his unaffected piety, his blameless conduct, and useful virtues.

As Mr. Manning was walking, on a fine summer's evening, along a pleasant rural path which led to the village in which he resided, he was overtaken by a stranger, whose air and manner appeared to announce him an accomplished gentleman, and who entered into conversation with him on the seasonable serenity of the weather and the beauties of the surrounding scene, interspersing many moral and religious reflections in his discourse. The worthy curate was extremely pleased with his companion, who appeared to him to possess very extensive information on every subject, and who seemed to be as distinguished for his morality and piety as for his various knowledge and experience in life.

The stranger soon found an opportunity to advert to the history of his own affairs. He was, he said, the son of a gentleman who had possessed a considerable estate in Yorkshire, but who, by too great indulgence in fashionable pleasures, had left it so incumbered with debts and mortgages, that the whole had fallen into the hands of his uncle, who had advanced money to his father at different times. There was, however, he added, a part of it, of the value of four hundred a-year, which was of such a nature, that he was convinced the law allowed no claims of that kind on it, and it must devolve to him. But he who had seized it had a much longer purse than himself, and defended his pretended right with obstinacy: he was, he said, indeed, at that very moment, in an extremely disagreeable and mortifying situation—for want of only about twenty pounds, which he knew not how immediately to raise, he should incur an expence to the amount of treble that sum at least, besides a tedious delay, and perhaps be ultimately obliged to desist from prosecut-

ing a claim which was universally allowed to be just. He then proceeded to severe invectives against the rapacity, cruelty, and fraud, of his uncle; who, he said, had not in reality advanced more than half the money he claimed, and who, he verily believed, had been guilty of forgery to establish his demands, though he could not then obtain proofs of that fact. He ended with repeating of what essential service the sum he had mentioned would be to him at that time, adding a number of moral observations on the wickedness of the world, and the deceit and selfishness of mankind in general.

The honest curate, who had, indeed, before, as well as now, heard of the wickedness of the world and the deceit and selfishness of mankind, never once suspected that they could lie hidden under so plausible an exterior, or that the person with whom he was conversing was no other than a sharper. He felt a generous indignation against the conduct of the uncle who could endeavour to deprive the son of his brother of his right, and render him a beggar; and he sincerely sympathised with the persecuted nephew. Feeling thus, he, without hesitation, answered that he hoped all mankind were not alike; and told Mr. Hawkley, the stranger who had related this sad story, that, though he was entirely unknown to him, he should be welcome to the money he wanted immediately, if it would enable him to recover his right and rescue him from indigence.

This was more than his new friend had expected; however, after much pretended hesitation and many promises of the ample remuneration which he would one day make for such generosity and the confidence reposed in him, which he declared he could not have believed he

should have found in the world, he suffered himself to be prevailed on to accept the offer. He went home with Mr. Manning, and contrived his conversation so as to learn the exact state of the good curate's affairs, and thus formed an estimate of the precise advantage that might be made of his credulity.

A few days after, Hawkley returned with a companion who personated an attorney: they informed Mr. Manning that it was discovered that Mr. Hawkley would be able to recover a much larger part of the estate than he had at first expected, but that, to enable him to do this, fifty pounds more would be necessary immediately, for which they offered what they called undeniable security.

They proceeded in this manner till they had obtained from the unwary curate all the ready money of which he was possessed, and all that he had out at interest in the hands of the farmer. Hawkley then tried a new lure: he told the curate that he should now soon be able to make him ample amends for his generous kindness, for that he had lately met with sir John Heathcote, who had been the intimate friend of his father, and who would supply him with money for his law-suit. He added there was a living of about three hundred a-year now vacant, in the gift of sir John, and if he could raise or borrow about a couple of hundred pounds he knew how to apply the money in such a manner as to insure him the presentation.

Mr. Manning rejected this proposal with a kind of indignation: he said he would never be concerned in any transaction so disgraceful to a Christian divine as the obtaining a living by the aid of money.

'No, no,' cried Hawkley, 'I mean no simoniacal contract, I assure you; but I am just going to set

out to meet sir John, and if you can raise me about thirty or forty pounds more, for the last time, I will take care that your piety and virtue shall not fail of meeting its due reward.'

The curate advanced the money, though he was obliged to borrow it, after which his pretended friend left the town where he had resided: it was discovered that he and his companion were two notorious cheats and swindlers; and the curate was arrested and thrown into jail for the debt he had contracted.

He remained there for some time in a very wretched situation, till one morning, as he was reading in his gloomy apartment, the attorney of the person at whose suit he had been arrested came in, and told him that he was at liberty—his debt having been paid by a gentleman in the outer room, who wished to speak with him.

When the astonished curate came out, he found an elderly gentleman, who, as soon as he began to express his gratitude, stopped him, saying—

'I do no more than what I esteem my duty. I set apart a portion of my wealth for the benefit of the poor, the sick, and the imprisoned. I have, on enquiry among the poor people of the parishes in which you officiated, heard a character of you which is almost unexampled in these times. I am only the instrument in the hand of Providence of relieving you from distress, incurred solely by your simplicity and generosity.'

'Providence, sir,' said Mr. Manning, 'has, I conceive, justly punished me for yielding, as I fear I did in my heart too much, to the temptation of obtaining preferment by undue means. The knave who imposed on me told me there was a vacant living in the gift of sir John Heathcote, who had lately become his friend, which he could procure for me if I would advance him an

additional sum of money. I expressed my indignation at the proposal, but I fear my heart yielded. I am deservedly punished; I have lost the situation I had, while, perhaps, neither the living nor the supposed patron ever had existence. The illusion has vanished, but the crime remains.'

'You remind me,' said the gentleman, 'of what more I ought to do for you. I am sir John Heathcote; the living which has been mentioned to you is vacant, and at my disposal; this is, perhaps, the only truth the artful knave who imposed on you has told you. That living is yours; you are certainly the person I have for some time sought for to fill it. Take it, as the reward of your virtue and piety, and your benevolent, though misplaced, generosity.'

The good curate could find no objection to accepting the living on these terms. He afterwards married a distant relation of sir John's, with whom he received a handsome fortune, which enabled him not only to live in a style of respectable affluence, but to perform numerous acts of charity and generosity; virtues congenial to his nature, and which rendered him beloved and respected by all around him.

ON FLATTERY.

THERE is nothing against which we ought to be so much on our guard as flattery. Of this every person will soon be convinced who has occasion to try the friendship of mankind; yet he who is fond of his own praise, whatever may be his penetration and wariness, will not be always proof against its artful insinuations. It blinds even the most clear sighted, and insensibly draws them into snares which it requires more than common exertion to extricate themselves from, and often

ends in their ruin. Very little proof is required to convince us of the truth of these observations.

If a man is admired for a fine voice, we shall always find him emulous to entertain, not so much to oblige the company as to hear himself applauded. Thus are those people whom he mistakes for his friends always sure of him; and, from this vain opinion of himself, he is led promiscuously into all sorts of acquaintance, very often to his great prejudice. When a man is indifferent as to his company, there is scarcely any vice in which he will not readily partake, in imitation of his companions. Thus led from vice to vice, by the wretched and senseless commendations of the vicious, his days and nights are consumed, while that which should constitute happiness for future years to himself and family is totally neglected. Let this man come to want, and try the friendship of those with whom he has spent so many joyous hours, and see if one of them will assist him.

But the fair sex are more particularly liable to become the victims of flattery. Has Nature bestowed on any young lady a finer face than many others can boast, in how many various modes is she assailed? Even education assists and prepares the way for this flattery and its baneful effects. But how much are the parents and friends of such a female to blame, who, instead of endeavouring to make the mind as beautiful as the face, by early improving it in knowledge and the virtues requisite to form the desirable person, rather chuse to initiate their daughter or pupil in all the vanities which but too frequently lead to all the vices of the times.

In confirmation of these reflections, I shall here add the short history of a young lady with whom I

was formerly acquainted, and whom I shall call Lætitia.

All who knew Lætitia must acknowledge that Nature had been profuse in her bounties, to make her a most lovely person. Nothing could be more beautiful or elegantly genteel than was her form, nor were any of her perfections lost on the delighted parents of the young lady. Their first care was to dress her even extravagantly; the glafs and praises of her family soon convinced her that their encomiums were not falsely bestowed. Thus from childhood to riper years was she taught to be delighted with her own form, and to believe the flatteries of her friends. As years advanced she became the envy of her sisters and idol of herself; her disposition, which was naturally docile, wanted only a little improvement, with less knowledge of her own charms. Her good sense, had it been cultivated by proper example and precepts, would have made her the greatest ornament of her sex.

By the persuasion of her friends, she was, at ten years old, sent to a boarding-school of the first eminence for giving the finishing touch to the polite accomplishments of the pupils. Here all she attained was the ill-will and disesteem of her school-fellows, with just a sufficient stock of learning to read and write her own name. Her dancing-master, however, derived much honour from the proficiency she made under his instructions. Her education being now complete, she appeared in the world, at sixteen, a most finished coquet. Beauty never appears with greater lustre than in the smiles of an innocent young creature of that age; it is not, therefore, to be wondered at if every tongue was lavish in her praise, nor was her understanding proof against the enticing insinuations of flattery. No assembly, ball, or rout, at which she could

appear, was neglected by her; and she was a constant attendant at all public diversions. Many women, of superior sense but inferior personal attractions, has she made unhappy by her coquetish and flighty behaviour to their husbands and lovers.

In the midst of this variety of admiration and variegated scenes of pleasure, she was surpris'd by the unexpected marriage of her sister (who is now lady L****) to a person of rank, honour, and fortune. She frankly owned she had never been seriously asked the question, and was amazed that a person who had not half her charms, had seen nothing of the gay and polite world, but had lived immured in a retired village, should on a sudden be so preferred, and shine out, as it were, with such splendor. This brought her a little reflection.

‘Surely,’ said she to herself, ‘I have lost no opportunity to put myself forward; no entertainment have I neglected, or missed any company where I thought I might engage admiration; yet am I seemingly disregarded, and my sister preferred.’

An honest and sincere friend, to whom she complained, was kind enough to tell her it was by those very means she had lost the opportunity of marrying to advantage; ‘For,’ said she, ‘I never knew a person, though ever so lovely, who, from making herself so cheap, did not rather lose esteem than acquire any solid friendship. Neither can a woman who is delighted at the anxieties she occasions by trifling with married men, or, what is much the same, coquetting with young fellows who she is certain are to be joined in wedlock, perhaps on the morrow, to a woman full as deserving as herself, ever expect to meet with a man foolish enough to engage with such an uncertain partner.’

This reasoning had nearly wrought a reformation; but, unfortunately for her, a coach had just arrived to convey her to Vauxhall, where she was taken great notice of by a genteel youth, whose appearance fascinated her—he was a conquest not to be slighted. Full of these thoughts, she waited the approach of morning with the utmost anxiety, persuaded she should hear more from her new admirer: nor was she disappointed; a footman brought her a *billet-doux*, requesting that the person who sent it, and who had the rapturous pleasure of seeing her on the preceding evening, might have the honour of paying her a visit. To this, with the approbation of the lady at whose house she was, she consented; and, at the usual hour of tea, she saw at her feet a very agreeable young fellow, superbly dressed, whose account of himself was, that he was the son of a country gentleman of immense fortune in Lincolnshire, and requested her permission to wait on her father for his consent to a union with her for life, if she would permit him to aspire to such transcendent happiness. A few visits determined in his favour, and he set out on his journey.

Lætitia's parents readily believed his story, and, as they had very little to give their daughter, thought it a match of great advantage, and therefore attended him to town, where the wedding was soon after celebrated. But, ah! this golden dream presently vanished; and she who had thought herself a match for a nobleman now saw herself the wife of an industrious young inn-keeper, just set up in the city of Norwich! He frankly owned he was charmed with her person, and had no other way of gaining her than the method he had taken; but, if she could forgive it, it should not be his fault if she was not much

happier than the wife of a nobleman, whose pretended friends are generally only so many sycophants and flatterers.

Grief and astonishment had nearly made her act desperately; but when she recollected that she had no other lesson to learn but to despise flattery and ambition, she wisely thought it was best to appear satisfied, and immediately retired with her husband to his residence, where, her good sense prevailing over the folly in which she had too much indulged, she made a notable bar-woman, and is now surrounded by a numerous family, whom she is continually teaching the useful lesson—to guard against flattery, and avoid vanity and dissipation.

Lynn, July 3.

J. L.

ANECDOTE of MACKLIN.

ONE night, when Macklin was preparing to begin one of the lectures which he gave on Shakespeare's plays, hearing a buzz in the room, he spied Foote in a corner talking and laughing most immoderately. This he thought a safe time to rebuke him, as he had not begun his lecture, and consequently could not be subject to any criticism: he therefore cried out, with some authority—

'Well, sir, you seem to be very merry there; but do you know what I am going to say now?'

'No, sir,' says Foote, 'pray do you?'

The ready and unembarrassed manner of this reply drew on such a burst of laughter as silenced the lecturer for some minutes, nor could he then get on till called upon by the general voice of the company to proceed.

**A MORNING'S WALK in
AUGUST.**

'Now blooming Health exerts her gentle
reign,
And strings the sinews of th' industrious
swain :

Soon as the morning lark salutes the day,
Through dewy fields I take my frequent way ;
Where I behold the farmer's early care,
In the revolving labours of the year.'

GAY.

REFRESHED by the 'golden dew
of sleep,' I arose, and traversed
the plenty-burdened plains. Har-
vest was just commencing. The
reaper had put his sickle into the
wheat, and the mower wielded his
scythe to cut down the barley :

'For August, in her yellow mantle drest,
Health in her looks and plenty in her breast,
Appear'd.'

Each industrious hind was on the
alert, eager to act his part in the ap-
proaching busy scene:

'The smile of morning gleam'd along the hills,
And wakeful Labour call'd her sons abroad ;
They left, with cheerful face, their lowly vills,
And bade the fields resign their ripen'd load.'

'Each different prospect yielded fresh delight,
Where, on neat ridges wav'd the golden
grain ;
Or where the bearded barley, dazzling-white,
Spread o'er the steepy slope or wide cham-
paign.'

SCOTT.

Waked by the fervid rays of Phœ-
bus, the light-winged insect tribe
were all in motion. The butterfly
race were roving from flower to
flower, and sporting in the exhilar-
ating sun-beams. Beauteous but-
terfly! pursue thy playful career of
busy insignificance.

'Full on the lucid morn thy wings unfold,
Starr'd with strong light, and gay in living
gold ;

Through fields of air at large exulting fly,
Waft on the beam, and mount th' expanded
sky ;

O'er flowery beauties plumes of triumph wave,
Imbibe their fragrance, and their charms out-
brave ;

The birds thy kindred, heaven thy mansion
claim,
And shine and wanton in the noon-day flame.'

DWIGHT.

Enamelled rover! while summer
reigns, may no rude storm sweep
thee from existence! Long mayest
thou continue to gad from rose to
rose, sipping the dewy nectar, un-
molested by unfeeling little urchins!
Hasten from them—they long to
seize thy gilded pinions, and to be-
reave thee of thy little life. Hasten
from them, nor stop even for my
Horatio.

Gaudy insect! emblem of the
gay-drest coxcomb who flutters from
pleasure to pleasure during youth—
human life's gay summer,—wastes
his golden hours in a round of frivo-
lous enjoyments, and at length quits
the stage without having contributed
any thing that may be beneficial to
society.

During this rural jaunt, I passed
by a wheat-field, which a labourer
had engaged to reap; but Death,
that universal reaper, cut him down
ere he could fulfil his engagement.
He was a virtuous cottager, an hum-
ble cultivator of the ground, an useful
member of the community. Far, infi-
nitely far more serviceable to society
than the savage conqueror; who, in-
stead of ploughing the glebe, sowing
the seed, or gathering in the harvest,
delights in deforming the fruitful
scenes of nature, and marks his pro-
gress with desolation and destruction.

'What are ye, monarchs!—laurell'd heroes!
say,

But Ætnas of the suffering world ye sway?
Sweet Nature, stripp'd of her embroider'd robe,
Deploras the wasted regions of her globe ;
And stands a witness, at Truth's awful bar,
To prove you there—destroyers as ye are !'

COWPER.

Happy obscurity! how placid thy
votary! how sweet his enjoyments!
how calm his days! how tranquil his
nights!

'The lily, screen'd from every ruder gale,
Courts not the cultur'd spot where roses
spring ;
But blows neglected in the peaceful vale,
And scents the zephyr's balmy-breathing
wing.'

O GILVIE.

With conscious satisfaction I ranged through Ceres' brown domain, and viewed with delightful sensations such a prospect of future plenty. What a pleasing contrast to those unhappy plains desolated by the scourge of war! No military marauder started from the adjacent thicket to plunder me of my property, or rob me of mine existence. No husbandman, with tearful eyes, beheld his promised hopes blasted—his fields of corn destroyed by a merciless horde of disciplined barbarians. Rambling thus, filled with agreeable reflections on my own safety and security, well might my Muse break forth in strains like these—

—' Happy scene!
Ne'er may thy daisy'd meads, thy corn-clad plains,
Drink the warm life-stream from a warrior's veins!
Ne'er may the trumpet's clang, the drum's rude beat,
Affright blithe Echo from her cool retreat.
Nor may the cannon's thunder shake thy groves,
And chase the Dryad from the haunt she loves.'

Bathed in the dew of labour, each rustic actor on the stage of harvest played with alacrity his useful part; while the patient gleaner, with unremitting industry, picked up each straggling ear. Ye sons and daughters of toil, soon will your fatiguing tasks be finished!

' For, ere sweet Summer bids its long adieu,
And winds blow keen where late the blossom grew,
The bustling day and jovial night will come,
The long-accustomed feast of harvest-home.
No blood-stain'd victory, in story bright,
Can give the philosophic mind delight!
No triumph please while rage and death destroy;
Reflection sickens at the monstrous joy.
And where 's the joy, if rightly understood,
Like cheerful praise for universal good?
The soul nor check nor doubtful anguish knows,
But free and pure the grateful current flows.

Behold the sound oak table's massy frame
Beside the kitchen floor! the careful dame
And gen'rous host invite their friends around;
While all that clear'd the crop, or till'd the ground,
Are guests by right of custom. Old and young,
And many a neighb'ring yeoman, join the throng;
With artisans that lent their dext'rous aid,
When o'er the field the flaming sun-beams play'd.

With thanks to Heaven, and tales of rustic lore,
The mansion echoes when the banquet 's o'er.
A wider circle spreads, and smiles abound,
As quick the frothing horn performs its round;
Care's mortal foe, that sprightly joys imparts,
To cheer the frame, and elevate their hearts.
Here, fresh and brown, the hazel's produce lies
In tempting heaps, and peals of laughter rise;
And crackling music, with the frequent song,
Unheeded bear the midnight hour along.'

BLOOMFIELD.

Haverhill.

JOHN WEBB.

On the AUSTERITY of old AGE.

THERE is nothing more unjust than the ill temper which many old people shew towards young men. An attempt to check the merriment and sportiveness of youth is not less preposterous than to be angry with the spring of the year because it produces nothing but blossoms, and to expect from that early season the fruits of autumn. How different was the temper of Anaxagoras, the Greek philosopher! That amiable old man, when at the point of death, was asked by the citizens of Lampascus what dying command he would wish to enjoin them. His request was that every year, during the whole month in which he died, all the children in the city should be permitted to keep holiday. Diogenes Laërtius, who relates this story, adds, that this custom was observed in his remembrance.

CRITICAL OBSERVATIONS on the
NOVEL of 'TOM JONES.'

*In a Series of Letters from an Uncle to
his Niece.*

(Continued from p. 360.)

LETTER XII.

DEAR NIECE,

THE introductory chapter to the fifteenth book exhibits a string of judicious observations upon that most excellent disposition of the mind distinguished by the term sympathy, or tenderness of heart, and which Mr. Fielding puts in contrast to those virtues which apply to the regulation of our moral conduct only; still leaving upon the mind that selfishness which inclines a man to run through life, as a polished bowl rolls over the smooth surface of a green, without being so far affected by the miseries and unhappiness of his fellow-creatures, as to be interrupted in his career of pleasure through the consideration of his neighbour's distress. These cardinal virtues Mr. Fielding chooses to denominate wisdom; since they are the most likely to contribute to the repose of those who regulate their conduct by these rules alone: whereas such virtues which are of a social and philanthropic tendency can only be exercised by those whose hearts beat in unison with those of the objects of their humanity. The inference which Mr. Fielding draws from this reasoning, namely, that virtue is not its own reward, must find an easy assent from every reader.

The visit of lord Fellamar to Sophia, on the score of having afforded her protection the evening before during the riot at the playhouse, and the discourse which, at his interview with lady Bellaston, afterwards passed between that lady and his lordship, form the subject of the second

chapter of this book. This nobleman will hereafter appear to have been a very necessary agent in the hands of lady Bellaston towards the management of her design; and when her ladyship's views were frustrated, and lord Fellamar afterwards becomes convinced of the real statement of the business, this nobleman, who was designed by lady Bellaston to have effected the ruin of the young couple, becomes (among others) a happy instrument towards bringing them together. In the mean while the artifice of lady Bellaston, to effectuate her malignant plot, and to sacrifice the lovely Sophia to the vicious intrigue she was carrying on with Jones, affords another specimen of our author's address in connecting the several parts of his drama. The discourse which lady Bellaston addresses to lord Fellamar is calculated throughout to blow up into a flame those sparks which Sophia's charms had kindled in his breast. The dialogue between these two noble personages (though as to the sentiment not very exemplary) may serve as a specimen of table-talk among persons of distinction.

The description of that society mentioned in the third chapter, under the denomination of 'the little world,' and the virtuous tokens by which the members of this society were distinguished, namely, the obligations they were under of telling an innocent fib once within twenty-four hours: though such description would be rejected as beyond the bounds of credibility, if related of any persons who had the smallest portion of business to occupy their attention, may, nevertheless, be reconciled to probability, when the members are known to have consisted only of those who have neither business nor rational amusement to fill up their vacant hours, and where the time must necessarily hang hea-

vily on their hands. The short dialogue which passes between lady Bellaſton and Tom Edwards forms ſtriking portraits of two of the members of this ſociety, ſuch as at the firſt intimation of the club we were led to expect; nor could any thing be conceived more appropriate to the lady's views than the effect which the innocent fib circulated by Edwards occaſioned on the mind of Sophia, and which could not fail to convince lord Fellamar of her attachment to the young man who was ſuppoſed to have fallen in the duel. The plot which was afterwards concerted between lady Bellaſton and lord Fellamar, but which chiefly owed its riſe to the fertility of the lady's brain, affords a demonſtration to what lengths the paſſion of jealousy may be carried, when it has once taken poſſeſſion of the female breaſt.

The fourth chapter diſplays a ſcene wherein lady Bellaſton appears to be the principal actreſs, and which, out of the reſpect we bear for the female race, but particularly ladies of rank and diſtinction, we ſhould hope does not often paſs in real life: be this as it may, thus far muſt be acknowledged in behalf of our author, that allowing the character of lady Bellaſton, as it has been hitherto ſketched, to have been a portrait of ſome of the women of figure, the language which ſhe addreſſes to lord Fellamar, and the arguments ſhe urges in order to enforce his compliance with the black deſign ſhe had formed, are perfectly in uniſon with the idea we have hitherto entertained of her ladyſhip.

The manner in which lord Fellamar attempts to carry into effect the ſage inſtructions given to him by the lady, is related in the fifth chapter. The language in which the enraptured peer introduces his ſuit, and

the reception which Sophia gives him, are conveyed in terms appropriate to each; and when from the precaution of lady Bellaſton, in removing every obſtacle, the violence of lord Fellamar's brutal attack muſt have proved of dreadful conſequence to the young lady, no circumſtance could have been ſo fortunate as the arrival of the 'ſquire; whoſe appearance, though unexpected, is nevertheless contrived without the ſmalleſt violence having been offered to probability; and ſo natural does this event appear to the reader, that he acquieſces in the happy addreſs of the author, and rejoices at the eſcape of his favourite character at this critical period.

The introduction of 'ſquire Weſtern affords Mr. Fielding a freſh opportunity of diſplaying his wonderful talent for exciting the merriment of his readers. The addreſs and manner of Mr. Weſtern throughout this ſcene is truly characteriſtic. The language he makes uſe of on the occaſion is what we have all along been accuſtomed to hear, whenever this gentleman appears on the ſtage; and, though of itſelf ſufficient to excite laughter from the moſt puritanical countenance, is ſtill rendered more humorous when conſtrasted with the grave lecture of parſon Supple; and his ſervile ductility when, at the 'ſquire's threats, he exclaims—'I humbly crave your pardon; I aſſure your worſhip, I meant no ſuch matter.'

The continuation of this ſcene, where lady Bellaſton wilfully miſtakes the meaning of the 'ſquire, and encourages lord Fellamar to ſuppoſe that he was the perſon alluded to by Mr. Weſtern, when he was ſpeaking in favour of Blifil, paves the way to a truly comic *eclairciſſement* between his lordſhip and Mr. Weſtern; and, from the ſubſequent ſpeech of lady Bellaſton, Mr. Weſtern comes to a

determination to remove his daughter immediately from her ladyship's protection. Laughable in the extreme is the 'squire's reproof to parson Suple, and his reply to Sophia when she intercedes on behalf of Mrs. Honour.

The reader is not suffered to remain long in suspense as to the means by which the 'squire became acquainted with the residence of his daughter. This discovery forms the subject of the sixth chapter. And here permit me once again to express the very high gratification I enjoy when I consider the wonderful texture of this novel, in which scarcely an incident is brought forward which does not by some means or another contribute to the advancement of the main design.

In the twelfth book we are entertained with an account of the meeting between Sophia and Mrs. Fitzpatrick, and of their travelling together to London. This recognition of these two cousins, and the conversation which passed between them at the inn, not only forms a very pleasing episode, but contributes, as we shall see anon, very materially towards the *dénouement* of the history; since if Mrs. Fitzpatrick had not, at the time of her casual rencontre with Sophia, learned the particulars respecting her flight and subsequent retreat to lady Bellaston's, Mr. Western could not have come to the knowledge of his daughter's residence, or the reader must have been left in the dark as to the source through which he gained his intelligence; and this improbability, though, as Mr. Fielding observes, it be such as the reader is often obliged to digest in the generality of novel-writers, would have been inconsistent with the accuracy of our author. The letter which Mrs. Fitzpatrick writes to Mrs. Western is conceived in terms the most likely to regain the favour of that lady. Flattery, when expressed in deli-

cate language, comes recommended with such charms that it never fails to captivate those to whom it is addressed: even those persons who affect to despise this alluring bait will not fail to be won by it when judiciously managed. But Mrs. Fitzpatrick, well knowing the vanity of her aunt Western, throws off all decorum in her address to that lady. Her letter abounds throughout with the most fulsome adulation. And, probably, this method would have had the desired effect, and have brought about a reconciliation between Mrs. Fitzpatrick and her uncle and aunt Western, had not the act of which the niece had been guilty towards her aunt constituted an offence of so heinous a nature as never to be obliterated from a female breast. That the compliments with which Mrs. Fitzpatrick fed her aunt Western were a highly-flavoured dish to the extreme vanity and self-conceit of that lady, is apparent from the observation expressed upon the sentiment of her niece's letter in her address to the 'squire, in which she quotes the expression of her cousin with the odious Irish name, to strengthen her declaration of the regard she entertained for the honour of her family. Every period of the conversation maintained between Mr. and Mrs. Western in this chapter is truly characteristic, and laughable in the extreme.

The manner which the author has taken of conveying to the knowledge of Mr. Jones the unwelcome tidings concerning Sophia, in the seventh chapter, forms a most humorous scene, and is a fresh proof of Mr. Fielding's art of embellishing plain narrative with the flowery language of wit and humour. The figurative speech of Mrs. Honour, by which she keeps Mr. Jones in the most tormenting suspense, is conveyed in the true spirit of a chamber-maid; whilst the ideas which this equivo-

cal relation of Mrs. Honour's tale awaken in his breast, form a lively portrait of the despairing lover in the questions which Jones proposes to her. The despair to which Mrs. Honour abandons herself, on reflecting that her own hopes are totally frustrated by the removal of her mistress from the protection of lady Bellafton, exhibits in appropriate language the selfish temper of this loquacious Abigail. The unseasonable intrusion of lady Bellafton, during this colloquy between Jones and Mrs. Honour, and the means which the former pursued in order to conceal the waiting-gentlewoman from her ladyship's notice, lead on to a scene replete with true humour, and, in the end, the discovery made by lady Bellafton of the chambermaid's retreat, contributes to relieve Mrs. Honour from the dreadful ideas she had conceived of the consequences of her being deprived of her late service, by recommending her to the employment of lady Bellafton. Nor does the approach of Mr. Nightingale, which precipitated the retreat of lady Bellafton, tend alone to bring about this elevation of Mrs. Honour, but leads on to farther incidents of material consequence to the thread of the main story, as will be seen in the ninth chapter. The embarrassment into which lady Bellafton is thrown, by an unexpected meeting with Mrs. Honour behind the bed, may serve to inculcate this moral lesson; that vice, however cautiously it may be pursued, rarely fails to lead its votaries into the most awkward dilemmas, and to expose them to the scorn and derision of mankind.

The eighth chapter recounts the marriage of miss Nancy with young Nightingale, an event brought about through the zeal and good offices of Mr. Jones; and here Mr. Fielding takes occasion to treat his readers

with a few sensible remarks on that most excellent quality of the human mind, philanthropy. By the practice of this godlike virtue, the person who confers a benefit feels a great joy not less exultative than the person on whom the benefit is bestowed; and may say, with Jones and the man in the play of Terrence, 'I am a man, and cannot think myself uninterested in any misfortunes which may befall my fellow-creatures.'

The letters which Jones receives from lady Bellafton, as recorded in the ninth chapter, may be considered as a transcript of the tumults which agitated the impure mind of this innamorata; and both in the language in which they are penned, and from the haste in which they were dispatched at the heels of each other, are a convincing argument of her violent and guilty passion towards Jones; and the confusion she had been thrown into at the hurricane which had passed the evening before, and which had palsied every nerve, so that she was reduced to the most mortifying dilemma in what manner to act. From what follows, in this chapter, will be seen the good effects which arose from the fortunate entrance of Nightingale, at the moment when Jones was giving audience to lady Bellafton. The information supplied by Nightingale, respecting the notoriety of that lady's character, furnishes Jones with the means of extricating himself from the disagreeable amour he had plunged himself into with lady Bellafton, from whose trammels he would otherwise have found it difficult to escape.

The embarrassments which Mrs. Miller is thrown into, on the receipt of Mr. Allworthy's letter, as related in the tenth chapter, places the excellent disposition of that amiable woman in a conspicuous

point of view. The comment which Mr. Fielding subjoins on the noble motives which caused this agitation in Mrs. Miller, will, if properly attended to, operate as an instructive lesson to the youthful readers of this novel, and incline them to adorn every action of their lives with that graceful manner and decorum, that something which, as the excellent poet, quoted by Mr. Fielding on this occasion, observes,

‘— gives their acts a light,
Makes them not only just, but bright.’

This most excellent precept, which inclines us to catechise our own hearts by the christian rule of doing as we would be done by, and of regulating all our actions by that rule, may be expressed by the word candour—a term of very extensive import. Those whose minds have been polished by a liberal education, will be able to trace out, from their own feelings, the various good inclinations excited by this quality, without any assistance from me; and as to those untutored mortals, whether among the great vulgar or the small, whose dispositions incline them to walk just within the settled rules of stoical apathy, in despite of all that I could urge in favour of candour, I should despair of making one convert. This excellent quality is, in truth, rarely found to warm the hearts of any, except of those who have enjoyed the benefit of a liberal education, and is not universally the property of these. Mrs. Miller, it is plain, was under the influence of this virtue when she was troubled in mind at the receipt of Mr. Allworthy's letter.

The fidelity of Jones is strongly tempted, in the eleventh chapter, by a letter from the widow Hunt, which is delivered to him shortly after the receipt of Mrs. Honour's note, in which she declared that her

interference could no longer be of any avail; and the slender hopes which, in consequence, existed of obtaining Sophia, might almost have justified his acceptance of the amorous widow's tender. How far this gentle hint may be considered by female readers as a small deviation in the lady from the rigid precepts of decorum, is not for me to determine: be this as it will, it may be referred to that ingenious cookery which the author has contrived to serve up in so many different modes to his numerous guests, and furnishes him with a fair opportunity of setting off the fidelity of Jones towards his accomplished mistress.

The last chapter of this book, in which Partridge informs his master of the discovery he had made, from a casual rencontre with Black George, turns out afterwards to have been a lucky incident, by supplying an agent, through whose good offices he is furnished with the means of corresponding with Sophia: humorous in the extreme is the manner in which Mr. Partridge communicates his intelligence.

I am, &c.

(To be continued.)

MATILDA; a DRAMA.

(Continued from p. 348.)

ACT III.—SCENE I.

Charles, entering cautiously, and looking round the saloon.

THERE is no person here, we have nothing to fear.—(He returns to the door, and speaks to three domestics who are waiting without).—You may go and get every thing ready.—Pass that way, between the wall and the hedge of elms. I will go on the other side. We must not be seen

to be together. I hear a noise : some one is coming. Be gone instantly : keep close to the wall ; it is impossible that you should be seen.

SCENE II.

Amelia, Herman, entering by the door which leads to the apartment of Matilda.

Amelia. I did not dare to ask you before Matilda ; when her father is the subject, I am always fearful that she may hear something that must mortify and wound her.

Herman. Mr. Wodmar has left the house in the most violent agitation ; nor does the count appear much less disturbed. But why do you not ask him yourself ? The esteem which he must have for you——

Amelia. Recollect that I was the intimate, the confidential friend of his wife, whom doubtless he suspected, whom he condemned unheard ; though never, perhaps, did a woman of purer virtue breathe the vital air. He believed me her accomplice ; and he can no longer esteem me : he certainly hates me. This you must have been convinced of by the cold reception which he gave me this morning. He treats me, indeed, with civility, from respect to his own character, and I remain here from regard to Matilda. How could I abandon the unfortunate offspring of my friend ! I have sacrificed delicacy, pride, and just resentment, to the child whose birth I witnessed, whom I love as if she were my own, and who has no other friend to soothe her grief, and console her in her sufferings, but myself. I must not permit a regard to my own ease to make me neglect the duties imposed on me by friendship.

Herman. How much do you increase the respect I have ever entertained for you ! but what must it not have cost you to act thus nobly ?

Amelia. It has indeed cost me many a painful feeling. Ah ! Mr. Herman, I scarcely know which is most intolerable ; to deserve reproach by guilt, or continually to suffer it when innocent.

Herman. Some one is coming.— It is the count.

Amelia. I will spare him the sight of me.

Herman. He walks but slowly, you have time enough to retire.

Amelia. How much did I once respect, admire, and love him ; and now it is painful to me to appear in his presence ! (*She goes towards the door which leads to the apartment of Matilda.*) And this door, which leads to the apartment of his daughter, is it not dreadful to think that it must be shut as carefully as if here were some cruel and implacable enemy from whom his life is in danger ?

Herman. He is at the door.

Amelia. Let me be gone. [*Exit.*]

SCENE III.

Herman alone.

I thought he was preparing to set out for the neighbouring mansion, whither he said he must go on business of particular importance.

SCENE IV.

Count d'Orlheim, Herman.

Count d'Orlheim. (*holding some papers in his hand, and greatly agitated.*) I cannot find in my cabinet some papers which I want ; perhaps they may be in this 'scrutoire.

[*He opens the 'scrutoire.*]

Herman. Can I assist you, my lord ?

Count d'Orlheim. I thank you, Mr. Herman ; but I should be more obliged to you to inform my nephew Ernest that I wish to speak with him here.

Herman. I will tell him immediately. [*Exit Herman.*]

SCENE V.

Count d'Orlheim, alone, sitting down at the 'scrutaire.

Let me breathe a moment. This Wodmar, this son of my most cruel enemy, who appears before me with such audacity—who has dared to ask—Dost thou wish, then, wretched youth! to be guilty of something yet more monstrous than the crime of thy father?—(He rises, and walks backwards and forwards greatly agitated.)—What! will these ideas pursue me every where? I came to seek here that peace of mind which I cannot find at Berlin. Alas! here it was that I was happy; here I loved, and believed myself beloved! At Berlin, I was deceived, betrayed, dishonoured!—(He pauses a moment, in a kind of reverie.)—D'Orlheim, recal thy reason, and banish from thy mind ideas which must render thee wretched.—(He advances to the 'scrutoire, and looks into several of the drawers.)—I cannot find it! yet this deed is indispensable. If it is not here, I know not where it can be.—(He opens another drawer, which he had not examined, and takes out a portfolio).—Perhaps it is in this.—(Opens it, and starts wildly.)—Heavens! the letter of the villain! the portrait of the most perfidious of women! Such were her features! such was she whom I adored! whom I idolised!—who betrayed me!—Such she was!—(Throws down the portrait, and opens the letter.)—And thou who calledst thyself my friend, monster of perfidy! this is thy fatal letter! Disgraceful flight and death; death, which thou shouldst only have received from my hand, withdrew thee from my just vengeance! (He throws the letter on the table, and walks backwards and forwards in the most violent agitation.)—A hundred times have I read this dreadful letter, yet never does it meet my eyes but an irresistible impulse compels

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me to read it again. I seem to doubt my own wretchedness, and wish to convince myself that it is real. (He takes up the letter, and reads it with a faltering voice.)

‘I yield to your fears, my dear Caroline; I obey your injunction, since you doubt whether count d'Orlheim has not suspected our secret, and fear the piercing eye of his jealousy should at his return, which is now near, make a full discovery of it. I banish myself from you and from my country, to plunge myself in despair, and die for ever adoring you. You request me to return you your portrait: I have sent it you. It was dear to my heart; it was the same which count d'Orlheim had possessed, and which you obtained from him to give to me; but at your desire I restore it.—You loved me before you gave your hand to d'Orlheim; you loved me after he was your husband. You now break the tender connection that has subsisted so long between us, and I obey, though I die. Adieu! May you be happy! and sometimes when you look on our Matilda, the fruit of our tender love, think of your unhappy lover, the unfortunate

WODMAR.’

‘Our Matilda, the fruit of our tender love!’—that Matilda on whom during six years of error I lavished the tenderest names, the most affectionate caresses! How fondly have I embraced her! How have I pressed her to my heart! How transcendently happy have I thought myself in being her father! Even now, notwithstanding all my efforts, an irresistible power continually attracts me towards her. Yet she is not mine. She is the fruit of guilt. Her birth is the seal of my shame. Gracious Heavens! what am I doing? Some person may come every moment. I have sent for Ernest. Alas! let me conceal my weakness,

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since ten long years have not enabled me to triumph over it. Ernest comes.

SCENE VI.

Count d'Orlheim, Ernest.

Ernest. Dear uncle, I come according to your request. I wait your commands.

Count d'Orlheim. Come nearer to me, Ernest. Why have you in my presence that embarrassed air, that timidity, as if distrustful of your best friend? Give me your hand.—You continue to love me, Ernest?

Ernest (with great emotion). Oh, my dear uncle! my benefactor! how can you doubt my affection, or my gratitude?

Count d'Orlheim. I cannot doubt them, dear nephew. Sit down.—

[*Ernest takes a chair, and seats himself with an air of great embarrassment; the Count proceeds in a hesitating manner.*]
—You recollect, my son—you know how pleasing it is to me to call you by that name—you recollect the conversation we had together about six months ago?

Ernest (hesitatingly). Yes, dear uncle.

Count d'Orlheim. You recollect what was the subject of it?

Ernest. It related to a proposal of marriage.

Count d'Orlheim. Yes; I proposed to you an advantageous plan of marriage, which you declined in such a manner as led me to suspect that your heart was not entirely free: yet I thought I could discover in your language and manner a great desire to comply with my wishes; and I have ever since indulged a hope that you would at length be able to conquer a transitory inclination, a folly of youth. You were attacked by illness. I know not whether I am to attribute the cause of it to the efforts you made to surmount the passion which began to arise in your breast; but your situation made a great impression on me. For six months I ob-

served the most complete silence; I allowed you time to listen to reason. But I have not forgotten the alliance I proposed; and I now, Ernest, expect from you a decisive answer.

Ernest (with a sigh). What do you require of me?

Count d'Orlheim. To accept the happiness which I offer you: an amiable wife, and the honour of a distinguished alliance. I require that you should not forget that I have made you the heir of my name, my title, my possessions; I require that you should not disappoint my hopes, nor punish me for the partial fondness I have entertained for you.

Ernest (rising). Alas! How unfortunate am I!

Count d'Orlheim. I do not understand you. What! for a slight predilection?

Ernest. Slight! I once thought it was —

Count d'Orlheim. You were certain, you said, that you should be able to conquer it.

Ernest. I hoped so—but I was deceived —

Count d'Orlheim. Thus you sacrifice me to a senseless passion; you sacrifice yourself to the too fatal consequences of a choice which is no doubt shameful, since you dare not avow its object.

Ernest. Oh, if I dared to speak!

Count d'Orlheim. What prevents you?

Ernest. I cannot.

Count d'Orlheim (with suppressed anger). You could, nephew! did you not know that you must blush—

Ernest (with vivacity and dignity). Ernest, thanks to your instructions and example, will never need to blush for the sentiments of his heart.

Count d'Orlheim. Yet Ernest disappoints the fondest of my wishes; Ernest has no regard to my happiness; Ernest can talk of virtue, sentiment, and delicacy, while his conduct is all ingratitude!

Ernest. Gracious Heaven! what a severe, what an unmerited, reproach!

Count d'Orlheim. Such are men!

Ernest. Dear uncle!

Count d'Orlheim. All those on whom I have lavished my affection have made it their study to plunge me in despair.

Ernest. And can you say this to me? Dear uncle, listen to me, I conjure you. Do not judge me with precipitation, with rigour, I may say with injustice. We cannot command the heart, but we may resolve to rend it: it is not in our power to triumph over the most imperious of passions, but we may condemn ourselves to live eternally wretched; and this I can do. No, I will not be ungrateful, I will not disappoint your hopes; you shall not accuse me of having destroyed your happiness. Fix the day of my marriage: I am ready to obey you. I can renounce happiness, but never your affection.

Count d'Orlheim (clasping him in his arms, then sinking back in his chair, and endeavouring to conceal his tears.) And tell me, cruel youth, can I be happy, when I make you unhappy?

Ernest. It is not of me that you are now to think; I will undergo my fate, and you shall never hear from me a murmur. But listen to me. Pardon me for what I am about to say. Open to me your heart. It is to that I would speak—to that heart so generous and good, which only exists by benevolence, to whose affection misfortune is an undeniable claim, and which suppliant sorrow and persecuted virtue never implore in vain.

Count d'Orlheim (with agitation). Speak—Speak!

Ernest (hesitatingly). My dear uncle!

Count d'Orlheim (anxiously). Proceed.

Ernest. I have been the object of your generous affection; you have

done every thing for me—every thing.—But—you have—a daughter.

Count d'Orlheim (rising, with violent emotion, which he endeavours to suppress). Rash unfortunate youth! what have you said?—Begone!

Ernest (with great warmth). My father, hear me.

Count d'Orlheim. Leave me this instant.

Ernest (throwing himself at his feet). You shall hear me, my father; your happiness depends on your hearing me.

Count d'Orlheim (raising Ernest, and as if struggling with his emotions). I will hear you.

Ernest. My benefactor, my father! do you not remember her to whom I owe more than life. (*Count d'Orlheim starts, and appears greatly agitated.*) She was the mother of Matilda. My mother, your sister, had formed a connexion which you judged unworthy of your family and of herself. Her fortune was entirely lost: her husband abandoned her and died, and she soon followed him to the grave. I remained an orphan, without support, without resource, a reed exposed to the storm. You took pity on my helpless infancy, and snatched me from poverty and wretchedness: but you refused to see me, and I was brought up at a distance from you. The mother of Matilda brought me to your arms; you could not resist her tears, and I became your son and hers. Never was I separated in her heart from the dear child of which she was herself the mother. And shall I deprive this child of the possessions which appertain to her? Shall I thus insult the memory of my dear protectress, by usurping the rights which nature claims for her offspring? Shall I take from her daughter the affections of her father? Shall I shut his heart against her? Shall I be happy, rich, respected, while she is abandoned?

proscribed, and wretched? Alas! then should I, indeed, be a monster of ingratitude and of guilt, to be abhorred by myself, and execrated by all good men. Reasons of which I am ignorant, and which I shall not attempt to penetrate, some unknown griefs, may be for you a sufficient excuse; but where shall I find mine? Who shall justify me? You alone—you alone, my dear benefactor, can give me this. Restore to Matilda your kindness, your affection, and the place which she ought to occupy. Let her be happy, and I am ready to obey you. I will accede to every plan; I will comply with every wish you can form. I shall be less rich, but I shall live at peace with myself. I shall dare to lift up my eyes: no one will have a right to hate me. You will be just, and will, I know, always esteem me.

Count d'Orlheim. That is to say, you disapprove of my conduct. I ought to have foreseen it. Yes, I am a cruel—an unnatural father. Yet it was not for you, Ernest, to reproach me with this.—(He rises, takes Ernest by the hand, and proceeds in an impressive but agitated manner.) Have you read in my inmost soul? Do you know what passes there? Do you know the secret of my conscience? Have you a right to judge me? Yet you have loved me!—No, Ernest, never, never! You have awakened griefs which many long years had scarcely assuaged; you have given new strength to the poison which has so long devoured my heart; you have torn open all my wounds. Begone from me. Let me see you no more. I renounce you: I renounce the happiness of loving and being beloved. I will live and die solitary, deserted, forgotten, wretched. (He sinks into an arm-chair.) And it is you—you, who have condemned me to this wretchedness.

Ernest (on his knees; the count turns from him in a repulsive posture). Oh, my only support! my protector! my father!

Count d'Orlheim. Begone, I say! leave me! leave me!

SCENE VII.

Herman, Count d'Orlheim, Ernest.

Herman. Heavens! What do I see?

Count d'Orlheim. An ungrateful—ungrateful——But I ought to be accustomed——

Herman. What has he done?

Count d'Orlheim. In contempt of my strictest injunction, without respect to secrets of which he must ever be ignorant; without regard to my painful situation, he has dared to speak to me of ——

Herman. Of whom?

Count d'Orlheim. Of Matilda—of her mother.

Herman (hastening to raise Ernest, who still remains on his knees, in the most violent agitation). How! what! (in a tone of voice expressive of surprise and joy) In their favour!

Count d'Orlheim. Ungratefully he accuses me: he censures my conduct; he rejects both my affection and my benefactions; he wishes me to restore to Matilda ——

Herman (pressing Ernest to his breast with the liveliest expression of joy). To Matilda!

Count d'Orlheim. Let him be gone; let him fly me; I renounce him; I will never see him more.

Herman. He is a young man; his youth merits some indulgence. (*Count d'Orlheim* remains silent and gloomily thoughtful).—Your anger is just; but, at the same time, his fault, it must be acknowledged, is that of a good heart.

Count d'Orlheim (takes the hand of Herman, and presses it to his breast; then turns to Ernest, with emotion, but without anger). I give you till to-morrow

to determine on naming to me the object which has inspired you with so violent a passion. Recollect, especially, that I cannot accept the sacrifice of your happiness; that I appeal only to your reason, to your heart — (*endeavours to suppress his tears*)—to the desire it may feel for my affection, of which it certainly appears to be truly worthy. (*With great mildness*) Go. (*Ernest takes the band of his uncle and kisses it, while the tears start into his eyes. As he passes Herman, the latter clasps his hand and embraces him, unseen by Count d'Orlheim, who appears absorbed in thought. Exit Ernest.*)

SCENE VIII.

Count d'Orlheim, Herman.

Count d'Orlheim (*greatly agitated, and unable to suppress his tears*). I must go. You know I shall not dine here. In the evening, my dear Herman, we shall see each other again. (*He appears thoughtful and absent, and throws carelessly on the table the papers he had taken out of the 'scrutoire*). My friend, you know not my heart. Cruel sensibility, what pangs dost thou inflict upon me!

Herman. Do not go yet; your emotions are too violent.

Count d'Orlheim. I have particular business. It is true, my head seems confused, I scarcely know what I do; but I must go. (*Goes a few steps, then returns and throws himself into the arms of Herman*). Oh, my dear Herman, could you conceive what I suffer! Did you know what, in fact, it is now time to inform you of. (*Pauses for some moments, then, aside*) Heavens! what was I about to say! (*Aloud, clasping the hand of Herman*) In the evening, my friend, in the evening. [*Exit, leaving on the table the papers he had thrown on it.*]

SCENE IX.

Herman, alone.

I must now blush for the too hasty

opinion which I formed of Ernest. How unjust, slanderous, and wicked, may we be with the most pure intentions! But I will make him every compensation in my power. (*Approaches the table, and sees the papers left there by the Count*). What! he has forgotten his papers! But perhaps he did not want them. They were there before him; and, had he wanted them, he would, no doubt, have taken them. He will not return till the evening; I may, therefore, till then, set my poor prisoners at liberty. I have now, for the first time, some consolation to administer to their hearts. They shall, at least, know that Ernest is entitled to their esteem.

(*To be continued.*)

A SAD REFLECTION.

THE keen wind of the mountain shakes the tattered garment of the care-worn traveller as he bends before the storm; but the pelting of the tempest impedes not his course. Hope animates his mind; his home is present to his view; domestic affection cheers his heart, and the expected smile of welcome gives vigour to his limbs. In fancy he beholds the cheerful blaze on his cottage hearth, and his steps quicken, but the whirlwind arises, and the forest-oak trembles to its root. The blue lightning darts across the blackened horizon, and the shrieks of dismay are heard from afar. He reaches the threshold of his clay-built cot; all within is silent as the grave—for there the partner of his cares lies a stiffened corpse. The gloom of despair shivers at his heart: he sinks on the earth and rises no more.

Thus the mind meets adversity, buffets its keen strokes, and becomes vigorous by exertion; till one piercing shaft drives hope from the breast, and the heart sinks oppressed at the

saddened prospect: but sorrow will have an end, and the grave is the refuge of despair. E. W.

**The MONKS and the ROBBERS;
A TALE.**

(Continued from page 297.)

A CONFUSED account of what had happened at Riveldi, and the disorder it had occasioned its lord, quickly spread through the neighbouring village, whence it was not long in travelling to Apostolico, who, from what he gathered by making inquiries into the business, began to apprehend that the welfare of himself and brethren was somewhat endangered by it: for Tancred, in the first moments of terror, had sent for, and had been visited by, the superior of an adjacent monastery—an event which they had every reason to dread, since they knew that the *padre abbate* was no friend to their community, but willing to catch at any thing to injure them; and they doubted not but this occasion would furnish them with an opportunity which they were perfectly satisfied he meant not to let escape him. As they feared, therefore, that the priest had drawn from the conscience-stricken and affrighted Tancred every particular of his guilty proceedings, they could not flatter themselves with a hope that the conspicuous part they had taken, both in the plan and execution of them, would be concealed; and they anticipated, with no small degree of alarm, the evil consequences which this circumstance would probably bring upon them.

A few hours showed that their alarm was not without foundation; for, just at dark, while the whole community were assembled together, deliberating on what course they should pursue in this dilemma, they

were startled by a violent ringing of the bell at the gate. The monks, suspicious from their fears, immediately bade Serifino learn who it was, but on no account to open the gate. He flew to obey them, and, in a minute, returned, in the utmost consternation, with intelligence that it was a strong party of the emissaries of the holy office. The monks started at the dreaded name; and some of them, with marvellous fluency, began to pour forth a volley of imprecations and abuse upon the inquisition.

‘Peace! peace!’ exclaimed the prior; ‘the few moments we have to resolve let us not waste in idle words, but employ them rather to a better purpose—to endeavour to escape, which, closely as we are pressed, trust me, fathers, I know to be yet in our power.’

‘But how?—how?’ cried Fidele, ‘is not the enemy at our gate?’

‘Go to! what of that?’ replied the prior. ‘Have we not a door in the garden that looks towards the thickest of the forest; and is it not easy, while these knaves are employed at the front gate, for us to escape by the other way, unseen and unknown?’

‘Ha! I conceive ye now,’ answered Fidele. ‘Let’s away, then, while we may. I take it for granted, none of ye have any passionate desire to visit the cells of the inquisition.’

‘You may swear that, father,’ said another of the community: ‘such chickens of the church as we are do not admire cooping.’

‘Aye,’ cried another, ‘nor roasting either.’

‘We have certainly less to fear than the laity,’ said Apostolico, ‘yet it will never do for us to fall into the clutches of these sanctified knaves; especially when we know we have enemies among them.’

‘Therefore,’ chimed in Fidele, ‘scamper is the word, my lads.’

‘Let us throw off the cowl,’ resumed the prior, ‘and assume the sword. We have horses plenty in our stables, and money in our coffers. Let us collect the most valuable articles we possess, mount our fleetest steeds, and seek shelter among our freebooting confederates of the forest here. Friends,’ continued he, ‘you have but little time to choose. Is there any among ye more willing to risk himself in the hands of the inquisition, than to follow me in once more seeking his fortune in the world?’

‘None! none!’ exclaimed the brethren all at once, ‘we’ll all follow.’

‘Aye, marry, will we,’ cried Fidele, ‘one and all we’ll follow. Aye, follow as we were wont, and whether as brothers of the blade or the church, by sea or by land, in the field or the convent, ’tis all the same; plunder’s our word—you’re still our captain.’

A loud noise at the gate now reached their ears. The officers of the holy office, impatient at not gaining admittance, and finding that their ringing and knocking were of no avail, now proceeded to burst the gates open; but they were well secured, and for some time baffled all their efforts.

‘They force the gate,’ exclaimed the prior.—‘Haste, comrades, haste! they’ll be upon us anon.’

He said, and part of them hastened to pack up the choicest of their treasures; whilst the rest equipped the horses and led them forth into the garden. Not a moment was lost. In a few minutes every thing was prepared for the march. In momentary expectation of hearing the gates give way, they were compelled, though with infinite reluctance, to abandon several valuable articles which would have taken too much time in securing; as it was, they had

but a narrow escape; for, before they could fix the baggage on the horses and mount, the officers had forced an entrance, and the noise they made occasioned no small disturbance among the fugitives.

‘The knaves are in,’ cried Fidele, ‘fly, masters, fly for your lives, and the devil take the hindmost.’

The monks seized the baggage, threw themselves on their horses, and, fastening the garden gate after them, to retard, at least, if not prevent, pursuit, made rapidly into the midst of the forest. Still they galloped forward, nor slackened once their pace, though they were not pursued, till safely sheltered in the cavern of the robbers, whom they found all jovially assembled round a table well covered with dishes of various kinds of food. The banditti were much surprised at beholding the fathers enter their cave, and still more so when they learnt the mischance which had driven them thither. They welcomed their reverend confederates to the garrison, and pressed them to partake of their fare. They had no occasion to repeat the offer. The monks instantly seated themselves at the table, and with marvellous dispatch began to make havock among the provisions. While they were feeding, the robbers enquired in what manner they meant to dispose of themselves; and, on the fathers declaring, that they were marvellous tired with the restraints of a monkish life; that they lamented not the misfortune that had forced them from it; that purse-taking, in their opinion, was a vocation infinitely better than praying, which was unworthy men of spirit—Fidele said, unworthy men who had once, as most of his brethren had done, flourished a sword, and cried ‘Stand,’ who had exercised throat-slitting, stabbing in the dark, and other summary means of dispatching troublesome knaves

out of the way, as an honourable calling.

Sanguigno hailed them 'brothers, and invited them to join his troop. The monks embracing the proposal, a difficulty arose, touching the choice of a captain: the banditti were unanimous in favour of Sanguigno, who, since their captain's death, had supplied his place; while their new associates were the same in favour of the prior; and, as they exceeded in numbers, the former were obliged to acknowledge his authority. Fidele, then, grasping a goblet overflowing with wine, saluted his chief by the appellation of '*excellentissimo capitano*,' and drank it off to his long life and prosperity. The rest of the gang followed his example, and made the cavern ring with the sound of their voices.

Matters being thus adjusted, they began to discourse on other subjects, and to moisten their clay with liberal potations of the right Falernian wine.

'Here's concord among ourselves,' said Apostolico, holding his full cup in his hand, 'and the last and best half of it to our enemies.'

'Excellent good, i' faith,' cried Fidele—'a cord for the necks of those who seek to place one about ours.'

'Bravo! *Bravissimo!*' with no little noise exclaimed the rest of the troop, and, with marvellous alacrity, followed his example in draining their capacious cups to the bottom. Again, repeatedly, and in quick succession, each man charged his cup to the brim, and as often emptied it, while, as the potent spirit disturbed the œconomy of their heads, their festivity grew more riotous and noisy, and they seemed most of them hastening with no small speed to the goal of inebriation, when

'Sblood,' exclaimed Sanguigno, starting suddenly up, 'what fit we here for, my masters, when we have

business i' th' forest of marvellous import?'

'Plague of all business,' exclaimed Fidele, 'that disturbs good fellows from the bottle, say I.'

'But what is this mighty business?' enquired Apostolico.'

'Some brave followers of our calling,' replied another of the robbers, 'have had a marvellous falling out, and i' faith had well nigh come to blows.'

'Their weapons were out,' said Sanguigno; 'but the chicken-hearted villains could not find it in their hearts to use 'em. An they get us among them they shall strike, and stoutly too, I warrant ye. I'll have no boy's play; I'll ha' blood; I'll be revenged. That fellow, there, that captain, shall know Sanguigno is not one to put up tamely with his scurvy usage. We'll see an his humanity'll stand him in any stead when I come about him.'

'Humanity!' repeated Fidele, 'what a plague has a robber to do with humanity?—He's not fit for the calling.'

'So say I,' answered Sanguigno, 'tis your stout bullies, who make no more of killing men than if they were flies, that are the best plunderers.'

'But this same captain is none such,' said the fellow that spoke before; 'he's one of your knaves that stand much upon blood-letting, and one too that's for ever preaching about humanity and the like o' that; yet the villain will fight—fight like the very devil: his weapon will fly about your ears like lightning. He would never strike first, nor let us without it was a fair match; and then, if the knaves made ever such a stout resistance, we were not to revenge ourselves on them; but the instant they cried Quarter, quietly to put up our weapons.'

'Put him quietly into Ætna, a

rascally knave!' cried Sanguigno: 'an' he ever caught me at that I'd give him leave to eat me! 'Sblood! when plunder's the word, kill all, I say; they can tell no tales then.— For mine own part, I never spare either man, woman, or child.'

'As for the women, Sanguigno, you should spare them, for the sake of her you was so deeply smitten with.'

'Hey! who's that?'

'What, you don't remember the woodman's daughter there?'

'Pooh! the girl was a fool, and there's an end.'

'The business was, she could not abide that black-haired visage of thine; and, i' faith! I marvel not at it—it's enough to scare the devil.'

'S blood, you livered thief! 'tis the face of a man.'

'It must be then of the devil's head serving-man. But this sweet youth, my masters, was not to be put off by a simple wench: he got me and this fellow,' pointing to another of the troop, 'to assist him; and one night when we chanced to be on the prowl near this spot, we three burst into the woodman's hut.'

(To be continued.)

On the EMPLOYMENT of TIME by the FEMALE SEX.

(By Mr. Gisborne.)

YOUNG women sometimes complain, and more frequently the complaint is made for them, that they have nothing to do. Yet few complaints are urged with less foundation. To prescribe to a young person of the female sex the precise occupations to which she should devote her time is impossible. It would be to attempt to limit by inapplicable rules what must vary according to circumstances which cannot previously be ascertained.

Differences in point of health, of intellect, of taste, and a thousand nameless particularities of family occurrences and local situation, claim, in each individual case, to be taken into the account. Some general reflections however may be offered.

I advert not yet to the occupations which flow from the duties of matrimonial life. When to the rational employments open to all women the entire superintendence of domestic economy is added, when parental cares and duties press forward to assume the high rank in a mother's breast to which they are entitled, to complain of the difficulty of finding proper methods of occupying time would be a lamentation which nothing but politeness could preserve from being received by the auditor with a smile. But in what manner, I hear it replied, are they who are not wives and mothers to busy themselves? Even at present, young women in general, notwithstanding all their efforts to quicken and enliven the slow-paced hours, appear, if we may judge from their countenances and their language, not unfrequently to feel themselves unsuccessful. If dress, then, and what is called dissipation, are not to be allowed to fill so large a space in the course of female life as they now overspread; and your desire to curtail them in the exercise of this branch of their established prerogative is by no means equivocal; how are well-bred women to support themselves, in the single state, through the dismal vacuity that seems to await them? This question it may be sufficient to answer by another. If young and well-bred women are not accustomed, in their single state, regularly to assign a large proportion of their hours to serious and instructive occupations, what prospect, what hope, is there, that when married they will assume habits to which

they have ever been strangers, and exchange idleness and volatility for steadiness and exertion?

To every woman, whether single or married, the habit of regularly allotting to improving books a portion of each day, and, as far as may be practicable, at stated hours, cannot be too strongly recommended. I use the term *improving* in a large sense; as comprehending whatever writings may contribute to her virtue, her usefulness, and her innocent satisfaction; to her happiness in this world and in the next. She who believes that she is to survive in another state of being through eternity, and is duly impressed by the awful conviction, will not be seduced from an habitual study of the Holy Scriptures, and of other works calculated to imprint on her heart the comparatively small importance of the pains and pleasures of this period of existence; and to fill her with that knowledge, and inspire her with those views and dispositions, which may enable her to rejoice in the contemplation of futurity.— With the time allotted to the regular perusal of the word of God and of performances which enforce and illustrate the rules of Christian duty, no other kind of reading ought to be permitted to interfere. At other parts of the day, let history, biography, poetry, or some of the various branches of elegant and profitable knowledge, pay their tribute of instruction and amusement. But let her studies be confined within the strictest limits of purity. Let whatever she peruses in her most private hours be such as she needs not to be ashamed of reading aloud to those whose good opinion she is most anxious to deserve. Let her remember that there is an all-seeing eye, which is ever fixed upon her, even in her closest retirement.

There is one species of writings which obtains from a considerable

proportion of the female sex a reception much more favourable than is accorded to other kinds of composition more worthy of encouragement. It is scarcely necessary to add the name of romances. Works of this nature not unfrequently deserve the praise of ingenuity of plan and contrivance, of accurate and well-supported discrimination of character, and of force and elegance of language. Some have professedly been composed with a design to favour the interests of morality. And among those which are deemed to have on the whole a moral tendency, a very few, perhaps, might be selected which are not liable to the disgraceful charge of being contaminated occasionally by incidents and passages unfit to be presented to the reader; a charge so very generally to be alleged with justice, that, even of the novels which possess great and established reputation, some are totally improper, in consequence of such admixture, to be perused by the eye of delicacy.— Poor indeed are the services rendered to virtue by a writer, however he may boast that the object of his performance is to exhibit the vicious as infamous and unhappy, who, in tracing the progress of vice to infamy and unhappiness, introduces the reader to scenes and language adapted to wear away the quick feelings of modesty, which form at once the ornament and the safeguard of innocence, and, like the bloom upon a plum, if once effaced, commonly disappear for ever. To indulge in a practice of reading romances is, in several other particulars, liable to produce mischievous effects. Such compositions are to most persons extremely engaging. That story must be uncommonly barren or wretchedly told, of which, after having heard the beginning, we desire not to know the end. To the pleasure of learning the ultimate fortunes of the he-

roes and heroines of the tale, the novel commonly adds, in a greater or a less degree, that which arises from animated description, from lively dialogue, or from interesting sentiment. Hence the perusal of one romance leads, with much more frequency than is the case with respect to works of other kinds, to the speedy perusal of another. Thus a habit is formed; a habit, at first, perhaps, of limited indulgence, but a habit that is continually found more formidable and more encroaching. The appetite becomes too keen to be denied; and, in proportion as it is more urgent, grows less nice and select in its taste. What would formerly have given offence, now gives none. The palate is vitiated or made dull. The produce of the book-club and the contents of the circulating library are devoured with indiscriminate and insatiable avidity. Hence the mind is secretly corrupted. Let it be observed, too, that in exact correspondence with the increase of a passion for reading novels, an aversion to reading of a more improving nature will gather strength. There is yet another consequence too important to be overlooked. The catastrophe and the incidents of romances commonly turn on the vicissitudes and effects of a passion, the most powerful of all those which agitate the human heart. Hence the study of them frequently creates a susceptibility of impression and a premature warmth of tender emotions, which, not to speak of other possible effects, have been known to betray young women into a sudden attachment to persons unworthy of their affection, and thus to hurry them into marriages terminating in unhappiness.

In addition to the regular habit of useful reading, the custom of committing to the memory select and ample portions of poetic composi-

tions, not for the purpose of ostentatiously quoting them in mixed company, but for the sake of private improvement, deserves, in consequence of its beneficial tendency, to be mentioned with a very high degree of praise. The mind is thus stored with a lasting treasure of sentiments and ideas, combined by writers of transcendent genius and vigorous imagination, clothed in appropriate, nervous, and glowing language, and impressed by the powers of cadence and harmony. Let the poetry, however, be well-chosen; let it be such as elevates the heart with the ardour of devotion, adds energy and grace to the precepts of morality, kindles benevolence by pathetic narrative and reflection, enters with natural and lively description into the varieties of character, or presents vivid pictures of what is grand or beautiful in the scenery of nature. Such are in general the works of Milton, of Thomson, of Gray, of Macon, and of Cowper. It is thus that the beauty and grandeur of nature will be contemplated with new pleasure. It is thus that taste will be called forth, exercised, and corrected. It is thus that judgment will be strengthened, virtuous emotions cherished, piety animated and exalted. At all times, and every circumstance, the heart penetrated with religion will delight itself with the recollection of passages which display the perfections of that Being on whom it trusts, and the glorious hopes to which it aspires. When affliction weighs down the spirits, or sickness the strength, it is then that their cheering influence will be doubly felt. When old age, disabling the sufferer from the frequent use of books, obliges the mind to turn inward upon itself, the memory, long retentive, even in its decay, of the acquisitions which it had attained and valued in its early vigour, still suggests the lines which have again

and again diffused rapture through the bosom of health, and are yet capable of overspreading the hours of decrepitude and the couch of pain with consolation.

But it is not from books alone that a considerate young woman is to seek her gratifications. The discharge of relative duties, and the exercise of benevolence, form additional sources of activity and enjoyment. To give delight in the affectionate intercourse of domestic society; to relieve a parent in the superintendence of family affairs; to smooth the bed of sickness, and cheer the decline of age; to examine into the wants and distresses of the female inhabitants; to promote useful institutions for the comfort of mothers and for the instruction of children, and to give to those institutions that degree of attention which, without requiring much time or much personal trouble, will facilitate their establishment and extend their usefulness: these are employments congenial to female sympathy; employments in the precise line of female duty; employments which diffuse genuine and lasting consolation among those whom they are designed to benefit, and never fail to improve the heart of her who is engaged in them.

In pointing out what ought to be done, let justice be rendered to what has been done. In the discharge of the domestic offices of kindness, and in the exercise of charitable and friendly regard to the neighbouring poor, women, in general, are exemplary. In the latter branch of Christian virtue, an accession of energy has been witnessed within a few years. Many ladies have shewn, and still continue to shew, their earnest solicitude for the welfare of the wretched and the ignorant, by spontaneously establishing schools of industry and of religious instruction; and, with a still more beneficial

warmth of benevolence, have taken the regular inspection of them upon themselves. May they stedfastly persevere, and be imitated by numbers!

Among the employments of time, which, though regarded with due attention by many young women, are more or less neglected by a considerable number, moderate exercise in the open air claims to be noticed. Sedentary confinement in hot apartments, on the one hand, and public diversions frequented, on the other, in buildings still more crowded and stifling, are often permitted so to occupy the time as by degrees even to wear away the relish for the freshness of a pure atmosphere, for the beauties and amusements of the garden, and for those 'rural sights and rural sounds,' which delight the mind uncorrupted by idleness, folly, or vice. Enfeebled health, a capricious temper, low and irritable spirits, and the loss of many pure and continually recurring enjoyments, are among the consequences of such misconduct.

But though books obtain their reasonable proportion of the day, though health has been consulted, the demands of duty fulfilled, and the dictates of benevolence obeyed, there will yet be hours remaining unoccupied; hours for which no specific employment has yet been provided. For such hours it is not my intention to prescribe any specific employment. What if some space be assigned to the useful and elegant arts of female industry?—But is industry to possess them all? Let the innocent amusements which home furnishes claim their share. It is a claim which shall cheerfully be allowed. Do amusements abroad offer their pretensions? Neither shall they, on proper occasions, be unheard. A well-regulated life will never know a vacuum sufficient to require an immoderate share of public amusements to fill it.

REMARKS on the REIGN of ELIZABETH.

[From Ellis's 'Specimens of the early English Poets.']

THE poetical history of this important reign, which occupies near a century in our annals, could not easily be comprised in a moderate volume. Epic and didactic poems, satires, plays, masks, translations from the Greek, Latin, and all the modern languages, historical legends, devotional poems, pastoral sonnets, madrigals, acrostics, and humorous and romantic ballads, were produced during this period, with a profusion which, perhaps, has never since been equalled. No less than seventy-four poets are assigned to the reign of Elizabeth in the new edition of the 'Theatrum Poetarum,' and the catalogue might certainly be much further extended.

It is true, that, of these claimants to immortality, the far greater number have been very generally consigned to oblivion; a few, such as Drayton, Fairfax, Warner, sir John Harrington, sir Philip Sidney, sir Walter Raleigh, &c. continue to be cited, in deference to their ancient reputation; but Shakspeare, Jonson, Fletcher, Spenser, and sir John Davis, are still confessed to be unrivalled in their several styles of composition, although near two centuries have elapsed, during which the progress of literature and the improvement of our language have been constant and uninterrupted.

The literary splendour of this reign may be justly attributed to the effects of the Reformation. 'When the corruptions and impositions of popery were abolished,' says Mr. Warton, 'the laity, who had now been taught to assert their natural privileges, became impatient of the old monopoly of

knowledge, and demanded admission to the usurpations of the clergy. The general curiosity for new discoveries, heightened either by just or imaginary ideas of the treasures contained in the Greek and Roman writers, excited all persons of leisure and fortune to study the classics. The pedantry of the present age was the politeness of the last.' Of this pedantry he adduces a curious instance in the occupations of queen Elizabeth, whose marvellous progress in the Greek nouns is recorded with rapture by her preceptor Roger Ascham; and he might have found many similar examples in Anne Bullen, and other distinguished characters. But these efforts of patience and industry in the great, were perhaps necessary to encourage and preserve the general emulation of the learned. In a short time, all the treasures of Greek, Latin, and Italian literature were laid open to the public, through the medium of translation. The former supplied our poetry with an inexhaustible fund of new and beautiful allusions; the latter afforded numberless stories taken from common life, in which variety of incident and ingenuity of contrivance were happily united. The genius which was destined to combine this mass of materials, could not fail to be called forth by the patronage of the court, by the incentive of general applause, and by the hopes of raising the literary glory of our nation to a level with that which was the result of its political and military triumphs.

It must also be remembered that the English language was, at this time, much more copious, and consequently better adapted to poetry, than at any prior or subsequent period. Our vocabulary was enriched, during the first half of the sixteenth century, by almost daily adoptions from the learned

languages; and though they were often admitted without necessity, and only in consequence of a blind veneration for the dignity of polysyllables, they must have added something to the expression, as well as to the harmony and variety of our language. These exotics however did not occasion the expulsion of the natives. Our vulgar tongue having become the vehicle of religion, was regarded, not only with national partiality, but with pious reverence. Chaucer, who was supposed to have greatly assisted the doctrines of his contemporary, Wickliffe, by ridiculing the absurdities, and exposing the impostures of the monks, was not only respected as the father of English poetry, but revered as a champion of reformation: and a familiar knowledge of his phraseology was considered, at least in the reign of Edward VI. as essential to the politeness of a courtier. 'I know them,' says Wilson, in his Rhetorick, 'that think rhetorick to stand wholly upon dark words: and he that can catch an *inkhorn term* by the tail, him they count to be a fine Englishman and a good rhetorician. He that cometh lately out of France will talk French-English, and never blush at the matter. Another chops in with English Italianated. *The fine courtier will talk nothing but Chaucer.*' This, by the way, may serve to explain the cause of Spenser's predilection for a phraseology, which, though antiquated, was not either obsolete or unfashionable.

The whole world of words, therefore (to borrow an expression of one of our glossarists), was open to Shakspeare and his contemporaries, and the mode of employing its treasures was left very much to their discretion. Criticism was in its infancy; this was the age of adventure and experiment, under-

taken for the instruction of posterity. Mr. Warton thinks he sees in the writers of this reign 'a certain dignified inattention to niceties,' and to this he attributes the flowing modulation which now marked the measures of our poets: but there seems to be neither dignity nor inattention in deviating from rules which had never been laid down: and the modulation, which he ascribes to this cause, is not less likely to have resulted from the musical studies, which at this time formed a part of general education. The lyrical compositions of this time are so far from being usually marked with a faulty negligence, that excess of ornament, and laboured affectation, are their characteristic blemishes. Such as are free from conceit and antithesis, are, in general, exquisitely polished, and may safely be compared with the most elegant and finished specimens of modern poetry.

REMARKS on the REIGN of
JAMES I.

[From the Same.]

IT has been remarked by bishop Percy, that almost all the poetry which was composed during the early part of the preceding reign was remarkable for the facility and musical flow of its versification; whereas the compositions of Donne, Jonson, and many of their contemporaries, are, in general, unusually harsh and discordant. Indeed, our literature could not fail of reflecting, in some degree, the manners of the court. Our maiden queen, unable to submit, without some degree of peevishness and regret, to the ravages made in her charms by the

attacks of age and infirmity, spread uneasiness and constraint all around her: and the playful gallantry inseparable from a female court, was gradually succeeded by a more cold and gloomy system of manners. Poetry, which had long been busied with the loves and graces, was now occupied with the abstruse researches of science; and fancy seemed to be crushed and overlaid by the weight of learning.

The accession of James I. who brought to the throne the accomplishments and dispositions of a pedagogue, contributed to the growth of pedantry and affectation; and at the same time the sullen spirit of puritanism, which began to be widely diffused, concurred in vitiating the national taste. The theatres alone seem to have been the refuge of genius: indeed no period of our history has produced so many models of dramatic excellence: but the wretched spirit of criticism which prevailed in the closet, is evinced by the multiplied editions of Donne, Herbert, and similar versifiers: by the general preference of Jonson to Shakespeare; and by the numberless volumes of patchwork and shreds of quotation, which form the prose compositions of this age.

It is remarkable, that the series of Scottish poets terminates abruptly in this reign; and that no name of eminence occurs between those of Drummond and Thomson. Indeed it is not extraordinary, that the period which intervened between the union of the two crowns and that of the countries, should have proved highly unpropitious to Scottish literature. Scotland becoming an appendage to the sister kingdom, was subjected, as Ireland has since been, to the worst of all governments, being abandoned to the conflict of rival families, who were alternately supported by the

English administration; so that it exhibited a species of anarchy under the auspices of a legitimate sovereign.

James I. was himself a poet, and specimens of his talent, such as it was, are to be found in many of our miscellanies. He also wrote some rules and *cauteles*, for the use of professors of the art, which have been long, and perhaps deservedly, disregarded.

INSTRUCTIONS of LEWIS XVI. for
the EDUCATION of the DAU-
PHIN*.

IN A LETTER TO THE ABBÉ ****.

[From the 'Political and confidential Correspondence of Lewis XVI. with Observations on each Letter, by Helen Maria Williams.']

Paris, March II, 1791.

YOU ask me, sir, for such instructions as may be fitted to direct the education of the Dauphin, at that tender age when the passions are yet dormant, but when reason furnishes the child with the disposition and the means of improvement.

These instructions appear to me the more necessary, as there are but few works extant proper to serve as guides for preceptors, and to train up a child with usefulness. I send you a series of reflections which have been suggested to me by the study of good writers, and which I have endeavoured to simplify as much as possible. I have performed this task with the zeal dictated by a father's tenderness, and the feelings

* These Instructions, and the Maxims which follow, do equal honour to the head and heart of the unfortunate monarch. The same may be said of the whole of the correspondence contained in this publication. The observations subjoined to each letter by Miss Williams, appear, in general, to be equally candid and judicious.

of a man deeply penetrated with the duties which belong to that rank which my son is called to fill by his birth.

You have to form the heart, and perfect the moral and physical faculties, of a child.

Example, seasonable advice, praise bestowed with address, and reproof tempered by mildness, will awaken in the heart of your young pupil a tender sensibility, the dread of doing wrong, the desire of acting well, a laudable emulation, and the wish of pleasing his preceptor.

Few books, but those well chosen; elementary works, clear, concise, and methodical; agreeable occupation, which, without burdening the memory, excites curiosity, inspires a taste for study and the love of labour; will soon form the mind of a well-organised, docile, and studious, child.

Extracts often repeated, walks, and rural labours, the toils and pleasures of which the preceptor should partake, and which may be limited to the cultivation of a small garden; a few sports with children of his own age, in the presence of the master; such are the infallible means of preserving the child's health, of saving him from the languor of idleness, and of strengthening his constitution.

You ought to fix the hours of your studies, your walks, and your manual occupations, so as to render them commodious to yourself and useful to the child.

I will set apart some moments to instruct my son in geography: the first elements will be unfolded to him, and we will lay before his young mind the annals of ancient and modern nations.

I should not be displeas'd that my son made himself acquainted with some mechanical art, in the moments of leisure or recreation. I am well aware that people blame

me, and make it the subject of pleasantry, that I handle the tools of the smith whilst I wield the sceptre of kings. This taste I inherit from my ancestors. One of our superlatively sage philosophers has made an apology for me in his writings; and this, perhaps, is all I found good in his *Emile*, all at least that appeared to me worthy of being excused.

Let the principles of the different branches of knowledge be engraven on my son's memory. I despise superficial minds; they are ignorant, presumptuous, and more liable to error than other men.

Never encourage by adulation the caprices of your pupils; my son will learn but too soon that the time approaches when he will be at liberty to indulge them.

Magnify in his eyes the virtues that constitute a good king, and let your lessons be adapted to his comprehension. Alas! he will be one day but too strongly tempted to imitate such of his ancestors as were distinguished only by their military exploits. Military glory dazzles the brain; and what species of glory is that which rolls its eye over streams of human blood, and desolates the universe?

Teach him, with Fenelon, that pacific princes, alone, are held by the people in religious remembrance. The first duty of a prince is to render his people happy: if he knows what it is to be a king, he will always know how to defend his people and his crown.

He must be made familiar with our best French authors, in order to unfold, in his intellectual faculties, that purity of expression which ought to belong to the language and writings of a prince, whom all his subjects will have a right to judge.

Teach him early to know how to pardon injuries, forget injustice, and

reward laudable actions; to respect morality, to be good, and to acknowledge the services which are rendered to him.

Speak to him often of the glory of his ancestors, and present to him, as a model of his conduct, Lewis the IXth., a religious prince, and a friend to morality and truth; Lewis the XIIth., who would not punish the conspirators against the duke of Orléans, and on whom the French conferred the title of 'Father of his people.' Point out to him also Henry the Great, who fed the city of Paris while it insulted and made war against him; and Lewis the XIVth., not while he gives laws to Europe, but when he pacifies the world, and becomes the protector of talents, of the sciences, and of the fine arts.

Curb the passions and never conceal the foibles of your pupil. Let the calm of private virtues regulate his desires, and he will become mild, pacific, and worthy of being beloved. You will then have ensured the success of your undertaking, you will be applauded, and will partake of that gratitude which nations owe to those who have imitated the wisdom of Fenelon, while he was employed in the discharge of those duties which have raised him to immortality.

It is not on the exploits of Alexander, or Charles the XIIth., that you ought to dwell with your pupil—those princes who have devastated the earth. Discourse with him, and that often, of such princes as have protected commerce, enlarged the sphere of knowledge—in short, of such kings as have been really useful to their people, and not of those on whom history has been too lavish of praise.

You are acquainted with the best authors, and the proper methods of instruction; and you appear to me to have benefited from your studies,

and the first lessons of youth; you possess knowledge. Endeavour to do for my son as much as was done for yourself. But do not be too eager to enjoy the fruits of your labours, or fear proceeding too slowly; and be convinced that your pupil understands your preceding lessons before you widen the limits of instruction. Never dissemble with him, nor suffer him to appear more learned than he really is: it is shameful for a prince to possess only superficial knowledge, and his preceptor should spare him that disgrace.

Pretend to study with your pupil, and thus excite his emulation by awakening his vanity. This method is sometimes successful, and is honourable to the master while it is delightful to the pupil.

Speak to him sometimes, and ever with respect, of God, his attributes, and his worship. Prove to him that the authority of kings proceeds from God, and that, unless he believes in the power of the master of kings, he will soon become the victim of those men who believe in nothing, despise authority, and imagine themselves to be the equals of kings.

Let him be taught, from his earliest years, that religion is worthy of all his homage and all his admiration; that incredulity and false-philosophy undermine, imperceptibly, the throne, and that the altar is the rampart of religious kings.

In an age so enlightened as our own, your pupil must be sufficiently versed in the knowledge of experimental philosophy, to be able to appreciate useful discoveries. It would be very humiliating for him not to know how to discuss certain subjects, which, in that case, would only serve to discover his ignorance. 'When he had given his measure,' to use an expression of Montaigne, he would be only a king in name.

While our young pupil is acquiring the art of governing, let some rays of light be reflected on him from the mirror of truth; above all, be careful to impress those truths which may remind him that he is placed above other men only to render them happy. Remember to teach him, that when every thing is in our power, we must be extremely sober in the use of our authority. Laws are the pillars of the throne: if they be violated, the people think themselves absolved from their engagements. Civil wars have taught us, that it is almost always those who govern, who have caused, by their errors, the effusion of human blood. The just king is the good.

Teach your pupil, that vices and excesses dishonour those who ought one day to be cited only as models for imitation.

Display to him the charms of meekness, goodness, and moderation. Repress the impetuous feelings of his nature; never be the slave of his caprice; and seek the friendship of your pupil, not by a dangerous complaisance, but by rational confidence, by the pure caresses of affection, and well-directed affability.

Do not superfluously fatigue his memory; but let every moment of his existence be occupied. Let alternate labour and recreation fill up the moments which are passed with you. Use all your efforts to lead him to wish to see you, and to regret your absence.

I had transcribed, for the use of my son, the late dauphin, a great number of ideas upon education: some errors, borrowed from modern philosophy, had glided themselves into my work. Experience has taught me better. I think I have sent you a copy of my treatise: make a choice from it; but beware of all those erroneous principles which are the offspring of novelty,

of the spirit of the age, and of the poison of incredulity.

Far be from him all those works of that philosophy which pretends to judge God, his worship, his church, and his divine law. The passions will one day but too powerfully incline your pupil to shake off the yoke of religion, and flatterers will avail themselves of that moment. Teach him to respect holy things; and unveil before him false philosophy.

I should have many things to say to you, which my tenderness for my son would dictate, and my wish to form his heart and mind; but I fear taking too sententious a tone, and having the air of giving laws to his preceptor. I have perfect confidence, sir, that my letter will sometimes be consulted by you; but I do not desire that it should be the only rule of your conduct. I must see you from time to time: come, and see me, with your pupil. Amidst the griefs that rend my soul, my consolation is in my son; and I observe, with complacency, the progress he daily makes, and which he owes to your care and your friendship.

LEWIS.

MAXIMS *written by the HAND of*
LEWIS XVI.

(From the Same.)

I.

IT does not always depend upon a king to render his subjects happy; but it is in his power to make a profitable use of their talents, by giving them employments of which they are capable.

II.

To do good, and bear yourself evil spoken of with patience, are the virtues of a king.

III.

To confer benefits on others is to receive them yourself.

IV.

The best manner of avenging ourselves is by not resembling him who has injured us.

V.

He who refuses to obey universal and political reason, that is, Providence, resembles a fugitive slave; he who does not see it, is blind.

VI.

We must not adopt the opinions of our fathers like children, that is, only because our fathers have entertained those opinions, and bequeathed them to us; but we should examine them, and follow truth.

VII.

To be happy is to make our own fortune; and that fortune consists in good dispositions of mind, good propensities, and good actions.

VIII.

We ought to receive benefits from our friends without ingratitude, and without meanness.

IX.

Affected frankness is an hidden poignard.

X.

Let us give to all the world, more liberally to the good, but without refusing, to satisfy the necessities of any person, not even of our enemy; since we do not give to morals or to character, we give to man.

XI.

What a mighty resource is the testimony of a good conscience!

XII.

Religion is the mother of the virtues: the worship we owe to God should be preferred to all things.

XIII.

To love, we must know: to know, we must put to a trial. I never confer my friendship but with the utmost precaution.

XIV.

Bad musicians, and bad poets, are

insupportable to those who listen; but nature has given them the privilege of being delighted with themselves.

XV.

To applaud injuries, to relish calumny, although not of our invention, is to become guilty.

XVI.

Party-quarrels are only flying sparks when the sovereign takes no side; but they become conflagrations when he throws his weight into either scale.

XVII.

False demonstrations of esteem and friendship seem to be allowed in politics, but never in morality; and, on examination, we may perceive that the reputation of deceit is as ignominious for a prince as it is hurtful for his interests.

XVIII.

An avaricious prince, is, with respect to the people, like a physician who suffers the patient to be stifled by his own blood; and a prodigal prince is like a physician who kills by too much bleeding.

XIX.

He who wishes to reduce his equal to subjection, is always sanguinary or deceitful.

XX.

Misfortune is the thermometer that marks the coldness of our friends.

XXI.

It is more from the mind of Marcus Aurelius than from his maxims that we must judge the man and the monarch.

XXII.

A work written without freedom, must be without interest and without merit.

XXIII.

It is only what merits being known, that merits being written.

XXIV.

Soldiers are instituted for the defence of the country; to let them

out to other states is to pervert, at the same time, the end of commerce and of war. It is not permitted to traffic with holy things ; and what is more sacred than the blood of men ?

XXV.

A collection should be made of all the faults which princes have committed, from precipitation in politics, for the use of those who desire to form treaties and alliances. The time they must employ in reading them over would lead to salutary reflections.

XXVI.

We must distinguish between flattery and praise. Trajan was encouraged to virtue by the panegyric of Pliny : Tiberius became obstinate in vice from the flattery of the senators.

XXVII.

A scourge from Heaven lasts but a certain time, ravages but a few countries, and the losses which it occasions, however terrible, can be repaired ; but the crimes of kings expose whole nations to long sufferings.

XXVIII.

The princes of Machiavel are like the gods of Homer, who were described as robust and powerful, but never just. Lewis Sforza was in the right to be only a warrior, since he was only an usurper.

XXIX.

It were to be wished, for the happiness of the world, that kings were always good, without being, however, too indulgent ; in order that goodness in them might always be a virtue, and never a weakness.

XXX.

A king who reigns by justice has the whole earth for his temple, and all good men for his ministers.

SIGNE AND HAVOR ;

A GOTHIC ROMANCE.

(Continued from p. 376.)

ALGER, who was unacquainted with the secret designs of his brother, would willingly have accompanied him in his expedition, but that he feared it would be too long protracted, and he wished not to be absent at the nuptials of his sister Signe. He, however, went with Belvise to invite Hakon. They travelled with great expedition, and were received by Hakon with the utmost courtesy.

‘ I will go,’ said he, to Sigerstedt, ‘ but not without a military guard. I fear Bera ; I fear Alf : the expedition of Alf is suspicious.’

‘ Bera,’ said Alger, ‘ is my mother, and Alf is a hero.’

‘ Alf is a hero, but his pride is wounded, and Bera is the mother of Alf as well as of Alger.’

Alger felt in his heart that the apprehensions of Hakon were but too well justified by circumstances, nor could Belvise resist his rising suspicions.

Hakon was at all times prepared for war and maritime excursion : two hundred ships were soon assembled at Stockfund, and with these he set sail for Zealand.

In the mean time Alf and Hildegisle put to sea with one hundred and thirty ships ; among which, however, were only five Danish ships, the rest were all Saxon. They lay to near Skagen to wait for Habor. And now, for the first time, the leaders discovered to their crews the purpose of their expedition, and distributed among them arms, clothing, provisions, and beer. The Saxons made no objection, for they believed their prince would never commit injustice ; but the few Danes, bad as they were, recollected the treaty, and could not reconcile

themselves to such a faithless breach of it, which, they said, must be so distressing, so fatal, to the matchless princess, the beautiful Signe. In vain were they promised double pay; in vain did Alf declare that he would give up to them his whole share of the booty that should be taken; they remained inflexible till he assured them that he was certain that Habor would make the first attack upon him. They then all exclaimed that they would fight for their prince.

After they had continued at their station two days, the Norwegian ships appeared in sight. The Saxons immediately began the attack, and, at last, the Danes followed them, when the engagement began to grow warm. The Norwegian fleet consisted only of thirty light vessels, commanded by Helvin and Hamund, whom their father and brother had ordered to sail forwards to announce their coming. The Norwegians soon perceived that their enemies, whom they took to be Saxons only, for they could not suspect that any Danes were with them, were greatly superior to them in force; but they resolved rather to die than to fly: they, besides, hoped that their countrymen, who were soon to follow them, might arrive in time to their assistance. The battle was obstinate and long; but at length all the Norwegian ships were either taken or sunk, except three, which, though extremely shattered, made their escape, and carried to their comrades the disastrous tidings. Alf himself, as also Hildegisle, with four other ships, had borne down upon, and lay closely engaged with, the ship of Helvin and Hamund. Here the conflict raged with the greatest fury, and many brave warriors weltered in their blood. At length Alf and Hildegisle, with a number of their

followers, boarded the Norwegian ship.

‘Here are Danes!’ exclaimed the Norwegian princes to each other: ‘what means this?’

Alf allowed them no time to enquire, but pierced Helvin through the body, whom he immediately knew to be the brother of Habor, by his resemblance to that hero in person and the armour he wore. Hamund was at the same instant slain by the Saxons.

‘Lie there,’ said Alf; ‘now shall Habor have little reason to triumph and joy.’

When the Normans saw their princes fall, despairing of victory or escape, they threw their shields over their backs, and, plunging into the sea, ended their lives amid the waves, rather than fall into the hands of their enemies. The Saxons and Danes then raised the shout of victory, though they had little cause to boast; for forty of their best ships had been sunk and destroyed in the furious combat, which was so bloody that neither side would accept prisoners. Alf now experienced a horrible joy; yet was not his vengeance satiated, for he thirsted for the blood of Habor. He caused the heads of Helvin and Hamund to be cut off, and fixed upon javelins set up in the prow of his ship.

When the melancholy tidings of these fatal events reached Habor, rage, and the just desire of severe revenge, took full possession of his breast. Hamund shed no tears, but said, with a kind of wild and cold indifference—

‘Now may I end my life amid the tumult of war, as I have always wished.’

Habor soon after descried the golden flag of the enemy.

‘There,’ exclaimed he, ‘is the ensign of our treacherous foes; now shall my revenge be satiated!’

Hamund started up, and seized two javelins—

‘Show me the enemy,’ said he, for his eyes were dim.

‘Expose not thy life rashly,’ said Habor; ‘heavy, more than sufficiently heavy, is the weight of grief which has already fallen on me to-day.’

‘I am feeble,’ answered Hamund, ‘but I will revenge my sons as much as my strength will enable me, and the world shall say the aged Hamund fell gloriously.’

‘What do I see!’ exclaimed Habor; ‘a warrior stands on the prow of the foremost ship, and on each side of him is a bleeding head. Ah! should they be those of my brothers!—By the powerful Thor they are!’

He was silent; he looked furiously around him.—‘Alf!’ he exclaimed immediately after, and his sword, which he had drawn, fell from his hand.

‘The brother of Signe!’ cried the aged Hamund, glancing his eyes wildly upon Habor, who was silent, and answered only by a frantic look expressive of rage and despair, while the colour of his countenance changed, by turns, from the fiery redness of the ardent coal to the livid paleness of the lifeless corpse. Fierce and dreadful were the thoughts which now, for the first time, harrowed his soul.

Hamund seized two javelins, and threw them with all his might; but they fell harmless—the one in the water between the ships, and the other by the side of Alf. It now seemed as if Rota touched the heart of Alf with her javelin, and exclaimed to him—‘Avenge thy disgrace: I devote Hamund to Odin;’ for at first he appeared confused and abashed at the sight of Habor. A conviction that he had violated his engagements, his honour, his duty,

wrought powerfully on his heart; and he would have fled had not his pride forbidden him: but, suddenly, he threw away his sword, and, grasping a bow which lay near him, and fitting to the string an arrow, drew it with a nervous arm, pointing the deadly shaft, with unerring aim, at Hamund. The arrow cleaved the air with incredible swiftness, and buried itself in the side of Hamund. The staggering warrior, exerting all his strength, drew it forth; a torrent of blood followed; he fell, and bit the deck in mortal agony, while his eyes closed in death. Furiously Habor seized his sword; and, though the distance between the ships was still several yards, he leaped it at one mighty bound, and, wielding his weighty weapon with both hands, discharged at Alf a tremendous blow. The head of the Norwegian prince fell, and bounded on the deck.

‘Begone to Hæl*, perfidious wretch,’ exclaimed the furious Habor.

And now, on every side, the battle raged with accumulated fury. Many brave warriors were buried in the sea while they attempted to board the ships of their adversaries. The decks swam with blood; and death appeared in a thousand different and horrid shapes.

The Danes, confounded by the death of their prince, and disheartened by the injustice of the cause in which they fought, sought safety in flight; but the Saxons continued their resistance longer. At length Hildegisle, perceiving that all resistance was in vain, and being wounded in the leg, followed with his Saxons. He was the more ready to abandon the contest, as hope again revived in his heart; ‘for Ha-

* The goddess of death, in the Northern mythology: her abode is described as most gloomy and dreary.

bor,' he said to himself, 'has slain the brother of Signe.'

Habor did not pursue him; he was detained by a powerful and sacred duty—the committing to the earth the remains of his father. He raised over the body of Hamund a lofty mount, near Skagen, and composed, himself, a funeral song in honour of him, which he and his warriors, three times encompassing his grave, sung with a loud voice, striking their swords upon their shields at the end of every stanza. Under the same mount he deposited the heads of his two brothers.

(To be continued.)

PARISIAN FASHIONS.

(With an Engraving, elegantly coloured.)

THE Jewish tunics, with loose sleeves, not very wide, but rarely fitting close to the arm, still continue to be much worn. The coloured fibus, crossed over the neck, have, likewise, not yet lost their vogue; but they are not two days together of the same colour. The yellow straw hats and deep capotes are still in favour. Veils are seldom worn; the custom of edging the capotes with a broad hanging lace has rendered them useless. We see many robes of black crape; but white is still the prevailing colour: lilac is still in fashion, but not so common as the rose and flesh colour. Jewish tunics, of different colours, trimmed with black lace, are frequently seen.

All the young men of fashion wear white silk stockings. Silver buckles are common. Black, or

dark brown, is more worn than blue.

LONDON FASHIONS.

Promenade Dresses.

A DRESS of plain muslin, with a cambric habit shirt; a hussar jacket of blue silk; helmet bonnet of straw, ornamented with a green wreath: nankeen shoes.

A plain dress of white muslin, with long sleeves; habit shirt of muslin and lace; Leghorn hat; nankeen shoes.

Head Dresses.

Hat of white chip, tied down with white ribband, orange leaves in front. Cap of white net, with quiltings of net round the front, and ornamented with a fancy flower. Turban of white satin and muslin, with two rows of beads round the front, and ornamented with ostrich feathers. Cap of white lace, trimmed with pink ribband; fancy flower in front. Hat of white chip, and lilac crape, turned up in front, and ornamented with ostrich feathers. Cap of white lace, with a fancy flower. A double front straw bonnet, with a dome crown. Dress hat of blue crape, ornamented with feathers or flowers. Round hat of striped yellow.

General Observations.

The prevailing colours are lilac, blue, and green. Dresses are made very low in the back, with the waists short. Lace continues to be worn generally. Plain Leghorn hats are at present considered as most fashionable. Cloaks of worked muslin, trimmed all round with lace, are most prevalent.

The MORAL ZOOLOGIST.

PART II.

(Continued from p. 371.)

LETTER VI.

From Eugenia to the Right Hon.
Lady ———.

THE characters of the owl genus are—the bill hooked, and covered at the base with bristles, instead of that membranous substance called the *cere* in other rapacious birds. The nostrils of owls are oblong, and their tongues cloven at the end. The heads are, in every species, remarkably large, and, in some, the large aperture of the ear is covered with a tuft of feathers resembling horns. Their claws are hooked and sharp; and the outer toe capable of turning backwards like that of the parrot.

The eyes of the owl are large and protuberant, and so delicate that they are dazzled by the broad light of day, and unable to endure the full rays of the sun. In the morning and evening twilights, they leave their retreats to chase, or rather to search for, their prey. The nights which are illumined by the mild light of the morn, are to them the finest of days—days of pleasure and abundance, in which they can seek their prey for several hours together, and obtain an ample supply of provision. In nights when she is not present, their researches are confined to a single hour in the morning and in the evening; for, though owls are dazzled by too bright a day-light, they do not see best in the darkest nights, as some have erroneously imagined. Their sight fails when the gloom of night is completely settled; and, in this respect, they differ not from other animals—such as hares, wolves, and stags, which

leave the woods in the evening to feed, or to hunt during night; only these animals see still better in the day than in the night; whereas the organs of vision in the nocturnal birds are so much overpowered by the brightness of day, that they are obliged to remain in the same place without moving; and when they are compelled to leave it, their flight is slow and irregular, and they are evidently afraid of striking against some obstacle which they cannot discern.

It is, however, to be observed, that this weakness of sight by day is not the same in every species of owls. The great-eared owl sees so distinctly in open day, as to be able to fly to considerable distances; the little owl chases and takes its prey long before the setting, and after the rising, of the sun. Travelers inform us that the great-eared owl, or eagle owl of North America, catches the white grouse in open day, and even when the reflection heightens the intensity of the light; and Belon remarks, that 'if we carefully examine the sight of these birds, it will not be found so weak as is usually imagined.' The long-eared owl, the tawny owl, the white owl, and the aluco or brown owl, appear to be those which are most dazzled by the splendor of day, and see best with the least light.

Owls, in general, remain during the day in some dark retreat; the cleft of a rock, a hollow tree, or the holes of some ruinous and mouldering tower, are the solitary abodes of these gloomy birds. There they frequently increase the dreary melancholy of the scene by their hideous cries, the disagreeable tone of which has been rendered more terrific by prejudice and superstition. The voice of the white, or, as it is called, from its sharp discordant

Engraved for the Lady's Magazine.



Sparrows, Male & Female.

cry, the screech-owl has always been regarded by the common people as ominous of death. It is only, however, when the owls are stationary that they utter these doleful notes, which are probably a call to courtship: while in pursuit of their prey they are all silent, as the smallest noise might alarm the little animals they endeavour to surprize. When their pursuit has been successful they soon return to their solitude, or to their young, if they are rearing them. But if they have found but little prey, they will continue their search still longer; and it sometimes happens that, obeying the dictates of appetite rather than those of prudence, they pursue so long that broad day breaks in upon them, and leaves them dazzled, bewildered, and at a distance from home.

In this distress they are obliged to take shelter in the first tree or hedge that offers, and continue there concealed all day, till the returning darkness once more restores to them the power of sight without uneasiness and pain. But it often happens that, notwithstanding all the precaution they take to conceal themselves, they are discovered by the other birds of the place, who, perceiving their fear or their constrained situation, seem to delight to insult them. The black-bird, the thrush, the jay, the red-breast, and the titmouse, all assemble to enjoy the sport. The smallest, the feeblest, and the most contemptible, of the enemies of the owl, are then the foremost to torment him. They increase their cries and turbulence around him, flap him with their wings, and are ready to shew their courage to be great, as they are sensible that their danger is but small. The unfortunate owl, not knowing how to defend himself or how to fly, patiently sits and suffers all their insults. He remains motionless and confounded, hears their cries and noise, and only replies by

some awkward and silly gestures, turning-round his head his eyes, and his body, with a particularly foolish air. He even suffers himself to be assaulted without making resistance. The appearance of an owl by day is sufficient to set the whole grove in a kind of uproar. Either the aversion all the small birds have to him or the consciousness of their own security induces them to pursue him without intermission; while by their mutual cries they seem to call upon all they meet, and encourage each other to join in, and continue with ardour, the chase. Sometimes, however, the little birds are guilty of the same indiscretion in pursuing him which he had himself committed in hunting for his prey. They follow him, and continue their persecution till the evening returns and again restores to him his faculty, and then he makes many of the foremost of his pursuers pay dearly for their former teasing and insults.

Of this propensity of the smaller birds to flock round and persecute the owl the bird-catchers avail themselves. They have the art of counterfeiting the cry of the owl exactly; and when they have limed the branches of a hedge they conceal themselves, and give the call. Immediately all the little birds flock to the place where they expect to find their well-known enemy; but instead of finding their blinking antagonist, they are stuck fast upon the lime-twigs. This method of catching birds must be put in practice about an hour before the close of day, for if it be deferred later the same birds which flock together in the day to chase and insult him fly from him with as much dread as they before displayed insolence.

The nocturnal birds of prey, which are all included in the different species of owls, differ from the birds which commit their ravages in the day, not only by the delicate acis of their sense

of sight, but by that of their hearing, which appears to be superior to that of other birds, and perhaps to that of every other animal; for the drum of the ear is proportionably larger than in the quadrupeds, and besides they can open and shut this organ at pleasure, a power possessed by no other animal. They are also distinguished by their mode of flying, which is a kind of tumbling, and constantly sideways and without noise, as if they were wafted by the wind.

I shall now proceed to give a brief description of the principal species of the owl genus. They may be divided into two kinds; those that have horns, and those without. These horns are only two or three feathers that stand up on each side of the head, over the ears, and give this bird a kind of horned appearance. Of the horned owls there are three principal species: 1st, the great-horned owl, or great-eared owl; 2d, the long-eared owl, or common-horned owl; and, 3d, the scops, or little-horned owl. Of the owls which are not horned there are at least five species; viz. 1st, the aluco, or the black owl; 2d, the tawny owl; 3d, the white owl; 4th, the brown owl; and, 5th, the little owl.

THE GREAT-HORNED OWL.

This bird is by some called the eagle owl, and is indeed the eagle of the night, and the king of that tribe of birds which avoid the light of day, and prowl for prey in the shades of the evening. At first view he appears as large as the eagle, but is really much smaller, and different in all his proportions. The legs, body, and tail, are shorter than in the eagle; the wings are not so broad; they extend about five feet. The head is much larger than in proportion to the size of the body, and the cavities of the ears are broad and deep. On each side of the head rise two tufts of feathers, resembling horns, two

inches and a half long, which the bird can erect or depress at pleasure. The bill is short, thick, hooked, and black; the eyes are large, transparent, and surrounded with an iris of an orange colour. The face is encircled with small white frizzled feathers; the neck is very short; the body covered with a reddish-brown plumage, spotted on the back with yellow and black, and with yellow on the belly; the feet are clothed to the claws with a thick down and rusty feathers; the claws are black, very strong, and hooked.

This bird usually haunts rocks, or old deserted towers, solitary churches, or the ruins of ancient castles; he seldom ventures into the plains, or perches on the boughs of trees. He preys, in general, on young hares, rabbits, moles, and mice; which latter he swallows entire, but afterwards throws up the hair, bones, and skin, formed into a kind of ball. He will also devour serpents, lizards, toads, and frogs, and feed his young with them; in providing for which this bird is particularly active and successful, its nest being usually quite crammed with provisions.

This species of owls make their nests in the crags of rocks or in the holes of lofty old walls, and sometimes in hollow trees. Their nest is about three feet in diameter, formed of small dry sticks and roots, and lined with leaves. They usually lay one or two eggs, and sometimes, though rarely, three. Their eggs are larger than those of the hen, and in colour somewhat resemble their own plumage. The young are very voracious, and the parents procure them subsistence with much more agility than might be expected from their size and apparent awkwardness.— They will frequently attack the buzzards when they have taken any prey, beat them, and seize their plunder.

The great-horned owl is some-

times employed by falconers to lure the kite, when they wish to catch him for the purpose of training the falcon. On this occasion they affix to the owl a fox's tail, to add to the singularity of his figure. Thus accoutred, he skims slowly along, flying low, which is his usual manner. The kite, either curious to observe this odd kind of animal, or perhaps inquisitive to see whether it may not be proper for food, flies after, and comes nearer and nearer, hovering and descending incautiously, till he is surpris'd by the falconer, or caught by some strong-winged hawk let loose upon him.

This bird is the *Strix Bubo* of Linnæus: it inhabits Europe, and is found, though rarely, in the north of England, Cheshire, and Wales.

THE LONG-EARED OWL.

This owl, sometimes called the common horned owl, is much less than the former, the wings only extending about three feet and a half. The horns, or ears, are much shorter, and scarcely exceed an inch in length, though they are very wide, like those of the great-horned owl. They rather resemble the ears of quadrupeds than their horns, and consist of six feathers variegated with yellow and black. The upper parts of the head, neck, back, and wings, are marked with streaks of grey, dull yellow, and brown; the breast and belly are of a dull yellow, marked with slender brown streaks pointing downwards. The bill is short and blackish; the eyes are of a fine yellow; the feet covered with rusty-coloured feathers as far as the claws, which are rather broad and of a blackish brown. The length of this bird, from the beak to the claws, is

about a foot: the tail is five or six inches long.

These birds seldom take the trouble to build a nest, but generally deposit their eggs, of which they lay four or five, in the old nests of other birds, particularly those of magpies, which it is well known make a new one every year. The young, which are at first white, acquire their natural colour in the course of about a fortnight.

This species is much more common and numerous than the preceding, which is rarely to be found with us in winter, whereas the long-eared owl is to be found in every season of the year. It is more common in France and Italy than in England. It can support cold, and is found in Sweden. It appears also that it is found in Canada, and in many other parts of North-America. The owl of Carolina, described by Catesby, and that of South America, mentioned by father Feuillée, are probably only varieties of this species in consequence of the difference of climates, as they appear only to differ in the shades and distribution of their colours.

The ordinary habitation of the long-eared owl is in the walls of old buildings, the clefts of rocks, or cavities of hollow trees in mountain forests, whence it rarely descends into the plains. When attacked by other birds, it makes a vigorous defence with its claws and beak; and when assailed by too powerful an antagonist, it turns upon its back, to have the more ready use of these weapons.

This bird is the *Strix Otus* of Linnæus, who makes its specific character that 'the tufts of its ears consist of six feathers.'

(To be continued.)

POETICAL ESSAYS.

IDYLLION,

Occasioned by the drawing of a Cascade in Stirlingshire, executed by a Lady of distinguished Rank.

[By Wm. Richardson, A. M. Professor of Humanity in the University of Glasgow.]

I.

BENEATH the overflowing deep,
Amid their coral groves,
Their lyres the tuneful Nereids sweep,
And chaunt their happy loves:
While rolling o'er their crystal-pillar'd
arch, [march.
In rude array th' enormous billows

II.

And Naiads too, that duly bring
Their tribute to the main,
With rapture smite the vocal string,
And pour the festive strain;
Or trim with glitt'ring spar their mossy
cells, [shells:
Or in the grotto range their speckled

III.

And glory in the various songs
That celebrate their course;
And tell what praise to them belongs,
What dignity of source;
What peerless dame, fair maid, or sage
serene,
Or poet, ever pac'd their margin green.

IV.

Fair Leven, in soft-flowing verse,
Exults in Smollet's name;
Nor fails, triumphant, to rehearse
The islands whence she came;
The woody islands, the resounding caves,
And rocks that Lomond's hoary billow
laves*.

* On the side of the Leven is erected a pillar near the birth-place of Dr. Smollett. This river issues from Loch Lomond, into which falls the river Endrick, running through Strath Endrick, close to the ruins of an old castle, in which Napier of Merchiston is said to have resided when he invented the Logarithms. This river receives the Blane, on the side of which the celebrated George Buchanan was born and near which an obelisk has been erected to his memory. Having lost his parents in his infancy, Buchanan was educated by G. Heriot, his maternal uncle. The Dowalt enters the Blane near its junction with the Endrick.

V.

Th' Endrick in wildly-lyric mood
Displays her laurel crown;
And tells, that, musing by her flood,
Sage Napier earn'd renown:
That oft she paus'd, and mark'd at mid-
night hour
The pale lamp glimm'ring in his ivy'd
tower.

VI.

Triumphant ev'n the yellow Blane,
Though by a fen defac'd,
Boast that Buchanan's early strain
Consol'd her troubled breast:
That often, muse-struck, in her loneliest
nook,
The orphan boy por'd on some metred
book.

VII.

Poor Dowalt grieves; no joyful strains
Flow from her trembling wire;
All unrenown'd the Naiad 'plains
Amid her sister choir:
Yet who can boast of dells so sweetly
wild,
Or ivy'd grey-rocks more abruptly pil'd!

VIII.

How deeply ton'd the white cascade,
Whirl'd by her rapid streams,
That roars amid the cavern'd glade,
And thro' the green-wood gleams!
Yet 'mid the nightly gloom the sobbing
gale
Swells with the murmur of her lonely
wail.

IX.

Her heath-crown withers on her brow;
And unincrisp'd her urn.—
Change, Naiad, change thy tone of
woe;
Cease, Naiad, cease to mourn!
Soon to thy sister nymphs wilt thou pro-
claim,
That thou hast earn'd an equal share of
fame.

X.

For M*** with eye of taste
Hath seen; with touch of skill
Hath seiz'd thee, 'mid thy woody
waste,
And rushing down thy hill:
Hath seen thy dewy tresses wave aloft;
Surpris'd, and held thee by compulsion
soft:

XI.

Hath seen thy white robe, gem'd with
pearl,

Flow from the rugged steep;

Where Dryads' their green flags un-
furl,

And through the valleys sweep:

Stay, Naiad, at her powerful bidding
stay!

And well I ween, thou wilt not haste
away.

XII.

For by her pencil's magic power

She bids thy beauty live:

Now, Dowalt, bless th' auspicious
hour!

Now, Dowalt, cease to grieve;

But to the choir of elder nymphs pro-
claim,

That noble M*** has given thee fame.

INSCRIPTION,

INTENDED FOR A STATUE OF THE
LATE DUKE OF BEDFORD.

By the Right Hon. Richard Fitzpatrick.

HERE let no symbols of destructive
War,

No blood-stain'd conqueror's triumphal
car,

No sculptur'd trophies, to the pensive
mind

Retrace the miseries of human kind;
Where happier emblems celebrate his
worth,

Who liv'd not to despoil, but bless, the
earth!

With anxious care and deep research,
to scan

That first of sciences—the good of man;
To cherish Culture's progress through
the land,

Stretch forth to Industry a fost'ring
hand;

To feel, on principles severely just,
In rank pre-eminent, a sacred trust;
To prize in riches but their pow'r to
grant

Reward to Merit and relief to Want:
Praise of such high desert, say, who
shall claim?

And, hark! a nation's voice re-echoes
Russell's name!

How, through the annals of their coun-
try, shine

Th' unfading honours of his patriot line!

Disastrous days of civil strife they saw,
When vaulting Pow'r o'erleap'd the
bounds of Law:

Their temp'rate wisdom strove, alas! in
vain,

Those threat'ning flames of Discord to
contain

Which soon blaz'd forth—the fiend's in-
fernal brand

Spread devastation through the fated
land;

And Peace, from Albion's mangled bo-
som driv'n,

With virtuous Bedford wing'd her way
to Heav'n.

Again, when Pow'r's unquench'd and
quenchless thirst

The sacred boundaries of Right had
burst,

Another Russell Freedom's champion
stood,

Nor spar'd for her, nor wish'd to spare,
his blood;

But died, oh, victim of perverted laws!
An unrepining martyr in her cause.

Far happier thou! Thy more auspi-
cious day,

Of lawful rulers own'd the chasten'd
sway;

Who, on the downfall of a tyrant's
throne,

Had fix'd the just foundation of their own.
But, ah! too soon was veil'd in endless
night

Th' accomplish'd promise of a dawn so
bright.

All-ruling Powers! by whose mysterious
doom

Life's fleeting tenants sink into the tomb,
With lavish Nature's richest gifts adorn'd,
Still must a Russell be belov'd and
mourn'd.

Cease, fond complaint! though man's
precarious breath

Yield, unresisting, to the shaft of Death,
The lasting good a patriot's cares achieve,
The sigh which millions o'er his ashes
heave,

The bright example of that gen'rous
mind,

Whose God-like impulse was to serve
mankind,

Bequests to unborn ages shall remain,
And mark—that Virtue has not liv'd in
vain.

BETSY OF THE GROVE.

SWEET Betsy of the Grove doth dwell
 Within yon' village small :
 Her beauties I could fondly tell ;
 But virtue 's more than all.
 And she is virtuous 't is well known,
 As all her actions prove :
 I wish'd, alone, to call mine own,
 Sweet Betsy of the Grove.

But now, alas ! all hope is fled !—
 Though once I vainly told
 How much my heart for Betsy bled !
 To me she prov'd most cold :
 For happier William won her heart,—
 He gain'd her mutual love :
 This day he weds, no more to part
 From Betsy of the Grove :

May all their days glide happy by !
 Though happiness to me
 Will now be strange ; where'er I fly,
 My heart can ne'er be free !
 I blame her not—it was no crime,
 If me she could not love.
 May peace and pleasure fill her time,—
 Sweet Betsy of the Grove !

July 4, 1803.

J. M. L.

ODE TO MORNING.

[From *Greswell's 'Memoirs of Literary Characters.'*]

IN blushing beams of soften'd light
 Aurora steals upon the sight :
 With chaste effulgence darts from far
 The splendors of her dewy car ;
 Cheer'd with the view, I bless the ray
 That mildly speaks returning day.

Retire, ye gloomy shades, to spread
 Your brooding horrors o'er the dead !—
 Bane of my slumbers, spectres gaunt,
 Forbear my frighted couch to haunt !
 Phantoms of darkness, horrid dreams,—
 Begone ! for lo ! fair Morning beams.

Emerging from the incumbent shade,
 Her lustre cheers the brilliant mead :—
 Haste, boy,—the tuneful lyre,—I long
 To meet the goddess with a song ;—
 Haste, while the Muse exerts her pow-
 ers,

And strew her smiling path with flowers.
 The violet, charg'd with early sweets,
 Fair Morn ! thy cheerful presence
 greets ;

The crocus lifts her saffron head,
 And bloomy shrubs their odours shed ;
 Ah ! deign our incense to inhale
 Borne on the gently-swelling gale.

When Morning's charms the song in-
 spire,

Be mine to wake the warbling lyre ;
 Oh, waft, ye breezes, to her ear
 The mingled strains of praise and pray-
 er :

Bid her approve our faint essays,
 And teach the offer'd gift to please.

For, ah ! thy beauties to pourtray,
 Fair mother of the infant day,—
 What time in mildest splendors dress'd
 Thy lucid form appears confess'd,—
 Still must the admiring bard despair,—
 Oh, Nymph—superlatively fair !

Thy crimson cheeks a blush disclose
 More vivid than the opening rose ;
 Thy softly-waving locks unfold
 More lustre than the burnish'd gold ;
 The envious stars their lights resign,
 And Luna's beam is lost in thine.

Mortals had lain, without thine aid,
 Ingulph'd in night's perpetual shade :
 The brightest colours but display
 A lustre borrow'd from thy ray ;
 And every grace that art can boast
 Without thy genial help were lost.

Fast bound in Lethe's dull embrace,
 'Tis thine the sluggard to release ;
 Thou wak'st to life the torpid mind,
 To deathful slumbers else consign'd :
 And pleas'd to share thy tranquil smile,
 Man with new vigour meets his toil.

Betimes the sprightly traveller wakes :
 The sturdy ox his stall forsakes,
 Patient his sinewy neck to bow,
 And bear the yoke and drag the plough ;
 His fleecy charge the shepherd leads
 To graze beneath the sylvan shades.

Lull'd in his fair one's gentle arms,
 The lover if thy voice alarms ;
 If with regret the attractive couch
 He leaves, and blames thy near approach ;
 Still let him deem thy call unkind,
 And cast the 'lingering look behind.'

His be the illusive joys of night ;
 My boast shall be the cheerful light :
 Give me to watch the orient ray,
 And hail the glad return of day ;—
 And long, oh long—ye Pow'rs divine,
 May such reviving joys be mine !

SUMMER EVENING AT HOME.

[From the second Volume of 'Poems by the
Rev. William Lisle Bowles.']

COME, lovely Evening, with thy smile
of peace
Visit my humble dwelling, welcom'd in
Not with loud shouts, and the
throng'd city's din,
But with such sounds as bid all tumult
cease
Of the sick heart; the grasshopper's
faint pipe
Beneath the blades of dewy grass unripe,
The bleat of the lone lamb, the carol
rude
Heard indistinctly from the village
green,
The bird's last twitter from the hedge-
row scene,
Where, just before, the scatter'd crumbs
I strew'd,
To pay him for his farewell song—all
these
Touch soothingly the troubled ear, and
please
The stilly stirring fancies—though my
hours
(For I have droop'd beneath life's early
show'rs)
Pass lonely oft, and oft my heart is sad,
Yet I can leave the world, and feel most
glad
To meet thee, Evening, here—here my
own hand
Has deck'd with trees and shrubs the
slopes around,
And whilst the leaves by dying airs are
fann'd,
Sweet to my spirit comes the farewell
sound,
That seems to say—'Forget the tran-
sient tear,
Thy pale youth shed—Repose and Peace
are here.'

WINTER EVENING AT HOME.

[From the same.]

FAIR Moon, who at the chilly day's
decline
Of sharp December, through my cot-
tage pane
Dost lovely look, smiling, though in
thy wane;

In thought, to scenes, tranquil and
bright as thine,
Wanders my heart, whilst I by turns
survey
Thee slowly wheeling on thy ev'ning
way;
And this my fire, whose dim, unequal
light,
Just glimmering, bids each shadowy
image fall
Sombrous and strange upon the
dark'ning wall,
Ere the long Evening sets in deepest
night!
Yet thy still orb, seen through the freez-
ing haze,
Shines calm and clear without: and
whilst I gaze,
I think—around me in this twilight
room—
I but remark mortality's sad gloom;
Whilst hope and joy cloudless and soft
appear
In the sweet beam that lights thy distant
sphere!

THE MOSS-COVER'D COT.

IN yon moss-cover'd cot, that's with
ivy o'erspread,
The poor village cottager dwells;
There freely distributes his honest-
earn'd bread,
As the plain rustic story he tells.
While his children sit smiling around
him so gay,
Or climb up his knee for a kiss,
For the bread they receive—filial duty
they pay,
And make it the cottage of bliss.
In the flow'r-woven bow'r, by the side
of the cot,
Return'd from the toils of the day,
'Midst his fam'ly he sits, his fatigues are
forgot;
They smile all his sorrows away.
'Tis a lov'd virtuous wife that adorns his
neat cot;
Her looks are good-humour'd and gay:
Thus bless'd with a partner, content
with his lot,
He smiles in the eve of his day.

Kingsland, May 28, 1803.

J. M.

ELLEN;

Or, VIRTUE'S TRIUMPH.

AN aged pair who dwell in yonder
cot,

Whose time-worn features weary
age proclaim,

Whose virtuous deeds bedeck the rustic
spot,

Proclaim'd by Truth the acts of honest
fame.

The frowns of Fortune lately threaten'd
hard

To rob their humble roof of virtuous
wealth;

But Heav'n, in kindness, their affliction
spar'd,

And smiling Peace return'd to aged
Health.

Their only daughter, beauteous Ellen
nam'd,

Unknown to art, scarce 'scap'd Orlan-
do's wiles;

Seduc'd from home, by villain arts de-
tain'd,

Her aged parents robb'd of Virtue's
smiles:

'Till sleeping Virtue wak'd in Ellen's
breast,

Rous'd the fine feelings of a tender
mind:

The blush of conscious guilt each look
express'd:

She fled Orlando, for her parents kind.

Return'd, reclaim'd, each former fault
forgot,

As aged friends forgive the faults of
youth,

The merry villagers all crowd the cot,
And welcome Ellen in the paths of
Truth.

Kingsland, August 1, 1803. J. M.

NIGHT.

HAIL, Night! congenial to the cheer-
less heart,

Shed thy deep umber o'er my care-
worn mind;

That my perceptions, like thy shadows
dark,

No trace of former happiness may
find.

Then memory no more this breast shall
warm, [delight;

Painting past scenes of rapture and

Nor glowing visions shall my fancy
charm.

Flush'd with the glare of Day's obtru-
sive light.

Once in full confidence I sought repose,
And yielded to affection my fond soul,

'Till painful doubts in this sad bosom
rose,

And dark suspicion o'er my reason
stole.

Of peace bereft, I hail Night's darkest
shade,

To hide my anguish e'en from Pity's
eye;

For hope is fled, and life's gay dream
must fade;

Dark is my fate, and dark the lowering
sky.

Farewell each blissful scene that charm'd
my sight;

The voice of Friendship soothes not
now mine ear:

Dead is my heart to every soft delight:
Life's current ebbs—check'd is the

falling tear. E. W.

A CANZONET.

CEASE, Corydon, cease to reprove;
Your scandal shall never prevail:

The charming dear girl that I love
Would laugh should I mention your
tale.

You say she's too forward and gay,
And prattles with every swain:

But her kindness these only display;
So now you've an answer again.

Oh, had you but seen the fair maid,
When first for her beauties I sigh'd!

Like mine, had your heart been betray'd,
Like me, for her love would have died.

Last Michaelmas-day, from our fair,
I conducted the nymph to her cot:

Not a shepherd, I vow, that was there,
But envied my happier lot.

In Phillis each charm is combin'd:
Her cheeks are as red as the rose;

Her skin is as fair as her mind;
And her eyes are far blacker than
sloes.

How happy the shepherd must be!
But, hold! I must finish my song;

For, Corydon, Corydon, see,
My charmer comes tripping along.

August 3, 1803. IAKΩBOΣ.

FOREIGN NEWS.

Constantinople, June 6.

ON the 26th of last month the porte received a courier, dispatched by the commander in chief in Egypt, with the intelligence, no less disagreeable than unexpected, that the city of Alexandria has been taken from the Turks. That important place is at present in the power of a corps of Albanians. These troops, the bravest and most resolute of the Ottoman army, composed, with others, the garrison of Alexandria; for several months they had received no pay, and all their representations on the subject were unavailing. The Arnauts, becoming impatient, made their officers conduct them to the residence of the pacha of Alexandria, who, from fear, instantly forwarded an order to the tefterdar, or paymaster-general, for the payment of the arrears. Provided with this order they repaired to the tefterdar, who resided at some distance from Alexandria. The latter, in a haughty tone, refused payment, alleging that he had no funds. This proceeding so irritated the Arnauts, that, after treating the tefterdar, and all those who were with him, with cruelty, they conducted him in chains to Alexandria. At the approach of the rebels, the commandant ordered all the other troops of the garrison under arms; the gates were shut, and the guns pointed against the mutineers. The latter, roused to fury, swore that they would conquer or die: they advanced with some ladders, and other instruments of attack, picked up in haste, scaled the fortifications of the city, where terror and consternation were already spread; and, in short, the rebels made themselves masters, in a few hours, of the important fortress of Alexandria, fortified by the French, and after them by the English. The pacha made his escape, with several of his partisans, by a gate opposite to that by which the assailants entered. The military chest fell into the hands of the Arnauts, and a number of the inhabitants became victims to their fury.

The taking of Alexandria by the rebels may, in the present state of affairs, have very important results with respect to the whole of Egypt. The porte is anxious to employ all the means in its power for the reconquest of Alexandria; and the captain pacha will hasten his departure, with the fleet under his command, in order to accomplish this important object.

Hague, July 2. The king of England having refused to ratify the convention concluded with general Mortier and the Hanoverian government, and it being consequently resolved to disarm the Hanoverian troops, and treat them as prisoners of war, general Desfoles has set out for Hanover, in order to concert such measures with general Mortier as the present circumstances may require. It is also thought not improbable that the army of defence, that is collecting at Daventer, will also march for Hanover.

We are informed that a law is immediately to be promulgated, prohibiting the importation and sale of every kind whatever of English goods: it is not, however, known, whether this prohibition is to extend to colonial produce. Another law, also under discussion, has for its object to prohibit the exportation of corn, vegetables, &c.

The commission, composed of persons interested in the fisheries, authorized by government to claim the restitution of the boats that have been taken by the English, and to demand an unmolested exercise of fishing, have sailed in a flag of truce: it is not expected here that the demand will be in the least complied with.

Lauenburgh, July 2. On the 30th of June, general Leopold Berthier, with some attendants, arrived at Hohnstorf, and was conducted by certain Hanoverian staff-officers to an interview with field-marshal Walmoden-Gimborn.—After a conference with marshal Walmoden, the French general was conducted back to the ferry by lieutenant-colo-

nel Von Bock. He returned the same evening to Lunenburgh. It is believed, that general Berthier demanded, that the horses, arms, and artillery of the Hanoverian army should be immediately surrendered to the French; and that the common soldiers of the Hanoverian army should submit to go, prisoners of war, to France. Marshal Walmoden is understood to have replied, that since his Britannic majesty had not ratified the convention of Suhlingen, the Hanoverian army was not farther bound by it, and would expend the last drop of its blood sooner than submit to such conditions.

Holstein, July 4. On account of the present state of things in Lauenburgh, the Danish cordon of troops on the confine between Holstein and Lauenburgh has received a reinforcement of one thousand troops.

By the last accounts, a new negotiation has begun between the French and the Hanoverians, and the hope of peace returns.

Amsterdam, July 4. We are informed that the French government has demanded, in the most precise manner, that similar measures should be taken in this republic as those adopted in France, to prevent every kind of communication, direct or indirect, with England.— It is expected that the exportation of every kind of provisions will be severely prohibited: orders are already given for the examination of vessels at their sailing, and for sequestrating all those whose papers are not conformable to regulation, &c.

Hague, July 12. Messrs. Six, Jacobson, and Blanken, who were sent to Paris about six weeks since from the Batavian government, returned hither this day. It is said that the object of their negotiations will be committed to the commissioners of state who are deputed to meet the first consul at Brussels.— There have been lately some new movements amongst the French and Batavian troops in this country. A camp has been formed in North Holland, and another nearer to the frontier. There is also a report of forming a second corps *de reserve* in the province of Overijssel. The former of these plans will certainly be carried into effect; the second is more doubtful, as it owed its origin to some difficulties which had arisen in Hanover,

but which are now completely done away.

Milan, July 17. Admiral Nelson has sent several ships, that were about to enter the port of Naples, to Malta.— The English take all vessels bound for ports which are in possession of the French.

Tonningen, July 23. In consequence of the blockade of the Elbe, there have put in here forty-six ships that were bound for Hamburg, five for Gluckstadt, five for Altona, &c.

Copenhagen, July 23. Our troops in Holstein still continue to hold the positions which they had taken contiguous to the Hanoverian frontier.

Since the beginning of this month, not fewer than 1294 ships having entered the Sound. Of these three hundred are English. Here are now three English frigates, a sloop of war, an armed ship, and two cutters.

Mr. Liston, the English minister, had an audience of the king on the 15th inst.

No Russian fleet has yet appeared here.

Wesmer, July 26. This town, formerly a possession of the duke of Mecklenburg Schwerin, but transferred by the treaty of Westphalia to the crown of Sweden, is to be restored to Mecklenburg Schwerin, by a treaty which will be ratified at Hamburg on the 15th of August. The sum to be paid to Sweden is one million two hundred and fifty thousand rix-dollars, of which an instalment of three hundred and fifty thousand rix-dollars will be paid August 15.

Paris, July 26. Bonaparte is still the declared head of the army of England. Some change, however, has been made in his staff. General Berthier is to be chief, and Dessolles second, in command. Patiet, the counsellor of state, is named director of the military administration, and general Donzelot is to command that part of the army which extends from Cherbourg to Dunkirk. The lieutenant-generals are said to be Macdonald, Mortier, Soult, and Belliard.

Since the first consul has inspected the coasts and the different ports of Flanders, the labours of the dock-yards are in a state of great activity. The construction of gun-boats as well as of flat-bottomed boats is going on at Ostend and Bruges. The same is to begin without delay at Ghent, Ecluse, Antwerp, Brus-

fels, Louvain, Dieft, and the other towns of Belgium. Some frigates are also to be built and armed at Ostend, Bruges, and Antwerp. Every thing now bears a warlike aspect in those provinces.

A number of dock-yards are established on the borders of the Seine, from Rouen to Candebert. There every where prevails an extraordinary activity, which no pains are spared to augment.

August 1. That part of the squadron from St. Domingo which was expected, and which consisted of five sail of the line, commanded by rear-admiral Bédout, happily arrived the 16th ult. The frigate Dido, dispatched from Guadeloupe, arrived at the same time.

We are assured that the first consul will remain but a short time at Paris, and that he will immediately visit the coasts of Brittany. Admiral Truguet is named admiral of the fleet at Brest.

Admiral Brueix is appointed to command the expedition preparing at Boulogne.

The squadron from St. Domingo is arrived at Coruana.

The arrival of the consul Lebrun, at Brussels, is considered as a presage of the renewal of an important negotiation, which will be carried on there, where a congress will be held, if England, opening her eyes to her interests, and forgetting her animosity, will at length accept the mediation of the principal powers of the North.

The court of Sweden has published its accession to the convention concluded two years ago, between Russia and England, relative to the commerce and navigation of neutrals in time of war.

Letters from Brussels say, that M. Lombard, privy-counsellor to the king of Prussia, has offered the mediation of his court, conjointly with that of Russia, to endeavour to effect a pacification between France and England. Time must shew what foundation there is for this intelligence.

From Petersburg we learn, that a fleet is fitting out with great expedition at Cronstadt. It consists of twenty sail of the line and several frigates. The corps of artillery in garrison at Petersburg has had orders to hold themselves in readiness. It is said that they are to be embarked, but there is no certainty as to their destination. There will be this year, towards the end of summer,

grand manœuvres in the neighbourhood of Krasnofelo.

Deventer, August 5. To-morrow, and the following day, the whole camp of Batavian troops on Gorfell-heath will break up and march to Breda and Gonda, and the French troops will march from our vicinity, which will be a very agreeable relief to the inhabitants of the country.

Hague, August 6. Vice-admiral De Winter has arrived safe in the Texel from Ferrol, on board a ship under Prussian colours. He yesterday came to the Hague, and was present at the council of marine. The ship which brought him was four times visited by the English, but they did not recognise the admiral.

The French army of reserve, which was to occupy a camp on Gorfel-heath, will not now be formed, unless some unexpected occurrences take place.—The 104th demi-brigade belonging to that army has received orders to march to Ter Goes, and some Dutch troops, which were to join the same army, have received orders to march to Nimeguen and other places.

A camp of eight thousand men will be formed at Gouda.

Our state-commission, which was sent to Brussels, has returned, as has the French ambassador Semonville.

Citizen Schimmelpenninck is likewise returned from Brussels, and the report that he was immediately to be placed at the head of our government is not yet confirmed. He is gone to Hoorn, to receive his lady, who has returned from London, and is now there. It is now said that he will go as commissioner extraordinary to Paris. As it is suspected that the English have some hostile designs on Zealand, the number of French troops there will be augmented to ten thousand men.

All our maritime villages are provided with strong guards of cavalry and infantry. A strong military guard marches every day from hence to Scheveningen, being daily relieved, and at night reinforced with a piquet.

The minister at war, Pyman, has returned with his attendants from the tour he has made, to inspect into the preparations carrying on for the defence of the republic.

There is a report that the French troops at the Hague will be withdrawn.

HOME NEWS.

Dublin, July 25.

ON Saturday evening, about half past eight o'clock, a body of rebels appeared in Thomas and James's streets, to the number of five thousand, regularly armed, and marching in regular order for the castle. Just at that time lord Kilwarden, who had been at his country-house (about five miles from town), hearing of the *rising* (while at his dinner), was determined to quit the country and come to town; and, ordering his carriage, set off with his nephew and daughter. On coming to the canal, he saw a great mob on the banks of it, between him and town: he then ordered the coachman to drive through Thomas-street; and, unfortunately for himself, drove into the centre of the rebels, who pulled him out of the carriage, and piked him in eight places. His nephew thought to escape by jumping out of the carriage and running away, but he was followed and murdered. This delay, dreadful as the murder was, is considered to have saved the castle, as it gave time for a corps of the Liberty Rangers to get some men together, and attack them, in the event of which there was one officer and six or seven men killed, and the whole would have been put to death but for a part of the 62d regiment, who were quartered in a barrack not far from Thomas-street, coming up: the rebels then gave way, running in every direction, leaving eight or nine men dead only. The rebels killed some gentlemen, whose names I forget. Lieutenant-colonel Browne, of the 21st regiment, is killed, and a captain Cole, late of the same regiment of dragoons, is so badly wounded, as not expected to recover—he is an English gentleman.

Government have been since very active, and discovered *dépôts* of various kinds; in one are taken thirty thousand pikes; in others, ammunition to a great amount, and made up for various purposes, all after the French plan: in short, the quantity is beyond the idea of

any person. There was a trifling rising, it is just now rumoured, in Belfast.

It is said there are two bodies of rebels now in open arms in the county of Kildare; one body of them had possession of Celbridge and Maynoth on Saturday night; but, we hear, they have withdrawn to the hills, finding their friends did not succeed in this town. We do not know what has occurred in the country yet.

The rebels put forward two proclamations.

Belfast, July 26. Some slight symptoms of insurrection having been discovered in this neighbourhood, the necessary precautions have been taken for the defence of this town. Every thing, however, is quiet; and, whatever may be the wishes of the disaffected, the vigilance and strength of the loyalists are such as must deter from attack.

Dublin, July 28. A party of the Lawyers' Corps on Tuesday seized a number of pikes in the timber-yard of Donnellan, in Baggot-street. They were concealed in pieces of timber, like those which were discovered on the Coal-quay.

The same day a party of the Attorneys' Corps seized a quantity of ball-cartridges, powder, and sheet-lead, at the house of one Hinchy, a grocer, at the corner of Cuffe-street. He denied having such things in his house, when questioned before the search. The powder was found secreted among large tea-canisters, and some of the ball-cartridges in the drawer of the table at which he took his meals. Hinchy was taken into custody, and is now in the Provost prison, and the ammunition, &c. brought away on cars. Most of the pikes which have been recently discovered are upon the construction of flat hold-fasts. The design of this, it is likely, was, that if any of the miscreants were detected making them, they might allege they were bespoke work for sale at ironmongers.

There are above one hundred prison-

ers in the Provost gaol, charged with rebellious practices. Two of the servants of the lord mayor are among them; also one Ryan, a coal-factor; Cophlan, an umbrella-maker, from the quay; and a young man of the name of McGuire (son of an opulent person in the city), who was taken in the dress of a sailor; most of the rest are country-looking ruffians, helpers of stables, and other persons of such low description.

London, July 28. Two hundred carpenters employed by government marched in a body, on Monday last, from the yard of Mr. Copeland, builder, in St. Martin's-lane, to Sheermans, where they are to be shipped for Gibraltar, to build barracks for the accommodation of the troops. Their contract is for twenty-eight shillings a week, and to be sent home again free of expence. Much satisfaction appeared among them at the nature of the service on which they were employed.

29. A few days ago a little boy, about twelve years of age, playing among some of the new buildings at Camden Town, fell into a well, in which there was near twelve feet depth of water, and for some time supported himself from sinking by clinging to the brick-work, but at length, being quite exhausted, and no one coming to his assistance, he sunk, and it was a considerable time before the body was got out of the water, when there was evidently a temporary suspension of life; but Mr. Andrews, the surgeon, coming past at the time, immediately used the means recommended by the Humane Society, and was so fortunate as to restore the youth to life and his perfect senses in the course of a few hours.

Cork, July 30. The present circumstances appear to require that we should mention, for the information of the country, the state of this city and county; and we have the satisfaction to say, that we cannot remember any period of greater tranquillity than now prevails in this city and the neighbourhood, notwithstanding two persons of considerable eminence in trade have this day been fully committed to the New Gaol, on charges of high-treason. Such was the confidence of the magistracy, that these persons were escorted to prison only by the sheriffs, one constable, and two soldiers.

London, July 30. Dispatches were received last night by lord Hawkesbury, and at the Admiralty, containing intelligence of the capture of the island of St. Lucie.

The orders to commence hostilities were received at Barbadoes by general Greenfield on the 17th of May. An expedition was fitted out, and on the 20th at night the fort of Morne Fortunée was carried by assault, and the island of St. Lucie was taken. Our loss in killed has not been great, but several officers have been wounded.

The Park and Tower guns were fired at noon.

August 1. Friday night, about seven o'clock, a young man, about eighteen years of age, went into a pond between Somers Town and Pancras, to bathe, when he was soon entangled by some weeds, and drowned. A middle-aged man coming accidentally by, immediately threw off his clothes, except his breeches and stockings, and leaped into the pond, when, after affording all the assistance he could, he also got entangled in the weeds and disappeared. His body was taken out in about twenty minutes, and carried to a neighbouring public-house, where means were used for his recovery, but without effect. It was above two hours before the other body could be found; a third man, who ventured for the preservation of the two former, was near sharing a similar fate; but having a rope tied round his body, he was drawn out.

Portsmouth, August 8. Yesterday evening this town and the whole country around were in a state of war-whoop, in consequence of a signal from the signal-post, at St. Catherine's, Isle of Wight, announcing 'that the enemy were on the coast in flat-bottomed boats.' The volunteers of this town, Portsea, and neighbourhood, were assembled on the glacis to be formed into companies, when a messenger arrived with a letter to general Whitelock, who was on the ground, communicating the event; he immediately called the officers together, and desired that when three guns should be fired from the platform they were to be armed with such weapons as they should think themselves most capable of using, 'in order to meet our most daring and implacable foe, who was on our coast.' The general then left the ground,

dispatched messengers to all the coast along, ordered the guns round the batteries to be loaded, all the recruits in the garrison to receive their arms, and indeed every measure was adopted that the nature of the event seem to demand. The flat-bottomed boats were armed, manned, and out of the harbour, in so short a space of time, as does the most infinite credit to captain O'Brien and the officers under him.

Admiral Holloway shifted his flag from the *Gladiator* to the *Magnificent*, of 74 guns, captain Jervis, at St. Helen's, and put to sea, with the *Orpheus*, captain Hill; *Galatea*, captain Heathcote; and the *Starling* gun-brig, lieutenant Guyon. After repeated guns were fired from the Isle of Wight, confirming the signal, lights hoisted on eminences, signals repeated from the admiral's ship to the telegraph, and from thence to the next telegraph; every man momentarily expecting his services to be peremptorily demanded; and the inhabitants of the town kept in the most alarming suspense all night; the signal was annulled, by saying, 'It was a fleet of coasters, in company with several American ships!' The ships which put to sea are since returned, and the flat-bottomed boats are moored in the harbour.

15. Their royal highnesses the dukes of York and Cambridge, and attendants, with the general, admirals, and captains, paid a visit on board his majesty's ship *Britannia*, of 100 guns, in the harbour, commanded by the right hon. William earl of Northesk. Upon their royal highnesses getting on board, the standard was displayed at the mast-head, and a salute fired in honour of the royal visitors. Their royal highnesses then visited the dock-yard, and inspected with much satisfaction the numerous body of useful artificers in our arsenal, and recommended to the commissioner, sir Charles Saxton, one half-day's leave of absence from their duty for the workmen of every department in the yard, which has accordingly taken place. At half past twelve their royal highnesses took leave of this place, with their attendants, in three post-chaises and four, to proceed, it is thought, immediately to Southampton, and from thence to the Isle of Wight.

London, August 15. Captain Hallowell arrived this morning at the Admiralty,

with the pleasing intelligence of the surrender of Tobago to his majesty's arms. As soon as the capture of St. Lucia had been effected, the troops sailed, under the command of general Greenfield, against Tobago, which was taken, we understand, without any loss, on the 30th June.

The Park and Tower guns were fired on the occasion at one o'clock.

Saturday the lord-mayor received information from the office of the right hon. lord Pelham, of several persons suspected to have a treasonable correspondence with the rebels in Ireland; in consequence of which his lordship sent several of his officers about two o'clock to the house of a Mr. Willes, an engraver, in Leadenhall-street, in which they apprehended a Mr. Thomas Claffon, who had given Mr. Willes an order for a large seal, the size of a crown-piece, with the motto of '*Erin go bragh*.' A Mr. Davis, another engraver, was likewise taken up, having been concerned in this business. They all three underwent separately a long private examination before the lord-mayor, Mr. King, of the Alien-office, sir R. Ford, and several other Middlesex magistrates. Mr. Claffon confessed giving the order for this seal, which, he said, he was going to use in his trade as a merchant, which he carries on to a great extent, under the firm of Claffon and Jameson, in Burr-street, Aldgate. Several boxes of papers were brought from this gentleman's house to the Mansion-house, where they have been undergoing a strict investigation, and some of which are said to be of seditious tendency. It appears this gentleman had been an officer of the Middlesex militia; is a native of Ireland, from which he had made a precipitate retreat some time since, not with the most immaculate character; and the name of Jameson, added to the firm of his house, he calls a relation of his wife's, but no such person is to be found. He was ordered into close confinement on Saturday, and no person suffered to see him but in the presence of the gaoler, nor any letters to go to or from him without examination.

Dublin, August 16. Saturday last, Mr. Philip Long, of this city, merchant, was taken into custody, at his house in Crow-street, by the superintendent magistrate, on a charge of seditious practices, and is still detained.

BIRTHS.

- July* 22. In Orchard-street, the lady of H. M. Goold, esq. of a son and heir.
23. Mrs. George Meredith, Nottingham-place, of a son.
26. At her father's house, in Baker-street, Portman-square, the lady of captain Sober, of a daughter.
29. In Bloomsbury-square, the right honourable lady Ellenborough, of a son.
- In Dublin, lady A.M. Cotton, of a son.
- The lady of Joseph Blandford, esq. of the Inner Temple, of a daughter.
- At Great Henney Parsonage, the wife of the rev. Charles Andrews, of twins, a son and daughter, all likely to do well.
31. Mrs. Parish, of Guildford-street, of a daughter.
- August* 4. The lady of Geo. Lynn, esq. of Southwick-hall, Northamptonshire, of a daughter.
8. The lady of Charles Abbott, esq. Queen's-square, Bloomsbury, of a son.
- At Twickenham, the lady of John Dean Paul, esq. of a son.
9. At Bell-View, in the Isle of Wight, the lady of G. Ward, esq. of a daughter.
11. The lady of commissioner Otway, of a son.
- Mrs. Grant, of West-square, of a daughter.
- At Stepney-square, the lady of A. W. White, esq. of a daughter.
12. The most noble the marchioness of Winchester, at Rupert-house, of a son.
16. Lady J. Long, Hill-street, of a son.
17. The hon. Mrs. Barnard, in Hill-street, Berkeley-square, of a daughter.
- The lady of M. Lewis, esq. of York-street, Westminster, of a son.

MARRIAGES.

- July* 25. Wm. Bolland, esq. of Knareborough, to miss Kempster, of Chelsea.
28. R. Robinson, esq. New Bond-street, to miss Robson, eldest daughter of J. Robson, esq. Conduit-street.
- Mr. Day, solicitor, of Gerrard-street, Soho, to miss Mary French, of Dover-street, daughter of the late provost French, of Glasgow.
- The rev. H. Longden, rector of Rockbourne, Hants, to miss Davies, Homerton.
- August* 1. John Harvey Tucker, esq. of the Middle Temple, eldest son of the hon. James Tucker, of Bermuda, to miss Mary Browne, youngest daughter of the

late William Browne, esq. formerly governor of that island.

2. Marshal Bennet, esq. of London, to miss Eliza Cooke, daughter of Mrs. widow Isaac Cooke, of Bristol.
4. At his grace the duke of Hamilton's house, in Grosvenor-place, the right hon. lady Susan Hamilton, to lord viscount Fincastle.
- Sir Hungerford Hoskyns, baronet, of Harewood, Herefordshire, to miss Phillips, youngest daughter of John Phillips, esq. at his house, Bank, Lancashire.
- John Keate, esq. of Eton-college, to miss E. Brown, daughter of Dr. C. Brown, of Berlin.
5. John Iggulden, esq. of Doctors-commons, to miss Gotobed, only daughter of John Gotobed, esq. of Little Sion-house, Middlesex.
- John Simpson, esq. of Portland-place, and of Fair Lawn, near Sevenoaks, Kent, to miss Barker, daughter of Robert Barker, esq. of Croydon.
6. Tho. Braddyl, esq. to miss Frances Chester, of Hampton, Middlesex.
- Mr. Maitland Falcon, banker, in Workington, to miss Christian, of Wigmore-street, eldest daughter of Mr. Joseph Christian, of the Strand.
9. The rev. J. Smith, chaplain to the hon. House of Commons, and student of Christ-church, to miss Anne Barnett, youngest daughter of the late hon. W. Barnett, of the island of Jamaica.
10. T. Billington, esq. of Baker-street, Portman-square, to Mrs. Ford, widow of the late John Ford, esq. of Sunbury.
11. Philip Roche, esq. of Limerick, to the hon. Anne Plunkett, youngest daughter of the right hon. lord Dunfany.
- The bishop of Limerick, to miss Roslewin.

Abel John Ram, esq. eldest son of col. Ram, M. P. for the county of Wexford, to Frances A. Port, youngest daughter of J. Port, esq. of Ilam-nall, Staffordshire.

Charles Langford, esq. son of the rev. Dr. Langford, to miss Penrice, daughter of Edward Penrice, esq. of Droitwich, Worcestershire.

12. The rev. William Page, second master of Westminster-school, and student of Christ-church, Oxford, to miss Mary Davis, second daughter of Thomas Davis, esq. of Bicester, Oxon.

George Nigel Raynsford, esq. of Lincoln's-inn, to miss Catherine Peers, se-

cond daughter of Robert Peers, esq. of Chisheampton-lodge, Oxfordshire.

13. At the duchess of Buccleugh's, at Richmond, by the dean of Gloucester, and a special licence, sir Charles Douglas, bart. to lady Caroline Montagu.

E. Lumby, esq. to miss Phillips, of Roxby-lodge, Surrey.

David Ogilvy, esq. of Cockfoster, in the county of Middlesex, to Mrs. Rae, of Ladyfield-place, Edinburgh.

Matthew White Ridley, esq. eldest son of sir M. W. Ridley, bart. member of parliament for Newcastle-upon-Tyne, to miss Laura Hawkins, daughter of the late George Edward Hawkins, esq.

16. W. J. Stretton, esq. of Fitzroy-square, to miss Glover, daughter of the rev. R. Glover, of Dean's-yard, Westminster.

The rev. T. B. Stirling, of Strabane, Ireland, to miss Eliza Hall, second daughter of capt. W. Hall, of Shepperton, late of the hon. East-India company's service.

In Scotland, Dr. J. Stoddart, his majesty's advocate in the Admiralty of Malta, to miss Isabella Moncreiff, eldest daughter of sir H. Moncreiff, bart. of Wellwood.

17. Captain Alex. Francis Baillie, of the royal navy, to Mrs. Elizabeth Gordon, of New Town, Edinburgh.

18. The hon. John Dutton, son of the right hon. lord Sherborne, to the hon. miss Legge, only daughter of the right hon. lord Stawell.

DEATHS.

July 18. At Albano, near Rome, in the 73d year of his age, the right hon. and right rev. the earl of Bristol; lord bishop of Derry. He is succeeded in his title and estates by his only surviving son, lord Hervey.

19. At Cheltenham, miss Elizabeth Bentham, only daughter of the late rev. Edward Bentham, D. D. canon of Christchurch, Oxford, and Regius Professor of Divinity in that university.

26. At his house, in Upper Brook-street, Grosvenor-square, George Rush, esq. of Farthinghoe, in the county of

Northampton, formerly a captain in the Middlesex militia.

At Tooting, Mrs. Jane Hotchkiss, late of Forty-hill, Enfield.

At her house, at Hampstead, Mrs. Debaufre, widow, aged 74 years.

That ingenious artist, James Malton, esq. of Norton-street, St. Mary-le-bone.

27. The rev. Matthew Kenrick, LL. D. rector of Bletchingly, Surrey.

29. At her son's house, at South-Lambeth, aged 82, Mrs. Alexander, relict of Mr. Shelton Alexander, of Norwich, and daughter of the late Henry Stebbing, D. D. chancellor of Sarum.

August 1. At Queen-street, Westminster, Mr. William Woodfall.

At Dublin, after a short illness, miss Rigg, eldest daughter of Mr. Rigg, formerly of Suffex.

2. At Carmarthen, John Phillips, esq. barrister-at-law.

3. At Whitehall, near Bristol, after a long and painful illness, the rev. Charles Page, of Northleach, Gloucestershire.

5. At Sandgate, in Kent, in the 18th year of her age, after a long and painful illness, which was supported with exemplary patience, miss Mary Bolland, 4th daughter of Mr. Bolland, of Clapham.

John Chalie, esq. of Bedford-square.

Mr. Shelley, of Wimbledon, Surrey, and Mincing-lane, London, father to the lady of Mr. Garthshore, one of the lords of the Admiralty.

7. At Hoddesdon, Herts, Benjamin Henshaw, esq. son of the late rev. Joseph Henshaw, rector of High Ongar, Essex.

9. In Manchester-square, the lady of William Garthshore, M. P. for Weymouth, having suddenly lost her father a few days before.

12. At Walthamstow, in the 17th year of her age, miss Eliza Phipps, second daughter of Mr. Phipps, of Copthall-court, Throgmorton-street.

14. In White-horse-street, Ratcliffe, at a very great age, and the oldest in the Greenland trade, being fifty years in it, captain R. Waterhouse, who, in his lifetime, frequently said, that he survived every commander in the trade twice over.

THE
LADY'S MAGAZINE,

OR
ENTERTAINING COMPANION

FOR
THE FAIR SEX;

APPROPRIATED
SOLELY TO THEIR USE AND AMUSEMENT.

FOR SEPTEMBER, 1803.

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This Number is embellished with the following Copper-plates:

- 1 MORAD AND ZORAIDA.
- 2 For the MORAL ZOOLOGIST—THE NIGHTINGALE—THROSTLE.
- 3 An elegantly-coloured PARIS DRESS.
- 4 New and elegant PATTERN for a GOWN or APRON, &c.
- 5 MUSIC—THE POOR SOLDIER'S PETITION.

LONDON:

Printed for G. and J. ROBINSON, No. 25, Paternoster-Row;

Where Favours from Correspondents continue to be received.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

THE continuation of *Signe and Habor* in our next.

The *Monks and the Robbers* is likewise deferred till next Month.

Lucinda's *Essay* is not forgotten.

The request of J. M., from *Kingsland*, shall be attended to.

J. M. L. will find some of the pieces he mentions in the present Number: the others will be inserted occasionally.

Invocation to the *Muse*—The *Bard of Fancy*—*Stanzas to Eliza*—*Midnight*—*Lines on Despair*—The *Triumph of Britain*—*Acrostic* by C. B. are received.

Engraved for the Lady's Magazine.



Morad and Loraida.

THE
LADY'S MAGAZINE,

For SEPTEMBER, 1803.

MORAD AND ZORAIDA;

OR, THE

VINDICATION OF PROVIDENCE:

AN EASTERN TALE.

(With an elegant Engraving.)

SON of the dust, learn resignation to the dispensations of Providence. Submit with humility to the decrees of Him who called thee into existence, nor daringly censure what thou canst not understand. Doubt not that, if thou art virtuous, whatever befalls thee will ultimately conduce to thy true happiness and real good.

In the city of Bagdad, so celebrated by the sages of antiquity, lived Morad, the son of Ibrahim, whose name was an aromatic that perfumed the remotest corners of the east. His person was noble as the rising oak in the forest, and his mind pure and unfulled as the meridian beam of the glorious sun. His bounty wiped away the tear from the eye of the fatherless, nor did the mourning of the widow pass unregarded at his gate. Complacency and benevolence were ever seated on his brow, intelligence beamed in his eye, and every virtue was natural to his heart. Whoever saw him admired and praised him; and the more he was known the more he was respected and beloved.

It chanced one day, as he strayed through the edge of a wood, the

tall trees of which cast a delightful shade, he discovered a beautiful damsel sleeping by the side of a pellucid rivulet where it formed a gently murmuring cascade. Her veil had fallen in such a manner that it no longer shaded her lovely face. He stopped, he gazed, he was enamoured, he was enchanted. Zoraida, the sleeping fair one, for whom his heart now so tenderly palpitated, was the daughter of a rich merchant of Balsora, who had lately arrived at Bagdad. She was beautiful as the day; the blush of the morning was less rosy than her cheek, and the diamond of Golconda not so brilliant as her eye. Her bosom was white as the swan upon the waters, and gentle as the murmur of the unruffled stream. How oft, oh ye groves of Balsora, have ye re-echoed with the fame of her beauty! how oft, oh ye valleys of Bagdad, have ye resounded with her praise! Ye know that her voice could enchain the tiger of the desert, and arrest the wild stag as he darted from the hill: ye know that the spices of Ormus could not equal the perfume of her breath, nor the daughters of Paradise excel her in dignity and grace.

Zoraida had walked out in the morning to enjoy the beauties of the scene not far from her father's residence. When the sun climbed the vault of Heaven she sat down near the rippling stream, and sleep closed her lovely eyelids. While Morad was gazing enraptured on her, she awoke, and seeing a stranger near her, screamed aloud. Morad soon succeeded in his endeavours to calm her fears, and the more he conversed with her the more he was delighted. He preferred his suit as a lover; her heart approved, her father consented, and a day was appointed for the celebration of their nuptials. The impatience of Morad to possess the only object that had ever engrossed his heart was unbounded, and his imagination continually banquetted on the expectation of the felicity which he was so soon to enjoy in her arms. The heart of Zoraida was not less anxious, and agitated with pleasing hope, though delicacy closed her lips. In silence she counted over the days, the hours, which were to pass before she might give a loose to her affections in the tenderest intercourse with all she held dear, with her beloved, her adored, Morad.

But, alas! while the present moments of these tender and mutual lovers were rendered happy by the anticipation of the future, an order arrived for Zoraida to attend the caliph, whose ears the fame of her beauty had reached, and who wished to satisfy himself whether the praises which rumour so lavishly bestowed on it were deserved. Neither her religion nor her allegiance would allow her to frame any excuse for not attending without delay at the command of the prince of the faithful, much less admit of a resolution to disobey. The caliph was worshipped with an implicit reverence by all his subjects, as the

successor of the holy prophet, Mahomet, and his word was considered as the irrevocable decree of fate. Zoraida, therefore, was immediately carried, with an anxious and fearful heart, to the palace; and, the moment she was beheld by the caliph, declared the most favourite of his queens.

It is not in the power of language to describe the distraction of the two lovers, at being thus unexpectedly torn for ever from each other's arms. Morad, when he heard that his Zoraida had captivated the caliph, regarded the happiness of his life as entirely at an end, and considered the angel of death as the only minister of repose. During two whole days and nights he wandered through the different apartments of his palace in a state of absolute phrensy, calling, at intervals, in the most passionate manner, on the name of his lost Zoraida. On the third day, becoming somewhat calmer, he began to reflect on all the circumstances of his past life, in order to discover, if possible, in what he had so much offended the prophet, that so severe a punishment was inflicted on him. After long revolving in his mind all the various acts of his life which he could recollect, and finding only some youthful indiscretions, which appeared to him much more than counterbalanced by a number of meritorious deeds, he insensibly sank on his knees, and began to expostulate with his Creator.—

‘Oh, thou great author of the universe, who sits enthroned above the seven heavens, where even the conception of no prophet but the holy Mahomet can dare to soar, look down in mercy on a wretch, who numbers himself with the most unhappy of human beings, though he has constantly entertained the most profound reverence for thy laws. Tell him, oh thou who art infinitely

exalted, inform him, thou who art inexpressibly just, why he, who has ever made it his unalterable study to deserve thy awful approbation of his actions, is doomed to suffer what the most impious transgressor of thy divine commands would confidently declare to be too great a punishment for the most enormous of his crimes.'

Scarcely had he ended when a burst of thunder shook the palace, and a blaze of sudden light illuminated the apartment. Terror seized Morad, he fell prostrate, and covered his face with his hands, while a voice, awful as the trumpet of Heaven, demanded his attention, and thus proceeded:—

'Cease, oh mistaken man, to doubt the mercy and justice of the supreme lord of all things, who, though he acts from motives to thee unknown, and inflicts severities which human ignorance and rashness may deem unjust, is yet ever watchful for the happiness of the virtuous, and perfectly consistent in his government of the world. Consider, Morad, that this world is a transitory bubble, which must shortly burst upon the ocean of time; that life is at best but a short voyage, in which every passenger must meet with some disagreeable gales in order to teach him his dependence on the hand of infinite goodness, and enable him to prove himself worthy of entering into an everlasting port. Without some adverse storms to ruffle the sea of human existence, the creature would frequently become forgetful of his creator, and by that be far more endangered by the fiercest tempest. From mercy, therefore, a variety of shoals and quicksands are placed in his way, which constantly preserving in him a sense of his dependence on the divine being in this world, compels him to steer his bark in the proper

course, and enables him to arrive at endless happiness in the next. But independent of this general order in the state of things, know, Morad, that because thou wert particularly favoured and protected by Heaven, it was decreed to snatch Zoraida from thy arms. She was, oh man, thy sister. Ibrahim, thy father, journeying to Balsora, had an intrigue with her mother, and she was the offspring of their guilty commerce. Think not to say, that as you were both utterly ignorant of this you could have committed no crime; had your union taken place, such discoveries would have been made as would have rendered yourself, and her, and both your families, most miserable. The secret of which you are now informed has been in like manner disclosed to Zoraida; she submits, and her heart will soon incline to the caliph, from a union with whom as much good will be derived as evil from a marriage with you. Zoraida is wise and virtuous: the caliph is too prone to caprice, oppression, and cruelty. He will most passionately love her, and she, by her influence over him, will induce him to perform many good actions, which otherwise he would not have performed, and diffuse plenty and happiness over her country. Instructed thus, bow with submission, and no more question the wisdom or the justice of that providence which governs the world.'

The voice ceased, the light disappeared, and Morad arose from the ground. He subdued his passion, lived many years in peace and happiness, and left many children who succeeded to his virtues and fortune. The eldest of his sons became grand visier to the caliph Haroun-al-Raschid, and ordered these events to be recorded in the chronicles of Bagdad.

MEMOIRS of SOLOMON GESSNER,
the celebrated GERMAN WRITER.

(From a new Edition of his Works in English.)

SWITZERLAND, which possesses no original language of its own, but borrows those of the two great nations in its vicinity, may be said to have more than discharged the debt, in the works of science and genius by which it has enriched these languages. How much the literature of France has been improved and adorned by natives of Switzerland, particularly by citizens of Geneva, it is unnecessary to say; and Germany is under similar obligations to those cantons that use her language, but more especially to the canton of Zurich.

Of this little republic was Solomon Gessner, the German Theocritus, a complete translation of whose works is now for the first time presented to the English reader. He was born in the year 1730, and was the son of a respectable printer and bookseller, from whom he received a liberal and even a learned education, whose profession he adopted, and whom in due time he succeeded. Fortunately the house of Orel, Gessner, and Company, into which he was received, had been long established, and was known over Europe, by the extent of its correspondence and by the choice and elegance of the works which it gave to the world. Gessner was not therefore involved in the cares of a new establishment, nor was it necessary for him to engage in the details and fatigues of business; and the bent of his genius being obvious, his partners, by whom he was beloved and esteemed, freely indulged him in his favourite studies and pursuits.

In the twenty-second year of his age he made a tour through Germany, in part for the purpose of extending

the connections of his house, but chiefly with a view to his own improvement. In the course of this journey, he became acquainted with the greater part of the German men of letters of that day, and his talents were doubtless stimulated by the sympathy and the emulation which such intercourse is so particularly calculated to excite. On his return to Zurich in 1753, he gave his first publication to the world, a small poem in measured prose, entitled *Night*; and this meeting a favourable reception, he soon afterwards published his pastoral romance of *Daphnis*, in three cantos. In the first of these poems he contrived to introduce a compliment to Gleim and Hagedorn, from whom he had received civility and kindness in the course of his tour. To *Daphnis* he prefixed a letter to himself from Mademoiselle —, with his reply, both written in a playful and animated style, from which we are led to believe, that the heroine of this pastoral was a real personage. ‘Yes,’ says Gessner, in the language of gallantry, and perhaps of truth, ‘while I described *Phyllis* I thought of you, and the happy idea of writing a romance supplied me with a continual dream of you, which rendered our separation less intolerable.’ In these early productions, with somewhat of the irregularity and the extravagance of youth, we find that luxuriance of imagery, and that soft amenity of sentiment and of expression, by which almost all his other writings are characterized. At this period of his life, Ovid seems to have been a favourite with Gessner. In his *Night*, we have a fable on the origin of the glow-worm; and in his *Daphnis*, an episode on the amours of a water-god and a nymph; entirely in the manner of that poet.

The success of these publications encouraged Gessner to indulge his

taste in rural poetry, and to give to the world his Idyls, in which, as he himself informs us, he took Theocritus for his model. The Idyls procured their author a high reputation throughout Switzerland and Germany. They were the principal and favourite objects of his attention, on which he exerted great taste and skill. They are described by himself as the fruits of some of his happiest hours; of those hours, when imagination and tranquillity shed their sweetest influence over him, and, excluding all present impressions, recalled the charms and delights of the golden age.

The Death of Abel, which is already well known to the English reader, by the translation of Mrs. Collyer, made its first appearance in 1758. Its reception was still more flattering. Three editions of it were published at Zurich in the course of a single year, and it was soon translated into all the European languages. In most of these it has gone through various editions; and there are few of the productions of the century that has just elapsed which have been so generally popular.—After this he published several of his lesser poems, among which was *The First Navigator**, which is perhaps the most beautiful of his works. He made some attempts likewise in the pastoral drama, of which his *Evander* and *Alcinna* is the chief. His *Eraf-tus*, a drama of one act, was represented with some applause in several societies, both at Leipzig and Vienna.

The poems of Gessner were almost all given to the world before he had completed his thirtieth year. About this period he married, and, as he himself informs us, his father-

in-law, Mr. Heidigger, having a beautiful collection of paintings, consisting chiefly of the works of the great masters of the Flemish school, he devoted his leisure to the study of their beauties, and became deeply enamoured of their art. Gessner, who in his youth had received some lessons in drawing, resumed the pencil, but with a timid hand. At first he ventured only to delineate decorations for curious books printed at his office, but by degrees he rose to bolder attempts. In 1765 he published ten landscapes, etched and engraved by himself. Twelve other pieces of the same nature appeared in 1769; and he afterwards executed ornaments for many publications that issued from his press, among which were his own works, a translation into German of the works of Swift, and various others. The reputation which he acquired by his pencil was scarcely inferior to that arising from his pen. He was reckoned among the best artists of Germany; and Mr. Fuselin, his countryman, in his *Historical Essay on the Painters, Engravers, Architects, and Sculptors*, who have done honour to Switzerland, gives a distinguished place to Gessner, though then alive.

The private character of Gessner was in a high degree amiable and exemplary. As a husband, a father, and a friend, his virtues were equally conspicuous. His cast of mind was pensive, and even melancholy; his manners gentle.—In conversation he was mild and affable, and, where the subject admitted of it, often highly animated, rising into great elevation of sentiment and beauty of expression. But in every part of his deportment there was that unaffected sincerity, that simplicity and modesty, by which true genius is so generally distinguished. With qualities such as these, Gessner could not fail to be

* Of which a translation was given in this Magazine. Vol. XXXII. 1801.

loved and respected; and, uniting to taste and literature the talents requisite for active life, he was raised by the suffrages of the citizens of Zurich to the first offices in the republic. In 1765 he was called to the great council; in 1767 to the lesser. In 1768 he was appointed bailiff of Eilibach; that of the four guards in 1776; and in 1781 superintendent of waters; all offices of trust and responsibility, the duties of which he discharged with scrupulous fidelity.

The fame of the accomplished and virtuous magistrate of Zurich spread to the remotest parts of Europe. The empress of Russia, Catherine II., sent him a gold medal as a mark of her esteem; and strangers from all countries visiting Switzerland courted his society, and gave him the most flattering proofs of their respect and admiration. In the height of his reputation he was cut off by the stroke of a palsy, on the 2d of March, 1788, in the 56th year of his age.

ANECDOTE.

AN ex-priest, named Thuring, died lately at St. Servan, whose life had been marked by an adventure that might appear extraordinary, even to such as read only romances, and see only melodramas. Thuring had been, on his return to France, with his wife and two children, and a considerable proper-

ty, which he had acquired in New England, but suffered shipwreck within sight of the coast of Brittany, and swam ashore alone. Not doubting that the sea, which he saw covered with the ruins of his fortune, had also swallowed up his wife and children, he hastened to bury his despair in a monastery which attracted his notice. His superiors discovered in him some talents for the pulpit, and sent him on a mission to preach in the neighbouring cities and villages. He was preaching one day, precisely the same on which, five years before, he had suffered shipwreck, in the city of Croisie, on the instability of human affairs, a text which gave him an opportunity of quoting the tale of his own misfortunes as an example. He had scarcely finished his interesting picture, when a female, who had listened with particular attention, screamed and fainted. Being removed into the sacristy, she recovered just as the sermon had ended, and the first object she perceived was Father Thuring, who, attributing her fainting to his eloquence, had come to pay her a visit. The female was his own wife, whom he had believed to be drowned, but whom some fishermen had brought off the rocks when the vessel sunk.

The husband retained his cowl; the wife took the veil in a neighbouring convent; and both found, in religion, consolations which prolonged their existence.

**A MORNING'S WALK in
SEPTEMBER.**

'Now soften'd suns a mellow lustre shed;
The laden orchards glow with tempting red;
On hazel boughs the clusters hang embrown'd,
And with the sportsman's war the new-thorn
fields resound.'

WHEN

'The lark had given the lazy lab'rer warn-
ing
Of the approach of rosy Mrs. Morning,'

I arose, and finding myself rather
unwell, I walked, in hopes the salu-
brious air would impart relief to my
disordered head; nor did I hope in
vain.

—'Beauteous Health!

Oft may my breast, through quiv'ring trees, in-
hale

Thy rosy blessings with the morning gale:
What are the fields, or all the flowers I see
(Ah! tasteless all), if not enjoy'd with thee!

PARNELL.

The weather was pleasingly calm,
and serenely mild; the musical lark
had left his lowly perch, and, soar-
ing above the clouds, was chaunting
a requiem to departing Summer.

'Soon,' I exclaimed, 'these plea-
sant rambles, these golden-eyed
mornings, these white opportunities,
will all be past! Soon will these
captivating scenes, these eye-delight-
ing landscapes, these flowery glades,
experience a disagreeable change!'

'Soon, ah, soon! the painted scene,
The hill's blue top, the valley's green,
Midst clouds of snow, and whirlwinds drear,
Shall cold and comfortless appear!

The northern blast shall sweep the plain,
And bid my pensive bosom learn,

Though Nature's face shall smile again,
Though on the glowing breast of Spring
Creation all her gems shall dingle,

My April morn of youth shall ne'er
return.'

Walking through a meadow, I
started a partridge. Alarmed at my
approach, it winged its course with
the utmost rapidity.

VOL. XXXIV.

'Fearful bird!' I said, 'why dost
thou fly from me? I am no savage
fowler, who, armed with leaden de-
struction, would bereave thee of thy
life. Numerous as my faults are,
cruelty to the feathered tribe must
not be classed among them.'

'Fearful bird! long mayest thou
enjoy thy flowery vales, thy cooling
shades, and thy crystal springs, un-
molested by tyrant man, that most
inveterate enemy of all thy species.
And thou, unfeeling sportsman!
who, like me, may range these
scenes, O spare the plummy race!
shorten not their vital term! permit
them still to sport in fields of air, or
seek their sustenance on the plains of
nature! Reflect that when their lives
are extinguished, they are extin-
guished for ever; like thee, they
cannot boast an hereafter.'

'Since, then, this transient gleam of day
Be all of life they share,
Let pity plead within thy breast
That little all to spare.

'The cheerful light, the vital air,
Are blessings widely given;
'Let Nature's commoners enjoy
The common gifts of heaven.

'The well-taught philosophic mind
To all compassion gives;
Casts round the world an equal eye,
And feels for all that lives.'

Mrs. BARBAULD.

'Tis an unpleasant sight to the
lover of rural rambles to view the
beauty of Nature tarnishing, and the
glory of Summer departing. With
ungrateful emotions he anticipates
the approach of Winter, when Crea-
tion sits 'like a widow, in her weeds.'
Then, with fancy's eye, he surveys
the snowy plains, the leafless trees,
and the frozen rivulets. Then the
melancholy Muse will strike the lyre
to notes like these.

Gay Spring, with all her beauty-beaming
train

Of variegated flowers, has left the scene:

g N

Her tuneful Philomela has forgot
 To pour her music 'on the night's dull ear.'
 Bright Summer is departed; lo! yon fields,
 That wav'd with golden treasure, are divested
 Of all their pride of plenty—all are bare;
 And Ceres mourns her ruined reign.
 Along the cheerless plains no more is heard
 The reaper's ditty, nor the milk-maid's song:
 Hush'd in the busy hum of rustic labour,
 And din of sharp'ning scythe; save where the
 peasant,
 With sadden'd heart, chops the rude stubble
 down.
 But soft, dull Muse. Though Winter's frigid
 breath

Will blast the scenes of beauty, yet there are
 Fire-side enjoyments; calm, domestic bliss;
 The tales and tricks of artless rosy prattlers,
 Instructive friends, and entertaining volumes,
 To speed the leathern wing of loitering Time,
 Till Spring, returning, prompts the Morning's
 Walk

Haverhill.

JOHN WEBB.

ANECDOTES of KANG-HI, EMPEROR of CHINA.

KANG-HI was one of the most illustrious princes that ever sat upon the throne of China. To great talents and a comprehensive understanding he added the graces of virtue and of piety, and from his earliest life exhibited that ardour of mind so well suited to the difficult task of government. He ascended to the throne in 1661, and died in 1724.

When the emperor Cham-chi, his father, was on his death-bed, he assembled his children together to fix upon a successor to his kingdom. On asking his eldest son if he should like to be emperor, the latter answered that he was too weak to support so great a burden. The second made nearly the same answer. But when he put the question to young Kang-hi, who was not quite seven years old, he replied—

'Give me the empire to govern, and we shall see how I shall acquit myself.'

The emperor was much pleased with this bold and simple answer.

'He is a boy of courage,' said Cham-chi: 'let him be emperor.'

The pomp and the business of the throne did not interrupt the labours of Kang-hi. He used to tell his children, by way of making them study—

'I came to the throne at the age of eight years. Tching and Lin, my two ministers, were my masters, and they made me apply myself incessantly to the study of the *King*, and the annals of the empire. Afterwards they taught me eloquence and poetry. At seventeen years of age my passion for books made me get up before day, and sit up very late in the night. I applied my mind so much that my health suffered by it, but my sphere of knowledge was enlarged, and a great empire cannot be well governed unless the monarch has a great share of knowledge.'

A short time before he died, he sent for the princes his sons, and thus addressed them—

'I have diligently studied history, and I have made my reflections upon every thing that has happened in my reign. I have observed that all those who were desirous to do mischief to others died miserably; that those who had no feeling met with persons more cruel than themselves; and that even soldiers who were sanguinary without necessity did not die a natural death. The Tien (Heaven) revenges one man by another, and he often makes him that has prepared the poison drink it himself. I am now seventy-two years of age: I have seen the fourth and even the fifth generations of many families: I have constantly observed happiness, peace, and wealth, perpetuate themselves in those families who love virtue. Poverty, calamity, reverse of fortune, and a thousand accidents, have before my eyes precipitated into misery, or destroyed, those families that had enriched

themselves by injustice, and who were prone to revenge and delivered up to disorder. I have concluded, then, from all that I have seen, that the course of events is just. Those who act uprightly gather the pleasant fruits of their good conduct, and those who act viciously receive their punishment even in this world.'

His penetration of mind, his great knowledge, the majesty of his appearance, his bravery, his magnificence, his indefatigable application to the business of his kingdom, procured Kang-hi from his subjects the glorious appellation of 'the father and the mother of his people.'

CRITICAL OBSERVATIONS on the
NOVEL of 'TOM JONES.'

*In a Series of Letters from an Uncle to
his Niece.*

(Continued from p. 407.)

LETTER XIII.

DEAR NIECE,

THE introductory chapter to the sixteenth book contains some pertinent observations on the usual stage device of prefacing a new dramatic entertainment with a prologue; which, as Mr. Fielding very justly remarks, frequently has little or no relation to the piece which is to follow. So necessary were these prologues considered, that, in the time of Mr. Dryden, at the close of the seventeenth century, no dramatic performance could find its way to the stage, unless the author could have interest enough with that celebrated bard to procure one of his writings. Dryden was poet-laureat, and a man of unrivalled excellence in poetical compositions; and so much was the town prepossessed in

his favour, that the most finished piece would not be relished by the audience unless set off by a prologue from his masterly hand; and, on the contrary, many a dull comedy has met with public applause when sanctioned by his *fiat*. Mr. Pope, speaking of Tom Southern, a famous dramatic poet of those times, calls him the man—

'whom Heav'n sent down to raise
The price of prologues and of plays *.'

Tom, it seems, had offered a play to the manager, which was refused unless he could procure the necessary passport from Mr. Dryden. This he obtained, but not till the poet had pocketed a much larger sum for his piece than he had usually exacted from other play-wrights: 'which,' said he, 'young man, is not from any disrespect to you; but the players have had my goods too cheap: yes, sir, they have had them too cheap.' Tom paid the laureat his fee, and obtained an advance of price upon his play. Most of Mr. Dryden's prologues fall, with great justice, under the criticism passed by Mr. Fielding on the generality of those pieces; and, if compared with those written by the late Mr. Garrick, will appear to have little merit. In truth, the reign of Charles the Second (though it abounded with men of genius in every department of learning and of science) was by no means the æra either of purity of manners or chastity of style. The nation, having been lately delivered from the trammels of anarchy and superstition, now verged to the contrary extreme. The witty monarch, as he was the patron of men of learning, so was he likewise an encourager of immorality and buffoonery: in consequence of this luxuriance of

* Pope's 'Epistle to Mr. Thomas Southern, on his Birth-day, 1742.'

the court, the stage, which has ever been held the mirror of the times, became a hot-bed of vice; and so corrupt was the taste of the town, that peals of laughter shook the house, excited by such indelicate language as would in these days be scouted by the audience in the upper gallery. At the time when Mr. Fielding wrote (more than half a century later than the days I have been speaking of), Mr. Garrick presided at Drury-lane, and a chaster taste prevailed. The difficulty in penning the introductory prefaces to each of the books of this novel Mr. Fielding likens to that of writing prologues; and that as it has been said by a dramatic writer, 'that he would rather write a play than the prologue to it; even so,' says our author, 'I could with less pains compile one of the books of this history, than I could write the introductory chapter to it.'

In the second chapter of this book we are treated with a very laughable incident, which took place soon after Mr. Western's arrival at his new lodgings in Piccadilly: I allude to the visit paid him by an officer, who brought with him a challenge from lord Fellamar. The meeting between this officer and our 'squire affords the author an opportunity of exercising his unrivalled talent for true humour. The dialogue which passes between these two disputants is consonant to what one might expect from characters so very dissimilar; and Mr. Fielding has taken advantage of this contrast, in setting before his readers a delicious treat of genuine wit and humour. The conduct of Sophia on this occasion, and her tender solicitude for the welfare of her father, are fresh traits of her gentle disposition; and manifest the filial regard she entertains for him: circumstances which, whilst they illustrate the sentiments we had all along conceived of her, serve to

endear this amiable character still more firmly to the reader. The 'squire's unkind reflections on his daughter, and his charging the insult he had just experienced to her account, as having arisen from her refusal to marry Blifil, are fresh instances of that singularity of disposition and rusticity of manners which distinguish him throughout; and so does likewise the sudden transition from the fondest expressions of love to the extremest paroxysms of rage. The concluding part of this chapter, in which this strange infatuation of Western by persisting in the resolution of sacrificing his beloved daughter to the man she detests is compared to the apathy of a gaoler towards a prisoner torn from the fond embraces of his wife, or to the cruel treatment of a bawd towards a young creature whom she has decoyed into her snares, is well imagined.

The good offices which Black George renders to Jones, by procuring a letter to be delivered to Sophia in the manner related in the third chapter, and the tender attachment manifested in behalf of his young mistress, are circumstances which, being exerted towards a favourite character, half incline one to pardon that deviation from moral rectitude of which we know him to have been guilty, and may be considered as a comment upon what Mr. Fielding observes—'There is no individual so very bad as not to have some commendable traits in his character.' The patient attendance of the 'squire at the door of Sophia's apartment, whilst Black George is paying his compliments to the lady; the observations of the author on the effect of grief, and the allusion to a widow's lamentation; are specimens of genuine wit and humour. The two following sections form a pretty smart side-blow at some of those childish experiments and frivolous observations which have at times

been the amusement, not to say the serious avocation, of men of letters: experiments which have found their way from the closets of these virtuosos into the cabinets and transactions of our royal society, and those of other learned bodies on the continent. Mr. Fielding is not the only author who has glanced at this propensity in writers of natural and experimental philosophy towards the investigation of trifles; Dr. Swift, in his 'Voyage to Laputa,' falls upon them without mercy, and, in a witty strain of irony, attacks the whole fraternity. The pains taken by Jones that the letter to Sophia should come under her inspection, and the ingenious artifice he uses for this purpose, together with the style of that letter, are convincing pledges that he still maintained the same unremitting affection towards his fair mistress; and, in that sense, this letter was a necessary instrument towards keeping alive that partiality which Sophia had manifested towards him, at a time when every means was used to alienate her regard. These reasons, I say, are a sufficient apology to the reader for the appearance of this letter, at that very juncture when our heroine stood in most need of fortitude, from the arrival of a fresh auxiliary on the side of Blifil in the person of her aunt Western, to whom we are introduced in the next chapter.

What terms shall I find strong enough to convey to your mind the pleasure I have always experienced on the perusal of the fourth chapter of this book? To say that the wit and humour with which this scene abounds are, beyond all competition, superior to any I ever met with in the perusal of other comic writings, would be to express my ideas in language disproportionate to its merit. In the perusal of the inimitably humorous dialogue which passes between the three persons assembled at

the 'squire's lodgings, namely, Mr. and Mrs. Western, and the reverend Mr. Supple, it requires no very strong imagination to represent each of the parties standing before us; and had this scene been delineated on canvas by the pencil of our author's friend Hogarth, the picture must have excited those pleasing sensations in the mind of the beholder which his incomparable sketches never fail to produce. You will observe how nicely the conservation of character is maintained in each of the speakers throughout this dialogue. The self-importance of Mr. Western when he communicates to his sister, in his coarse provincial dialect, the means he employed to gain possession of his daughter, and the confinement to which he had doomed her; the rage into which he is thrown at the lady's severe rebuke; and, again, when we view him tempering that rage with an affected respect towards his sister, on her sarcastic reply; the unfortunate dilemma into which the poor doctor is precipitated by his officious interference, and when his mediation is scornfully rejected both by his patron and the lady in their turns; the irascibility expressed by Mr. and Mrs. Western towards Mrs. Fitzpatrick; the apparent reconciliation which, in consequence of this offensive league, took place between these two originals; the satirical invectives uttered by the 'squire against his sister after she had left the room: all these several passages, I say, combine to render this chapter truly admirable. Through this interview, likewise, Mrs. Western recovers once more the possession of her niece, a measure which was necessary to be accomplished as a step towards the furtherance of the main design, which, as we have before remarked, is gradually advanced through a chain of incidents, many of which, like the various combinations of accidents in

real life, lead to very important issues, though scarcely perceptible at the time in which they occur.

The remittance of the bank-bill to Mr. Jones by Sophia, as recorded in the fifth chapter, demonstrates what a necessary agent this valuable article proved in the contexture of the novel. It was this bill to which Mr. Jones was indebted for an interview with Sophia at lady Belaston's; and now again, through its friendly aid, he is raised from the brink of distress to affluence; and all these good effects are brought about through a chain of natural events, and without the smallest deviation from probability. The adventure at the playhouse is related with great humour. Perhaps the character of Partridge is, in this chapter, somewhat overcharged; and it may be urged, that no man of common sense (and Partridge has been hitherto represented as not void of shrewdness) could have been so extremely ignorant as to have made those remarks, which are said to have proceeded from him at the exhibition, at the playhouse, of the tragedy of Hamlet. It will be said, perhaps, they are such observations which one should expect to have fallen from a child just taken from its nursery; and that a grown person, though he had never witnessed a theatrical representation before, could not have made such foolish remarks. But how severely soever this chapter may be treated by the fastidious critic, every candid reader will agree with me, that the whole scene abounds with true humour; and this alone is more than sufficient to plead in extenuation of so trifling an error, if such it may be esteemed. But I have a more forcible argument still to offer in behalf of our author: no man living had more of the milk of human kindness than Mr. Fielding. Of this we have seen numberless instances in the

work under consideration, and, indeed, all his writings exhibit proofs of his universal benevolence and tenderness of disposition. This generous sympathy inclined him to do justice to every distinguished character. On the present occasion he seems to have sent Mr. Partridge to the play-house in order that the author might pay a handsome compliment to his friend Mr. Garrick; and this eulogium, so justly the due of that celebrated actor, you will observe to have been expressed in terms of the most refined delicacy. I allude to the several remarks made by the sagacious Mr. Partridge in reply to the questions of Jones and Mrs. Miller. By means of this play-house scene, likewise, Mrs. Fitzpatrick is again introduced; and it will be seen hereafter how fortunate an incident this proved in the main thread of the History.

The sixth chapter of this book accounts for the arrival of Mr. Allworthy and his nephew in London, upon the information which Western had furnished the latter with, respecting the discovery of Sophia. The artifice of Blifil on this occasion, by which he obtained the consent of Mr. Allworthy, is at once characteristic of that cunning and duplicity which mark his behaviour whenever he appears; and the ease with which Mr. Allworthy resigns that opinion which his own prudence and caution suggest, to the weak arguments of Mr. Blifil, seconded by the rhetoric of Thwackum, is an instance of what Mr. Fielding hath before advanced—that the most sagacious head often gives way to the dictates of the tender heart.

Square's journey to Bath, which is hinted at in this chapter, will appear hereafter to be not without its use; since, from this very circumstance, a way is opened (and that by the most natural means) of

disposing Mr. Allworthy to listen to the recital of those circumstances which, by a happy combination, are brought forward in vindication of our hero.

The remaining chapters of this book contain abundance of information, which all tends in a very material degree towards the main scope of the novel. The reception which Mrs. Western gives to her brother and Mr. Blifil, and the conversation which passes on the occasion, is delivered in very appropriate terms, and calculated to excite laughter in the perusal. The extreme artifice of lady Bellaston, and the scheme which she imparts to lord Fellamar of delivering Jones into the custody of a press-gang, form a just delineation of the vindictive disposition of a haughty and amorous woman like herself, thwarted in her designs upon a man whom she had hitherto retained in her service through the ties of gratitude, and stung with the severest resentment at the ill success of her amour. The ruling principle of Mrs. Western shews itself without any ambiguity in the conversation which passes between her and lady Bellaston at the interview between the two ladies; for no sooner does lady Bellaston mention the name of lord Fellamar as a suitor to Sophia, than Mrs. Western immediately closes with the proposal, forgetful of the promises she had made to Blifil. In truth, such was her ambition of ennobling her family, that she was indifferent as to the personal and mental accomplishments of the person destined for the husband of her niece, provided his superior quality could elevate her to the rank of a countess. Much of the *dénoûement* of the piece depends on the production, to Mrs. Western, of the letter written by Jones to lady Bellaston, as recorded in the ninth chapter of the preceding

book. In order that a proper climax may be preserved throughout the novel, and that every character brought forward may contribute its share of entertainment and also be the means of conducing by fresh incidents to the main design, Jones, in the ninth chapter, is again introduced to Mrs. Fitzpatrick; and the reason why she had before avoided any conversation with him is accounted for, and we are likewise informed on what grounds she now sought his acquaintance. The plan formed by Mrs. Fitzpatrick, and to which she now solicited the acquiescence of Jones, was plausible enough, and (whatever effect it might have produced with respect to Mr. Jones's affairs) could not have failed to gratify the implacable resentment Mrs. Fitzpatrick bore towards her aunt Western, on account of the repulse she had met with from that lady. The tender glances and amorous expressions of Mrs. Fitzpatrick, in her conversation with Jones, are perfectly consonant with the idea that every reader must have conceived of this lady, from the time when he first became acquainted with her at the inn, when she relates to Sophia the history of her married life; and whatever censure may be supposed to attach to this part of the novel, and however this levity of conversation in Mrs. Fitzpatrick may be considered as a deviation from the rigid laws of decorum by novel writers of a sentimental turn, and by the grave readers of those solemn performances, these reflections will never be made by any man of taste on Mr. Fielding, who has taken all his characters from nature, and by a proper distribution of them has illustrated the position advanced by him in another place, that, with respect to every incident in real life, there can be no pleasure where there is no contrast.

But there was another event brought about through the medium of this visit of Jones to Mrs. Fitzpatrick, very necessary in the contexture of the novel. The circumstance to which I allude is, the rencontre between Jones and Mrs. Fitzpatrick, which was the immediate consequence of our hero's visit to the lady, as related in the next chapter. How intimately the subject of the following book is connected with these particulars will appear in the sequel. The concluding chapter of this book leaves the reader in suspense as to what may be the fate of poor Jones, now in prison on a charge of murder, and whose sorrows are still aggravated by the information conveyed in a letter delivered to him by Partridge.

I am, &c.

LETTER XIV.

DEAR NIECE,

THE introductory chapter to the seventeenth book of the 'History of a Foundling,' short as it is, appears necessary to relieve the attention of the reader in some degree from the anxiety he cannot but have suffered for Jones, and from any ill opinion which the apparent impossibility of delivering his hero from the calamitous situation to which his imprudence has now reduced him without the intervention of a supernatural agency, might incline him to entertain of the author. The interposition of elves and fairies Mr. Fielding has before disclaimed, and again reprobates in this chapter. He observes, that such calamities which a man derives from his own imprudences (though they may not constitute him a felon to the world, he yet becomes a *felo de se*), ought to be carefully stored in the memory of every youth who peruses those pages; for he who foolishly sacri-

fices the spring of life to the gratification of unlawful pleasures must either expiate his offence by an early dissolution, or be content to drag on a miserable existence till overtaken by a premature old age. The advantages possessed by the ancient writers, and by the Arabians, of calling in the aid of their several deities to relieve a hero in distress where every human effort would be unavailable, come in very properly at this part of the History, where the troubles of Jones are so multifarious as to baffle all earthly assistance. In fine, this short chapter is very judiciously introduced to prepare the mind of the reader for the numerous events related in the following book.

In the second chapter of this book Mr. Blifil is introduced to Mr. Allworthy at the breakfast table of Mrs. Miller, and relates the unfortunate incident which had taken place on the rencontre of Jones with Mrs. Fitzpatrick—declaring that Mr. Jones had been guilty of murder. The venomous exordium with which Blifil did not omit to introduce this tale, representing Jones as one of the greatest and most atrocious villains and a monster in iniquity, excited the resentment of Mrs. Miller in behalf of her friend; and the good woman could not refrain, even at the hazard of Mr. Allworthy's displeasure, from a warm reply in vindication of the unfortunate youth, whose character was likely to suffer through the misrepresentation of a defamatory scoundrel. The zealous terms which Mrs. Miller made use of on this occasion, excited in Mr. Allworthy some displeasure against the lady at having contradicted Blifil's relation, and at the impassioned tone of voice in which she expressed herself on the occasion. You will remark the contrast exhibited in this chapter between the

behaviour of Blifil and that of Mrs. Miller: the one brim-full of joy at having made discovery of an accident, the revealing of which to Mr. Allworthy was likely to blast every prospect of happiness Jones could have, and to prove the probable means of his destruction by the most ignominious death, or which at least could not fail of shipwrecking all the hopes he had formed with respect to Sophia: on the other side, we see Mrs. Miller standing forth in behalf of her friend, and in the warmest language defending his cause, and even sacrificing Mr. Allworthy's favour to her gratitude towards Jones. Here, as in many other instances, the author has exemplified the truth of his own proposition—that it is contrast which gives a beauty to every incident through life. The grave deportment of Mr. Allworthy, the dissimulation of Blifil, and the circumlocutory address of Mrs. Miller, may be remarked in the discourses of these personages as the prominent features distinguishing them from each other.

The conversation between Mr. Allworthy and Mr. Western, in the third chapter, affords specimens of the deepest penetration and knowledge of mankind which mark the observations of the former, and of true and genuine humour in the coarse language of 'squire Western, at the same time that the main plot of the novel is by means of this dialogue gradually unfolded. The fourth section of this chapter, in which Mr. Western takes occasion to relate to Mr. Allworthy the conversation which passed between himself and his sister and the other ladies, on the match proposed by lady Bellaston between Sophia and lord Fellamar, is delivered in terms the most truly comic. The arguments urged by Mr. Allworthy to dissuade Mr. Western from forcing the in-

clinations of his daughter are couched in that impressive style that cannot fail to interest the attention of every reader endowed with a true taste and delicate feelings. The portrait which Mr. Allworthy draws of Sophia must be allowed to have been sketched by the pencil of a master. What Mr. Fielding has here said respecting the heroine of his piece, deserves to be studied by every young woman who would wish to excel in those qualities that adorn the mind and set off the personal graces: but that quality, to express which he is obliged (he says) to have recourse to negative terms, is very rarely to be met with in young women of modern education, and is yet so necessary towards enabling them to shine in every relation of domestic life. The instance which Mr. Allworthy brings in of Sophia's modest reply to Thwackum and Square, on their appeal to her decision in a dispute which had arisen between them, elucidates Mr. Allworthy's meaning; and, as that unassuming disposition is so rarely inculcated either by the precept or example of the governess or the parent, those young women who take up this novel in the way of instruction ought to direct their most serious attention to this beautiful passage, and regulate their conduct according to this golden rule. The arguments which Mr. Allworthy makes use of against forcing the inclinations of a young woman in the momentous affair of marriage, may, perhaps, be read to as great advantage by the elder ranks in society. Too often, alas! has the felicity of the child been sacrificed to the avaricious principles of the father. To expose the folly and (I may add) the guilt, of this strange propensity, was one of the principal designs of the author in composing the beautiful novel under consideration, more

particularly of this chapter. Mr. Blifil's speech on this occasion accords in every respect with the idea we had before conceived of him, and every period brings to our view the hypocrite and the villain. Mr. Allworthy's observations upon love, in his discourse with Blifil after the departure of Mr. Western, seem the result of a deep investigation into the dispositions of mankind, and with which the chapter is dismissed.

The simile in the two first sections of the fourth chapter is very happily chosen, and forms a very apposite introduction to the scene which passes between Mrs. Western and her niece. The peremptory manner in which Mrs. Western expresses her sentiments, and her determination that lord Fellamar shall be introduced to her niece, are characteristics of that lady's violent disposition. The like supercilious arrogance which we have so often noted as her ruling principle now swells her up to so ferocious a paroxysm of anger towards the gentle Sophia, that she declares a resolution of delivering miss Western up to her father; a measure so repugnant to the temper of the young lady, that she found it necessary to rouse another of her aunt's passions, namely, commiseration, and this she effectually accomplished by the following apostrophe:—'If my dear aunt forsakes me, where shall I find a protector?' The reply which Mrs. Western made to her niece's detail of lord Fellamar's rude conduct is perfectly characteristic, and is delivered in laughable and truly humorous language. The vanity displayed by the old lady, on this occasion, encouraged Sophia to feed it with an additional proportion of the treacle of compliment; by which the pride of Mrs. Western was so effectually gratified, that she yielded an implicit con-

currence in her niece's sentiments, that she ought not to be left alone with so turbulent a lover. The intelligence conveyed in this chapter seems absolutely necessary towards winding up, by slow degrees, the clue of the novel; for so powerful an auxiliary on the part of Sophia having been gained over, the hasty marriage with lord Fellamar is totally prevented, which could not with consistency have been much longer postponed whilst Mrs. Western united with lady Bellafton in all the schemes she had concerted to bring about the union between Sophia and his lordship.

The fifth chapter of this book holds out a portrait of undissembled friendship not often to be met with in real life. The garrulous disposition of Partridge had furnished Mrs. Miller with the knowledge of every circumstance relative to Jones and Sophia, by which she was enabled to proceed on her benevolent errand in search of our heroine, as related in the succeeding chapter. The prison scene here brought forward is extremely interesting; and so likewise is the interview between Mrs. Miller and miss Western. The persuasive eloquence of the former overcomes the resolution taken by Sophia, and Mrs. Miller is suffered to deposit the letter she had brought from Jones. The remainder of this chapter, though not of very material importance towards the thread of the story, is conceived in a vein of pleasantry that cannot fail to engage the attention of the reader. The meeting of lady Bellafton, lord Fellamar, Mrs. Western, and Sophia, at lady Thomas Hatchett's drum, revives in Mrs. Western the design she had formed of uniting her niece with lord Fellamar, which Sophia's account of the rude behaviour of that nobleman and her well-timed flattery had nearly obliterated.

The discourse which passes between Mr. Allworthy and Mrs. Miller, in the seventh chapter, is an exemplification of the ruling principles of all these worthy personages. The sentiments of gratitude which warm the breast of the good woman towards Mr. Jones would not allow her to be silent at such time when an opportunity presented itself of urging any thing in his behalf; although, in the ebullition of her grateful sentiments, she might hazard her individual advantage: such was the predicament in which she stood at present with respect to Mr. Allworthy. The justice of his noble heart would not permit any evil intentions to be imputed to his nephew, whom he conceived to have been ill treated by Jones; yet he could not but approve of that sympathy which Mrs. Miller expressed towards a man from whom she had received such various obligations. Shallow wits have in all ages been eager to reflect on the loquacity of women, when, in truth, it is this volubility of speech which enables them to shine with the greater lustre, and which sets forth their other good qualities to the highest advantage, when this talent is possessed by a female of Mrs. Miller's sagacity. The ludicrous remark which Shakspeare puts into the mouth of one of his characters:—'that silence is only commendable in a maid not vendible, or a neat's tongue dried,' may, in my opinion, be seriously applied to the lovely part of the creation in general. It is the common place chit-chat of weak and uninformed minds only that can give disgust. Women who, like Mrs. Miller, temper their conversation with good sense and judicious remarks, will never fail to gain the plaudits of our sex. The softness with which Mrs. Miller graced her plaintive tales was sure to captivate

the hearts of her audience, and whatever good end she had in view her pathetic address seldom failed to effect; and so it happened at this time, when she was addressing Mr. Allworthy on behalf of her young friend. No speech can be conceived more impressive than the one which Mrs. Miller addresses to Mr. Allworthy, in the fourth section of this chapter. Its eloquence was insensible; and Mr. Allworthy, laying aside the momentary displeasure he had shown at the warmth of some part of her address in favour of Jones, confesses his approbation of her sentimental harangue by an act of benevolence towards this deserving woman; namely, by informing her of his intention to wait on old Nightingale in order to obtain, if possible, his assent to his son's union with miss Nancy. This chapter, independent of the entertainment it affords, and, I may add, of the instruction it holds out, contributes towards the main drift of the work, not only in Mr. Allworthy's visit to Mr. Nightingale the elder, but chiefly in the arrival of Blifil, and Dowling the attorney. It will be seen hereafter how necessary the attendance of Dowling is towards unraveling a mystery, on which the main plot seems to hinge. Mr. Fielding has contrived the most natural incident for bringing this gentleman to town, without violating in the smallest degree the laws of probability.

The scene brought forward in the eighth chapter places each of the characters in that light in which we had been accustomed to view them. The tergiversation of Mrs. Western, who, notwithstanding her assent to Sophia's proposition, that lord Fellamar's addresses ought not to be encouraged, in consequence of his rude behaviour, is easily prevailed on by lady Bellaston to concur with her, and to favour that nobleman's pre-

tensions; the awkward apology of his lordship to Sophia; the bombast which he gives vent to on this occasion; the modest reserve of Sophia, whilst, in language peculiar to herself, she strives to convince him that her constrained consent could never operate for the happiness of either; the perfidy of Mrs. Honour and of Betty; and the artful conduct of Mrs. Western towards Mrs. Miller, by which she gleaned from that unsuspecting woman much intelligence respecting Jones; the listening of Mrs. Western, and her consequent irruption into the apartment where Sophia and lord Fellamar were sitting, at the instant when his lordship's inuendoes respecting Jones had excited the indignation of our heroine: all these circumstances, I say, are so judiciously arranged, that the reader yields implicit acquiescence in the colloquial disputations of each of the personages brought forward, as being consonant with the opinion he had before entertained of each of them. The contrast between the two characters of Mrs. Western and Mrs. Miller will, no doubt, strike very forcibly your attention: the one all meekness and simplicity—the other long hackneyed in the modes and habits of the gay world, and in consequence a strange compound of affectation and deceit. It is no wonder that Mrs. Western, under these artful disguises, should find it an easy task to elude the penetration of the unsuspecting widow, and to draw from her many secrets which she wished to be informed of respecting Jones and Sophia.

The ninth and last chapter of this book conveys us again to the prison, where Nightingale and Jones are discoursing on the subject of the duel; the former having derived information upon that head from in-

terrogating part of the crew of a man-of-war lying at Deptford. Nothing forced or unnatural appears in this measure, whilst the introduction of so material a discovery in this place serves to keep the reader's mind in suspense, and thus unfolds, by slow gradations, the various incidents which now remain to be brought forward towards winding up the catastrophe of the piece. The arrival of Mrs. Waters at this precise time is an elucidation of what I formerly observed, that the introduction of this lady to our notice at Upton was not merely to bring forward a comic actress in that scene: in truth she will be found, as I then observed, a very necessary agent in the drama. The favourable opinion which Mrs. Waters had conceived of our hero from their short acquaintance at Upton, operates as a very powerful incentive to spirit her inquiries after him; when she collected from the discourse of Mr. Fitzpatrick that the gentleman by whom he had been wounded was no other than the individual Mr. Jones, with whose vivacity and sprightly conversation she had been heretofore so agreeably entertained. I have before taken the liberty of pointing out to you the artful disposition and nice contexture of the various parts of this inimitable romance, and with what wonderful dexterity the several ramifications (if I may so express myself) are interwoven, that every incident, of however trifling a nature it may be, has a tendency towards the main design of the plot, although at the first introduction it appears to be meant only to diversify the plan, and to keep the attention alive. In this respect, as I have formerly observed, Mrs. Waters will be found to stand forth in a very conspicuous manner. I am, &c.

(To be concluded in our next.)

To the EDITOR of the LADY'S
MAGAZINE.

SIR,

POSSESSING, from the prescription of a late eminent medical practitioner, a recipe for an excellent tooth-powder, which I have long used with comfort and advantage, I wish to make it public through the channel of your widely-circulating Magazine, for the general benefit of my own sex, and of such individuals of yours as prefer cleanliness and soundness of teeth to rottenness and excruciating pain.

Take, of Jesuits' bark, one ounce;
Myrrh, one ounce;
Orris-root-powder, half
an ounce;
Coral-powder, half an
ounce*;
Calcined oyster-shells,
quarter of an ounce:

Let the ingredients be well mixed together, dry; and they are immediately fit for use.

From my own experience, and the grateful acknowledgements of several friends who have used it upon my recommendation, I can safely assert this to be a most valuable powder, at the same time that it is considerably cheaper than the generality of ready-made tooth-powders vended in the shops: for the quantity here prescribed (which is sufficient to last several months, and may be procured at any druggist's) does not cost quite two shillings.

In addition to this powder, let me also recommend tooth-brushes on a new construction for the *inner* surface of the teeth. Instead of the common brush in the shape of a Roman T, let *two* brushes be made, with the cross pieces inclining, the

one like an Italic T, the other in the contrary direction, for the opposite sides of the jaw. Whoever will make trial of these, will find them far more convenient and agreeable than those in common use. The same will be the consequence of using, for the *inside* of the *front* teeth, a brush with the hair standing in the direction of the handle, so that, when put horizontally into the mouth, the hair, pointing outward towards the hand which holds the brush, bears full upon the inside of the teeth, without the necessity of straining the mouth wide open. This brush is best made upon horn or silver bent to the proper shape, to avoid the inconvenience of a joint in bone or ivory, which might sometimes be attended with danger.

Before I conclude, I cannot forbear recommending to all parents to train their children, with respect to their teeth, as I have successfully trained a daughter of mine. Scarcely was my Eliza four years old, when I furnished her with tooth-brushes, taught her the use of them, and took care to make her use them every morning in my presence. Thus she became so habituated to the use of the brush upon her first teeth, that, long before the growth of that second set which are to last her during life, she was fully prepared and disposed to pay due attention to their cleanliness and preservation. And the consequence is such as might naturally have been expected: for, though she is now above forty years of age, and has spent ten of those years in America—whose climate, or fruits, or whatever else it may be, seems remarkably injurious to the human teeth—hers are still as beautifully white, and as comfortably sound, as any set of teeth I ever have seen. I do not quote this example in commendation of the tooth powder which I have above recommended; for it is only fifteen years since she first began to

* Or (agreeably to the suggestion of an experienced chymist) as the effect of the coral powder and of the oyster-shells is precisely or nearly the same, it may be as well to use only *one* of these ingredients, but in greater quantity, *viz.* three quarters of an ounce of either the coral or the oyster-shell. If either be entitled to a preference, he would give it to the latter.

use *that*: I wholly attribute the happy state of her teeth to the single circumstance of cleanliness, by whatever means attained; though perhaps some people might suppose her to inherit that blessing from her mother; since, at the age of sixty, I still retain all my teeth so sound and solid, that there appears much less danger of my losing any of those useful appendages of the mouth, than (if I may judge from the present aspect of the times) of wanting food to employ them.

I am, sir,

Your constant reader,

HENRIETTA W****N.

Westminster, Aug. 22.

THOUGHTS in MANUSCRIPT, transcribed by LEWIS XVIth, and collected from the works of Stanislaus Leczinsky, king of Poland, his great-grandfather*.

[From the 'Political and confidential Correspondence of Lewis XVI. with Observations on each Letter, by Helen Maria Williams.']

THAT a wise king, who knows his duties, which he loves and practises, who, by his goodness and humanity, calls forth that homage which his dignity would give him no right to exact,—that a king, the

* These sketches are presented to the public not as original thoughts of Lewis the Sixteenth, but as opinions which he adopted from the writings of his great-grandfather, the king of Poland, and which were found copied in his hand-writing. There are certainly a great number of excellent maxims contained in this selection; and Lewis the Sixteenth having carefully classed them, they have been deemed worthy of publication, as displaying the temper and disposition of his own mind. The sentiments which we take the trouble of transcribing are generally such as we find congenial to our own, and which we wish to impress on the memory by retracing them with the pen, and acquiring in this manner a sort of property in the feelings and ideas to which the heart is in sympathy. These maxims are the production of a king who appears to have merited the title which has been given him, that of a sage.

friend of men, and the man of his subjects, should not taste, or be capable of tasting, pure and solid happiness, may appear surprising, and yet is true. He sees none around him but false and interested persons, whom his virtues displease even at the very moment when they affect most to applaud them; he meets only with hearts servile in their wants, insolent and haughty when in favour, ungrateful when they have no longer any thing to expect—men, in short, who, always fluctuating between passion and interest, and always clashing, never unite but for the purpose of perverting his sentiments, weakening his power, and who, under the appearance of submission, gain his confidence, which they betray. Notwithstanding his talents, his good intentions, and even his probity, the wicked suppose him to be vicious, the good faulty, the culpable harsh, and the innocent too indulgent.

There exists no true satisfaction for sovereigns but such as is derived from reciprocal affection permanently established between them and their subjects. Happy then the sovereign who, in order to win the love of his people, neglects nothing by which he may deserve it.

To win hearts is to reign over them: and is not this dominion preferable to that which is only maintained by force and power; since force and power are usually supported only by the love of the people, who are obliged to obey? An hero is formed only to conquer and destroy; a king should study only to render his subjects good and happy. The one must necessarily have enemies, in order to obtain renown; the other stands in need, for his glory, only of being beloved by his people. A king may easily become a great man; an hero is not always so.

The authority of the laws is the foundation of the authority of a sovereign: their observance constitutes his safety; and he finds in it his glory—a glory far superior to that of arms, which is usually sought by princes, who, under specious pretexts of dignity and utility, and from the sole motive of extending their limits or signalising their valour, breathe nothing but contention. This species of glory may indeed augment their reputation or their power; but it costs too dear to humanity, since its price is blood. Are sovereigns then the chiefs, the protectors, the fathers, of other men, only to sacrifice them to their passions? And ought they not to shudder at compelling them to make this sacrifice, even when it becomes indispensably requisite for the preservation of the state?

The liberty of a sovereign does not differ from that of his people: he is not permitted to will all that he can do; he is obliged, like them, only to will what he ought. With such dispositions, he has nothing to fear from his subjects; and his subjects love more than they fear him. Exempt from all inquietude, he lives amidst them with confidence: all the happiness enjoyed in the state is attributed to him, and all the punishments he orders are considered as the result of the laws. Persuaded that whatever regulates strengthens his power, he never wishes it to be increased.

It is not enough for a sovereign to remedy the abuses of his own age: he ought also to prepare remedies for evils to come. It is not merely for the time of his own life that the destiny of his states is confided to him: he ought, by his laws and his example, to reign even after death.

A sovereign can do nothing more useful than to inspire a nation with a great idea of itself. It is necessary that men should be attached to their

own country, even by a feeling of pride.

A man of genius cannot govern a state without firmness; and it is precisely that firmness which renders a state unhappy when it is governed by a man of no genius.

A prince may sometimes slacken the reins of power; but he must hasten to seize them again, on the slightest suspicion that his goodness may be abused.

The dissimulation of a king ought to extend no farther than to silence.

Happy the prince who can rely, for the administration of his finances, on a man equally wise and enlightened, disinterested and faithful. A treasurer who is an honest man is himself a treasure, more precious than all those which are confided to his care.

OF THE GREAT.

What are the great in the eye of reason, even the least severe? They only differ from other men by the pedestal on which they are raised; and this basis, not making any part of themselves, renders them neither more wise nor more happy.

Nothing here below is great but by comparison: it is the misfortunes of one portion of mankind which serve to give splendour and effect to the happiness of the other. We only appear rich, powerful, respectable, because others are indigent, weak, or degraded. We owe to them, in some sort, all our greatness; and we should be almost nothing if they were not beneath us.

I wish there were less distance between the people and the great: the people would not imagine the great to be greater than they are, and would fear them less; and the great would not imagine that the people are more miserable and insignificant than they really are, and would therefore fear them more.

OF POLITICS.

Diffimulation debases politics, as hypocrisy degrades devotion; neither can supply the want of what they attempt to counterfeit.

True policy should be founded on the most scrupulous equity, the most rigid integrity, a reciprocal confidence of protection and of service, and an uninterrupted continuation of mutual succour between the prince and his subjects. Not merely the duties, but the particular interests, of both make this requisite; and on this their mutual happiness depends. If that harmony which, in the moral order, has laws as immutable as those of the physical world, were destroyed, monarchical government would degenerate into arbitrary sway, and obedience would be transformed into slavery.

Notwithstanding the wisest laws, instability belongs to states; and for them, as for all sublunary things, it is lasting long, to change but little.

Every state is composed of two parts; one which governs, and one which is governed. The aim of policy is to obtain a perfect accord between those two parts: so that the first may not, by abusing its authority, oppress the second; and that the obedience of the latter, conformable to the laws, may produce the general welfare of society.

I compare the public weal to a beloved child, of whom we ought never to lose sight, unless we could bear to see it exposed to all sorts of accidents.

Of all the evils that can befall a nation, there is not one to which attention and foresight may not serve as a remedy. Those evils are almost always desperate at their very origin, but yield to precautions taken to prevent their birth: it requires, however, penetration, and a species of address, to anticipate their approach; since those evils resemble,

according to a celebrated politician, languishing distempers and consumptions, at first easily cured, but discovered with difficulty; and in their progress easy to distinguish, but hard to cure. That prudent sagacity which sees from afar the misfortunes of the state, may, no doubt, easily prevent their taking place; but the moment in which, not having been perceived, they break forth, and that we cannot unravel their cause and their nature, it becomes almost impossible to stay their course. In monarchies, as in certain machines, simplicity is perfection; a greater number of springs and movements might appear to give them more play, but would, in reality, serve to diminish their justness and their force.

OF JUSTICE AND THE LAWS.

It may seem a matter of surprise that laws being in all states so precise, so clear, and so notorious as they are, it should be requisite, in law-suits, to have recourse to so great a number of judges, advocates, and other persons besides, in order to examine, discuss, and unravel, the slightest affairs. If the tribunals, in pronouncing on the differences between parties, while they decided in favour of one according to equity, punished at the same time the other, as guilty of a state crime, by daring to defend a bad cause, contrary to the spirit of the law, and in the hopes of deceiving the judges and of obtaining a sentence conformable to their own wishes, would there be many law-suits in the world? Such means would put an end to those expensive sophisms, those subtle ambiguities, those useless forms, those dishonourable contentions of chichane, those pretended oracles, interessed to deliver answers conformably to the desires of those who consult them, and who, in the dark chaos of comments and glosses, the

intricate paths of which they alone can tread, lead, indiscriminately, to right or left, those who are weak enough to follow their steps.

Upon the whole, laws which explain themselves with sufficient clearness in all cases that can occasion disputes would thus be rendered more respectable.

Independently of that primitive justice, the seeds of which are implanted in our hearts, there are laws formed upon those principles, and which ought to regulate all our sentiments.

I would not altogether blame the custom introduced in the tribunals, of purchasing the advice of lawyers, and recompensing their labours; but I wish that the citizens were prevented from commencing a doubtful process, in which their advocate promises them success, of which he himself has no hopes.

In the place of those mercenary counsellors, whom I consider as a sort of pestilence, the ravages of which are so much the more extensive as no prince has yet thought of stopping their progress, the state ought to substitute, at its own expence, a certain number of expert and disinterested persons, who, on being consulted by the parties before the first hostile demonstrations, should display to them, simply and gratuitously, the injustice or equity of their claims, and engage them, by fear or hope, to renounce or support their pretensions. This kind of tribunal would be so much the more useful, as it would subdue the greater part of those passions which sow division amongst men; and it must effect this so much the more easily, as those passions in their birth would not have had time to contract that degree of warmth by which they are usually inflamed on the first resistance they experience.

VOL. XXXIV.

OF FINANCE.

The strength of a state, properly speaking, consists only in a wise administration of its finances; and inasmuch as a prudent œconomy is necessary for a private individual who wishes not to fall from the condition in which Heaven placed him, so is it indispensable for a kingdom that seeks to maintain its strength and splendour, since it is the spring that gives motion to all the wheels of the state.

Nothing is so important, in every kind of government, as funds always ready in case of any urgent necessity; and it often happens that sums properly applied produce a greater effect than the success of the happiest war, or the negotiations of the most able ministers.

Whether it be the effect of prudence, fear, or ostentation, princes in the most peaceable times maintain more troops than their wants require, or their finances admit. But if it be necessary to keep on foot so great a number of troops in time of peace, and if it seems unjust to make the subject continue to pay even those that are disbanded, why do not sovereigns take those funds from their treasury, or supply them by the means of œconomy? What would it cost them to allot every year a sum more or less considerable, and place it in commerce; by means of which, like a seed that unfolds itself in the bosom of the earth to which it is confided, it would insensibly increase, and become equally useful to those who furnished the funds and those who employed them to advantage? Whatever war then broke out, we should find ourselves able to sustain; and the people would not be subjected to taxes, which, especially from the manner in which they are collected, become still more burdensome than they are in themselves.

OF EMPLOYMENTS AND CONDI-
TIONS.

One of the misfortunes that take rise in a state from the confusion of employments and of talents, and from the small proportion between men and their condition, is, that the greater part of those whose minds are elevated by instruction, and who are adequate to the highest employments, finding themselves obliged, in order to obtain them, to pay court to men of ordinary capacity, too limited to appreciate their merit, make choice of retreat, which acquires every day new value in their eyes—happy in being accountable only to themselves for their studies and reflexions. Such men are indeed useless to the state; but it is the state which leaves them without usefulness.

We have but too often experienced that those who owe their employments only to court favour, sacrifice to it basely the interests of the nation: they cease to be citizens, in order to become the instruments of tyranny.

Good sense, religion, policy, every consideration engages us to spare the people: without this, whatever order may prevail in a state, the weak will always be the victims. The foundation of a state is the people; if this foundation be of mud and clay, the state cannot last long. Let us then labour to prop this: its strength will constitute our vigour, its independence our safety; and it will sustain us the more securely, since the people would have the persuasion that they should perish with us, if they did not cherish in their hearts our interests, and the glory of their country.

We should no less esteem the virtues of the shrub, however lowly, however humble, it may appear, than the shrub may court the shelter we can bestow. Without this reci-

procal interchange, every thing falls to ruin in a state; and there appears neither sagacity, nor invention, nor commerce, nor any of those aids which are necessary for the ornament or the wants of life.

OF IRRELIGION.

Which are most unreasonable, the errors of idolaters, or those of deism which are professed in our days? Those adored a vile insect, only because they believed it to be a god: our philosophers affect to believe in God only so much as leaves them at liberty not to fear him. The former do not believe themselves to be the creatures of their idols, and yet offer them incense; the latter acknowledge their Creator in their God, and yet refuse him their gratitude. The wisest heads of antiquity feared to irritate gods that had no power; our infidels attribute all power to God, and brave his wrath and justice. The one believed in Providence, and undertook nothing without consulting their gods; the others ascribe all to chance, and will only draw resources from their own stock against the misfortunes which befall them.—Those, in a word, wished to owe every sort of obligation to a religion which promised them no recompense sufficiently specious to engage them to submission; while these proscribed that one which abounds in so many sources of consolation from its morality; and having no rule of conduct for the present, they propose to themselves no object for the future.

What! those wits of the first order, intoxicated with their own merit, dazzled by their own acquirements, who imagine they have attained the highest degree of penetration granted to man, and who, from the zenith of their sphere, look down with pity on the ignorance, credulity, and superstition, of other

mortals— what! wits so vain, so full of themselves, can seriously embrace an opinion the antipodes of pride, an opinion that reserves for themselves only utter destruction!

How can they who are so haughty, so daring, humble themselves so far as to believe they are destined to the entire annihilation of their being? That portion of themselves which they have cultivated with so much care, which they have embellished with so many acquisitions, which they have taken so much pains to decorate in order to be distinguished from others—will they contemplate it, without regret, ready to mingle itself with the dust of the tomb?

Who can fail to be surprised at the hideous contrast which we remark in their ideas? Why so much pride among men who no longer hope to exist?

Hypocrites serve God, only to deceive men. More culpable than atheists, who deny the Divinity, without being able to deceive themselves, these believe in him, preach, adore, and mock him; but, by a natural consequence of their profanations, more unhappy than atheists, whose blindness all things conspire to dissipate, they fall into a deceitful tranquillity, an hardness of heart, from which nothing recalls them, and which makes them find that of the punishments of Heaven the most terrible are those that avenge without correcting.

OF CONSCIENCE.

If laws had been promulgated to recompense good actions, as they have been established to punish crimes, the number of the virtuous would surely have been more increased by the attraction of the promised benefit, than the number of the wicked can be diminished by the rigour of the punishments with which they are menaced. This

is precisely what takes place at the tribunal of conscience; the perverse are there punished by cruel reproaches for even the most hidden crimes, while the good receive the recompense of their secret virtues, not only by an exemption from all remorse, but by flattering testimonies which envy cannot pervert; by a secret charm, which it is easier to feel than to define; by the soothing retrospect which a noble mind involuntarily takes of itself, with no other view than that of being further excited to the practice of its duties. This delightful self-complacency is not an illusion of self-love to which virtue is a stranger. The reflections of such a mind are all true, just, and respectable, as itself.

There exists a tribunal in the world, more tremendous than any which a wise policy has established. Unlike such, it is invincible: it has neither axe nor fasces: it is everywhere, and the same among all nations. Every man has a right to give his opinion in it; there the slave judges his master, the subject his sovereign: men of worth compose and respect this tribunal; and it is only the most abandoned who disregard its decisions.

OF VIRTUE.

Virtue, destitute of meekness and politeness, is a bait without a hook. How many respectable persons resemble Ulysses at the cottage of Eumæus! they are heroes covered with rags.

There is a supreme dignity, which, of itself, confers no rank, and which results from the quality of an honest man.

All the finest talents united are not worth one virtue.

Such is the misfortune of humanity, that, in order to become constantly virtuous, it seems necessary not to have been always so. Not that I pretend that we must take

the path of vice to arrive at virtue : let us not go in search of enemies, in order to have the honour of combating with them. But, upon the whole, it is a truth, which experience attests, that we are never better than when we have had the misfortune of not being always good.

Must we cease to be virtuous in order not to be exposed to the shafts of envy? How unfortunate would it be, if the sun ceased to enlighten that it might not dazzle weak eyes!

OF PRAISE.

Praise is a tribute which we owe to virtue: yet though, of all tributes, this be the most easily paid, it is in general only half rendered, and almost always refused. The collectors of this tax would be mere loiterers in the world.

Excessive praises ought to offend us more sensibly than abusive language.

We, sooner or later, humble those whom we have made vain by our praises.

OF ELOQUENCE.

Eloquence is estimable only so far as it serves truth. The one sooths the heart, which the other rends.

I cannot endure an orator who thinks only artificially, and wishes me to think in the same manner. He methodically clips the wings of my mind, so that I can only drag my steps after him in the narrow path which he traces for me.

An orator who studies to be flowery is like a wrestler who prides himself in his beauty, when all that is required of him is strength.

ON GOOD MANNERS.

[BY DEAN SWIFT.]

GOOD manners is the art of making every reasonable person in the company easy, and to be easy ourselves.

Nothing is so great an instance of ill manners as flattery. If you flatter all the company, you please none; if you flatter one or two, you affront the rest.

Where company meets, I am confident the few reasonable persons are every minute tempted to curse the man or woman among them who endeavours to be most distinguished for their good nature.

A man of sense would rather fast till night than dine at some tables, where the lady of the house is possessed with good manners; uneasiness, pressing to eat, and teasing with civility.

A courtly bow, or gait, or dress, are no part of good manners; and, therefore, every man of good understanding is capable of being well bred upon any occasion.

Good manners chiefly consist in action, not in words: modesty and humility are the chief ingredients.

I have known the court of England under four reigns, the two last but for a short time; and whatever good manners or politeness I observed in any of them was not of the court growth, but imported.

Argument, as usually managed, is the worst sort of conversation; as it is generally in books the worst sort of reading.

Good conversation is not to be expected in much company, because few listen, and there is continual interruption; but good or ill manners are discovered let the company be ever so large.

Perpetual aiming at wit is a very bad part of conversation. It is a sort of insult on the company, and a constraint upon the speaker.

For a man to talk in his own trade, or business, or faculty, is a great breach of good manners. Divines, physicians, lawyers, soldiers, and particularly poets, are frequently guilty of this weakness.

MATILDA; a DRAMA.

(Continued from p. 413.)

ACT III.—SCENE X.

Herman, Louisa, Philip.

Herman.

LOUISA, do me the pleasure to go and tell Matilda and madame Amelia, that the count is gone out, and will not return till the evening; that they may come down; and that I have several things to communicate to them.

Louisa. We will go directly.

Herman. Oh! one of you will be sufficient.

Philip. But what am I to do while she is gone?

Louisa. We are partners in every thing, and do whatever we have to do together.

Herman. I no longer wonder that one half of your business is not done at all, and the other half badly done. However, go together, since it must be so.

Louisa. Mr. Herman, we heard just now a loud talking in this saloon?

Philip. Some persons seemed to be disputing with great vehemence.

Louisa. Mr. Ernest and his uncle——

Herman. What, you were listening at the door?

Philip. That would have been very becoming, to be sure!—No; we only happened to be walking under the windows.

Louisa. Without any intention of listening, I do assure you.

Herman. Well, go and carry the message which I desired you to carry. But let me warn you that if any thing is told in the family of what has passed here, if a single word of what has been said——

Philip. How can you, sir, suppose that we should divulge——

Louisa. O dear, sir, we heard nothing. [Exeunt.]

SCENE XI.

Herman, alone.

This worthy Ernest!—Was it probable that, with so mild a countenance, so pleasing, so attractive, an exterior, he could be a dishonest man? It is true, we see examples of this every day. But, even at the risk of being deceived, is it not better to think too favourably of the wicked than unjustly of the virtuous?

SCENE XII.

Herman, Amelia, Matilda.

Herman (*observing Matilda enter timidly*). Come in, come in; I have good news to tell you. Fear nothing; the count, your father, is gone out, and will not return till the evening.

Amelia. I told you, Matilda, that he would not dine here.

Matilda (*to Herman*). You have seen my father, and I have seen him too—but only from the top of the old tower, through the battlements—at a great distance—at a very great distance—I saw him embrace you all, while I—I was obliged to hide myself.

Herman. Your situation is less desperate than you may imagine.

Matilda. What do you mean?

Herman. Your name has been mentioned in the presence of the count, and he has pardoned the presumption.

Matilda (*eagerly*). Some one has adventured to mention my name to my father!—What heart so generous?

Herman. That of Ernest.

Matilda (*with a lively emotion of joy*). Ernest—Dear Amelia, Ernest has spoken of me to my father!

Amelia (*with a serious air*). You know not yet with what intention.

Herman. With an intention pure, noble, and generous. Notwithstanding the positive orders of the count, that no person should ever speak to him of his wife, or of Matilda; notwithstanding the danger of disobedience, Ernest has pronounced, in his presence, the name of his benefactress, and that of Matilda. He has refused the inheritance to which Matilda alone has a legitimate claim: he has demanded for her the kindness, the affection, the heart, of her father; and, preferring the anger of his protector, desertion, and poverty, to the eternal reproach of having deprived his innocent relative of her right, he has nobly discharged the duty of a virtuous man. He has raised himself above us, whose timid friendship had less to lose, and therefore ought to have adventured more.—He merits our friendship, our respect, our gratitude.—Yet this was the man we suspected and upbraided!

Matilda. How much my heart is relieved. (*To Amelia.*) I always told you so.

Amelia. Your prejudice in favour of Ernest —.

Matilda. Prejudice! because I cannot endure to think ill of any one.—Oh! it is so pleasing to believe in virtue!

Herman (*taking her hand, which she clasps affectionately*). Dear Matilda!

Amelia. I have no reason to hate; and if you were less unhappy—.

SCENE XIII.

Herman, Amelia, Matilda, Louisa, Philip: the two latter entering hastily, pale, and scarcely able to breathe.

Herman (*starting*). What is the matter?

Amelia. Why do you look so pale and terrified?

Matilda. Louisa!—

Louisa. Oh, I cannot speak!

Philip. I tremble from head to foot.

Herman. What has happened?

Philip. Just now, as we crossed the garden—

Louisa. Thinking of nothing—

Philip. Chattering jocosely together—

Louisa. At the little gate, which we found open—

Philip. And which I had made fast—I am very sure I had—

Louisa. Withinside, almost under the window of miss Matilda, we saw four men—

Philip. All well armed, and such ill-looking fellows—

Louisa. Oh! frightful!

Philip. A hedge prevented their seeing us—

Louisa. It was well it did.—We overheard a good deal of what they said: there is a terrible plot.

Philip. Our business is with this window, said one,—

Louisa. It is not high, and the balcony may be of service to us, replied the other.—

Philip. With a rope ladder, added he.

Louisa. I have one, answered the first.—There will be enough of us.

Philip. All with arms—

Louisa. Swords—

Philip. Pistols.

Louisa. At the mention of pistols—

Philip. At that of swords—

Louisa. I, who am afraid of firearms—

Philip. And I, who do not love them—

Louisa. I said to Philip—let us be gone—

Philip. And run—

Louisa. To relate—

Philip. Without saying a word—

Louisa. Without turning back—

Philip. We were looking for you—

Louisa. We have found you—

Both. And here we are.

Herman. And what does all this mean?

Philip. It means that there are thieves in the garden.

Amelia. And what do they expect to find in the small detached apartment in which we reside?

Matilda (*sinking into an arm-chair*). My heart misgives me; my fears overpower me.

Herman. Why should you be so much alarmed? Whatever may have been the intention of these miscreants, they are no longer to be feared now they are discovered.

Amelia. We must collect all the domestics and servants of the house, and search the garden and all the environs.

Herman. I will go and call them.

Amelia. I follow you.

Matilda (*endeavouring to rise*). My mind is so agitated—

Herman. Stay where you are, Matilda.

Amelia. We will return to you immediately.

Louisa. I will go and show you the way.

Philip. Let us first collect all our people: when we are about twenty or thirty in number—

Louisa. I dare say we shall be able to defend ourselves against four robbers, though I make no doubt they are terrible fellows.

Philip. Never mind; we will not fear them.

Louisa. No; we will not fear them. [Exeunt.]

SCENE XIV.

Matilda alone, and still seated.

I blush at my own weakness. Alas! so young, yet so familiar with grief and troubles! They have quite deprived me of all courage! But let me for a moment banish these thoughts.—My father was here this morning—Here—I

breathe the same air which he breathed.—He, perhaps, sat in this chair; and it was here, perhaps, that Ernest spoke to him of me?—Ernest!—These ideas somewhat relieve the grief with which my heart is oppressed. O, my father! listen to Ernest—extend to me your arms—do not repulse your daughter—she reveres you—one single look from you, one word from your lips, one single affectionate word, and all my griefs would be forgotten! (*She walks up the stage, and stops at an open door, which leads into the garden.*) Some one is coming.—Surely it cannot be—I must be deceived.—Gracious Heaven!—Yes, it is—it is my father.—I must be gone.—But it is impossible:—there is no way out but this by which I meet him. (*She walks hastily up and down, in most violent agitation.*) Where shall I hide me?—Whither fly? Wretched Matilda! thou art lost! Oh, earth, hide me in thy bosom!—Conceal an unfortunate daughter from the sight, the anger, the malediction, of a father!

SCENE XV.

Matilda, Count d'Orlheim, followed by a servant.

Count d'Orlheim (*to the servant, as he enters*). My thoughts were engaged on something else, I tell you, and I forgot to take them.—I must have left them in this saloon—upon that bureau—there they are, I am certain.—(*Perceiving Matilda, he utters a loud exclamation.*) Heavens!—Whom do I see?—It is her!

Matilda (*on her knees, her hands clasped and extended towards her father*). Forgiveness! Compassion! my father, have pity on me. (*Her voice and strength fail her—she sinks and faints.*)

Count d'Orlheim (*runs to her, raises her in his arms, and, placing her in the chair, says to the servant*)—Run, fly,

procure immediate assistance. (*The servant goes out hastily, and Count d'Orlheim fixes his eyes on Matilda*). All the features of her mother!—her very voice.—(*He seizes her hand, presses it to his heart, then drops it, with a deep sigh*). All the features of her mother!—All, all!—If I look on her again, I shall not escape my weakness—No—No—I will defend myself against her, and against myself!

SCENE XVI.

Amelia, Herman, Bloume, Ernest, Louisa, Philip, Count d'Orlheim; Matilda, still in a fainting fit.

Herman. We have found no person—

Amelia. They had, no doubt, all fled.

(*They perceive Count d'Orlheim and Matilda*).

All. (*with an exclamation of astonishment*). Heavens!

Herman (*running to Count d'Orlheim*). You have returned, sir, very unexpectedly.

(*Amelia flies to Matilda: Count d'Orlheim approaches Ernest, Bloume, and Herman, shows them Matilda, and seems to make a sign that they should assist her. Louisa and Philip eagerly offer their services*).

Count d'Orlheim (*showing the papers which he had taken off the table*). Agitated—disturbed in my thoughts, I had forgotten to take these.—(*Going, he stops suddenly, and seeing Ernest supporting and hanging over Matilda, thrusts the papers into his pocket, and says, with a faltering voice*)—Herman, and you, Mr. Bloume, you will follow me. [*Exit hastily, Herman and Bloume follow.*]

SCENE XVII.

Ernest, Amelia, Matilda, Louisa, Philip.

Ernest. This is an alarming acci-

dent.—What will be the consequences?

Amelia. Dear Matilda!

Matilda (*opening her eyes, and with a faint voice*). Where am I?

Amelia. With your Amelia—with your friends.

Ernest. Yes, with your friends, lovely Matilda—with friends who are all willing to sacrifice their lives for you.

Matilda (*looking round her*). Where is he?—Has he left me?—He was there.—He clasped my hand.

Amelia. Take courage; we shall be able to bear whatever may be our lot.

Matilda (*alarmed*). Has he then pronounced my doom?

Ernest. No, no; he has said nothing. He sighed; he looked, I thought, with kindness on you.

Louisa. I saw tears start into his eyes.

Ernest. No; he did not condemn you.

Matilda (*looking at Ernest, and stretching out to him her hand, which he kisses with transport*). Is it you, Ernest?—Ah! I am greatly indebted to you. (*To the others*). Yes, I heard his voice—his dear voice.—But my senses had left me.—I think, however, that he pressed me—pressed me to his bosom.

Amelia. Oh! if he did!—

Philip and Louisa (*eagerly*). He ought to have done so.

Ernest (*eagerly*). He did so; I am certain he did.

SCENE XVIII.

Ernest, Amelia, Matilda, Louisa, Philip, Herman, who enters slowly, and with looks expressive of great embarrassment and alarm.

Louisa. Here is Mr. Herman.—Gracious Heaven, how pale he looks!—See, Philip.—What is the matter with you, Mr. Herman?

Herman. How shall I tell you? I bring an order—a fearful order!

Ernest. From whom?

Herman. From the count.

Amelia. What is it?

Matilda. I shudder.

Herman. Before night, miss Matilda must——

Ernest. Proceed.

Herman. Leave this mansion for ever: the order is irrevocable.

[All appear in the utmost consternation, and a profound silence ensues for some moments.]

Ernest (with violence). No, this horrible act of injustice shall not be committed! this innocent and lovely victim shall not be sacrificed; or, at least, the same blow shall fall upon me! I fly where my duty calls me.

Matilda. Stop.

Herman (speaking at the same instant with Matilda). Stop: you will not save her; but you will ruin yourself.

Ernest (with the utmost heat and agitation). Talk not to me of my ruin when I see destruction ready to fall on innocence, virtue, and honour! I lose every thing if Matilda is lost. I must save Matilda, or perish with her. [He rushes out.]

Matilda. He adds to my misfortunes!

SCENE XIX.

Herman, Matilda, Amelia, Louisa, Philip.

Herman. What shall I say to the count?

Matilda (with tears and a faltering voice). That I will obey him, (She falls on her knees and raises her hands). Merciful Heaven! be my support, my refuge, and forsake not an unfortunate and feeble creature!—(She rises and leans on the arm of Amelia). Let us go, my dear friend; I have but a few moments more to be with you.

Amelia. But a few moments!—Do you think, then, that I will ever

leave you? No, dearest Matilda! your fate shall be mine: the little we have we will share together. Misfortune exists not when we have courage, nor can there be poverty when we are willing to labour.

Matilda (embracing Amelia, then turning to Herman and presenting him her hand). Farewel! Do not forget me: you will be ever present to my thoughts.—(To Louisa and Philip). I thank you for all your services; your disinterested compassion.—(She extends to them her hands, which they kiss and bathe with their tears). Farewel! I am driven from my father's house: I go to live and languish far from you; but I shall always love you.

Herman. There is a small farmhouse, at a little distance, where you will be received with kindness, and may remain for this night. Tomorrow I will endeavour to find for you a more suitable asylum. Do not sink into despondence; the present is the moment when courage is necessary. Recollect that, to enable you to support your misfortunes, there still remain to you——

Matilda. Your friendship, my innocence, Heaven, and my dear Amelia.

[She throws herself into the arms of Amelia, who supports and leads her off: Herman, Louisa, and Philip, follow, in tears, and exhibiting all the emotions of grief and affection.]

END OF THE THIRD ACT.

(To be continued.)

The MORAL ZOOLOGIST.

PART II.

(Continued from p. 435.)

THE SCOPS, OR LITTLE HORNED OWL.

THIS species of horned owl is easily distinguished from the other two by its small size, being only seven inches long, and by the ears,

which only rise about half an inch from the head and are composed of a single feather; its head also is much smaller in proportion to its body than in the two last-described species, and the feathers are more beautifully variegated with brown, black, and red. The legs are clothed to the beginning of the claws, with feathers of a rusty grey mixed with brown spots.

This species is likewise distinguished by its instinct; for in spring and autumn it migrates into other climates, and seldom passes the winter either in England or France, but departs after, and returns a little before, the swallow. It is however but seldom seen and much seldomer taken in this country. In years when mice have multiplied extremely, these owls, it is said, have been known to assemble in flocks, and make war on them so successfully as entirely to clear the fields. Dale, in his appendix to his 'History of Harwich,' gives two instances of this, from Childrey. 'In the year 1580, at Hallow-tide, an army of mice so over-ran the marshes near South-Minster that they eat up the grass to the very roots; but at length a great number of *strange painted owls* came and devoured all the mice. The like happened in Essex anno 1648.' Dale supposes these to have been the long-eared owls, but the term *strange painted owls* seems rather to point out the scops.

The colour of these owls greatly varies, according to the climate, their age, and, perhaps, sex. They are all grey when young, but as they grow older some become browner than others.

This bird is denominated *Strix Scops* by Linnæus.

THE ALUCO OWL.

The aluco, which may be called the black owl, was by the Greeks named *Nycticorax*, or the night-raven. It is the *Strix Aluco* of Lin-

næus, and is by some called the brown owl, and the howlet. It is the largest of the tribe of owls which have not ears, being near fifteen inches long from the tip of the bill to the claws. The upper part of the body is of a deep iron grey, variegated with white and black spots; the under part white with blackish longitudinal and transverse streaks. The tail is somewhat more than six inches long; the wings when spread measure three feet two or three inches. The face appears, as it were, sunk in the plumage; the eyes are buried in greyish ragged feathers; the legs are clothed to the beginning of the claws with white feathers, mottled with black spots.

This bird during summer lodges in hollow trees in the woods; in winter it approaches the cultivated grounds and habitations of the husbandman. Its most usual prey is field-mice, but it likewise pursues and catches small birds, which it swallows entire. Its cry resembles the howling of wolves, and it is said to utter it more loudly and frequently in frosty weather.

It usually lays four eggs, of a dusky grey colour, round, and nearly of the same size with those of a small pullet.

The aluco owl is a native of most parts of Europe, and among the Calmuck Tartars revered as a sacred bird.

THE TAWNY OWL.

The tawny owl is distinguished from the other earless owls by its blueish eyes, the variegated colours of its plumage, and the peculiarity of its cry. The back, head, and coverts of the wings, are of a tawny red, mottled with black or dusky spots of various sizes; the breast and belly are yellowish, mixed with white, and marked with narrow black streaks pointing downwards.

This bird is the *Strix Stridula* of Linnæus, and is described by him as

native of Sweden. It is also found in other northern countries, and inhabits the more southern deserts of Europe and Tartary: in England, likewise, it is pretty frequent in the woods, where it breeds in the rooks' nests. Varieties of it are found in America and the West-Indies.

Gesner and Aldrovandus, as well as Linnæus, and many other naturalists who have written in Latin, have applied the name *Strix* to this species; but Buffon thinks, and he seems to have well supported his opinion, particularly by a passage from Ovid, that the white owl, or common barn owl, and not the tawny owl, was the *Strix* of the ancients.

THE WHITE OWL.

The white owl, or common barn owl, may be considered as almost a domestic bird, as it inhabits barns, hay-lofts, and other out-houses, as well as the roofs of churches and ruinous buildings. It utters continually a disagreeable kind of hissing or blowing, which resembles the snoring of a man who sleeps with his mouth open. When it flies or alights it also screams with a harsh and mournful note, which the ignorant and superstitious regard as ominous, considering it as the messenger of death if its doleful cries are heard near the chamber of any sick person.

The beauty of its plumage, however, in some degree compensates for its disgusting tones. The upper part of the body is yellow, waved with grey and brown, and sprinkled with white points; the under part is white, marked with black spots. A circle of soft white feathers surrounds the eyes. The bill is white, except at the tip, which is brown. The legs are covered with white down; the claws are white, and the nails blackish. There are others of this species, the breast and belly of which are of a fine yellow sprinkled with black points: in

others they are entirely white, in others yellow, and without a single spot.

The white owl does not, like the aluco and the tawny owl, lodge its eggs in the nests of other birds, but carelessly drops them in the holes of walls or trees, without any preparation of withered grass, roots, or leaves, for their reception. It breeds in the month of March, when it lays five or six eggs, of an oblong shape and a whitish colour. The young when first produced are entirely white, and are fed by the parents, chiefly with insects, and morsels of the flesh of mice. When about the age of three weeks, they are fat and plump, and are reckoned by the French good eating.

These owls are easily caught, by placing a small net at the entrance of the holes they inhabit in old buildings; but, except taken young, they will not live shut up in cages, but reject all sustenance, and usually die of hunger in ten or twelve days. When confined they never utter their harsh and grating cry, which sound they give only when flying at perfect freedom. The female of this species is rather larger than the male, and its plumage is more light and distinct in its colour: it is, in fact, the most beautifully varied of any of the nocturnal birds.

The white owl is the *Strix Flammea* of Linnæus: it is common in every part of Europe; and found through the whole extent of the continent of America, though not farther north than the latitude of Sweden. In Tartary it is a sacred bird, from a tradition that it was instrumental in saving the emperor Jenghis Khan.

THE BROWN OWL.

This species, also called the rock owl, is very common, though not so frequently seen in the vicinity of our habitations as the white owl. It is less than the tawny owl, being only

eleven or twelve inches from the bill to the claws. The head is smooth; the upper part of the body tawny, with dusky longitudinal spots; below it is whitish with dusky lines: the tail is marked with dusky bars. The legs are covered with feathers: the bill is entirely brown. It haunts quarries, rocks, ruins, and deserted edifices: it prefers mountainous tracts, craggy precipices, and sequestered places; but it scarcely ever resorts to the woods, or lodges in hollow trees. The peasants are usually friendly to this bird, being pleased with its soft and plaintive note, which it varies according to the weather, and thus becomes an unerring predictor of rain.

Like the white owl, the brown owl makes no nest, but leaves its eggs in any hole which may offer. It lays three white eggs, perfectly round, about the size of those of a wood-pigeon.

This bird is the *Strix Ulula* of Linnæus, whose specific character of it is: 'That the upper part of its body is dusky, with white spots; the tail feathers inscribed with white lines.' It includes two varieties; 1. The Arctic owl, *Strix Arctica*, which inhabits the northern parts of Sweden—2. The Caspian owl, *Strix Accipitrina*, which inhabits the Caspian Sea and the southern parts of Russia and Tartary.

THE LITTLE OWL.

This is one of the smallest of the owl genus. It is nearly of the same size with the scops, or little horned owl, both being about seven or eight inches long from the point of the bill to the claws, and not larger than a blackbird. But it is easily distinguished from the scops, by having no prominent feathers at the ears like that bird, by the difference of colours, by the regular disposition of the white spots on the wings and the body, by the shortness of its tail and wings, and by its cry. It seldom

is found in the woods, but frequents old deserted buildings, ruins, and caverns, and never lodges in hollow trees. It is not, strictly speaking, a nocturnal bird, for it endures the light much better than any other species of the owl kind. It preys principally on mice, but frequently chases swallows and other small birds, though not very successfully. It forms a very rude nest in the clefts of rocks and holes in old walls, in which it lays five eggs, spotted with white and yellow.

This bird is the *Strix Passerina* of Linnæus, whose specific character of it is, that 'its head is smooth, and the feathers of its wings marked with five orders of spots.' It is very rare in England, but is more frequent in Germany and some other parts of Europe: it is also found in North-America from Hudson's Bay to New York.

These are all the species of owls most common in Europe; but I cannot conclude the account of these birds without adding a brief description of some others, which are either varieties of some of these species, or which in their principal characteristics resemble the owls.

THE HARFANG.

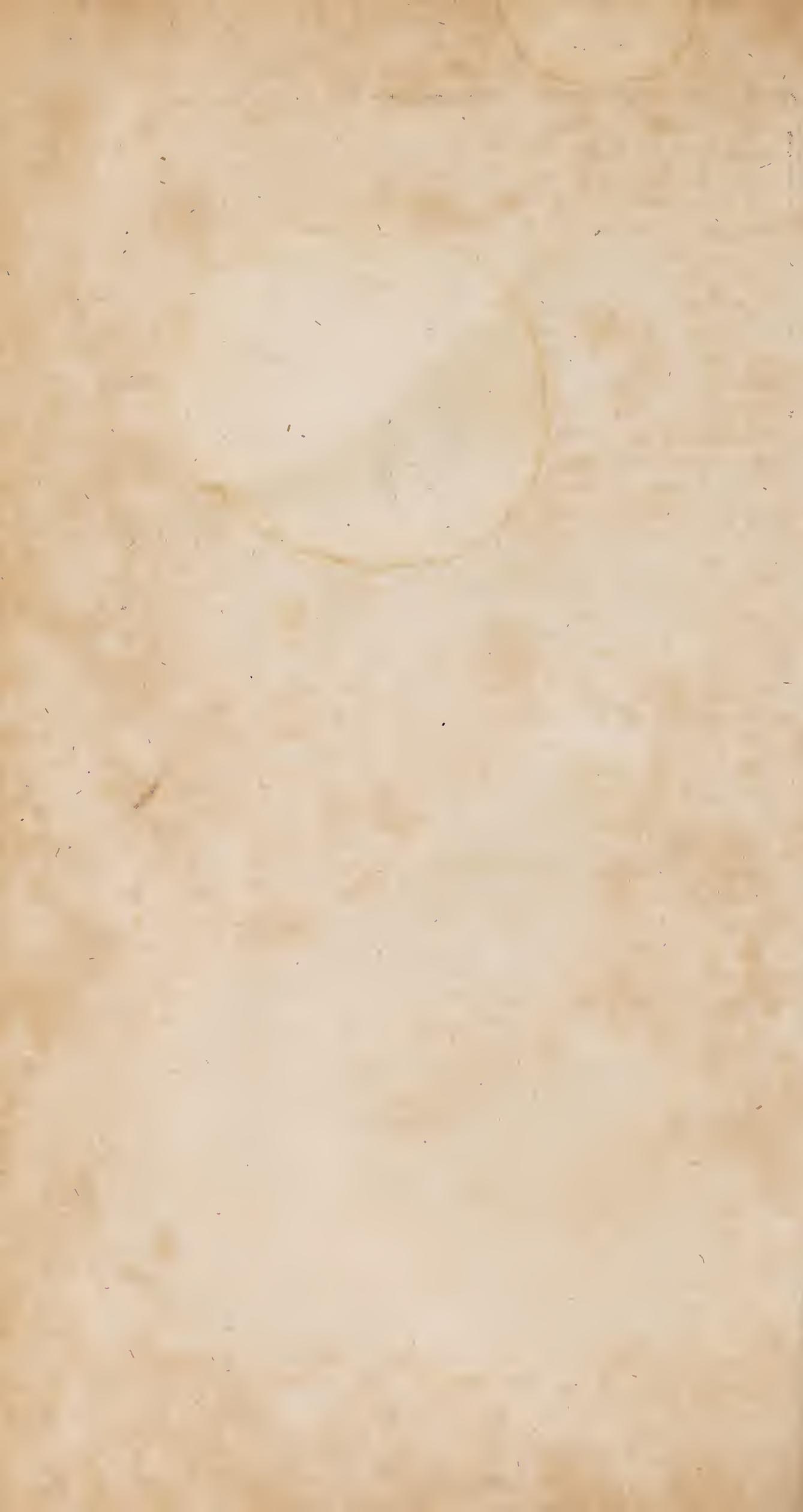
The bird known by this name in Sweden, is called by Edwards the great white owl. It is bigger than the great horned owl, but has no tufts of feathers on its head, nor is its head so large in proportion as that of the owls. It is perhaps the most beautiful of this kind of birds, its plumage being white as snow. The head, the body, the wings, and the tail, are marked with small brown spots. The higher part of the back is transversely barred with some brown lines; the sides below the wings are also barred in the same manner, but by narrower and lighter lines: the great feathers of the wings are spotted with

Engraved for the Lady's Magazine.

Nightingale!



Thrush!



brown on their outer edges; there are spots also on the coverts of the wings, but the inferior coverts are pure white. The legs and feet are covered with white feathers; the nails are long, strong, black, and very sharp. The bill is black, hooked like a hawk's, and has no corners on the edges.

This bird appears to be confined to the northern parts of America and Europe; and, in the latter, is seldom seen farther south than Dantzick. On the mountains of Lapland it is almost white and spotless. Ellis says it is common about Hudson's Bay, where it is of a dazzling white, hardly distinguishable from snow. It is found there the whole year, and hunts the white grouse (or partridges) in open day. It is the *Strix Nyctea* of Linnæus.

THE LITTLE HAWK OWL.

The bird thus named by Edwards is called in the neighbourhood of Hudson's Bay *Caparacoch*, and by Latham the Canada owl. It appears to participate of the nature of both the hawk and the owl. It is very little larger than the sparrow-hawk, which it resembles in the length of its wings and tail; though in the shape of its head and feet it is more nearly allied to the owl: it, however, flies and catches its prey like the other rapacious diurnal birds. The head, back, and wings, are brown mottled with white; the lower part of the throat, the breast, belly, sides, legs, and rump, are white; the nails are hooked, sharp, and of a deep brown colour.

This bird is the *Strix Funerea* of Linnæus. It flies high like a hawk, and preys by day upon the white grouse. It will frequently follow the fowler, and often steal the game before he has time to pick it up. It is not only found in North America, but in Denmark and Sweden, and is very frequent in Siberia.

THE BRASILIAN EARED OWL.

This bird is called the *Caboor* by the Indians of Brasil. It is about the size of a fieldfare; the body, back, wings, and tail, are of a pale dusky colour; the head and neck are marked with very small white spots, and the wings with larger spots of the same colour; the tail is waved with white; the breast and belly are of a whitish grey, clouded with light brown. It has tufts of feathers on its head, like the other eared or horned owls.

Marcgrave says that this bird is easily tamed; that it can bend its head, and stretch its neck, so much as to touch with the point of its bill the middle of its back; that it frolics with men like a monkey, and makes several antic motions; that it can erect the tufts on the sides of its head so as to represent small horns or ears; and that it feeds upon raw flesh.

From this description Buffon is of opinion that it approaches nearly to the European scops, to which species he likewise refers the owl of the Cape of Good Hope described by Kolben.

The wisdom with which the works of the great Author of Nature are formed and adapted for the several stations in which they were intended to act, is conspicuous in the owl, which, being designed to take its prey by night, has its eye so constructed that the pupil will admit of great dilatation and contraction. By its dilatation it takes in the rays of light so copiously as to be able to see in places almost dark; and by its contraction it excludes the strong light of day, which would act too powerfully on the retina, which in animals of this kind is extremely delicate, and endowed with the most acute sensibility. Besides this, the iris and back of the eye are so form-

ed as to reflect the rays of light, and assist vision in these birds.

As a moral emblem, the owl may remind us of those depraved and gloomy characters who, conscious of their vicious propensities and crimes, continually seek darkness and concealment, where they prey on the unwary. If they leave their lurking-places, and are seen in their true colours, they become the objects of general scorn and invective, like the owl pursued by the smaller birds, till they can again fly from the light, and bury themselves in that obscurity which is most congenial to the darkness of their deeds.

Your ladyship needs not to be assured that I remain, with the utmost esteem and affection, your faithful

EUGENIA.

(To be continued.)

PARISIAN FASHIONS.

(With an Engraving, elegantly coloured.)

THE Pamela hats, of white straw without trimming, continue to be much worn, as also those of yellow straw, in like manner, without trimming. Other ladies of fashion wear only a veil disposed and fastened as in the Plate. The handkerchief with a frill is also in much vogue. As the coquettish fashion of the moment attaches no less importance to a full back than a fine neck, those ladies who would be distinguished for taste take great care to compress their shoulders, and place the neckkerchief so high that there may be a large uncovered space between the neckkerchief and the edge of the robe. Black crape is much in vogue for robes; but it is beginning to give way to the rose, lilac, and green. If the backs have not buttons from top to bottom, there is at least a button at the waist; buttons are also worn at the ends of the sleeves.

At a late fête at Frascati, two-thirds

of the robes had extremely long trains. The most fashionable ladies wore black or brown perukes. Strings of pearls were passed obliquely over the locks of this borrowed hair; and a rich comb raised the whole almost perpendicularly. Besides the comb, some wore gold pins surmounted with a cameo.

The young men of fashion, instead of white stockings, wear them of the same colour with their breeches; of the colour of nankeen when the latter are nankeen, grey when they are grey, and grass-green when they are green. The hats have smaller brims than they had when they are cocked, and larger when they are round. The sleeves are open below, and buttoned with a single button. The breeches are not quite so large, come up very high, and are buttoned at the knee with large buttons; the waistcoat, which comes down very low, has a single row of buttons. The cravat is narrow and not very thick.

LONDON FASHIONS.

Promenade Dresses.

ROUND dress of blue Cambray muslin. A scarf cloak of plain or worked muslin, with lace let in the back, and trimmed all round with deep lace. Straw hat turned up in front.

Evening Dresses.

A round robe of white muslin, the waist very short, with a plain back, the front low, with a lace tucker drawn close round the bosom; turban sleeves.

Head Dresses.

Turban of blue crape, ornamented with white ostrich feathers.

Cap of white lace, with a deep lace border, ornamented with a wreath of roses.

Engraved for the Ladies Magazine, Sept. 1803.



Mutlow Sc. Russell Co.

PARIS DRESS.

Hat of white chip, the front turned up and lined with lilac; the hat trimmed with green, and ornamented with a green and lilac feather.

A mob cap of white lace, tied under the chin, and trimmed with lilac.

Hat of white silk, with a full crown, the front turned up, and lined with lilac; ostrich feather in front.

A close bonnet of white muslin, the sides and top of the crown trimmed with white lace.

General Observations.

The favourite colours are lilac, green, blue, and white. Spanish cloaks and large neckkerchiefs, trimmed all round with broad lace, continue to be worn. Habit shirts of lace and muslin, or of embroidered muslin, are very general for morning dresses; and for evening dress, lace tuckers drawn close to the throat. The dresses are made very plain, and the waists continue to shorten.

HEROIC BEHAVIOUR of MADAME LAVERGNE.

[From 'Interesting Anecdotes of the Heroic Conduct of Women during the French Revolution.']

THE beautiful and accomplished Madame Lavergne had been married but a very short time to M. Lavergne, governor of Longwy, when that fort surrendered to the Prussians. The moment Longwy was retaken by the French the governor was arrested, and conducted to one of the prisons of Paris. Madame Lavergne followed to the capital. She was then scarcely twenty years of age, and one of the loveliest women of France. Her husband was upwards of sixty, yet his amiable qualities first won her esteem, and his tenderness succeeded to inspire her with an affection as

sincere and fervent as that which he possessed for her.

That dreadful epocha of the revolution had already arrived, when the scaffold reeked daily with the blood of its unfortunate victims; and while Lavergne expected every hour to be summoned before the dreaded tribunal, he fell sick in his dungeon. This accident, which at any other moment would have filled the heart of Madame Lavergne with grief and inquietude, now elevated her to hope and consolation. She could not believe there existed a tribunal so barbarous as to bring a man before the judgment-seat who was suffering under a burning fever. A perilous disease, she imagined, was the present safeguard of her husband's life; and she promised herself, that the fluctuation of events would change his destiny, and finish in his favour that which nature had so opportunely begun. Vain expectation! the name of Lavergne had been irrevocably inscribed on the fatal list of the 11th Germinal of the second year of the republic (June 25th, 1794), and he must on that day submit to his fate.

Madame Lavergne, informed of this decision, had recourse to tears and supplications. Persuaded that she could soften the hearts of the representatives of the people by a faithful picture of Lavergne's situation, she presented herself before the committee of general safety: she demanded that her husband's trial should be delayed, whom she represented as a prey to a dangerous and cruel disease, deprived of his strength, of his faculties, and of all those powers either of body or mind, which could enable him to confront his intrepid and arbitrary accusers.

'Imagine, oh, citizens!' said the agonized wife of Lavergne, 'such an unfortunate being as I have described, dragged before a tribunal about to decide upon his life, while

reason abandons him, while he cannot understand the charges brought against him, nor has sufficient power of utterance to declare his innocence. His accusers, in full possession of their moral and physical strength, and already inflamed with hatred against him, are instigated even by his helplessness to more than ordinary exertions of malice; while the accused, subdued by bodily suffering and mental infirmity, is appalled or stupefied, and barely sustains the dregs of his miserable existence. Will you, oh citizens of France, call a man to trial while in the phrenzy of delirium? Will you summon him, who perhaps at this moment expires upon the bed of pain, to hear that irrevocable sentence, which admits of no medium between liberty or the scaffold? and, if you unite humanity with justice, can you suffer an old man——' At these words every eye was turned upon Madame Lavergne, whose youth and beauty, contrasted with the idea of an aged and infirm husband, gave rise to very different emotions in the breasts of the members of the committee, from those with which she had so eloquently sought to inspire them. They interrupted her with coarse jests and indecent raillery. One of the members assured her with a scornful smile, that, young and handsome as she was, it would not be so difficult as she appeared to imagine to find means of consolation for the loss of a husband, who in the common course of nature had lived already long enough. Another of them, equally brutal and still more ferocious, added; that the fervour with which she had pleaded the cause of such an husband was an unnatural excess, and therefore the committee could not attend to her petition.

Horror, indignation, and despair, took possession of the soul of Madame Lavergne; she had heard the purest and most exalted affection for one of

the worthiest of men contemned and vilified as a degraded appetite. She had been wantonly insulted, while demanding justice, by the administrators of the laws of a nation; and she rushed in silence from the presence of these inhuman men, to hide the bursting agony of her sorrows.

One faint ray of hope yet arose to cheer the gloom of Madame Lavergne's despondency. Dumas was one of the judges of the tribunal, and him she had known previous to the revolution. Her repugnance to seek this man in his new career was subdued by a knowledge of his power, and her hopes of his influence. She threw herself at his feet, bathed them with her tears, and conjured him, by all the claims of mercy and humanity, to prevail on the tribunal to delay the trial of her husband till the hour of his recovery. Dumas replied coldly, that it did not belong to him to grant the favour she solicited, nor should he chuse to make such a request of the tribunal: then, in a tone somewhat animated by insolence and sarcasm, he added, 'and is it then so great a misfortune, madam, to be delivered from a troublesome husband of sixty, whose death will leave you at liberty to employ your youth and charms more usefully?'

Such a reiteration of insult roused the unfortunate wife of Lavergne to desperation; she shrieked with insupportable anguish, and, rising from her humble posture, she extended her arms towards heaven and exclaimed—'Just God! will not the crimes of these atrocious men awaken thy vengeance! Go, monster,' she cried to Dumas, 'I no longer want thy aid, I no longer need to supplicate thy pity: away to the tribunal, there will I also appear: then shall it be known whether I deserve the outrages which thou and thy base associates have heaped upon me.'

From the presence of the odious

Dumas, and with a fixed determination to quit a life that was now become hateful to her, Madame Lavergne repaired to the hall of the tribunal, and, mixing with the crowd, waited in silence for the hour of trial. The barbarous proceedings of the day commence—M. Lavergne is called for—The jailors support him thither on a mattress; a few questions are proposed to him, to which he answers in a feeble and dying voice, and sentence of death is pronounced upon him.

Scarcely had the sentence passed the lips of the judge, when Madame Lavergne cried with a loud voice, *Vive le Roi!* the persons nearest the place whereon she stood, eagerly surrounded, and endeavoured to silence her; but the more the astonishment and alarm of the multitude augmented, the more loud and vehement became her cries of *Vive le Roi!* The guard was called, and directed to lead her away. She was followed by a numerous crowd, mute with consternation or pity; but the passages and staircases still resounded every instant with *Vive le Roi!* till she was conducted into one of the rooms belonging to the court of justice, into which the public accuser came to interrogate her on the motives of her extraordinary conduct.

‘I am not actuated,’ she answered, ‘by any sudden impulse of despair or revenge for the condemnation of M. Lavergne, but from the love of royalty, which is rooted in my heart. I adore the system that you have destroyed. I do not expect any mercy from you, for I am your enemy; I abhor your republic, and will persist in the confession I have publicly made as long as I live.’

Such a declaration was without reply: the name of Madame La-

vergne was instantly added to the list of suspected: a few minutes afterward she was brought before the tribunal, where she again uttered her own accusation, and was condemned to die. From that instant the agitation of her spirits subsided, serenity took possession of her mind, and her beautiful countenance announced only the peace and satisfaction of her soul.

On the day of execution, Madame Lavergne first ascended the cart, and desired to be so placed that she might behold her husband. The unfortunate M. Lavergne had fallen into a swoon, and was in that condition extended upon straw in the cart, at the feet of his wife, without any signs of life. On the way to the place of execution, the motion of the cart had loosened the bosom of Lavergne’s shirt, and exposed his breast to the scorching rays of the sun, till his wife entreated the executioner to take a pin from her handkerchief and fasten his shirt. Shortly afterwards Madame Lavergne, whose attention never wandered from her husband for a single instant, perceived that his senses returned, and called him by his name: at the sound of that voice, whose melody had so long been withheld from him, Lavergne raised his eyes, and fixed them on her with a look at once expressive of terror and affection. ‘Do not be alarmed,’ she said, ‘it is your faithful wife who called you; you know I could not live without you, and we are going to die together.’ Lavergne burst into tears of gratitude, sobs and tears relieved the oppression of his heart, and he became able once more to express his love and admiration of his virtuous wife. The scaffold, which was intended to separate, united them for ever.

HISTORY of SOPHIA M.

[From the same.]

SOPHIA M. was the only daughter of the count de M. when the revolution commenced. A little before that period she had lost a brother, the hope of his family.—The count de M. had given to the preceptor of his son a house and garden in the village of M. of which he was proprietor, together with the free use of his mansion-house, as a reward for his care in the education of his son. The name of this man was Durand. Before the revolution he had been an ecclesiastic, and till that period had successfully concealed the character of his mind under an appearance of a rigid probity and the most devoted attachment to his benefactor's family. Nothing was more foreign to his soul. In the proscription of the nobles of that time, he founded the design of building his own fortunes and gratifying his enormous avarice. He successfully assumed the mask of patriotism, and began his enterprize by forming a numerous party among the peasants of the neighbourhood. As he foresaw that this conduct might render him an object of fear in the house of the count de M. he had the address to persuade the count that what he did was foreign to his feelings, and was done entirely for the interests of his benefactor, and to acquire the power of being a mediator between him and the violent party among the people. He managed with so much artifice, that he actually produced certain circumstances that convinced the count that in him he had a secret friend on whose affection, zeal, and authority, he might rely, to save him from any serious effects of the proscription.

Thus deceived, the count had admitted Durand to a still more inti-

mate confidence, and placed in his hands the most sacred secrets of his house. It was now that this hypocrite learnt that the countess de M. had a brother, who had been a colonel in the regiment of —, and was then an emigrant, and in the service of the princes, with whom she kept up a regular correspondence; that Sophia M. was violently attached to the chevalier St. Andre, who lived retired in a neighbouring chateau; and that to screen the chevalier from the requisition, his marriage with Sophia was instantly to take place. He was also informed that the count de M. had had an uncle lately deceased in England, leaving him his heir; but, that he might not incur the penalties of an emigrant, he had resolved to postpone to a more favourable opportunity his journey to England.

Upon these facts and many others, the knowledge of which he artfully drew from the count, Durand laid the foundations of his guilty enterprize. Unhappily other events but too well seconded his base designs. Become the mayor of his village, afterwards a member of the revolutionary committee, and one of the most active agents of the system of terror, he found it easy to prosecute his scheme at full liberty, and at his pleasure to undermine the fortunes of his benefactor's house. He persuaded the count, that his delaying his journey to England, to take possession of the fortune left him there, was so far from being advantageous to him in the public eye, that this circumstance did but render him the more suspected, it being confidently reported that he only wished to deprive his country of a considerable property, and to leave it in the hands of the most inveterate enemies of the French revolution. Betrayed by this reasoning, the count resolved to go to England. Durand procured

him the necessary passports, and, pretending it as a mark of his affection, recommended to him a domestic, to whom he gave the character convenient to his purposes. This man was an unprincipled wretch, the creature of Durand, whose commission was to retain the count in England, under various pretences, till his name should be inscribed on the list of emigrants; or, if the count should be resolved to return to France, to destroy him by poison.

The count de M., when he took a mournful leave of his family, recommended them to Durand, as a sure friend from whom he expected the most generous services. He besought him to avert from his house the dangers that might naturally be expected to threaten it during his absence, and promised him a reward for these important services, that would enable him to pass the remainder of his days in ease and affluence.

The base Durand seemed to enter cordially into every engagement which the anxious alarms of his benefactor required, and took his leave of the count, invested with entire authority to enter his house whenever he should think fit, and superintend all its concerns. The excessive timidity of the countess but too rapidly increased the power of this fatal authority. She consented, at the instigation of Durand and to avoid all suspicion, that the letters of her brother, the emigrant, should be addressed to himself; and thus she placed in the hands of this secret enemy a weapon to destroy her at his pleasure.

The only individual of this most unfortunate family who had dived into the depths of this wicked man's heart, was Sophia M. She had often lamented the cruel necessity that had compelled her parents to place themselves in the power of

Durand; she had even more than once remonstrated with them on the weakness of their conduct; but considerations more urgent, in appearance, than her suspicions, had as often silenced her arguments, and with the rest of the family she had by degrees yielded to the authority of this perfidious mediator.

Durand, who in a little time saw no obstacles to his projects of enriching himself by overthrowing the fortunes of his benefactor, now entertained another passion still more criminal than all that had hitherto occupied his depraved mind. He fed himself with the hopes of enjoying the charms of the amiable Sophia, and to dishonour her before he destroyed her. To accomplish this, he saw that he must first separate her from her mother and the chevalier de St. Andre. Nothing was more easy for him to effect. The correspondence of the countess with her brother, which he had intercepted and sent to Paris, served his purpose with respect to the mother. She was arrested by order of the committee of general safety, and sent to Paris. The chevalier de St. Andre he secretly denounced for having withdrawn himself from the law of requisition, and an order arrived to arrest him and send him to the army.

In these two events, the entire work of this consummate villain, he had the address to appear an absolute stranger to their origin. He even acquired from them a greater degree of influence over his victims, and the two families whom he sacrificed to his passions still imagined that they owed him their gratitude and their love for the interest he took in their unhappy fate.

Sophia, now in the hands of the brutal Durand, opposed to his passion a resistance made still more powerful by horror and indignation. To subdue her, he was not ashamed to

unveil before her all the blackness of his heart. He coolly told her that she was mistress of the lives of both her mother and lover, and that any longer resistance would deliver them to the scaffold. This declaration discovered at once to Sophia the depth of the abyss into which her whole family, and that of the chevalier, were plunged. She resolved at all hazards, if possible, to escape from Durand as soon as night should arrive. A country lad, whom Durand had placed over her as a spy and guard, but whom she had moved to compassion by her tears, contrived the means of her escape, and served as a guide in her flight.

Sophia had a friend who resided at Paris, in the street St. Florentine. To her she fled, and remained concealed with this friend till the fatal events which we are going to relate tore her from that asylum. The first was that of the condemnation and execution of her mother. Various were the means employed to save her mother in this extremity, and well may the reader imagine her despair when she found all ineffectual. But her misfortunes were not yet at their height. Instructed by a trusty person of what passed in the house of the count de M. the young St. Andre could no longer resist his impatient desire to save his mistress. Without reflecting on the consequences of desertion, he retired privately to the count de M.'s house, and from thence to Paris to Sophia. This amiable girl still continued to weep for her mother, when the arrival of St. Andre aggravated her misery by exciting new alarms. She received her lover, however, with unfeigned, though momentary, transports. Absence, and her own sorrows, had rendered him still more dear to her. Alas! she imagined for a moment she had placed him out of the reach

of danger, in the house of a sure friend; but the detestable Durand watched day and night over these unhappy people for their destruction. Informed by his agents that the young St. Andre had appeared at M. and again immediately taken the route to Paris, he wrote to the revolutionary committee of the section of the Thuilleries, denouncing him as a deserter. The committee discovered the asylum of St. Andre. On hearing of his arrest, Sophia saw the whole extent of her new misfortune, and prepared herself for its encounter with a courage that appeared above her natural strength, greatly impaired by long sufferings; she had the firmness to attend at the trial of her lover, and, without betraying herself, to hear sentence of death against him. Her fortitude carried her still farther; she was present at the execution of St. Andre; she followed his remains to a spot where they were thrown into a hole with other carcases. She purchased from the avarice of the man who superintended this species of burial the head of her lover. She described the head, and offered a hundred louis-d'ors to the man for this service. The head is promised to her. She went home for a veil to conceal her prize: she returned alone, wrapt the head in the veil, and was retiring home; but her bodily strength was less than the violence of her passion. She sunk down at the corner of the street St. Florentine, and betrayed to the affrighted passengers her deposit and her secret. She was sent to the revolutionary tribunal, who made a crime of this action, of her birth, of her fortitude, and even of her misfortunes. She was taken from the tribunal immediately to the place of execution, happy in contemplating a speedy termination to the long and sorrowful history of her life.

POETICAL ESSAYS.

THE MANSION OF HEALTH.

THE mansion of Health is hard by,
It stands on the edge of the plain;
Both Sickness and Want seem to fly,
And Peace always waits in her train:
The tenants are hardy and strong;
They labour, but long not for wealth;
Their wish is alone to prolong
Their lives in the mansion of Health.

These rustics, more happy than those
Who are link'd in vile Luxury's chain,
At ev'ning they sink to repose,
Their breasts free from sorrow and
pain;
At morning's first beam they arise,
Bless Him who gives virtue and
wealth;

Their pray'r may be read in their eyes:
'Tis—Grant us the mansion of Health.

May we, like these cottagers blest,
Industriously spend a short life,
And pass all our leisure at rest,
Unhurt by discordance or strife:
Oh, grant our request, ye kind Pow'rs!
We ask not for grandeur or wealth;
In peace may we pass all our hours,
And dwell in the mansion of Health!
August 3, 1803. J. M. L.

EPILOGUE

TO THE
'MAID OF BRISTOL.'

[Written by Mr. Colman.]

IN times like these, the sailor of our
play, [say;—
Much more than common sailors has to
For Frenchmen, now, the British tars
provoke,
And doubly tough is ev'ry heart of oak;
Ready to die or conquer, at command,—
While all are soldiers who are left on
land.
Each English soul's on fire, to strike the
blow [rant low.
That curbs the French—and lays a ty-
Sweet wolf! how lamb-like!—how, in
his designs, [shines!
'The maiden modesty of Grimbald'
Strifes he concludes 'twixt nations who
agree;
Freedom bestows on states already free;

Forcing redress on each contented town,
The loving ruffian burns whole districts
down;

Clasps the wide world, like death, in his
embrace; [race;

Stalks guardian butcher of the human
And, aping the fraternity of Cain,
Man is his brother,—only to be slain.

And must Religion's mantle be pro-
fan'd,

To cloak the crimes with which an
atheist's stain'd?

Yes;—the mock saint, in holy motley
dress'd, [fess'd;—

Devotion's 'Public Ledger' stands con-
Of every, and no faith, beneath the sun;

'Open to all, and influenc'd by none;
Ready he waits, 'to be or not to be,'

Rank unbeliever, or staunch devotee.
Now Christians' deaths, in Christian
zeal, he works—

Now worships Mahomet, to murder
Turks;

Now tears the Creed, and gives free-
thinking scope—

Now, dubb'd 'thrice catholic,' he strips
a pope.

A mongrel mussulman, of papal
growth,

Mufti and monk, now neither, or now
both;

At mosque, at church, by turns, as craft
thinks good; [blood!

Each day in each, and ev'ry day in
God! must this mushroom despot of
the hour

The spacious world encircle with his
power?

Stretching his baneful feet from pole to
pole,

Stride, Corsican Colossus of the whole?
Forbid it, Heaven!—and forbid it, man!

Can man forbid it?—Yes; the English
can.

'Tis theirs, at length, to fight the world's
great cause,

Defend their own, and rescue others'
laws.

What Britons would not, were their
hairs all lives, [and wives;

Fight for their charter, for their babes,
And hurl a tyrant from his upstart
throne, [own?

To guard their king securely on his

ADDRESS,

WRITTEN BY MR. T. DIBBIN,

And spoken and sung by Mr. FAWCETT,
on the opening of Covent-Garden Theatre,
Monday, September 12, 1803.

FROM Theſpian camps, where ſummer colours fly,
Return'd to winter quarters, here am I:
Proud of my miſſion, by the general ſent,
To bid you welcome to our royal tent;
To hope this favour'd field you'll oft re-
view, [you;
Where many a battle will be fought for
To hope you'll often greet, as hereto-
fore, [corps.
With golden ſmiles, the Covent-Garden
In Fame's gazette, perhaps, our mi-
mic band [mand;
Has advertis'd ſome change in its com-
Has told you, here a fav'rite chief you'll
find,
Vice another favourite reſign'd:
And our new captain we ſalute with
pride, [as tried.
Since, by your judgment, he's approv'd
Yet inclination, duty, each impel
To ſpeak of him wholately rul'd ſo well:
Who though he quit a truncheon for
the ranks, [thanks;
His mirthful efforts ſtill ſhall aſk your
And hold, while honour'd here with ap-
probation,
His poſt of honour in a private ſtation.
Henceforth, when Muſic ſhall eſſay
the ſtrain, [train;
With all her beſt-lov'd ſongſters in her
When gay Thalia ſhall, alternate, court
Your ſmiles, bedeck'd with flow'rs of
frolic ſport;
In laughter's interval, at times you'll
hear
Melpomene petition for a tear.
Thus artiſts render vivid tints more
bright,
By blending ſhadow with oppoſing light;
And, faith, our artiſts, through paſt days
of heat, [meet.
Have toil'd your warmer patronage to
[Pointing at the new decorations.
Should you approve their pains to
make us gay, [may ſay,
Haply, each morn, ſome modish dame
'John, take a ſide-box.'—'There's no
room below.'
'No room at all?—Oh, then, I'm ſure
I'll go!

'T is only empty places one avoids:
So, John, be ſure we call to-day at
Lloyd's;
Where every body runs to give their
mite,
And, for a wonder, all are in the right.
Then 'Speed the Plough;' let's join
with heart and hand,
Lords, ladies, gentle, ſimple, ſea and
land:
Each caſtle, village, city, ſhip, and town,
Should form a club to knock invaders down.
And ever may we boaſt this houſe brim-
full
Of friends determin'd to ſupport John
Bull!
And ſhould his deſperate foes our fury
brave,
We'll chaunt their requiem in a loyal
ſtave.

[Tune—'THE ISLAND.']

If the French have a notion
Of croſſing the ocean,
Their luck to be trying on dry land;
They may come if they like,
But we'll ſoon make them ſtrike
To the lads of the tight little iſland.
Huzza for the boys of the iſland—
The brave volunteers of the iſland!
The fraternal embrace
If foes want in this place,
We'll preſent all the arms in the iſland.
They ſay we keep ſhops
To vend broad-cloth and ſlops,
And of merchants they call us a ſly land;
But, though war is their trade,
What Briton's afraid
To ſay he'll ne'er ſell 'em the iſland?
They'll pay pretty dear for the iſland!
If fighting they want in the iſland,
We'll ſhow 'em a ſample
Shall make an example
Of all who dare bid for the iſland.
If met they ſhould be
By the boys of the ſea,
I warrant they'll never come nigh land:
If they do, thoſe on land
Will ſoon lend them a hand
To foot it again from this iſland.
Huzza! for the king of the iſland!
Shall our father be robb'd of his
iſland?
While his children can fight,
They'll ſtand up for his right,
And their own, to the tight little iſland!

CONTENTMENT.

DESCEND, thou sweet consoling guest,
And calm the tumult in my breast!
Make ev'ry anxious thought resign'd,
And kindly soothe my tortur'd mind:
Hence murmurs, sighs, and fears, drive
far away;

Here let thy halcyon brood for ever stay.

Around my long-afflicted head
Thy heav'nly balm propitious shed;
Exert thy kind relieving art,
And heal my sorrow-wounded heart.
Oh, bid each jarring, rankling passion
cease,

And gently harmonise my soul to peace.

Oh, soft assuager of our woes!
From thee each real blessing flows:
Thou cheer'st our gloom, serenely bright,
And mak'st our cares and sorrows light.
From envy, malice, pride, and discord
free,

We here enjoy a paradise in thee.

August 2, 1803. ACADEMICUS.

AN ELEGIAC TRIBUTE

TO THE MEMORY OF A FAVOUR-
ITE CAT.

SHE'S gone! she's gone! in plaintive
strains I'll mourn, [urn.
Weep and dissolve in tears o'er Tabby's
Snuff out the day—let nought but night
remain! [pain!

Extinguish pleasure—nourish care and
Hung be each room with black—dark
be each street,

While dismal faces dismal faces meet!

For universal joy shall now give way

To universal sorrow and dismay.

Pale are my cheeks—my eyes with
weeping sore; [more!

For Tab, my darling Tab, is now no
I'll frown, I'll sigh, I'll murmur, I'll
complain:

I'll do all this, although it be in vain.

With eyes cast down, I'll contemplate
the ground, [found.

And mourn my sorrows in a feeble

Death (cruel death!) hath smote poor
Tabby's heart—

Kill'd Tab outright—and thus kill'd me
in part.

Her lovely form, and many playful
tricks,

Won my fond heart at doating sixty-six.

Low in the earth her beauteous form is
laid,

Each funeral rite with due decorum paid.
There rest, in peace, a faithful ser-
vant's bones!

Here dwells her mourning mistress,
Deborah Jones.

Kingsland, August 1, 1803. J. M.

THE NAUTILUS AND THE
FLYING-FISH;

A FABLE.

[From *Æsop's Fables versified by H. Sears.*]

THE Nautilus his little sail
Expanded to the western gale;
With much delight enjoy'd the breeze,
And skimm'd along the summer seas:
A flying fish, that o'er his head
Not far with wings undipt had fled,
Accosts him thus, with pride and scorn—
'Of all in Neptune's kingdom born,
I boast, alone, the precious gift,
Above the waves myself to lift;
With fish to swim, with birds to fly,
Tenant at once of sea and sky:
Whilst you, if hard the winds should
blow,

Must lie in dreary caves below,
Or creep beside the coral grove,
Nor dare the depths of ocean prove.'

'True, friend,' he cried; 'but yet my
life [strife:

Than yours is much more free from

From every bank you fear a shot,

And dread at every dip a plot;

So many wanderers of the main

Are still in wait their prize to gain.

Besides, where lies the mighty boast,

That you can swim, or fly at most?

More useful arts from me are caught:

By me was navigation taught;

Whence Britain's thunders now are
hurl'd

In terror through a distant world,

Her canvas spread on every side

Where Ocean rolls his foamy tide.'

No more he said; when from on high

The fish, his wearied pinions dry,

Fell in the dolphin's mouth a prey,

Whilst lightly he pursued his way.

Before you censure others' ways,

Be sure your own will merit praise:

From those we glean of humble mind

The arts best suited to mankind.

LINES,

Occasioned by the providential escape of Benjamin Hills, an infant, from imminent danger of being drowned.

WRITTEN AT THE REQUEST OF MR. AND MRS. HILLS, OF WHITE-NOTLEY, ESSEX.

OF has my Muse in plaintive numbers sung,
 When Death's keen arrow pierc'd the fair and young;
 Touch'd the soft lyre when my Clarissa's heart
 Felt the unerring archer's pointed dart;
 Or tun'd the gratitude my breast did feel,
 When sportive Conrade 'scap'd the threat'ning wheel.
 What poignant grief impels the parent's tear,
 Robb'd of his babe by accidents severe!
 But, oh! what joy when his fond arm can save
 A blooming prattler from an early grave!
 Such joy, ye parents kind, ye felt of late,
 When your dear boy was snatch'd from certain fate;
 When Benjamin, in childhood's rosy bloom,
 By Providence was rescu'd from the Mount, mount, wild Fancy, on excursive wing,
 And to my mind the scene at Notley
 Where the sweet sporting spent his joyous hours
 In chasing butterflies, and plucking flowers;
 Thoughtless how soon the dire impending storm
 Would mar its sports, and 'whelm its cherub-form.
 Methinks I see the little trisler stray,
 And to the fatal pond direct his way:
 Angels of pity, your soft pinions spread,
 And from th' impending danger screen his-head!
 Cannot your care prolong his little breath?
 Alas, he sinks to find a wat'ry death!
 Haste; haste, ye light invisibles of air!
 Go, and arouse a mother's tender care:
 Infuse into her ear the dire alarm,
 And claim th' assistance of a father's arm.
 'Tis done!—Parental fondness seeks the place,
 And tears its darling from Death's cold

Bears the pale lifeless treasure to his door,
 Suspended animation to restore.
 At length the pulse begins to bound again,
 And the warm current rush through ev'ry vein;
 The crimson stream to life's red fountain flows,
 And the wan cheek with rosy blushes glows.
 Words are imperfect things to paint the bliss,
 The heart-felt rapture, of a scene like this:
 Once more that dear engaging voice to hear;
 Sweet prattle, grateful to a parent's ear!
 To see him climb, with joyous heart-felt glee,
 That unambitious throne—a father's knee!
 Ye tender relatives, for blessings given,
 Let your warm gratitude ascend to Heaven:
 While many a blossom feels Death's blasting power,
 In blushing radiance blooms your favour'd flower.
 Let what Almighty Goodness deigns to spare
 Be kindly nurtur'd with assiduous care;
 For Providence, by its forbearance, cries,
 'Still keep thy child, and train him for the skies.'
 And thou, my Benjamin, my unknown friend,
 Accept these wishes by a stranger penn'd;
 They come from one who boasts an infant train,
 And knows a parent's joy—a parent's pain:
 May Heaven on thee its choicest comforts show'r,
 And tip with bliss the wings of every Hour!
 May smiling Health illumine thy every day,
 And strew with roseate blooms thy future
 Oh, may'st thou to thy friends a blessing prove,
 And soothe declining years with filial love!
 And when thy feet life's destin'd round have trod,
 Oh, may thy spirit mount to dwell with God!

Haverhill, JOHN WEBB.

FOREIGN NEWS.

Constantinople, June 29.

THE chams of Eriyan, Sus, Cheutz-lou, Hol, and Terois, have sent hither ambassadors to remonstrate against the invasion of the country of the Lesguis, by the Ruffians. They have represented to the Porte, that Russia is making daily encroachments on the ancient positions, and that it was in this manner that they seized on the Crimea. The porte, constant in its sentiments towards Russia, has sent back the ambassadors, recommending patience to them. We have received here the distressing intelligence, that the cities of Mecca and Medina have been taken by the new Arabian sectaries.

The victory gained by the pacha of Damascus over Abdul Wechab has not been followed by those happy consequences which were expected. According to the last intelligence, that rebel, having received numerous reinforcements, again advanced and took possession of Mecca. The porte is going to set on foot two formidable armies; one of which is destined to combat the pretended caliph in Arabia, the other is to act against the hordes of brigands which lay waste Turkey in Europe. These preparations require great expence, and, unfortunately, our finances were never in so bad a state. The war which has broken out between England and France places the porte in a very embarrassing situation. We are assured that it has been already required to forbid English ships to enter its ports, and even to prevent them passing the Dardanelles.

July 9. The part of the capitan pacha's fleet that put to sea first, set sail on the 24th of last month. Two days after the Turkish high admiral went out himself with the remainder of his ships. The whole armament made

fail for Egypt: it consists of one ship of 120 guns, six of 74, and eight frigates; and has on board a considerable number of troops. It seems that the last accounts from Cairo have given reason to judge it superfluous that the pacha, who has already embarked and proceeded on his way to be invested with the government of Egypt, should be installed there. Perhaps, it will be left in the hands of the one who held it provisionally. As soon as the capitan pacha overtook the division which sailed before him, with the new pacha of Cairo, the latter left the fleet, and is since returned to Constantinople.

Antwerp, July 15. The government of the republic decrees as follows:—

‘From the date of the publication of the present arrete, there shall not be received in the ports of France any vessel which has cleared out from an English port, nor any vessel which has touched at an English port. The minister of the interior, the minister of finance, and the minister of marine, are charged with the execution of this decree.

(Signed) BONAPARTE.
H. B. MARET, Sec.^o

The government of the republic, on the report of the minister of the interior, decrees—

‘That, from the date of the publication of the present arrete, no English flag of truce, whether it be a packet or any other, shall be received in any French port between Brest and the mouth of the Scheldt inclusive. The flags of truce shall be received only in the Bay of Audierne, near Brest. The ministers of the interior and the marine are charged with the execution of this arrete.

(Signed) BONAPARTE.
H. B. MARET, Sec.^o

The government of the republic, on the report of the minister of marine and of the colonies, decrees—

That an embargo be laid on all fishing boats above the burthen of seven tons; the boats under seven tons alone shall continue to fish. The crews of the boats that are permitted to fish shall consist only of seamen who have reached the age which is exempted from the maritime conscription, or of young persons under the age of fifteen. The boats that are permitted to fish shall not go more than a league from the coast. All the seamen who devote themselves to fishing shall receive passes, describing the route by which they are to travel, to take them to the military posts of the republic, where they shall be employed and paid according to their rank in the service. The minister of the marine is charged with the execution of this arrete.

(Signed) BONAPARTE.
H. B. MARET, Sec.

21. The administration of the forests is to mark out, in those most contiguous to Ambleteuse, Wishent, and Gravelines, and particularly in that of Guinet, those coppices where there might be procured without delay 1,000,000 of fascines, fifteen inches in diameter and six feet in length, together with such stakes as shall be necessary in using these fascines.

At Antwerp docks are to be built on that part of the bank of the Scheldt which lies between the sluice of the citadel and the Dung Quay, and which comprehends the abbey of St. Michael, the city dock, and all the private property situated between these two establishments.

Rome, July 23. It is rumoured here that the English are preparing at Malta an expedition against Egypt, and that it is their intention to occupy that country, and to keep it as a deposit equivalent to that which the French have in their hands (Hanover). Admiral Nelson superintends these preparations. An armed flotilla has sailed from Ancona, pursuant to orders from his highness, to chase the Barbary corsairs, who, however, do not now show themselves often in the Adriatic. The

English continue to keep a large force in that sea: eight ships of war belonging to that power have appeared off Ancona. They respect the pontifical and the Austrian flag, and that of the other powers not at war with them. The two Russian plenipotentiaries to the grand master of Malta have continued their journey by Naples, on their way to Messina.

Milan, July 28. An order of the senate has lately been published at Genoa, forbidding the importation of any English colonial or other commodities. All neutral ships that enter there must bring a certificate from the Ligurian commercial commissioner, at the place where they took in their landing, that they have no English goods on board, or be subject to a very strict search. Notwithstanding these regulations, however, so many merchant ships have found their way into Genoa with these commodities, that the price of colonial products has considerably fallen, especially the article of sugar, which is twenty *per cent.* cheaper than it has been. Admiral Nelson is making preparations at Malta for an expedition to Egypt. A new constitution has been published at Corfu for the Seven United Islands.

Haerlem, Aug. 2. The Prussian privy counsellor, M. Von Lombard, is returned to Berlin; he does not appear to have entirely obtained the object of his mission, which, besides the opening of the Elbe and the Weser, had, we are assured, another very important object.

The Hanoverian deputies have likewise returned to their country, without any great hope of seeing its fate alleviated.

Hanover, Aug. 5. The superior counsellor of appeal, Von Ramdohr, and the counsellor of legation, Von Hamber, returned yesterday from their mission to Paris and Brussels, at which latter city they had an audience with the first consul.

It is said that a considerable part of the French troops will shortly be withdrawn from the Hanoverian territory. According to accounts circulated here, the number of French troops in this territory, exclusive of the principality

of Osnaburgh, is now about 17,600 men, *viz.* in the principality of Calenberg, 4,480 infantry and 840 cavalry: in the principality of Luneburg, 4,623 infantry and 1,155 cavalry: in the duchy of Lauenburg, 860 infantry and 260 cavalry: in the duchies of Bremen and Verden, and in the country of Hadelér, 2,970 infantry and 1,050 cavalry: and in the county of Hoya, 880 infantry and 503 cavalry.

Brussels, Aug. 5. The hope of a successful issue to the Russian mediation, notwithstanding its acceptance by the belligerent powers, is not great. France insists on the *status quo*, from the date of a convention for an armistice to be concluded; and, consequently, while England retains possession of Malta, will continue to occupy the territory and parts of Lower Saxony, of which she has taken possession. To this, however, the cabinet of St. James's has not yet consented.

Amsterdam, Aug. 9. It is generally supposed that the French have not collected so many troops in Zealand merely for the defence of that island, but with a view of employing them in the intended expedition against England. At Flushing, the preparations for putting that place in a state of defence against any attack of the English still continue. Several houses have been pulled down for that purpose at Old Flushing. The American states have a considerable sum of money to pay to France for the cession of Louisiana: a loan has in consequence been opened by the house of Hope and Co., De Smeth, and Willink. It is not to exceed five millions of dollars, for which American funds will be provided. The whole capital will be liquidated by the American States before the year 1821.

Paris, Aug. 12. The chief consul arrived last night, between nine and ten, at St. Cloud.

The first consul gathered exact information, when at Paris and Brussels, respecting the capitals which the inhabitants of Belgium had lodged in the English funds. He engaged the merchants to withdraw their capitals as speedily as possible, giving them to understand, that there was no longer any

reliance to be placed on the stability of the British funds.

Amsterdam, Aug. 13. Admiral De Winter took his passage from Ferrol to the Texel as a Danish merchant. The ship on board which he sailed was several times detained by the English. The last time it was visited, an Englishman, who thought he knew him, said to him—'If I am not mistaken, I have the honour to know you.'—'That may possibly be,' said De Winter, 'but I certainly do not recollect ever to have seen you before.'—'I think,' replied the other, 'we have been opposed to each other in an engagement.'—'I ask your pardon,' replied De Winter, 'but I was not at Copenhagen at the time of the battle there.'—'I never knew you,' returned the Englishman, 'as a Dane, but I think you are the brave Dutchman, admiral De Winter.' The admiral then produced his pass as a native of Denmark, and with this the English were satisfied, and suffered the ship to proceed. This anecdote is related by M. De Vries, the captain of the ship in which De Winter came from Ferrol to the Texel. Three richly laden Dutch East-India ships are arrived in the Ems. Our rescriptions are risen to 49½.

Vienna, Aug. 13. An ordinance of neutrality has been published here; by which all the subjects of his imperial majesty are forbidden to enter into the service of France or England, either by land or sea. It consists of twenty-one articles and regulations, the admission of prizes into the imperial harbours, the manner in which they are to be disposed of, &c. It is dated August 7, 1803.

Ratisbon, Aug. 15. His Britannic majesty has protested against the convention concluded on the Elbe on the 5th of July, as being without his knowledge and authority.

Amsterdam, Aug. 16. It is now confidently said, that Russia has offered to occupy the island of Malta for ten years, if France will withdraw her troops from certain countries. This proposition, however, has been rejected by England.

HOME NEWS.

Bristol, Aug. 8.

ON Tuesday last Mr. Hunter, a king's messenger, passed through this city, on his route from Waterford to London, having in his custody, we are sorry to say, an officer receiving British pay, and of rank, it was said, superior to that of captain; against whom circumstances of so suspicious a nature had appeared, that it was deemed proper to seize both his person and papers, and convey them to the secretary of state's office, for examination.

A few days since a man was apprehended at Wells, or in its neighbourhood, supposed to be a spy, as he had been traced to Uphill, on the Somerset coast of the Bristol channel, where he is said to have been employed in taking soundings of the channel, and that his conduct in other respects induced strong suspicions as to its object. He spoke French badly, but English he spoke like a native.

Dover, Aug. 21. A Prussian galliot arrived here from Calais this morning about five o'clock with Eugenio Guier-teny, a Spanish messenger, with dispatches for the Spanish ambassador, and several young ladies who had been at school at Rouen: they have been detained at Calais for near a month, and are released in consequence of madame Bonaparte's nephew and niece being sent over. The news by this vessel is, that they still talk of invading us, although they are so closely blockaded by our cruisers that they cannot send even a fishing boat out to procure a dish of fish. They have been constructing a battery on the sand, near Boulogne, but have been much annoyed by the shot from our cruisers; the bombs have knocked down two houses in the lower town of Boulogne: a few nights ago, the boats of our cruisers went on shore and destroyed great part of the works

that had been erected in the day, and overthrew their engines for driving piles, &c. threw their shovels, mattocks, baskets, &c. all into the sea; but few days pass but they fire some shot at our cruisers, but hitherto without effect. One of the sturdy sailors who went over in our last flag of truce, being asked by the harbour-master at Mengaud's office, what news in England, told him we were all very impatient in England for their coming, and quite ready to receive them, 'and,' says the honest tar, 'why, sure, you are a d—d long while preparing: we expected you a month ago; but this I can assure you, not one of you will live to go back again.' Mengaud hearing this, put an end to the conversation.

London, Sept. 2. This morning, about two o'clock, a dreadful fire broke out at Astley's, and consumed the whole of that building, and destroyed, or greatly damaged, about twenty houses. Mr. and Mrs. Astley were not in town. The mother of Mrs. Astley, unfortunately, was in the house that was inhabited by her son and daughter, in front of the theatre. She was an old lady, about 60, and rather infirm. Two gentlemen made use of every effort in their power to save her. A ladder was raised to the window. She was seen to approach the window, and, as we hear, to run back on a sudden, as if recollecting something; probably she wished to save some papers or money in the house. As she was coming back to the window a second time, the floor of the room gave way, and she was seen to fall in with it. It was now impossible to save her: she was burnt to death.

About six o'clock the flames were got under. Two children belonging to a waterman were in great danger, but, by the intrepidity of the firemen, were saved.

Carlisle, Sept. 3. Hatfield, the noted impostor, who married Mary Robinson, commonly called the Beauty of Buttermere, under the name and title of the hon. C. A. Hope, esq. was executed here this day, pursuant to his sentence, for forgery.

Dublin, Sept. 3. Owen Kirwan was executed to-day, in Thomas-street, on the same gallows where his partners in rebellion and assassination expiated their crimes. His conduct was decent, and he acknowledged the justice of his sentence and the impartiality of his trial.

Whitehaven, Sept. 6. William Knott, in a fit of passion, threw a knife at his wife, which missed her, but unfortunately struck his son (a boy nine years of age) on the side, and occasioned his immediate death. The coroner's inquest sat on the body, and brought in a verdict of manslaughter against the unhappy father, who has been committed to Carlisle gaol.

London, Sept. 8. The victualling-office has received orders to supply provisions for 100,000 men, for one year, commencing the 1st of January next.

This morning the royal Westminster volunteers marched from their place of drill to St. Clement's church, where, after hearing an excellent sermon, they were presented with their colours, which, from every appearance, they are well qualified to defend. They form an exceedingly fine body of men; their uniform is military and elegant without gaudiness, and their appearance is sufficient to show that they have been well disciplined. There were in number not less than 1200.

Margate, Sept. 10. The defensive preparations along the coast still continue with unabated activity, and the measures adopted are such as to leave nothing to apprehend on the score of security. General Dundas has just finished a most minute inspection of the whole of the extensive lines in this part of the country, and expressed himself perfectly satisfied with the very excellent state of the several fortifications, and the judicious dispositions of the forces in every direction. An additional battery is now constructing on our eastern cliff, and though begun

only on Thursday afternoon, such is the expedition used on the occasion, that it is expected to be completed by Tuesday next. The Texel, of 74 guns, and two other ships of war, remain stationed in Margate roads, under the command of that much respected officer, captain Byng.

Dover, Sept. 12. The right hon. W. Pitt came into town yesterday about three o'clock, and embarked on board one of our great boats, named the Polecat, to make trial of a gun fitted up on the undermentioned construction. He set sail, accompanied by colonel Phipps, captain Estington, lieutenants Stow and Greenword, and Mr. James Moon, who planned the fixing of the gun. After sailing off two or three miles, the gun, which was an eighteen-pounder, was fired three times with round and twice with cannister-shot, and was found to answer very completely, being fired in several directions. Fifty boats are to be fitted up immediately in like manner, to act as gunboats if wanted. After giving his entire approbation to the fitting of the gun, &c. he landed and proceeded to inspect the Dover volunteers, of whom he is colonel: he entered the field where they were drawn up to receive him, about 500 strong, when the men went through their exercise and field manoeuvres in a manner that did them great credit, considering the short time that they had been trained; lord Mahon, colonel Phipps, colonel Broderic, col. Churchill, and several other military gentlemen, were present, and seemed very well pleased with the men's appearance. At six he set off for Walmer castle.

Saltbill, Sept. 12. On Saturday morning, a man arrived in a post-chaise at an inn here, and while he was taking some refreshment he sent for Mr. Cecil, the landlord, into his room, and conversed with him as to the best method of getting to the person of the king, at Windsor; saying he had just arrived from abroad, and that he had some very important arrangement to make with his majesty; but from his general behaviour Mr. Cecil strongly suspected he was going to Windsor for an improper purpose, and sent off an express to Windsor to

that effect; and in consequence Edwards and Dowset, the police-officers, arrived at the inn in a short time. Earl Rosslyn, who resides in the neighbourhood, hearing of the circumstance, came to the inn, and questioned him as to the object of his journey: he said his name was Cobbet, that he came from Jersey, and was landed on Portland island, among the rocks; but refused to tell the particular object of his journey, or the business he had with the king. Earl Rosslyn gave orders to the officers to take him to London.

Dublin, Sept. 13. The daughter of an eminent barrister was arrested near Dublin on Friday se'ennight, charged with holding a correspondence with young Emmet, who was to be tried yesterday upon a charge of high treason. It appearing, however, that there was nothing treasonable in the letters that passed between them, their mutual sentiments being those of affection and love, she has since been liberated, to the great happiness of the numerous friends of her much-respected father.

Liverpool, Sept. 13. Last night, a little before ten o'clock, a fire was discovered in Mr. Gilding's livery-stables, Park-street, which burst out with the greatest rapidity, and threatened the destruction of the whole neighbourhood, but the fire was got under at eleven o'clock. All the extensive range of stabling belonging to Mr. Gilding was, however, entirely consumed. The horses were all saved except one. Prince William of Gloucester was present, attended by his officers, giving every direction requisite on the unfortunate occasion, and continued till a late hour. The different corps in the town came forward with alacrity to enforce good order and prevent plunder.

Dover, Sept. 15. News has just been received here, that twenty-six French gun-boats have escaped out of Bolougne, under cover of the dark, and are gone into Calais; our cruisers are gone after them, as it is supposed they will come out, being, it is said, bound to Dunkirk.

Jersey, Sept. 13. It is hardly to be described with what ardour and enthusiasm all ranks of people in this island are labouring to meet the threat-

ened assaults of our hectoring enemies. We are taking every precaution which indefatigable zeal and experienced councils can suggest. It was lately determined to fortify the town-hall, and the only difficulty on earth to carrying the project into execution was the want of labourers. With a spirit of patriotism that would have done honour to ancient Rome in her best days, the whole population of the island, from the highest to the humblest rank, have nobly volunteered their personal services upon this important work.

Wolverhampton, Sept. 16. On Tuesday, at noon, a shocking accident happened here. As the London and Salop waggon was passing from John-street into King-street, it was met by a gentleman in a gig, who, finding himself placed in such a situation, from the narrowness of the street, that his gig and self were in danger of being crushed to pieces, jumped out, and endeavoured to turn the leading horses to the opposite side of the street. The driver of the waggon was at this time at the back of it, and, in endeavouring to get round to his proper situation, he was crushed between the waggon and the wall in so dreadful a manner, that his ribs were broken in, and he was otherwise so much bruised, that he died before he could be conveyed to the workhouse.

Dartford, Sept. 20. Yesterday morning, about two o'clock, a violent explosion was felt here, in consequence of one of the powder-mills having caught fire, and which burnt very furiously for three hours after the explosion. These mills belong to Miles Peter Andrews, esq.; and it was a fortunate circumstance that no wind prevailed, otherwise the dwelling-house of that gentleman, which is near the place, must have been destroyed. No cause whatever can be assigned for the accident, while, fortunately, not an individual was hurt.

London, Sept. 17. Allett, the bank cashier, was again tried at the Old Bailey for embezzling property of the Bank of England, and found guilty. The verdict was, indeed, merely *pro forma*; as the question of law on which the case turns is reserved for the decision of the twelve judges.

BIRTHS.

August 27. At his house, in Tooke's-court, the lady of Richard Enoch Chapman, esq. of a son.

At his house, in Peter-street, the lady of Thomas Hake, esq. of a son.

28. At Fairy-hill, Kent, Mrs. Campbell, of a daughter.

In Hart-street, Bloomsbury, the lady of captain G. H. Towry, of the royal navy, of a son.

31. The lady of Dr. Crichton, of Clifford-street, Burlington-gardens, of a daughter.

September 3. The lady of sir Robert Williams, bart. M. P. of a daughter.

5. At Yarmouth, the lady of sir Richard Bedingfeld, bart. of a son.

The lady of Dr. Cairns, of Bernard-street, Russell-square, of a daughter.

The lady of Dr. Bird, of Chelmsford, of a son.

7. In Threadneedle-street, the lady of W. W. Prescott, esq. of a son.

11. The lady of brigadier-general Hunter, of a son.

13. In Portland-place, the countess of Mansfield, of a daughter.

17. In Stratford-place, the lady of F. G. Smyth, esq. of a son.

MARRIAGES.

August 24. At Titchfield, capt. E. J. Foote, of the royal navy, to miss Patton, eldest daughter of vice-admiral Patton.

27. Major Stewart, of the 95th regiment of foot, to miss Palmer, of Brighton.

29. Richard William Peirse, esq. of Thimbleby-lodge, to miss Clarke, of Thorp-hall, in the county of York.

James Lumsden, esq. late lieutenant-colonel of the 55th regiment, to miss Lydia Hichens, 2d. daughter of Richard Hichens, esq. of Pottaire, Cornwall.

30. G. Brett, esq. of York-place, Portman-square, to miss Templeton, daughter of the late captain Templeton, of the 6th dragoon-guards.

At Plymouth, captain C. Roger, of the royal navy, and commander of the Fowsey sea-fencibles, to miss Crawford.

Rev. Mr. Rowe, lecturer of St. Andrew's, Plymouth, to miss Andrews, of Plymouth-dock.

Mr. Date, merchant, to miss Hine, both of Plymouth.

31. John James, jun. esq. of Kew, to miss A. Renouard, of Notting-hill.

Walter Strickland, esq. son of sir Geo. Strickland, bart. of Boynton, Yorkshire, to miss Western, youngest daughter of the late Maximilian Western, esq. of Cokethorpe, Oxfordshire.

Mr. Sidnest, of Thavies-inn, to Mrs. Wilton, of Prescott-street.

Dr. Adams, fellow of Trinity-hall, Cambridge, to miss S. Scott, daughter of the late rev. T. Scott, rector of King's Stanley, in Gloucestershire.

Peter Free, esq. of Throgmorton-street, to miss Clark, daughter of Geo. Clark, esq. of Lombard-street.

Brigadier-general T. Peter, to miss Barbara Cunninghame, 2d. daughter of A. Cunninghame, esq. merchant, Glasgow.

September 3. Alexander Gray, esq. of Argyle-street, to miss Bazett, daughter of H. Bazett, esq. of Richmond, Surrey.

Mr. F. Heisch, of New-court, Crutehed-friars, to miss Scott, of Kennington.

William Le Blanc, esq. of the Inner Temple, to miss Ann Elliott, daughter of Philip Elliott, esq. of Bristol.

7. T. W. Cooke, esq. of Semer, Suffolk, to miss Mathews, eldest daughter of R. Mathews, esq. of Wargrave, Berks.

10. T. P. Spencer, esq. of Vauxhall, to miss Ross, daughter of the late Wm. Ross, esq. of Streatham, Surrey.

At Chelsea, capt. Henry Hornby, to miss Jane M. Smith.

11. At Richmond, Philip Despard, esq. to miss Rainsford.

12. Lieut.-col. Peachy, late M. P. for Yarmouth, to miss Emma Frances Charter, youngest daughter of Thomas Charter, esq. of Lynchfield.

13. John Bellamy, esq. of Clarence-place, Pentonville, to miss Richardson, only daughter of the late Thomas Richardson, merchant, of Fore-street.

Richard Edwards, esq. of High Elms, Hertfordshire, to miss Howard, of Thornhaugh-street.

14. Edward Harman, esq. of London, to miss Rawlinson, eldest daughter of the late T. Rawlinson, esq. of Lancaster.

15. Wm. Willis, jun. esq. banker, of Lombard-street, to miss Ponton, daughter of Thos. Ponton, esq. of Battersea.

Mr. Joseph Lowe, of Charterhouse-square, to miss Maria Mackintosh, third daughter of L. Mackintosh, esq. of Burrows-buildings.

DEATHS.

August 13. At Aberdeen, in the 68th year of his age, James Beattie, LL. D. professor of moral philosophy and logic in Marischal-college.

23. In Artillery-place, Finsbury-square, Mrs. Meilan, wife of Daniel Meilan, esq.

25. At St. Mary's Isle, miss Home, eldest daughter of the late vice-admiral Sir George Home, bart.

Mr. Wildman Smith, of Frederick's-place, Old Jewry, aged 39.

At an advanced age, at his house in Paddington, Mr. Miller, who formerly kept the Cheshire Cheese public-house, Milford-lane — He was well known for his skill at the game of draughts.

Mr. Hambly, master of the Coach and Horses public-house, in Castle-street, Leicester-fields. — Uncommon exertion in learning the manual exercise produced a fever, and brought on his death.

Mrs. Smith, of Little Chelsea, wife of Mr. R. Smith, wine-merchant, late of the Haymarket.

At her house, in Lower Grosvenor-street, Mrs. Morton, relict of the late hon. J. Morton, chief-justice of Chester.

In Old Burlington-street, Herbert, the eldest son of Richard Croft, M. D. in his 11th year.

At Sandwell-park, the seat of the earl of Dartmouth, John Roupe, esq. at the early age of 33 years.

26. At her house, in Queen Ann-street East, Mrs. Ford, relict of the late Samuel Ford, surgeon.

Thomas Taylor, esq. of East-street, Walworth, after only 19 hours' illness, in his 74th year.

At Teignmouth, J. G. Pole, esq. only brother to Sir Wm. Templer Pole, bart.

28. At Alnwick-castle, Northumberland, lady Frances Percy, third daughter of his grace the duke of Northumberland. Her ladyship was in her 19th year. She was a most beautiful and accomplished young lady.

At Goodwyns, near Hertford, miss Byron.

At his house, in George's-square, Edinburgh, lieutenant-colonel George Clark, of the hon. East-India company's service.

29. At her house, in Leadenhall-street, Mrs. Sarah Price, widow of the late Mr. John Price, of Woodford-bridge, Essex.

Mr. John Ladley, of Mount street, Grosvenor-square, aged 60.

At Exmouth, Devon, in his 22d year, John Townly Ahmuty, esq. son of Mrs. Ahmuty, of Brighton.

30. At Capt. Parker's, Camberwell, Mrs. Meriton, wife to captain Henry Meriton, of the Exeter East-Indiaman.

31. Henry Hunter, esq. of Kilburne, in the county of Derby.

Sept. 2. At Newcastle-upon-Tyne, in the 60th year of her age, Elizabeth Elmer, relict of John Elmer, late of St. Petersburg, and sister to the late George Bolton, esq. of Blachpool, in the county of Northumberland.

At Ulverstone, John Robinson, esq. attorney-at-law, aged 66.

4. Captain William Stewart, of the 14th regiment of foot.

5. At Cheltenham, the lady of Sir John D'Oyle, bart.

6. Of a dropsy, Mr. Edward Newcomb, of Bridge-street, Westminster.

7. Wm. Blamire, esq. of the Hatton-garden police-office.

9. At Woolwich, Mrs. Johnstone, widow of the late lieutenant-general William Johnstone, of the royal artillery, in the 58th year of her age.

11. At Petworth, Sussex, after a long and severe illness, which he endured with the utmost fortitude, Mr. Charles Moritz Klanert: he was universally esteemed.

14. Aged 26, Mr. David Davenport, second son of the rev. — Davenport, of Bardwell, Suffolk.

Dr. Wm. Murray, surgeon of his majesty's dock-yard, Woolwich.

THE
LADY'S MAGAZINE,
 OR
ENTERTAINING COMPANION
 FOR
THE FAIR SEX;

APPROPRIATED
 SOLELY TO THEIR USE AND AMUSEMENT.

FOR OCTOBER, 1803.

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This Number is embellished with the following Copper-plates:

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- 2 For the MORAL ZOOLOGIST—VULTURE.
- 3 An elegantly-coloured PARIS DRESS.
- 4 A new and elegant PATTERN for a GOWN, APRON, &c. &c.
- 5 MUSIC—DISINTERESTED LOVE: the Words and Music by W. BARRE.

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Where Favours from Correspondents continue to be received.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

WE should be obliged to our correspondent near Hertford, who signs *A Constant Reader*, for a further continuation of her novel.

R. B.'s contributions shall occasionally appear. To the inquiry of this correspondent we have to answer, that enigmas and questions which have merit will certainly be inserted.

We are much obliged to E. W. for her communication: her request shall be attended to.

Florio's Essay is received, as are also J. M.'s communications from Margate, which are intended for our next. *The Close of Evening—Autumn, a Rhapsody—The Messengers, a true Tale—and Rebus*, by T. G., are also received.

Engraved for the Lady's Magazine.



Mistakes on both Sides.

THE LADY'S MAGAZINE,

For OCTOBER, 1803.

MISTAKES ON BOTH SIDES;

A TALE.

(With an elegant Engraving.)

AMONG the giddy circles of fashionable life, the youthful and gay lord Orwell shone conspicuous. Elegantly formed, of an amiable disposition, accompanied by the most pleasing manners, which had received the highest polish of politeness, and distinguished for his unaffected vivacity and genuine wit, he was the soul of every company in which he appeared. Endowments of this brilliant nature, it will naturally be supposed, rendered him a favourite with the fairer sex, who vied with each other in attempts to impose on him their chains, and lead him in triumph a willing captive.

But the female whose fair exterior was unanimated by understanding, or in whom levity and frivolity had extinguished good sense, could make little impression on the heart of Frederick Orwell. His natural discernment soon discovered whether vanity constituted the whole of the character, or whether real intelligence and merit were apparent through the disguise of modern manners.

His attention was attracted, his admiration excited, and his heart more sensibly affected than he was at first conscious of, by the unequalled beauty, the intelligent sprightliness, and amiable manners, of lady Anne Penthièvre. The spark of love,

which the first view of her had kindled in his bosom, was, by frequently indulging in the pleasure of her company, fanned into a flame, and he soon found an opportunity of avowing to her the impression she had made on his heart. The unaffectedly modest and delicate, yet evidently favourable, manner in which she received his declaration, rivetted his pleasing chains, and from that time he became her acknowledged and approved suitor, and most ardent lover.

After having enjoyed for some time the unruffled tranquillity of undisturbed confidence in each other, the fiend Jealousy injected a drop of her gall into each of their hearts, and rapid and tormenting were the effects of the hateful poison.

At a splendid ball given by a lady of distinction, and to which lord Orwell and lady Penthièvre were invited, the latter danced with a young nobleman equally distinguished by his personal accomplishments, the ancient honours of his family, and his extensive estates. Her lover, whose eye was attentively fixed on them, thought he perceived that his lordship was too sensible to the beauties and elegant carriage of his partner; and that she, in her turn, displayed too great a degree of exulta-

tion in having thus excited his attention. Not a little piqued at this, he, in his turn, selected as his partner a young lady of great beauty, and heiress to an immense fortune, to whom he paid the most flattering attention, which she on her part seemed most willingly to receive. His behaviour rendered purposely so conspicuous that it could not escape the notice of lady Anne; and the same evening a visible coolness took place between them, though not a word was said by either with respect to the transaction which had given each offence. They separated without the least explanation, and their officious imaginations, brooding over what had passed, swelled the trifling incidents which had given birth to their idle jealousy into undeniable proofs of the suggestions of groundless suspicion, and insurmountable obstacles to their union.

For two whole days the hearts of the lovers were a prey to acute pains which they had never known before. At length lord Orwell found that he obtained not only ease, but that his sufferings were changed into ecstatic delight, by admitting the idea that he had been mistaken, and that his dearest Anne had not swerved in thought from her fidelity to him. He immediately started up, and hastened to the house of her aunt, with whom she resided. He passed into the garden where she was sitting alone, indulging, in fact, the melancholy disposition of mind into which the rupture that had taken place between her and her lover had plunged her. The moment she saw him approaching, the first sensation of her heart was an exultation of joy, the expression of which however she checked, conceiving it more suitable to the dignity of her sex, and her conscious innocence, to treat with careless levity and disregard the man who could so readily admit suspicions which she esteemed derogatory

to her honour, and so easily permit himself to take a mean revenge. She received him, therefore, with an air of the greatest indifference, which, however, it cost her not a little painful exertion to assume. Her careless manner, and apparent levity, revived in the heart of lord Orwell all his former suspicions with redoubled force. He endeavoured, at first, to answer her with equal levity and indifference, but in this attempt he failed. The mingling flames of love and jealousy blazed too fiercely in his heart for him to resist their united power. Abruptly he assumed a serious air—

‘I must,’ said he, ‘I must put an end to this trifling. I wish to know what I am to think of what I lately saw. If rank and wealth have such superior attractions in your eyes, I am ready—I am willing—yes, I am willing to resign’——

‘No apology, I entreat you,’ replied lady Anne, with a scornful smile. ‘If the fortune of an heiress be an object so much preferable, you might refrain at least from endeavouring to invent accusations which you know have no foundation.’

‘Madam,’ returned he, ‘that insinuation is but a poor subterfuge. Let me have,—and I think I am entitled to demand it of your candour,—let me have,’ added he, raising his voice, ‘an explicit declaration—an explanation’——

‘My lord,’ answered she, ‘this, certainly, is language I cannot understand. I know not what I am to explain: at any rate, such an explanation as you seem to require is beneath me.’

‘My lady,’ rejoined he, hastily turning round, and taking out his watch, ‘if you had been disposed to give it, I have not time to hear it; for now I recollect I have a particular engagement.’

Thus saying, he made her a formal obeisance, and abruptly left her.

The rupture between these two mistaken lovers was now become wider than ever, and the difficulty of a reconciliation apparently much greater. Both, at the same time, secretly blamed themselves for the manner in which they had acted; she, that she had treated him with such assumed levity and indifference, which did not accord with the real feelings of her heart; and he that he had expressed himself in a manner so hasty and peremptory.

At length, the aunt of lady Anne, an elderly lady of the most friendly and generous disposition, discovered, from the melancholy and visible uneasiness of her niece, and the absence of lord Orwell, that there was some disagreement between the lovers. She questioned lady Anne on the subject, and was soon satisfied that the most groundless suspicions had inflicted severe pains on two excellent hearts; and, if a remedy were not timely employed, might separate for ever two amiable persons who appeared born for each other. She accordingly sent for lord Orwell, and, in the presence of her niece, thus addressed him:—

‘So, I find the common case has happened: you have quarrelled with one another you know not for what. But so it always is: you people of understanding, when you are in love, have no more wit than the foolishest country boys and girls. Here are nothing but *mistakes on both sides*, and faults on both sides. I am sure you love her, and I know she loves you; so take her hand, and be happy in defiance of Jealousy and all her imps.’

Lord Frederic gladly obeyed the advice of the good old lady, and took and ardently pressed the hand of lady Anne, who, bursting into tears, silently and tenderly avowed the truth and warmth of her affec-

tions; while her lover, throwing himself at her feet, solicited her forgiveness for having once questioned her disinterested fidelity and sincerity. Their mutual confidence in each other was never again disturbed by suspicion, either previous to or after their union for life, which soon took place; and their affectionate gratitude to the good old lady who had thus extricated them from their difficulties, and reconciled them by her candid and friendly interference, knew no bounds.

SIGNE AND HAVOR; A GOTHIC ROMANCE.

(Continued from p. 431.)

IN the mean time Hildegise, with the remainder of his fleet, which consisted of forty ships, had returned to Sigerstedt. He immediately repaired to the queen and related to her all that had happened. At the first part of his narrative she manifested the greatest joy; but, when he disclosed to her the death of Alf, she raved as one frantic with grief, rage, and the furious thirst of revenge. When her contending passions suffered her to give utterance to her thoughts, she exclaimed—

‘Let Bolvise be called; of him we must ask counsel how to act.’

Bolvise, the artful, insidious, and malignant Bolvise, came at her summons. He advised that an assembly of the people should immediately be convened, and informed that Habor, impelled by a deadly, yet dissembled, hatred, had attacked and slain Alf, though not with impunity, since his father and brother had fallen in the fierce conflict which his treachery had occasioned.

‘This assembly,’ added he, ‘may easily be induced to decide as we wish, if the Saxons are allowed to have voices in it; for they will cer-

tainly outvote the few Danes who have seats with them ; some of whom are absent with Alger, and still more with Syvald : and we must hasten the meeting of the assembly before the return of the absent Danes.'

'Thinkest thou, then,' said Hildegise, 'that my Saxons—' but suddenly he checked himself ; for it instantly occurred to him, that if Habor were condemned to death as a traitor, he might with much more confidence hope to obtain Signe. Love therefore closed his lips, and imperiously inclined him silently to acquiesce in treachery.

The assembly of the people was convoked without delay. Bolvise accused Habor, and depicted his conduct in the blackest colours. Hildegise supported him feebly and fearfully. But the queen determined the wavering, and dispelled every doubt. With dishevelled hair and eyes flashing phrensy, with blood-stained cheeks torn with her own hands in dreadful desperation, she rushed into the assembly exclaiming—'Murder ! Vengeance ! Death !'

Sigar, in the mean time, overwhelmed with grief, was unable to rise from his bed. The death of his son inflicted the severest of wounds on his heart. He raved against Habor, yet could he not comprehend his conduct.

'He is,' said he, 'a hero—a true hero, and could not, surely, act unworthy of himself. I know not how to take his life ; yet the blood of Alf demands it. My son must be avenged. Yet Signe—'

At the same instant Signe lay prostrate at his feet. Bera, who feared her tender and persuasive affection, had placed guards at her door, under the pretext of preventing her from doing herself injury. But these Signe had persuaded to let her pass.

A long time they withstood her entreaties and her tears ; but her beauty, her courage, the dignity of her demeanour, and her ardent affection, at length prevailed.

'Dearest father,' exclaimed she, 'Habor is accused—' and she embraced the knees of the aged monarch—'he is accused innocently.'

'He has killed Alf.'

'Yes ; in the martial contest—in fair combat.'

'No ; by treacherous assault : the testimonies are against him.'

'Let him come and defend himself : his open, generous demeanour shall be his defence, and convince all who look on him that he is incapable of treachery.'

'The witnesses say he is guilty.'

Signe raised her head, while confidence, courage, and love, beamed in her eyes.

'Guilty ! — Habor cannot be guilty : my heart declares him innocent. Listen, dearest father, to thy daughter : give her a second time that life which thou didst first bestow upon her.'

The head of Signe sank on her knees, and her tears streamed in torrents. Tender and yielding was the heart of Sigar : a cloud seemed to veil his eyes ; and the drops of sorrow flowed down his beard, and moistened the cheeks of his daughter, mingling with her tears.

'Dearest Signe, thou declarest Habor innocent, and innocent he is in my eyes. Would to Heaven that the assembly of the people had not already pronounced him guilty ! —But now, what can I do ?'

'You are king ; refuse your consent, and the sentence of the people has no power.'

'Alas ! I have already given my word to Bolvise.'

Transfixed as with a thunderbolt was Signe ; the breath of life seemed to forsake her : at length she ex-

claimed, with a feeble and faltering voice: 'Syvald, Alger, Bolvise, where are you? The gods have ordained that you should be absent for my punishment. Is it thus, ye divine powers, that ye forsake innocence, that ye abandon those who hope and confide in you!'

Her eyes remained fixed, and a dead silence followed: Sigar could not endure to look on her; but turned away his face in speechless suffering.

At this moment entered Bera and Bolvise, with an air of triumph which they could not conceal.

'Hail, sovereign lord!' said they; 'Alf shall be avenged: the assembly has decreed Habor a treacherous assassin.'

'But how! Signe here!' exclaimed Bera, with the strongest emotion of surprise at the sight of her daughter.

'The death of Habor,' answered Signe, 'will not restore life to Alf. But what did I hear? Habor treacherous! the hero Habor, my friend, my husband, a treacherous assassin!'

'Signe,' said Bera, endeavouring to assume a soothing mildness, 'forget the man so unworthy of thy heart.'

'Unworthy of my heart! No; he possesses, and eternally shall possess, my heart. My vow, my wish, the consent of my parents, and the approbation of the gods, have given it to him, and nothing can deprive him of it: nothing can change my determination and my destiny.'

'But recollect, dear Signe, he has murdered thy brother! thy brave, thy worthy brother! my much-loved son! the shield and bulwark of Denmark! and shall he not then pay his forfeit life?'

'Habor cannot have acted unworthy of himself: all his former generous acts, all his noble demeanour, his exalted magnanimity, my affections, and my heart, declare him innocent.'

'I commiserate, sincerely commiserate, thy feelings: in the same situation I might judge in the same manner. Thy ardent, tender affection most powerfully pleads thy excuse: but the sentence is pronounced, and is irrevocable.'

'My heart also is irrevocable. In banishment with him, transcendently more happy shall I be than in this hated palace. Exiled with him, it will be bliss to wander. But Norway is his country: it is also mine. The whole world is the country of virtue and the hero.'

With a noble dignity, the princess turned to leave the chamber. Her step was as the step of Odin, when he approaches his throne to sit in judgment with the gods. She had formed her resolution fixed as the decree of the destinies. Bolvise looked after with a malignant and contemptuous eye.

'The princess,' said he, 'seems resolved to be married; but there are more men than Habor.'

Signe darted on him a glance significant of contempt which she had never before expressed or felt. She answered not, but her eyes said—'Thou deservest no answer. Let paleness overspread thy cheek, base slanderer! and honour that virtue of which thou hast no knowledge.'

Sigar, with difficulty, raised himself in his bed, and exclaimed—'Insolent dastard! thou insultest my age and my weakness. Knowest thou not that respect and reverence is due to every female, especially to the daughter of thy sovereign?'

Bolvise retired, at a sign from Bera, without answering, though his soul was rent with rage, and the secret wish of his malignant heart was: 'May the Furies grant that thou and Habor may fall by each other's swords.'

In the mean time Signe had thrown herself into the arms of her

affectionate friend Svanhild.——
 ‘All is lost,’ exclaimed she, ‘except virtue and honour. Habor is condemned as deserving death; condemned to death by the Danes, who never decided unjustly till now that their sentence whelms me in wretchedness.’

‘Dearest friend,’ replied Svanhild, ‘endeavour to calm thy agitated mind. Scarcely any Danes have condemned Habor: the assembly consisted almost entirely of Saxons.’

‘Of Saxons! How can strangers give judgment in the assembly of Denmark?’

‘So it was determined. Bera had ordered that they should have voices on this occasion.’

‘Why is she my mother? Yet I am her daughter!’

A blush crimsoned the cheeks of Signe: she covered her eyes with her hands, and dared not look upon Svanhild, who exclaimed: ‘Oh, amiable and virtuous maiden, worthy of a better mother and a better fate!’

A profound silence followed, which was suddenly interrupted in an unexpected manner.

(To be continued.)

MISCELLANEOUS THOUGHTS.

A GREAT writer has said that there are three inanimate things, that have each a quality appropriate to them which never changes:—suspicion, the wind, and fidelity. Suspicion never leaves the mind it has once entered—the wind never enters any place whence it cannot come out—and fidelity, when it is once gone, never returns.

We cannot hope really to please one part of mankind, without wish-

ing, from the same reason, extremely to displease the other.

Next to just thoughts, bold thoughts are most estimable.

Those who have violent passions are frequently the most worthy persons, if we except those passions.

Interest is the reverse of glory.

Natural merit without education is a rough diamond, which must be examined closely to ascertain its value: it is only esteemed by connoisseurs. As for that superficial merit which is bestowed by education and an acquaintance with the world, it is an artificial brilliant which dazzles the eyes of the ignorant, but is despised by connoisseurs. A happy natural disposition, cultivated by a good education, and brought to perfection by an intercourse with persons of merit, unites every perfection, and attracts the admiration and praise of every one.

Though it is of the nature of ivy to creep, yet it can raise itself to a great height by means of the tree to which it fastens, from which it derives its nourishment, and which it prevents from acquiring that strength and perfection to which it would have attained without it: a lively image of the prince and the flatterer.

Since it is acknowledged to be the greatest of pleasures to be alone with the object of our love; whence is it that the vain man, who is a prey to self-love, cannot endure to remain a moment by himself?

Since affection and friendship are two of the strongest bonds which attach us to life, it should seem that the great ought to quit it with less difficulty.

Fortune is like a river which turns aside when it meets with elevated places: virtue and greatness of mind place men out of its course.

The MONKS and the ROBBERS;

A TALE.

(Continued from page 417.)

‘THE old knave went about to show fight,’ continued the robber; ‘but a slice o’ th’ sconce quieted him in no time; and a lusty stroke with a stiletto, from Sanguigno, quickly stopt his wife’s howling; and we should ha’ settled our business with the wench easily enough, but she made so much noise that the troop we mustered in, being hard at hand, heard her; and our captain, this same fellow we have been talking of, and some two or three of our comrades, quickly burst into the cot. At sight of us the captain stormed like the devil, and, in a twinkling, fetches me Sanguigno a stroke o’ the head that telled him bleeding to the floor.’

‘He shall pay for that!’ exclaimed the ferocious lieutenant: ‘I’ll ha’ his blood!—his heart’s blood!’

‘Aye, marry, we’ll make him rue the day he turned three poor honest fellows out of their living!’

‘What, a plague!’ said Fidele, ‘did he turn ye out?’

‘Aye, marry did he. He and some of his knaves, your sneaking pitiful-hearted villains that labour in their vocation with none of the true free-boasting spirit about them! thrust us forth to starve or be hanged for aught they cared. But we did not care to do either: so we joined some brave fellows that had quarters here; and, when that was done, what does we but set a friend, we have among our old comrades (who’ll stand up back and edge for us if need be), we set him to work to set them together by the ears. And, i’ faith! the knave managed matters so marvellous well that they ha’ had divers desperate squabbles; and once or twice they lug’d out, but the cap-

tain found means to lay their choler. To say truth, my masters, the rogues are afraid of him; and indeed there is a something about him, I can’t tell what, that makes ye do just as he’d have ye’

‘They’ll mutiny in spite of him,’ cried Sanguigno. ‘All his gossip won’t save him now.’

‘His knaves are wond’rous valiant just now,’ resumed the fellow who spoke before him, ‘and make a marvellous coil about some underhand tricks they have found him out in. He’s got, it seems, some fellows hid among the caves of the garrison; but whereabouts, they can’t for their lives find out. They sometimes do’nt see him for hours together: they take it, he then goes to look after ’em. Who or what the devil they are, or what they do there, none of the troop can tell. There’s one of ’em, to be sure, they do know something of: he they found one night, no great while ago, as they were out on the prowl, bleeding and senseless on the road, through the forest here; and the tender-hearted captain must needs, forsooth, have him fetched to the garrison; and from that time they ha’ never set eyes on him, nor does the captain ever say any thing about him. They suspect he’s playing fast and loose with ’em, and has some way of going forth into the forest which they do’nt know of. Some of his troop have tried to dog him; but he caught ’em at it, and roundly swore he’d crop their ears for them an’ they ever did such a thing again, and well nigh scared the poor knaves out of their wits. But one fellow was not to be put down in that way: he mustered courage, one morning, and slyly skulked after the captain; and by the light of a lamp he carried, he plainly saw him in discourse with two strange men, and was near enough to hear what they said.’

‘The villains,’ cried Sanguigno, ‘took upon ’em to abuse our worthy master, the lord Tancred, about the lady Juliet, and about his wife ; and that scurvy rogue, the captain, swore he had murdered her in the vaults under the castle.’

The three monks who were concerned in that transaction (so secret, so secure as they thought from even the possibility of detection) were not a little astonished at finding themselves deceived, and perplexed to conjecture by what means it became known to the captain. Nor could the robbers at all satisfy their curiosity in that particular ; for the fellow, from whom it appeared they heard this, apprehensive of danger from discovery, found it expedient to march his body back as speedily and silently as he could.

‘And, i’ faith, he was in the right on’t !’ said one of the robbers. ‘I wou’d n’t ha’ been in his skin for all Sicily ; for ’twas a mercy that same spitfire captain had n’t caught him ; and besides, in them caves, a body runs a plaguy risk of losing his way. They are as dark as the devil ; and as crooked, masters, as one of his horns, twisting and twining the Lord knows how far under ground.’

‘Marry, and we must know too,’ cried Fidele ; ‘and know also who he’s got there.’

‘Aye, and make sure of ’em too,’ answered Sanguigno.— ‘There’s wond’rous security in a home-stroke of a stiletto. There’s nothing to be done without blood-letting.’

‘Thou say’st true,’ said the prior ; ‘therefore, an’ there be any of these knaves attached to this same captain, dispatch ’em on the spot ; and the first man that dares but say a word in way of disapproval, down with him too.’

‘Bravo !’ exclaimed the inhuman lieutenant. ‘Slay every mother’s son that’s not on our side. An’ I

do n’t leave those I strike as dead as a door-nail, would I may never carry a weapon more.’

‘Now, then, let’s to horse,’ resumed the prior. ‘The night wastes : ’tis meet we bestir ourselves.’

He said, and all arose to prepare for the march. Part of the robbers equipped the horses, while the rest furnished their new comrades with arms, and changed their monkish vestments for others better fitted to their present profession ; then the monks concealing their shaven crown beneath an iron skull-cap, all vestiges of their holy calling were sunk at once ; and now, every thing being ready for the march, the whole troop mounted their horses and sallied forth into the forest.

The sky was clear and cloudless ; and the moon, glittering brightly between the trees, served to light them through the dreary and almost pathless wilderness in which they rode. Over a wild and rocky country they pursued their way ; and, after some time, entered, between some large and spreading trees, a narrow and winding defile, formed by rugged cliffs, whose overhanging brows almost joined above them.

‘We shall be among ’em presently,’ cried Sanguigno, as the troop slowly wound through the defile. ‘We’re near the spot.’

‘What ! among these rocks ?’ said Fidele, as they were about to enter a wild romantic dell, environed by high and rugged rocks. ‘By ’r lady, a rare shelter in case of pursuit !’

‘Aye, marry,’ replied Sanguigno ; ‘and it has proved so more than once afore now. ’Twas here we baffled the knaves who pursued us, as I told ye, ye know, that night we seized the lady Juliet.’

And now the troop, having crossed the dell, could proceed no further on

horseback. The word was given to dismount. Then, leaving their horses in charge with a few of their number, the rest, preceded by Sanguigno, bearing a lighted torch, which they had brought with them that they might find their way through these caverns, hastened forward; and, passing through the chasm in the cavern's side, directed their steps along the rugged and winding path beyond. Arrived at the door of the garrison, a signal, previously agreed on, gained them immediate admittance. They found their confederates assembled, and waiting their arrival; and, as soon as they appeared, saluted them with a loud shout.

Apprehensive of their proceedings being betrayed to the captain, the malecontents had been careful to conceal, as well from those whom they knew were firmly attached to him, as from those who were indifferent about the matter, the conspiracy they had formed against him, and the assistance they had obtained to secure it success. These men, therefore, stared in astonishment at sight of the prior and his followers, and were about to inquire what they did there; but, when the former was introduced to their notice, was hailed their *Nobilissimo Capitano* by many of their comrades, and themselves were required to do the like, they began to understand the business, and to understand too the necessity of immediate compliance. Most of them declared for the prior, but some few of the most faithful partisans of the captain (who chanced to be at this time absent from the troop) were entertaining some thoughts of escaping, when Sanguigno and some of their comrades singled them out; and, in an instant, two of them, pierced with many wounds, fell beneath their daggers. The rest fled, and the merciless lieutenant, trampling over the bleeding

bodies of his victims as they lay writhing in the agonies of death on the earth, and with the most ferocious eagerness, pursued their companions down one of the passages which led from the cavern; but the darkness shrouded them instantly from his sight, and obliged him to return.

(To be continued.)

FASHIONABLE REVOLUTIONARY
DIALOGUE.

[From a French Journal.]

So, you have set up your coach I find?

Why, one must do as the rest of the world does.

But are you not afraid of the observations of the censorious?

What should they censure?

You know how rapidly your fortune was acquired.

Rapidly!—You are quite mistaken. Six months would suffice for a knave to do it in; but an honest man, like me, takes three years.

Three years?

Ah, my dear friend, they were three brazen ages!

Now I rather think they were three golden ages.

You know not what it cost me to gain the last million.

Less, perhaps, than to acquire the first crown.

But, now, may I take the liberty to ask you what you have done, or what you do?

I hear, see, and say nothing.

You will never ride in your coach by that.

That is the least of my cares.

You will never keep a cook.

I can do very well without.

You will be always poor.

Poverty is not a vice.

No, but it is worse.

Very well, my friend, you have

already acquired the air and manners of a person of fortune; and that is a great deal in an age in which those who, like you, have suddenly set up a carriage, are frequently, from habit, instead of stepping into it, going to get up behind.

ON SELF-ESTEEM.

SELF-esteem, founded on rational principles, is one of the first requisites to a happy life; and, to the honour of virtue and religion, let it be remarked, that it is attainable only by a benevolent, a wise, and a prudent conduct. Men who, by early education, by happily falling among good examples, by reading good books, and by forming good habits in consequence of all these advantages, conduct themselves in all things with reason, with moderation, with kindness:—these are they, who, after all the pretensions of voluptuousness, enjoy the most of this world; for their happiness flows like a gentle stream uninterrupted in its course, uniform and constant, while that of others is like a torrent, which dashes from rock to rock, all foam, all noise, for a little while, till it is lost in the ocean, or wasted away by its own violence. It is destructive of others, destructive of itself, and too turbulent to admit of pure tranquillity.

Let those who have wandered in pursuits which themselves are ready to acknowledge delusive and unsatisfactory, resolve, by way of experiment, to try whether the pleasure of that self-esteem which arises from rectitude of conduct be not the most pleasing possession which this world affords; whether it does not promote a constant cheerfulness and gaiety of heart which renders life a continual feast. The path of duty, comparatively speaking, is strewn with

flowers, and surrounded with fragrance. To the timid, the slothful, and ill-disposed, the first entrance may appear to be closed with briars; but he who has courage to break through the difficulties raised by his own imagination, will find himself in as pleasant a walk as is to be found beneath the moon.

I shall not draw a deceitful picture with the colours of rhetoric. Much uneasiness and some sorrow must be the lot of every man in his present state; but I contend that the pleasantness of wisdom and virtue is not fictitious, and that he who faithfully adheres to them will, upon the whole, enjoy all the delight of which his nature and situation render him capable.

Many philosophers maintain that selfishness is the spring of all our activity. Whether their doctrines be well founded or not, it is certain that, in pursuit of the pleasure of rational self-esteem, we may be as selfish as we please without incurring the disgrace of meanness; for to the indulgence of this kind of selfishness, it is necessary to cultivate every thing liberal, generous, useful, amiable. The pleasure arising from it is not unsocial, though it centres in self; for it is not to be enjoyed but by promoting the good of society.—This pleasure is the first reward which Providence has been pleased to assign to the honest efforts of humble virtue, a reward infinitely disproportionate to that reserved for it in a better state, but still of a pure, of a celestial nature, and great enough to excite the most ardent efforts in the acquisition.

What happiness can subsist without this essential ingredient, self-complacency? External circumstances are of no value without it. Titles, rank, power, property, the grand idols of a prostrate world, are deceitful and empty whenever the delicious tranquillity of a mind soothed

to rational complacency is a stranger to the bosom.

There is this additional advantage in being satisfied with oneself on solid reasons, that it puts one in good humour with the world. All nature seems to smile with us, and our hearts, dilating with conscious virtue and benevolence, feel a new delight in the communication of complacency.

J. C.

LETTER from LORD WALPOLE to
the Rev. Mr. MILLING.

[From Coxe's Memoirs of his Lordship.]

Wolterton, Norfolk, May 29, 1745.

DEAR SIR,

I am really ashamed of having neglected so long to return you, and my good old friend [Gressier Fagel], who remembers me so kindly and so often, my grateful thanks for your generous sympathy with me in the affliction I felt from the death of my dear brother, the late lord Orford. This heavy stroke made so deep an impression upon my heart, that for a long time I could do nothing but lament my own loss. * * * * *

As to politics, I can only tell you, that my thoughts, as well as my situation, are at a great distance from them, and my *res rustica* employs me entirely. Retired from the noise and nonsense of a public station, no man, I thank God! can have more reason than I have to be satisfied with the more solid and innocent pleasures of a private life. In this situation my mind is kept in a pleasing activity, very different from that which arises from the tumult of passions, and the hurry of affairs. My house, of my own building, is not extremely large nor little; is neither to be envied nor despised. The disposition of the rooms is neither magnificent nor contemptible, but

convenient. The situation is upon an eminence that commands a most agreeable prospect of woods intermixed with fruitful fields, and so sheltered by thick and lofty trees in the cold quarters, as not to be exposed to the inclemency of the rigorous seasons. It is encompassed with a most delightful and innocent army of vegetable striplings of my own raising, which are already (though but of twenty years growth from the seed), with a becoming rivalship, stretching and swelling themselves into timber. They are all of noble and worthy extraction; the names of their families are oaks, Spanish chestnuts, and beech; and I believe none of their relations, in any country, can be more promising and hopeful than they are. They are so ranged and disciplined as to form, in some parts, most agreeable lines and walks, and openings in other places; from the right and left they discover spacious and delightful lawns.

Before my house, on the south, a green carpet, of the finest verdure, gratifies the eye, and gradually leads it into a more extensive plain. On one side a lake of living water catches and fills the sight, from whence a most beautiful fluid glides with a serpentine and seemingly endless current, and loses itself in a wood on the other. My rural walks and contemplations amidst this mild, diversified, and engaging scene, afford me constantly new sources of health and pleasure, and make me lament the noisy, anxious, and tumultuous hours spent amidst the broils of faction, or vain attempts to serve an ungrateful public.

If this description pleases you, come, my dear friend, come and partake of the beauties from whence it is drawn. Come, and let us remember our friends in a modest cup of smiling home-brewed ale, and forgive and forget our enemies, and

pray for the peace and liberties of Europe; the first of which, I am afraid, is not so near as I could wish, because the last seem to be in greater danger than ever, which, notwithstanding my retirement, and my philosophical pretensions, gives me frequently uneasy moments.

The beginning of the campaign by the successful progress of the Austrians in Bavaria, and the consequent reconciliation of that prince with the queen of Hungary, was very hopeful, and could not have been bought too dear by the maritime powers, if a right use had been made of them. The use I mean would have been to have laid hold of the king of Prussia's offers (if he had made any tolerable ones), and put him out of the scale against us. I know the character of that prince; I know how little he is to be trusted, and I would not have trusted him without good security for the execution of his engagements. But if he would have agreed to abandon France, and would have given, by disarming, or by any other means, security for his good behaviour, the difference of a hundred thousand not acting against us, while all the other princes and electors of Germany, either out of affection or fear, had in a manner declared for us, would have greatly strengthened the common cause, and put the operations upon a right principle, in carrying them directly against France, and against France standing alone. Such a diversion might have been made in Alsace, and such a reinforcement in the Low Countries, as would have given the allies a great superiority, enabled them to have recovered what they had lost, and to have pressed the French so closely as to have obliged them to grant us a safe and honourable peace.

But now, my dear friend, I apprehend that the principal object of the court of Vienna will be (leaving

the Low Countries to be defended by the maritime powers), to distract, divide, and devour, the Prussian dominions. Their pride, their vengeance, and, above all, their bigotry, will naturally lead them to destroy a Protestant power that has dared to offend them. It is true, the Protestant prince, in whose hand this power is lodged, deserves to be chastised for the unworthy and perfidious use he has made of it. But I cannot wish to see that Protestant power destroyed: it may in some time or other fall into better and honest hands, and may thereby prove of singular advantage for preserving the Protestant religion and the liberties of Europe. Hence it is that I have often wished to see a strict and lasting union, in peace and war, between the maritime powers and the house of Brandenburg, so as to make their own mutual defence of the Protestant religion and the balance of Europe a common cause between them; for the late long and expensive wars have so exhausted England and Holland, as to make it impossible for them to exert themselves, as they have formerly done, for these good ends, without a supplemental power, such as Brandenburg, taking a share in it, and bearing, by men and money, some part of the necessary charge.

I know the debts of England, and I need not tell you of the debts of Holland, which, in proportion to the extent and opulence of the two countries, are still more enormous. I need not tell you also, that the house of Brandenburg is a rising house; the economy of the late king of Prussia, the spirit of discipline he introduced into his army, the ambition, talents, and active genius, of the present monarch, must render that house a powerful friend or formidable enemy.

But can we, will you say, be

allied with the houses of Austria and Brandenburg at the same time? I answer in the affirmative, because I believe the thing possible now; how long it may be so exceeds my foresight to determine. Perhaps those two powers may, from the *amor sceleratus habendi*, or the lust of ambition, come to look upon their interests to be so irreconcilable that it will be scarcely possible to be well with them both. In such a case we must choose which of the two it will be most prudent to adhere to, and, for my part, I should not once hesitate in the choice. I perhaps may be singular in my opinion here; but I know the court of Vienna too well ever to expect the smallest spark of gratitude, generosity, or public spirit, in their transactions with us. Their conduct in this present war, which has been undertaken more in their own behalf than ours; the state of their troops, which are near 40,000 inferior to the number stipulated; the timorous and indifferent conduct of the troops, thus deficient; all this makes me look about to see if there is any thing in the queen of Hungary, except her fair face, that ought to make her the darling of the British nation and of the United Provinces.

October the 29th, O. S. 1745. The rebels in Scotland, after having got (I am afraid by treachery) the capital of the kingdom, and in consequence increased their numbers considerably, so as to get the better of the king's troops then sent against them, having deferred (whether in expectations of getting the castle of Edinburgh, or of succours from abroad, or from an unwillingness of the Highlanders to leave their own country), having, I say, deferred marching southward, and to get into England, where all the frontier towns were under the greatest astonishment, and entirely unprepared and destitute of means to

resist them, gave time for people to recollect themselves, and, by recovering themselves, to think of their own defence, and of the fatal consequences of falling under the cruelties and bondage of a Popish arbitrary government, with subversion of their religion, liberties, and property. These apprehensions roused the laity to enter into general associations, and in many counties into subscriptions of large sums for making them effectual, by raising regiments, companies, or troops, according to the different schemes proposed in different counties; and not only the whigs, out of real zeal, but also the tories, for fear of being suspected, joined in the associations, and a great many of them in the subscriptions.

In the mean time, the preachers, of all distinctions, from the pulpit inculcated with great energy into the people the dismal effects of falling under a popish governor; and sermons and pamphlets being also printed daily, setting forth popery and slavery in their true colours, have had such a wonderful effect upon the minds of the commonalty, that the popular cry in all places is loud in favour of our happy constitution, and with a detestation of any change in it.

The city militia passed, last Saturday, through St. James's park, before his majesty, with such an affluence of people attending them as was never, I believe, seen before; and when a particular person ('tis said well enough dressed) scattered in the face of his majesty some treasonable papers, the mob was so incensed, that, had it not been for the guard, 'tis thought they would have torn him to pieces; so that the spirit and strength of the nation appears visibly in favour of the government; and as general Wade will have a sufficient number of regular troops, and is marched to-

ward Scotland, 'tis hoped and believed that, by the blessing of God, the rebellion there will soon be dispersed, unless France openly and vigorously supports the pretender's cause, for the preventing which our navy is very diligently and properly employed.

As to the parliament, although the address was unanimous and zealous the first day, yet some questions were started that portended divisions amongst us then. However, yesterday, upon a motion 'to enquire into the causes of the progress of the present rebellion,' which, if carried, might have led us into divisions and party faction, the house was so fully convinced of the necessity of putting immediately an end to the present rebellion preferably to all other considerations, and that the fire should be quenched before we should enquire who kindled or promoted it, that it was carried not to put that question at this time, by 194 against 112, a majority of 82. So that I hope we shall now proceed unanimously, or at least with a great majority, to find supplies, and ways and means to enable the king to support the government, and restore peace and tranquillity to this kingdom. I can say nothing at present about foreign affairs; my paper, my time, and the confusion they are all in, will not allow it.

ANECDOTE.

THE following anecdote will not only prove the fallacy of the remark, that a woman cannot keep a secret, but will serve as an additional instance of that generous and humane spirit which so nobly characterises our fair countrywomen.

Some years since, a lady called at a glover's shop in the outskirts of the town, and purchased a pair of

gloves for her immediate wear; observing at the time that she was on her road to Barnet; that she had left her gloves at a friend's house where she had called, and that she was apprehensive of being benighted if she went back for them. The glover fitted on the lady's gloves, and the lady, after paying for them from a purse well stocked with Bank-notes, stepped into her post-chaise, and proceeded on her journey. She had scarcely reached Finchley-Common, when a highwayman stopped the chaise, and demanded her money: he intreated her not to be alarmed, he had no intention upon her person; if she surrendered her property it was all he wanted; distress, and not his will, urged him to the desperate act, and he was determined to remove his penury or perish. The lady gave her purse, and the depre-dator rode off. After he was gone and the fright had subsided, the lady imagined that, in the address of the highwayman, she recognised the voice of the glover she had some time before dealt with. This conceit struck her so forcibly, that she ordered the post-boy to drive back to town, not choosing, as she said, to venture further over the heath. On her arrival at the glover's, she knocked and gained admittance; the glover himself opened the door. The lady desired to speak with him in private. The glover showed her to a back parlour, when she exclaimed—

'I am come for my purse, which you have robbed me of this evening on Finchley-common!'

The glover was confounded. The lady proceeded.

'It is of no use for you to deny it: I am convinced, and your life is at my mercy. Return me my property, and trust to my humanity!'

The glover, overcome with guilt, shame, and confusion, returned the

purse, confessed his crime, and pleaded his distresses. The lady, after a suitable admonishment, gave him a ten-pound note, bade him mend his way of life, and keep his own counsel; adding, that she would never divulge his name or place of abode. She kept her word; and though the robbery was stated in the public papers, the subsequent discovery was omitted, and it was not till very recently, that a minute of this singular transaction was found among the papers of the lady alluded to; even in this private memorandum the name and residence of the shopkeeper were carefully omitted, and the secret, in that particular, rests with the lady in the grave.

After this tale, the truth of which may be relied on, who will say, that a woman cannot keep a secret?

**A MORNING'S WALK in
OCTOBER.**

'Shorn of their flowers, that shed th' untrea-
sur'd seed,
The withering pasture and the fading mead
Less pleasing grow.' BLOOMFIELD.

THIS morning was extremely foggy, the thickness of the mist shrouded day's radiant eye, and deprived creation of its illuminating ray; but soon the interposing vapour vanished before Sol's penetrating beam, and

'A flood of glory burst from all the sky.'
POPE.

Thus virtue is oft obscured by the clouds of calumny till the shades of slander are dispersed by the beams of truth, and she, like the golden luminary, shines forth with pristine lustre.

During this early trip, the lark did not sing me one song; the linnnet was mute; nor did I once hear the voice of the black-bird.

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'Ye plummy fons of harmony!' I exclaimed, 'ye, who on towering pinions chaunt carols in the air, or cheer with your melody the bosom of the grove, what means this silence? Are ye brooding over your fears, and anticipating future want? Has the prospect of Winter depressed your spirits, and robbed you of the inclination for singing? Fear not, ye citizens of the bough; still warble the lay of love, and tune the song of innocence. That Being who formed you will feed you.'

'Tho' unto you no granaries belong,
Nought but the woodland and the pleasing
 song;
Yet our kind heavenly Father bends his eye
On the least wing that flits along the sky:
To him you sing when Spring renews the
 plain;
To him you cry in Winter's pinching reign;
He hears the gay and the distressful call,
And with unsparing bounty fills you all.'

THOMSON.

'Though the provident farmer has gathered in the grain, and the fields are deprived of every sheaf, yet still the briar will furnish you with scarlet hips, and the hawthorn with crimson berries. Necessity, inventive necessity, will discover to you the ways and means to appease the calls of hunger. The greedy sparrow may repair to the friendly farm, and the domestic robin "pay to trusted man his annual visit."'

I marked, with regret, that the groves had lost their glossy green, and had assumed a yellow hue—a metamorphosis ungrateful to the sight of one who loves to wander through the domains of Nature. With feeling propriety, I could then cry out, with the amiable Scott,

'Farewell the pleasant violet-painted shade,
The primros'd-hill, and daisy-mantled
 mead;
The furrow'd land with springing corn array'd;
The sunny wall w.th bloomy branches
 spread.

'Farewell the bow'r with blushing roses gay;
Farewell the fragrant trefoil-purple'd field;
Farewell the walk thro' rows of new-mown
hay,
When evening breezes mingled odours
yield.

'Farewell to these.'—

Farewell to harvest also, the reaper's carol, the song of the gleaner, and the gay festivities of harvest-home.

'Cold weeping Winter! now I turn to thee.'

Haverhill. JOHN WEBB.

CRITICAL OBSERVATIONS *on the*
NOVEL of 'TOM JONES.'

*In a Series of Letters from an Uncle to
his Niece.*

(Concluded from p. 468.)

LETTER XV.

DEAR NIECE,

THE introductory chapter to the eighteenth book announces the near approach to the conclusion of this delicious repast. In language the most happily chosen, and with the most polite and friendly address, and in a witty strain of metaphor, Mr. Fielding takes leave of his numerous guests. The simile which he has chosen on this occasion, of the assemblage of travellers in a stage-coach, and their mounting into the vehicle on the last day of the journey, is well adapted to express his sentiments on taking a parting farewell of his readers, and the analogy is preserved with nice discrimination and true humour. When you shall have attentively perused this novel to the conclusion, you will readily allow the justice of Mr. Fielding's observation; that, from the variety of matter to be collected together, there can be small opportunity of inter-

spersing those delicious scenes with which we had been regaled in the former part of this work. All will be plain narrative only, says Mr. Fielding; and true it is that, in the general run of novels, those chapters which introduce the work to our notice, and the one-half of the last volume, are generally of a very dull and soporific cast: but, with Mr. Fielding, this observation does not hold good. Although we have been richly entertained in the first part of this literary repast, we shall find abundant sources for commendation now that the cloth is about to be removed, in the variety of the last cookery of the dish which hath already been served up with such variety of sauces. To express myself without a metaphor, it will be seen that this book is embellished with many comic passages which will render the perusal of it not less pleasing than the former part of the work. The critics, of whom Mr. Fielding complains in the final section of this chapter, add to the various instances which every day's experience brings to our notice, that merit never fails to be attended by envy.

The curiosity of Partridge, in listening to the discourse which passed between Mrs. Waters and his master, furnishes a subject for the second chapter of this book. The horror expressed by Jones, at the information of Mrs. Waters, is conveyed in language well adapted to the conception which such an abominable intercourse must have excited. The author's observation, in the sixth section of this chapter, that some of the most considerable events in life are frequently produced by a nice train of little circumstances, is very just, and will be subscribed to from the experience of every individual. By the various accidents which intervened to prevent a meeting between Mrs. Waters and the schoolmaster at Upton, the author has judiciously

contrived to conceal the main incident on which the whole plot depends, till the time when it became necessary to bring it forward.

The intelligence communicated in the third chapter conduces, in every branch of it, towards ripening the main plot. Mr. Allworthy, by his visit to old Nightingale, not only prevails on him to consent to his son's marriage with miss Nancy, but a fraud is brought to light through a coincidence of fortuitous circumstances, and which Mr. Fielding styles one of those extraordinary chances whence good and grave men have concluded that Providence often interferes in the discovery of the most secret villany: this singular incident was the arrival of Black George, at the precise time when Mr. Allworthy and the old gentleman were holding their conference. The intelligence which Nightingale afterwards relates to Mr. Allworthy, with respect to Black George's visit—namely, the deposit of five hundred pounds in bank-notes, which Nightingale was to lay out for his advantage, and the production of the notes to Mr. Allworthy, leave no doubt in the mind of that gentleman of those notes being the identical papers which he had presented to Jones when he discarded him from his favour, as related in the former part of the work. Thus is one very material cause of the good man's displeasure against the foundling removed; and you will observe of this discovery, that it was brought about through a combination of the most natural causes.—What can be conceived more natural than that a fellow of George's stamp, who had possessed himself by the most unjustifiable means of so considerable a treasure, should apply to a money-scrivener, in order that it might be disposed of to the best advantage; and that all the other incidents respecting Nightingale should fall out as we have seen, so as

by a fortuitous combination of causes to produce this material discovery? Mr. Allworthy's beneficence, displayed in this chapter, sets him in a most captivating point of view. The account which he gives to Mrs. Miller of his embassy to old Nightingale, and the discovery he had made respecting the five hundred pounds, is conveyed in the most impressive language; and so, likewise, is his tender recollection of the affectionate regard he had formerly borne towards the foundling.

Mr. Square's letter, in the fourth chapter, bespeaks the favour of the reader towards that eccentric character: from the ample confession he makes, respecting the share he had taken in the misfortunes of our favourite, we no longer remember his faults, but consider them as fully expiated by this atonement. Square's letter is well written, and the moral and religious sentiments which Mr. Fielding has put into the mouth of this philosopher are a testimony of the author's belief in the great truths of Christianity, and are a *memento* to the reader of what he had before said, on his introduction of this man and of Thwackum the divine—that the bringing these persons on the stage was not done in the view of imputing an odium on religion, but with an eye to their service that he had taken upon him to record the lives and actions of two of their false and pretended champions. These men have both of them performed very distinguishing, though not very honourable, parts in the foregoing drama; and without the confession which Mr. Square now makes, a very material part of the clue would be deficient. By this letter Mr. Allworthy becomes acquainted with the real truth of every circumstance, the misrepresentation of which raised his displeasure against Mr. Jones. Thwackum's pharisaical pride, now that the time approaches for doing

justice to every character, remains to be punished, and this is sufficiently brought about from the imperious language in which his letter to Allworthy is couched. This letter is a direct contrast to the humiliating epistle of Mr. Square. It is penned in the true spirit of an intolerant priest swollen with ecclesiastical arrogance, and placing the meekness and complacency of his patron to the account of weakness and pusillanimity.

The perfidy of Blifil in sending Dowling to examine the fellows at Aldersgate, in order, if possible, to procure evidence for the conviction of Jones, is brought forward in the fifth chapter. This circumstance, which comes by accident to the knowledge of Mr. Allworthy, excites a temporary displeasure against that young man from his uncle; but this is of short continuance; Mr. Blifil, by the glosses with which he varnishes his conduct, having the art to impose a belief on Allworthy that the motives which prompted him to examine the fellows at Aldersgate proceeded from a wish to exculpate Jones. Much light is thrown on the subject by the tale which Partridge relates to Mr. Allworthy. The manner in which the pedagogue delivers his harangue will excite your laughter; for though, in this part of the history, there seems to be small opportunity allowed the author of indulging that vein of pleasantry so peculiar to himself, yet he contrives (as in the present instance) to excite the merriment of his readers in the midst of mere narrative. In this place likewise, as in every other period of the history, Mr. Fielding displays that good-nature and milk of human kindness with which his heart at all times overflowed. A specimen of this appears in the character given by Partridge of the Salisbury and Lymington attorneys, who were, as I presume, existing

characters in those two places at that time. The arrival of Mrs. Waters, at the precise moment when Partridge had reached that part of his story which relates to the amour carried on between Mr. Jones and his supposed mother, affords a fair opportunity to the author of introducing Mrs. Waters as an evidence capable of developing the whole mystery. The story of miss Bridget's amour with Mr. Sumner, and the consequence of which this amour was productive, is related in a very pleasing manner. Her answer to Mr. Allworthy's reflections on the unjustifiable conduct of his sister in concealing this tale; namely, that she always professed a contrary intention; and the villany of Dowling and of Blifil; appear in their proper light to Mr. Allworthy: and the evidence communicated by Square, in his letter, receives elucidation from the same. The arguments urged by Mrs. Waters in favour of illegal concubinage, in the eighth chapter of this book, are very properly controverted by Mr. Allworthy; and, indeed, the reasons to be urged against this illicit commerce are so strong, and the evils arising from it, when taken in a religious or prudential view, so numerous, that the frequent practice of this degeneracy seems to militate not less against common understanding than the precepts of our holy religion. The observation of Mr. Allworthy, in reply to Mrs. Waters, that a dereliction of those faults which may have occasioned the censures of the world, and a perseverance in avoiding all scandal, will in the end obtain forgiveness of that world, much as it is inclined to censure, is an encouragement for every person who may have incurred the ill opinion of his neighbours to strive to clear away any aspersion which his former indiscretion may have brought upon him. The examination of Mr. Dowling

confirms what Mrs. Waters had before related to Mr. Allworthy, and leads on to farther discoveries.

In the ninth chapter of this book is exhibited a very interesting conversation between Mr. Allworthy and Miss Western; and here Mr. Fielding's talents as a serious writer shine forth to great advantage. His sentiments are expressed in language the most appropriate to the subject he has in hand; whilst the sensible deportment, the modest demeanour, and judicious reply of Sophia, at once denote the heroine of the piece, such as we have before witnessed whenever she was introduced to our notice. The latter part of this chapter, in which Squire Western makes his appearance, forms a contrast to the pathetic scene before recorded. The versatility in the temper of Mr. Western, which has hitherto appeared as a prominent feature in that gentleman's character, is well expressed, by the sudden transition from the most violent displeasure which he had hitherto exerted against Jones to the fondest expressions of regard towards that young man, as related in the tenth chapter.

Three chapters more bring this agreeable novel to a conclusion.— And now, my dear niece; permit me to crave your pardon for having thus long intruded on your patience, in the minute review which I have taken of the several beautiful passages that offer themselves to our notice in the perusal of the 'History of a Foundling,' many of which your own good sense would probably have pointed out to you without my assistance. The style, the manner, and the nice contexture of the whole plot, certainly justify every eulogium which has been bestowed on the work in the preceding observations.

I am, &c.

THE OLD MAID;

A WELSH TALE.

(By Miss Eliz. Yeames.)

THE dark mantle of night had spread itself over the valley of —, in the island of Anglesea: the hills, the lofty trees, were robed in the brown shade: the ploughman homeward bent his eager steps, weary with the toil of day, followed by his faithful mastiff, the partaker of his lowly fortunes, who had adhered to him from his earliest days. The solitude of the place was calculated to inspire religious awe; for nought broke in upon the silence that reigned, except the faint notes of a female voice who was tuning a hymn to her heavenly Maker. The sound proceeded from a little cottage situated near a deep grove, the trees of which nearly concealed the neat white brick dwelling from the eye. The jessamine and honeysuckle spread their tender branches over the upper windows, and a row of flower-pots lined the lower: to it belonged a small track of land fertile in grass and corn. Here the ewe and the innocent lamb were to be seen playing their innocent gambols; and there, further on, the gentle cow with her milk-white calf. Happy scenes of rural sweets! the eye receives more gratification while resting on ye, than it possibly can do gazing on works clothed in a less simple garb. The last note of the hymn had just died away when a young woman rushed into the cottage, and flung herself at the feet of its owner.

'I am come to ask your consent, dearest lady,' she cried, 'to my union with William Stewart.'

'Rise, my Philippa; you have it,' replied she.

'Thank you, beloved Marianne,' said Philippa, kissing her hand, 'for this kind condescension. You who

are against marriage yourself; who are resolved to live single all your life, yet consent for your adopted daughter to war against your system.'

'I have no right to withhold my approbation, Philippa,' replied Marianne: 'your father and mother are still living; although you think me alone your father, mother, and all. To me you are so; for when I took you, an infant, to this house and my bosom, did not I vow to live for you—to devote my days to your improvement? I reared your tender days. With what fondness I doated on you none can tell: with what delight I beheld your daily improvement none can conceive. Oh, Philippa! must I then be parted from you? Must you leave me for Stewart? But why do I repine? Is he not more worthy your love than I am? Is he not better calculated to guard your future days? Oh, yes! then be it so. Never shall one more repining expression escape my lips.'

'Oh, no; I will never leave you!' cried Philippa. 'My Stewart will suffer me to attend you all your days. Here, then, will he and I take up our abode, if you, Marianne, will suffer us.'

'Kind girl!' said Marianne, embracing her, 'you have anticipated my wishes. Here, then, shall I view you still more happy than you have ever been: the pleasure of love shall animate your countenance, and light up the expression of your eyes. Young William, too, will be the enliverer of our evening hours, and the assiduous lover of my Philippa: the assiduous lover!--Ah, let me not think of his love; for are not some men false? and so he may prove! Philippa, beware.'

The agitation Marianne evinced, the unpressive tone of her voice at the last two words, greatly surprised her young auditor; who, in a trembling voice, replied—

'Surely, not!—he cannot be untrue! Why, dearest madam, should we judge him by another's misdemeanour?'

'I had forgotten myself,' said Marianne, recovering her composure. 'I did not recollect my lover had a particular reason for his conduct. Ah, Philippa, I speak in enigmas to you! Hear my story, and pity me.'

She then began as follows—

'I was the only daughter of the most tender of parents, whose hopes were placed in me. To the utmost of their power they indulged my every wish, nor ever repined at the overbearing disposition I daily more evinced, although the whole household complained of it, and from the highest to the lowest I was hated by them. I was nearly sixteen when I first became acquainted with lord Francis Ledger, an English nobleman, who instantly professed a violent attachment for the little Welch girl. Lord Francis was very young; his person was elegant, his manners were extremely prepossessing, and his disposition was very amiable. I must confess his attentions were flattering to me. I prided myself on the conquest I had made, and secretly determined to rivet his chains more closely by every power I could command. Ah! why was I so cruelly severe? I now shudder to review my giddy conduct, and the pangs it gave to my indulgent parents. But to return: lord Francis, flattered by my seeming approbation, ventured to disclose to me his passion. After hearing him to an end, I flung away the mask I had hitherto worn; and, frowning on him, declared that his addresses could never be acceptable to me; telling him that he had mistaken my conduct, and that I never intended to be any thing more to him than a friend. At this declaration he started; the blood forsook his cheeks, and he exclaimed—

“Oh, fatal mistake! How have I drunk the delicious poison from your condescending eyes, until my whole soul has yielded to excess of love, and I have ventured to aspire to the supreme delight of calling you mine! Ah, wretched Ledger! how have you dreamed! 'Tis plain Marianne never loved you; but the smiles she bestowed on you were the smiles she cast on every one else!”

“For the first time, I felt my heart beat with compassion. For him, I believe my eyes expressed the sensation I felt; for his were instantly animated as in a tone of pleasure, and he cried—

“By Heavens! you do pity me, and this beam of compassion repays me for all the pangs I have experienced for the last few moments.”

“But, snatching my hand from his tender grasp, I repulsed him a second time, and left him abandoned to despair. Philippa, you must condemn this conduct. I knew it was wrong, and bitter tears have I many times since shed at the recollection of that period of my life. From that hour I never met lord Francis, as he left Wales and returned to England. No doubt you must think my parents were surprised at his sudden flight: indeed they were, and my mother took an early opportunity of inquiring of me concerning it. But I did not choose to disclose the truth, therefore returned evasive answers to all her anxious inquiries.

“For some months I heard nothing of lord Francis. In the interim my tender mother died; and, while I was yet in my weeds, I received the news of poor Ledger's death. From that hour my conduct underwent a total change: I was no longer proud and tyrannical, but humble and condescending. No longer hated, I became loved and revered. The hand which had once turned aside the weeping children of poverty was now stretched out to

relieve their distresses. These eyes, which had often turned with sickening disgust from the sight of pale disease and rags, were now employed to trace out such wretched objects. The tongue which had scoffed at their sufferings was now used to soothe the distressed, and my bosom was now the cradle for the head of sickness. Sweet were the sensations I experienced from these acts of charity; and, while clasped to my aged parent's grateful heart, after relating to him the wretched scenes I had witnessed and softened, I felt what it was to be virtuous.

“I had just entered my eighteenth year when I chanced to meet with Mr. Conway, a young Englishman of the most engaging manners. He was about a twelvemonth older than myself; his form was tall and graceful; his eyes were dark, full, and sparkling; his features all peculiarly beautiful; and his voice a model of manly perfection. Oh, Philippa! here my heart first found a covert in which to rest itself. His form, his face, were the counterpart of him I had fondly drawn in imagination as the man of all others I should most prefer to wed. Now, indeed, did I first love: its sweet deliriums, its pleasing reveries, and painful agitations; each assailed me by turns, and every eye perceived it. My countenance was the faithful index of my mind; my colour went and came every moment I spent in his company; in my eyes could be read the language I would have uttered: there were the secrets of my soul laid open, and in one fatal moment Conway read it—with seeming transport read it. False deceiver! never shall I forget the rapture he pretended to feel; at my feet he poured forth a thousand wild expressions of delight, and even shed tears on my hand as he pressed it in his. In faltering accents I consented to his asking my father's

leave to address me; and, with a throbbing at my heart, nearly amounting to agony, received a kiss from his lips, the first pledge of his love. How shall I relate what followed? How lay before you the injuries, though justly inflicted, I received? Suffice it to say, he obtained the consent of my father to our union; and I was the most blest of women, believing Conway to be equally happy. One day when I was at my harpsichord, playing to him and my father, the latter turned the conversation on our marriage; and Conway, taking the opportunity, told me I was cruel to keep him so long in suspense, and begged me to name the day which was to make him the most envied of men.

“O, then, I will say this time two years,” cried I, laughing.

“Such a long time?” said Conway, mournfully.

“I can name a much longer,” replied I. “What would you think if I said never?”

“Never!” repeated he, and the expression of his countenance was changed to that of fire. Revenge sparkled in his eyes, and a malignant smile played round his lips.

“It is your own fault, Conway,” cried my father: “why don’t you name the day yourself?”

“My fault is it, Marianne?” exclaimed my lover in a low tone, his countenance once more all softness. “Oh! if it is, then pardon me.”

He instantly quitted the room, to my no small surprise. The same evening as I was sitting alone in my dressing-room Conway visited me: I was surprised at his sudden appearance and the solemnity of his air, but he allowed me not time for reflection. The instant he entered, sinking at my feet, and hiding his head in my lap, he burst into tears. Astonishment tied my

tongue, and he uttered these words without my once attempting to interrupt him:—

“Oh, Marianne! hear the confessions of the perfidious wretch before you, and curse me for a traitor. I am the only brother of the late lord Francis Ledger, of course the successor to his title and estates. When I was not more than seventeen, my father forced me to wed a woman double my age, who was doatingly fond of me. At that time I did not feel my chains galling; and as my father, at his death, left me ten thousand pounds more for my compliance, I ceased to regret the part I had acted; and, while I rifled my wife’s coffers, felt I had done wisely by following his advice. About two years back, my brother, who had visited Wales, returned home to England. With eager haste I flew to meet this much-loved youth; but, ah! what a change did I not behold in him: haggard care sat upon his brow, and his blooming cheeks now resembled the faded flower. Oh, Marianne! I will not relate the pangs I saw him suffer. Suffice it to say, my poor Francis met an early death, and I, his only relation, vowed to avenge his fate. Too well have I succeeded; but, alas! while I was kindling love in your soft breast, I caught the fire myself. But I could not recede, for I had sworn to carry on the plot; thus far how I have succeeded you too well know.”

He ceased. I heard no more. A deadly sickness seized on my heart, my head turned round, and I sunk on the floor. When I recovered, I found myself supported by my father, who was weeping over me. I eagerly enquired for Conway: he had left the house. I raved, I tore my hair, and acted with all the wildness of a maniac, until nature, exhausted, sank within

me, and I again dropt on the breast of Mr. Howel. For some months I lay on the bed of sickness, and when I recovered I learned my beloved father was no more. This last shock nearly proved fatal to me; and my reason, it was much feared, would entirely leave me.

‘However, it proved otherwise, and I lived to sigh out many a lingering year. When I was out of danger, I removed from that spot of misfortune; and, having settled the chief part of my fortune on the poor, I sought this valley where I determined to live and die.’

Here Marianne ended. She wiped away the big tear from her fine blue eye, and called forth a smile on her countenance; but the effort was a painful one, her bosom heaved, and heart-rending sighs burst forth. Philippa tried to comfort her: she spoke in the softest tone imaginable. The most tender language flowed from her ruby lips, and on her gentle bosom she took the head of her distressed friend. Somewhat composed, Marianne smiled sweetly on her for her cares; and, pressing her to her bosom, she called her the daughter of her heart, the soother of her afflictions, and the only true friend she possessed. The next day Philippa was united to Mr. Stewart, and miss Howel felt all her fears cease at the end of the ceremony, when Philippa flung herself into her arms, no longer miss Reeve, but Mrs. Stewart. Marianne thus addressed her, with a smile of satisfaction beaming in her heavenly countenance:—

‘My fears of your lover’s constancy are over—my pangs ended—I see you happy. Behold thy amiable William equally so too: what can I more desire?—As a wife, may you be happy; more so than I have been in a state of celibacy. If I had never beheld the too-beauteous Conway (or, more properly speak-

ing, lord Ledger) I had been happy: as it is, I must be tranquil.’

Harwich, Aug 25, 1803.

ACCOUNT of the PERSONS, DRESS, and MANNERS, of the TARTARS of the CRIMEA.

[From Travels through the Southern Provinces of the Russian Empire, translated from the German of M. Pallas.]

THE Tartar inhabitants of the Crimea may be divided into three classes. The first includes the Nagays, of whom I have spoken in the preceding volume of these Travels; as also those Nagays, who, being a remnant of the Tartars of the Kuban, were taken prisoners in the Turkish fort of Anape, and, to the number of 4,500, carried into the Crimea; where they were dispersed among the nobility for their maintenance; but afterwards, by order of the court, they were considered as subjects, and still dwell in their own permanent villages; having acquired opulence by rearing cattle and cultivating lands, from which they are enabled to pay high rents to their landlords. All these Nagays are, as their features evince, the unmixed descendants of the Mongolian tribe, who formed the bulk of the army of Tchingis-Khan, which invaded Russia and the Crimea.

The second class consists of those Tartars who inhabit the heaths or steppes as far as the mountains, especially on the North side; and who, in the district of Perekop, where they are still unmixed, retain many traces of the Mongolian countenance with a thinly scattered beard: they devote themselves to the rearing of cattle to a greater extent than the mountaineers, but are at the same time husbandmen, though they pay no attention to gardening. In situations destitute of stone, they build,

like the inhabitants of Bucharìa, with unbaked bricks of clay; and make use of dried dung for fuel, of which they prepare large quantities, and pile it up in the same manner as turf, to serve them during the winter. Nearer to these mountains, these Tartars, as well as the nobles, are more intermixed with the Turkish race, and exhibit few of the Kalimuk-Mongolian features: this observation also applies to the Crimean nobility, in whom those peculiarities are almost entirely obliterated.

To the third class belong the inhabitants of the southern vallies, bounded by the mountains; a mixed race, which seems to have originated from the remnants of various nations, crowded together in these regions at the conquest of the Crimea by the armies of the Mongolian leaders; and which in part display a very singular countenance, with a stronger beard, but lighter hair; the other Tartars not considering them as true descendants of their race, but giving them the contemptuous name of Tat*. They are also, by their costume, remarkably distinguished from the common Tartars of the heaths, though the dress and veils of the women are alike. Their houses, or huts, are partly formed underground; being generally constructed against the steep precipices of mountains, one half excavated from the earth, or rock, and only the front raised with rough stones; having at the same time flat roofs covered with earth. There are among them skilful vine-dressers and gardeners, but they are too idle to undertake new plantations, availing themselves only of those left by their predecessors, especially the industrious Greeks: hence very few young trees are seen in their gardens. They also grow flax and tobacco, which, as objects of culture, are unknown to the Tar-

tars of the heaths: with proper encouragement, they might probably be induced to cultivate the vine, and attend to the production of silk. On the whole, they are at present unprofitable and unworthy inhabitants of those paradisaical vallies, in which they have always shewn themselves the first and most ready to revolt against the Russian government. These thoughtless people even destroy the forests on the mountains in the most effectual manner, partly by their indiscriminate felling of trees, and partly by their numerous herds of goats. In the last war with Turkey, they were all ordered to dwell at the distance of ten versts from the coast, in order to avoid the danger arising from their acting as spies and traitors: it would, indeed, be for the general good to remove them entirely from these vallies into the interior of the country; at the same time peopling the former with industrious settlers, who would contribute to the prosperity of the empire, by the cultivation of wine, oil, silk, and cotton: which will never be attempted by the present inactive possessors.

In the costume of the Tartars inhabiting the plains there is some variety. Young persons, especially those of noble or wealthy families, dress nearly in the Circassian, Polish, or Kozak fashion, with short or lit sleeves in the upper garment. The nobility of more advanced age wear, like the common Tartars, unlit sleeves; and old men suffer the whole beard to grow, whereas the young and middle-aged have only whiskers. Their legs and feet are dressed either in half-boots of Morocco or other leather, or they use stockings of the same material, especially in the towns: over these are worn slippers or clogs, for walking abroad; and, in dirty weather, a kind of felt-shoes. Their heads are uniformly shaved; or, at least, the hair is cut

* From the Turkish word *Mur-Tat*, which signifies a renegado.

very short, which they cover with a high cap, quilted at the top with cotton, and generally green, being edged with black or grey lamb's skin. This cap is never moved by way of compliment. The clergy and the aged wear under it the *Fez*, or a red woven calotte. Those who have performed a pilgrimage to Mecca are distinguished by a white handkerchief round the edge of their cap, such being the mark of a *Hudji*: There are also in the Crimea some Emirs, who wear the green fillet round their head. Among the young nobility; however, Circassian caps are the most common head-dress.

The physiognomy of the true Tauridan Tartars bears great resemblance to that of the Turks and Europeans. There are handsome, tall, robust people among them; and few are inclined to corpulency: their complexion is rather fair; and they have black or dark-brown hair. The boys and youth have mostly a pleasing and delicate countenance; to which circumstance, together with the restraints imposed on women, may, perhaps, be attributed the odious propensities prevailing here, as well as in Turkey and Persia.

The dress of the Tartar women is very different from that of the Naggays: they are in general of low stature, owing probably to their confined treatment in early life; though their features are tolerably handsome. Young women wear wide drawers; a shift reaching to their ancles, divided before, and drawn together at the neck; a gown open in front, made of striped silk, with long sleeves, and adorned with broad trimmings embroidered with gold: they have also an upper garment of some appropriate colour, with short thick Turkish sleeves, edged with ermine, fur, or gold lace. Both girls and married women fasten their gowns with a heavy cincture or girdle, having in front two large

buckles, like those made by the Armenians and Jews, of embossed or filigrane work; and which were once in fashion among the Russian ladies at Petersburg and Mosco. Their hair is braided behind in as many loose tresses as it will afford; and is covered either with a small red cap or *Fez*, especially during childhood, or with a handkerchief crossed under the chin. Their fingers are adorned with rings, and the nails of their hands and feet tinged with *Kna* (*Lawsonia*); which is imported from Constantinople, and is sometimes mixed with vitriol, to render the colour browner and more permanent; as it will thus continue about two months. But paint is rarely employed by young females.

Married women cut off their hair obliquely over their eyes, and leave two locks also cut transversely, hanging down their cheeks; they likewise bind a long narrow strip of cloth round the head, within the ends of which they confine the rest of the hair, and turn it up from behind, braiding it in two large tresses. Like the Persians, they dye their hair of a reddish brown with *Kna*. Their under garment is more open below; but in other respects similar to that of the unmarried, as are their upper dress and girdle. They paint their faces red with cochineal, or other drugs, and white with an oxyd of tin, called *Aklyk*, which they carefully prepare over a dung fire, in small earthen pipkins. They also dye the white of the eye blue, with a finely pulverised preparation of copper (*Mafetash*) brought from Constantinople, and, by a particular process, change the colour of their eyebrows and hair to a shining black, which is retained for several months. At weddings, or on other solemn occasions, the wealthy farther ornament their faces with flowers of gold-leaf; colour their hands and feet, as far as the wrist and ancle, of

an orange hue, with kna, and destroy all the hairs on the body with a mixture of orpiment and lime.

The women, both married and single, wear yellow half boots or stockings of Morocco leather (*Terluk*), or socks: for walking, they use red slippers with thick soles; and in dirty weather, put on stilt-shoes, like the Circassian females. Abroad they wear a kind of undress gown (*Feredshé*) of a loose texture, manufactured by themselves of white wool, and called *Chirka*: next, they wrap several coloured Turkish or white cotton handkerchiefs round their head, which they tie under the chin, and over all this throw a white linen cloth reaching half-way down the arms, drawing it over the face with the right hand; so that their black eyes alone are visible. Independently of this mummery, they evade as much as possible the company of men, and, when they accidentally meet a man in the streets, a false modesty enjoins the woman to avert her face, or turn towards the wall.

The nobility and the priesthood are highly respected among the Crimean Tartars; and, in former times, were often able to make a formidable resistance to the Khan, and even to effect his deposition. The Khan was always chosen from the family of the Ghireis: I am, however, by no means convinced, that they sprang from a direct descendant of Tshingis-Khan. From this family (of which there is no male branch now remaining in the Crimea, though there are several in the Turkish empire) were also uniformly chosen the Kalgâ-Sultan and Nuraddin-Sultan, who are the persons next in rank to the Khan. The Tshobanghirei are the only descendants of a collateral branch of the Ghireis in Crim-Tartary; who, at the request made by one of the former Khans to the Sultan at

Constantinople, were excluded from the right of succession, which was formerly granted to their own family.

It would be superfluous to enlarge on the religious ceremonies, nuptial solemnities, and other customs, of the Tartars; as in every other respect they agree with those of the Turkish Mahometans, so often described by travellers. Polygamy, however, rarely occurs even among the nobles and more wealthy inhabitants of towns; yet there are some persons in the villages who incur themselves with two wives. Male and female slaves are not common in that country; but the nobility support numerous idle attendants, and thus impoverish their estates; while their chief pride consists in rich and beautiful apparel for themselves and their wives, and in handsome equipages to ride into town; being accompanied by a train of domestics, who follow them on every excursion, though the chief employment of the latter is that of giving their master his pipe, at his demand; standing in his presence, or assisting him to dress; and, in all other respects, living in the same indolent manner as their lords. Another source of expense is the purchase of elegant swords, and especially of excellent blades; the distinction between the different sorts of which, together with their names, constitutes among the nobles a complete science. They are also great admirers of beautiful and costly tobacco-pipes, together with expensive mouth-pieces of milk-white amber, that are likewise used by the Turks, and of tubes of curious woods; but the *Kallian*, or the pride of the Persians, is scarcely known here; and the Tartars only employ small ornamental bowls made of clay, which are almost every moment filled with fine-cut leaf-to-

bacco. The generality of these noble Lords, or Murses, were so ignorant, that they could neither read nor write; and, instead of signing their names, they substituted an impression of their rings, on which a few Turkish words are engraven. Some of the young nobility, however, are beginning to study not only the Russian language, of which they perceive the necessity, but also apply themselves more sedulously to reading and writing, and thus become more civilised.—The expence of wearing apparel for the women shut up in their harems is, according to their manner and fortune, little inferior to that of Europeans; with this single difference, that the fashions among the former are not liable to change. Even the wives of the common Tartars are sometimes dressed in silks and stuffs, embroidered with gold, which are imported from Turkey. In consequence of such extravagance, and the extreme idleness of the labouring classes (who only exert themselves for procuring the necessary subsistence), there are very few wealthy individuals among the Tartars. Credulity and inactivity are the principal traits in the Tartar character. To sit with a pipe in their hands, frequently without smoking, for many hours, on a shady bank, or on a hill, though totally devoid of all taste for the beauties of nature, and looking straight before them; or, if at work, to make long pauses, and above all to do nothing, constitute their supreme enjoyments: for this mode of life a foundation is probably laid by educating their boys in the harems. Hunting alone occasionally excites a temporary activity in the Murses, who pursue their prey with the large species of greyhound very common in the Crimea, or with falcons and hawks.

LOVE AND DUTY ; A TALE.

IN a château delightfully situated upon the banks of the Rhone, in the fertile province of Languedoc, lived monsieur de Sennetere. He had in the early part of his life served in the French army, and had obtained no small share of glory, as well on account of his bravery and firmness in danger, as of his prudence and judgment in conducting several hazardous enterprises: at length, however, upon the death of his father, he retired to the family estate, bringing with him a lady whom he had recently married, and who was endowed with every excellence that could render her dear in the eyes of her adoring husband. This happy couple were the admiration and esteem of every one in the neighbourhood, and the poor and needy were sure of meeting with assistance from their generosity and unbounded hospitality. Their union had only been blessed with one daughter, who was named, after her mother, Juliet, and possessed, like her, a mind fraught with virtuous principles, and a person and countenance which could have afforded a model to the nicest artist. To these qualifications was, however, added a heart which would melt with pity at the woes of another, but which was too susceptible of the tender passion of love, as the sequel will prove.

Among the numerous visitors at the château, the count de Fiesque was particularly assiduous to please. He was a young man of good family, and had lately arrived in that neighbourhood, in hopes that the salubrious air of the country might repair a constitution considerably injured by too much indulging in the fashionable dissipation and levities of the gay metropolis of France.—He was possessed of a considerable share of wit and vivacity; and, from his dear-bought experience of

the world, he was an entertaining companion. But his qualities were particularly calculated to please the fair sex, and never did he appear to such advantage as when in their company. Notwithstanding he was naturally of a bad disposition; and proud of his descent and family honours, as he had been recommended by some of the first families in France, M. de Senneterre endeavoured to render his stay in his family as agreeable as possible; consequently he introduced him to all his acquaintance; and the young and unexperienced heart of Juliet was pleased at the gaiety he occasioned, and the attentions he always paid her. At every ball he constantly engaged her hand, nor would he scarcely suffer any other to have the honour of dancing with her. His conversation was particularly adapted to please and entertain her, and, at length, his presence became so necessary, that, if any unavoidable accident prevented him from attending her to any party; her natural gaiety forsook her; and, instead of participating in the pleasure of her young friends, she felt herself oppressed by an unaccountable heaviness: she rejoiced if she could make her escape from the mirthful scene; and, retiring to her room, would give herself up to the uninterrupted enjoyment of her melancholy ideas.

Monseigneur de Senneterre, far from perceiving the attachment which subsisted between the young people, considered the whole of the count's conduct as proceeding from his great politeness, and a wish that, by making himself agreeable, he might in some slight degree recompense him for his hospitality. Madame de Senneterre, it is true, entertained some suspicions; but she considered the match as a desirable one for her

daughter; and intended, when her suspicions of the count's intentions were confirmed, to communicate the matter to her husband.

The count, about a fortnight before his intended departure from Languedoc, opened his mind; first to Juliet, from whom he experienced an encouragement according with her natural modesty; and then to her mother, to whom he represented matters in so favourable a light, and with such persuasive arguments, that at length he induced her aid and influence with her husband. Monsieur de Senneterre, upon the affair being made known to him, with his usual prudence and foresight, considered how far it would be conducive to his daughter's happiness, and what reasonable objections could be brought against it. Upon mature deliberation, he found that the young man was dependent on his family, as his circumstances were considerably embarrassed by the dissipated life he had led at Paris, and that the pride of his family would be an insuperable bar to his union; likewise, in his opinion, the count's bad constitution, and proud and peevish disposition, eclipsed his other qualifications however brilliant. These objections determined him to refuse his consent to the marriage. The count was so hurt at the unexpected refusal of what he thought was a condescension on his part, that he, immediately after the conference, left the château, pretending that his presence was necessary to the settling of some affairs on his estate.

Nothing could equal Juliet's sorrow when the news of his departure reached her. Her pride at length came to her relief, and suggested that a man who could act in so cool a manner towards her, was no longer worthy of her love; and

she, therefore, nobly determined to shake off all remains of affection for the count. But, alas! how vain are our best resolves! the image of the count was ever present to her eyes; and the more she endeavoured to forget him, the more conspicuous his good qualities appeared. On the one hand, the commands of her father, the exhortations of her mother, and her own sense of duty, furnished strong arguments against the count; but a single engaging action of his would suddenly rush on her memory and destroy the good effects they might otherwise have produced. It is difficult to say what might have been the final issue, had not her father, perceiving the conflict in her mind, privately informed her that, from some secret cause, her marriage with the count would be the death-blow to his happiness. Immediately upon receiving this intelligence, the contest between love and duty became decided; and, although the task was difficult, she resolved totally to overcome her unfortunate attachment. Nature, after some time had elapsed, began to yield to the weight of woe which oppressed her mind; and Juliet, the once gay and happy Juliet, was fast sinking into her grave. Her parents became alarmed at her wan and pale appearance, and perceived some prompt remedy must be adopted before the malady should have taken too strong a hold on her constitution. M. de Senneterre, repented the *finesse* (for it was in reality nothing more) he had used to make her forget her dissipated, though accomplished, lover. However, he determined to try if the gaiety of the metropolis might not, in some degree, at least amuse her mind. Accordingly he set off for Paris, after making himself certain that he should not meet the count there. Indeed, that misguided

young man, after many fruitless attempts to soften M. de Senneterre, has plunged still deeper into dissipation, and had become a desperate gamester.

While he was thus unworthily employed, the fair object of his affections was gradually recovering her wonted serenity of mind, and, indeed, the society of the marquis de Hautfort contributed in no small degree towards the re-establishment of her health. He was a young nobleman of twenty-five years of age, who had been educated in England, where he had spent the early part of his life, under the eye of his father, who had, until his death, continued ambassador there. He died just as his son was entering his twenty-first year, leaving him heir of his immense possessions, and of his mental as well as bodily perfections.

This nobleman, from the first sight of Juliet, became deeply interested in her welfare, and strove his utmost to comfort her. Juliet, pleased with his sincerity of manner, poured forth her griefs, without reserve, into his friendly bosom; and, after some time, his consoling society possessed sufficient charms to relieve her mind, and make her forget her sorrows. At length, a mutual congeniality of disposition, and a sense of gratitude on her part, and of esteem on his, matured their friendship into love. Monsieur and madame de Senneterre saw with pleasure the change which had taken place in their daughter's mind; and so great was their affection towards her, that their gratitude was unbounded towards the author of such a happy revolution. Affairs were in this situation when the count de Fiesque, rendered desperate by his repeated losses at play, came to Paris, secretly, with the intention of carrying off Juliet by force. He was

urged to attempt this unjustifiable act, not only by the embers of his former passion, but by the hopes of obtaining some supplies, which might enable him to continue for some time longer his excesses; for, although he was sensible that M. de Senneterre would be greatly incensed at his conduct, yet he imagined that his beloved daughter's tears and entreaties might in time pacify him. Besides, he was certain of receiving, on the day of his marriage with Juliet, twelve thousand livres, which had been left at her own disposal by a relation. Urged on by these considerations, he procured three desperate fellows who, for the sake of gain, agreed to follow him on this expedition. He made choice of a dark night, when he knew that M. and madame de Senneterre, with their daughter, would return from visiting a friend who lived at Versailles. Having provided themselves with masks, two saddle-horses, and a post-coach and four, they stationed themselves at a retired part of the road leading from Versailles to Paris. After waiting till one o'clock, the count began to suspect that he had received wrong information, when the rattling of a carriage relieved him from his doubts. Immediately he ran into the road, and stopped the carriage, which proved to be the one he had been waiting for, but which, contrary to his expectation, contained the marquis de Hautfort, who, being seated next the door, jumped out, and transfixed one of the ruffians, who had, without effect, discharged a pistol at him. He next encountered the count himself, and, while thus engaged, another of the ruffians, coming behind him, would have thrust him through the body, had not monsieur de Senneterre, who had by this time got out of the coach, dispatched him. A few

seconds after, the count fell, having received a home thrust through the body, but not till he had given the marquis a slight wound in his sword arm. The remaining villain, upon seeing the fate of his companions, mounted one of the horses and galloped off. The marquis immediately returned to the carriage, where he found madame de Senneterre supporting her daughter, who had fainted away upon hearing the clashing of the swords, and still remained in a state of insensibility. The marquis and M. de Senneterre gave up all thoughts of pursuing the villain who had escaped, and turned all their attention to the recovery of Juliet, who soon repaid their exertions by exhibiting signs of returning life, and who in a short time (after repeated assurances that her father and the marquis remained unhurt) perfectly recovered. But what were the surprise and horror of M. de Senneterre, upon unmasking the countenances of the slain! He discovered the face of the count de Fiesque, still distorted by all the agonies of death, which were considerably aggravated by meeting with such a dreadful and unexpected check, when he fondly imagined that his long-concerted plans were on the point of being fulfilled.

M. de Senneterre placed the dead bodies in the post-coach, which had arrived for a far different purpose, and commanded the postillions to proceed, under the guidance of his servant, to the hôtel of the duc de Blaison, the nearest relative of the unfortunate count, to whom monsieur de Senneterre intended on the next morning to explain the whole affair, and the servant was desired to signify the same to that nobleman. The marquis had in the mean time retired to a neighbouring village where his wound had been dressed, and had returned to the carriage by

the time monsieur de Senneterre had disposed of, the dead bodies. The remainder of the journey was passed in silence, the attention of every one being so entirely engrossed in meditating on the late rencontre.

The next morning M. de Senne-terre, agreeably to his promise, waited on the duc de Blaison, and informed him of the particulars of the event which had occasioned the count's untimely death. The duke, sensible of the atrocity of his nephew's desperate attempt, had him buried privately, and hushed up the affair by giving out that he had been killed by robbers. On the same day the marquis declared his passion for Juliet, first to that lady, and afterwards to her father; by both of whom he was so favourably received that, in a few days' time, he led the fair object of his affections to the altar; and, if real happiness is to be possessed on earth, the marquis and Juliet certainly enjoyed it. Oftentimes would Juliet reflect with terror upon the narrow escape she had experienced of being united to a man with whom she must have been miserable, and at the same time congratulate herself with honest pride upon the victory she had obtained over her own feelings.

Many of my fair readers may exclaim—'Oh! let me placed in such a situation, never would I pain my dear parents' hearts; but, on the contrary, would act consistent with the strictest principles of duty.'—But let them remember that, when once an unfortunate attachment has taken root in their tender hearts, all other considerations are absorbed in a sentiment so dear to them; and that it will require the greatest fortitude and perseverance to open their eyes to their true interest. Should the preceding tale meet the eye of any one under similar circumstances with the beautiful Juliet, may they imitate her noble exam-

ple! and thus show that they possess a degree of reason and a sense of duty which might honour the greatest philosopher.

EUGENIUS.

On the DIFFERENCE between ECONOMY and AVARICE.

ECONOMY is as distant from avarice as from prodigality.—Avarice accumulates not to enjoy, not to reproduce, but merely for the sake of amassing: it is an instinct, a mechanical and contemptible desire of obtaining more. Economy is the daughter of Wisdom and enlightened Reason. She knows how to deny herself what is superfluous, to procure what is necessary; while avarice refuses what is necessary, to lay up what is superfluous against a futurity which never arrives. Economy may be displayed in a sumptuous entertainment, and will even furnish the means to render it more elegant. Avarice, on the contrary, wherever it appears, vitiates every thing. An economical person compares his means with his present wants, and with his future wants, with what is required of him by his family and friends, and by humanity in general. An avaricious man has no family, no friends, scarcely has he wants, except the wish of enlarging his store, and the rest of the human race exists not to him. Economy wishes to consume nothing in vain; avarice to consume nothing whatever. The former is the effect of a laudable calculation; laudable, because it presents the means of discharging our duties, and being generous without an injury. Avarice is a vile passion; vile, because it considers only itself, and sacrifices every thing to itself alone.

Economy is esteemed a virtue, and not without reason, since, like

other virtues, it supposes strength of mind and command over ourselves. No virtue, in fact, is perhaps more beneficial. It provides for the nurture and instruction of youth, and the ease and comfort of old age; at the same time that it secures resources for maturity, and procures us that serenity of mind which is necessary for propriety of conduct; and that independence which raises us above meanness.

It is by œconomy alone that we can be liberal; or, at least, that we can be so long, and with good effect. When we are only liberal from prodigality, we give, without discernment, to those who do not merit our liberality, at the expense of those who do; and the prodigal is frequently obliged to implore the succour of those who have been the objects of his ill-judged profusion. The œconomical person, on the contrary, gives only what he can with propriety dispose of. He is rich with a moderate fortune, whereas the avaricious and the prodigal are poor in the midst of an exuberance of wealth.

LUCINDA.

Some PARTICULARS of the MANNERS and HABITS of the MALTESE.

[From Anderson's *Journal of the Expedition to Egypt.*]

DURING the time that I had the honour of serving in the garrison of Malta, those objects which were more particularly calculated to attract the notice of a stranger had been greatly diminished from the previous circumstances in which it had been involved. Its curious and singular government was no more; its Grand Master and its Knights had either fled, or were scattered abroad; in short, its peculiar manners and ancient customs were, in a great measure, passed away and dissolved;

and we lived at Malta as in any other distant fortress.

I shall not, however, refrain from relating some particulars of the manners and habits of the Maltese people, as they presented themselves to my observation.

Of the domestic life and private manners of the higher orders of the Maltese I shall not pretend to give a particular description, as our communications with them were confined to public assemblies. We were continually invited to balls during the winter, when dancing, with a profusion of confectionary and Sicilian wines, composed the entertainment. To their dinners or suppers we were never invited, which did not, however, appear to proceed from an inhospitable disposition, but arose more probably from the narrow state of their finances, as an income equal to four hundred pounds sterling was the largest in the island, except that of the bishop.

The Maltese are a very industrious people, being educated to labour and active employment from their cradles; nor are they ever seen in a state of inactivity, but when they are engaged in the duties of their religion, which, however, must appear to the more enlightened professors of Christianity to occupy too large a portion of their time.

The staple manufacture of Malta is the cotton which it produces. It is both white, and of a dingy yellow; but principally of the latter colour. Of this material they weave a narrow cloth of about half an ell wide, which has no variety but of plain and striped.

The number of people which are employed in this fabric is very considerable, as almost every house contains a loom, and every loom is in continual occupation. The women, as well as the men, are employed in its several branches, from the teasing of the cotton to the comple-

tion of the piece. They may, indeed, be frequently seen alternately engaged, in teasing, spinning, and weaving. They spin both with the spindle and the wheel, and the female manufacturers are generally heard to cheer their toil with airs of a pleasing and sprightly melody.

The rearing of poultry forms no inconsiderable branch of trade among the middling and lower classes of the people. The quantity of fowls and eggs which this domestic commerce produces is incredible. At almost every door a large wicker basket contains a cackling family, which is only for a short time of the day permitted to range in liberty: as they are accustomed to this state of confinement from the time that they are hatched, they feel an attachment to it, and a kind of chirping noise from their owners calls them back with eager haste to their wicker habitations. This useful traffic does not interfere with, and adds its profits to, those of other occupations.

The wood-cutters form a peculiar description of hardy and useful labourers. The only fuel in this island is wood, which is brought from Sicily and Naples: and as it is of a very hard contexture, it becomes an act of necessity to split or cut it into small pieces for firing. These men, who are more numerous than may be imagined, are armed with an axe and a saw, with a chissel and a wedge; and thus equipped, they pass through the streets, making known their want of employment to the inhabitants by a certain kind of cry peculiar to their occupation. It is a long and laborious exertion of their art which gains them a sum equal to eight-pence of our money.

The fishery also employs a considerable number of this industrious

people: The Maltese are very expert both with the net and the line, as it appears from the plenty as well as variety of fish with which the markets abound.

There is another occupation which gives bread to a great number of the Maltese, and is that of selling goat's milk and butter. In the morning and evening the milkmen drive their goats through the streets, and stop to milk them at the houses of their respective customers. Of this useful animal there are great numbers in every part of Malta, and, like the poultry already mentioned, they are seen as living attendants at the doors of the houses.

The Scripture image of the ox that treadeth out the corn is realized in this island. It is a practice which probably derives its origin from the Arabs, who formed a principal part of its former inhabitants, and an intermixture of whose language is still perceptible in the vulgar tongue of Malta. The ears of grain being strewed on a flat piece of ground, cattle are then introduced, yoked together, which are led to and fro till the grain is separated from the husk.

There is, perhaps, no country in the world where its inhabitants have such an upright carriage of their figure as those of Malta. This graceful circumstance proceeds from the peculiar manner in which they direct the shape of their infant children. No sooner is a child born than it is placed between two pieces of board, which reach from the feet to the neck, and are attached to the body of the infant with rollers of linen, but in such a manner as not to produce pain or impede the circulation. In this manner the Maltese children are universally treated, till they are able to walk; and thus they acquire that erect gait which never forsakes them.

That there is no other provision for the poor than the benevolence of individuals, appears from the great number of beggars which infest the streets. This indeed has been a complaint which travellers have frequently made in the great towns of Roman Catholic countries. Among these mendicants, the proportion of those in a state of blindness is very great; a circumstance which must proceed from the sandy surface of the island, and the continual and glaring reflection of an ardent sun on such a white mass of rock.

In La Valetta there are a great many two-wheeled carriages for hire, which are numbered as in London. They are of a very clumsy construction, of a square shape, and large enough to contain six persons. With this unwieldy machine, and so loaded, one horse or a mule will go at the rate of four or five miles an hour. The latter, however, are more generally used, as they are remarkably large and strong in this island. For about twopence a person may be taken from one end of the city to the other; while for a little tour in the country, or the use for a whole day, a dollar is considered as very ample satisfaction. The driver uses neither whip nor spur, but keeps a sharp nail in his hand, with which he pricks the side of the animal in order to quicken his motions. He runs along by his side, with the reins in one hand and a swinging kind of movement of the other. These drivers are seldom seen either with shoes or stockings but on an holiday. Their general dress is a pair of loose trowsers, a coarse shirt, a waistcoat, round which they tie a long, red, worsted sash, and a woollen cap. On their festivals some little addition is made to their dress, in the way of decora-

tion, according as their finances will allow them.

There is a peculiarity in the laws of Malta, by which no debt is recoverable which is not formed by special contract in writing; and unless the written obligation is produced, no process will issue against the debtor. My own experience, in the character of treasurer to the regimental mess, gave me this insight into the jurisprudence of the island; when, from the want of this formality, the cook was justified in refusing the payment of seventy or eighty dollars which I had advanced him.

There is but one cemetery in La Valetta, which is chiefly allotted for the poor people, foreigners, and heretics. It is situated in the Floriana part of the city, close to the line, and surrounded by a wall of about sixteen feet in height, which is furnished within with several rows of stone shelves, containing the skulls of those who have been buried there during several centuries. They are arranged with a curious regularity, and might be considered as decorating the inclosure of a grand anatomical theatre.

Though all ranks of people are devotees, and minutely attentive to the multiplied superstitions of the church, yet chastity does not appear to maintain its due rank among the virtues of their religion. It certainly is not to be found in this island; while prostitution, from the familiar and open manner in which it is carried on, both by married as well as single women, and with the knowledge of their husbands and relations, is not, unless attended with some peculiar degree of enormity, considered as a crime.

MATILDA ; a DRAMA.

(Continued from p. 481.)

ACT IV.—SCENE I.

Wodmar, alone.

WHAT have I heard? Matilda driven from the mansion in which she was born! Nothing then is left for me but to carry into immediate effect the plan which is so repugnant to my feelings. But it must be so. I submit to my fate.

SCENE II.

Charles, in the dress of a postillion, with a whip in his hand, Wodmar.

Wodmar. Ah, Charles! I am glad to see you. But why in this dress?—Are you ordered to accompany Matilda?

Charles. Alas! It is, perhaps, the last service I shall render her.

Wodmar. What! Does Matilda go this very evening?

Charles. Madame Amelia accompanies her: they are now preparing for their departure. Louisa, Philip, and myself, have been assisting her. The unhappy Matilda bathes with her tears the few things she carries with her. Madame Walstein, in her indignation, wishes her to leave every thing behind her; but our young mistress thinks that would be to upbraid her father, to whom, notwithstanding his rigour, she owes respect, love, and submission, to the last moment of her life.

Wodmar. Charles, now is the time that I have need of your zeal, assistance, and courage, of which I have already received so many proofs.

Charles. My courage! I think it has entirely forsaken me. In proportion as the time draws nigh my resolution fails me. I endeavoured

to inspire you with it this morning, you must now return me what I gave you. (*Laying his hand on his heart*) There is something here which tells me our plan is a serious crime; and of such crimes I have never been guilty, nor would I choose to begin now.

Wodmar. What! will you leave me?

Charles. Only reflect. To carry off, by force, an innocent young lady!—

Wodmar. From whom do I carry her off? Not from her father. Matilda has no father. He has driven her from his house.

Charles. He has indeed; driven her from it most cruelly.

Wodmar (*with warmth*). She is for ever proscribed, abandoned, disinherited.

Charles. So amiable a young lady!

Wodmar. Poverty, disgrace, will be henceforth all her portion: and you will suffer her to sink into this wretched condition?

Charles. I suffer her! I would sacrifice my life for her.

Wodmar (*with increasing warmth*). What is it I wish? Her happiness. What is my design? To rescue her from inevitable calamities. What is the object of the plan in which you seem scrupulous of giving me assistance? To give her my heart, my hand; to bestow on her my fortune, and place her in that situation which she ought to fill in society.

Charles. That is all true.

Wodmar. Charles, Charles, be a man; be compassionate; be generous; save an innocent victim.

Charles. It shall be so. I will do every thing for Matilda. But, recollect, your honour, your integrity, is engaged. I have not much penetration or experience, and it is easy for you to deceive me. But if you do deceive me; if you lead me

to commit a bad action, my life will from that time be most wretched. My conscience would never again suffer me to enjoy peace. I would rather die an hundred times than live tormented with the recollection of having assisted in a vicious act.

Wodmar. Be calm: rely on the feelings of my heart as much as on those of your own.

Charles. I am at your disposal.

Wodmar. You will set out presently. My attendants and myself will wait for you in the copse, about a musket-shot from the castle; and when the time and place shall appear favourable —

Charles. Let there be as little tumult and violence as possible. Think of the situation of the unhappy Matilda. Be careful not to terrify her.

Wodmar. Dismiss every fear of that kind. Some one is coming. I must avoid every eye. Do not forsake me, but resume your courage. It is in the name of Matilda that I conjure you to show yourself a man. [Exit.

SCENE III.

Charles, alone.

Why does my heart beat thus? — Why do I feel so disturbed in my mind, so enfeebled, so confused?

SCENE IV.

Amelia, Charles.

Amelia. Can you tell me, Charles, whether Mr. Herman be returned?

Charles. I do not think he is, Madam; he would not leave Mr. Ernest.

Amelia. Mr. Ernest, then, persisted in going to his uncle?

Charles. Nothing, madam, could dissuade him from it. Mr. Herman, however, followed him, and requested me to charge you by no means to set out till he returned.

Amelia. We will wait for him.

Charles. Here he is, madam.

SCENE V.

Herman, Amelia, Charles.

Amelia. Ah! Mr. Herman, we were afraid we should not see you before our departure.

Herman. It was impossible for me to return sooner.

Amelia. There is no alteration, I suppose, with respect to us.

Herman. None. I could not leave Ernest, whose violence and impetuosity I feared. He hastened after his uncle, and I apprehended an explanation between them might ruin him without procuring any benefit to the unhappy Matilda, whose defence he determined to undertake. When we reached the house where the count had proposed to dine, Mr. Ernest desired to speak to him, but was refused by order of his uncle, who, no doubt, conjectured the nature of his application. He sent in a second request, but to no purpose. Our young friend, with all the ardour natural to his age, attempted to force his way, notwithstanding the opposition of the domestics, when the count appeared. 'Begone,' said he to his nephew, 'respect my quiet, my will, my misfortunes. Begone, I command you, or I shall suspect your intention is irretrievably to ruin her you pretend it is your wish to save.' Ernest, pale and breathless, sank into my arms. The count left us; the servants followed him, and I brought back with me the wretched Ernest, whose sighs, exclamations, and despair, have rent my heart.

Charles (aside). It is well; I am now perfectly satisfied—fully determined. I shall only do a good action.

Amelia. It is then only to his daughter that the count is cruel.

Charles (with violence). Yes ; cruel, inhuman, he deserves so to be called.

Herman. Alas ! what he seems to suffer in his own mind does not indicate cruelty. Let us hope every thing from time, and the virtues of Matilda. You will now set out without delay ; Charles will accompany you ; and to-morrow—Heavens ! here is the count !

Amelia. How shall I avoid him ? It is impossible.

SCENE VI.

Count d'Orlheim, Herman, Amelia, Charles.

Count d'Orlheim (to Herman). If my nephew be returned, go and tell him, from me, that I request him, in the name of his friendship for me, and my affection for him, not to endeavour to see me to-day—To-morrow I will hear him.

[*Exit Herman.*]

SCENE VII.

Count d'Orlheim, Amelia, Charles.

Count d'Orlheim (turning to Amelia, who offers to retire). Do not go, madam ; I could wish a moment's conversation with you. I am informed that you are preparing to set out.

Amelia. Yes, sir ; I will never leave the daughter of my friend. I have lived to love her, to console her under her sufferings, and to my last breath I will share her misfortunes. I do not forget that you received me under your protection when a widow, reduced to indigence, and without kindred to aid or protect me. Your benefits will be always present to my recollection ; but, from your coldness towards me, I must declare, that I should long since have refused them, had not the unhappiness of my friend, the youth of her daughter, and the mis-

fortunes which threaten the future life of Matilda, imposed on me the necessity of living with her, and accepting your benefactions.

Count d'Orlheim (with a sentiment of severity which he endeavours in vain to dissemble). Oh, madame Walstein, why have these generous sentiments, this pride which I cannot blame, this delicacy, been so falsified, so sacrificed ?

Amelia. What do you mean ?

Count d'Orlheim (as if about to speak with warmth, but checking himself). Nothing.

Amelia (with firmness). Explain yourself, count : for a long time you seem to have entertained odious suspicions of my conduct. I know not what you have to reproach me with. Speak.

Count d'Orlheim. I should say too much.

Amelia. I do not fear any thing you can say with truth. What evidence have you against me ?

Count d'Orlheim. Your conscience ; that shall avenge me.

Amelia. Oh, Matilda ! Matilda ! it is for your sake that I suffer this.

Count d'Orlheim. It is the first time that a reproach has escaped me. The evil admits not of remedy ; and I ought not to have uttered a complaint. But we cannot be at all times masters of ourselves.

SCENE VIII.

Herman, Count d'Orlheim, Amelia, Charles at the bottom of the stage.

Count d'Orlheim. Come hither, Mr. Herman. Here is a deed, madam, which secures to you and the daughter of your friend the possession of that estate on which you have resided these ten years. You will find in this portfolio what will at all times procure you both an honourable subsistence. But,

whether I live, or whether I die, you know too well—you must be more convinced than any person—that young Wodmar ought not to ask the hand of her whom you accompany.

Amelia. I know this!—I?—

Count d'Orlheim (fixing his eyes steadfastly on her). Yes, you.

Amelia. Every word confounds me.

Count d'Orlheim. I believe it.—Charles, do you go alone?

Charles. Yes, my lord.

Count d'Orlheim. How do you go?

Herman. A carriage has been provided, and we are now waiting for it.

Count d'Orlheim (eagerly, and with a degree of violence). Let all my servants take horses, and escort the carriage armed.

Charles (aside). Our whole plan is ruined.

Count d'Orlheim. I have not forgotten what the audacious Wodmar said to me at parting. At his age, a young man of his character is capable of any thing. (To madame Walstein) The mansion in which you will reside, defended by numerous servants, will secure you from any attack:—besides, I shall take care to provide—Charles, what do you wait for?

Charles. I am going immediately. (Aside) One resource only is left us; we must try it with dispatch.

SCENE IX.

Count d'Orlheim, Amelia, Herman.

Count d'Orlheim (with embarrassment: his eyes fixed on the ground). If ever you should have occasion for my advice, my assistance, my protection—you will always find me—Honour has its laws—frequently they are cruel (with a deep sigh) but humanity must not forget its duties.

SCENE X.

Count d'Orlheim, Amelia, Herman, Philip.

Philip. Is it by your order, my lord, that your nephew, Mr. Ernest, leaves the castle?

Count d'Orlheim. How?—

Philip. His horse, carrying a light portmanteau, is ready, and waiting for him at the gate of the park.

Count d'Orlheim. Where is he going?

Philip. I know not. But he is now in his chamber: the door is half open. I have seen him. He is writing, and shedding tears profusely. Every moment he utters your name.

Count d'Orlheim. Herman, Philip, hasten to him. Bring him to me this instant. I wish to see him. (To madame Walstein) Follow them, I entreat you.—Bring me Ernest.

SCENE XI.

Count d'Orlheim, alone.

Mad youth! what does he wish? What is he about to do? He would leave me who am his friend—his father.—And can I blame him?—Is the world acquainted with the reasons why I act as I do?—Does it know my shame and my despair?—Ernest will be accused as the cause of the sufferings of Matilda. Ernest is not guilty, and he will not expose himself to the accusation. It is upon me that the whole weight of misery must fall—upon me, whom heaven has doubtless condemned to derive only wretchedness from those gentle affections in which all other living beings seek and find felicity.

SCENE XII.

Count d'Orlheim, Ernest, Amelia, Herman.

Herman. Philip did not deceive

you: your nephew was on the point of leaving us. A letter which he had written to you would have informed you of his reasons. I have, however, prevailed on him, in the name of that affection and respect which he owes you, to declare them to you himself.—Here he is.

Count d'Orlheim. Is it, then, true that you will leave me?—You, you, Ernest!—

Ernest (offering to throw himself at his feet). Oh, my father!—Honour and my duty!—

Count d'Orlheim (raising him, and kindly). Honour and your duty require not that you should abandon me.

Ernest. Matilda—leaves you.

Count d'Orlheim (with his eyes cast to the ground, and a faltering voice.) It must be so.

Ernest. It is by your orders.

Count d'Orlheim (with a sigh which he endeavours to suppress). It must be so.

Ernest. You then command Ernest to leave you for ever. Your heart is too just not to feel that this must be the consequence.

Count d'Orlheim (looking fixedly at him, and speaking with mildness). You hope, no doubt, that my attention and friendship will follow you in the banishment you impose on yourself.

Ernest. I ought not to expect it.

Count d'Orlheim. What resources have you?

Ernest. One only—the excellent education, which I owe only to your generosity, shall furnish me with the means of subsistence. I will live to love you, and die blessing you.—This is my only hope.

Count d'Orlheim. And the fortune which I had intended for you.

Ernest (with dignity and firmness). I will never enrich myself with the spoils of the unfortunate. At the moment when your unhappy

daughter is compelled to leave her father's house, he ought, likewise, to depart who may be accused of having planned and effected her ruin.

Count d'Orlheim. Worthy young man, your heart fulfils my expectation. Far from injuring you in my opinion, your conduct, this day, has increased the esteem and affection I before entertained for you. But, notwithstanding your determination, nothing but death shall separate us. (With the greatest sensibility, and unable to restrain his tears) Thou shalt close my eyes; thou shalt weep over my ashes; and my memory shall live eternally in thy heart. By the tears which you see me shed, swear to me that you will not abandon an old man who has nothing left but thee in the world. Ernest, my dear Ernest, have pity on thy father.

SCENE XIII.

Count d'Orlheim, Ernest, Amelia, Herman, Louisa, Philip, servants.

Louisa (behind the scenes). Help!—Help!—

Count d'Orlheim. What is that?

Louisa (still behind the scenes). Matilda! Matilda! Help!

Amelia (starting). Matilda!

Philip (running in, followed by other servants). Loud cries and screams proceed from the pavilion. It is the voice of Louisa.

Ernest and Count d'Orlheim (at once). We must learn the cause.

Herman. Let us go.

Louisa (as she enters, sinks into the arms of those near her, pale, trembling, and scarcely able to speak). Help me—Help us.

Count d'Orlheim. What has happened?

Amelia, Herman, Ernest, (at once). Speak!—

Louisa, Matilda. Villains!—Mr. Wodmar.

Count d'Orlheim. Wodmar!—what of him?

Louisa. I knew him—Matilda and I—we were alone—The window is broken—Some ill-looking fellows—Wodmar is at their head—They are carrying off Matilda—Matilda is gone—

All. Gracious Heaven!—Let us pursue.—

Count d'Orlheim (*with violent agitation*). Ernest, in you is all my hope—Restore me my daughter—Restore me Matilda—Arm yourselves—Let us pursue—Am I not sufficiently wretched!—

(*All rush out confusedly, and in the greatest alarm. The curtain falls.*)

END OF THE FOURTH ACT.

(*To be continued.*)

PARISIAN FASHIONS.

(*With an Engraving, elegantly coloured.*)

THE neckerchiefs with frills continue still in vogue for morning-dresses. These frills are sewed all round, and on the bridle of the morning-caps, which are worn of worked muslin. Wide sleeves are suitable to this dress. Many fashionable ladies likewise wear coloured neckerchiefs.

The fashion of lace round the bosom still continues. Flowers are sometimes passed through the ringlets of the locks reserved in front of the cropped heads. All the flowers now worn imitate nature. *See Plate.*

Straw hats and capotes, trimmed in front with a lace which falls like a veil, are extremely numerous. This lace, which is always white, hangs almost as low as the veils formerly descended. The new yellow straw hats have a very broad furrowed brim.

If there is at present any prevailing colour it is the rose; but we still frequently meet with lilac and green.

LONDON FASHIONS.

Evening Dress.

A TRAINED petticoat of white muslin, with a short dress of pale blue silk or sham muslin, trimmed all round with broad black lace; plain white sleeves of lace or embroidered muslin. Habit shirt of lace.

Walking Dress.

Short round dress of white muslin; pelice of tea-coloured silk, drawn close round the neck, and trimmed all round with very broad black lace. A large straw bonnet, lined with pink, and turned up all round.

Head Dresses.

A white lace veil, placed on the head to form a cap. The right side hanging carelessly over the face, and ornamented with a row of beads, and a medallion. The left side drawn close over the hair, with a wreath of roses.

Head-dress of hair, banded with hair and beads. A white ostrich feather in front.

A large straw bonnet, turned up in front, and lined with blue.

Cap of lace or muslin, ornamented with a green wreath.

White beaver hat, turned up in front, and ornamented with roses.

The hair dressed with a black velvet band, and gem clasp.

A Chinese hat, trimmed round the edge with white lace, and ornamented with a wreath of flowers.

A white veil thrown carelessly over the hair, and confined with a wreath of myrtle.

General Observations.

At this season little alteration takes place in the general ornaments of dress: a few pelices have appeared; but white cloaks or fur tippets are yet most prevalent. In full dress, feathers and flowers are invariably used. The make of the dresses has not differed since last month. Lace is still much worn. The favourite colours are lilac, blue, and pea-green.

 The MORAL ZOOLOGIST.

PART II.

(Continued from p. 486.)

LETTER VII.

From Eugenia to the Right Hon. Lady———.

THE butcher-bird, or shrike, called by the French, *Pie Grièche*, closes the list of rapacious birds, and connects them in the great chain of nature with the pies. To the former the shrikes are allied by their strength, their crooked beak, their courage, and predatory life; and to the latter, by their size, the form of their toes, and their feeding usually upon insects, though they prefer the flesh of other birds. There is likewise another property in which they differ from the generality of birds of prey, which is, that they associate in families even after the young are able to fly; whereas most of the predatory birds drive their young from the nest very early, and sometimes before they are capable of providing for themselves.

These birds, though of a small size, and apparently not endowed with great strength of body, will attack, with the utmost intrepidity, mag-

pies, crows, and kestrels, much larger and stronger than themselves; and, in these encounters, they are almost always successful. When the parents unite to drive other birds from their nest, they do not merely wait their approach; but, if they fly near their retreats, they rush upon them with loud cries, and beat them off with such fury that they seldom venture to return. When overpowered by the too great strength of their antagonists, they have been known to fall to the ground together; the combat ending with the death of both the assailant and the defender.

The butcher-birds chase all the small birds upon the wing, and will sometimes kill partridges and young hares. Thrushes, black-birds, and other birds of a smaller size, are their common prey, which they seize by the throat and strangle. It is said that, when they have killed their prey, they will fix it on a thorn, and, when thus spitted, tear it to pieces with their bill. It is supposed that nature has taught the shrike to have recourse to this extraordinary expedient because it has not strength sufficient to tear its prey with its feet, like the other rapacious birds. When confined in a cage, they will stick their food between the wires before they devour it.

The principal species of the butcher-bird known in Europe, are the great ash-coloured butcher-bird, the wood-chat, the red-backed butcher-bird, and the small butcher-bird. There are, however, many other species and varieties, frequently only differing slightly in the colour of the plumage, found in both the old and new continent. As this bird is an inhabitant of every climate, except the arctic regions, Linnæus and Brisson have enumerated each twenty-six species, and Buffon fourteen.

THE GREAT ASH-COLOURED BUTCHER-BIRD.

This bird (*the Lanius Excubitor of Linnæus*) is about ten inches in length, and usually weighs three ounces. The head appears large, the muscles which move the bill being very thick and strong. The crown of the head and back are ash-coloured; the wings black, with a white spot. The tail consists of twelve feathers of unequal length, of which the two longest in the middle are black, the next tipped with white, which gradually increases to the outermost, which is entirely white. The throat, breast, and belly, are of a dirty white.

This bird is very common in France, where it is found during the whole year. In Summer it inhabits the woods and mountains; but resorts to the plains, and approaches the habitations of the husbandman, during Winter. It breeds among the hills, either on the ground or on the loftiest trees. Its nest is constructed of white moss interwoven with long grass, and lined with wool. The female, which does not differ from the male in size, and is only distinguishable by her plumage being of a lighter colour, lays generally five or six, and sometimes seven, or even eight, eggs, about the size of those of the thrush. She feeds her young at first with insects, but afterwards with flesh, which the male provides for them with the most assiduous care. The young continue with the old birds even after they have arrived at their adult state. They assist the parents in providing for the common support, and the family lives together in the utmost harmony during the Winter, till the return of Spring, by exciting amorous connexions, puts an end to the union.

There are several varieties of

this species found in different countries. In Italy there is one with a red spot on the breast, and, among the Alps, another entirely white. In Germany and Switzerland there are others of a larger size. The bird, called the dial-bird by the English in Bengal, is the same with the butcher-bird of the Cape of Good Hope, and differs from ours only by the brownish black colour of the upper part of the body.

THE WOOD-CHAT.

This bird is somewhat smaller than the former, and may easily be distinguished by the colour of its head, which is sometimes red; its eyes also are whitish or yellowish, while in the former they are brown; and its bill and legs are blacker. It is migratory, leaving Europe in Autumn, and returning in the Spring from Africa.

The male and female are almost exactly of the same size, but differ so much in their colours as to appear of distinct species. The wood-chat constructs its nest very neatly, and with the same materials as the great ash-coloured shrike above described. It generally lays five or six eggs, and sometimes more, of a whitish colour, and either entirely spotted with brown or yellowish spots.

THE RED BACKED BUTCHER-BIRD.

The red-backed shrike is a little smaller than the wood-chat. It is seven inches and a half long, and measures between the extremities of the wings, when expanded, eleven inches. It weighs two ounces. The tail is somewhat of a wedge-shape. The back is grey; the four middle quills of the tail are of an uniform colour; the bill is lead-coloured. It inhabits Europe, and breeds in Sweden as well as in France. It is migratory, departing with its family in September or October, and re-

appearing in May, It makes its nest in the trees or bushes in the open country, and not in the woods. It is the *Lanius Collurio* of Linnæus, of which the wood-chat is a variety.

THE SMALL BUTCHER-BIRD.

Naturalists are divided with respect to the genus to which this bird belongs; Buffon, Brisson, and others, classing it with the titmice, under the name of the *bearded titmouse*; and Pennant and Edwards ranking it with the butcher-birds, to which Linnæus admits that it has a resemblance, though he makes it a species of the genus *Parus*, denominating it *Parus Biarmicus*. It is called by Edwards the *Least butcher-bird*. The latter naturalist says, that several cocks and hens of this species have been killed in the neighbourhood of London, but were so little known that they had no name. The countess of Albemarle brought a cageful of them from Denmark, where they are said to be very common; and, it is supposed, that some of them escaping, were the origin of the colony in England.

This bird greatly resembles, in size and figure, the long-tailed titmouse. The total length, including the tail, is six inches and a quarter; the extent of the wings, when expanded, six inches and a half. The head is of a pearl-grey; the throat and fore-part of the neck of a silvery white; the breast of a dirty white, tinged with grey in some subjects, and rose-coloured in others. The rest of the underpart of the body is rusty; the upper part of a light red. The bill is short, strong, and very convex; its colour yellow. On each side of the bill, beneath the eye, is a long triangular tuft of black feathers.

With the habits of these birds we are not very well acquainted, on account of their scarcity. Albin says, it is reported they inhabit the counties of Essex and Lincoln, and always among the fens. Frisch supposes this bird to be analogous to the canary-bird, and that the two species would intermix, but adds it is too rarely found for the necessary experiments to be made. 'This opinion of Frisch,' says Buffon, 'is inconsistent with that of Edwards and Linnæus, who suppose it to resemble the shrike.' Lottinger asserts that it breeds in holes of trees, and frequently consorts with the long-tailed titmouse. The most curious circumstance related of these birds is, that when they rest, the male spreads his wings over the female. 'This attention,' as Buffon observes, 'were it well authenticated, must imply many other interesting particulars with regard to incubation.'

The different species of the shrikes seem to display to us an instructive example of what may be effected by courage and an undaunted spirit, since we see these little birds, scarcely equal in size to larks, flying with security among the hawks and kites, the buzzards and the ravens, which, knowing their intrepidity, seem rather to fear than seek an encounter with them. Courage will give strength to the weak; while timidity enfeebles the strong. Let us, at the same time, remember that the only source of true courage is the consciousness that we are engaged in the cause of justice and of virtue.

I remain, with the utmost respect and affection for your ladyship,

EUGENIA.

(To be continued.)

POETICAL ESSAYS.

THE NAVAL TRIUMPH OF
BRITAIN.

[From Mr. Maurice's 'Crisis of Britain.']

BRITONS, the crisis of your fate
draws near,

Exalt your standards, grasp th' aveng-
ing spear:

In radiant arms, indissolubly join'd,
Be firm, and brave the pow'rs of earth
combin'd.

But, oh Britannia! what immortal
strain

Shall paint thy triumphs on the bound-
less main?

Who sing the heroes that, from age to
age,

Through ev'ry clime have bid thy thun-
der rage;

From burning realms where southern
deeps resound,

To where eternal frosts the pole sur-
round?

Who shall thy Howard's deathless feats
recite,

Thy fearless Drake's, invincible in
fight,

Whose valour, with the storms of Hea-
ven combin'd,

The proud armada to the depths con-
sign'd?

To ardent glory's noblest fires awake,
What terrors could appal the soul of
Blake?

When on the Belgic chief, that dar'd to
sweep,

With high-suspended broom, th' in-
sulted deep,

Furious he rush'd; and tore, indignant,
down,

That barbarous emblem of usurp'd re-
nown;

Then, driving o'er the surge the routed
foe,

Swept the proud vaunter to the gulfs
below.

Far distant on the vast Atlantic main,
To check the ravages of hostile Spain,

Skilful as brave, along a dread-fraught
coast,

Pocock to victory leads a gallant host:
Condemn'd to perish on a barb'rous
strand,

Pale round his vessels glides a spectred
band;

And oft before his midnight couch they
rise,

Flames in their hands; and lightning in
their eyes,

Revenge! they shout; and, towards
Havannah's spires,

Wave their red arms, and point their
hostile fires.

'Mid threat'ning rocks, and waves in
mountains roll'd,

Great Hawke contending with the
storm behold!

Nor rocks, nor roaring surge, nor mad-
d'ning wind,

From its firm centre shake his stedfast
mind;

On fate's tremendous verge the line he
forms,

To France more dreadful than a thou-
sand storms,

Bids, through a night of clouds, the
fleet advance,

And hostile fires illumine the dark ex-
panse:

In vain their broken line the Gauls
oppose,

While, as the furious conflict fiercer
glows,

The British cannon raging, tier o'er
tier,

Flame on their van, and thunder on
their rear.

Wild as the whirlwinds that impetu-
ous sweep

The raging surface of the troubled
deep,

The Gallic vessels o'er the surge are
toss'd,

Or swell the pomp of Britain's victor
host!

'Twas then, while heav'n with angry
tempests lower'd,

And victory on Hawke's proud standard
tower'd,

'Twas then from heav'n, the brilliant
deed to crown,

Britannia's angel rush'd in lightning
down,

From France her naval wreath for ever
tore,

And stamp'd to dust on Biscay's stormy
shore!

If, urg'd by rage, and furious from
 despair,
 Gaul's baffled fleets again the ocean
 dare,
 The brave Cornwallis, on the billowy
 field,
 Shall rous'd Britannia's direst venge-
 ance wield;
 Or Nelson, dreadful in her kindled ire,
 Rain on those fleets a storm of liquid
 fire.
 See! far remote in Asia's sultry sky,
 A thousand flags in crimson radiance
 fly;
 Here! round the Baltic's frozen frontier
 hurl'd,
 Her deep-ton'd thunders shake the
 northern world.
 Sublimely thron'd on Vincent's rocky
 height,
 Hark! Glory, from her shrine of cir-
 cling light,
 Loud hails her Jervis, on th' Iberian
 main,
 Resistless bursting through the line of
 Spain!
 Ardent to gain the wreath that Ruffel
 crown'd,
 And brave Boscawen's vet'ran temples
 bound,
 Reckless of storms, behold intrepid
 Hood
 Plough, with unwearied toil, the briny
 flood;
 In all their ports the skulking foe he
 braves,
 And burns to plunge him in the whelm-
 ing waves!
 Last, but not humblest, on the roll of
 fame,
 With nerve of adamant, with soul of
 flame,
 See fearless Duncan, ranging, undif-
 may'd,
 Belgium's dire shore, with death and
 peril spread,
 And rush, regardless of impending
 doom,
 Where ev'ry billow yawns—a wat'ry
 tomb!
 Though ruin hover in a thousand
 forms,
 Resolv'd, Batavia's marshal'd fleet he
 storms;
 Tremendous on the foe his vengeance
 falls,
 And thick around descend the rattling
 balls.

Retreat is vain; behind the breakers roar,
 While Britain's wasteful thunders urge
 before!
 The doubling game the dauntless Scot
 pursues,
 And, in the jaws of death, the fight re-
 news.
 Aloft in air her tatter'd standards fly;
 Low bends the stately mast that pierc'd
 the sky;
 Devouring flames consume the glowing
 deck;
 And a third navy floats—a boundless
 wreck!
 Gaul views, enrag'd, her strongest prop
 o'erthrown,
 And into air her daring projects blown.
 Rage, baffled Gaul! for thus, ere yon-
 der sun
 Thrice his bright journey round the
 zodiac run,
 In black disgrace shall all thy triumphs
 end,
 And all thy tow'ring pride in smoke
 ascend.
 The injur'd object of thy jealous hate
 Hurls at thy impious head the bolt of
 Fate;
 On outrag'd heav'n's and man's deter-
 min'd foe
 Slow, but resistless, rolls the fatal blow!
 Ye myriads, whom her direful thirst
 of blood
 Plung'd in the rapid Rhone's empur-
 pled flood,
 Or from the cannon's rending mouth
 consign'd,
 In mangled fragments, to the blasting
 wind:
 All whom dire Robespierre's unsparing
 rage [age;
 Crush'd in the blooming vigour of your
 Or, by succeeding Molochs dragg'd to
 death,
 Who, deep in dungeons, drank in-
 fection's breath:
 All who, by hunger's pangs to madness
 fir'd,
 On your own sabre's guiltless edge
 expir'd,
 Or, to avoid unnumber'd horrors,
 quaff'd,
 With pale and quivering lips, th' em-
 poison'd draught:
 Shout from the grave!—in your, in
 nature's, cause,
 Th' avenging sword insulted Britain
 draws!

See her bright ensigns blaze from shore
to shore !
See her bold offspring round those en-
signs pour !
Her ancient nobles, warm with all the
fires
That burn'd at Cressy in their daring
fires ;
Her valiant knights, whose streaming
banners show
Their blazon'd triumphs o'er the haugh-
ty foe ;
Her gen'rous merchants, fam'd through
ev'ry clime,
Of spotless faith and dauntless soul
sublime,
Whose flags, through many a distant sea
unfurl'd,
Uphold the commerce of the ravag'd
world,
In social bands remotest nations join,
Chill'd at the Pole, or scorch'd beneath
the line ;
Patriots to virtue dear, for freedom
bold,
Who honour still their proudest treasure
hold ;
Her peasants, glowing with a Briton's
zeal,
Whose loyal hearts are oak, whose sinews
steel ;
All ranks, all ages, feel the high alarms,
At glory's call, impatient, rush to arms ;
Ardent to meet a foe their souls dis-
dain, [the main !
Conqu'rors on shore, and sov'reigns on
To victory rush on, ye dauntless
bands, [hands !
The fate of Europe trembles in your
Oh ! still for glory pant, for Britain
burn, [return
Nor to the sheath th'avenging blade
Till Liberty her trampled rights regain,
Till Justice re-assume her ancient reign,
Till vanquish'd Gaul in blood her crimes
bemoan, [own ;
And Heav'n's avenging arm repentant
Or, in the chain she forg'd for Europe,
bound,
Spend her vain rage, and prostrate bite
the ground.
Britons, the crisis of her fate draws
near ;
Advance your standards, launch th'
avenging spear ;
In radiant arms indissolubly join'd,
Your firmness hath subdued the world
combin'd !

ANTICIPATION.

BEHOLD ! with how much joy the
thrilling thought
Runs through all ranks, through ev'ry
sex and age :
The distant pleasure to the present
brought,
Can oft' with fancied joy the mind
engage.
In earliest dawn of life observe the child
Anticipating ev'ry promis'd bliss :
The boy unfolds his hopes with trans-
ports wild ; |
Emotions softer mark the blooming
miss.
The roseate cherry, ere the child de-
vours,
Is often to the longing mouth con-
vey'd ;
(As oft' the mouth with disappointment
sours)
Once more the beauteous fruit must
be survey'd :
Once more be seen, then suck'd, then
seen again,
Anticipating what the taste will be ;
Yet when 'tis tasted, Fancy's lively
strain
Pictur'd it sweeter than reality.
The youth anticipates the meeting soft,
'T'wixt him and her to whom he
pledg'd his heart ;
Perchance her soul ere then may mount
aloft, [smart.
And leave him only sorrow's painful
Increasing years increasing wants unfold :
The man anticipates how wealth to
gain ;
To fickle Fortune prays aloud for gold,
Who oft' returns him only grief and
pain.
Why, then, will anxious man his time
misspend,
When disappointment thus each hope
o'erturns ?
Why do his devious steps so wand'ring
bend ?
Alas ! for novelty his soul still burns.
Descending now to age, man clings to
hope : [brave ;
Religious hope inspires the good, and
Inspires the mind with illis on earth to
cope,
Anticipating bliss beyond the grave.
August 3, 1803. J. M. L.

FOREIGN NEWS.

Hanover, August 5.

THE day before yesterday the Russian lieutenant-general, baron Von Driesen, arrived here from Pymont.

The members of the executive commission have been offered an honorary guard, which, however, they have declined.

Constantinople, August 9. The porte has received very disagreeable advices from Egypt. The rebellious Arnauts have driven out of Cairo the small number of janissaries who remained faithful to the porte, and invited the beys in Upper Egypt to make a common cause with them. These have accepted the invitation, and assembled their troops, under the command of Ibrahim bey, at Giza, whence they frequently send out detachments to Cairo, which is in their possession. The porte expects still more unpleasing accounts from Egypt.

The advices from Syria are likewise very unfavourable. The rebels, under Abdul Wechab, who had taken the city of Medina, were on their march against Damascus. The report that they had been defeated is not confirmed. The porte has now sent orders to all the pachas in Asia to unite their forces, to resist the enemy of the Mahometan religion.

Naples, August 16. The French troops in the provinces of Paeglia and Abruzzo, which have hitherto been maintained, and, in part, clothed by our sovereign, will, in future, be paid by the French republic, and be obliged to purchase their provisions with ready money. Our court is indebted for this arrangement to the interferences and remonstrances of the emperors of Germany and Russia.

Hague, August 16. The exchange of the ratifications of the convention concluded on the 15th of June, between the French, Batavian, and Italian republics, took place at Brussels the 24th of July.

It is confirmed that citizen Schimmelpenninck will go to Paris as ambassador, and commissary-general from our re-

public. The French general Cassagnes has fixed his head-quarters at Gouda, where he embarked on the 13th on board a yacht for Amsterdam. General Dumonceau has reviewed the troops in and near Haerlem.

Brussels, August 17. An embargo has been laid on all the vessels on our canal. The object of this measure is undoubtedly to procure a supply of seamen. The number of workmen employed in the construction of gun-boats and flat-bottomed boats has been considerably augmented. Never did such activity prevail in our naval preparations. The department of the Scheldt, and the city of Ghent, which is the principal naval port in the department, are to contribute a million and a half of francs, all of which will be employed in constructing ships of war on the Scheldt.

Constantinople, August 21. The intelligence which the porte has received, in the beginning of this week, by several couriers from Egypt and Arabia, is very gloomy. The rebels in Egypt have obtained the superiority in so decided a manner, that it begins to be doubted whether that rich and fertile province will ever be re-conquered. Several of the Turkish ministers openly acknowledge that the departure of the English from Alexandria has been very prejudicial to the sovereignty of the porte. The Arnauts or Albanese have found means to form a close connection with the Mamalukes, and with their combined forces have entirely defeated the army of the Turkish pacha. Several thousands of his troops have been left dead on the field; and the rest are so dispersed, that he will scarcely be able ever to collect them together again. Many of the fugitives have likewise gone over to the rebels, and been admitted by them into their service.

Cairo is now in the hands of the rebels, and Alexandria alone remains in the possession of the porte. The new pacha, who was appointed governor of

Cairo, was obliged to fly from that city with about a hundred men. It is expected that the rebels will soon march against Alexandria, and that the feeble garrison there will open its gates to them. Such was the situation of Egypt in the latter end of July.

Several councils have been held, and the grand signior has appointed Dgezar pacha, who, with the assistance of the English commodore, sir Sydney Smith, defended Acre against Bonaparte, to head the force collected to act against the Arabian rebels under Abdul Wechab. Dgezar is appointed pacha of Damascus, retaining at the same time his former pashalik, which is the first example of two of the largest governments in the Turkish empire being held by one person.

The rebel, Abdul Wechab, is in possession of the cities of Mecca and Medina, and claims the califat or sovereignty of the grand signior.

The danger is considered at Constantinople as very great, and the means to avert it are very feeble and insufficient. Dgezar pacha has received the promise of a large sum of money monthly, which the porte is not in a condition to pay, and he may, in consequence, excuse himself for having effected nothing against the rebels.

25. The porte has received advice, that the rebels, under Abdul Wechab, have been entirely defeated and dispersed, before Damascus, by the troops under the command of the pacha of Acre, and the other pachas. Mecca is again in the hands of the Turks.

30. The trade of the Black Sea, and especially that of the Russian commercial town of Odeffa, which, for some time, has been greatly increasing, begins to suffer considerably from the naval war. The English take all ships in the Archipelago and the Mediterranean which are laden with corn for French ports, or which they suspect is intended to be conveyed to them by an indirect route.

Advice was received here to-day, that an English squadron of one ship of the line, three frigates, and four brigs, had taken, almost under the cannon of the islands, one Spanish and several Ragusan ships, as also some vessels belonging to the inhabitants of the republic of the Seven Islands. As these captures may be considered as a violation of the Turk-

ish territory, the Austrian internuncio complained to the porte of the conduct of the English. The porte on this made application to the English envoy, Mr. Drummond, who, however, declared that he could not decide on this maritime question, and must content himself with informing his court of the circumstance.

According to accounts from Egypt of the 7th of June, the citadel of Cairo had had been given up to the beys, by the Arnauts, the day before.

Advices from Cyprus state, that Ingel bey, who had arrived with two frigates before Damietta from Alexandria, had been repulsed, in an attack on that town, by the troops of the beys.

The civil and religious war in Arabia still continues. The city of Mecca is held by a shereif, who is under Abdul Wechab, but Medina is in possession of the Turks. Abdul Wechab has retired into the desert to collect new troops.

The number of houses destroyed by the fire of the 18th instant, near the seraglio, amounts to above five hundred. The damage is the more considerable, as that quarter was inhabited almost entirely by persons of distinction. It is supposed the fire was wilfully caused by evil-disposed persons, the enemies of the grand vizir. The latter, to appease the commotion among the people, has given liberty to several prisoners.

Italy, Sept. 2. Three French ships of war have arrived at Genoa, from Toulon; they are laden with ammunition, and bound to Ferrajo.

The king of Naples has disbanded a great part of his troops, with permission to enter into any foreign service they may choose.

4. It is said that a corps of five thousand Italian troops, by order of the first consul, will march to Paris, where they will wait till they receive farther directions. The general of division Pino has the command of them. The Italian republic is building a great number of flat-bottomed boats and gun-boats, on the banks of the Po and the Adige.

8. The expedition fitting out at Ancona is intended for the conquest of the Morea, which the French propose to hold for a time as a compensation for Malta.

The French envoy at Naples has made a representation, by order of the first consul, against the stay of the

English general Stuart ; in consequence of which it has been signified to him to withdraw, and he has gone on board the English fleet.

The grand master of Malta has suddenly retired from Messina, in Sicily; where a landing by the English was apprehended, to Catania.

Dunkirk, Sept. 9. Several houses in the vicinity of our town have been, it is said, allotted for the use of different offices. The principal administration will be at St. Omers. General Soult is expected at Boulogne; and the general of division Gerard will go to Lisle, in the place of gen. Vandamme, who is appointed lieutenant-general to the army of England.

On the 5th the English threw two hundred bombs into Boulogne; two houses were damaged, and a woman wounded.

Paris, Sept. 9. Yesterday the first consul reviewed his whole body-guard, in the plain of Sablons. The body-guard will immediately set out for St. Omers. Bonaparte, who will soon set out for St. Omers, will frequently go and return between that city and Paris, so that he will pass at least eight days in the month in the capital.

The commissary of the marine at Bourdeaux has written to the chamber of commerce there, that no more privateers will be permitted to fit out there; and this order has been notified in the exchange.

General Duroc is, it is said, appointed lieutenant-general of the first consul for the expedition against England.

Berlin, Sept. 12. It is now determined that French troops shall occupy the territory of Gottingen, and application has been made here for permission to march a demi-brigade through Hildesheim, which has been granted, and the proper orders have already been issued.

Milan, Sept. 12. Various movements still continue to be made by the French and Italian troops; we shall, no doubt, soon know their object. A great quantity of artillery has been taken from the fortress of Mantua, for the use of the vessels of war which are building in the Adriatic sea. On the 10th instant war was solemnly declared against England, by sound of trumpet, at the town-house at Milan.

Dieppe, Sept. 14. This morning about

eight o'clock, two English bomb-vessels, two frigates, and two smaller ships of war, appeared off our coast. The batteries of Puy, and one of the batteries of Dieppe, fired some shot at them. They answered with a dreadful fire, and discharged from two hundred and fifty to three hundred bombs, and above 400 balls, against the town, many of which flew half a mile beyond it. About thirty shot struck the houses; a shell set two houses on fire in the suburb De la Barre, and one of them was much damaged. Chimneys were knocked down, balls entered the windows and damaged the furniture, &c. We maintained, on our part, a very active fire, and the English were obliged to put out to sea. It is said that some of our balls reached them. We are in fear of another visit from them soon. Many persons have left the town and retired farther up into the country.

General Delmotte has taken the command of the marine troops at Brest.

While England is threatened with a descent from the coasts of the Channel and along Belgium, an expedition will be undertaken to Ireland from the coasts of *ci-devant* Normandy and Brittany.

Troops are drawing towards the coasts from the vicinity of Strasburg.

St. Valery, Sept. 17. An English division, consisting of six sail, appeared before St. Valery on the 14th instant; they approached within half a mile, cannon-shot, and kept up a continued fire with bombs and balls. Several of their bombs fell within the town: One fell on the top of a house, and burst with a terrible explosion. Another entered a house, and broke all the furniture and windows. The owner fortunately was absent on his duty in the service. Other balls beat down chimneys. The enemy continued a terrible fire during the space of an hour. The number of bombs and balls which they discharged is estimated at 200. The balls were many of them thirty-two pounders. Our apprehensions were the greater, as the calm weather permitted them to take good aim: suddenly, however, we perceived them make a signal to stand out to sea; fortunately they set fire to no part of the town, nor was any person wounded.

HOME NEWS.

Bristol, October 2.

THIS morning, about three o'clock, there was a terrible fire on the opposite side of Dolphin-street, a short distance from the bridge, a sugar-house, belonging to Mr. Worsley: a great quantity of sugar was saved, and taken into Bath-street, where it was guarded by the militia, although much was consumed with the inward part of the building. It is supposed the loss is about 7,000*l.* It was insured for more than 11,000*l.* It is not known at present how it happened, but reported, that the men were at work at the time. Fortunately for the inhabitants, there was no wind. The only accident that occurred was, one of the firemen had his hair burnt from his head at the time the roof fell in.

A desperate affray took place on Sunday last, about eleven o'clock, at the corner of Avon-street, Bath, between some soldiers of the army of reserve; when the watchmen interfering to restore order, several of the soldiers drew their bayonets upon them, and stabbed one of them to the heart; another watchman was severely wounded, but it is hoped not mortally. Several of the party were apprehended.

London, Oct. 3. On Friday afternoon, about three o'clock, a Swedish captain, in company with two others of his countrymen, coming down Cornhill to attend 'Change, having an umbrella over his head, was accosted by a woman with a child in her arms, who begged him to protect her from the rain for a few minutes. To this the gentleman humanely consented; and the woman, pretending that she had been travelling for several hours, and was so much exhausted as to be ready to sink with fatigue, he consented to carry the child for a few paces; pretending in the mean time to adjust part of her dress, the woman lagged behind a few paces, and contrived to give the gentleman the

flip, leaving him to provide in the best manner he could for the infant, which was about two months old.

Dublin, Oct. 3. Thomas Keenan was tried to-day on the same charges of high-treason with those who preceded him. It was proved that he was an associate of M'Intosh, and was arrested along with him in the town of Arklow, whither they had fled after the 23d of July. Fleming swore positively that he was one of those who piked lord Kilwarden. The jury, after five minutes' conference, returned a verdict—*Guilty.*

Sentence of death was immediately pronounced. The prisoner did not deny his having been engaged in the conspiracy, but positively denied having been one of the murderers of lord Kilwarden.

M'Intosh, convicted on Saturday, was this day executed in Patrick-street, opposite to the house where he had been manufacturing the powder for rebellion.

This malefactor was a Scotchman, and was brought to Ireland, being a carpenter by trade, by the person who built Sarah's bridge, to carry on that work, being very skilful in his line. He was then a remarkably quiet, well-conducted man, and afterwards was so distinguished for two or three years, in the employment of Mr. alderman Foot. It appears it was not until May last that he had been deluded from his former propriety of conduct, when he got connected with traitors.

4. A very melancholy occurrence took place on Thursday last, in the county of Cavan: as lieutenant Kerr, of the Portland yeoman infantry, was exercising his corps, a shot was discharged from the ranks, which entered his body, and he instantly fell. The astonishment produced by this dreadful circumstance may be easily conceived, as lieutenant Kerr was a gentleman much beloved by his corps, and highly re-

spected in the country. Upon an investigation, it appeared that the brother of the man who had fired this unfortunate shot had been the night before shooting wild ducks on a neighbouring lake, and that the innocent perpetrator had borrowed his musquet, and was suffered to fall into the ranks without having it properly examined. Lieut. Kerr survived but four hours. A coroner's inquest was held on the body, and, after an accurate enquiry, a verdict was found of—*Accidental Death*; in consequence of which the unhappy man who had caused it was admitted to bail.

London, Oct. 4. On Saturday morning Dennis D'Eon, a foreigner, was brought to town from Brighton, by Townshend, who apprehended him at that place, on suspicion of being a spy from the French government. The same day he was examined before Sir Richard Ford, at Whitehall, and committed to the house of correction, Cold-bath-fields. He served under Bonaparte during the late war.

A gentleman, who left Morlaix on the 27th ult. and who was at Granville when the attack was made upon that place, states, that six houses of the town were destroyed, and one gun-boat and a few small vessels sunk, and one of the inhabitants killed. There were sixteen gun-boats ready for sea, and eight more building. A considerable number of troops were likewise assembled in the neighbourhood, to be employed on the expedition.

5. On Sunday morning, early, the Borough cavalry left town for Brighton, where they have been called upon duty.

The Tower-hamlet militia have had orders to be in readiness to march, at an hour's notice, for the coast, and are in daily expectation of being sent off. When this takes place, we understand the third and fourth regiments of the Loyal London Volunteers will be ordered on duty in the city, it having fallen to their lot by ballot.

The East Kent yeoman cavalry, amounting to near 1000 men, are to assemble to-morrow at Maidstone, under the command of Earl Camden, and to continue to exercise together for a week. This body of men are as well mounted and as well disciplined as any set of volunteers in the kingdom, par-

ticularly the troop of the Earl of Darnley.

6. In the course of the last fortnight there have been upwards of 70,000 stand of arms issued from the Tower.

Knapfacks are ordered for the brigade of royal East-India volunteers with camp equipage, and every article necessary for a march. They are shortly to have a grand sham-fight at Epping Forest, previous to the real one expected on the coast. The men are all in high spirits, 'confident in arms and eager for the fray!'

The second regiment of East-India volunteers have received orders to hold themselves in readiness to march at a moment's notice.

The Bloomsbury corps have received orders to hold themselves in readiness to march, and provide themselves with knapsacks, &c.

By accounts received from Margate we understand that all the troops in the district, including the volunteers, are ordered to hold themselves in readiness to march at a moment's warning; that if the enemy should attempt a landing on this part of the coast, they will be received at the point of the bayonet. The whole coast, indeed, appears to be in a state of preparation.

7. Yesterday morning, — Thomas was executed in the Old-Baile. He had been convicted of robbing and ill-using a very old woman on the Hammersmith road. He appeared on the scaffold in a very emaciated state and had no friends to take care of his corpse.

As two sailors were travelling to the North, on Tuesday se'nnight, they took up their lodgings at Whittingham the night, and were recommended to a cottage contiguous to the great tower of the place. The evening being very warm and the wind high and boisterous, they congratulated each other that they had got in snug and safe. About 10 o'clock at night, part of the east wall of the tower gave way, and so sudden and dreadful was the fall (it being about forty feet high) that it literally crushed the roof, walls, and household furniture to atoms, and buried a woman and her child, with the two travellers, under the ruins. The cries of a girl, daughter of the poor woman, brought several

persons to the place of desolation, who immediately set to work in order to rescue the supposed dead bodies. The child was first discovered, next the mother, and lastly the two sailors, none of whom were much injured.

Woolwich, Oct. 7. Early yesterday morning a fire broke out at a gentleman's house contiguous to Woolwich Warren, on the Plumstead side, which entirely consumed the same, together with a house adjoining. Apprehension was at first entertained for this valuable military depôt, but the drum having beat to arms, and plenty of water and assistance obtained, the flames were prevented from doing further injury. We do not hear that any lives were lost, nor how the fire began. It is said that between 400*l.* and 500*l.* in bank-notes were lost.

London, Oct. 8. On Wednesday, while putting the ordnance into the Regulus block-ship, at Chatham, the sheers not being sufficiently secured, a cannon of 40 *t.* fell on two men, one of whom was instantly killed, and the other survived but a short time. Same day, in the manœuvres on the lines, the ground suddenly gave way, by which a serjeant had his thigh broke, and a private was terribly bruised, that he died the next day.

Deal, Oct. 9. By a cutter lately arrived from off Brest, we learn, that, on taking deep into that harbour, several men-of-war pennants were seen flying at the main top-mast heads; and the masts of a considerable number of shipping, supposed to be transport vessels, were distinctly observed. It is generally imagined the whole of this armament is destined for Ireland.

London, 10. Friday afternoon, a young girl, about eighteen years of age, was sitting near a fire, at work with her needle, in Whitechapel, when a spark flew upon her clothes. She perceived it, and thought she had shaken it off, but in an instant she perceived her gown in flames; she screamed, called to her mother, who came to her assistance, and endeavoured to roll her in the carpet, but in vain: in her great torture and pain she disengaged herself from her mother and ran into the street, where a man was passing at the time with a bucket, who endeavoured to extinguish the flames with it, but to no purpose;

she unfortunately continued to run down the street, and the wind continuing to raise the flames till all her clothes were entirely burnt off her, she was taken into a neighbouring house a most shocking spectacle. She still survives, but with very little hopes of recovery.

11. On Friday last a most dreadful accident happened on board the Alton West-Indiaman, in the wet docks at Blackwall: an officer of the excise having, incautiously, placed himself against a handspike left in the windlass, the pall of the latter gave way, by which he received a violent blow, was thrown down the fore hatchway into the ship's hold, and killed on the spot. Several merchants, who witnessed the misfortune, have humanely entered into a subscription for the deceased's family, which consists of his widow and several small children. On Saturday, also, a labourer belonging to the Docks fell from the foot-way on the outer-gate into the basin, where he remained near twenty minutes before he was taken out; the different means recommended for the restoration of drowned persons were used, but every effort to recover him proved ineffectual.

Dover, Oct. 12. The York, of 64 guns, came to anchor in the road last night. She is bound to Dungeness, where she is to be stationed as a block-ship. From the hills of Dover there were seen this day, about twelve, an English frigate, two gun vessels, and several cutters, lying to off Point Dalpre. The report here is, that another attack will be shortly made on Boulogne. At the block-houses situated on Dover-cliffs, the centinels have orders to parade the works night and day. This was a late order, and arising, it is said, from advices received on this side the water, that on the opposite coast the French were all in motion. Not a gun heard this day in any direction.

London, Oct. 13. Yesterday afternoon, at three o'clock, the Clerkenwell corps mustered at their parade ground, and proceeded from thence to the great field, near White-Conduit house, for the purpose of going through their evolutions. Having reached the spot, the commander, Francis Magniac, esq. was about to form the line, when his horse took fright, and plunged so desperately,

that he threw his rider to the ground; by which accident, unfortunately, his right shoulder was dislocated. The physician and surgeon of the corps being present, hastened to his assistance, and having replaced his shoulder, bled him, and led him carefully off the ground.

19. On Sunday afternoon, a Gravesend boat coming up the river under full sail, and with a fresh breeze of wind westerly, came inside the tier, off the jutting of the London docks. Going at the rate of seven or eight miles an hour, small boats had hardly a chance of getting out of her way; and one wherry, in which were two gentlemen and the waterman, was literally run over by her. The waterman got on board the Gravesend boat, and one gentleman (captain St. Barbe, of Ratcliff) was enabled, from his situation, to snatch hold of a rope under the bow-sprit, which he held fast, and was carried on with the vessel, hanging partly in the water; but the other passenger (a Mr. Marten, of America-square) was sunk with the wherry, and the Gravesend boat went over both. In a short time he rose, swam towards a passing lighter, and was providentially enabled to hold on by the oar of the lighter till a wherry, which had put off from the stairs to take captain St. Barbe from his perilous situation, came also to his rescue. We are happy to state that the gentlemen are well, except that Mr. Marten has both his legs bruised, and has received a severe blow on his head, supposed to be against the Gravesend boat's bottom when rising the first time after his being run down, and by which he was sunk again.

BIRTHS.

Sept. 16. In Coppice-row, Cold-bath-fields, Mrs. Ann Turner, wife of James Turner, junior, of a daughter.

25. At his house, in Portman-square, the lady of col. Beaumont, M. P. of a daughter.

26. At Cheshunt, the lady of John Dunkin, esq. of a daughter.

Oct. 2. At Wimbledon, at the hon. J. S. Wortley's, the right hon. lady Lovaine, of a son.

3. At his house, in Bloomsbury-square, the lady of Charles Badham, M. D. of a daughter.

6. The lady of Richard Toulmin, esq. of Surrey-street, of a daughter.

8. In Great James-street, the lady of W. Money, esq. of a son.

9. At Gainford, county of Durham, the lady of capt. Byron, of the royal navy, of a son.

10. At Mr. Ashley's town residence in Grosvenor-square, lady Ann Ashley, of a son.

At Redburn, Herts, of a son and heiress the lady of James Kelly, esq.

11. At his house, in York-building, the lady of capt. Philip Codd, of a daughter.

At Botley, the lady of sir Joseph Mawbey, bart. of a daughter, which died soon after its birth.

MARRIAGES.

Sept. 20. At Dunottar-house, Alexander Hadden, esq. of Nottingham, to miss Ann Innes, daughter of the late Alexander Innes, esq. of Cowie, Kinross-shire.

At Edinburgh, David Kemp, esq. son of the rev. Dr. Kemp, to miss Colquhoun, eldest daughter of sir James Colquhoun, of Lufs, bart.

23. At Chidcock, near Bridport, Dorset, the rev. Gilbert Langdon, to miss Fitzherbert.

28. Hope Stewart, esq. of Ballechin, to miss Louisa Morley, second daughter of the late James Morley, esq.

William Sampson, esq. of London, to miss Harriet Stelbank, of Ramsgate.

29. Wm. Lowndes, jun. esq. of Chesham, Bucks, to miss Harriet Kingston, second daughter of John Kingston, esq. of Basing-house, Rickmansworth.

Richard Wood, esq. of Manchester, to miss Nicholson, of Dudcote, Berks.

Oct. 1. J. Atkins, esq. M. P. of Charlton, to miss Burnaby, only daughter of the rev. Dr. Burnaby, of Greenwich.

Captain William Mitchell, of the ship Mars, to miss Stanley, of Greenwich.

3. John Fox Seaton, esq. of Pontefract, to miss Brown, daughter of Thomas Brown, esq. of Upper Tooting.

At Houghton-le-Spring, the rev. F. Reed, to miss Mary Ann Story.

Mr. Tho. Walker, of Low Fotherley, to miss Thomson, niece of captain Gibson, of Oakwood.

6. Dr. Hugh Macpherson, physician in Aberdeen, to miss Charters, eldest

daughter of the late S. Charters, esq. of the hon. East-India company's service.

At Worcester, captain Marcus J. Annesley, nephew to the right hon. Richard Earl Annesley, to miss Caroline Smith.

Thomas James Riley, esq. of the General Post-office, London, to miss Mary Ann Gallop, of Bow-lane, Cheapside.

Mr. S. Sotheby, of York-street, Covent-garden, to miss Harriet Barton, of the Isle of Wight.

8. Thomas Campbell, esq. author of 'The Pleasures of Hope,' to miss Matilda Sinclair, daughter of R. Sinclair, esq. of Park-street.

9. W. Leedle, esq. of Holles-street, to miss E. Andrews, of Gray's-inn-lane.

10. In the island of Guernsey, John Cameron, esq. major in his majesty's 43d light infantry regiment, to miss A. Brock, niece of admiral sir Jas. Saumarez, bart.

11. At Broughton, Jonathan Rashleigh, esq. of Hatton-garden, to miss Bealy, of Alresford, Hants.

14. William Browne, esq. of Tallentyre-hall, to miss Catherine Stewart, daughter of the late William Stewart, esq. of Castle-Stewart.

16. John Carter, esq. of Hamworthy, Dorsetshire, to miss Snork, of Poole.

18. At St. Pancras' church, London, W. N. Skinner, esq. to miss Parslow, only daughter of the late major Parslow, of the 3d or king's regiment of dragoons.

DEATHS.

Sept. 23. Miss Catherine Cornelia Mayers, youngest daughter of Mrs. Mayers, of Claybrook-house boarding-school, Fulham, aged 19, of a pleurisy.

At his mother's house, Clapham, Surrey, Honorius Combauld, esq.

At Rotherhithe, lieutenant John Griffith, of the royal navy, aged 67.

24. Mrs. Cock, of York-street, Westminster, in the 36th year of her age.

28. At her brother's house, at Walthamstow, miss Mary Bruckshaw.

Mrs. Armstrong, wife of F. Armstrong, esq. of Walcot-place, Lambeth.

At Kingsbury-cliff, Warwickshire, Mrs. Willoughby, wife of Robert Willoughby, esq.

Mr. John Robertson, formerly an eminent apothecary in Bishopsgate-street.

29. At Fort William, Mr. Alexander McIntyre, merchant there.

At Horndean, aged 84, colonel Monro, of the royal marines.

At Turnham-green, in the 83d year of his age, Ralph Griffiths, esq. LL. D.

In the 9th year of her age, the eldest daughter of the rev. Geo. Hodgkins, of Stoke Newington.

Mrs. Slaughter, wife of Mr. William Slaughter, of St. Martin's-lane.

Mr. Thomas Taylor Yoxall, of Griffin's-wharf, Southwark.

Oct. 1. At Barrogil-castle, of a fever, the right hon. lady Helen Sinclair, second daughter of the earl of Caithness.

3. At Watford, Herts, in the 70th year of her age, Mrs. Newman, sister to the late Mr. alderman Newman.

Everhard Fawkener, esq. one of the commissioners of stamps, at his seat at Mistle, near Manningtree, in Essex.

Miss Caroline Harford, daughter of Mr. Harford, Clapham-common, Surrey.

At Guernsey, captain John Tew, of the fifth regiment of foot.

At Maidenhead, on his return to his house at Chertsey, R. Douglas, esq. of Mains.

5. At Islington, Mr. James Wilson, formerly a seedsman in West-Smithfield.

Mrs. Wright, wife of Mr. Wright, of Wild-court, Lincoln's-inn-fields, book-binder.

At Sutton, Lincolnshire, the rev. Timothy Mangles.

6. At Epsom, Surrey, aged 98, Mrs. Nicholls, relict of Dr. Frank Nicholls, mother of John Nicholls, esq. late M. P. and daughter of the late Dr. Mead.

Near Cadleigh, Devon, Mr. J. Pearce, aged 90. In a concealed part of the house were found six thousand guineas and half-guineas, to the joy of his executors. He always pleaded want of money.

7. At Allan, Roxshire, Mrs. Monro.

8. Was interred, in St. George's-chapel, Windsor, in the grave with her beloved husband, the hon. Anne Brudenell, relict of the hon. colonel Robert Brudenell, and one of the bedchamber-women to her majesty.

At Clapham-common, in the 83d year of her age, Mrs. Elizabeth Milward, relict of the late Mr. William Milward.

At her house, in Bath, Mrs. Porter Walch, relict of the late P. Walch, esq.

10. Mrs. Curren, wife of Thomas Curren, esq. of Ormiston.

11. In the 67th year of her age, Mrs. Jacob, of Chapel-row, Little Chelsea.

12. William Smith, esq. of Bryanstone-street, treasurer of the ordnance.

THE
LADY'S MAGAZINE,

OR
ENTERTAINING COMPANION

FOR
THE FAIR SEX;

APPROPRIATED
SOLELY TO THEIR USE AND AMUSEMENT.

FOR NOVEMBER, 1803.

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This Number is embellished with the following Copper-plates:

- 1 SECANDER AND NOURIMA.
- 2 For the MORAL ZOOLOGIST—INDIAN SHRIKE.
- 3 An elegantly-coloured PARIS DRESS.
- 4 A new and elegant PATTERN for a GOWN, CAP, or APRON, &c.
- 5 MUSIC—A HINT FOR BRITAIN: the Words and Music by W. BARRE.

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Where Favours from Correspondents continue to be received.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

The conclusion of the Drama of *Matilda* will be given in our next.

We shall be extremely obliged to A. F. for the Novel she offers, entitled *The Highland Hermitage*: her letter had been overlooked; but an answer has been returned, addressed as she requested.

The Lines written during a Visit in the Country are intended for insertion.

Moral Reflections on a Morning's Walk late in October, in our next.

The Excursion to Birchington—D. W.'s Contribution—Ballad, and Ode of Anacreon, by J. W. V.—To a First Consul—and J. W.'s Ex-tempore Acrostic—are received, and will be attended to.

Engraved for the Lady's Magazine.



Scander and Nourima.

THE
LADY'S MAGAZINE,

For NOVEMBER, 1803.

SECANDER AND NOURIMA;

AN EASTERN TALE.

(With an elegant Engraving.)

THE reputation of the opulent merchant Haleb, for integrity and punctuality in his dealings, and the great wealth he had acquired by the most honourable means, was diffused through the rich province of Erivan, in which he resided, and conveyed by the caravans of traffic to all the great marts of commerce in the east and in the west. The bounty of Providence had bestowed on his probity a reward far greater than riches, in the domestic happiness which he enjoyed with his beloved wife, Zeita, and his daughter, Nourima. Nourima was beautiful as the rising morning, and mild and gentle as the decline of day. Her filial affection was the spring of all her actions; and to be certain that she gave happiness to her father was the greatest joy she could know.

Sahal, a brave and successful general of Almamun, the caliph of Bagdad; had chanced to have some intercourse with Haleb, for the purchase of certain valuable commodities which the latter had procured from India. In the course of this transaction, it happened that Sahal accidentally obtained a sight of Nourima. Her beauty made an impression on him that he had never before experienced, and his growing passion was still more excited by the

praises which, on enquiry, he heard continually bestowed on her virtue and her prudence. He avowed to Haleb the affection he had conceived for his daughter, and solicited her hand in marriage. The merchant found no objection to the offer; it appeared, in fact, highly flattering to him, for Sahal was in great favour with the caliph, and riches and honours were at his disposal. Nourima, at her first interview with him, was as much prepossessed in his favour for his personal qualities, as her father had been from mature consideration of the advantages which might be expected from such an union.

At the moment when the consent of Haleb and his daughter was obtained, and preparations were making for the intended marriage, Sahal received a message from court, requiring his immediate attendance on the caliph, to give his advice on certain affairs of the utmost emergency. Sahal instantly hastened to Bagdad, leaving his friend and confidant, Secander, to conduct Nourima, by easy journeys, to the capital, where he proposed to celebrate his nuptials with a splendor suitable to his rank.

Secander was a brave officer, who had owed his promotion in the ar-

mies of the caliph to the patronage and recommendation of Sahal, whose life he had saved in battle. The gratitude of Sahal appeared to know no bounds, and on all occasions he conferred on Secander every favour it was in his power to bestow; and the fidelity of Secander to his benefactor had ever been found by Sahal to equal his own generosity. He possessed an excellent understanding, and had constantly manifested a high sense of honour, and the strictest integrity.

But the charms of Nourima, whom Secander, in consequence of the trust reposed in him, had frequent opportunities of beholding, inflamed his passions, and overpowered his reason. Unmindful at once of honour, gratitude, and friendship, he revolved in his mind by what means he might gratify his wild desires; and, when they had proceeded to a considerable distance from the residence of Haleb, on their journey towards Bagdad, he contrived to lead Nourima into a solitary place, at a distance from the rest of the escort and attendants, where, in language bordering on insanity, he disclosed to her his frantic passion:—‘Forget Sahal,’ said he, ‘and let me succeed him in your heart. There is a rebellion against the caliph, so formidable that it must overturn his throne. Fly with me—I shall be received with open arms by the insurgents—they shall owe victory to me—all the honours of the empire will be at my disposal, and you shall share my fortune.’

Nourima replied, with indignant scorn, ‘Though I were as certain of obtaining all the power and honours you so absurdly offer me, as I am convinced that what you say is false, I would preserve my fidelity to Sahal, by whom you have so perfidiously acted: I would prefer beggary, or even chains and

death, with him, to a throne with you.’

‘Go with me,’ exclaimed he, fiercely, and drawing a dagger, while his eyes flashed with ungovernable frenzy, ‘go with me, or thou diest!’

The beautiful Nourima, sensible that no deliverer was near, fainted and sank, deprived of sense and motion, at his feet.

At the same moment, a dreadful burst of thunder seemed to rend the elements, and a resplendent form, bright as the meridian sun, appeared to the eyes of the astonished Secander.

‘Erring mortal,’ said the genius, ‘adore the mercies of Heaven. Because thy former life has been virtuous and just, I am sent to rebuke and restrain thy madness, now that the powers of evil have gained an ascendancy over thee. Precipitate not thyself into irretrievable misery for the gratification of a base and wretched passion. Recollect how much you are indebted to your benefactor, and the praises which have hitherto been universally bestowed on your gratitude and fidelity. Reflect with horror on the crime you are about to commit, and desist,—and repent ere it be too late.’

The genius disappeared; and Secander, overwhelmed with astonishment and contrition, raised and recovered the terrified and distressed Nourima. In silence he conducted her safely to Sahal, to whom he confessed the base purpose he had entertained, and related all that had happened. ‘I come,’ said he, ‘to offer you my life, as an atonement for my folly and crime. Take it—I shall willingly resign it—I have deserved to die.’

Sahal listened to his narrative with the greatest emotion, and extreme astonishment.—When he had sufficiently recovered himself

to speak, he answered:—‘We are all liable to folly, and all may incur guilt. Can I condemn where Heaven has more than pardoned, by preventing the crime? Live, Secander, and let the generous acts of your life surpass, if possible, those you have already performed, and thus efface the memory of your having once for a moment strayed from the path of honour and virtue.’

Sahal and Nourima were married, and passed the remainder of their lives in that happiness which mutual affection bestows. Sahal, soon after his marriage, headed the troops of the caliph against a numerous body of rebels, whom he completely defeated, and returned home crowned with victory and glory. In this expedition Secander again fought by his side, and again preserved his life, but with the loss of his own. He fell, and his death proved the sincerity of his repentance, and atoned for the crime, he had meditated in the frenzy of passion.

PARISIAN FASHIONS.

(With an Engraving, elegantly coloured.)

STRAW hats trimmed, as in *the plate*, are still much worn with an undress. Under the white straw hat a small cap is usually seen. The ribands now in vogue are of taffety, of five or six colours, both spotted and striped. We see some hats made entirely of these ribands.

Head-dresses in hair are at present the only ones for a full dress: they are usually ornamented with pearls, or a comb enriched with engraved stones. The flower of the moment is the rose-coloured poppy, of which are formed diadems.—The *ficbus* crossed over the bosom are almost general. They are worn of silk, of

different reds, and with a worked border of a strong bright colour.

The robes are either of black crape, which is common, or, in full dress, of amaranth-crape, spangled with golden stars. Rose-colour is at present a very fashionable colour; amaranth and lilac are likewise fashionable colours. For the Cashmere shawls, amaranth and jonquil are the prevailing colours.

The bags called *ridicules* are very plain, and become rare. Even in an undress, a handkerchief must supply the place of the bag. In one corner the money is put, and a knot made; the other corner is passed through the ring of the keys, and another knot made. This is inconvenient, but such is the dictate of fashion.

LONDON FASHIONS.

Full and Walking Dresses.

DRESS of plain or sprigged muslin, the front quite plain and drawn round the bosom, the sleeves short with alternate stripes of lace and muslin, the train very long and trimmed round with vandyke. A round turban of white satin, ornamented with white ostrich feathers. Swansdown tippet.

A short round dress of cambric muslin. A pelice of green velvet, trimmed all round with black lace. A bonnet of the same, with a green ostrich feather.

Promenade Dresses.

Plain dress of white or coloured muslin, with long sleeves. A cloak of blue velvet, lined with yellow silk, and trimmed all round with deep black lace. A bonnet of blue velvet, covered with lace.

A short walking dress of thick muslin. A military spencer of purple velvet, trimmed with silk cord.

Purple velvet bonnet, ornamented with a white ostrich feather.

Head Dress.

A cap of sprigged muslin, with a piece of deep lace let in round the front; a deep lace border.

A close morning bonnet of black or coloured velvet.

A cap of white lace, with a bow of narrow white riband on the right side.

A hat of black velvet, the crown flat, with a twist of velvet and silk cord round it, the front turned up and ornamented with black feathers.

A turban of white satin and crape; white ostrich feathers.

The military or helmet hat, made of willow or catgut, with a military feather over the crown.

A green velvet bonnet, the crown full, the front small and turned up; a white ostrich feather in front.

A hat of white satin, quilted all over to form diamonds; a white feather.

General Observations.

Cloaks have now wholly disappeared, and given place to spencers of every description, but the most fashionable is the military spencer made of velvet; a few pelices have likewise appeared. Long sleeves of white satin, embroidered or spangled, or of white lace, are much worn in full dress. The most favourite colours are blue, pink, green, purple, and yellow.

SIGNE AND HAVOR;

A GOTHIC ROMANCE.

(Continued from p. 512.)

HAVOR, as soon as he had committed to the earth the remains of his father and his brother, set sail for Zealand, where his ship arrived before the rest of the fleet, and he

immediately landed, with only three attendants. As he rightly judged that Hildegisle had already brought to Sigarstadt intelligence of what had happened, and perhaps a partial or false account, he resolved to disguise himself, that he might not be exposed to any unnecessary danger, and yet enjoy the pleasure of embracing his Signe, declaring to her the truth, and conferring with her on the manner in which he ought to act. He, therefore, when he approached the royal residence of Sigar, assumed the habit of the Skioldmoer*, as did also Asmund, and his two other companions. Impelled by love, he soon arrived at the gates of Sigarstadt, where, when questioned by the sentinels, he answered—‘I am a Skioldmoer, sent by Hakon, and bring good tidings from him, and from Alger and Belvise.’—‘Go then,’ said the sentinel, ‘to the apartments of Signe; she receives with kindness and hospitably entertains all such brave maidens.’

Habor entered the chamber of Signe at the moment she reclined her head on the bosom of Svanhild, and stood locked in her embrace. By the glimmering of a feeble lamp he viewed, motionless with joy, the object of his ardent affection. Signe raised her head; her countenance expressed a noble sorrow; her golden locks floated around her neck in pleasing disorder, for the veil which had covered them had fallen, and her snow-white robe displayed the elegant proportion of her beautiful person. Habor, to disguise himself, had tinged his hair and eye-brows black; but what can elude the eagle-eye of love? In an instant the fire of joy and hope sparkled in the eyes of Signe, and crimsoned her cheeks. She threw herself into the arms of

* Warlike maidens, attendants at the courts of the ancient northern heroes, who bore shields and arms, followed the armies, and occasionally carried dispatches as couriers.

Habor, and embraced him as closely as the ivy clasps the oak—'Habor!' she exclaimed—'Signe!' answered he:—more could neither utter. They stood motionless, like marble statues. Attentive only to each other, the rest of the world disappeared to their eyes. Overpowered, at length, by her tumultuous sensations, Signe sank and fainted; and with difficulty was restored to perception by the affectionate attention of Svanhild. Then were again repeated the ardent embraces of the happy lovers; till, at length, these extreme emotions subsiding, memory and reason resumed their sway. Signe replaced her veil; and Habor recollected that his three companions still stood without. They were immediately introduced; and when their feet had been washed, and they had taken refreshment, they were conducted to the apartments in which they were to repose. Gunvor washed the feet and hands of Habor, and was surprised to find them so rough and hard. Habor observed to her, that Hakon spared his shield-bearing maidens as little as his warriors; and that he required they should follow him wherever he went. This only increased the suspicion of Gunvor, which was still more confirmed by the voice of Habor.—'You are not a woman,' said she to herself; and at the same moment, casting a glance at Signe, as she looked on Habor, she perceived her eyes sparkle with joy. Immediately she turned to Habor, and saw in his countenance a corresponding expression of pleasure.—'It is Habor!' instantly thought she. She asked Signe where the stranger should pass the night.—'In the chamber adjoining to mine,' answered Signe. Habor now arose and walked; and Gunvor then recognised him perfectly.—'Gold,' said she to herself, 'must be the reward of this

discovery;' and her countenance brightened with a base and selfish joy.

She now went to Svanhild, and, exulting in her penetration, could not refrain from intimating what she had observed.—'This woman,' said she, 'is very masculine. I could almost suspect her to be a man in female attire.'

Svanhild could no longer preserve her usual mildness, for she was alarmed at the danger which seemed to menace her friend:—'Make no observations, Gunvor,' said she, 'on things which do not concern you, but silently obey the commands you receive.'

'This unusual haughtiness,' said Gunvor to herself, 'shall cost thee dear. I shall soon enjoy the pleasure of revenge.'—She, however, assumed the appearance of complacency and satisfaction both towards Svanhild and Signe. She took the shield and sword of Habor—'I will remove these,' said she, 'into the closet; they are too heavy for you to carry about continually.' Signe and Habor did not attempt to prevent her, for they had full confidence in her.

Gunvor now left them, Svanhild went into the adjoining chamber, and the two lovers remained alone. Signe then related to Habor all that had occurred.

'Do you believe me guilty?' said he.

'No, Habor,' replied she, 'my heart tells me that thou art innocent. He whom I love cannot act basely and unworthily of himself and me.'

Habor then gave a true and circumstantial relation of the mournful events that had happened.

'Alf sought his own death,' said Signe; 'but thy life, brave hero, is in danger.'

'My life! let it be so! But,' said he, throwing his arms affectionately round her, 'if I lose it, if I

become the victim of Bera's implacable rage and cruel revenge, what will then my Signe do ?'

'Die, die with thee ; thou art my life, thy death is my death. Pleasure would it be to me to live with thee in a desert ; pleasure will it be to die with thee. Together will we pass the threshold of Valhalla ; our love shall be renewed in the hall of Freya. I call ye to witness my vow, ye awful goddesses of death, who dwell in the regions beneath :—The moment which ends the life of Habor shall also end mine !'

She threw her arms around his neck, while her attitude and her eyes spoke still more expressively than her lips. Habor embraced her with his nervous arm ; he pressed her to his bosom with all his force, and Signe felt it not.—'O, celestial love ! divine constancy !' exclaimed he : 'pleasure will it be to die—to die with thee !—but greater pleasure is it thus to gaze upon thee.'—Tears gushed from his eyes, mingled tears of joy and sorrow ;—and Signe drank them in. Tears likewise Signe shed, and Habor drank them in. Long they remained silent ; at length, Signe said :

'Shouldst thou, in whom alone I live, be condemned to death, the cruel sentence will be immediately executed ; and how shall I know the hour ?'

'I will direct Asmund, my faithful Asmund,' said Habor, 'to conceal himself in the grove, near the place of judgment : and, if I am condemned, he shall display the fatal ensign, the red banner, within view of your apartment.'

Immediately Habor started up,

and went to awaken Asmund ; but he found him still awake.

'Why canst thou not sleep, faithful Asmund ?' said Habor.

'The danger of my friend,' answered Asmund, 'disturbs my mind, and dispels sleep.'

'And dost thou not think of thy own danger ?'

'I heed not my own life ; my friend alone occupies my thoughts.'

Habor then told him what had been agreed on between him and Signe. Asmund immediately rose, and went out to conceal himself in the grove, to wait and observe the event.

Habor then returned to Signe. 'My heart,' said she, 'is exceedingly heavy : Heaven grant that nothing worse than death may await us.'

'What can you mean ?' said Habor.

'That we may be separated, and yet live.'

'Dearest Signe, should we even be so separated that no hope shall remain of our meeting again, death is every-where to be found.'

'Death, indeed, is every-where to be found ; and who shall prevent our meeting in the hall of Freya ?'

'But, dearest Signe ! should we be surprised here with each other, will not the censorious world condemn us ?—Night, love, no witness—'

'Bolvife, at least, will, no doubt, so judge : but I am already thy wife : my heart is thine.'

'The purity of our love, we must, however, remember, cannot be conceived by the multitude.'

(To be concluded in our next.)

On the PERSONALITY of the DEITY.

[From Paley's 'Natural Theology.']

THE great *energies* of nature are known to us only by their effects. The substances which produce them are as much concealed from our senses as the divine essence itself. *Gravitation*, though constantly present, though constantly exerting its influence, though every where around us, near us, and within us; though diffused throughout all space, and penetrating the texture of all bodies with which we are acquainted, depends, if upon a fluid, upon a fluid, which, though both powerful and universal in its operation, is no object of sense to us; if upon any other kind of substance or action, upon a substance and action from which we receive no distinguishable impressions. Is it then to be wondered at, that it should, in some measure, be the same with the divine nature?

Of this however we are certain, that, whatever the Deity be, neither the *universe*, nor any part of it which we see, can be he. The universe itself is merely a collective name: its parts are all which are real; or which are *things*. Now inert matter is out of the question; and organized substances include marks of contrivance. But whatever includes marks of contrivance, whatever, in its constitution, testifies design, necessarily carries us to something beyond itself, to some other being, to a designer prior to, and out of, itself. No animal, for instance, can have contrived its own limbs and senses; can have been the author to itself of the design with which they were constructed. That supposition involves all the absurdity of self-creation, i. e. of acting without existing. Nothing can be God which is ordered by a wisdom and a will, which itself is

void of; which is indebted for any of its properties to contrivance *ab extra*. The *not* having that in his nature which requires the exertion of another prior being (which property is sometimes called self-sufficiency, and sometimes self-comprehension), appertains to the Deity, as his essential distinction, and removes his nature from that of all things which we see. Which consideration contains the answer to a question that has sometimes been asked, namely, Why, since something or other must have existed from eternity, may not the present universe be that something? The contrivance, perceived in it, proves that to be impossible. Nothing contrived can, in a strict and proper sense, be eternal, forasmuch as the contriver must have existed before the contrivance.

Wherever we see marks of contrivance, we are led for its cause to an *intelligent* author. And this transition of the understanding is founded upon uniform experience. We see intelligence constantly contriving, that is, we see intelligence constantly producing effects, marked and distinguished by certain properties; not certain particular properties, but by a kind and class of properties, such as relation to an end, relation of parts to one another, and to a common purpose. We see, wherever we are witnesses to the actual formation of things, nothing except intelligence producing effects so marked and distinguished. Furnished with this experience, we view the productions of nature. We observe *them* also marked and distinguished in the same manner. We wish to account for their origin. Our experience suggests a cause perfectly adequate to this account. No experience, no single instance or example, can be offered in favour of any other. In this cause therefore we ought to

rest: in this cause the common sense of mankind has in fact rested, because it agrees with that, which, in all cases, is the foundation of knowledge, the undeviating course of their experience. The reasoning is the same as that by which we conclude any antient appearances to have been the effects of volcanos or inundations; namely, because they resemble the effects which fire and water produce before our eyes; and because we have never known these effects to result from any other operation. And this resemblance may subsist in so many circumstances as not to leave us under the smallest doubt in forming our opinion. Men are not deceived by this reasoning; for whenever it happens, as it sometimes does happen, that the truth comes to be known by direct information, it turns out to be what was expected. In like manner, and upon the same foundation (which in truth is that of experience), we conclude that the works of nature proceed from intelligence and design, because, in the properties of relation to a purpose, subserviency to an use, they resemble what intelligence and design are constantly producing, and what nothing except intelligence and design ever produce at all. Of every argument which would raise a question as to the safety of this reasoning, it may be observed, that if such argument be listened to, it leads to the inference, not only that the present order of nature is insufficient to prove the existence of an intelligent Creator, but that no imaginable order would be sufficient to prove it; that *no* contrivance, were it ever so mechanical, ever so precise, ever so clear, ever so perfectly like those which we ourselves employ, would support this conclusion. A doctrine, to which, I conceive, no sound mind can assent.

The force however of the rea-

soning is sometimes sunk by our taking up with mere names. We have already noticed, and we must here notice again, the misapplication of the term 'law,' and the mistake concerning the idea which that term expresses in physics, whenever such idea is made to take the place of power, and still more of an intelligent power, and, as such, to be assigned for the cause of any thing, or of any property of any things, that exists. This is what we are secretly apt to do when we speak of organized bodies (plants, for instance, or animals), owing their production, their form, their growth, their qualities, their beauty, their use, to any law or laws of nature: and when we are contented to sit down with that answer to our enquiries concerning them. I say once more, that it is a perversion of language to assign any law, as the efficient, operative, cause of any thing. A law presupposes an agent, for it is only the mode according to which an agent proceeds; it implies a power, for it is the order according to which that power acts. Without this agent, without this power, which are both distinct from itself, the 'law' does nothing; is nothing.

What has been said concerning 'law,' holds true of *mechanism*. Mechanism is not itself power. Mechanism, without power, can do nothing. Let a watch be contrived and constructed ever so ingeniously; be its parts ever so many, ever so complicated, ever so finely wrought or artificially put together, it cannot go without a weight or spring, i. e. without a force independent of, and ulterior to, its mechanism. The spring acting at the centre will produce different motions and different results, according to the variety of the intermediate mechanism. One and the self-same spring, acting in one and the same manner, viz. by simply expanding

itself, may be the cause of a hundred different and all useful movements, if a hundred different and well-devised sets of wheels be placed between it and the final effect, e. g. may point out the hour of the day, the day of the month, the age of the moon, the position of the planets, the cycle of the years, and many other serviceable notices; and these movements may fulfil their purposes with more or less perfection, according as the mechanism is better or worse contrived, or better or worse executed, or in a better or worse state of repair: *but in all cases, it is necessary that the spring act at the centre.* The course of our reasoning upon such a subject would be this. By inspecting the watch, even when standing still, we get a proof of contrivance, and of a contriving mind, having been employed about it. In the form and obvious relation of its parts we see enough to convince us of this. If we pull the works in pieces, for the purpose of a closer examination, we are still more fully convinced. But, when we see the watch *going*, we see proof of another point, viz. that there is a power somewhere, and somehow or other, applied to it; a power in action; that there is more in the subject than the mere wheels of the machine; that there is a secret spring or a gravitating plummet; in a word, that there is force and energy, as well as mechanism.

So then, the watch in motion establishes to the observer two conclusions: one; that thought, contrivance, and design, have been employed in the forming, proportioning, and arranging of its parts; and that, whoever or wherever he be, or were, such a contriver there is; or was: the other; that force or power, distinct from mechanism, is, at this present time, acting upon it. If I saw a hand-mill even at rest, I should see contrivance; but, if I

saw it grinding, I should be assured that a hand was at the windlass, though in another room. It is the same in nature. In the works of nature we trace mechanism; and this alone proves contrivance: but living, active, moving, productive nature, proves also the exertion of a power at the centre; for, wherever the power resides may be denominated the centre.

The intervention and disposition of what are called '*second causes*,' fall under the same observation. This disposition is or is not mechanism, according as we can or cannot trace it by our senses, and means of examination. That is all the difference there is; and it is a difference which respects our faculties, not the things themselves. Now where the order of second causes is mechanical, what is here said of mechanism strictly applies to it. But it would be always mechanism (natural chemistry, for instance, would be mechanism) if our senses were acute enough to descry it. Neither mechanism, therefore, in the works of nature, nor the intervention of what are called second causes (for I think that they are the same thing), excuses the necessity of an agent distinct from both.

If, in tracing these causes, it be said, that we find certain general properties of matter, which have nothing in them that bespeaks intelligence, I answer, that, still the *managing* of these properties, the pointing and directing them to the uses which we see made of them, demands intelligence in the highest degree. For example, suppose animal secretions to be elective attractions, and that such and such attractions universally belong to such and such substances; in all which there is no intellect concerned; still the choice and collocation of these substances, the fixing upon right substances, and disposing them in right

places, must be an act of intelligence. What mischief would follow, were there a single transposition of the secretory organs; a single mistake in arranging the glands which compose them?

There may be many second causes, and many courses of second causes, one behind another, between what we observe of nature and the Deity; but there must be intelligence somewhere; there must be more in nature than what we see; and, amongst the things unseen, there must be an intelligent, designing, author. The philosopher beholds with astonishment the production of things around him. Unconscious particles of matter take their stations, and severally range themselves in an order, so as to become collectively plants or animals, i. e. organized bodies, with parts bearing strict and evident relation to one another, and to the utility of the whole: and it should seem that these particles could not move in any other way than as they do; for they testify not the smallest sign of choice, or liberty, or discretion. There may be particular intelligent beings, guiding these motions in each case; or they may be the result of trains of mechanical dispositions, fixed beforehand by an intelligent appointment, and kept in action by a power at the centre. But, in either case, there must be intelligence.

The minds of most men are fond of what they call a *principle*, and of the appearance of simplicity, in accounting for phænomena. Yet this principle, this simplicity, resides merely in the *name*; which name, after all, comprises, perhaps, under it a diversified, multifarious, or progressive operation, distinguishable into parts. The power in organized bodies of producing bodies like themselves, is one of these principles. Give a philosopher this, and he can get on. But he does

not reflect what this principle (if such he choose to call it), what this mode of production, requires; how much it presupposes; what an apparatus of instruments some of which are strictly mechanical, is necessary to its success; what a train it includes of operations and changes, one succeeding another, one related to another, one ministering to another; all advancing, by intermediate, and, frequently, by sensible steps, to their ultimate result. Yet, because the whole of this complicated action is wrapped up in a single term, *generation*, we are to set it down as an elementary principle; and to suppose, that, when we have resolved the things which we see into this principle, we have sufficiently accounted for their origin, without the necessity of a designing, intelligent, Creator. The truth is, *generation* is not a principle but a *process*. We might as well call the casting of metals a principle: we might, so far as appears to me, as well call spinning and weaving principles: and then, referring the texture of cloths, the fabric of muslins and calicoes, the patterns of diapers and damasks, to these as principles, pretend to dispense with intention, thought, and contrivance, on the part of the artist; or to dispense, indeed, with the necessity of any artist at all, either in the manufactory of the article, or in the fabrication of the machinery by which the manufactory was carried on.

And, after all, how, or in what sense, is it true, that animals produce their *like*? A butterfly, with a proboscis instead of a mouth, with four wings and six legs, produces a hairy caterpillar, with jaws and teeth, and fourteen feet. A frog produces a tadpole. A black beetle, with gauze wings and a crusty covering, produces a white, smooth, soft, worm; an ephemeron fly, a cod-bait maggot. These, by a pro-

gress through different stages of life, and action, and enjoyment, (and, in each state, provided with implements and organs appropriated to the temporary nature which they bear,) arrive at last at the form and fashion of the parent animal. But all this is process, not principle; and proves, moreover, that the property of animated bodies of producing their like belongs to them, not as a primordial property, not by any blind necessity in the nature of things, but as the effect of œconomy, wisdom, and design; because the property itself assumes diversities, and submits to deviations, dictated by intelligible utilities, and serving distinct purposes of animal happiness.

The opinion which would consider 'generation' as a *principle* in nature, and which would assign this principle as the cause, or endeavour to satisfy our minds with such a cause, of the existence of organized bodies, is confuted, in my judgment, not only by every mark of contrivance discoverable in those bodies, for which it gives us no contriver, offers no account, whatever; but also by the further consideration, that things generated possess a clear relation to things *not* generated. If it were merely one part of a generated body bearing a relation to another part of the same body, as the mouth of an animal to the throat, the throat to the stomach, the stomach to the intestines, those to the recruiting of the blood, and, by means of the blood, to the nourishment of the whole frame: or if it were only one generated body bearing a relation to another generated body, as the sexes of the same species to each other, animals of prey to their prey, herbivorous and granivorous animals to the plants or feeds upon which they feed, it might be contended, that the whole of this correspondency was attributable to generation, the common origin from

which these substances proceeded. But what shall we say to agreements which exist between things generated and things *not* generated? Can it be doubted, was it ever doubted, but that the *lungs* of animals bear a relation to the *air*, as a permanently elastic fluid? They act in it and by it: they cannot act without it. Now, if generation produced the animal, it did not produce the air; yet their properties correspond. The *eye* is made for *light*, and light for the eye. The eye would be of no use without light, and light perhaps of little without eyes: yet one is produced by generation; the other not. The *ear* depends upon *undulations* of air. Here are two sets of motions; first, of the pulses of the air; secondly, of the drum, bones, and nerves of the ear; sets of motions bearing an evident reference to each other: yet the one, and the apparatus for the one, produced by the intervention of generation; the other altogether independent of it.

If it be said, that the air, the light, the elements, the world itself, is *generated*; I answer, that I do not comprehend the proposition. If the term mean any thing similar to what it means when applied to plants or animals, the proposition is certainly without proof; and, I think, draws as near to absurdity as any proposition can do, which does not include a contradiction in its terms. I am at a loss to conceive, how the formation of the world can be compared to the generation of an animal. If the term generation signify something quite different from what it signifies upon ordinary occasions, it may, by the same latitude, signify any thing. In which case a word or phrase taken from the language of Otaheite, would convey as much theory concerning the origin of the universe as it does to talk of its being generated.

We know a cause (intelligence)

adequate to the appearances which we wish to account for: we have this cause continually producing similar appearances: yet, rejecting this cause, the sufficiency of which we know, and the action of which is constantly before our eyes, we are invited to resort to suppositions, destitute of a single fact for their support, and confirmed by no analogy with which we are acquainted. Were it necessary to enquire into the *motives* of men's opinions, I mean their motives separate from their arguments, I should almost suspect, that, because the proof of a Deity drawn from the constitution of nature is not only popular but vulgar (which may arise from the cogency of the proof, and be indeed its highest commendation), and because it is a species almost of *puerility* to take up with it, for these reasons, minds, which are habitually in search of invention and originality, feel a restless inclination to strike off into other solutions and other expositions. The truth is, that many minds are not so indisposed to any thing which can be offered to them as they are to the *flatness* of being content with common reasons; and, what is most to be lamented, minds conscious of superiority are the most liable to this repugnancy.

The 'suppositions' here alluded to all agree in one character. They all endeavour to dispense with the necessity in nature of a particular, personal, intelligence; that is to say, with the exertion of an intending, contriving mind, in the structure and formation of the organized constitutions which the world contains. They would resolve all productions into *unconscious* energies, of a like kind, in that respect, with attraction, magnetism, electricity, &c.; without any thing further.

In this the old systems of atheism and the new agree. And I much doubt, whether the new schemes

have advanced any thing upon the old, or done more than changed the terms of the nomenclature. For instance, I could never see the difference between the antiquated system of atoms, and Buffon's organic molecules. This philosopher, having made a planet by knocking off from the sun a piece of melted glass, in consequence of the stroke of a comet; and having set it in motion, by the same stroke, both round its own axis and the sun; finds his next difficulty to be, how to bring plants and animals upon it. In order to solve this difficulty, we are to suppose the universe replenished with particles, endowed with life, but without organization or senses of their own; and endowed also with a tendency to marshal themselves into organized forms. The course of these particles, by virtue of this tendency, but without intelligence, will, or direction, (for I do not find that any of these qualities are ascribed to them,) has produced the living forms which we now see.

Very few of the conjectures, which philosophers hazard upon these subjects, have more of pretension in them, than the challenging you to shew the direct impossibility of the hypothesis. In the present example, there seemed to be a positive objection to the whole scheme upon the very face of it; which was, that, if the case were as here represented, *new* combinations ought to be perpetually taking place; new plants and animals, or organized bodies which were neither, ought to be starting up before our eyes every day. For this, however, our philosopher has an answer. Whilst so many forms of plants and animals are already in existence, and, consequently, so many 'internal molds,' as he calls them, are prepared and at hand, the organic particles run into these molds, and are employed in supplying an accession of sub-

stance to them, as well for their growth as for their propagation. By which means things keep their ancient course. But, says the same philosopher, should any general loss or destruction of the present constitution of organized bodies take place, the particles, for want of 'molds' into which they might enter, would run into different combinations, and replenish the waste with new species of organized substances.

Is there any history to countenance this notion? Is it known, that any destruction has been so repaired? any desert thus re-peopled?

So far as I remember, the only natural appearance mentioned by our author, by way of fact whereon to build his hypothesis, the only support on which it rests, is the formation of *worms* in the intestines of animals, which is here ascribed to the coalition of superabundant organic particles, floating about in the first passages; and which have combined themselves into these simple animal forms, for want of internal molds, or of vacancies in those molds, into which they might be received. The thing referred to is rather a species of facts, than a single fact; as some other cases may, with equal reason, be included under it. But to make it a fact at all, or, in any sort, applicable to the question, we must begin with asserting an *equivocal* generation contrary to analogy, and without necessity: contrary to an analogy, which accompanies us to the very limits of our knowledge or enquiries; for wherever, either in plants or animals, we are able to examine the subject, we find procreation from a parent form: without necessity, for I apprehend that it is seldom difficult to suggest methods, by which the eggs, or spawn, or yet invisible rudiments, of these vermin, may have obtained a passage

into the cavities in which they are found. Add to this, that their *constancy to their species*, which, I believe, is as regular in these as in the other vermes, decides the question against our philosopher, if, in truth, any question remained upon the subject.

Lastly; these wonder-working instruments, these 'internal molds,' what are they after all? what, when examined, but a name without signification; unintelligible, if not self-contradictory; at the best, differing nothing from the 'essential forms' of the Greek philosophy? One short sentence of Buffon's work exhibits his scheme as follows. 'When this nutritious and prolific matter, which is diffused throughout all nature, passes through the *internal mold* of an animal or vegetable, and finds a proper matrix or receptacle, it gives rise to an animal or vegetable of the same species.' Does any reader annex a meaning to the expression 'internal mold' in this sentence? Ought it then to be said, that, though we have little notion of an internal mold, we have not much more of a designing mind? The very contrary of this assertion is the truth. When we speak of an artificer or an architect, we talk of what is comprehensible to our understanding, and familiar to our experience. We use no other terms than what refer us for their meaning to our consciousness and observation; what express the constant objects of both: whereas names, like that we have mentioned, refer us to nothing; excite no idea; convey a sound to the ear, but I think do no more.

Another system which has lately been brought forward, and with much ingenuity, is that of *appetencies*. The principle, and the short account, of the theory, is this. Pieces of soft, ductile matter, being endued with propensities or apper-

tencies for particular actions, would, by continual endeavours, carried on through a long series of generations, work themselves gradually into suitable forms; and, at length, acquire, though perhaps by obscure and almost imperceptible improvements, an organization fitted to the action which their respective propensities led them to exert. A piece of animated matter, for example, that was endued with a propensity to *fly*, though ever so shapeless, though no other we will suppose than a round ball to begin with, would, in a course of ages, if not in a million of years, perhaps in a hundred million of years, (for our theorists, having eternity to dispose of, are never sparing in time,) acquire *wings*. The same tendency to loco-motion in an aquatic animal, or rather in an animated lump which might happen to be surrounded by water, would end in the production of *fins*: in a living substance, confined to the solid earth, would put out *legs and feet*; or, if it took a different turn, would break the body into ringlets, and conclude by *crawling* upon the ground.

Although I have introduced the mention of this theory into this place, I am unwilling to give to it the name of an *atheistic* scheme, for two reasons; first, because, so far as I am able to understand it, the original propensities and the numberless varieties of them (so different, in this respect, from the laws of mechanical nature, which are few and simple) are, in the plan itself, attributed to the ordination and appointment of an intelligent and designing Creator: secondly, because, likewise, that large postulatum, which is all along assumed and presupposed, the faculty in living bodies of producing other bodies organized like themselves, seems to be referred to the same cause; at least is not attempted to be accounted for by any other. In

one important respect, however, the theory before us coincides with atheistic systems, viz. in that, in the formation of plants and animals, in the structure and use of their parts, it does away final causes. Instead of the parts of a plant or animal, or the particular structure of the parts, having been intended for the action or the use to which we see them applied, according to this theory they have themselves grown out of that action, sprung from that use. The theory therefore dispenses with that which we insist upon, the necessity, in each particular case, of an intelligent, designing mind, for the contriving and determining of the forms which organized bodies bear. Give our philosopher these appetencies; give him a portion of living irritable matter (a nerve, or the clipping of a nerve) to work upon; give also to his incipient or progressive forms the power, in every stage of their alteration, of propagating their like; and, if he is to be believed, he could replenish the world with all the vegetable and animal productions which we at present see in it.

The scheme under consideration is open to the same objection with other conjectures of a similar tendency, viz. a total defect of evidence. No changes, like those which the theory requires, have ever been observed. All the changes in Ovid's *Metamorphoses* might have been effected by these appetencies, if the theory were true; yet not an example, nor the pretence of an example, is offered of a single change being known to have taken place. Nor is the order of generation obedient to the principle upon which this theory is built. The *mammæ* of the male have not vanished by *inutilation*; *nec curtorum, per multa sæcula, Judæorum propagini deest præputium*. It is easy to say, and it has been said, that the alterative process is too slow to be perceived; that it

has been carried on through tracts of immeasurable time; and that the present order of things is the result of a gradation, of which no human record can trace the steps. It is easy to say this; and yet it is still true, that the hypothesis remains destitute of evidence.

The *analogies* which have been alleged are of the following kind: the *bunch* of a camel is said to be no other than the effect of carrying burthens, a service in which the species has been employed from the most ancient times of the world. The first race, by the daily loading of the back, would probably find a small grumous tumour to be formed in the flesh of that part. The next progeny would bring this tumour into the world with them. The life to which they were destined would increase it. The cause which first generated the tubercle being continued, it would go on, through every succession, to augment its size, till it attained the form and the bulk under which it now appears. This may serve for one instance; another, and that also of the passive sort, is taken from certain species of birds. Birds of the *crane* kind, as the crane itself, the heron, bittern, stork, have, in general, their thighs bare of feathers. This privation is accounted for from the habit of wading in water, and from the effect of that element to check the growth of feathers upon these parts: in consequence of which, the health and vegetation of the feathers declined through each generation of the animal: the tender down, exposed to cold and wetness, became weak, and thin, and rare, till the deterioration ended in the result which we see, of absolute nakedness. I will mention a third instance, because it is drawn from an active habit, as the two last were from passive habits; and that is the *pouch* of the pelican. The description which naturalists give of

this organ is as follows; 'From the lower edges of the under chap hangs a bag, reaching from the whole length of the bill to the neck, which is said to be capable of containing fifteen quarts of water. This bag the bird has a power of wrinkling up into the hollow of the under chap. When the bag is empty it is not seen: but when the bird has fished with success, it is incredible to what an extent it is often dilated. The first thing the pelican does in fishing, is to fill the bag; and then it returns to digest its burthen at leisure. The bird preys upon the large fishes, and hides them by dozens in its pouch. When the bill is opened to its widest extent, a person may run his head into the bird's mouth; and conceal it in this monstrous pouch, thus adapted for very singular purposes.' Now this extraordinary conformation is nothing more, say our philosophers, than the result of habit; not of the habit or effort of a single pelican, or of a single race of pelicans, but of a habit perpetuated through a long series of generations. The pelican soon found the conveniency of reserving in its mouth, when its appetite was glutted, the remainder of its prey, which is fish. The fullness produced by this attempt of course stretched the skin which lies between the under chaps, as being the most yielding part of the mouth. Every distention increased the cavity. The original bird, and many generations which succeeded him, might find difficulty enough in making the pouch answer this purpose: but future pelicans, entering upon life with a pouch derived from their progenitors, of considerable capacity, would more readily accelerate its advance to perfection, by frequently pressing down the sac with the weight of fish which it might now be made to contain.

These, or of this kind, are the analogies relied upon. Now in the

first place, the instances themselves are unauthenticated by testimony; and, in theory, to say the least of them, open to great objections. Who ever read of camels without bunches, or with bunches less than those with which they are at present usually formed? A bunch, not unlike the camel's, is found between the shoulders of the buffalo; of the origin of which it is impossible to give the account which is here given. In the second example; Why should the application of water, which appears to promote and thicken the growth of feathers upon the bodies and breasts of geese and swans and other water-fowls, have divested of this covering the thighs of cranes? The third instance, which appears to me as plausible as any that can be produced, has this against it, that it is a singularity restricted to the species; whereas, if it had its commencement in the cause and manner which have been assigned, the like conformation might be expected to take place in other birds, which fed upon fish. How comes it to pass, that the pelican alone was the inventress, and her descendants the only inheritors, of this curious resource?

But it is the less necessary to controvert the instances themselves, as it is a straining of analogy beyond all limits of reason and credibility, to assert that birds, and beasts, and fish, with all their variety and complexity of organization, have been brought into their forms, and distinguished into their several kinds and natures, by the same process (even if that process could be demonstrated, or had ever been actually noticed), as might seem to serve for the gradual generation of a camel's bunch, or a pelican's pouch.

The solution, when applied to the works of nature generally, is contradicted by many of the phenomena, and totally inadequate to others.

The *ligaments* or strictures, by which the tendons are tied down at the angles of the joints, could, by no possibility, be formed by the motion or exercise of the tendons themselves; by any appetency exciting these parts into action; or by any tendency arising therefrom. The tendency is all the other way; the conatus in constant opposition to them. Length of time does not help the case at all, but the reverse. The *valves* also, in the blood-vessels, could never be formed in the manner which our theorist proposes. The blood, in its right and natural course, has no tendency to form them. When obstructed or refluxent, it has the contrary. These parts could not grow out of their use, though they had eternity to grow in.

The *senses* of animals appear to me altogether incapable of receiving the explanation of their origin which this theory affords. Including under the word 'sense' the organ and the perception, we have no account of either. How will our philosopher get at *vision*, or make an eye? How should the blind animal affect sight, of which blind animals, we know, have neither conception nor desire? Affecting it, by what operation of its will, by what endeavour to see, could it so determine the fluids of its body as to inchoate the formation of an eye? or, suppose the eye formed, would the perception follow? The same of the other senses. And this objection holds its force, ascribe what you will to the hand of time, to the power of habit, to changes too slow to be observed by man, or brought within any comparison which he is able to make of past things with the present: concede what you please to these arbitrary and unattested suppositions, how will they help you? Here is no inception. No laws, no course, no powers of nature, which prevail at present, nor any analogous to these, could give commencement

to a new sense. And it is in vain to enquire, how that might proceed, which could never *begin*.

I think the senses to be the most inconsistent with the hypothesis before us of any part of the animal frame. But other parts are sufficiently so. The solution does not apply to the parts of animals which have little in them of motion. If we could suppose joints and muscles to be gradually formed by action and exercise, what action or exercise could form a skull, or fill it with brains? No effort of the animal could determine the clothing of its skin. What conatus could give prickles to the porcupine or hedgehog, or to the sheep its fleece?

In the last place; What do these appetencies mean when applied to plants? I am not able to give a signification to the term, which can be transferred from animals to plants; or which is common to both. Yet a no less successful organization is found in plants than what obtains in animals. A solution is wanted for one, as well as the other.

Upon the whole; after all the schemes and struggles of a reluctant philosophy, the necessary resort is to a Deity. The marks of *design* are too strong to be got over. Design must have had a designer. That designer must have been a person. That person is God.

VIRTUOUS REIGN of BALIN, KING of DELHI.

[From Maurice's *Modern History of Hindostan*.]

MAHMUD leaving no sons behind him, his vizier, Balin, who was of the same family, mounted, by the universal desire of the nobles, the throne of Delhi.

In the reign of Altumsh, forty of that monarch's Turkish slaves, who were in great favour, entered

into a solemn association to support one another, and, upon the king's death, to divide the empire among themselves; but jealousies and dissensions having arisen afterwards among them, prevented this project from being executed. The emperor Balin was of their number; and, as several of them had raised themselves to great power in the kingdom, the first thing he did after his accession was to rid himself of all who remained of that association, either by sword or poison; among whom was his own nephew, Shere, a man of great bravery and reputation.

His fears, after these assassinations, were entirely dispelled, and he became so famous for his justice and wise government, that his alliance was courted by all the kings of Persia and Tartary. He took particular care that none but men of merit and family should be admitted to any office in his government; and for this purpose he endeavoured to make himself acquainted with the particular talents and connections of every person in his court. As he was very assiduous in rewarding merit, he was no less so in punishing vice; for whoever misbehaved in their station was certain of being immediately disgraced.

He expelled all flatterers, usurers, pimps, and players, from his court; and being one day told, that an omrah, an old servant of the crown, who had acquired a vast fortune by usury and monopoly in the bazar, or market, would present him with some lacks of rupees, if he would honour him with one word from the throne; he rejected the proposal with great disdain, and said, What must his subjects think of a king who should condescend to hold discourse with a wretch so infamous?

Balin was so famous for his generosity, that all the princes of

the East, who had been overthrown by the arms of Gengis, sought protection at his court. There came upwards of twenty of those unfortunate sovereigns from Turkestan, Maver-ul-nere, Chorasan, Persian Irac, Azerbaijan, Persia Proper, Room, and Syria. They had a princely allowance, and palaces for their residence allotted them; and they were upon public occasions ranked before his throne, according to their dignity; all standing to the right and left, except two princes of the race of the Caliphas, who were permitted to sit on either side of the musnud. The palaces in which the royal fugitives resided in Delhi took their names from their respective possessors. In the retinue of those princes were the most famous men for learning, war, arts, and sciences, that Asia at that time produced. The court of India was, therefore, in the days of Balin, reckoned the most polite and magnificent in the world. All the philosophers, poets, and divines, formed a society every night, at the house of the prince Shehîd, the heir apparent to the empire; and the noble Chofro the poet presided at those meetings. Another society of musicians, dancers, mimicks, players, buffoons, and story-tellers, was constantly convened at the house of the emperor's second son Kera, or Bagera, who was given to pleasure and levity. The omrahs followed the example of their superiors, so that various societies and clubs were formed in every quarter of the city. The emperor himself having a great passion for splendour and magnificence in his palaces, equipages, and liveries, he was imitated by the court. A new city seemed to lift up its head, and arts to arise from the bosoms of luxury and expence.

Such was the pomp and grandeur of the royal presence, that none could approach the throne without

being impressed with awe. The ceremonies of introduction were conducted with such profound solemnity, and every thing disposed so as to excite reverence and astonishment in the beholders. Nor was Balin less magnificent in his cavalcades. His state elephants were caparisoned in purple and gold. His horseguards, consisting of a thousand noble Tartars in splendid armour, were mounted upon the finest Persian steeds, with bridles of silver, and saddles of rich embroidery. Five hundred chosen men in rich livery, with their drawn sabres, ran before him, proclaiming his approach and clearing the way. All the omrahs followed according to their rank, with their various equipages and attendants. The monarch, in short, seldom went out with less than one hundred thousand men; which he used to say was not to gratify any vanity in himself, but to exalt himself in the eyes of the people.

The festivals of Nauraz and Ide, as also the anniversary of his own birth, were celebrated with wonderful pomp and splendour. But, amidst all this glare of royalty, he never forgot that he was the guardian of the laws, and protector of his meanest subjects. It was before Balin's time a custom in Hindostan, in cases of murder, to satisfy the relations by a certain fine, if they consented to accept of it. He abolished this custom, which has been since revived, and ordered the subah of Budaoon to be put to death, upon the complaint of a poor woman for killing her son.

When Balin was only an omrah, he gave into the courtly vices of wine, women, and play. But, upon his accession, he became a great enemy to all those luxuries; prohibiting wine upon the severest penalties to be drank in his dominions; laying great restrictions upon women of pleasure, and banishing

all gamesters from his court. So zealous was Balin to support his authority, that for the disobedience of one man he would order a force to the remotest parts of the empire to bring him to punishment. In cases of insurrection or rebellion against his government, he was not content, as had formerly been the custom, to chastise the leaders, but he extended the capital punishment of high treason to the meanest of their vassals and adherents. This severity rendered it necessary for the subahs to have the king's mandate for every expedition or any hostilities they were about to commence.

In the fourth year of the reign of Balin died Shere, the nephew of the late emperor, who had, from the time of Mahmud, governed the provinces upon the banks of the five branches of the Indus, and other districts. He was esteemed a man of great genius, and an intrepid warrior; having defended his country from the incursions of the Moguls, who now became the terror of the East. Balin, upon the demise of Shere, gave Sunnam and Semana to the noble Timur, and the other countries were divided among other omrahs of his court. The Moguls, encouraged by the death of Shere, began again their depredations in those provinces. The mutual jealousies and dissensions among the subhas prevented them from doing any thing effectual for the public good.

The emperor, therefore, was obliged to appoint his eldest son Mohammed, at that time bearing the title of the noble Malleck, viceroy of all those frontier provinces. Mohammed was immediately dispatched to his government with a fine army, and some of the wisest and best generals in the empire. The prince himself was blest with a bright and comprehensive genius, taking great

delight in learning and the company of learned men. He, with his own hand, made a choice collection of the beauties of poetry, selected from the most famous writers in that art. The work consisted of twenty thousand couplets, and was esteemed the criterion of taste. Among the learned men in the prince's court, the noble Chosro and Hassen bore the first rank in genius. These, with many more of his philosophical society, accompanied him on this expedition to Lahore. Mohammed was visited at Lahore by Osman Marindi, who was esteemed the greatest man of that age. But no presents or entreaty could prevail upon him to remain out of his own country; so that after a short stay he returned. We are told, that as he was one day reading one of his poems in Arabic before the prince, all the poets who were present were transported into a fit of dancing. But the piece affected the prince, to all appearance, in a quite contrary manner; for the tears began to flow fast down his cheeks.

The fame of the enlightened Sadi of Schiraz, the celebrated poet, being great at that time, Mohammed invited him twice to his court; but that renowned sage excused himself on account of his years, and, with much difficulty, was brought to accept of some presents. Sadi, in return, sent to Mohammed a copy of his works, and did honour to the abilities of the noble Chosro, the prince's favourite, and president of his learned society. The prince, every year, made a journey to see his father at Delhi, to whom he always behaved with the greatest filial affection and duty.

His eldest son having heard of his father's arrival, proceeded to Delhi to visit him, and was received with the greatest affection and joy. He had not remained at

the capital three months, during which his father and himself were inseparable, when news was brought that the Moguls had invaded Multan. Mohammed hastened his departure to oppose them; but, before he had taken leave, thinking he might never see him again, his father called him into a private apartment, and gave him a series of the most solemn instructions for his conduct both as a man and a monarch.

Balin having ended his instructions, embraced his son tenderly, and parted with him in tears. The prince immediately marched against the enemy, and having defeated and slain Mohammed, chief of the Moguls, he recovered all the territories of which they had possessed themselves in the empire. Timur, of the family of Gengis, who was a prince of mighty renown in the empire, and of the race of the conqueror of Asia, at this time governed all the eastern provinces of Persia, from Chorasan to the Indus, and invaded Hindostan with twenty thousand chosen horse, to revenge the death of his friend Mohammed, who had been killed the former year. Having ravaged all the country about Debalpoor and Lahore, he turned towards Multan. The prince Mohammed, who was then in Multan, hearing of his designs, hastened to the banks of the river of Lahore, which runs through part of Multan, and prepared to oppose him. When Timur advanced to the river, he saw the army of Hindostan on the opposite bank. But the prince, desirous of engaging so great a chief upon equal terms, permitted Timur to pass the river unmolested.

Both armies then drew up in order of battle, and engaged with great fury for the space of three hours, in which both commanders eminently distinguished

their valour and conduct. The Moguls were at last put to flight, and the nobles of India pursued them with imprudent disorder. Mohammed, fatigued by the pursuit, halted by a large pond of water, with five hundred attendants, to drink. He there fell prostrate upon the ground, to return God thanks for his victory.

In the mean time one of the Mogul chiefs, who had hid himself, with two thousand horse, in a neighbouring wood, rushed out upon Mohammed, and began a dreadful slaughter. The prince had just time to mount his horse, and collecting his small party, and encouraging them by his example, fell upon his enemies. He was at last overpowered by numbers, after having thrice obliged them to give ground, and he unfortunately received a fatal arrow in his breast, by which he fell to the ground, and in a few minutes expired. A body of the troops of India appearing at that instant, the Moguls took to flight. Very few of Mohammed's party escaped from this conflict. Among the fortunate few was the noble Chofro the poet, who relates this event at large, in his book called *Chizer Chani*.

When the army returned from the pursuit of Timur, and beheld their prince in his blood, the shouts of victory were changed to the wailings of despair. No dry eye was to be seen, from the meanest soldier to the omrah of high command. The fatal news reached the old king, who was now in his eightieth year. The fountains of his tears were exhausted, and life began to be a burthen to him. However, bearing himself up against the stream of misfortune, he sent Kei Chofro his grandson, and the son of the deceased, to supply the place of his father. Kei Chofro, upon his ar-

rival at Multan, took the command of the army, and, pouring the balm of benevolence and kindness into the wounds of his afflicted people, began to adjust his government, and provide for the defence of the frontiers.

LICENTIOUS *and* EVENTFUL
REIGN of KEI KOBAD.

[*From the Same.*]

WHEN Balin was numbered with the dead, Kei Kobad his grandson, in his eighteenth year, ascended the throne, and assumed all the imperial titles. He was a prince remarkably handsome in his person, and of an affable and mild disposition. He had a talent for literature, and his progress in science was considerable. His mother was a beautiful princess, daughter to the emperor Altumsh; and if purity of blood royal is of any real worth, Kei Kobad had that to boast, for a series of generations.

As he had been bred up with great strictness under the roof of his father, when he became master of his own actions he began to give a loose to pleasure without restraint. He delighted in love, and in the soft society of silver-bodied damsels, with musky tresses, spent great part of his time. When it was publicly known that the king was a man of pleasure, it became immediately fashionable at court; and in short, in a few days, luxury and vice so prevailed, that every shade was filled with ladies of pleasure, and every street rung with music and mirth. Even the magistrates were seen drunk in public, and riot was heard in every house.

The king fitted a palace upon the banks of the river Jumna, and retired thither to enjoy his pleasures undisturbed; admitting no com-

pany but singers, players, musicians, and buffoons. Nizam, who was nephew and son-in-law to the chief magistrate of Delhi, to whom Kei Kobad owed his elevation, was raised to the dignity of chief secretary of the empire, and got the reins of government in his hands; and El-laka, who was the greatest man for learning in that age, was appointed his deputy. Nizam, observing that the king was quite swallowed up in his pleasures, began to form schemes to clear his own way to empire. The first object of his attention was Chosro, who was now gone to Gazna, to endeavour to bring that noble and royal Tartar, Timur, over to his party, in order to recover the throne of Delhi; to which he claimed a title from his father's right of primogeniture, as well as from the will of the late emperor. But in this scheme Chosro did not succeed, and he was obliged to return from Gazna in great disgust.

In the mean time, Nizam endeavoured to make him as obnoxious as possible to the king, who, at length, being prevailed upon to entice Chosro to Delhi, Nizam hired assassins to murder the unfortunate prince on the way. The villainies of Nizam did not stop here. He forged a correspondence between Chaja the vizier and Chosro, and thus effected that minister's disgrace and banishment. He also privately assassinated all the old servants of Balin, insomuch that a general consternation was spread through the city, though none as yet suspected Nizam to be the cause. The more he succeeded in his atrocities, he became less secret in the execution; and though he began to be detested by all ranks, his power and influence was so great with the king, that he was the terror of every man.

While things were in this situation, advices arrived of another irruption of Moguls into the di-

tricts of Lahore. Barbeck and Jehan were sent with an army against them. The Moguls were defeated near Lahore, and a number of prisoners brought to Delhi. The next step the traitor took was to inspire the king with jealousy of his Mogul troops, who, as soldiers of fortune, had enlisted in great numbers in his service. He pretended that, in case of a Mogul invasion, they would certainly join their countrymen against him; insinuating, at the same time, that he believed there was already some treachery intended.

The weak prince listened to those villainous intimations, and, calling their chiefs one day together, he ordered them to be set upon by his guards and massacred; confiscating, at the same time, all their goods and wealth. He seized upon all the omrahs who had any connections with the Moguls, and sent them prisoners to distant garrisons in the remotest parts of the empire.

In the mean time, prince Kera, the emperor's father, who had contented himself with the kingdom of Bengal, having heard how affairs were conducted at the court of Delhi, penetrated into the designs of the minister, and wrote a long letter to his son, forewarning him of his danger, and advising him how to proceed. But his advice, like that of others, was of no weight with that vicious, luxurious, and infatuated prince. When Kera found that his instructions were slighted, and that things would soon be brought to a disagreeable issue, he collected a great army, and directed his standards towards Delhi, about two years after the death of Balin. Kei Kobad, hearing that his father had advanced as far as Bahar, drew out his forces, and marched down to meet him, encamping his army upon the banks of the Gagera. Kera lay upon the Sirve, and both armies

remained some days in hourly expectation of an action. The old man, finding his army much inferior to that of his son, began to despair of reducing him by force, and accordingly began to treat of peace.

The young prince, upon this, became more haughty, and by the advice of his favourite prepared for battle. In the mean time, a letter came from his father, written in the most tender and affectionate terms, begging he might be blessed with one sight of him before matters were carried to extremities. This letter awakened nature, which had slumbered so long in Kei Kobad's breast, and he gave orders to prepare his retinue, that he might visit his father. The favourite attempted all in his power to prevent this interview, but finding the prince, for once, obstinate, he prevailed upon him to insist, as emperor of Delhi, upon the first visit, hoping by this means to break off the conference. His design, however, did not succeed; for Kera, seeing what a headstrong youth he had to deal with, consented to come to the imperial camp, and ordered the astrologers to determine upon a lucky hour, and crossing the river, proceeded towards his son's camp.

The young monarch, having prepared every thing for his father's reception in the most pompous and ceremonious manner, mounted his throne, and arrogantly gave orders, that his father, upon his approach, should three times kiss the ground. The old man accordingly, when he arrived at the first door, was ordered to dismount, and after he had come in sight of the throne, he was commanded to pay his obeisance in three different places as he advanced.

Kera was so much shocked at this indignity, that he burst out into a flood of tears; which being observed by the son, he could no longer

support his unnatural insolence, but, leaping from the throne, fell on his face at his father's feet, imploring his forgiveness for his offence. The good old man melted into compassion, and, raising him in his arms, embraced him, and hung weeping upon his neck. The scene, in short, was so affecting on both sides, that the whole court were in tears. These transports being over, the young king helped his father to mount the throne, and, paying him his respects, took his place at his right hand, ordering a charger full of golden suns to be waved three times over his father's head, and afterwards to be given among the people. All the omrahs also presented to him their presents.

Public business being then discussed, every thing was settled in peace and friendship, and Kera returned to his own camp. A friendly intercourse commenced immediately between the two armies for the space of twenty days, in which time the father and son alternately visited one another, and the time was spent in festivity and mirth. The principal terms settled between the two kings were, that they should respectively retain their former dominions; and then Kei Kobad prepared to return to Delhi, and Kera, having first given some wholesome admonition to his son, set off for Bengal.

The king, on his return to Delhi, continued in his former course of pleasure, till wine, and intemperance in his other passions, had ruined his health. He fell sick, and then began to recollect the advice of his father, and to consider Nizam as the cause of all his distress. He immediately began to form schemes in his mind to rid himself of that wicked minister. He for this purpose ordered him to the government of Multan; but Nizam, perceiving his drift, contrived many delays, that

he might get a favourable opportunity to accomplish his murderous intentions. His designs, however, reverted upon his own head. The omrahs dispatched him by poison, some say without the king's knowledge, while others affirm that it was by his authority.

Malleck Feroze, the son of Malleck, chief of the Afghan tribe called Chilligi, who was deputy governor of Sammana, came, by the king's orders, to court, and was honoured with the title of Shaista Khan, and made lord of requests, as also subah of Birran. Chigen was promoted to a high office at court, and Surcha was made chief secretary of the empire. These three divided the whole power of the government amongst them; while the king by this time became afflicted with the palsy, by which he lost the use of one side, and had his mouth distorted.

Every omrah of popularity or power began now to intrigue for the empire, which obliged the friends of the royal family to take Keiomourse, a child of three years, son to the reigning emperor, out of the Haram, and to set him upon the throne. The army, upon this, split into two factions, who encamped on opposite sides of the city. The Tartars espoused the cause of the young king, and the Chilligies, a powerful tribe of Afghans, joined Feroze, who usurped the throne. Upon the first disturbance, those Tartars who had set up the young prince, jealous of the power of the Chilligies, assembled themselves, and proscribed all the principal Chilligian officers.

Feroze, being the first in the bloody list, immediately rebelled. Chigen had been deputed by the Tartar party to invite Feroze to a conference with the sick king, and a plot was formed for his assassination. Feroze, discovering his designs, drew

upon the traitor who came to invite him, and killed him at the door of his tent. The sons of Feroſe, who were renowned for their valour, immediately put themſelves at the head of five hundred choſen horſe, and making an aſſault upon the camp of the Tartars, cut their way to the royal tents, which were pitched in the centre of the army, and, ſeizing the infant king, carried him, and the ſon of Malleck ul Omrah, off, in ſpite of all oppoſition, to their father. They killed Surcha, who purſued them, with many other men of diſtinction. When this exploit began to be noiſed abroad in the city, the mob flew immediately to arms. They marched out in thouſands, and encamping at the Budaoon gate, prepared to go againſt Feroſe, and reſcue the infant king, for they greatly dreaded the power of the Chilligies, who were a fierce and ſavage race. Malleck ul Omrah, the old miniſter ſo often mentioned, conſidering that this ſtep would occaſion the aſſaſſination of the young king, and of his own ſon, who was in their hands, exerted his great influence and authority among the people, and at length prevailed with them to diſperſe.

Feroſe, in the mean time, ſent an aſſaſſin to cut off the emperor Kei Kobad, who lay ſick at his palace on the banks of the Jumna. The villain found this unfortunate prince dying upon his bed, deſerted by all his attendants. He beat out the poor remains of life with a cudgel; then rolling him up in his bedclothes, threw him out of the window into the river. This aſſaſſin was a Tartar of ſome family, whoſe father had been unjuſtly put to death by Kei Kobad, and he now had a complete revenge.

When this horrid deed was perpetrated, Feroſe aſcended the throne, and aſſumed the title of Jellal ul dien, having put an end to the dynasty

of Gaur, and commenced that of Chilligi.

A MORNING'S WALK in NOVEMBER.

‘No more the Morn, with tepid rays,
Unfolds the flower of various hue;
Noon ſpreads no more the genial blaze,
Nor gentle Eve diſtills the dew:
No muſic warbles through the grove;
No vivid colours paint the plain;
No more, with devious ſteps, I rove
Thro’ verdant paths now ſought in vain.’
Dr. JOHNSON.

WHEN Time’s monitory tongue had proclaimed the hour of ſeven, I aroſe and took a—I will not ſay pleaſant—walk. As I ſtrolled along, ſurveying the gloomy ſcene around, I exclaimed:

‘*Voilà la différence!* This field, where lately waved the bearded barley, ſtript of its ſmiling treasure, wears a diſconſolate countenance. Where are the mounting larks that thrilled their ſoft ſymphonies in air? Where the blackbirds that filled with mellifluous muſic the ſhady copſe? Has the dreary ſeaſon untuned their pipes, and robbed their throats of melody? How dull each object that once inſpired delight! The eye no longer loves to view the landſcapes. A choir of plummy muſicians no longer enchants the ear, nor perfumes fragrant as thoſe of Arabia raviſh the ſenſe. Not one ſunny ray, nor one particle of warmth, from the great fountain of heat, ſheds its comfortable influence on my walk. A ſullen ſilence reigns

“Through all yon fadden’d grove, where ſcarce is heard
One dying ſtrain to cheer the woodman’s toil.”
THOMSON.

‘Well might the grove look ſad, when Philomela, the leader of the feathered band, and ſome other inferior performers, were emigrated to diſtant regions, where brighter ſuns illumine fairer ſkies.

‘ Amusive birds! say, where’s your hid retreat
When the frost rages, and the tempests beat?
Whence you return, by such nice instinct led,
When Spring, sweet season! lifts her bloomy head?
Such baffled searches mock man’s prying pride:
The great Almighty is your secret guide!’

Though my summer friends, the nightingale, the redstart, and the wryneck, had mounted aloft, ‘and left ill days to me,’ yet the faithful redbreast was the companion of my morning walk, and, perched on a naked bramble, sung his autumnal song.

The trees had put off their green habiliments, and the peevish gale rocked their leafless boughs.

‘ The verdant leaves that play’d on high,
And wanton’d in the western breeze,
Now trod in dust neglected lie,
As Boreas strips the bending trees:
The fields that wav’d with golden grain,
Like ruffet heaths are wild and bare;
Not moist with dew, but drench’d with rain;
Nor health nor pleasure wanders there.’

DR. JOHNSON.

To dispel the gloom, the hunter’s horn reverberated through the vale, the opening pack sent forth what a sportsman would term a joyous cry, and roused Echo, ‘the babbling gossip of the air,’ from her mossy cell. Horsemen and footmen, with looks big with expectation, were all in motion, all on the alert.

‘ Afflictive birch

No more the school-boy dreads; his prison broke,
Scamp’ring he flies, nor heeds his master’s call.
The weary traveller forgets his road,
And climbs the adjacent hill. The ploughman leaves
Th’ unfinished furrow; nor his bleating flocks
Are now the shepherd’s joy. Men, boys, and girls,
Desert th’ unpeopled village, and wild crowds
Spread o’er the plains, by the sweet frenzy seiz’d.’

SOMERVILLE.

But why this din? Were the gallant youths chasing the shaggy wolf or savage boar? No: ‘these Britain knows not!’ The sons of

the chase were displaying their valour, and exhibiting their activity, in pursuing the fearful hare, that trembles at a shaking leaf, and starts at every breeze.

It is almost unnecessary for me to inform the fair reader that I did not join in the cruel amusement, but hastened home; exclaiming, with the humane Cowper——

‘ Man may dismiss compassion from his heart,
But God will never.—

Full many a crime, deem’d innocent on earth,
Is register’d in heaven; and these, no doubt,
Have each their record, with a curse annex.’

‘ THE TASK.’

Haverhill.

JOHN WEBB.

SINGULAR MATRIMONIAL CAUSE,
tried before the Special Civil Tribunal of the Higher Garonne, sitting at Toulouse, Sept. 20, 1803.

A YOUNG peasant of the department of l’Arriege, named LAF——, fell desperately in love with a girl aged twenty-one years, of the commune of Cassaigne. He saw that there were many obstacles to his obtaining her in marriage. Her parents were rich, and he possessed nothing. He at length devised a new mode of marrying her without the consent of her parents; and, what is more, *without her own!*

He presented himself, accompanied by a person in woman’s apparel, before the mayor of St. Girons. He produced the necessary papers, and with them a certificate, of the banns having been published in the commune where the girl resided. His marriage with Marie A—— was, in consequence, established by the civil magistrate. The parties then withdrew, taking with them the official act of the celebration of the marriage. Being provided with this piece, the *bridegroom* repaired to Cassaigne, and, presenting himself

before her parents, claimed the girl as his wife. Nothing could exceed the surprize of the parents, the girl, and her brothers. She declared that she knew nothing, had consented to nothing, and that she was not married. She went before a notary to protest against this pretended marriage, and gave a power of attorney to her brother to proceed at law in her behalf. On inquiry, it was found that the certificate of the publication of the banns was forged, and that in fact no such banns had been published. A complaint was lodged before the magistrate, and a commissary of government was ordered to take up the cause, and direct the prosecution. More than two months were consumed in the inquiry, whether it was Marie A ——— that had figured at the marriage, or whether it was another person. During this interval, circumstances furnished La F ——— with opportunities of seeing the girl whom he claimed as his wife. The result of these interviews was, that she quitted her family, and went to live with him, stating publicly that she was his wife.

The officer who was charged with the pursuance of the suit, discovered at length where La F ——— lived, and found the young lady in his company. She declared, that being united to him by the tie of marriage, she had sworn an eternal love, and would follow him to the end of the world. The officer, however, fulfilled his duty. He arrested La F ———, and placed him in prison at Toulouse. Then commenced the usual proceedings: La F ——— underwent a first interrogatory; he asserted that there was no disguise in the matter; and that the girl who had followed him to prison was the same that he had married, and the same from whom he had the certificate of the publication of the banns at Casfaigne. The young lady desired also to be examined. She declared

herself to be his lawful wife. She retracted the protest made before the notary, as well as the power of attorney given to her brother. She said that these steps were taken at the instance of her brother, and to avoid his fury at a time when he threatened to kill her. The certificate, she said, she had from a person whom she would not name, who took pity on her situation, and lent an aid to surmount the obstacles which opposed her marriage. She said, that though of full age, she did not dare to oppose the will of her brother; that she was obliged to have recourse to stratagem, and that she availed herself of the first moment of liberty to throw herself into the arms of her husband. In consequence of this declaration she was held to be an accomplice, and was put under confinement. At length, after three months, the young couple was brought to the bar, and the affair submitted to trial. The act of accusation was read, and the witnesses examined. The public officer, whose writing and signature had been counterfeited, declared the certificate to be a forgery. Some persons skilled in the comparition of hand-writing deposed to the same effect. The mayor of St. Girons, and his secretary, with the witnesses present at the marriage, agreed unanimously in saying, that the girl at the bar was not the person who appeared with the accused La F ——— as his bride, and with whom his marriage had been celebrated. The young lady persisted in her story. She pointed out the mayor and his secretary; she described the furniture of the chamber where the marriage took place; she related some particular circumstances and expressions which occurred at the time; she recognized all the parties present, and described them by their several names and occupations.

The commissary of government,

in pursuing the cause, stated that the latter depositions of the girl were nothing more than so many officious falsehoods, calculated to save the man to whom, by a tardy caprice, she had surrendered her person. It was evident that his hardy enterprise had touched her feelings, and induced her to recal her first declarations. But as the accusation against her was founded solely on her own act, and as she had done nothing reprehensible in the eye of the law, he prayed that she might be discharged.

With respect to the forgery, it was, he said, in full proof. It did not appear to have been committed by La F——, as he knew not how to read or write. But he had made use of it, knowing it to be forged, and could not escape from the consequences. The accused was defended with warmth and talent by a young advocate. An able lawyer was retained for the young woman, but her discharge rendered it unnecessary for him to plead. The tribunal pronounced La F—— guilty, and subjected him to the punishment prescribed by the law.

This cause, by its singularity, collected an immense concourse of people, who felt a most lively interest for the young parties. Every thing spoke in their favour. They are both handsome, of a prepossessing figure, and in the trial they shewed much firmness and presence of mind. Every one desired to see them happy, and forgot the violation of the laws, on seeing, on the one hand, a young man, deeply in love, employing the most daring, and at the same time ingenious, means to obtain the object of his passion; and on the other, a young woman, inflexible at first, but subdued by the proofs of so violent an attachment, of which she at length partook so far, as to endure with him eight months of imprisonment. After the judgment she declared that she would never forsake him, and

that she would follow him even to the galleys.

It now appears that La F—— ventured on this hardy enterprise without her knowledge, and that it was a young man of his acquaintance, dressed in a female habit, who appeared before the mayor and municipal officers, and represented the girl whom he intended to marry; but that, in the subsequent interviews which he had with Marie A——, he managed so dextrously as to succeed in inspiring her with a mutual passion*.

ARTIFICES of the PSYLLI, or SERPENT-EATERS of EGYPT.

[From Aikin's Translation of Denon's Travels.]

THE serpent, though not winged, is still the object of some sorcery in Egypt. I was with the commander-in-chief one day, when the Psylli were introduced, and we put many questions to them relative to the mystery of their sect, and the supposed command over serpents which they appear to possess. They answered our questions with more assurance than intelligence, but we put them to the proof.

'Can you tell us,' said the general, 'whether there any serpents in the palace; and, if there are, can you oblige them to come forth from their retreats?'

They answered both questions in the affirmative; and we put them to the proof: on which they searched all the rooms, and presently after they declared that there was a snake in the house; they then renewed their search to discover where he was hid; made some convulsions in passing before a jar placed in the corner of

* To elucidate the preceding extraordinary occurrence, our readers are referred to the 'New Regulations for Marriages in France,' inserted in our Supplement for 1801, p. 68.

one of the rooms, and declared that the animal was there; where indeed we actually found one. This was a true Comus's trick; we looked at each other, and acknowledged that they were very adroit.

Being always curious to observe the means by which men command the opinions of others, I regretted that I was not at Rosetta at the procession of the feast of Ibrahim, in which the convulsions of the Pfylli form the most entertaining part, to the populace, of this religious ceremony. To make up for my loss, I addressed myself to the chief of the sect, who was keeper of the *okel*, or tavern of the Franks: I flattered him; and he promised to make me a spectator of the exaltation of one of the Pfylli, as soon as he should have *blown into his spirit*, as he expressed it. From my curiosity, he thought I bade fair to be a profelyte, and he proposed to initiate me, which I accepted; but when I learned that, in the ceremony of initiation, the grand-master spits in the mouth of the neophyte, this circumstance cooled my ardour, and I found that I could not prevail on myself to go through this trial; so I gave my money to the high-priest, and he promised to let me see one of the inspired.

They had brought with them their serpents, which they let loose from a large leather sack in which they were kept, and made them erect their bodies and hiss, by irritating them. I remarked that it was the light which principally caused their anger, for as soon as they were returned into the sack their passion ceased, and they no longer endeavoured to bite. It was also curious to observe that, when angry, the neck for six inches below the head was dilated to the size of one's hand. I soon saw that even I could manage the serpents perfectly well without fear of their fangs; for having well remarked, that the Pfylli, while they were

threatening the animal with one hand, seized it on the back of the head with the other, I did the same with one of the serpents with equal success, though much to the indignation of the performers themselves. After this, they proceeded to the grand mystery: one of the performers took a snake, which he had previously disabled by breaking the under jaw, and by rubbing away the gums till the whole of the palate was destroyed; he then grasped it with the appearance of passion, and approached the chief, who with great gravity gave him the *spirit*, that is to say, after uttering some mysterious words, blew into his mouth; and, at the instant, the other was seized with a sacred convulsion, his arms and legs distorted, his eyes seeming to start from his head, and he began to tear the animal with his teeth; whilst the two attendants, appearing to commiserate his sufferings, restrained his struggles with difficulty, and snatched from his hand the serpent, which he was unwilling to let go. As soon as the snake was removed, he remained as if stupid; but the chief approached him, muttered some words to him, retook from him the spirit by aspiration, and he returned to his natural state. Now, however, he that had seized the snake, beginning to be tormented with the same ardour to consummate the mystery, came up to the chief to demand the spirit; and as he was stronger and more active than the first, his cries and convulsions were still more violent and ridiculous. I had now seen enough of the initiation, and thus ended this gross juggling.

DESCRIPTION OF CADIZ.

[From Fischer's 'Travels in Spain.']

THE western coast of Andalusia is of a semicircular form, the

southern point of which terminates in an isthmus, that extends about six leagues to the westward, at the extremity of which is the city of Cadiz. The bay between the coast and this isthmus forms one of the finest gulphs in Europe, which at its broadest part resembles the lake of Geneva between Nion and Thonon.

If you imagine yourself on board a vessel entering the bay, on your left is the fortress of La Rota, and on the right that of San Sebastian. On one side you behold the shores lined with batteries, on the other the ramparts of Cadiz. Opposite, and beyond the fort Santa Catalina (St. Catherine), is seen the great white mass of houses at Cadiz with their flat roofs, and the church towers, which seem to rise out of the sea. You then enter the second division of the bay. At the head and in the distance you perceive the entrance into the third part, called Puntalenbaya, which is defended on the left by the fort of Matargordo, and on the right by that of San Lorenzo.

Having said thus much, it is unnecessary to add that Cadiz is surrounded by the sea to the southward, the westward, and the eastward. The southern and eastern parts are 300 feet above the level of the sea, and the western scarcely fifty. There the ramparts are high and built upon the rocks, forming the external boundary of the town; though under these ramparts is a second quay, very broad, and divided into two branches, which has been partly gained from the sea.

This situation gives Cadiz the advantages of an excellent air, and a temperature not otherwise to be expected in so southern a latitude. The sea air, which at once refreshes the body and strengthens the nerves, moderates the heat in summer, and makes the winters, which are always very mild, resemble spring. How-

ever hot the weather may be in summer from ten till one, the afternoons are generally cool, for the sea-breeze (mara) increases every hour, and flows throughout the night. Thus Cadiz enjoys in summer the most happy temperature, while the heat is quite oppressive at Madrid, and in general throughout the inland parts. But it must be observed, that it becomes more intense here whenever the solano or south-east wind prevails.

This wind is pregnant with the most suffocating vapours, and comes from the opposite coast of Africa. The whole atmosphere, without exaggeration, then seems on fire, and the air every instant becomes more burning hot, like that of an oven. And yet this wind is only felt by its effects; for during the most oppressive solano the air is perfectly calm, and seems to have totally lost its elasticity.

The atmosphere is at these times filled with an almost imperceptible vapour, but which gives to the sky a bluish chalky colour, and which even at noon envelopes the sun in a kind of haze, making it appear larger by refracting its rays. The sea too is as calm and smooth as a lake, the water inconceivably warm, and frequently the fish appear on the surface and seem expiring with heat. On shore most animals are not exempt from its effects. Birds fly in a lower region of the air, dogs hide themselves, cats seem in a rage, mules are uneasy and gasp for breath, fowls are restless and run to and fro, and pigs roll themselves in the earth. Man alone seems to suffer less: yet the solano is more or less felt according to the difference of constitutions. It almost always produces a violent tension of the nerves, renders the circulation of the blood slower, and excites to excess and to voluptuousness.

Although the extent of Cadiz is very limited, yet a prodigious quan-

tity of houses are heaped together there; and the population is very numerous, being reckoned between 75 and 80,000. The houses being very high and very much crowded together, seem to justify this computation; but the same cause accounts for the small number of fine edifices. If we except the churches, the monasteries, the great hospital, the custom-house, and other public buildings, Cadiz, notwithstanding its great riches, contains but a very small number of remarkable houses. The greater part are of stone from Puerto de Santa Maria, which is brought across the bay at a small expence. The houses being prodigiously high, the streets, which are narrow, necessarily appear very dark, and make a very singular impression, when we raise our eyes and see such a multitude of balconies and so small a portion of sky. The streets however are extremely well lighted at night. The pavement, which is excellent, is composed of very small stones, furnished with causeways on each side, and kept nearly as clean as in Holland. Cadiz however contains some fine streets, among others that called Calle-ancha, or Broad-street, and has besides three large and two small squares.

As to the style of architecture, the climate seems to have irrevocably fixed that introduced every where by the Moors; flat roofs with small towers and plots of flowers, well-paved square courts (patios), which by their neatness and ornaments resemble drawing-rooms, galleries that run round it on each floor, large rooms, small windows, and walls carefully whitened; all which is the character of African architecture.

The environs of Cadiz on the north side, or that next the land, present the traveller with a view equally singular and grand. During the last league as he arrives he is between the bay on the right and the

ocean on the left. The land rises ten fathoms above the level of the sea, and is on all sides lashed by its waves, so that it resembles a dike with which some bold adventurer has divided the waters of the sea. You will readily conceive I am speaking of the narrowest part of the isthmus, Cadiz being situated on the broadest. From this spot the eye takes in the whole bay with all its sinuosities and divisions, and commands a forest of masts which continues from Caracca to Cadiz, while in front is the brilliant mass that forms the town with its ramparts and towers. On the left the view extends over the vast expanse of ocean, in which the fort of San Sebastian appears to float, because it is built on a small sandy strip of land connected with the isthmus, but at high water inundated by the sea.

At length the road somewhat departs from the sea in proportion as it widens; but it is completely desert till a little before entering Cadiz, where is a pretty row of houses, a small church, and to the right and left square gardens adorned with green palisades. You then pass the gate and see, at the extremity of the bastions of the fort, on the right the bay; and on the left the tumultuous ocean; in a few minutes you are in Cadiz. Here you behold a broad open space and some elegant buildings, which render this road tolerably agreeable; but that which leads upon the ramparts would banish the remembrance of this pleasure, were it not renewed by entering on the Plaza de la Mar.

The appearance of this opening and the various groups that fill it, produce indeed a very fine effect. It exhibits a great many little booths or stalls, where are sold fowls that are brought every week from Africa; a number of tables with all kinds of fish, among which are often sword-fish (*pescado de espada*) and a great

variety of shell-fish and polypi; sellers of lemonade and orgeat, whose shops are adorned with foliage and lemons, or little fountains playing; water-sellers with their wheel-barrows, and ice-sellers with their ice-tubs; a long row of fruit-shops, where grapes, water-melons, Seville oranges, and pomegranates, figs, sweet oranges, and all kinds of fruit, are piled up; sellers of grasshoppers, which are shut up in brass-wire cages to enliven the bed-rooms of those who are fond of them, especially the ladies; Turks barefoot, with large pantaloons, black beards, and long pipes, sitting down and eating dates; tables covered with images of saints and sailors' caps, small cook-shops, and wine-sellers' booths covered with sail-cloth. To these peculiarities of Cadiz add a little of the tumult of Madrid, and you will have a complete idea of the Plaza de la Mar.

The quay immediately without the gate presents an equally animated prospect. For there a multitude of fruiterers, water-sellers, wine-sellers, cooks, itinerant hardware-men, and ballad-singers, constantly assemble. Here you see sailors seated around a jug of wine playing at cards, another troop are dancing, a third boxing, and farther on fiddlers intermingled with porters. Some boats now arriving, a cry is heard of *Al puerto!* *Al puerto!* Every one crowds to the stairs, all is in motion, and every thing adds to the tumult.

Imagine also the effect of several hundred merchant ships lying at anchor off the town; the mixed multitude of sailors from all nations, the noise of men loading and unloading ships: all this, I say, I must leave to your imagination, for it would be impossible to give you an idea of this scene, which is embellished by the view of a fleet in the distance.

The ramparts of Cadiz, which are the finest and broadest I have

seen, are used as a promenade. On the west side they command a view of the bay, the opposite coast, and the quay below the ramparts, where, when the sea is rough, the waves fly up to a considerable distance. On the south and east sides is the immense expanse of ocean, and, as I have already said, the English fleet blockading the port. A small part to the westward is bordered by five rows of elms, forming four avenues adorned with elegant seats, and constituting the *alameda*; but the trees are small and stunted, in consequence of the dryness and rockiness of the soil, the sea air, and the heat of the climate. However, this promenade is much frequented, especially at night. The cool sea-breeze, the multitude of charming women, the lights in the neighbouring houses, the instruments and gay airs heard on all sides, the serene and starry heavens, which in this fine climate display themselves in all their magnificence, all these charms fascinate the spectator, and make him pass his evenings very pleasantly.

A great part of the ramparts, which to the southward are shaded, serve for the lower classes to take their *fiesta*. Extended upon benches or upon the walls, the water-carriers, porters, soldiers, and sailors, quietly resign themselves to sleep, and half naked enjoy the luxury of the sea-breeze. Along the ramparts is a row of houses, forming a kind of view I need not describe.

I should call these ramparts (including the *alameda*) the only promenade at Cadiz, if the environs on the land side did not afford a very pleasing variety. It is true, the soil is so sandy, that it is not easy to walk there; but the pure and refreshing sea-air, and the abovementioned view of the bay and of the sea, attract thither a great number of people of both sexes and of all conditions.

The inhabitants of Cadiz, however, compensate the want of promenades by parties of pleasure in the environs. They go out in carriages either to Puerto de Santa Maria, where are fine avenues and gardens, or to Chiclana near the isla de Leon, which is almost entirely covered with country houses, and commands a very fine view of the bay, the town, and the sea. It is even the fashion to go in spring and autumn in parties of pleasure to Chiclana, which is a charming place, and offers the enjoyments of the country combined with all the luxuries of Cadiz.

In no place indeed is found such a union of all the pleasures and luxuries of life: abundance of wines, liqueurs, provisions, restoratives, and all kinds of consumable articles. The spirituous wines of Rota, Malaga, Xeres, Manzanilla, &c. are here extremely cheap (nine-pence or ten-pence the quart), and the best fruits are sold for almost nothing. You may purchase two large bunches of Muscadine grapes for a farthing, the finest water-melons for two-pence, or a large slice for a farthing, and a large orange for the same price, as also a lima or large lemon. There are ice-cellars called Neverias, generally kept by Italians, where all the refinements of luxury are enjoyed; for Epicurism is carried to the utmost at Cadiz even among the middle classes.

Yet the most indispensable necessary of life is wanting, I mean fresh water, which is brought from Puerto de Santa Maria, where hundreds of barrels are continually loading and unloading. This water is bad, containing much calcareous matter and very little air, which it entirely loses by the heat and carriage. It tastes almost like boiled water, and in addition acquires a putrid taste from the cask. It is true the inhabitants attempt to correct it by filtration, by mixing snow

with it, and other means, but few people can afford all these expences; for the ice is brought from the Sierra, a distance of thirteen leagues, and the mules that bring it only travel by night; yet a stock always arrives at Cadiz regularly every other day. The common water is detestable, and to have better it is necessary to buy snow-water either from the water venders or from the ice-cellars, where it costs near a halfpenny a glass. For domestic purposes, washing, &c. rain water is collected in subterraneous cisterns, into which various pipes are laid; but as this water evaporates during the great heats, which also increase the consumption, every barrel of spring water costs about four-pence halfpenny. Hence an economy is practised in the consumption of water, which at first excites the astonishment of foreigners.

ACCOUNT of the new MUSICAL DRAMA, called 'THE WIFE OF TWO HUSBANDS,' performed, for the first Time, at the Theatre-Royal, Drury-Lane, on Tuesday, Nov. 1.

THE characters were thus represented:

The Count Belfior,.....	Mr. H. Johnston.
Maurice,.....	Mr. Wroughton.
Theodore,.....	Miss De Camp.
Montenito,.....	Mr. Kelly.
Armagh,.....	Mr. Johnstone.
Carronade,.....	Mr. Bannister.
Fritz,.....	Mr. Caulfield.
Walter,.....	Mr. Cooke.
The Countess Belfior,....	Mrs. Powell.
Eugenia,.....	Mrs. Mountain.
Ninetta,.....	Mrs. Bland,
Rosaline,.....	Miss Tyrer.

THE FABLE.

The daughter of baron Werner, a young lady of fifteen, had been entrapped into a marriage with Isidore Fritz, a young officer of profligate

gate habits and desperate fortune. Though she possessed every accomplishment; Fritz looked only to her fortune: but, being disappointed in his interested expectations, he soon began to treat her with the most brutal cruelty. Her father, the baron, incensed at her imprudence, and at the disgrace which such a marriage brought upon his family; resolved never more to admit his daughter to his presence. In order to avoid her he quitted Vienna, where he usually resided, and for a length of time no tidings could be procured of him.

Miss Werner, afterwards countess Belfior, disgusted with her husband's brutality, and preyed upon by the remorse she felt for her disobedience to her father, resolved upon quitting Fritz, and, with her infant son, wanders about in search of her father. She at length discovers him, pining in penury and sickness, and afflicted with blindness. She exerts every means that industry can supply to alleviate his distress, and is assiduous in her attentions to him; never daring, however, to let him hear her voice, lest it should lead to the discovery of her.

About this time count Belfior, a Sicilian nobleman, arrives at Vienna, and, attracted by the engaging person and manners of miss Werner, makes her an offer of his hand. Not long after she receives information of the death of Isidore Fritz; and, the information being confirmed by documents apparently authentic, she accepts the offer of the count's hand, and accompanies him to his estates in Sicily, taking with her the baron Werner, her father, to whom she presents a farm in the name of the countess Belfior. The count soon afterwards is called to his post in the armies, and, upon the day of his expected return, the drama commences.

The countess soon receives a let-

ter from Vienna, informing her that Fritz, her former husband, is still living. The villain, it would appear, had caused certificates of his death to be forged and sent to his wife, in order to induce her to enter into a second marriage with the count, that he might afterwards put in a claim to his wife's property.

Soon after the count's return, Fritz found his way to Sicily, and gained means to have an interview with the countess. He proposes to her to assist his views in getting possession of the property, but she indignantly rejects the proposal; upon which he daringly claims of the count the possession of the estates belonging to his wife. Here, however, Fritz, while holding out these threats, is recognised as a deserter from the Austrian army, and secured and imprisoned as such.

The count, listening only to the generosity of his nature, is still anxious to spare the life of the ruffian, and for that purpose resolves to send him to a foreign country. In order to provide him with the means of preparing for the voyage, the count appoints an interview at night with Fritz. Fritz meets the count accordingly, but resolves on the destruction of his benefactor. With that view, he places an accomplice behind a tree, instructing him to stab the second man that passes. Fritz, followed by the count, advances towards the tree; but Caronade, an English sailor, in the service of count Belfior, steps forward, and leaves Fritz the second to pass, by which timely interposition the assassin fell the victim of his own contrivance, under the dagger of his accomplice.

Baron Werner, who had hitherto proved deaf to his daughter's intreaties for forgiveness, now consents to pardon her, being assured of the sincerity of her repentance.

This interesting drama is professedly a translation of one bearing a similar title in French, and which has had a considerable run, and still continues to be performed at Paris. The version, we understand, is by Mr. Cobb. The principal plot, and the more striking incidents, are almost exact copies of the original. In the under plot, and less material parts, there are many and wide alterations adopted, no doubt, for the purpose of introducing characters and circumstances, whose situations and sentiments reflect the complexion, and correspond with the temper of the times: their introduction, therefore, could not be unreasonable; and the impression they were intended to produce was repeatedly acknowledged by the according plaudits with which they were distinguished. As to the merits of the piece itself, austere criticism may perhaps discover in it many improbabilities, and something of an immoral tendency. That a young lady of fifteen, deaf to the advice, and regardless of the authority of a father, and listening only to the wild suggestions of a blind and romantic passion, should rush into the arms of a man in every respect unworthy of her choice, is a slip that cannot well be allowed to pass by uncensured. Yet the unabated ardour of filial affection, and the unwearied practice of an ardent and exemplary repentance so forcibly display themselves in every subsequent act of her life, that a due regard to the frailty of human nature must prompt and admonish the forgiveness of her youthful and thoughtless indiscretion. Still when duty is transgressed and virtue wounded, there might always be left behind a scar that will continue to disfigure the loveliest features and the most exemplary deportment: in the present case, the detestation of the fault is lost in the

admiration of the virtues that succeed and atone for it.

The play is cast in the mould of the German school, and is somewhat tinged with the colour of its morality. Its more serious parts are, however, highly interesting, and take a very powerful hold upon the passions. Nor was their effect impaired by the performance. Mrs. Powell's acting afforded a most perfect picture of the filial affection, the ardent contrition of the countess: and Mr. H. Johnston, in the count, had all the ease, dignity, candour, and generosity, which so prominently mark that character. Wroughton, in Maurice, displayed, with his usual accuracy and pathos, first the unrelenting sternness of the irritated father, and afterwards the returning influence of parental fondness, when the cause of his resentment was removed, and its asperity softened down. Miss De Camp, in Theodore, was more interesting, if possible, than in the part of Julio; and every thing she attempted, acting, singing, and dancing, was warmly admired, and rapturously applauded. Bannister, in the English sailor, and Johnstone, in the Irish serjeant, expressed sentiments so perfectly characteristic of both professions and both countries, and they so happily applied to the present moment, that it is needless to say they were eagerly seized on, and as enthusiastically cheered. Indeed nothing was wanting, on the part of the performers, that could give every possible effect to every passage and incident of the play; and their exertions, joined with its intrinsic merits, could not well fail of procuring it that decided success with which it has been attended. Almost the whole of the music was composed by Mr. Mazzinghi, and does infinite honour to his style and taste; what was selected argued a no less degree of felicity.

The scenery and decorations are most beautifully picturesque.

LEONTES and EUGENIUS ;

OR,

THE CONTRAST :

A TALE.

THE lessons of infancy fasten with irresistible force on the mind ; while the first impressions of our early years influence our future fate, and direct our conduct through life. We are creatures formed by a combination of minute circumstances which few persons have the opportunity of observing, and the few to whom they might be known generally pass them by unobserved.

Leontes and Eugenius inhabited the same village, and passed the earliest period of their lives in the same boyish pursuits. From the retired situation in which they lived they had few companions, and their hearts seemed to imbibe sentiments of affection for each other from habit and necessity rather than from choice and congeniality.

The father of Leontes inherited a small estate, on which he had resided from infancy to age : for though the possession of a few paternal acres had precluded him from the necessity of applying to trade, yet the resources they supplied were too slender to afford him an opportunity of mixing with mankind ; or correcting the local prejudices of youth, by a more enlarged view of society.

His son, the darling object of his affections, discovered in infancy a clearness of perception and vivacity of temper which rendered him highly interesting. As his years matured he appeared, in the eyes of a doating father, a youth of uncommon talents, and to these parental fondness added every virtue. The

penetration of Leontes soon discovered the blind partiality of his father, over whom he easily gained a complete ascendancy, and even while yet a boy contrived to rule him with entire sway. This early and successful effort for power fostered his ambition, and rendered him at once daring in exploit and subtle in intrigue. He was ever ready to lead his youthful companions to scenes of depredation, and was foremost in all the plots which a school-boy's activity could invent or buoyant spirits execute ; while his artful conduct generally excluded him from any share in the disgrace or punishment which, on the detection of his mischief, commonly fell on some less culpable offender.

Far different was the lot of Eugenius. Bred under a father whose rigid discipline, though it enforced the obedience of those around him, repressed their sympathy and chilled their affection ; his rising spirit shrunk beneath the harsh commands which daily checked his youthful gaiety. The efforts of his untaught but aspiring mind were damped by severity, and even the hours of recreation were embittered by severe prohibitions. His walks were bounded, and his little feet were not allowed to tread beyond the limits prescribed by authority ; while the ripe fruit, which hung luxuriously over his head, was forbidden to his touch. He trembled at the sight of his father, lest some involuntary offence should awaken his passions and call forth the severity of his anger. The constant fear by which he was enslaved produced timidity of character ; and, though he was ever ready to assist his companions in solving a problem, or composing a letter, his own performances were produced with such a seeming consciousness of their deficiency, as half persuaded those to whom they were addressed to overlook their merit.

When permitted to visit Leontes, the heart of Eugenius bounded with pleasure; the road to his house seemed the path to freedom, and he felt like a wretch emancipated from chains. Yet, amidst the gaiety in which he there indulged, a sigh would often escape him when he contemplated the happier lot of his young associate. But, spite of these transient feelings of regret, the pleasing sensations which liberty inspired prevailed, and the earliest ideas of happiness, in the mind of Eugenius, were associated with his friend Leontes. The sentiment thus impressed long continued to warm his heart; and when compelled to relinquish this early object of his affections, and acknowledge him no longer worthy of his esteem, it snapped the tie which bound him to society. The years of childhood were at length passed, and the two friends entered on the theatre of the world. With hearts beating with expectation, they bade adieu to their native village; and, as the vehicle that conveyed them to the metropolis rolled rapidly along, they gave loose to the sallies of youthful imagination, and anticipated all the joys which independence could bestow.

Leontes, who had been destined to the study of the law, took possession of elegant chambers provided for him in the Temple. His father, who had lately come into possession of an unexpected addition to his fortune, was enabled to fix him in his new career with all the advantages which riches could bestow; while Eugenius, who had chosen the practice of physic, was placed as the humble attendant of an apothecary. It was the favourite and often-repeated maxim of his father—'Let my son shift for himself, as I have done before him; for he will have no assistance from me. Necessity, I know, sharpens the wit; keenness and industry are the only talents to

procure money; and money, in every civilised country, will purchase respect. I have shown him the ladder, let his own ingenuity teach him how to ascend it.'

While the days of Leontes were passed in learning the arts of chicanery, and his nights in riot and debauchery, the hours of his friend were devoted to the incessant drudgery of compounding drugs. But the mind of Eugenius was not sunk to his situation: though each succeeding day brought a return of toil, his active spirit defied the power of sleep, and a large portion of his nights was usually passed in study. He beheld with pity the various diseases to which the human frame was liable; and, actuated by benevolence, he pursued the study of medicine with ardour. Sometimes too, to sooth his lacerated bosom, in which early severity had planted the thorn of sorrow, he would turn the querulous language of complaint into the harmonious strains of poetry. As often as he could steal an hour from the toils of business, he repaired to the apartments of his only friend, and beheld, without envy, the rapid progress he was making in the road to fame and fortune. In the society of Leontes, which habit had rendered dear, he forgot his cares; and, during those pleasing moments, ceased to regret his own unpromising situation.

His friend continued to receive his visits with the language of politeness; and Eugenius, open and unsuspecting, doubted not the sincerity of his professions. In his presence, Leontes regretted that want of discernment in mankind which could leave merit, when oppressed by poverty, unregarded; but in his absence he laughed, with his gay companions, at the poor apothecary; and wondered he had not spirit enough to better his condition by daring adventure, or end his miserable ex-

istence by a pistol. He felt, with arrogant exultation, the difference which fortune had placed between them; and, though he too much admired the conversation of Eugenius to break off the connection, he meanly wished to make the spirit of his friend crouch before his wealth and prosperity. This, however, he never could accomplish. The oppressed youth beheld with indifference his splendid residence and luxurious board: to the fancied merits of the man he paid an involuntary tribute of respect, but to the tinsel which decorated his exterior he was insensible.

Eugenius, though devoid of those showy accomplishments which alone could contribute to his advancement in life, possessed a simplicity of character and an integrity of heart which excited the respect of every one with whom he was connected. His employer, who possessed a liberal mind, acknowledged his usefulness, and delighted to converse with him on subjects of professional knowledge. This was a source of exquisite pleasure to a heart panting for sympathy, and writhing under parental unkindness and neglect. To excite the attention of his fellow mortals, and see their affections drawn towards him, was indeed a delightful sensation; but the kindness with which Louisa, the only child of the apothecary, treated him, filled his bosom with rapture, and thrilled every nerve with joy. She occupied his thoughts by day, and her image rested on his pillow by night.

Louisa united all the graces of an elegant person with a feeling heart. Her attentions to Eugenius were at first the offspring of benevolence. It was her delight to shed happiness on all around her, and she knew the importance of minute attentions in producing the felicity of man. But her heart was soon sensible of the

worth of Eugenius; and that kindness, which had commenced under a sense of duty, was continued from the spontaneous effusions of friendship. Though free from the passion of love, she was fully sensible of his merits; his taste was congenial to her own, and with him she knew no reserve. His presence gave her delight, though his absence produced no pain in her bosom.

The feelings of Eugenius were, however, far more poignant; for, while he fancied himself indulging only the sentiments of admiration, he was drinking in large and intoxicating draughts of the tenderest passion. Yet his love was devoid of every other hope except that imperceptible feeling which, working insensibly on a lover's imagination, levels all distinctions, and places him at the summit of his wishes.

'How can I expect, how dare I even wish,' thought he, 'that Louisa, endowed with all the graces both of person and mind, caressed by the world, and basking in the sunshine of prosperity, should sacrifice all those advantages to an unfriended being like myself? My wishes are unreasonable,' sighed he, 'and my hopes unjust, and I will conceal them from the object of my love. If my feelings are unconquerable, I will silently endure my anguish, and no word shall escape my lips that may betray the presumption of my heart.'

The fear of betraying himself to Louisa gave him, in her presence, an embarrassed air, and threw an unusual reserve over his behaviour. Her presence, which once seemed to inspire him with delight, now appeared to cast a tenfold gloom over his pensive mind. He shunned her society, and the moments he was compelled to pass with her were evidently moments of restraint. She beheld this change with a painful emotion; the sentiments of friend-

ship and esteem, which she had long entertained for him were beginning to ripen into warmer feelings, and her heart sickened with disappointment. Louisa seemed to listen to the dictates of worldly prudence, which separated her from Eugenius; but her heart was too noble to force on him those affections which he seemed so assiduously to shun; and, aided by female pride, she repaid his fancied neglect with indifference.

It was at this period, when his heart was almost bursting with its sorrows, and panting for the relief of communication, that Eugenius, in faltering accents, confessed to his friend the presumptuous love in which he had dared to indulge. Leontes, who regarded every thing with a view to worldly interest, and whose mind was free from those delicate scruples which oppressed the heart of his friend, laughed at his silly refinement.

‘Why, man,’ cried he, ‘it is the luckiest hit in the world! this is the very road to fortune! Louisa must inherit her father’s wealth: you will succeed him in his profession, and your establishment in the world is secure.’

‘It is true,’ replied Eugenius, dejectedly; ‘but what have I to offer as an equivalent for all these advantages? Louisa would do honour to rank and fortune; her merit would enoble titles: and can I solicit her acceptance of a being who has nothing but uncorrupted and sincere love to bestow in return? No; though my passion is become the vital spark that animates my existence, I cannot bear to address her when my professions would allow of such a mercenary interpretation. Ah, Leontes! afford me consolation, and sooth my afflicted heart with thy friendship: but do not persuade me to an act from which my judgment and my feelings equally revolt.’

Leontes listened for some time to

what he termed the rhapsodies of refinement; and then by every effort of reason, aided by the more powerful stimulus of ridicule, he endeavoured to induce his friend to alter his resolution.

‘A woman’s heart,’ said he, ‘is formed of melting materials; and Louisa will, no doubt, be easily persuaded to love you. And why should you shun the fortune that awaits you? You have the power of making her happy. It is not her wealth which you seek; and you may save her from falling a victim to some specious deceiver, who, possessing more worldly advantages than yourself, yet incapable of appreciating her worth, may be attracted only by her splendid fortune.’

Eugenius at length, influenced partly by the wishes of his friend, but more by the secret pleadings of his own heart, consented to renew his former attentions to Louisa; while Leontes promised, if he would procure him an introduction, to discover, if possible, the sentiments of the lady, and aid the wishes of his friend. In this he was sincere. The habits of their early friendship were not yet erased from his mind; and, as he could not reduce Eugenius to the outward behaviour of an humble dependent on himself, his next wish was to raise him to consequence in the world, that he might not blush for the poverty of his friend. His talents and virtues extorted from Leontes the tribute of respect; but he had not magnanimity enough to show the coxcombs with whom he associated, that he dared to prize merit as it deserved, when shrunken in obscurity, and chilled by neglect.

Eugenius now endeavoured to regain the friendship of Louisa, which it was evident he had lost by his late conduct. His acute feelings, however, and a painful consciousness of his situation, embarrassed all his as-

tions, and gave to those attentions, which flowed from the heart alone, the appearance of constraint and effort. She watched his conduct with attentive observation, while she attributed the change in his manners to a motive which roused her pride and awakened her delicacy. He had, she fancied, discovered her partiality; and, actuated by pity, was endeavouring to foster an affection for her against which his spontaneous feelings revolted, but on these terms she scorned his love. 'I am not so humbled in spirit,' thought she, 'as to accept his compassion. He shall know that he is free, that my proud heart disdains the sacrifice he would make.'

These resolutions were hardly formed before Leontes was introduced to her acquaintance. The state of her feelings were easily developed by him; but one evening passed in her society broke the bonds of friendship, and drove from his mind all remembrance of Eugenius. He beheld in her an object calculated to gratify all his passions: her beauty would excite admiration, and raise the envy of his associates; while her wealth would administer to his ambition, and afford new sources of dissipated pleasures. To accomplish his scheme, however, it would be necessary to deceive both the lovers, and this he conceived would be no difficult task. He had but to induce Louisa to follow the bias her mind had already taken, and the hopes of Eugenius he knew would be easily repressed. With well-affected sorrow, he informed him, that his passion had given offence to the object of his tenderest wishes, and that from her he had nothing to expect, for she had listened to his warmest pleadings with indifference. The gloom of disappointment saddened the features of Eugenius; life seemed to have lost every charm, and the pursuits which had hitherto

occupied his attention were now wholly neglected.

Leontes, in the mean time, exerted all his talents to captivate the heart of Louisa; while the easy gaiety of his manners gave a peculiar charm to his actions. Circumstances conspired to forward his wishes; his friendship for Eugenius proved to the mind of his mistress the worth of his character; while the splendor of his present situation, and his elevated expectations, secured him the approbation of her father. Mortified pride, too, pleaded for him in the bosom of Louisa; the humble Eugenius had neglected her love, while the brilliant, the elevated Leontes, laid his honours at her feet. His efforts were successful, her heart yielded to his persuasions, and in a few months after their first acquaintance she became his bride.

Eugenius beheld these changes with the apathy of despair: his business was neglected, and he sought to banish painful reflections by intoxicating liquors; while his countenance, haggard with woe, exhibited a mournful picture of the pangs which corroded his heart. Louisa, though ignorant of the cause, pitied the sorrows which seemed to prey on his frame. She sought an opportunity of conversing with him in private; and, not doubting but that he had seen her former partiality, she frankly confessed what had been her intentions towards him.

'But,' added she, 'I commend your sincerity, and admire your principles: in refusing to sacrifice your feelings to your interest you have perhaps condemned yourself to poverty; and are now, I fear, regretting your hard lot. Yet do not, my friend, be discouraged; I will add my influence to the friendship my father already feels for you, and I have no doubt but we shall secure to you his present practice.'

This scene was too much for the

fortitude of Eugenius. The treachery of his friend and the loss of his beloved Louisa were at once revealed to his view. He gazed on her face with wild agony, while he sunk before her, and with impassioned action pressed her hand to his burning bosom. Caution was now impossible; and every feeling which had agitated his heart was developed, while he bade an eternal adieu to the woman he so ardently loved, and from whom he was now separated by a barrier which time could not remove. Disappointed at once in his friendship and his love, his reason was suspended, and he remained for some years a distracted maniac.

But the violence of his disease was at length softened by time; and, though melancholy still clouded his countenance, he was at length permitted to wander again at liberty in the world. Society, however, no longer afforded him delight; the severity in which his early years had been nurtured repressed the energies of hope; he had been once fatally deceived, and from that moment he viewed mankind with distrust and suspicion. In a solitary hut which he has raised on the summit of a rock, whose lofty top overhangs the swelling ocean, he has for some years resided; while a small annuity, which he inherits from his father, serves to procure him the necessaries of life.

The few beings who reside near his habitation, regard him as a severe misanthrope, and shun his solitary abode; while, depressed by the gloom of melancholy, he passes the heavy hours of existence forgotten by the world, and lost to its joys.

But Leontes, rich and luxurious, courted by mankind, and surrounded by pleasures, is famed for the ostentatious display of his bounty, and regarded as the benevolent friend of the wretched. It is true, his treachery has poisoned the source of

his domestic comforts. Louisa, acquainted with his arts and the rashness of Eugenius, regards his dissimulation with disgust; while the bondage which unites her to the man whose conduct she feels she must despise, corrodes her heart and bows down her spirits with sorrow. But though she has endured every trial in silence, nor suffered a murmur of complaint to escape her lips, the world condemns the discontent which sits on her brow, and Leontes is pitied as the victim of a capricious woman. He maintains a polite exterior, which dazzles mankind, and throws an impenetrable veil over the deformity of his mind; while, by the plausibility of his manners, he contrives to fix the stigma of his vices on every being with whom he is connected.

E. W.

The MORAL ZOOLOGIST.

PART II.

(Continued from p. 549.)

LETTER VIII.

From Eugenia to the Right Hon.
Lady ———.

THE second order or class of birds, in the systems of most modern naturalists, is the *Picæ*, or pie kind; the characteristics of which, according to Linnæus, are—the *bill* knife-shaped, with a convex back; the *feet* furnished with three toes before and one behind; the *body* stringy and impure:—that they gather their food from dirt and rubbish; build their nests on trees, the male feeding the female during the time of incubation; and that they are monogamous, or pair.

This order connects the rapacious birds with the gallinaceous, or poultry tribes. It contains, in the Linnæan system, a great variety of ge-

Engraved for the Lady's Magazine.

Magpie.



Jackdaw.



nera, extending from the parrot and the raven to the humming-bird; birds so different in their form and habits that scarcely any characters will apply to them all. They live upon flesh, insects, fruits, and grain. They, in general, contribute but little to furnish out the pleasures, or supply the necessities, of man. Many of them serve rather to teize than to assist or amuse him. Though they seem fond of frequenting his neighbourhood, because they, for the most part, live by his labour, they appear chiefly intent on making depredations on the fruits of his industry; and, when they are taken or killed by him, he finds no compensation in the generality of them, either living or dead, for the loss he has sustained.

But though, with respect to man, almost the whole of this class is either useless or noxious, with respect to each other no race of birds is more ingenious or active, or has dispositions more aptly suitable to social life.—‘Could we,’ says Goldsmith, ‘suppose a kind of morality among birds, we should find that these are by far the most industrious, the most faithful, the most constant, and the most connubial. The rapacious kinds drive out their young before they are able to struggle with adversity, but the pie kind cherish their young to the last. The poultry class are faithless and promiscuous in their courtship; but these live in pairs, and their attachments are wholly confined to each other. The sparrow kind frequently overleap the bounds of nature, and make illicit varieties; but these never. They live in harmony with each other: every species is true to its kind, and transmits an unpolluted race to posterity.’

Many of the birds of this kind are remarkable for their capacity for instruction. They have almost all an expression of cunning or archness in

their look, and crows have been taught to fetch and carry with the docility of a spaniel.

Birds of this class make their nests generally in trees and bushes. Both male and female labour conjointly in building their nests, and the former often relieves his mate in the duties of incubation. They, in fact, take this office by turns; and, when the young are produced, both are alike active in their endeavours to supply them with food.

Some of these birds live in societies, and in these there appears to be an observance of general laws; and, if we believe some writers, a kind of republican form of government is established. Each is watchful for the safety of the flock, and this vigilant attention seems not unfrequently to be extended to birds of another species. The fowler, when endeavouring to surprise a flock of ducks or wild-geese, is often disappointed by the cry of alarm given by a crow or a magpie, which apprises the thoughtless creatures of their danger, and warns them in time to provide for their safety.

In a few general characters, birds of this class appear all to agree; as in having hoarse voices, slight active bodies, and a rapidity—or, at least, facility—of flight, that enables them frequently to elude the pursuit of even the boldest and most vigorous of the rapacious tribes.

In my next, I shall proceed to the description of the genus which is placed by Linnæus, and most other naturalists, except those who class the shrikes with the pies and with the rapacious birds, in the front of this tribe.

With the sincerest wishes for your ladyship's happiness, and the utmost esteem and affection, I remain,

Your ever-faithful

EUGENIA.

(To be continued.)

POETICAL ESSAYS.

THE SHIELD.

[From the 'Poetical Works of the late Thomas Little, Esq.']

'OH! did you not hear a voice of death?

And did you not mark the paly form
Which rode on the silver mist of the heath,

And sung a ghostly dirge in the storm?

'Was it a wailing bird of the gloom,
Which shrieks on the house of woe
all night?

Or a shivering fiend that flew to a tomb,
To howl and to feed till the glance of
light?

'Twas *not* the death-bird's cry from
the wood, [blast;

Nbr shivering fiend that hung in the

'Twas the shade of Helderic—man of
blood— [are past!

It screams for the guilt of days that

'See! how the red, red lightning strays,
And scares the gliding ghosts of the
heath!

Now on the leafless yew it plays,

Where hangs the shield of this son of
death!

'That shield is blushing with murderous
stains, [spray;

'Long has it hung from the cold yew's
It is blown by storms, and wash'd by
rains,

But neither can take the blood away!

'Oft by that yew, on the blasted field,
Dæmons dance to the red moon's light,
While the damp boughs creak, and the
swinging shield

Sings to the raving spirit of night!

TO MRS. _____.

[From the Same.]

SWEET lady! look not thus again;

Those little pouting smiles recall
A maid remember'd now with pain,
Who was my love, my life, my all!

Oh! while this heart delirious took
Sweet poison from her thrilling eye,
Thus would she pout, and lisp, and look,
And I would hear, and gaze, and sigh!

Yes, I did love her—madly love—

She was the dearest, best deceiver!

And oft she swore she'd never rove;
And I was destin'd to believe her!

Then, lady, do not wear the smile
Of her whose smile could thus betray,
Alas! I think the lovely wile
Again might steal my heart away.

And when the spell, that stole my mind,
On lips so pure as thine I see,
I fear the heart which she resign'd
Will err again, and fly to thee!

RHYMES IN PRAISE OF RHYME.

[From Miss Watts's Poems.]

THOUGH we must own, poetic diction
Too oft delights to deal in fiction;
Yet this is certain, honest Rhyme
Will tell plain truth at any time,
And in one word will oft say more,
Than the best Prose could in a score.
A few plain cases we shall state,
To free this matter from debate.

Mark you you glutton at a feast?
And what says Rhyme? he calls him—
beast;

See you you drunkards swilling wine?
Rhyme in a moment names them—
swine:

When Flavia, not content with four,
Adds a fifth husband to her store,
Rhyme *thinks* a word, but speaks no
more.

What wants that senator who blusters,
And all his tropes and figures musters,
Against the man who rules the steerage?
Rhyme whispers in your ear—a *peccage*.
What makes you patriot strain his lungs,
And bawl as loud as twenty tongues,
To prove his country's dire disgrace?

Rhyme smiling says—a *place! a place!*
When priests above seek their abode,
Yet love to loiter on the road,

And sit ll on lords and statesmen fawn,
Rhyme shakes his head, and whispers—
lazon.

Which is the nymph, who, soon as seen,
Is hail'd through Europe, beauty's
queen,

Before whose charms the fairest fade?
Rhyme gently sighs—the *British maid*.
Which is the man whose daring soul
Conducts in war, from pole to pole,
His country's proud triumphant car?
Rhyme shouts aloud—the *British tar*.

ADDRESS to the EVENING STAR. But he roves unconfin'd, in a barn goes
to rest,
And thus happily spends all his days.

[From the Greek of Moschus.]

BY J. E. S. MORRITT, ESQ.

August 3, 1803.

J. M. L.

HAIL, Hesperus! bright torch of
Beauty's queen!
Dear sacred gem of dewy evening,
hail!
So shine thy rays above her spangled
sheen,
As glows the moon above thy ra-
diance pale.
When to th' accustom'd fair my foot-
steps stray,
Now timely shine; for, lo! the change-
ful Moon
Drives her dim chariot in the blaze of
day,
And envious sets ere half the night be
done.
No plunder tempts me through the
treacherous shade;
For me no nighty traveller shall
mourn:
'T is Love that calls thee—be his voice
obey'd;
Sweet is her love, and claims a sweet
return.

THE MENDICANT.

THROUGH some village or town oft
I merrily trudge,
And deceive as I travel along;
I am ready as moit some sad itory to
fudge,
When I wish to impose on the throng.
Now a sailor I seem, though I ne'er was
at sea;
And a soldier sometimes I appear:
Yet kind females will oft grant assist-
ance to me,
While their gifts are enhanc'd by a
tear.
When a soldier or sailor no longer will
do,
Then I instantly alter my plan,
And disguis'd as a woman, with infants
a few,
I no longer am like the same man.
Oh! the life of a beggar is surely the
best;
Neither taxes nor house-rent he pays;

THE ADIEU,

ON LEAVING THE COUNTRY.

ADIEU, ye lov'd scenes of my youth,
Where in days of my childhood I
stray'd!—
Sylvan scenes deck'd with virtue and
truth—
Adieu, native cot in the glade!
Farewel to the green-bower'd grove!
Flow'ry banks and cool grottos, adieu!
Rustic scenes deck'd with friendship and
love, [you.
Sweet Peace, smiling, dwells amidst
Farewel to each neat rustic cot!
May sorrow ne'er enter your door!
But health and content be the lot
Of each cottager honest and poor.
Kingsland, Sept. 1, 1803. J. M. L.

ACROSTIC.

MOST charming is the maid whose
virtuous heart
Is free from pride, from vanity, and art.
Say now, O Muse! what theme shall be
my care,
Such as may best pourtray a heav'nly
fair?
Possess'd of ev'ry charm, of ev'ry
grace;
A mind un sullied; in each look we
trace [face:
The queen of beauty pictur'd in her
Truth's purest ray in ev'ry glance we
see;
Youth's artless smile, and virgin mo-
desty:
Peerless in beauty, as in thought re-
fin'd;
Envy of woman—pride of all mankind;
Grace, elegance, and ease, at once com-
bine;
Reflecting all that's lovely, fair, divine!
O say, how blest the youth who gains
her heart must be:
May Heav'n deny that happiness to all
but me!
September 3, 1803. J. V.

The HARMONY and MAGNIFICENCE of the UNIVERSE.

[From *Boyd's Translation of Dante's Paradise*.]

ETERNAL wisdom and eternal love,
Join'd with interminable power
above,

Union ineffable, in bliss supreme,
Gave to existence this stupendous whole,
Where'er the eye can reach, or soaring
soul

Extends around its intellectual beam.

Unrivall'd order and celestial grace,
Seen thro' the stages of unbounded space,
Whene'er the mental eye, with steady
view,

Surveys its glory to the heav'nly king,
Lifts the wrapt soul on Contemplation's
wing, [ture new.

And ev'ry pow'r expands with rap-

Now ye that hear the heav'nly Muse's
voice, [skies,

Pursue her journey through the op'ning
Where the first motion wheels her
mighty round,

And whirls the planets with resistless
sway;

Then think of Him whose power you
orbs obey,

In self-enjoyment wrapt, and bliss
profound.

Behold you' shining path obliquely run,
Where, with his glorious retinue, the sun
Marshals the seasons, and conducts
the year:

What wisdom in the Pow'r that taught
his ray [per'd day,

To warm the subject world with tem-
Not coldly distant, nor oppressive near.

Had any other circuit been assign'd
For this ætherial cavalcade to wind,

In frost to slumber or to sink in fire,
Had been the lot of all sublunar things:
Here Contemplation rests her weary
wings, [mire.

And stops a while to tremble and ad-

Indulge this holy prelibation first,
That your ripe mind, in holy habits
nurs'd,

May scorn that earthy fume that
damps the soul,

And brings it down from its ætherial
flight:

For thy behoof I range the fields of light,
Culling the fruits of heav'n from pole
to pole.

Nature's great herald now, whose eye
afar

Celestial influence sheds from star to star,
And measures time in his diurnal race,
Had reach'd the welcome stage, that calls
the light

Of Phosphor soonest from the womb of
night,

To drive the vapours from Aurora's
face.

Bright regent of the planetary train,
How I was wafted to thy high domain
Is all mysterious as the source of
thought;

For quick as thought, from world to
world I flew:

There, oh! what splendours flash'd upon
my view,

When my celestial guide my notice
caught.

Transfiguration in a moment came,
Distinct she stood within the solar flame,
Light within light! but more re-
splendent far:

No radiant change of list'd colours gay
Was there, no painting with illusive ray
Her matchless form that feeble aid
could spare.

Let intellect, experience, art, combine,
Vain were their pow'r to paint that
scene divine;

E'en Faith, with angel ken, would
scarce suffice:

That Fancy's plumage fails to mount the
height

Is no surprise; for who can bear the
sight

When Sol with double lustre fires the
skies?

Such was th' appearance of the heav'nly
band,

Who in the sunny region took their
stand,

Wonders of wisdom! Miracles of
love!

For ever singing in alternate lays
To Him, who cheers with ever-vital rays
The glorious circle of the saints above.

'To this material source of life and light,
His pow'r,' my leader cry'd, 'has wing'd
your flight.'

Never did mortal feel so deep a glow
Of filial love, commix'd with filial fear:
Heav'n's dome, the radiant nymph, the
solar sphere, [show.

Seem'd all to vanish, like a passing

But inly vex'd to see my seeming scorn,
 She smil'd benignant, like the rosy morn.
 Her smile recall'd me from my rapt'-
 rous trance :
 Sudden the cope of heav'n salutes my
 sight, [bright,
 The glories darting round the squadrons
 Call'd to existence by her magic glance.
 Disbanding soon, the files, with splen-
 dour crown'd, [round ;
 In one wide-waving glory hemm'd us
 Their gen'ral chorus charm'd the
 lift'ning ear :
 Our optics less enjoy'd the double noon,
 Form'd like an halo bending round the
 moon,
 When a thin vapour veils her shining
 sphere.

Unnumber'd are the mystic wonders
 known [throne ;
 On this high footstool of the burning
 No mortal strain the tenour can convey
 Of that loud hymn that round the con-
 cave rung : [song,
 The man who wants to learn the lofty
 Must mount on wings of fire the
 milky way.

As well might thoughtless mortals hope
 to hear, [sphere,
 From mutes, the music of the solar
 Whose long-drawn modulation seem'd
 to ring
 From the bright squadrons in a triple
 round, [bound,
 As in full march they pac'd the solar
 Chanting the glories of their heav'nly
 king.

Like stars that circle round the steadfast
 pole,
 For ever pointing to their radiant goal,
 These living suns, reflecting blaze on
 blaze,
 Mov'd on, or paus'd, as in a festive hall
 Gay nymphs, that tend the music's dy-
 ing fall,
 Suspend their step, or thrid the
 sportive maze.

Then, as the heav'nly anthem seem'd to
 rest, [dress'd :
 A still small voice my ravish'd ears ad-
 'Since grace, the gentle nurse of love
 divine,
 That knows its object, and expands its
 flame, [claim ;
 Inspires your soul, the deep ascent to
 Oh, mortal man ! immortal bliss is
 thine !

' None here can to thy thirsty soul deny
 Fair Truth's nectareous draught, a rich
 supply ;
 No more than to the main the wint'ry
 flood [reer ;
 Can stop adown the slope his swift ca-
 Then, if you wish to know our fortunes
 here, [mental food ?
 You soon shall fate your mind with

PASTORAL.

SINCE Damon has stray'd from these
 plains,
 How joyless, how cheerless am I !
 Despair oft intrudes on my strains,
 And rends from my breast the fond
 sigh.

Benevolence beam'd on his face :
 To all he was gentle and free :
 While passion enliven'd each grace,
 How melting his accents to me !

Now, absent, he heeds not my woe ;
 Nor thinks he how ardent I love.
 His worth taught this heart first to glow :
 Can wisdom the feeling reprove ?

At eve, when the heart-cheering sound
 Of music invites to the dance ;
 When pleasure is smiling around,
 And gaily the shepherds advance ;
 I fly from those scenes of delight,
 Though joy they to others impart :
 Can Mirth's vain enchantments invite
 To rapture the love-stricken heart ?

In that grove where, in happier hours,
 With Damon I've spent the long day—
 While pleasure absorb'd all my powers,
 So sweet would he sing the fond lay—
 I could pensively wander alone,
 When night in deep sombre is clad,
 And list to the nightingale's moan,
 Whose music's so soothingly sad.

To me will he always prove true ?
 I sigh, while my bosom beats high :
 Yet, sure, when he bade me adieu,
 The tear glisten'd moist in his eye.

I saw him, reluctant, depart,
 While sorrow pervaded his soul ;
 And grief heav'd the sigh from his
 heart
 Of anguish he could not controul.

Now, absent, he heeds not my woe ;
 Nor thinks he how ardent I love :
 Like mine sure his heart ne'er can glow ;
 Its sorrows his breast ne'er can prove.

September 8, 1803.

E. W.

ODES.

[From Davis's 'Travels in the United States.']

I. TO THE MOCKING-BIRD.

SWEET bird, whose imitative strain
Of all thy race can counterfeit the
note,

And with a burthened heart complain,
Or to the song of joy attune thy throat;
To thee I touch the string,
While at my easement, from the neigh-
b'ring tree,

Thou hail'st the coming spring,
And plaintive pour'st thy voice, or
mock'st with merry glee.

Thou bringest to my mind
The characters we find
Amid the motley scenes of human life;
How very few appear
The garb of truth to wear,
But, with a borrow'd voice, conceal a
heart of strife.

Sure then, with wisdom fraught,
Thou art by nature taught,
Dissembled joy in others to deride;
And when the mournful heart
Assumes a sprightly part,
To note the cheat, and with thy mock-
ing chide.

But when, with midnight song,
Thou sing'st the woods among,
And softer feelings in the breast awake;
Sure, then, thy rolling note
Does sympathy denote,
And shows thou canst of others' grief
partake.

Pour out thy lengthen'd strain;
With woe and grief complain,
And blend thy sorrows in the mournful
lay:

Thy moving tale reveal,
Make me soft pity feel;
I love in silent woe to pass the day.

II. TO A CRICKET.

LITTLE guest with merry throat,
'That chirpest by my taper's light,
Come, prolong thy blithsome note,
Welcome visitant of night:

Here enjoy a calm retreat,
In my chimney safely dwell,
No rude hand thy haunt shall beat,
Or chase thee from thy lonely cell.

Come, recount me all thy woes,
While around us sighs the gale;
Or, rejoic'd to find repose,
Charm me with thy merry tale.

Say, what passion moves thy breast?
Does some flame employ thy care?
Perhaps with love thou art oppress'd,
A mournful victim to despair.
Shelter'd from the wintry wind,
Live and sing, and banish care;
Here protection thou shalt find,
Sympathy has brought thee here.

TO A LADY'S FAVOURITE CAT.

BY MR. G. DYER.

PRINCE of cats! with skin so sleek,
Sharpen'd mouth, and jetty check;
And tail as coral shining bright,
And eyes that can defy the night:
With whiskers, claws, and scenting nose,
For ever mousing as it goes—
All these proclaim as mere a cat
As ever tuzzled mouse or rat.

But when I mark thy mistress nigh—
(And I have look'd with searching
eye)—

The purring soft, the tender gaze,
And all thy little fondling ways;
The playful tail, the touch so bland,
When stroking Sappho's lovely hand;
And when on Sappho's bosom spread,
I see thee nestle close thy head;
And this, and more than this, I see,
Till happy puffs! I envy thee:—
Oh! then, methinks, time was that thou
Wast not what thou appearest now:
While drinking thus of love thy fill,
Thou seemest but a lover still;
Yes, prince of cats, if right I scan,
The time has been when thou wast MAN.

EPITAPH.

STRANGER, who strick along this
church-path way, [lay;
Stop thy quick step, and read this serious
To solemn musings one short hour de-
vote,

And give a loose to salutary thought:
While this according stone attracts thine
eye, [must die!
Hear it exclaim—'Thou, mortal, too,
Be wise in time, reform, repent, amend;
Life has no length—eternity no end.'

Haverhill.

JOHN WEBB.

FOREIGN NEWS.

Brest, September 18.

THE prefect of Finisterre has received and communicated to the several authorities of the department, the official intimation that the first consul will immediately repair to Granville and St. Maloes. It is not stated that he will extend his journey to Brest: it is deemed, however, not improbable, and in that expectation a guard of honour is preparing for his reception.

Amsterdam, September 20. All our ships of war, gun-boats, and flat-bottomed boats, will be assembled at three principal stations, *viz.* in the Texel, at Helvoetsluys, and at Flushing. Each of these divisions will be under a rear-admiral as commander; and admiral De Winter will have the command in chief of the whole fleet.

Mentz, September 23. The movements of the troops towards the coast continue to be very active. No person any longer doubts that the expedition against England will be undertaken. The remainder of the garrison in Lorraine, Alsace, and Burgundy, have begun their march.

Frankfort, September 24. The imperial *chargé d'affaires*, M. Scheillein, has officially notified to our senate the declarations by patent of his imperial majesty, that he will observe a perfect neutrality in the war between France and England; for which communication he received the thanks of the senate.

Brussels, September 24. General Davoust, commandant of all the forces which are to be concentrated in the *ci-devant* Flanders, and which will form the centre of the grand army of England, and general Dumas, chief of the staff, who, with several officers of rank, have made a tour to Dunkirk and along the coasts, to make the necessary dispositions for organising the corps which are there assembling, returned immediately after to Bruges, where they were present at the administration of the oath to the members of the legion of honour, which was performed with great cere-

mony. They are now employed in reviewing the troops which successively arrive in Flanders, and in making preparations for the establishment of a camp at Bruges. The garrison of that place will be no less numerous than that of Ghent; among other troops expected at that place, there are some regiments of cavalry, and the consular body-guard, who will precede the chief consul. It appears that only one camp will be formed between Ghent, Dynse, and Bruges, but it will be occupied by an army of eighty thousand men.

The garrison of the island of Cadfant has been augmented, within these ten or twelve days past, to about two thousand men. All the posts on the coast have been occupied by double the number of men; and the command of all the troops collected on the island has been entrusted to general Dumont, military commissary of the department of the Scheldt.

The troops that are to compose the army of Flanders already begin to arrive, and a great number of men are expected successively, who are now on their march from different points of the interior of France. As the second journey of the first consul to our departments has been retarded for some days, it is supposed he will not arrive before the 7th or 12th of October.

If letters from Paris may be credited, and they are confirmed by advices from the north of Germany, it appears that urgent propositions for a mediation have been renewed by Russia, both at Paris and London, and that at the same time the cabinet of Petersburg has renewed in the most pressing manner, its solicitations for raising the blockade of the Elbe and the Weser. It is further added that the first consul does not decline an accommodation with England on just and equitable grounds. It is believed, that it is the arrival of those pacific propositions that has delayed the departure of the first consul, Bonaparte, from Paris. Such, at least, are the public ru-

mours now afloat, and which by no means appear devoid of foundation.

Paris, September 25. On the 22d instant, five regiments of dragoons were reviewed by the first consul, in the plain of Rocquincourt, near Versailles. A great number of persons went to see the manœuvres of these dismounted regiments, which, it is said, are to form a part of the army of England. The next day, there was a great concourse of people at the dock-yard, near the Invalides, where two flat-bottomed boats were launched.

A spectacle of the same kind as the before-mentioned, but much more grand, took place yesterday, in the port of Brest, it being the festival of the republic. Two ships of war were launched; the *Vengeur*, of 118 guns, and the *Cassart*, of 74 guns. A few days before, another 74, the *Suffrein*, was launched at L'Orient. It is stated, in dispatches from the minister of the marine, that the labourers at the dock-yards at Rochfort are in equal activity, so as speedily to furnish to the republic another vessel, the *Lion*, of 74 guns, and four frigates, all of which are in great forwardness. In this last port, within the year, they have also finished two ships of the line, the *Majestueux*, of 120, and the *Magnanime*, of 74 guns.

26. On the 17th instant, vice-admiral Troguet, counsellor of state, was appointed commander of the naval force at Brest. Rear-admiral Lacroffe, maritime prefect of the district of Havre, and captain Bonnesous, maritime prefect of the district of Dunkirk. These two districts, which are the principal, extending from Antwerp to Cherbourg inclusively. The grand, or, as it is termed, the national flotilla, which is forming in all the ports above included, and for the assembling of which Boulogne serves as a central point, is, as has been stated, under the command of admiral Brevix. The Toulon fleet, composed of nine sail of the line and six frigates, put to sea on the 11th instant, but was obliged to return into the road, after having been at sea only ten hours. It is said that their speedy return was owing to the appearance of the English fleet, of twenty-one sail, which was announced on the same day by beacons from Marseilles.

Leyden, September 29. The English ships of war, which are cruising on the coasts of this republic, have lately given

some disturbance. Yesterday morning, one of the enemy's vessels, with some gun-boats, approached the coast of Zandfert, off Haerlem, sunk one fishing-boat by their fire, nearly destroyed another, and damaged several houses of the village. The troops on the spot did their duty, and were speedily reinforced.

Paris, October 4. Negotiations for peace are now no longer spoken of. We are assured that the last propositions made by Russia have not been found acceptable on our part.

Some persons believe that, besides the expedition against England, another great one is preparing, which is supposed to be intended for Egypt.

The troops assembled on the coast now receive pay as in the field.

7. When the first consul goes to the army of England, it is understood that no council of government will be established, but the two other consuls will take the administration of affairs.

The fortifications of Brussels, Leige, Dornick, Cortryk, Namur, Menin, and twenty-four other places, will be demolished, and the ground appertaining to them be sold, as our frontiers are now altered and extended.

Several engineers have received orders to give in a detailed plan for a junction of the Rhine with the Maese and the Scheldt. The work will be begun in the spring, unless the war should occasion this important undertaking to be delayed.

Our fleet at Toulon is ready to take advantage of the first favourable opportunity to sail on the secret expedition.

11. The greater part of our troops are now in full motion.

The army destined for the landing in England, and for other purposes, will now be organised with the greatest activity.

The generals and chiefs of the staff of the armies of Bayonne, St. Omer, and Bruges, have all set out for the places of their destination, and the troops which will compose these armies are either already arrived or are on their march. The army of Compeigne, which is to serve as the army of reserve, is also now formed. General Ney, who is to have the command of it, is immediately expected at Compeigne from Switzerland.

Yesterday the general of brigade, Raymond Dutailis, set out for the camp, as

chief of the staff. The minister at war, Berthier, will, it is said, set out the day after to-morrow, to inspect the camp at St. Omer and Bruges, and the military positions on the coast.

A camp of twelve thousand men will likewise be formed at Cherbourg. With respect to the time when the expedition against England will put to sea, nothing is known with certainty. To-day it was reported that it would not take place so soon as was at first intended.

12. It is determined, we are assured, that Bonaparte will put himself at the head of the expedition against England, and go on board one of the landing vessels. A plan has lately been laid before the council of state, for fitting out a great number of flat-bottomed boats, which shall be fastened together with iron chains, and will carry a great number of men. Bonaparte is establishing a marine guard, to consist of chosen sailors, who will form the crew of the ship on board of which he embarks.

13. The first consul now carries on an immediate correspondence with the emperor of Russia. The return of a courier from Russia is daily expected; and it is now said that another ambassador will arrive in the room of Mr. Markoff.

The first consul is every day employed several hours in his cabinet, on the subject of the expedition against England. The time of his departure is at present an impenetrable secret; but at any rate the present winter must be productive of very important events.

16. We flatter ourselves that Russia will continue to observe her system of neutrality. It is said that prince Dolgorucky is appointed successor to count Markoff.

Some emigrants of distinction have been sent to the Temple, charged with intrigues against the government.

The Spanish minister, Hervas, who is appointed minister of finance in Spain, now resides here: he is father-in-law to general Duroc.

The preparations for the expedition against England are continued with unabated activity; there will be no thought of peace till the decision of the great scene now preparing.

Two couriers have arrived here from Madrid; one to the Spanish ambassador, the chevalier Azzara, and the other to the minister Talleyrand. Spain is now

unanimous with France with respect to the measures to be taken: We shall soon see the consequences of her union in the war against England.

The gun-boats, provided with pieces of heavy artillery, which are built according to the directions of the counsellor of state, Farfoit, are much preferable to those built towards the close of the last war. A vessel is building at St. Maloes for the first consul.

25. The Russian ambassador, M. Markoff, was again absent from the diplomatic audience. Citizen Vos von Steenwyk, the Batavian envoy, gave in his letters of recall.

The eighteen gun-boats which have arrived at Boulogne, from Havre-de-Grace, met with no resistance. Some English cutters, which endeavoured to prevent their junction, could effect nothing. They were obliged to keep at a distance from the batteries of the coasts; and a distant cannonade, which did little damage on either side, was all that took place. The balls of the English flew over our ships, and the land troops shewed great courage.

A great part of the French infantry in Switzerland have received orders to return to France, and march to the coasts of the Channel. The cavalry will remain some time longer; and, it is said, receive a reinforcement. In the room of general Ney, who is to command the camp at Compeigne, general Barbou will take the command of the troops in Switzerland, where a new French ambassador will be appointed.

The reports which have lately been circulated, that the preparations in our harbours are carried on with less activity, are entirely without foundation.

The Batavian rear-admiral, Verheul, is frequently closeted with the first consul, whose particular confidence he has obtained.

Some accounts from Spain say, that the troops encamped at Valladolid are destined to act against Portugal, in case England should send troops to that country.

The minister at war, Berthier, is expected back here to-day.

An improved bason is constructing in the harbour at Honfleur, under the first stone of which is deposited a piece of money, bearing the head of the first consul.

HOME NEWS.

Cork, September 29.

LIEUTENANT-general Tarleton this day reviewed the whole of the garrison, regulars and yeomanry, in the Mardyke field. After the review, the general attended the magistrates of the southern districts of this county, who met him by appointment at the grand jury room. He addressed them in a short but animated speech, in which he pointed out the responsibility which he expected from them; that each magistrate should watch over the district in which he resided, and should make constant communications to him of every occurrence that might tend to disturb the quiet of the country; that he would himself visit each particular district; and that he would take care that no part should be without the means of supporting the loyal and just inhabitants, against those who might be disposed to act differently.

Edinburgh, October 5. On Saturday morning the Royal Mid-Lothian Volunteer Artillery paraded on the Castle-hill, when major Brown formed them into a circle, and addressed them in an animated speech, in which he acquainted them that government had received information, that part of the Dutch and French troops had embarked on board the flotilla, and were destined for this country. In consequence of this, he felt it necessary to ask the corps whether an extension of their services would be agreeable to them. The major had no sooner concluded his address, than the whole corps testified their assent by loud acclamations, and they offered to extend their services to any part of Great Britain.

9. His majesty's ministers have complied with the proposal of the county of Edinburgh, and have permitted its volunteer force to be completed to six times its original militia, exclusive of the men which it furnished to the corps already established in the city.

Dover, October 9. Waggon's are ordered to be provided and kept in readi-

ness in the principal towns along the coast, for the purpose of conveying into the interior of the country the sick, the women, and children, should the French succeed in effecting a landing. Those provided for this town were last Sunday collected on the parade, for the inspection of Mr. Pitt, as lord warden of the cinque ports.

Plymouth, October 18. On Sunday orders were received here, from the transport-board, to provide as soon as possible salt provisions and stores, of different descriptions, for four months, for twenty thousand tons of shipping for the transport service. The object of this order is, of course, kept a profound secret.

Dublin, October 26. This day the town was full of the rumour of another, and immediately intended, insurrection; and it was said that seventeen strange persons were taken up in different parts of the city, under suspicious circumstances. It is found on inquiry into the business, however, an idle report. Two or three men have indeed been brought here from the country, and among them one named Neale, brother-in-law to Dwyer, the famous rebel robber.

It is understood that our theatre will not be permitted to be open this winter.

Shorncliff, October 27. There was an alarm here the night before last, in consequence of a hut taking fire, which the remote parts of the camp imagined to be the beacon, and several regiments, influenced by this idea, were immediately dressed and under arms. The mistake, however, was soon corrected, and they returned to their beds; but they are entitled to great praise for the expeditious manner in which they turned out on this occasion.

The East Middlesex regiment was reviewed yesterday by major-general Moore, who expressed himself highly pleased at their appearance and discipline. The ground was crowded with military spectators, among whom were brigadier-general Campbell, lord Folk-

stone, the hon. captain Bouverie, and colonel Ravenshaw.

This morning an alarm was sounded in Sandgate, by order of the commanding officer of the 14th light dragoons, to try how soon the troops of that regiment would be mounted; and, though they were in watering order and totally unprepared, they appeared mounted and completely equipped for service in less than half an hour.

The strictest orders are enforced here, no officer being suffered to sleep out of camp. The soldiers, on retiring to bed, are obliged to have all their necessaries properly packed and ready to put on at a moment's notice in the darkest night. The cavalry have received similar orders, each man's saddle and accoutrements being so arranged that no confusion can take place, if necessary to mount at night.

The sea fencibles are very vigilant all along the coast, and every individual manifests a zeal not only to do his duty but even to go beyond it.

Waterford, November 1. On Saturday evening last a most atrocious murder was committed in the liberties of this city. The following are all the particulars of this horrid transaction which have come to our knowledge:—About the hour of nine o'clock on the above evening, John Scott, glass-blower, was returning home to his house, situate on the road to Gracedieu, and immediately above Mr. Strangman's concerns. Being a yeoman in Mr. May's corps, he was dressed in uniform, and had his arms with him. His wife, alarmed by his not returning at the usual hour that night, rose early on Sunday morning to make inquiries; and, within two hundred yards of her own dwelling, discovered the mangled corpse of her murdered husband. The bayonet was found near the body, broke and bloody; the musquet had been carried off, but the butt end, and a part of the stock, were afterwards found in a neighbouring field. His head and face were dreadfully bruised and battered, probably by the butt end of the musquet, as it was all stained with blood; two deep wounds also appeared in his head, as if made with a triangular instrument, no doubt with his own bayonet, which, in the judgment of Dr. Poole and surgeon Barker, who examined the body, occasioned his death.

At eleven o'clock on Sunday, John

Roberts, esq. coroner of this city, held an inquest on the body, when a verdict was found of wilful murder against persons unknown.

Yesterday, William Hamilton, who was lately apprehended in Enniskillen, was brought into town and lodged in the Castle.

Eastbourn, November 2. A man named Walter, a fisherman here, lately put an end to his existence, by shooting himself through the head with a fowling-piece, the barrel of which is upwards of four feet long. The unhappy man above-mentioned was a widower, aged upwards of forty years, and the father of several children: he had, for a considerable time past, entertained an affection for a widow in his neighbourhood, who is likewise a parent, and who, in a fit of jealousy, he first attempted to shoot with the fatal engine with which he destroyed himself, but was prevented from the commission of that act by a young man, the object of his jealousy, who pushed the muzzle of the piece aside at the instant it was discharged by Walter at the widow's head. The desperate man was afterwards apparently appeased, and left the house with his gun, saying he should go home. He, however, soon after returned to the door of the widow's house, with his piece re-loaded, and, having tied a string to the trigger, pulled it with his foot, when the whole charge passed through his head, and killed him on the spot. The coroner's jury on Monday returned a verdict of lunacy.

London, November 2. A fortnight ago, the fifth regiment of the Loyal London Volunteers had a grand field-day in the neighbourhood of Highbury-barn. On their return home, a member of the corps received a violent injury from one of his comrades, which is likely to cost him his life. On marching up Ludgate-hill, one of the regiment was told by a fellow-soldier, that he had not the right step, and that, if he did not alter it, he might inadvertently tread upon his heels, which shortly proved to be the case. The person who had been trodden upon was much hurt from the accident, and said, 'If the gentleman did so again, he would knock him down with his musquet.' The gentleman, anxious to avoid a quarrel, and being near home, fell out of the ranks, and a Mr. Pritchard filled his place, which was not observed by the

man before him. Mr. Pritchard soon felt the inconvenience of the person's marching, and said, 'Indeed, sir, you have not got the right step.' Upon which the irritated volunteer turned quickly round, and aimed a desperate blow at the other's head, the force of which was in a great degree parried by Mr. Downs, an officer, who was aware of its coming; the lock of the musquet, however, struck Mr. Pritchard so forcibly on the forehead that it brought him to the ground, and cut him so severely that he was obliged to be taken to Mr. Ramsden, the surgeon of the regiment, who dressed the wound, and found it to be of a dangerous nature. He has lingered in great agony ever since.

3. Yesterday, the 8th regiment of Loyal London Volunteers, under the command of colonel Canning, had a grand field-day, and a sham fight, upon a regular plan, near Hornsey. Mr. George Dewy, a respectable wine-merchant in Crutched-friars, led on the French party to the attack, and was made prisoner in the contest, at which time the firing was very brisk, and he, unfortunately, received the contents of a musquet in his right side, and immediately fell. The blood gushed from the wound as well as from his nose and mouth. He was directly carried to the Sluice-house and laid upon a bed, where Mr. Lee, the surgeon to the regiment, attended him. Colonel Canning, however, was desirous of his having every possible advice, and accordingly sent off for sir W. Blizard; who, on his arrival, gave but faint hopes of recovery, unless inflammation could be prevented.

Yesterday morning, at seven o'clock, a man engaged, for a wager of one hundred guineas, to walk four miles in thirty-five minutes. He performed the task, with ease, three minutes within the time, going and returning twice in thirty-two minutes, from the upper end of Sloane-street at Knightsbridge to the Cheshire-cheese at Chelsea, being exactly a space of one mile. For the last half-mile he took the matter quite at his ease, being perfectly secure of the wager. There was a great concourse of people, though the hour was so early, and the thing was not very public.

4. Daniel Isaac Eaton, formerly a bookseller in Newgate-street, convicted about three years since of publishing a

sedition libel, and who was outlawed, in consequence of not appearing to receive judgment, was yesterday apprehended by Rivett, one of the Bow-street officers, and lodged in the custody of the sheriff of London.

On Friday last a person, having previously watched a gentleman out of his house in New Cavendish-street, knocked at the door, and demanded immediate audience of the gentleman's wife, and, while the footman was gone up stairs, to inform her of the same, the fellow made shift to carry off a new pair of leather small-clothes. The gentleman returning home immediately after, ordered his carriage to set off to Monmouth-street, and from thence to Ruffel-court, Drury-lane, without meeting with the robber. He then ordered his coachman to drive to Rag-fair, when, after a fruitless search of near an hour, as he was coming away, he saw a crowd of people together, and curiosity induced him to see whether any thing was the matter, when he saw a man selling the identical pair of leather breeches that he had lost. He was immediately taken into custody; and, having played the gentleman several tricks of the same nature, he was determined to put a stop to his career, which he has effected by the instant means he pursued.

8. Last night Mr. Dewy, of the 8th regiment of Loyal London Volunteers, who was wounded in a sham fight near Hornsey, expired at the Sluice-house, in excruciating pain.

On Sunday morning, a young man was arrested at an inn in Holborn by Townsend and Sayers, two of the Bow-street officers, under authority of a warrant, wherein he stands charged with seditious practices. Yesterday he underwent a private examination before sir Richard Ford, at the public-office, Bow-street, and was committed to Tothill-fields-bridewell. The prisoner says, that he has lately escaped from France in an American vessel; that he is a native of this country, but has been many years at Havre with his father, who, he says, is a merchant there.

14. This day, intelligence was received of the surrender of the Dutch settlements of Demerara and Essequibo, notice of which was immediately transmitted into the city by the following letter to the lord mayor:

‘Downing-street, November 14, 1803.

‘My lord,

‘I have the honour to acquaint your lordship, that I have this moment received intelligence of the surrender of the colonies of Demarara and Essequibo, on the 19th of September last, to his majesty’s forces, under the command of general Grinfield and commodore Hood.

‘I have the honour to be, &c.

‘HOBART.

‘The right hon. the lord mayor, &c. &c.’

BIRTHS.

Oct. 27. At Guildhall, the lady of the city remembrancer, of a daughter, her tenth child.

Lady Caroline Rushout, of a daughter, at Northwick-park, Worcestershire.

30. In Duchefs-street, Portland-place, Mrs. Gore, of a son.

In Merrion-square, Dublin, the countess of Meath, of a son.

The right hon. lady Catherine Brownlow, of a son.

At Whedial-hall, Hertfordshire, lady Charlotte Howard, of a daughter.

In the island of Guernsey, the lady of rear-admiral sir Jas. Saumarez, of a son.

31. The lady of the hon. col. Vaughan, M. P. of a son.

November 1. Mrs. Carstairs, of Stratford-green, in Essex, of a daughter.

2. At his house, in Baker-street, Portman-square, the lady of major Davison, of a daughter.

In Charlotte-street, Bloomsbury, the lady of Rich. Butler, esq. of a daughter.

4. The lady of Joshua S. S. Smith, esq. of Hampton-court-green, of a son.

At his house, in Devonshire-place, the lady of John Tunno, esq. of a daughter.

8. At Ingestree, the right hon. countess Talbot, of a son.

10. Of her tenth child, the lady of J. Griffiths, esq. of Lower Grosvenor-street.

At Flower-place, Surrey, the lady of the hon. George Nevill, of a son.

12. The lady of lord viscount Falkland, of a son.

14. At Grange, near Wakefield, the right hon. lady Amelia Raye, of a son.

MARRIAGES.

October 20. At Downton, in Wiltshire, Arthur Foulks, esq. of Brockenhurst-house, to miss Mary Mackenzie, second daughter of George Mackenzie, esq. of Clarendon, in Jamaica.

William Dunbar, esq. of Southampton-row, Bloomsbury, to miss Jemmett, of the Fernier-hall.

22. At Northampton, Mr. Walter Watkins, farmer, to Mrs. C. Leakins, widow of William Leakins, newsmen.

Roston Gamage, esq. of Aldermanbury, to miss Waite, of Tooting, Surrey.

27. At Bingley, in Yorkshire, captain Charles Jones, of his majesty’s 18th regiment of light dragoons, to miss Busfeild, only daughter of Johnson Atkinson Busfeild, esq. of Myrtle-grove.

At St. Margaret’s church, Westminster, Asbury Dickens, esq. late of Philadelphia, to miss Lillias Arnot, daughter of the late H. Arnot, esq. of Balcormo.

At Gresham, the rev. Francis Edward Arden, to miss Pinkard, of Blickling.

29. William Wilcocks, esq. of Norwich, to Mrs. Chollett, widow of the late S. Chollett, esq. of Croome, Surrey.

Nov. 1. John Brettle, esq. of Thurgarton, Nottinghamshire, to miss Raddish, of Storrington, in Sussex.

Wm. Egerton, esq. of Tatton-park, M. P. for the county of Chester, to miss Payler, daughter of T. W. Payler, esq. of Iliden, near Canterbury.

The rev. Thomas Whalley, rector of Eaton, Northamptonshire, to miss Catherine Maria Packe.

Geo. Aust, esq. of Chelsea, to the hon. Mrs. Murray, widow of the late hon. W. Murray, brother to the earl of Dunmore.

4. Lieut.-col. Hosford, to miss Brockfop, daughter of Edward Brockfop, esq.

8. Thomas Solly, esq. of St. Mary Axe, to miss Travers, eldest daughter of Benjamin Travers, esq. of Clapton.

At St. Mary-la-bonne church, Nathaniel Evans, esq. of Carher-lodge, in the county of Cork, Ireland, to miss Parker, niece to adm. sir P. Parker, bart.

10. Lieutenant Jackson, of the 6th regiment of foot, to miss Elam, daughter of Gervas Elam, esq.

Mr. George Twining, to miss Brewster, of Clapton.

15. Mr. Owen, attorney, of Bartlett’s-buildings, to miss Catherine Dabbs, daughter of the rev. John Dabbs, of Seckington, in Warwickshire.

17. At St. Mary-la-bonne church, the rev. Edward Dawkins, to miss Hannah Littledale, daughter of Thomas Littledale, esq. of Portland-place.

18. At Fulham, R. Mason, esq. of

Great Ruffel-street, Bloomsbury, to miss Stone, of Walham-green.

19. William Curtis, esq. of Lombard-street; banker, eldest son of sir Wm. Curtis, bart. to miss Lear, daughter of George Lear, esq. of Laytonstone.

DEATHS.

October 11. At his house, at Langford, in Wiltshire, aged 65, Robert Burland, esq. brother to the late sir John Burland, a baron of the exchequer, and uncle to J. Burland, esq. M. P. for Totness.

12. At Walworth, T. Thompson, esq. aged 76, many years a cashier of the Bank of England.

13. At Sherfield-house, in Hampshire, Mrs. Lockhart, wife of J. Lockhart, esq.

At her father's house, in Baker-street, Mrs. A. S. Sober, wife of captain Sober.

14. At her house, in Gay-street, Bath, viscountess Northland, wife of lord viscount Northland, of Ireland.

At his house, in Canterbury, William Scott, esq. of the ancient family of Baliol Scotts, late of Scott's-hall, Kent.

18. At her house, at Fulham, Mrs. Chauncy, relict of the late W. H. Chauncy, esq. of Edgcott, Northamptonshire.

20. Henry Spence Hogarth, esq. of Ford-place, near Stifford, Essex.

21. At his seat, at Twickenham, in the 74th year of his age, lord Frederick Cavendish. He is succeeded in his estate by lord G. H. Cavendish, to whom; as well as the duke of Devonshire, he was uncle.

23. At Dalnamain, in the county of Sutherland; ensign James Sutherland, late of the Caithness highlanders.

24. In Great Queen-street, Mrs. Wildman, relict of the late William Wildman, esq.

25. At Queenwood-hill, Surrey, T. B. H. Sewell, esq. lieutenant-colonel of the late Surrey fencible cavalry.

27. At Portsmouth, Mrs. Pearce, wife of lieut. Jas. Pearce, of the royal marines; and daughter of the hon. Mr. Roper.

At Watford, Herts, Mr. Samuel Deacon, attorney-at-law.

At Harrow school, Soame Jenyns, eldest son of the rev. Mr. Jenyns, of Botolphsham-hall, Cambridgeshire.

29. The lady of Edmund Lechmere, of Hanley-castle, Worcestershire.

November 1. At his house, in Pall-mall, Geo. Hatch, esq. late one of the members of the board of revenue on the Bengal establishment.

Col. Charles Heathcote, paymaster of the Hereford district, and late of Derby.

At Caroline-mount, Chinkford, Essex, Esther Cooke, wife of Wm. Cooke, esq.

At Exmouth, the lady of Henry Harford, esq. of New Cavendish-street.

2. The hon. Mrs. Mary Elizabeth Forbes, daughter of the right hon. lord Forbes, sister of her grace the duchess of Athol, and wife of John May, esq. banker, in Edinburgh.

Mrs. Wright, wife of Thos. Wright, esq. of Titchfield-street, aged 75.

At Linlithgow, James Andrew, esq. late provost of that burgh.

At Paisley, Mr. John Patison, late chief magistrate of that place.

At Newport, in the Isle of Wight, Benj. Smith, esq. in the 87th year of his age, formerly of Cannon-street, London.

At his seat, at Carlton Kings, Gloucestershire, Dodington Hunt, esq.

3. At Southampton, aged 77, Mrs. Richards, relict of the late F. Richards, esq. captain in his majesty's navy.

4. At Turnham-green, Mr. Dove, of Blandford-house, Portman-square.

At her seat, at Wonerth, near Guildford, the right hon. lady Grantley, relict of the late and mother of the present lord Grantley, in the 95th year of her age.

5. Mr. Richard Irwing, of the Holm, near Longtown, Cumberland, aged 74.

At Edinburgh, sir John Gibson Carmichael, bart. of Skirling.

6. At Ilford, Essex, Mrs. Lee, wife of G. Lee, esq. banker, Lombard-street.

Mr. C. Bibb, long known in the gay circles of Covent garden and St. James's by the name of Count Bibb.

8. At his house, at Canonbury, John Struther Ancrum, esq. in his 49th year.

Mr. Christie, sen. of Pall-mall.

10. In the 83th year of his age, in Gloucester-street, Queen-square, Wm. Jackson, esq. one of the cashiers of the Bank of England. He had been in the service of the company between 50 and 60 years, and was the father of the Bank.

13. At the Hot-wells, Bristol, captain Charles Whyte, of the 2d Royal Lancashire Militia.

15. At Taunton, Somersetshire, Mrs. Luttrell, mother of J. F. Luttrell, M. P.

At Monckton-rectory, near Taunton, the rev. Dr. Crossman.

16. Miss Catherine Thompson, eldest daughter of the late Mr. Thompson, of Mortimer-street.

THE
LADY'S MAGAZINE,
OR
ENTERTAINING COMPANION
FOR
THE FAIR SEX;

APPROPRIATED
SOLELY TO THEIR USE AND AMUSEMENT.

FOR DECEMBER, 1803.

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This Number is embellished with the following Copper-plates:

- 1 THE CLANDESTINE LOVERS.
- 2 For the MORAL ZOOLOGIST—SNAKE EATER.
- 3 An elegantly-coloured PARIS DRESS.
- 4 New and elegant PATTERNS for GOWNS, &c.
- 5 MUSIC—HYMN TO MONEY: the Words and Music by WILLIAM BARRE.

LONDON:

Printed for G. and J. ROBINSON, No. 25, Paternoster-Row;

Where Favours from Correspondents continue to be received.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

The Continuation of the Monks and the Robbers will appear in the Supplement.

We hope A. FERMOB received the answer transmitted according to her request: we shall be happy to hear again from her.

E. R.'s Poem is unfuitable, on account of its too great length.

L.M.'s Essay.—A.D.'s Communications—and various favours of other correspondents—will have a place in the Supplement.

The Wary Husband, a Poetical Effusion—*The Jolly Volunteer*, a Song—and Lines addressed to Miss E. F.—are under consideration.

Engrav'd for the Lady's Magazine.



The Clandestine Lovers.

THE
LADY'S MAGAZINE,

For DECEMBER, 1803.

THE CLANDESTINE LOVERS;

A TALE.

(With an elegant Engraving.)

THE son of sir George Dashly, notwithstanding he was heir to the extensive estates of his father, and possessed besides a very ample independent fortune, which had been bequeathed to him by an uncle, was remarkable for such a singularity in his opinions and manners as frequently rendered him an object of merriment to his giddy companions. He had no soul, no taste, no relish for either drinking, gaming, or intriguing with and deceiving credulous females. He despised ostentation and pride, honoured and loved virtue and religion, and, in short, was in every thing the very reverse of a modern young man of fashion.

The latter, however, was the character exhibited by his father in early life; and, even in his more advanced years, he was still a lover of the same dissipation: but his passions having become less ardent, the advancement of his interest was on every occasion preferred to indulgence in pleasure. He continually ridiculed the precise and puritanical ideas, as he called them, of his son, whose love of retirement and science, and whose estrangement from the hollow extravagance of modish life, he considered as mean and contemptible in a person of his rank and fortune.

But all the remonstrances of sir George with his son on this subject were delivered in such a manner, and conveyed in such language, as only tended to confirm the latter still more in his aversion to habits of life which could induce a father seriously to reproach his son with meanness of spirit, because he suspected him of being too much addicted to the love of the humbler virtues, and the practice of disinterested benevolence.

During a visit which young George made to a friend who resided in the neighbourhood of the ancient city of York, as he was one day taking a retired walk in the environs, and enjoying the contemplation of the beauties of nature, he chanced to meet with a young lady, whose person and manner made a more forcible impression on him than he had ever before experienced from any of her sex. He entered into conversation with her, and was equally charmed with her vivacity and good sense; and she, on her part, gave a proof that she had conceived, in some degree, a favourable opinion of him, by consenting to meet him again at the same place, about the same time on the following day. These interviews were several times repeated, and young

George found himself more and more enamoured with his lovely companion. He at length, with a timid delicacy, requested to be informed of the name and situation in life of the amiable person to whose delightful company he was indebted for so many happy hours. She told him, without hesitation, that her name was Louisa, that she was the daughter of a tradesman in London, that she had two or three thousand pounds independent fortune of her own left her by a relation, and that she was on a visit to an aunt who resided at York.

George had now conceived so ardent and sincere a passion for the lovely stranger, that he could no longer delay avowing it; but, from his natural predilection for humble and unostentatious life, and his wish to be beloved for his own sake, and not on account of the exterior and fortuitous circumstances of wealth and title, he told her, that he possessed a small estate of about three hundred a year, on which it was his wish to live retired from the follies and crimes attendant on wealth and ambition, with such a delightful companion as herself, who appeared to him to entertain congenial ideas.

These interviews between the lovers continued day after day. They rambled they knew not whither, or seated themselves beneath a hedge, or under the shade of a wide-spreading tree, and mutually plighted to each other promises of the tenderest love, and never-ceasing fidelity.

But one day, when George repaired to the usual scene of his happiness, to meet the object of his fondest wishes, he found her not. In vain he waited, in vain he sought her in every field, lane, or copse, through which they had ever wandered; he found her not. Another day came, and with it the same disappointment. He now recollected that, in the intoxication of his hap-

piness, notwithstanding the very explicit account he had obtained from her of her situation and family, he had forgotten to enquire either the place of abode of her father, or the name or residence of the relation where she was on a visit. He, however, made numerous enquiries; but all were fruitless. He afterwards hurried up to town, and endeavoured, if possible, to discover the father of his lost Louisa, now, by her sudden disappearance, still more endeared to his heart; but all his researches were in vain.

In the mean time, sir George Dashly having renewed his acquaintance with lord Fitzosborne, after an interruption of all intercourse between them for many years, on account of some trifling difference, it appeared to sir George and his lordship, in a conference which they held together, that a marriage between the son of the former and the daughter of the latter would greatly contribute to the interest, honour, and advantage, in every point of view, of themselves and their respective families. After a few meetings, they settled between them all the necessary preliminaries of any importance, and nothing was wanting but the trifling ceremony of introducing the two young persons to each other, signing the contracts, and going through the little formalities requisite by the law of the land to a matrimonial union. Sir George, however, had his fears, that a marriage thus concluded might not perfectly accord with the romantic ideas of his son; and his lordship had some doubts that his daughter might have a little amour on her hands which might occasion some difficulty, and which, in fact, had been the principal reason why he had proposed the marriage, and readily consented to terms to which he would otherwise probably have demurred.

It accordingly happened, in both

eases, as had been suspected. George, when his father began to explain to him the great increase of wealth and influence he now had an opportunity of obtaining, only by marrying a young lady of great beauty and endowments, to whom he could have no possible objection but the very foolish one that he had not yet seen or conversed with her, declared it was absolutely impossible for him to accede to the terms. Lord Fitzosborne found his daughter not less averse to marrying a man she had not yet seen, and of whose affection for her she was so far from having received any proof, that she was certain he could not love her.

In this dilemma sir George and his lordship held another council, in which it was resolved, at any rate, to introduce the young couple to each other: for the baronet thought he could rely on the personal appearance and deportment of his son to subdue any little previous predilection on the part of the lady; and his lordship was equally satisfied that the beauty and accomplishments of his daughter must prove irresistible.

George and the young lady, when the proposal of an interview was made to them separately, likewise readily consented to see each other once; for they mutually thought, that, by explicitly and candidly declaring the real state of their hearts, they must finally terminate the whole affair.

When introduced to each other, both appeared extremely surprised and confused. George first recovered himself sufficiently to break silence.—‘Madam,’ said he, ‘did I not know it to be impossible, I should think you the angel I have lost, who has made on my heart an impression which never can be effaced. But though you are her lovely image, never can my affec-

tion swerve from her, unless I should discover she has deceived—’

‘I am her,’ exclaimed Louisa, starting up—‘I have not deceived you, except in concealing from you my birth and fortune, that I might enjoy the pleasure of being loved independent of them.’

‘I deceived you,’ answered George, ‘in the same manner, with precisely the same views, and rapturous is my reward!’

‘So! so!’ cried his lordship to his daughter, ‘this was your country intrigue! I had received some intimation of it from lady Holford, your aunt; for you had been seen with this gentleman, I suppose, by some female who knew you, and who informed your aunt. You were, in consequence, hurried up to town at a moment’s warning; and I made this match for you as fast as I could, for fear of the worst:—but it has turned out all very well—all very well, indeed!’

The MORAL ZOOLOGIST.

PART II.

(Continued from p. 603.)

LETTER IX.

From Eugenia to the Right Hon.
Lady ———.

THE genus placed by Linnæus and most other naturalists, in the front of the order of *picæ*, or pies, is called by him *psittacus* (parrot), and contains the parrots, parakeets, macaos, maccaws, or avas, and lorries, amounting to a hundred and forty-one species, besides numerous varieties. The large kind, which are of the size of a raven, are called maccaws; the next size are simply

called parrots; those whose cry resembles the sound of the word 'lory' are called lories; and those of the least size are called parakeets. The difference between these consists rather in the size than in any peculiar conformation: they all have two toes before and two behind, for holding and climbing; strong hooked bills, for breaking nuts and other hard substances on which they feed; and loud harsh voices, with which they fill their native woods with clamour.

Buffon ranges the parrots in two great classes; the first comprehending those of the old continent, the second those of the new. The first he subdivides into five families; the cockatoos, the parrots properly so called, the lories, the long-tailed parakeets, and the short-tailed parakeets. Those of the new world compose six other families; the maccaws, the amazonians, the creeks, the poppinjays, the long-tailed paroquets, and the short-tailed paroquets.

It is observed by Buffon, that, among the numerous species of parrots that are known and described, there is not one common to the new and the old world. In the same manner, among quadrupeds, it is remarked, that none of those which are peculiar to the tropical regions of one continent are to be found in the same latitude in the other. No animal that is incapable of bearing the rigours of cold is found to pass from the old to the new world, because it is only from the regions of the north that this migration is made. The parrot is incapable of traversing that vast space between Africa and the East Indies; and all the different tribes of this extensive class remain, therefore, confined to their primitive stations on each hemisphere. So short and heavy are their flights, that they can scarcely cross an arm

of the sea seven or eight leagues broad; and hence almost every island in the West Indies is distinguished by a race of parrots peculiar to itself.

The Greeks at first were acquainted with only one species of parrot, or rather parakeet, which was the same with that now called the *great ring parakeet*. They were brought from the island of Taprobane into Greece by Onesicritus, who commanded Alexander's fleet. They were so new and uncommon, that Aristotle himself appears not to have seen them, since he only says—'there is an Indian bird called *psittace*, which is said to speak.'—But the beauty of these birds, and their power of imitating speech, soon made them the objects of luxury among the Romans, and the prevalence of that practice provoked the indignation of the rigid Cato. They were lodged in cages of silver, of shells, and of ivory; and the price of a parrot often exceeded that of a slave. Until the time of Nero, however, no parrots were known at Rome but those from India, when those who ministered to the pleasures of that extravagant and luxurious emperor found them on an island of the Nile, between Syene and Meroe, called Gagganda.

The Portuguese, who first doubled the Cape of Good Hope, and explored the shores of Africa, found the country of Guinea, the islands scattered in the Indian ocean, and also the continent, inhabited by various kinds of parrots, all unknown in Europe, and in such vast numbers that it was with difficulty they could be prevented from devouring the rice and maize. These, however, were far inferior, both in numbers and variety, to those that presented themselves to the first adventurers in the new world. Some of the islands there were called the Parrot

Iles, from the vast quantities of these birds which were found upon them. They constituted the first article of commerce between the inhabitants of the old and new continents. In these regions, every forest swarms with them, and the rook is not better known in Europe, than the parrot in the East and West Indies.

Considering the great varieties and numbers of these birds, nothing seems more extraordinary, than that only one species of them should be known to the ancients, and that at the time when the Romans boasted of being masters of the world. Among all the numerous species of parrots now known, scarcely one naturally breeds in the countries that acknowledged the Roman power: a sufficient proof how vain was the claim of even that ambitious people to universal dominion.

The great docility of these birds, and the ease with which they may be taught to imitate the human voice, renders them objects of curiosity and amusement. The great number of words they are capable of learning and repeating, is very surprising. 'We are assured by a grave writer,' says Dr. Goldsmith, 'that one of these was taught to repeat a whole sonnet from Petrarch; and that I,' adds the doctor, 'may not be wanting in my instance, I have seen a parrot, belonging to a distiller, who had suffered pretty largely in his circumstances, from an informer who lived opposite him, very ridiculously employed. This bird was taught to pronounce the ninth commandment: *Thou shalt not bear false witness against thy neighbour.* The bird was generally placed in its cage over against the informer's house, and delighted the whole neighbourhood with its persevering exhortations.'

'The extreme sagacity and docility of the bird,' continues the same author, 'may furnish the best

excuse for those who spend whole hours in teaching their parrots to speak, and indeed the bird on those occasions seems the wisest animal of the two. It at first obstinately resists all instruction, but seems to be won by perseverance, makes a few attempts to imitate the first sounds, and when it has got one word distinct, all the succeeding come with greater facility. The bird generally learns most in those families where the master or mistress have the least to do, and becomes more expert in proportion as its instructors are idly assiduous. In going through the towns of France, some time since, I could not help observing, how much plainer their parrots spoke than ours, and how very distinctly I understood their parrots speak French, when I could not understand our own, though they spoke my native language. I was at first for ascribing it to the different qualities of the two languages, and was for entering into an elaborate discussion on the vowels and consonants; but a friend who was with me solved the difficulty at once, by assuring me, that the French women scarcely did any thing else the whole day, than sit and instruct their feathered pupils, and that the birds were thus distinct in their lessons, in consequence of continual schooling.'

The parrots of France are certainly very expert, but nothing to those of the Brasils, where the education of a parrot is considered as a serious business. The history of prince Maurice's parrot, given us by Mr. Locke, is too well known to be repeated here; but Clusius assures us, that the parrots of that country are the most sensible and cunning of all animals not endued with reason. The great parrot, called in that country the *Aicuros*, he tells us, is a prodigy of understanding. 'A certain Brazilian wo-

man,' he says, 'that lived in a village two miles distant from the island on which we resided, had a parrot of this kind, which was the wonder of the place. It seemed endued with such understanding, as to discern and comprehend whatever she said to it. As we sometimes used to pass by that woman's house, she used to call upon us to stop, promising if we gave her a comb, or a looking-glass, that she would make her parrot sing and dance to entertain us. If we agreed to her request, as soon as she had pronounced some words to the bird, it began not only to leap and skip on the perch on which it stood, but also to talk, and to whistle, and imitate the shoutings and exclamations of the Brasilians when they prepare for battle. In brief, when it came into the woman's head to bid it sing, it sang; to dance, it danced. But if, contrary to our promise, we refused to give the woman the little present agreed on, the parrot seemed to sympathize in her resentment, and was silent and immoveable; neither could we, by any means, provoke it to move either foot or tongue.

(To be continued.)

The PHYSICIAN; an APOLOGUE.

A VERY skilful but covetous physician, coming to visit Lahorab, the philosopher, when he was in a fair way of recovery, found him eating a ragout. 'What are you doing?' said he; 'such food is poison even for the best constitutions.'

Lahorab answered, 'I acknow-

ledge what you say to be true; I was to blame, and for the future will refrain from indulging my appetite.—But what do I owe you for your attendance during my illness?'

The physician demanded a very considerable sum.

'Your fees,' said the philosopher, paying him, 'are too exorbitant for your patients. Endeavour to remove the disease under which you yourself labour: believe me it is as serious as mine. Riches are to the mind, what ragouts are to the body.'

MISCELLANEOUS MAXIMS.

FRANKNESS is one of the greatest virtues, but it is the least rewarded.

The same generosity which makes us forget the benefits we have conferred, will prevent us from forgetting those we have received.

If men understood their true interests, they would frequently take as much pains to avoid being troubled with a great fortune, as they do to acquire one.

Fortune may be justly compared to a coquette: she is engaging, charming, seducing; surrounded by a crowd of adorers; at the same time her most assiduous followers are commonly the greatest dupes of her caprice and levity.

Those only ought to read much who can forget much.

A man of excessive timidity is nothing: confidence doubles every quality; with it we are doubly respectable or doubly contemptible. How many persons we find willing to risk this alternative!

The RELATION of ANIMATED BODIES to INANIMATE NATURE.

[From Paley's 'Natural Theology.']

WE have already considered relation, and under different views; but it was the relation of parts to parts, of the parts of an animal to other parts of the same animal, or of another individual of the same species.

But the bodies of animals hold, in their constitution and properties, a close and important relation to natures altogether external to their own; to inanimate substances, and to the specific qualities of these, e. g. they hold a strict relation to the ELEMENTS by which they are surrounded.

I. Can it be doubted, whether the wings of birds bear a relation to air, and the fins of fish to water? They are instruments of motion, severally suited to the properties of the medium in which the motion is to be performed: which properties are different. Was not this difference contemplated, when the instruments were differently constituted?

II. The structure of the animal ear depends for its use not simply upon being surrounded by a fluid, but upon the specific nature of that fluid. Every fluid would not serve: its particles must repel one another; it must form an elastic medium: for it is by the successive pulses of such a medium, that the undulations excited by the sounding body are carried to the organ; that a communication is formed between the object and the sense; which must be done, before the internal machinery of the ear, subtile as it is, can act at all.

III. The organs of voice, and respiration, are, no less than the ear, indebted, for the success of their operation, to the peculiar qualities of the fluid in which the ani-

mal is immersed. They, therefore, as well as the ear, are constituted upon the supposition of such a fluid, i. e. of a fluid with such particular properties, being always present. Change the properties of the fluid, and the organ cannot act: change the organ, and the properties of the fluid would be lost. The structure therefore of our organs, and the properties of our atmosphere, are made for one another. Nor does it alter the relation, whether you allege the organ to be made for the element (which seems the most natural way of considering it), or the element as prepared for the organ.

IV. But there is another fluid with which we have to do; with properties of its own; with laws of acting, and of being acted upon, totally different from those of air and water:—and that is light. To this new, this singular, element; to qualities perfectly peculiar, perfectly distinct and remote from the qualities of any other substance with which we are acquainted, an organ is adapted, an instrument is correctly adjusted, not less peculiar amongst the parts of the body, not less singular in its form, and, in the substance of which it is composed, not less remote from the materials, the model, and the analogy of any other part of the animal frame, than the element to which it relates, is specific amidst the substances with which we converse. If this does not prove appropriation, I desire to know what would prove it.

Yet the element of light and the organ of vision, however related in their office and use, have no connection whatever in their original. The action of rays of light upon the surfaces of animals has no tendency to breed eyes in their heads. The sun might shine for ever upon living bodies without the smallest approach towards producing the sense of sight.

On the other hand also, the animal eye does *not* generate or emit light.

V. Throughout the universe there is a wonderful *proportioning* of one thing to another. The size of animals, of the human animal especially, when considered with respect to other animals, or to the plants which grow around him, is such, as a regard to his conveniency would have pointed out. A giant or a pigmy could not have milked goats, reaped corn, or mowed grafs; we may add, could not have rode a horse, trained a vine, shorn a sheep; with the same bodily ease as we do, if at all. A pigmy would have been lost amongst rushes, or carried off by birds of prey.

It may be mentioned likewise, that, the model and the materials of the human body being what they are, a much greater bulk would have broken down by its own weight. The persons of men, who much exceed the ordinary stature, betray this tendency.

VI. Again; and which includes a vast variety of particulars, and those of the greatest importance, how close is the *suitableness* of the earth and sea to their several inhabitants; and of these inhabitants to the places of their appointed residence!

Take the *earth* as it is; and consider the correspondency of the powers of its inhabitants with the properties and condition of the soil which they tread. Take the inhabitants as they are; and consider the substances which the earth yields for their use. They can scratch its surface, and its surface supplies all which they want. This is the length of their faculties; and such is the constitution of the globe, and their own, that this is sufficient for all their occasions.

When we pass from the earth to the *sea*, from land to water, we pass through a great change; but an

adequate change accompanies us of animal forms and functions, of animal capacities and wants, so that *correspondency* remains. The earth in its nature is very different from the sea, and the sea from the earth; but one accords with its inhabitants, as exactly as the other.

VII. The last relation of this kind which I shall mention is that of *sleep to night*. And it appears to me to be a relation which was expressly intended. Two points are manifest: first, that the animal frame requires sleep; secondly, that night brings with it a silence, and a cessation of activity, which allows of sleep being taken without interruption, and without loss. Animal existence is made up of action and slumber: nature has provided a season for each. An animal, which stood not in need of rest, would always live in daylight. An animal, which, though made for action and delighting in action, must have its strength repaired by sleep, meets by its constitution the returns of day and night. In the human species, for instance, were the bustle, the labour, the motion of life, upheld by the constant presence of light, sleep could not be enjoyed without being disturbed by noise, and without expense of that time which the eagerness of private interest would not contentedly resign. It is happy therefore for this part of the creation, I mean that it is conformable to the frame and wants of their constitution, that nature, by the very disposition of her elements, has commanded, as it were, and imposed upon them, at moderate intervals, a general intermission of their toils, their occupations, and pursuits.

But it is not for man, either solely or principally, that night is made. Inferior, but less perverted, natures, taste its solace, and expect its return, with greater exactness and advantage than he does. I have often

observed, and never observed but to admire, the satisfaction, no less than the regularity, with which the greatest part of the irrational world yield to this soft necessity, this grateful vicissitude; how comfortably the birds of the air, for example, address themselves to the repose of the evening; with what alertness they resume the activity of the day.

Nor does it disturb our argument to confess, that certain species of animals are in motion during the night, and at rest in the day. With respect even to them it is still true, that there is a change of condition in the animal, and an external change corresponding with it. There is still the relation, though inverted. The fact is, that the repose of other animals sets these at liberty, and invites them to their food or their sport.

If the relation of *sleep to night*, and, in some instances, its converse, be real, we cannot reflect without amazement upon the extent to which it carries us. Day and night are things close to us; the change applies immediately to our sensations: of all the phænomena of nature, it is the most obvious and the most familiar to our experience: but, in its cause, it belongs to the great motions which are passing in the heavens. Whilst the earth glides round her axle, she ministers to the alternate necessities of the animals dwelling upon her surface, at the same time that she obeys the influence of those attractions which regulate the order of many thousand worlds. The relation therefore of sleep to night, is the relation of the inhabitants of the earth to the rotation of their globe; probably it is more: it is a relation to the system, of which that globe is a part; and, still further, to the congregation of systems, of which theirs is only one. If this account be true, it connects the meanest individual with the uni-

verse itself; a chicken roosting upon its perch, with the spheres revolving in the firmament.

VIII. But if any one object to our representation, that the succession of day and night, or the rotation of the earth upon which it depends, is not resolvable into central attraction, we will refer him to that which certainly is,—to the change of the seasons. Now the constitution of animals susceptible of torpor bears a relation to winter, similar to that which sleep bears to night.—Against not only the cold, but the want of food, which the approach of winter induces, the preserver of the world has provided, in many animals by migration, in many others by torpor. As one example out of a thousand, the bat, if it did not sleep through the winter, must have starved, as the moths and flying insects, upon which it feeds, disappear. But the transition from summer to winter carries us into the very midst of physical astronomy, that is to say, into the midst of those laws which govern the solar system at least, and probably all the heavenly bodies.

THE POET OF EDNAM.

THERE is now living in the parish of Ednam, the birth-place of the immortal poet Thomson, a young man of eighteen years of age, who was born without legs or knees, and his thighs defective. His father was a day-labourer; but has been dead for some years. He sits upon a table in the cottage through the day, and when the weather is fair, his mother carries him into a field, where he reads and enjoys the air. He has taught himself to read, to write a legible hand, to play on the flute, to draw with a pencil—although one of his arms he cannot

raise to his breast,—and he attempts poetry. He is, notwithstanding the want of exercise, very healthy, always cheerful and contented, though his support depends entirely upon the wages of his younger brother, who is a servant to a respectable farmer at Ednam.

When his father died, his mother, in great distress, exclaimed, 'Oh, William! who will maintain you now?' To which he answered, 'Dear mother, that Divine Being who created me in this helpless state, will not suffer me to perish of want.' He is very grateful to any person who lends him books, drawings to copy, or pays the least attention to him. He is little known, or he would possibly be relieved by the benevolent. A very small sum would secure him from want, as oatmeal, milk, and potatoes, are the food of the Scotch peasantry, and all he has ever been accustomed to. The lameness of one of his arms prevents him from learning any business to earn his living. He is extremely well informed; converses with great propriety upon every subject, although his articulation is also defective: he feels much interested in the present state of his native country and of Europe; reads the newspapers, which are occasionally sent him, with great anxiety; and, as a proof of it, we subjoin the following copy of his last production, which he entitles—

THE TEARS OF SWITZERLAND.

How blasted now, how chang'd my state,
How fall'n from glory and renown!
No more I'm mark'd fair Freedom's feat,
No more my sons are call'd her own.

Fair Freedom from my sons is fled—
Fled, in some happier clime to reign;
And low they droop, and bow the head,
Beneath stern Gallia's chain.

Long they for me like patriots fought,
And stood, though on all sides assail'd;
For me and Freedom wonders wrought,
But Fate and Gallia prevail'd.

How are they sunk! upon my dales
No virgin's heard to pour her lay,
Nor past'ral pipe within my vales,
Nor shepherd's song to cheer the day:

But sadness dwells in ev'ry breast;
Complaints and sighs from ev'ry vale,
Of virgins wrong'd and swains oppress'd,
Sound mournfully upon the gale.

The maid bemoans her piteous case,
Sighs, beats her breast, and sits forlorn;
The youth (some tyrant's train to grace)
She lov'd, from her embrace is torn.

Does not thy patriot bosom swell,
Where thou sitt'st in immortal day,
To see thy country, thus, O Tell!
Of Gallia's lawless sons the prey?

Infuse thy soul in some bold heart,
That he may rise, all great like thee,
Again my freedom to assert,
And hail me from oppression free.

A MORNING'S WALK in DECEMBER.

'Now snows descend, and robe the fields
In Winter's bright array.' HERVEY.

'The morn, slow rising, o'er the drooping
world
Lifts its pale eye unjoyous.' THOMSON.

'For wind and rain beat dark December.'
SHAKSPERE.

THIS morning when I arose, I found Nature covered with a snowy mantle. Though the fleecy shower still continued to descend, I walked amid the glittering scene; not to view the daisy-embroidered mead, nor plain enamelled with gold-cups; not to inhale the violet-scented breeze, nor to hearken to congregated nightingales; but to contemplate the rueful appearance of Creation, despoiled of all that was beautiful, by the savage strokes of despotic Winter.

Equipped in a thick great coat, I bade defiance to

'the pelting of the pitiless storm.'

My figure was rather grotesque; and, had a painter seen me, he might have thought me no bad emblematical representation of that season

which was the subject of my contemplation.

Though all around appeared ungrateful to the eye, yet Hope suggested some pleasing ideas.

‘Auspicious Hope! in thy sweet garden grow
Wreaths for each toil, a charm for every woe.
Won by their sweets, in nature’s languid hour
The way-worn pilgrim seeks thy summer-
bower:

There—as the wild bee murmurs on the wing,
What peaceful dreams thy handmaid-spirits
bring!’

CAMPBELL.

‘Yes, assisted by Hope, I was enabled to utter the following soliloquy:

‘Unpropitious as the morning is,
anticipation can cheer my mind with
pleasure in perspective. Though
the citizens of the bough forbear to
carol lays of love; and the myriads
of insects, that gambolled in the solar
beams, are swept from existence by
the breath of Boreas: yet again the
herald lark shall hail the orient sun,
and the countless swarms of gilded
insignificantants sport in the noon-
tide blaze.

‘Again all-bright shall glow the morning-
beam,

Again soft suns dissolve the frozen stream;
Spring call young breezes from the southern
skies;

And, cloth’d in beauty, flowery millions rise.’

DWIGHT.

‘Again will the season of delight
return, and invite the early walker
to leave his couch.—

‘Then shall he love (when genial Morn ap-
pears,

Like pensive Beauty smiling in her tears)
To watch the brightening roses of the sky,
And muse on nature with a poet’s eye.’

CAMPBELL.

‘The closing year solemnly re-
minds me that another annual period
of my short life has rolled down the
stream of time to the ocean of eter-
nity. Still my little skiff is buffet-
ing the waves, while vessels of am-
pler dimensions and prouder magni-
tude are whelmed beneath the tide.

Still I breathe the vital air, and
“drink the golden day,” while the
celebrated Cowper and the amiable
Beattie “repose in dull cold marble.”
With me the flowery Spring of hu-
man life is flown, the Summer is
commenced: soon, if Heaven per-
mits, the Autumn and Winter of
age will arrive; that dreary Winter
that knows no succeeding Spring!

‘Short is the Spring, and short the Summer
hour,

And short the time while fruitful Autumn
reigns;

But tedious roll the days when Winter’s
power

Asserts its empire o’er the blasted plains:

‘As swiftly wears the Spring of life away;

As swiftly will the jolly Summer go:

But, ah! when Winter clouds the cheerless
day,

Again the vernal breezes never blow.’

Haverhill.

JOHN WEBB.

On the DRESS of the PARISIAN LADIES.

[From ‘A Sketch of Modern Paris.’]

Paris, Dec. 27, 1801.

I WAS last night at a public ball
given by a club or society, called
Le Salon des Etrangers. This is an
establishment formed on the plan of
our subscription-houses in England,
and lately opened in a handsome
house in *La Rue Grange Batelière*,
the windows of which look on the
Boulevard. It consists of French-
men, who are admitted by ballot,
and of foreigners of all nations.
The latter are received, being in-
troduced by a member, on paying
the annual subscription of five louis.
The house is handsomely furnished,
and consists of several large rooms,
which are open every morning and
evening for the use of the sub-
scribers. Besides the ordinary games
played in such sort of houses, there
is a very excellent billiard-table, and

a room fitted up for reading, in which are found periodical publications, and all the newspapers, French, German, and English. It was this latter circumstance which induced me to subscribe; and it is here where I usually end my walk, and amuse myself for half an hour, in running over the publications of the day.

The club or society, by way, I suppose, of gaining to its aid the protection and interest of the fair, without which nothing is to be done in France, nor, to speak the truth, anywhere else, gives a ball about once in ten days; and it was at one of these assemblies that I was present last night.

At twelve o'clock Mrs. ——— and I drove to *Le Salon des Etrangers* (for no ball begins at an earlier hour), and the string of carriages was so very long, that we were nearly an hour in getting up to the door. I cannot help taking this opportunity of commending the admirable order preserved by the police, on all such occasions, at Paris. Though, from several streets meeting on the Boulevard, the crowd was so great, yet there was not the least accident nor even the smallest confusion. The staircase by which we ascended was elegantly ornamented with orange and other artificial flower trees. When we entered the outward room, there were already so many persons assembled, that it was not without considerable difficulty that we made our way into the *salon*, or 'drawing-room. Never shall I forget my surprise, when, looking round me, I perceived the dress, or rather the nakedness, of the ladies. I had heard much of the indecency of which some females were guilty in respect to *costume*, at Paris, and I had already seen specimens of the thinness of their apparel; but till this evening I thought it only the failing of a few. I now saw at least two

hundred women, of different ages and different situations in life, all displaying, without reserve or disguise, the beauties which they had either received from nature, imitated by art, or believed themselves by the aid of flattering fancy to possess. The young and the old, the handsome and the ugly, the fair and the brown, all prodigally dragged into common view those charms which a virtuous woman conceals from motives of modesty, and a sensualist from those of discretion. The buxom girl of sixteen, the newly-married woman, and the superannuated mother of a numerous family, were all equally exposed. Naked necks, naked backs, and their form scarcely concealed by a transparent petticoat, left nothing to the power of fancy.

You will think, perhaps, that I am drawing an exaggerated picture; but I can assure you, on the honour of a man of truth, that such was the *costume* of at least two-thirds of the ladies present at this ball. The head dresses, classically imitated from the ancient statues, were elegant; and the number of diamonds, pearls, and other precious stones, strikingly brilliant. There were many handsome women, but their beauty was uniformly of one kind. The *embonpoint* and the *nez retroussé* characterised them all. I looked in vain for those graceful figures, and those Grecian countenances, which form so often the ornament of an English assembly. Among the most celebrated *belles*, madame R——, the young wife of an affluent banker, was pointed out to me; madame V——, an Italian lady, much the fashion at Paris; and the renowned madame Tallien. I think the first rather remarkable for the singularity of her dress—her head being ornamented *à-la-cochoise*, that is to say, as the peasants of a particular province dress their hair,—her

extreme fairness, and downcast look, than for any real extraordinary beauty. Madame V—— is a fine dark woman, *d'une certaine age*, with beautiful eyes, and a commanding person. Madame Tallien, notwithstanding her great fame, has, according to me, rather an agreeable countenance, and an enchanting smile, than features excessively striking. She is fair as the fairest of our countrywomen; her neck is beautiful, and her countenance mild and good-humoured: yet, in spite of these advantages, I never should have discovered in her the reigning *belle* of Paris. She, too, is not in the first bloom of youth. The dances were the cotillon (which they call *la contredanse*) and the waltz. In the former, the ladies displayed that decided superiority which the French possess in the art of dancing. As to the waltz, I was astonished at the decency with which that very indecent dance was danced by the young Parisians; who placing their arms round the uncovered persons of the handsomest women in the room, yet had sufficient command of themselves not to shock either their partners or the company, by being guilty of the slightest impropriety. I expressed my surprise to an elderly lady at this extraordinary forbearance. '*Croyez moi, monsieur*, she replied, *nos jeunes gens voient tout cela avec l'indifférence la plus parfaite* *.'

What a lesson does this remark hold out to the fair sex of every description! That female is not less deficient in coquetry, and in the art of commanding the affections of men, than in every principle of decency, who wantonly exposes to the common gaze of passing curiosity those attractions which are only valuable as long as the sight of them is

* 'Believe me, sir, our young men see all this with the most perfect indifference.'

the exclusive privilege of a favoured lover.

The libertine, if he at first looks on with admiration, soon ceases to care for that which every eye may behold; and apathy, united to contempt, is the sentiment which succeeds to passion.

I return to the ball. The crowd became greater and greater, and the heat excessive; but the scene altogether was lively and amusing.

A Frenchman, *de l'ancien régime*, hearing me express my surprise at the *costume* of the ladies, assured me that, excepting the foreigners, there was not one woman *de bonne compagnie* in the room. This term of *bonne compagnie* is so often used, and so seldom explained, that I really do not know whether he meant that there was not a woman of the old court, or that there was not a virtuous female, present. If he intended the former, it only proved that these balls were not frequented by the *noblesse*; if the latter, he was much severer in his remark than I had been. I only complained of the ladies being indecent; he asserted that they were profligate. At any rate, the one fault leads so rapidly to the other, that it was difficult to make a mistake.

The room was well lighted, the music excellent, and the ball, being formed of all the different classes of society, highly entertaining to a foreigner. There were a great many English present, most of the ambassadors, and many other distinguished characters.

I returned home about three in the morning. Adieu.

ORIGIN of JOHN O' GROAT'S HOUSE.

JOHN o' Groat's house, so often visited by travellers, and mentioned in conversation, is situated at

the north-east extremity of Great-Britain, about a mile and a half from Dungilbay-head, in the county of Caithness. This memorable place owes its fame, in a great degree, to its local situation, at the northern extremity of the island; but more so, perhaps, to the following event, which inculcates a useful lesson of morality.

In the reign of James IV. of Scotland, three brothers, Malcolm, Gavin, and John de Groat, (supposed to have been originally from Holland), arrived in Caithness, with a letter from that prince, recommending them to the countenance and protection of his loving subjects in the county of Caithness. These brothers purchased some land near Dungilbay-head; and in a short time, by the increase of their families, eight different proprietors of the name of *Groat*, possessed these lands in equal divisions.

These eight families, having lived peaceably and comfortably for a number of years, established an annual meeting to celebrate the anniversary of the arrival of their ancestors on the coast. At one of these meetings, in the course of the festivity, a question arose respecting the right of taking the door, the head of the table, and other points of precedence (each contending for the seniority and chieftainship), which increased to such a degree, as would probably have proved fatal in its consequences, had not John de Groat, who appears to have acquired great knowledge of mankind, interfered. He expatiated on the comforts they had heretofore enjoyed, in consequence of the harmony that had subsisted between them: he assured them that as soon as they appeared to quarrel among themselves, their neighbours, who had till then treated them with respect, would fall upon them and expel them the country. He there-

fore conjured them, by the ties of blood and their mutual safety, to return quietly to their several homes, and pledged himself that he would satisfy them on all points of precedence, and thus prevent the possibility of such disputes at their next anniversary meeting. They all acquiesced, and departed in peace.

In due time, John de Groat, to fulfil his engagement, built a room, distinct from all other houses, of an octagon figure, with eight doors, placing a table of oak of the same shape in the middle; and when the next meeting took place, he desired each of them to enter by his own door, and to sit at the head of the table, he himself occupying the last. By this ingenious contrivance, the harmony and good humour of the company was restored. The building was then named *John-o'-Groat's House*; and, though nothing remains but the foundation of the building, the place still retains the name, and deserves to be remembered for the good intentions and good sense that gave it origin.

ACCOUNT of ALNWICK CASTLE, *the Seat of the Duke of Northumberland.*

[From Warner's 'Tour through the Northern Counties.']

ALNWICK-castle is an immense building, crowning a lofty mound, the outward walls including an extent of five acres. The hostile purposes for which it was originally erected are pointed out by the singular ornaments that surmount its turrets; figures in stone as large as life, representing combatants in every situation of military defence, some in the act of heaving down stones on the assailants, others of discharging arrows, wielding battle-axes, and casting javelins. Early in the Saxon times (if not whilst the Romans con-

tinued in that kingdom) Alnwick-castle appears to have been built, though not upon its present extensive scale; nor was its importance sufficient to entitle it to historical record till the Norman æra, when, in the reign of Rufus, Malcolm III. lost his life in attempting to possess himself of it. Already had the garrison consumed all their provisions; and, dispirited with hunger and hopeless of succour, were on the point of beating a surrender, when a gallant foldier, named Hamond, determined to make an effort for the salvation of his comrades. Armed *cap-a-piè*, and bearing the keys of the castle on the point of his spear, he rode towards the Scottish camp, as if to present them to the king. Malcolm, delighted with the unexpected event, ran hastily out of his tent unarmed to receive them; when Hamond suddenly drawing his dagger, plunged it into the monarch's heart, and, clapping spurs to his horse, rushed into the river, swam the ford, and escaped into the castle. The death of Edward, the eldest son of the deceased king (who, in the bitterness of anguish, exposed himself incautiously to the weapons of the garrison, in order to revenge the murder of his father), completed their triumph, and insured their safety; for the Scotch army, in despair at their twofold loss, quitted the siege, and marched directly home. But the laurels of Caledonia were doomed to experience another rude blow before the towers of Alnwick-castle; where, in the twelfth century, her king William III. surnamed the Lion, was taken prisoner while laying siege to it; and condemned to deplore his ill success in a prison of Normandy, whither he was sent to king Henry II.

Situated so near those scenes of perpetual animosity and bloodshed, the bordering countries, Alnwick-castle partook largely of the confu-

sion which characterised that district, until the advancement of James I. to the English throne created a sort of union between the two countries, which lessened the frequency, and weakened the violence, of the contentions on the borders. Its annals record a variety of military adventures, of which it was the theatre; but none more remarkable than the removal of a whole garrison, consisting of three hundred Lancastrians, to the extreme disappointment and surprize of the army of Yorkists, who were investing the fortress, with the certainty of its falling into their hands. Margaret, unconquerable by disaster, after the loss of the battle of Towton, losing all regard for her own personal safety in her anxious care for her adherents, engaged George Douglas earl of Angus in the desperate attempt of removing the garrison from Alnwick, in the face of the enemy's forces. Advancing with a large body of Scotch horse, he drew up in order of battle before the English, who immediately made arrangements for the conflict. Whilst they were entirely engaged in these preparations, Douglas drew up a select body of the stoutest troopers to a back gate, out of which the garrison issued; and each soldier, mounting behind a horseman, rode off securely from the castle; concealed from the sight of the English by the intervening array. Douglas, having effected his purpose, drew off his forces in good order, leaving the assailants at liberty to take possession of the deserted fortrets.

In its present splendid state, fitted up at the immense expence of two hundred thousand pounds, Alnwick-castle can afford but a faint idea of its appearance in the feudal ages; when it was dark and inconvenient, with every thing contrived for security, and nothing done for the sake of elegance. Under its present highly improved form, however, it must be

confessed, that every thing has been made as congruous to ancient *costume* as possible; and all within and without the mansion point out the judgment as well as taste of Messrs. Adams and Paine, who were employed to regenerate this magnificent place. The dwelling apartments form a castellated fabric, raised upon an artificial mound in the centre of the inclosed area. These consist of the *state bed-chambers*, magnificently fitted up; the grand *stair-case*, singular but beautiful in plan, expanding like a lady's fan, and ornamented with a chain of escutcheons running round the cornices, displaying one hundred and twenty quarterings and intermarriages of the Percy family; the *saloon*, an apartment forty-two feet long, thirty-seven feet wide, and twenty high; the *drawing-room*, a large oval, forty-seven feet by thirty-five, and twenty-two high; the *dining-room*, fifty-four feet by twenty, finished in a style of Gothic, superlatively beautiful; the *library*, sixty-four feet long, and twenty-three feet wide, in the same happy and appropriate manner; and the *chapel*, an apartment in which expence has reached its utmost limits. It is fifty feet long, twenty-one wide, and twenty-two high, and presents such a dazzling picture of Gothic decoration as is not, perhaps, to be equalled in the kingdom. The great window of York Minster has been chosen as the model of the eastern one, the ceiling of King's College chapel for the pattern of the coving, and the painting and gilding of the mouldings and stucco are taken from those of the great church at Milan. We regretted that some of the ornaments were not as appropriate as elegant, and did not suspect ourselves of Puritanism, when we found our minds revolt at a sumptuous marble sarcophagus, dedicated to the memory of the late duchess, and inscribed with her

thousand titles, serving the purpose of an *altar*; and saw the walls of the apartment covered with armorial bearings, and genealogical tables of the illustrious family in whose possession the mansion has been so long, and at present is. It is not indeed the only instance in which we find religion and heraldry associated; but certainly the frequency of its occurrence can never make the *humility* of the creature and the *pride* of the noble congruous with each other.

The park of Alnwick, though for the most part naked of large timber, and borrowing almost all its shade from the plantations of the last duke, offers occasionally some very fine views, as well as a pleasant ride round its boundary, which extends thirteen miles through a tract of country wisely applied to agricultural purposes, instead of being wasted in a deer-range. Not that it wants its ornaments; a pleasing one of ancient days, Hulne-abbey, founded in 1240 for Carmelite-friars, by Ralph Friburn, is seen in the bottom, watered by the little river Aln, that flows through the park; and a grand modern Gothic tower, called Brisley's-tower, of a circular form, one hundred feet high, crowns the summit of a hill, and affords a view of wonderful extent, including many august objects in a clear day.—Edinburgh-castle to the northward; Tynemouth-castle, in an opposite direction; Bamborough and Warkworth-castles to the eastward; and the long line of the Grampian and Cheviot hills, and their circumjacent wastes, the scene of that great hunting of old, whose bloody termination has been recorded in the well-known popular ballad of 'Chevy chace;' a tract formerly famous for game and timber, but now equally bare of wood, and despoiled of stags and roes.

On our return to Alnwick from

the park, we passed a little free-stone monument, with an inscription upon it that commemorates the spot and the nature of William the king of Scotland's disaster and shame:

'William the Lion, king of Scotland, besieging Alnwick-castle, was here taken prisoner 1174.'

Another monument of former warfare occurs near the town, on the road to Belford—a beautiful cross, with the following inscription, which points out the occasion of its erection:

'Malcolm III. king of Scotland, besieging Alnwick-castle, was slain here Nov. 13, anno 1093. King Malcolm's-cross, decayed by time, was restored by his descendant Eliza duchess of Northumberland, 1774.'

Alnwick itself has little beauty, being straggling and irregular. A few vestiges of its former walls are visible, and the late duke's magnificence is manifested in some modern public edifices in the Gothic style. The customs of this borough were formerly many and curious; one only remains now, but sufficiently singular in its nature to be mentioned. The candidate for the few existing rights attaching to a freeman in this disused borough has to pass through a purgatory little less alarming than the initiatory rites to the greater mysteries of *Eleusis*; clad in a white garment, he is led to a little stream which runs across a road on the town-moor, anciently called the Forest of Aidon, whose waters are deepened for the purpose by a dam thrown across them, and bottom rendered as unequal and rugged as possible, by holes being dug, and

stones cast therein. All these accommodating arrangements are made by a man who lives near the stream, and exacts five shillings from each of the freemen for his trouble. Through this water, without the aid of stick or staff, the candidate is to find his way; and, provided he effect this without breaking his legs, he is then condemned to an *equestrian* adventure equally perilous; to ride round the manor, after-changing his clothes, accompanied by two of the oldest inhabitants of the borough as his guides, a distance of ten miles, over a road rugged with precipices, deformed with bog, and obstructed with briar. If he do all this, *and live*, he becomes a freeman of Alnwick.

ANECDOTE.

THE manor of Broadwater formerly belonged to the family of the Camois, who flourished from the time of Edward I. until the sixteenth century. A singular anecdote is recorded of sir John Camois, who, by a deed regularly executed, 'of his own free will, gave and demised his wife *Margaret*, to sir William Painel, knight, with all her goods, chattels, and other appendages, to have and to hold during the term of her natural life!' This instance of packing off a wife, bag and baggage, shews that pope Gregory was not mistaken when he wrote to Lanfranc, archbishop of Canterbury, that he had 'heard there were certain persons in Scotland, who not only *forsook* but *sold* their wives, whereas in England they *gave* and *granted* them away.'

MATILDA ; a DRAMA.

(Concluded from page 346.)

ACT V.—SCENE I.

Count d'Orlheim, Ernest, Herman,
Matilda, Amelia, Louisa, Philip,
two Servants.

[The scene is the same saloon as before.

Matilda, who has just been rescued from the hands of ruffians who had seized her, is seated in an arm-chair, pale and disordered; her eyes are turned, with fear and uneasiness, on her father; her attitude is supplicatory, and her looks and gestures implore pity. Amelia is standing near her, and affectionately attentive to her. Louisa, on her knees before Matilda, holds one of her hands, which she kisses with tenderness. Philip stands by the side of Louisa, with a countenance expressive of joy when he looks on Matilda, and of inquietude when he turns to Count d'Orlheim. Herman stands near the Count, and, when the latter looks on his daughter, makes a motion to lead him to her. Ernest, placed between his uncle and his cousin, endeavours, but with delicacy and address, to engage the attention of Matilda. Count d'Orlheim, when unobserved, fixes his eyes on his daughter, and appears even desirous to advance towards her, but stops, turns from her, and seems not to notice her.—It is night: some wax-candles are on the table; and at the bottom of the stage are servants, still armed, and bearing flambeaux.]

Herman (to Count d'Orlheim).

You were in danger, and I could not share it with you.

Count d'Orlheim (pointing to Ernest). There is he who saved us all. He overpowered Wodmar, the audacious Wodmar, whom I continually fought; but who appeared to shun me to attack only my nephew—my friend!—(Looking at Matilda with

attention, and speaking to Ernest). Brave youth! you know not how much I owe to you! (Seems to check himself, as if fearing he had said too much.)

Ernest. I have done only my duty. (Turns to Matilda with tender attention). Are you somewhat recovered from the alarm which such an event ———?

Matilda (looking first at Ernest and then at her father; but at the latter always with timidity, and in a suppliant attitude). You may easily imagine what impression my heart must still retain. But the sentiment of what I owe to you—gratitude—alleviates all the uneasiness I cannot but feel from my situation.—(She perceives the band of Ernest wrapped in a handkerchief which is bloody). What is that?—Blood!—You are wounded?

Count d'Orlheim (eagerly) Wounded?

Ernest. Oh, it is nothing!—nothing whatever.

Count d'Orlheim. But it must not be disregarded—it may be dangerous. We must ———

Ernest. It is a mere scratch—not worth the trouble.

Matilda (taking the wounded hand of Ernest, and in a tone of the utmost tenderness). Wounded for me!

Ernest (in a low voice, not to be heard by Count d'Orlheim). Delight of my heart!—(With ardent expression). And may you be happy!

Count d'Orlheim. Where is the insolent Wodmar, and his cowardly accomplices?

Philip. They have separated:—my comrades, all well armed, are gone in pursuit of them.

Count d'Orlheim. It will soon be day. Herman, you will repair to the next town. I shall rely on you to take proper measures with respect to these ruffians. But I do not see Charles. When we came up with these rascals, he appeared to me to remain at a distance.

Philip. He retreated some steps it is true. Perhaps he was afraid: all persons are not courageous alike. Indeed we had warm work. To do him justice, however, he soon recovered himself, and then he fought like a lion.

Count d'Orlheim (*looks on Matilda with an air of tenderness, approaches her, and seems about to take her hand; but suddenly stops, sighs, and after a moment's pause, advances to Madame Walstein, with visible emotion*). Madame Walstein, return to your apartment—with—your young friend—(*Much agitated*) Take care—take the greatest care of her, I conjure you.—Whatever may happen—whatever distance may separate us—be assured that I shall always interest myself in your fortune, as well as in her happiness. Leave me.

Matilda (*mournfully*). My fate is not changed!

[*Exeunt all but Count d'Orlheim.*]

SCENE II.

Count d'Orlheim alone.

[*Throwing himself into an arm-chair, and, after some moments' silence—*]

Too cruel and lasting remembrance of injured love! wilt thou ever prevent my happiness? Where am I? Whither shall I go? Whither carry my grief and distress, the disorder of my ideas, and the struggles that rend my heart?

SCENE III.

Count d'Orlheim; Charles, entering pale and agitated.

Count d'Orlheim. What do you want? Leave me.

Charles. Sir, I entreat you to listen to me a moment. I come to request—

Count d'Orlheim. What? What can I do? What do you wish?

Charles. That you would punish me as I deserve: I have committed a heinous crime.

Count d'Orlheim. What have you done?

Charles. I have furnished Mr. Wodmar with the means of acting as he has done. I gave him the key of the park; and, had it not been for me, he never would have attempted—

Count d'Orlheim. What motive could induce you to commit an act so base?

Charles. I thought you hated your daughter. I saw that you had abandoned her, and that another would receive her inheritance. You had driven her from your presence. She was without support, without aid; and I hoped that Mr. Wodmar would repair the wrongs she had suffered from you. The manner in which you have acted this night proves to me that I was mistaken. I have committed a crime, supposing that I performed a good action. I am not, however, the less culpable; and I come to submit myself to the punishment I deserve.

Count d'Orlheim (*after a moment of agitation and silence*). Since what you have done has been from friendship, from regard to Matilda—Go—I pardon you.

Charles. You pardon me! Ah, sir! now that you have shewn kindness to our good and amiable mistress, your dear daughter—now that you are a good father—I would lay down my life for you. We would all lay down our lives for you. Ah, sir! nothing was wanting but that!

Count d'Orlheim (*with great emotion*). Go; go, I tell you. Leave me. [*Charles seizes his hand, kisses it several times with ecstacy, and goes out.*]

SCENE IV.

Count d'Orlheim alone.

What an influence has she obtained over all about me! She has gained every heart! Shall mine alone be insensible to her? Alas, her mother was guilty! But she is

innocent. She believes that she is my daughter; and, notwithstanding the rigour with which I have treated her, her affection for me, her respect and her gentle patience have never failed. Ought not her youth, as well as her virtues, and even her misfortune, to engage my regard and my love? D'Orlheim, cease to hate. Hatred is a fearful torment. Adopt this child by whom thou art so tenderly beloved, and whom thou canst not view with an indifferent eye. In defect of the rights of blood, obtain those which benefactions bestow. Let her appertain to thee at least by gratitude, and bestow on thyself that happiness which nature has refused thee! Matilda, thou hast conquered. It is not in vain that thy filial piety has combated against honour which repulsed thee, and against the remembrance of an injury of which thou wert not guilty! I will be thy support, thy benefactor, thy friend, and thou shalt render my last days happy. Heavens! whom do I see?

SCENE V.

Count d'Orlheim, Wodmar.

Count d'Orlheim. Vile ravisher! darest thou ——?

Wodmar. Be calm.

Count d'Orlheim. Thy audacity!

Wodmar. No exclamations.

Count d'Orlheim. What is your intention? Recollect that I am surrounded by faithful domestics, who will lose their lives in my defence, and at the slightest signal——

Wodmar. Beware how you give it.

Count d'Orlheim. Do you mean to attempt my life?

Wodmar. Your life! Gracious Heaven! Are you not the father of Matilda?

Count d'Orlheim. What, then, is your intention?

Wodmar. To end your sufferings; to reveal to you a fearful mystery, or to die at your feet, if you are so

imprudent as to refuse to hear me, to reject the happiness I come to offer you, and the tranquillity I wish to restore to your heart. Those domestics who should come at your signal, and whom you directed to watch me, overpowered with fatigue, are sunk in sleep. I have seized the opportunity, and brought with me their arms—*(he shows two pistols)*; and, if you are inflexible, I will snatch myself from the ignominious death you have forced me to merit. Listen to me, I conjure you: it is concerning Matilda that I wish to speak to you, for the last time.

Count d'Orlheim (after a moment's silence). Speak.

Wodmar. I asked of you her hand.

Count d'Orlheim. I refused it, and it was my duty to refuse it.

Wodmar. You hate her?

Count d'Orlheim. No.

Wodmar. You abandoned her; you drove her from your house.

Count d'Orlheim. Yet I suffered more than she.

Wodmar. You deprived her of fortune, connections tranquillity, and happiness: I wished to restore her to all these.

Count d'Orlheim. By a crime.

Wodmar. I come to repair it. Bestow on me your daughter; call me your son-in-law, and I will restore to you for ever tranquillity and happiness.

Count d'Orlheim. What have you dared to ask? You! the son of Wodmar! Shall Matilda become your wife? Unhappy man! Guilt surrounds you! Were I but to speak a word——

Wodmar. Speak, I can hear, and I can answer to all you mean to say.

Count d'Orlheim. Well, then, to save you an eternal remorse, since I must reveal to you my shame——
Matilda——

Wodmar. Proceed.

Count d'Orlheim. Is your sister.

Wodmar. My sister! And you have so believed? This, then, was the cause of your aversion from her, of your contempt, and her misfortunes? The moment is arrived to open your eyes. A false honour, a fatal prejudice, forbade me to speak. Virtue, humanity, love, have at length compelled me to break silence. Count d'Orlheim, I throw myself at your feet. Pardon a son who could not resolve to make known his father's dishonour. Pardon me for wishing to avoid the shame of revealing a mystery of iniquity of which my father was the author, and of which thy heart was the victim—*(He lays his pistols on the table before Count d'Orlheim)*. There are my arms; I place myself in your power; dispose of my fate. But read—*(He presents a letter)*—Read this letter which my father when dying gave into my hands, the proof of his repentance, and of the innocence of all that was dear to thee. Had I obeyed his last commands, I should have given you this paper a twelvemonth since; but a false pride, and a culpable respect for the memory of my father, induced me to conceal it. Remorse now compels me to surrender it.

Count d'Orlheim (taking the letter with evident agitation). Yes, I recognise his hand. What am I about to read?—*(Reads)*—‘I die, and all is at an end with me: nothing remains but remorse. Pardon!—Pardon me, d'Orlheim! If you forgive, perhaps an avenging Deity may pardon me likewise. D'Orlheim, open thy eyes; know the whole extent of my crime—know at length thy Caroline—She was innocent.’—*(Starts, and with a loud exclamation)* Innocent!—*(Continues to read, while as he proceeds his voice falters, and tears almost prevent his utterance)*.—‘We both solicited her hand, and you were preferred. I meditated a dreadful revenge, and I

executed it. When about to set out on a journey, you wished to take with you the portrait of your lady. It was not to be found: I had surreptitiously obtained possession of it. You returned; and this same portrait, together with a letter accompanying it, which I had caused to fall into your hands, produced the fearful effect I had expected from it. The virtuous Caroline appeared to you dishonoured. You banished her from your sight. You became estranged to your daughter—to your own blood;—you cursed her who ought to have been dearest to your heart. I die——’

[Count d'Orlheim sinks into a chair, overpowered by his feelings, and fainting.]

Wodmar (clasping Count d'Orlheim in his arms). Gracious Heaven!—Charles! Philip! Ernest!

SCENE VI.

Wodmar, Count d'Orlheim, Philip, Herman.

Philip (eagerly). He has escaped us. Ah, here he is!

Herman (running in). Whence are these cries? Wodmar, you here—and in this situation!

Count d'Orlheim (slowly recovering, looks round him, sees Wodmar on his knees before him; embraces and raises him, and exclaims with a feeble voice), My daughter!—Where is my daughter?—Bring me Matilda!—Let me embrace my daughter!

Herman. Blessed change! Now are you indeed my noble and virtuous master!

[He goes out hastily to fetch Matilda. Philip likewise goes out by the door at the bottom of the stage.]

SCENE VII.

Count d'Orlheim, Wodmar.

Wodmar (pressing the Count in his arms). Recollect yourself; resume your good sense and fortitude.

Count d'Orlheim. The extreme of misfortune may be supported: it is

more difficult to endure excessive happiness. I see my daughter!

SCENE VIII.—AND LAST.

Count d'Orlheim, Wodmar, Matilda entering with Amelia, Herman, and Ernest:—Louis, Philip, Charles, Bloume, and other domestics, enter by the door at the bottom of the stage.

Count d'Orlheim (rising to meet Matilda). My daughter!—my dear daughter!

Matilda (eagerly throwing herself into his arms). Do you grant me that name?

Count d'Orlheim. Come to my arms!—Let me press thee to my heart.—Press me to thine.

Matilda. My father!

Count d'Orlheim. Oh, repeat that name so dear!—let me hear it again from those adored lips!

Matilda. My father!

Count d'Orlheim. Pardon me my unjust severity; pardon me the tears I have made you shed. I ask your forgiveness; may I obtain it, my daughter?

Matilda. Oh, I am in your arms! You love me!—I can no longer remember that I ever was unhappy.

Count d'Orlheim (after having tenderly embraced Matilda, turning to Amelia). To you, affectionate friend of my virtuous Caroline——

Amelia (with an eager expression of joy). Is, then, her innocence proved?

Count d'Orlheim. Yes, yes; satisfactorily proved.—(Pointing to Wodmar) Dear Matilda, it is to him that you owe your father; to him I owe my daughter. He solicits your hand. But your happiness is dependent, and you alone must determine. Pronounce——

Matilda (turning pale and confused). I!——

Ernest (aside, and alarmed). Gracious Heaven!

Count d'Orlheim. A word is sufficient.

Matilda (with a faltering voice). Oh, my father!

Ernest. I am lost!

Count d'Orlheim. What is this?

Wodmar. Resume your courage, Ernest. Dear Matilda, fear nothing more from me.—(To Count d'Orlheim) You now know a secret which I had discovered, but which I endeavoured to conceal from myself. Secure for ever the happiness of Ernest and Matilda. Thus I ought to expiate my errors: thus may I become reconciled to myself. They shall cease to hate me; you shall esteem me; and my heart, at least, shall not have lost every generous sentiment.

Count d'Orlheim (pressing the hand of Wodmar, in token of approbation, and turning towards Matilda). Is this the truth, Matilda? Does your heart prefer Ernest?

Matilda. I was unacquainted with the merits of Mr. Wodmar. I must now admire and esteem his generosity.

Count d'Orlheim (to Ernest). And you, my son, who so lately refused to confess——

Ernest. How could I dare to avow, even to myself, a sentiment which my situation must degrade in the eyes of the world?

Count d'Orlheim. Nothing can degrade him whose conscience does not accuse him. I have always called you my son, and I wish not to discontinue the appellation. Receive all that is most dear to me. I give thee Matilda.

Matilda and Ernest (kneeling to Count d'Orlheim). Oh, my father! my father!

Amelia, Herman, Louisa, Philip, and the other domestics. Now we are all happy!

Count d'Orlheim (to Wodmar, taking him aside). The tomb is a sacred asylum which vengeance and hatred ought to respect. (He gives him the two letters; that which was in the

port-folio, and that he had received from him). I forgive thy father. I will spare his memory; and, with respect to all that is past, my heart promises thee an eternal secrecy.

Wodmar. You shall find me worthy of a conduct so noble. Ernest, enjoy your felicity. Lovely Matilda! design, sometimes, to remember him by whose means you are rendered happy. I shall not entirely be destitute of happiness, since I have been able to bestow it on you. [Exit.

Count d'Orlheim. Let the day, which is now dawning, shed its beams on your marriage and my happiness—O my son!—O my daughter!—I have no longer a Caroline—no longer an adored wife—But I am still a father. [The curtain falls.

The HISTORY of ALBANO, a noble VENETIAN.

NO one acquainted with the Venetian state, previous to the seizure of Venice by the French, and the subsequent surrender of it to Austria, can be a stranger to the excessive jealousy of its government: and the secrecy and celerity with which persons (suspected only of intermeddling in state-affairs) were punished, have peculiarly marked the judicial administration of that famous republic.

The injustice often occasioned by this mode of proceeding, cannot fail to excite in our bosoms the liveliest indignation, and at the same time cause us to reflect with pleasure on being born in a country where the guilty alone have reason to fear, and innocence is sure of protection and security.

The history of Albano, a young nobleman of Venice, who lived about the middle of the sixteenth century, furnishes an affecting instance of the cruelty arising from

the jealousy of the Venetian government. Endowed with the strictest integrity and happiest talents, he was beloved and esteemed by the patricians, and almost idolised by the people. But, notwithstanding his rank, his unblemished character, his signal achievements in defence of his country, and his unwearied exertions for her welfare, Albano incurred the suspicion of concerting measures against the state; a suspicion which his too delicate, or rather romantic, sense of honour prevented him from clearing up, and subjected him to a disgrace and punishment more intolerable even than death itself.

It was observed by one of the spies that, constantly, about the hour of midnight, Albano, muffled up in his cloak, with the most studious care, entered the house of the French ambassador. By the rigid laws of Venice, no nobleman was allowed to visit a foreign minister, unless on some well known business, and by permission of the senate; so apprehensive were they lest any innovation should be planned, or any change of the constitution be attempted.

The mysterious manner in which Albano repeatedly visited the envoy's house could not, therefore, fail of attracting the most curious attention of the vigilant spies of the Venetian government; and his conduct was soon reported to the illustrious magistrate, the bosom-friend, as it happened, of Albano. Surprised at the relation, and with all the anxiety which the most ardent friendship could excite, Friuli hesitated to believe the account, though minutely and circumstantially delivered; and, to be assured of its truth or falsehood, directed a faithful agent of his own to watch the footsteps of the unsuspecting Albano. At the expiration of some days, he received a confirmation of these nightly visits, and of the secret and disguised manner in which they were always made,

Agitated by the most painful sensations for his friend's situation, but at the same time remembering the duties he owed to the state, the mind of Friuli became the prey of the deepest sorrow and distraction.

Still unwilling to believe that the beloved companion of his earliest days, the friend of whose honour and patriotism he had ever entertained the most exalted idea, the ornament of the state, and the idol of the people, could harbour even a thought inimical to his country, he resolved, before the execution of those laws he was sworn to maintain, to be himself a witness of the criminal visits imputed to Albano.

Too soon was he convinced that the relations he had received were well founded; for several successive nights, at the most silent hour, in the most studied concealment of dress, did he observe Albano approach the house of the French resident; and, on a signal given, admitted into it with the utmost precaution and secrecy.

The welfare of the republic, the high sense of the duties with which he was invested, and incontrovertible proof he had himself obtained, would not permit Friuli longer to delay calling on the transgressor of the laws to answer for his misconduct, or explain his mysterious behaviour. Friuli's patriotism, glowing and sincere, impelled him to struggle against those feelings, which friendship eagerly and anxiously suggested, and severely did he suffer from this conflict. With the sharpest anguish, he beheld his dearest friend exposed to the unrelenting vengeance of the severest laws, and his soul sickened within him at the dreadful prospect of the event. Stifling, however, all sensations which opposed the interests of his country, he determined faithfully to discharge the duties of his office.— Having passed a melancholy and

sleepless night, the next morning his orders were issued for convening the supreme council, and his warrant for apprehending the unfortunate Albano. These orders were punctually and speedily obeyed; and Friuli prepared himself to appear before the council, and disclose the facts which constituted his accusation.

The council, composed of the noblest, wisest, and most venerable Venetians, bore on their countenances the impression of the profoundest grief, when they understood on whose fate they were to decide. An awful pause, a silence more expressive than eloquence itself, ensued. The eyes of all spoke most forcibly, but their tongues were mute.

Friuli, his whole frame trembling, his voice half-choaked by the rising tumults of his breast, broke the fearful silence by addressing the august assembly.

He began by observing, that he at once perceived the eyes of the whole council turned towards him, expressive of their astonishment and sorrow that Albano should be accused, and that he should be his accuser. 'Would to God,' exclaimed he in the bitterness of his soul, 'that I had perished ere I had seen this day!' He continued that, when he looked on that grave and honourable body of men whom he was then addressing, he was confident that he beheld in them the zealous and steadfast friends of the sacred constitution of Venice; those who would not only bravely defend it against all attacks from an open enemy, but with equal rigour and alacrity repel and punish every insidious endeavour secretly to impair or destroy it. In every other respect, he most humbly confessed he was their inferior; but in the love of his country, in unabated zeal for its prosperity, in inflexible rigour against its enemies, he proudly declared he could yield

to no one; and, while the big drops started into his eyes, added, *that* day would confirm what he had asserted, and prove it not the ostentatious language of vanity.

They beheld, he observed, at their bar, *him* who was once the ornament of the republic, the brightest example of all that was excellent or great, the honoured and beloved companion of their councils, not only accused of having actually violated the laws of Venice, but labouring under a heavy suspicion of concerting measures hostile to her security. And by whom accused? By one whose life would have been cheerfully devoted to preserve *him* whom he accuses; by one, who, had he listened only to the voice of friendship, must have sheltered him from the pursuit of justice, and shielded him from her uplifted sword; by one who, in vindicating the laws of his country, yielded up at once the peace and happiness of his future days. 'Oh, my country!' cried the wretched Friuli, 'what do I not sacrifice to thy welfare or to thy safety? I offer up, as a victim, the friend of my bosom, the far better part of myself. A purer or brighter flame never burnt on the altar of friendship than that which warms my breast; but at thy call, my country! I stifle its influence, and extinguish every sensation which can interfere with thy security.'

He then entreated their pardon for the present distraction of his mind; and, endeavouring to repress the tumults of his agitated bosom, proceeded to lay before them the particulars of the transaction which formed the charge.

It was a long time, Friuli added, before he could be induced to give any credit to the information he had received, but the repeated nightly visits of Albano were too certain. He observed that the mere going to

the ambassador's house unauthorised was contrary to the established laws; but when the unseasonable hour, the studious concealment of dress, and the excessive caution used in the admittance, were considered, nothing less could arise than a most violent suspicion of something detrimental to the state being in agitation. Notwithstanding, however, this unfavourable light in which Albano stood, Friuli entreated of the council, that, in consideration of his friend's former unblemished character, and glorious services to his country, they would permit him to offer any exculpatory matter, and hear him explain a transaction which, at present, they could view only in a criminal light.

He hoped the council would allow he had that day discharged the duty reposed in him by the laws; and unequivocally evinced that no sacrifice was in his eyes too great when required by the good of the state. He again entreated them to bring back to their remembrance the obligations which Venice owed to the accused, for his exertions in her behalf at home and abroad. He concluded by exhorting them never to forget, that to temper justice with mercy was most pleasing and acceptable in the sight of Heaven.

The whole assembly were greatly affected by the address of Friuli, whose conflict between duty and affection equally excited their pity and admiration. After a short interval, Albano was called upon to answer to the charge which he had heard made against him: and, with a serene countenance, in a firm tone of voice, with equal modesty, dignity, and grace, Albano began his address to the council.

He assured them, that he *then* felt more for his accuser, whom he was once permitted to call his friend, than he did for himself; that the

situation of Friuli was, and must be, more distressing than his own, let the issue of that day prove to him ever so disastrous.

Of what had been alleged respecting his visits to the ambassador's house, he freely admitted the truth; and if, in so doing, he had offended against any law, even though dormant or obsolete, he, of course, was subject to its penalty. But, he observed, that no guilt had been proved, or could be fixed on him for the fact, except it were connected with the suspicion of his being engaged in concerting measures detrimental to the state. It was a hard thing, he said, to contend with suspicions; facts could be answered, refuted, denied, or explained; but as to suspicions, he knew not how to repel them otherwise than by requesting of that assembly, to whom individually he had long been known, to look back on the tenor of his whole life, and to examine most strictly and severely whether, at any period of it, the smallest ground could be discovered to warrant a suspicion of treachery in him. He modestly reminded them of his services to the republic, that he had unremittingly laboured to promote its interest and exalt its glory. He invoked Heaven to witness, that neither in deed or thought had he ever conceived or formed any one measure unfriendly to the government, and as pure and immaculate toward his country did he at that moment stand as at any period of his life. He denied that a firmer friend to Venice, or a more strenuous supporter of its constitution than himself existed.

He felt himself, he said, so much supported by his own integrity and innocence, that he most cheerfully submitted his cause, his honour, and his life, into the hands of that illustrious assembly; trusting they would,

by their unanimous decree, efface from his character the blemish which had that day been cast upon it, by the most unmerited suspicions.

After shortly deliberating with the other members, the president informed Albano, that enough had been laid before the council to satisfy them that he had not only transgressed one of the fundamental laws of Venice, but acted in so questionable and mysterious a manner, as to render it indispensable for him to account for his conduct, and disclose its motives; to explain the real cause of his visits to the French minister, and ingenuously confess the reason of his industrious endeavours to conceal them; that he had incurred very severe penalties by the fact which he had admitted; but that, in consideration of his former services, they were inclined to relax the rigour of the law, provided he would impart to them the true inducement to his secret visits, from which they should otherwise conclude that something inimical to the government had been intended.

Albano thanked the council for their lenity and proffered favours; at the same time declaring he could not, with the approbation of his own heart, explain the particular circumstances of his conduct. In the most animated language, and in the most solemn manner, he disclaimed any design against the well-being of his country; and ended with assuring the assembly that, be the issue what it might, no power on earth should wrest from him his motives: on that subject he would preserve the profoundest and most invincible silence.

It is scarcely possible to describe the grief and astonishment of the whole assembly, on hearing this declaration; the cool tone and determined manner in which it was made, left them no reason to hope that any

thing would ever shake the resolution he just expressed.

Albano was ordered to withdraw. The council, after examining his conduct in every point of view, discovered in it much to blame, and more to suspect: his refusal to enter into any explanation of it, seemed to confirm the opinion of all, that something very criminal must be attached to it. Whatever their first prepossessions therefore might have been, they did not now hesitate to impute to him the crime of plotting against the safety of the state. The council had already departed widely from the general practice on similar occasions; and had, in consequence of his virtues and services, displayed a clemency seldom, if ever, exercised by the Venetian government.

Under that famous square in Venice, known by the name of St. Mark, are dungeons so deeply sunk as to be considerably below the level of the sea; through an aperture at the top, the wretched victim of state suspicion was let down, never more to return: through this his miserable and scanty food is conveyed; through this alone, the air, stagnant and damp from the massive and enormous arches raised over the opening, with difficulty works its way to support the hated existence of the devoted victim below.

Thus immured, carefully and cruelly prevented from availing themselves of all means of putting a period to this undescribable state of horrors, in total and almost palpable darkness, for ever cut off from the world, without the faintest or most distant hope of ever again seeing their friends, their families, their dearest connections, nay of ever more beholding any object on earth, these victims of suspicion endured torments far more agonising and exquisite than the most terrific death.

In one of these dreary cells was Albano condemned to pass the re-

mainder of his days. The decree once past was irrevocable: the execution of it followed close; and, without being permitted to bid adieu to his relatives, his expecting family, his anxious friends — without any preparation for so dreadful an event, was this unhappy nobleman conveyed to those scenes of horror and of darkness; and, in the flower of his age, and the vigorous exercise of the most brilliant faculties, buried alive, and for ever shut out from the voice and sight of human kind.

Notwithstanding the secrecy and dispatch with which this business was transacted, the populace of Venice soon felt the absence of their patron, their benefactor, their friend. Bred up in submission the most humble to their rulers, they dared not clamour for and demand their protector, nor even to murmur against those by whose means they had the strongest reasons to suppose they were deprived of him. But their sorrow was not less poignant or sincere because it was silent; the whole city ceased not to lament and deplore his fate.

The stern patriotism even of Friuli could not support him under the grief excited by the dreadful sentence. He contemplated with horror the situation to which he had reduced his much-loved friend. — The picture was too shocking for him to look on; the emaciated countenance of Albano, wherein were marked the deep lines of hopeless expectation, and the traces of approaching dissolution, constantly appeared to Friuli's imagination; the despair of his eye, the faint sweat on his brow, the convulsion of his altered features, and the just, though gentle, reproof from his dying lips, all passed in terrible review across his agitated mind, and forbade him to enjoy either repose at night or tranquillity by day. His health im-

paired, and his spirits worn down by unceasing sorrow and remorse, he survived but a short time, and by his death proved that his friendship equalled in strength and sincerity his love and zeal for his country.

How long the ill-fated Albano dragged out his miserable existence in these regions of woe cannot be known. The most profound silence was ever preserved on this occasion, and no one dared to enquire after the fate of the prisoner, or ventured even to name him.

Many years had elapsed after the period of Albano's confinement, when a priest was called to administer spiritual consolation to a lady at Paris, in her last moments, and to perform those offices which her religion taught her to require. Among other matters which the dying Adelaide disclosed to her confessor, was the following incident: that, nearly twenty years before, she had resided at Venice, in the house of the French ambassador, accompanying his wife thither, to whom she was related, and whose friendship she had possessed from her earliest age; that, during her abode there, she became acquainted with a young Venetian, of whose title she was ignorant, but of superior birth and quality; that his personal accomplishments, united with the charms of his conversation, subdued her heart; and, though she had unwarily yielded up her honour, yet every succeeding day seemed to add to their passion, and strengthen their attachment; that, as he could not unite himself to her by the bonds of marriage, without degradation, the most private mode of visiting her was adopted, and, through the assistance of a faithful domestic, he was constantly introduced into the house at the hour of midnight; but that suddenly, without any information whatever, he ceased to come to her; that, distracted by a

thousand conjectures and fears, her health began daily and visibly to decline, upon which it was thought adviseable that she should return to her native country, where she at length regained her health, though never her tranquillity.

Adelaide, faint and exhausted by the recital, had scarcely received the absolution which she implored, and by her sincere penitence seemed to deserve, when she breathed her last sigh.

Hence it became most apparent that the unfortunate Albano was innocent of every crime against his country: and that his visits, which were construed as proofs of his machinations against the state, were made to a beautiful and beloved mistress. He preferred enduring the miseries of perpetual confinement in a dungeon (so horrible that the eye of the humane Howard was not allowed to explore it) to the risk of exposing to the reproachful voice of the world her whom he adored. In the admiration of his honourable spirit, his ardent love, his unshaken fortitude, we may be allowed to forgive the indiscretions of Albano; or, if we blame him for an error, to drop over his ashes the tear of sympathy and commiseration.

EXTRACT from the new MUSICAL DRAMA, 'THE WIFE OF TWO HUSBANDS.'

ACT II. SCENE I.

A terrace belonging to the castle on the borders of a lake. The mountain is seen on the right at a distance.

Enter Eugenia, Ninetta, and Theodore.

TRIO.

HASTE, glorious light with golden ray,
Deck with thy smiles the infant day.

Roseate morn at thy smiles,
 What delight does nature prove!
 But dearer far to me
 Are the smiles of him I love.
 Have ye heard the huntsman's horn?
 No, not yet has it hail'd the breeze of morn.
 Hark, 'tis the horn!

Theod. Yes, the sound of the horn seems to approach. The countess is returning from the chace. [*Exit.*]

Eug. Is there no other cause, I wonder, for Theodore's anxiety, than his disappointment at the countess not returning so soon as expected? I think his heart is too susceptible not to have felt a tender impression. Yes, certainly, some of the pretty lasses in the neighbourhood have taught him to bow before the universal sway. Or is it that, conscious myself of the sweet tormenting passion, I look upon every one around me with suspicion? Heigho! Love is so universal a conqueror, that 'tis merely folly to oppose him.

SONG. *Eugenia.*

WHEN conquering Love assails the heart,
 Alas! what can withstand the foe?
 Let Prudence preach, let Reason frown,
 Nought can avail—ah! no! no! no!
 [*Exit.*]

Re-enter Theodore.

Theod. How I am disappointed—the countess is certainly gone the other way to the castle.

[*As Theodore is going towards the castle, Fritz and Walter enter down the steps of the terrace, and come behind him.*]

Fritz. Young man!

Theod. Dear sir, you frighten me.

Fritz. Fear nothing—we will do you no harm.

Theod. What is it you would have, gentlemen?

Fritz. Go to the countess—tell her a poor traveller, who awaits her here, has information to disclose important to her welfare.

Theod. Very well, I will do so.

(*Aside*) A poor traveller! They say one should not trust to appearances, and therefore I will not guess uncharitably. [*Going.*]

Fritz. Stop a moment. (*Aside*) The more I look at him—

Theod. Pray let me be gone. I am in haste.

Fritz. What is your name?

Theod. (*aside*). He is very curious. (*To Fritz*) I should think my name cannot be interesting to you.

Fritz. It is plain we do not think so.

Theod. Well, gentlemen, adieu. I shall fulfil your commission.

Fritz. Stay, I command you. [*Walter stops him.*]

Theod. How you speak to me, sir! I assure you I am not accustomed to be treated thus.

Fritz. I have a right to speak to you thus. Hear me, and answer directly. Don't equivocate.

Theod. I scorn equivocation.

Fritz. Your name?

Theod. Theodore.

Fritz. Your age?

Theod. Near fifteen.

Fritz. Your parents?

Theod. I have none.

Fritz. None!

Theod. Alas! I knew them not. Can you inform me, sir, who they were?

Fritz. How long have you resided in this castle?

Theod. I came hither with the countess.

Fritz. Then you were not born in this country?

Theod. No, in Bavaria, as I am told.

Fritz (*aside*). It is he! not a doubt remains. Who has brought you up?

Theod. The countess. Having lost my parents at an early age, her ladyship was so good as to educate me.

Fritz. So good indeed! Does the

count, too, give you proofs of his goodness?

Theod. He behaves to me with affection. But, sir, may I not, without offence, enquire what interest can induce you to put all these questions?

Fritz. What interest! yours.

Theod. Mine!

Fritz. Yes: what will you think of her whose benevolence you praise, when you know that, having a son for whom she need not blush, she excludes him from the brilliant rank in which fortune has placed her? She involves his birth in mystery, and shuts her heart against her own offspring.

Theod. The countess Belfior is incapable of such conduct.

Fritz. I will prove it to you. Her son, of whom I speak, is now before me.

Theod. Before you!

Fritz. Yes; it is yourself.

Theod. Oh, you would impose on me!

Fritz. I say, the countess Belfior is your mother: I know the fact. Her happiness demands that it should remain unknown. You are now master of the secret, and you may make your own use of it.

Theod. What, to afflict her! to render her unhappy! Could I be so ungrateful? But who are you, sir, who thus have the cruelty to disturb the happiness of one who never offended you?

Fritz. Go take my message to the countess, and forget not that you must speak to her in private.

Theod. Yet explain——

Fritz. Begone.

Theod. A word in pity——

Fritz. Hereafter I will explain, but now obey me.

Theod. The countess my mother! Can it indeed be so? Oh, if I desire to prove it true, it is that I may acquire a right to love her still more dearly.

[*Exit.*

Fritz. You seem astonished, comrade.

Wal. I am indeed, comrade. I do not understand what service I am to perform, nor how my reward is to arise.

Fritz. You are to assist me, in case I should find any difficulty in taking possession of this estate which belongs to me.

Wal. This estate yours? I hope you'll prove it true; but how, then, can the estate belong to the countess?

Fritz. She is my wife.

Wal. The countess your wife?

Fritz. Yes; she is that Eliza Werner whom I told you I married sixteen years ago.

Wal. But how does it happen that she is now married to another?

Fritz. I, myself, contrived the marriage, having deceived her by forged proofs of my death. I had heard of the count's great wealth, and thought I might profit by it. But, see, she approaches; be near enough to overhear our conversation, and be ready to come forward in a moment if I should make a sign for your assistance. Retire.

[*Exit Walter.*

Enter the Countess.

Countess. This is the place where Theodore informed me I was to meet the stranger. Ah! (*perceiving Fritz*) what do I see?

Fritz. One, whose sudden appearance seems to give you great satisfaction.

Countess. Is it possible!

Fritz. Extremely well! Exhibit surprise, astonishment, despair!—all this is to be expected after your conduct.

Countess. My conduct!

Fritz. Are you not the wife of another?

Countess. Did not the proofs I received of——

Fritz. The plot is well imagined, I confess; but, remember, I am not to be duped by it.

Countess. What do you mean?

Fritz. I mean that you, informed, no doubt, of the unfortunate cause of my imprisonment, and flattering yourself that I could not escape death, contrived this ingenious tale, and fabricated these pretended proofs, that you might in security resign yourself to your new attachment.

Countess. Horrible accusation!

Fritz. But the courts of justice shall refund with my wrongs.

Countess. Sir!

Fritz. There your perfidy shall be proclaimed, and you condemned to punishment; despised by your illustrious husband, whom you have deceived——

Countess. No; I have never deceived him! I never will:—and if I hesitate for a moment to throw myself at his feet, and avow my wretched fate, it is because I cannot resolve to wound that benevolent heart which never imagined evil against any one.

Fritz. You fear for him, smooth dissembler! you do not fear for yourself?

Countess. No; I know my doom. Adversity has inured me to misfortune, and conscious innocence will enable me to bear it. One event alone can shed a faint gleam of comfort on my remaining days: my poor father still survives, but he has never forgiven my disobedience in marrying you. Grant me but a short respite, that I may once more sue for his mercy.

Fritz. My claims must be preferred instantly.

Countess. Do not yet kill him with your presence: he cannot long survive this discovery. Let me have his blessing before he dies. Consent to leave me. I beg on my knees—I supplicate you—in mercy hear me.

[*Kneeling.*]

Fritz. I will not listen to you.

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Enter Eugenia from the castle.

Eug. The countess! Heavens! she is in sorrow! perhaps in danger! Help! help!

[*Calling.*]

Walter (comes forward). Be silent.

Countess. Eugenia, hush! My friend, you will ruin me.—(*To Fritz*) Consent to go while it is in your power, another moment and it may be too late.

Fritz. Yes, I go; for I now see I must prepare against the worst: but, within an hour, expect to see me again. [*Exeunt Fritz and Walter up the steps of the terrace.*]

Countess. Protector of the guiltless, in thee I trust!

Eug. My beloved sister, how is it with you?

Countess. Well, my dear Eugenia, I am once more myself. Let the storm come, the sacred wreath of innocence shall bind my brows—the lightning will not harm me.

Eug. The wretch who just now left you has seen Theodore. Has he discovered to the poor youth——?

Countess. I fear it; but of that I must be informed. Appoint Theodore to meet me in the castle instantly.

Eug. And what will you explain to him?

Countess. I know not yet: the moment must decide. I feel myself inspired with courage, which I hail as the auspicious omen of success. I am resolved to attempt this day once more to obtain my father's pardon.

Eug. Your father's pardon! Is he then still living?

Countess. Yes, and living on this estate. I have never yet explained to my beloved Belfior that Maurice is the baron Werner, my father. If I fail in obtaining the pardon of a parent, Belfior shall never know the secret; but if he blesses me with his forgiveness——

Eug. He cannot refuse it. But how did this strange event occur?

Countess. As the countess Belfior, I presented to him a farm, which now became mine. He offered excuses—I would hear of none; and I succeeded in possessing, in beholding every hour (but without daring to speak to him) that parent whose anger I have deserved, but for whose happiness I would gladly sacrifice my existence.

Eug. Angel as you are, Heaven will never desert you. See, the venerable Maurice approaches.

Countess. My father? Oh, Eugenia! my boasted fortitude sinks before his presence. I must retire to regain that temper of mind from which alone I may expect success.

[*Exit.*]

Enter Werner, leaning on Theodore's arm, followed by Ninetta.

Theod. You must be weary, good Maurice; lean on my arm. You won't hurt me. You have walked a long way.

Werner. Yes, dear Theodore! but it seemed a very short distance: the hope of meeting my worthy patron, the noble count Belfior, supported me. I felt no weariness till now I am disappointed of that satisfaction.

Eug. (*coming forward*). But you will soon have that satisfaction: the count has returned from the chace earlier than usual, that he might walk to the farm and see all your improvements, Maurice. I dare say, he will be there as soon as you.

Werner. I hope the cottage is decorated neatly to receive so illustrious a guest. You know, Ninetta, I am blind, and cannot attend to all this as I could wish.

Ninetta. Yes, it is indeed, sir; and Theodore has hung your sword over the fire-place.

Werner. Good boy, that was kind!

Theodore, you shall have that sword at my death: it is all I have to leave you: this arm once could wield it! It has done service in its time; it has been drawn in the defence of my country.

Theod. I assure you, Maurice, your sword looks very handsome: I have polished the hilt, but the blade is so rusty.

Werner. Yes, and I remember well the cause: I wept over it when I lost my daughter; my sword was the only remaining mark of honour left to me.

Theod. Don't think of that loss, Maurice; it always makes you so melancholy.

Werner. I won't, I won't. I ought to lose the remembrance of my own misfortunes in the joy of hailing count Belfior's return. I will be cheerful—I will indeed, Theodore.

Theod. Eugenia wishes to speak to me. You won't take it unkind, if I now leave you to the care of Ninetta; you know she is very attentive to you.

Werner. She is! she is! and so are you! and so is the countess! You are all kind to me, except my own child! but I will be cheerful, Theodore; indeed, I will.

[*Exeunt Werner and Ninetta, Theodore and Eugenia, severally.*]

SCENE II. *An apartment in the castle.*

Enter Eugenia and Theodore.

Eug. Theodore, the countess wishes to meet you here immediately.

Theod. The countess! *why* does she desire me to meet her?

Eug. She will be alone.

Theod. And alone! Oh, my throbbing heart! Eugenia, if you love me, ease my anxious mind. I am on the rack of expectation. Who are my parents?

Eug. Theodore, you know I love and esteem you.

Theod. Then in pity tell——

Eug. I would most willingly tell you any thing I know and ought to reveal; but if I am ignorant——

Theod. You are not ignorant—you will not say so.

Eug. Adieu! remember your appointment with the countess.

Theod. Eugenia——

Eug. Theodore——

DUET. Eugenia and Theodore.

Theod. How can you thus cruel, the secret concealing,

The proof I implore of affection deny?

Your love then revealing,
With kindness reply.

Eug. Dear Théodore, spare me—my love while possessing,

Such false proofs of friendship why will you demand?

Thus vainly distressing
The heart you command.

Theod. And yet what I ask, to intreaty debarr'd.

Eug. My honour forbids me your suit to regard.

Theod. Ah! why thus resisting?

You must not deny.

Eug. In vain thus persisting,
I dare not comply.

[Exit Eugenia.]

Enter the Countess.

Countess. What shall I say to Theodore, should he be informed of the fatal secret? Theodore!

Theod. Madam!

Countess. Theodore, I would speak with you.

Theod. (*aside*). I tremble with expectation. What will she say to me?

Countess (*with emotion*). Theodore, you are confused, embarrassed: what is the cause? Why do you shrink from my presence with this timid air? Why are your eyes cast down? Raise them; look upon me: you know I ever look upon you with pleasure.

Theod. (*with tenderness and timidity*). Indeed, madam! is it really so?

Countess. What, Theodore?

Theod. That—that you look upon me with pleasure?

Countess. Have you any reason to doubt me?

Theod. I do not say so, but——

Countess. Has any one told you?

Theod. (*forgetting himself*). Yes, madam; I have been told such a dear, delightful piece of news.

Countess (*aside*). He knows all.—

(*To him*) Yet this intelligence gives you much trouble.

Theod. Yes; for I cannot believe that I am indeed so very, very happy.

Countess (*aside*). Poor child!

Theod. I fear you may be angry, and I would not for the world offend my dear, dear mother—(*recollecting himself*) my benefactress.

Countess. What can you think of your benefactress, if you believe she will not rejoice in every cause for your happiness?

Theod. Forgive me—oh, forgive me! my heart is very, very full.

Countess. Take courage, Theodore: proceed.

Theod. (*turning his eyes away from her*). I have been assured that my mother, whom I believed was no more, still lives.

Countess. And, doubtless, she has been represented to you in the most odious colours.

Theod. The mother who can stifle the voice of nature, and hesitate to acknowledge her child, must have strong motives indeed for so painful a sacrifice. Duty forbids me to accuse her who gave me birth.

Countess. Noble-minded boy!——

[*Aside.*

Theod. Ah, madam: would to Heaven, that I had indeed a mother! that I could behold her! be admitted to her presence as I am now admitted to yours! thus would I throw myself at her feet!

[*Falls on his knees.*

Countess (*agitated*). Theodore! what mean you?

Theod. I would whisper to her—
 ‘My mother, look on your son: behold his eyes suffused with love and tenderness. Hitherto you have withheld your caresses from me. Alas, you have not known your poor Theodore! Oh, let him prove his affection for you! Punish him no longer for a fault of which he is guiltless. Give him the only inheritance he wishes to claim—the only treasure that belongs to him—give him your heart!’

Countess. Theodore!

Theod. What mother could resist the voice of nature? Mine would open her arms to me.

Countess. My child! my child!

[*Embracing him.*]

Theod. Am I indeed your child?

Countess. Yes; I wished to conceal from you this fatal secret, the bane of your repose; but maternal tenderness tears it from my bosom. Yes, you shall know all.

Theod. No, my mother, I wish to know no more than that I have regained a parent; that she presses me to her breast; and that I am happy.

Countess. Theodore, you must have no reason to accuse me. You ought to know the motives which have decided me to conceal your birth in mystery; otherwise I might appear to you culpable, and I would have no reason to blush in the presence of my son. The person who spoke to you this morning in the park; that unhappy man, clad in the garb of wretchedness——

Theod. Yes; who is that man?

Countess. He is——

Theod. Who?

Countess. Your father.

Theod. Is he my father?

Countess. You will now recollect how oft maternal tenderness has been on the point of wresting from my heart the secret of your birth: but I feared to destroy the precious illusion which formed your felicity, and perhaps mine. I feared that my

son might curse the bonds by which nature attached him to me, when he should learn that he owes his birth to a being overwhelmed with crimes—lost to shame.

Theod. Alas, my mother!

Countess. Yes, Theodore, your father is—oh, if you knew!—but some one approaches: we must separate.

Theod. What, without one embrace?

Countess (*embracing him*). Bless you, my child! Adieu, dear Theodore; Continue your attentions to poor Maurice; I shall love you the better for it. [*Exeunt severally.*]

[** For a specimen of the SONGS, see POETRY.]

PARISIAN FASHIONS.

(*With an Engraving, elegantly coloured.*)

FLOWERS are now worn on most of the head-dresses in hair. The fashion of turbans is returning: they are for the most part white, and many embroidered with silver or gold. The *aigrettes* called *esprits* are beginning to re-appear in front of the turbans. Very few black velvet hats are now seen.

The colours, amaranthus, rose, dark green, and apricot, may be considered as nearly equally in vogue.

The ribbands are, for the most part, flowered or striped.

Among the novelties may be reckoned the *toques* (caps) of white satin, having for ornament, on the right side, three white plumes, one above the other; or five plumes grouped.

Pearls and coral are the articles of jewellery most in vogue at present. Strings of pearls make part of the head-dresses in hair. The tops of the combs and the edges of the me-



Mulrow Sc. Russell Co.

PARIS DRESS.

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dallions are ornamented with pearls. Two twisted strings of coral, round or cut with faces, form the large rings which now serve for ear-rings.

A bandeau of pearls, with a peleurin of lace (see the plate), though not as yet an established fashion, will probably acquire a certain degree of vogue. The accompanying head-dress has a simplicity suitable to the rest of the dress.

A diadem placed on a muslin veil (see plate) is now the order of the day with many ladies of the first ton. The diadem is usually formed of the flowers called *sensitives*. The ends of the sleeves and the corsage are plaited crosswise, precisely as in the figure.

LONDON FASHIONS.

Walking Dress.

MILITARY pelices and spencers are the prevailing habiliments among the dashing of the *haut ton*. The colours are pale blue, with black ornaments, or black velvet, with jet ornaments of the diamond. The above are considered as the most genteel. Green and scarlet are likewise worn; but they border too much on the *canaille*.

Morning Dress,

Of cambric, made short, with a number of tucks round the bottom, made high in the neck with a collar; long sleeves; the waist confined with a cord and tassel. Embossed cambric muslins will be much worn this season for morning dresses. The colours are dark.

Head Dresses.

Cap of entire lace, crossed on the right side with a Parisian wreath of pink and scarlet; from the left side

there is an end which falls on the left shoulder. The hair curls in front, and a tuft of hair appears on the top of the head.

Large rolled turbans will be much worn this season, in compliment to the Mameluke chief.

The military bonnet of black velvet, ornamented with scarlet, or royal purple, with a small feather in front. Silver bear muffs and tippetts are much worn.

Evening Dress.

Plain muslin dresses, with worked borders round the bottom, interspersed rows of lace, and sleeves to match; plain fronts. Neckkerchiefs are universally worn, composed of alternate stripes of lace and muslin.

General Observations.

The dresses are made very short-waisted, and very low in the back; and in almost every part of them there is lace. For full-dress, crape is much worn. Ostrich feathers of all colours are universal. Pelices and spencers of velvet and cloth are much worn. The most favourite colours for them are dark-green, sky-blue, and black: the military fronts are generally adopted. For undress, silver bear muffs and tippetts are worn: for dress, swans-down.

The prevailing colours for shoes are black jean, white kid, and purple; but are so extremely long-quartered as to but barely admit the toes.

The Italian farfnets are quite out, with the exception of a few of the checks, which are of the richer sort.

The following distinguished personages are expected to set the fashions after Christmas: the duchess of Bedford, marchioness of Hertford, lady Hamilton, and lady Ann Smith.

ACCOUNT of the new MUSICAL
 DRAMA, in three Acts, called
 'THE ENGLISH FLEET IN 1342,'
 performed, for the first Time, at the
 Theatre-Royal, Covent-Garden, on
 Tuesday, Dec. 13.

CHARACTERS.

	De Mountfort, count of Brittany,.....	} Mr. Hill.
	{ John de Mountfort, his son,.....	} Master Benson.
	Robert of Artois,....	Mr. King.
	Oliver de Clifton,....	Mr. Curties.
	John de Montauban,...	Mr. Cresswell.
His party,	Philip,.....	Mr. Blanchard.
	Valentine,.....	Mr. Braham.
	Captain Fitzwater,...	Mr. Inledon.
	Mainmast, his boat- swain,.....	} Mr. Munden,
	Kelson,.....	Mr. Street.
	Charles, count of Blois,....	Mr. Claremont.
	Bishop of Leon,.....	Mr. Chapman.
	La Vallette,.....	Mr. Klanert.
His party,	Carlos,.....	Mr. Beverley.
	Doria,.....	Mr. Wilkinfon.
	Pedriilo,.....	Mr. Truman.
	Pierre,.....	Mr. Field.
	Jacques,.....	Mr. Harley.
	Hubert, a peasant,.....	Mr. Atkins.
	Maurice, a peasant,.....	Mr. Wilde.
	Jane, countess of Brittany,...	Mrs. Glover.
	Adela, countess of Blois,...	Mrs. Humphries.
	Jacqueline, an attendant,....	Miss Gaudry.
	Jeannetta, wife to Philip,...	Mrs. Davenport.
	Katherine, wife to Valentine,	Signora Storace.
	Isabel, daughter to Jeannetta,	Mrs. Atkins.
	Bretons, French, Spanish and Genoese Soldiers.	
	English Officers and Sailors, Peasants of Brit- tany, &c. &c.	

Scene lies in and near the castle of Hennebonne.

THE fable of this new drama? (which is the acknowledged production of Mr. T. Dibdin) is founded upon the following historical record:

Edward the Third, king of England, was induced to conform to the wishes of the count De Mountfort, who had possessed himself of the province of Brittany, and applied to Edward to support his pretensions. An offer of this kind entirely coincided with Edward's ambitious views upon France, and he immediately perceived the advantage that might

result from such an expedition.— He was happy in the promised assistance of Mountfort, an active and valiant prince, closely united to him by interest, and thus opening to him an entrance into the heart of France. On the other hand, he could have no hopes on the side of Flanders, as he was obstructed by those numerous fortifications which had been raised on that frontier. These flattering prospects, however, were for a time damped by the imprisonment of Mountfort, whose aims being discovered, he was besieged in the city of Nantz, and taken. But Jane of Flanders, his wife, soon made up for the loss of her husband. This lady, who was one of the most extraordinary women of her age, courageously undertook to support the falling fortunes of her family. She assembled the inhabitants of Rennes, where she then resided, and, carrying her infant son in her arms, deplored her misfortunes, and attempted to inspire the citizens with an affection for her cause. The inhabitants of Nantz instantly espoused her interest, and all the other fortresses of Brittany embraced the same resolution: the king of England was apprised of her efforts in his favour, and was entreated to send her succours with all possible expedition to the town of Hennebonne, in which place she resolved to sustain the attacks of the enemy. She was not deceived in her opinion of the vigilance and activity which the enemy would direct against her. Charles De Blois, general for Philip king of France, anxious to make himself master of so important a fortress as Hennebonne, and still more to take the countess prisoner, sat down before the place with a large army, and conducted the siege with indefatigable industry.

The defence was no less vigorous; several sallies were made by the garrison, in which the countess herself

was still the most active, and led on the assault. Observing one day that the whole of the besieging army had quitted the camp to join in a general storm, she sallied out by a postern, at the head of three hundred horse; set fire to the tents and baggage of the enemy; put their sutlers and servants to the sword; and occasioned such an alarm, that the French desisted from the assault, in order to cut off her communication from the town. The countess, thus intercepted, retired to Auray, where she continued five or six days; then, returning at the head of five hundred horse, she fought her way through one quarter of the French camp, and rejoined her faithful citizens in triumph. But mere unsupported valour could not repel all the encroachments of an active and superior enemy. The besiegers had at length made several breaches in the walls; and it was apprehended that a general assault, which was hourly expected, would be fatal: a capitulation was therefore proposed, and a conference was already begun, when the countess, who had mounted on a high tower, and was looking towards the sea with great impatience, descried some ships at a distance. She immediately exclaimed that succours were arrived, and forbade any further capitulation. She was not disappointed in her wishes; the fleet she descried carried a body of English gentlemen, with six thousand archers, whom Edward had prepared for the relief of Hennebonne, but who had long been detained by contrary winds. They entered the harbour under the conduct of sir Walter Manny, one of the most valiant commanders of his time. This relief served to keep up the declining spirits of the Bretons, until the time appointed by the late truce with Edward was expired, on which he was at liberty to renew the war in greater form.

Such are the materials. The author has kept the outline in view, and has given a colouring to his work suitable to the spirit of the times, and the present situation of this country and France. The subject indeed is much better calculated for a serious drama than for an opera, and the ludicrous scenes and characters which are introduced do not happily blend with the main story. The purpose, however, is to take advantage of a temporary state of things, and to amuse a mixed audience; and this purpose the author has effected. He deviates from the story in concealing De Mountfort in a cottage, the owner of which is supposed to be in England; and the wife, though attached to the count, by her anxious loquacity, induces two peasants to suspect that he is concealed. These men, allured by the offered reward, beguile the count out of his covert, and betray him to the enemy. He is at length delivered by Mainmast, a British sailor, who descends in a basket from the belfry of the place in which the count is confined, the latter ascending in this same basket. This expedient, which is not justified by history, is rather too ludicrous.

The name of the piece has little to do with the fable in general, as the English fleet does not make its appearance till just at the conclusion; and, though it is supposed to bring succour, is not employed in action.

The sentiments are very loyal, but very trite; yet as they fall in with the general spirit of the times, and tend to illustrate the superior happiness of this country, they may be encouraged for their effect, though not admired for their novelty.

The piece is brought forward with a magnificence of scenery calculated to give it the fullest effect; and, though it certainly has no intrinsic merits of a superior kind, its pa-

triotic sentiments, and fervent eulogiums upon the worth and spirit of Britain, with its music, shew, and bustle, will probably render it very attractive.

The house was crowded in all parts, and the piece was received throughout with great applause, which was fully ratified when the audience were, in the last scene, gratified with a sight of *The English Fleet*.

SIGNE AND HAVOR;

A GOTHIC ROMANCE.

(Concluded from p. 568.)

GUNVOR, in the mean time, repaired to the apartments of the queen. She knocked hastily and loudly at the door, which a servant opened.

‘I must speak with the queen instantly,’ said she; and the servant retired.

‘Awake, Bera! arise!’ exclaimed Gunvor; ‘I bring thee Habor’s life!’ and she shewed his arms, which she had brought with her. ‘Habor sleeps with Signe; he dishonours thy daughter: Signe embraces the murderer of her brother!’

‘He shall die!’ cried Bera. Hastily she threw her mantle around her, and flew to the chamber of Sigar. ‘Unhappy father!’ said she, ‘thou sleepest, while Habor dishonours thy daughter!’

The aged sovereign started up terrified. ‘He shall not live!’ exclaimed he. ‘But are you certain he is guilty?’

‘Dost thou doubt?’ said Bera. ‘Come and see with thine own eyes.’

Hildegisle now arrived with a numerous train of Saxons; Bolvise also came with a company of abandoned followers, worthy of such a leader. Hastily they went forth, while the king slowly followed.

But before they reached the apartments of Signe, Gunvor had returned. With well-dissembled terror, she ran to Svanhild.

‘How shall I speak?’ said she: ‘how declare to you the alarming tidings?’—

‘Since you have said so much,’ answered Svanhild, ‘say all.’

‘Alger is dead,’ said Gunvor.

As a stone sinks in the deep waters, so sank Svanhild to the earth; while Gunvor maliciously laughed, enjoying her base revenge.

In the mean time Bolvise had arrived at the apartments of Signe, and with his ruffian band forced the door. Her female attendants leaped, terrified, from their beds, and endeavoured to gain her chamber; but Bolvise had secured all the avenues. The noise roused the lovers from their delightful reverie. Habor started from the embrace of Signe. ‘My arms!’ exclaimed he; but the treachery of Gunvor had rendered his search fruitless.

‘Now is the time of death!’ cried Bolvise, who at that moment broke into the chamber.

‘It is the time of death!’ answered Habor, and grasped his neck so forcibly with his powerful hand that his impure soul deserted its mortal habitation. He fell, and Signe exclaimed ‘So fall all traitors!’

But now entered the Saxons, and by their numbers overpowered the unarmed hero, between whom and them Signe had thrown herself. She clung to Habor, and could with difficulty be forced from him. At length the hands of the hero, which had ever been invincible in the field, were bound with chains.

Hildegisle approached Signe, and said, ‘Weep not, beautiful Signe; I will supply the place of Habor.’

‘Wretch!’ answered she, indignantly, ‘die the death of Bolvise! The place of Habor cannot be supplied.’

‘The grief of the fair,’ returned Hildégisle, ‘must be treated with respect;’ and immediately he retired.

The doors of the apartments of Signe were now guarded by Saxon soldiers, that no person might come out of them; for Bera feared that Signe should fling herself to the people. The two companions of Habor, when attacked, defended themselves courageously, though they had not their shields, till they fell like brave warriors.

Signe, now left alone with her female attendants, enquired of them for Svanhild.

‘She is,’ answered they, ‘in her chamber, overpowered by her feelings, and almost deprived of sense.’

The tenderest friendship swelled the heart of Signe; she forgot her own grief, and hastened to aid and comfort Svanhild. She clasped her in her embrace, kissed, and bathed her in her tears. Svanhild for a moment revived, and opened her eyes.

‘Hated light of day!’ exclaimed she, and again she closed them.

‘It is I, dear Svanhild!’ said Signe: ‘it is I!—it is thy Signe!’

‘Oh, that I were happy as thou art!’ said Svanhild; ‘but a relentless fate pursues me.’

‘May Freya preserve thee from such happiness!’ answered Signe.

‘What dost thou say?’

‘Habor is led to death.’

At these words the powers of life returned to Svanhild, and she forgot for a time herself and Alger. Thus the affectionate father, on the fragments of the shipwrecked vessel, forgets his own danger when he sees his son hurried away by the merciless wave. He plunges after him; and, seizing the extremity of his garment, labours and buffets the billows till he can again place him on the wreck where he may have a chance of life.

‘We must be gone instantly,’

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said Svanhild: ‘we must save Habor, whatever may be the event.’

‘Alas,’ said Signe, ‘all the doors are shut, and armed Saxons guard them, suffering no persons to go out or enter!’

Svanhild and Signe mutually related to each other the grief and despair of their hearts: Svanhild for the supposed death of Alger; Signe for the approaching condemnation and execution of Habor. They murmured not against the gods, but they resolved to die with magnanimity.

‘Faithful friends,’ said they to their attendants, ‘nothing is left for us but death. Save yourselves: apply to the guards that they may let you pass.’

‘No,’ exclaimed with one voice the faithful maidens, ‘we will die with our illustrious, our dear, mistresses: we will enjoy the honour of serving them in the palace of Freya!’

Signe and Svanhild gave them their hands, and assured them that one common fate and happiness awaited them beyond the grave.

‘The gods,’ said they, ‘regard not condition in life, but only virtue: the virtuous in a humble station receive as great a reward as those of the most dignified rank. Fidelity is recompensed here with never-dying fame, and after death with eternal happiness.’

And now these courageous females prepared and raised piles of pine-wood against the doors and windows of their apartment, which they stood ready to light when the expected signal should be displayed. Their ribbands and girdles they, at the same time, fitted, speedily to procure to them that death they had resolved to obtain.

In the mean time Habor was brought before the assembly convoked to sit in judgment on him. Sigar did not appear in it; for, persuaded as he was that Habor had dishonoured

his daughter, and, probably by unjustifiable violence, slain his son, he could only indulge his frantic grief, and lament that Heaven had given him children. His voice and full power in the assembly he transferred to Hildegisle.

In the supreme court, thus assembled, opinions were however divided; for some Danes had arrived from the neighbouring towns, who maintained that it was requisite to consider the distinguished rank of Habor, his nation, and his courage; that it was more advisable to cultivate friendship with the Norwegians than to make them enemies; to avail themselves of the valour of Habor now the number of the Danish princes was diminished (for the report of the death of Alger was generally circulated), and to compassionate the grief and distress of Signe. At the same time they murmured loudly that foreigners, that Saxons, should sit and pronounce judgment in a Danish court. But the Saxons, who were numerous, and the venal and base who formed the party of Bera and Bolvise, outvoted them, and Habor was condemned to death. Immediately he was led to a neighbouring eminence, at the foot of which was the apartment of Signe. There sat Bera and Hildegisle, surrounded by a gazing multitude. When Habor approached, Bera advanced to him, and gave into his hands a horn filled with mead.

‘Drink,’ said she, ‘this horn of death, thy bridal horn.’

He took the horn with a steady hand, and poured out the mead upon the ground.

‘This libation,’ said he, ‘I make to you, ye infernal divinities! And thou,’ said he, turning to Bera, ‘wert thou not the mother of Signe, I would likewise have devoted to them.’

Bera laughed, scornfully. ‘That,’

said she, ‘would indeed have been terrible. Now let the gods in whom thou hast trusted deliver thee.’

‘Thou too,’ said Habor, ‘impious as thou art, shalt also die.’

Bera turned pale; for her conscience smote her, but soon she forgot its rebuke.

Habor now threw his hat high into the air. ‘Thus,’ said he, ‘shall my fame, and the fame of Signe, mount to heaven.’ This was the sign agreed on between him and Asmund, who immediately displayed his banner.

Signe observed the signal unterrified, and smiled with a noble calmness. ‘Welcome death!’ exclaimed she: ‘my friends, Habor is already in the hall of heroes: he beckons to us.’

Her attendants instantly lighted the pine-brands, and ran with them flaming, as if performing a dance, and fired the piles of wood they had prepared; they at the same time fitted the fatal bands to their necks. Signe and Svanhild tenderly embraced each other. ‘Soon,’ said they, ‘shall we again see those who are dear to our hearts; and no force, no malice, shall separate us more. There is no Bolvise——’ ‘no Bera,’ said Svanhild. Signe deeply sighed, the only sigh she had uttered on this occasion. She stretched out her arms: ‘Habor,’ said she, ‘thy faithful Signe embraces thee.’ Svanhild burst into tears. ‘Thy death,’ said she, ‘dearest friend, I feel more than my own.’ She sunk, at length, deprived of sense, and motionless, as the mounting flames began to envelope the apartment.

In the mean time, Habor addressed the surrounding multitude with firmness and ardour. He declared that he had not acted treacherously; that Signe was too chaste, and he loved her too sincerely, to have been guilty of the meanness of

which he had been accused. This delay he made that he might know whether Signe would perform her vow, and whether he should again embrace her in the habitations of death. Bera likewise permitted this delay, for she wished to glut her eyes with his sufferings, and thought the longer they endured the more he must feel his death. Suddenly Habor exclaimed, 'I see the flames mount; constancy and truth triumph! No longer delay the fatal blow; I pant to embrace Signe: now is death joy! Throughout all the north shall our names be sung: our love and fidelity shall be admired and honoured, and our death envied.'

The whole assembly instantly turned their eyes, and saw the flames rising on every side from the part of the palace in which Signe resided. The greater part of the crowd immediately hastened with all speed to rescue her from the danger, for Signe was beloved.

'Wretch!' exclaimed Bera, 'thou hast beguiled my daughter with forgeries.'

'Why do you delay?' cried Habor; 'where is your executioner?'

No person answered. The unexpected approach of an armed force put to flight those of the multitude who remained: they fell over each other: all was terror, clamour, and confusion; and Habor was left alone. He hastened from the hill that was to have been the place of his execution; Signe gave him wings. He rushed into the midst of the flames. He found her, and bore her in his embrace, without the palace, but, alas! she was lifeless, a prey to the devouring flames. He found the sword of a warrior lying near: he drew it, plunged it into his bosom, and fell on the body of Signe, exclaiming 'I hasten to thee!'

The panic which had seized the

multitude was occasioned by the arrival and attack of Hakon, Alger, and Belvise, at the head of the Swedish army. At the mouth of the river Suse they had received intelligence of the sentence passed on Habor; and had hastened their march with all speed, though they arrived too late. The moment Alger perceived the palace in flames, he thought of Svanhild. Instantly he left his companions, rushed through the fire, found her whom he loved more than life, loosened the fatal band, and bore her from the flames. 'Livest thou, dearest Svanhild?' said he; 'if thou dost, answer thy distracted lover. Wilt thou not answer thy Alger? My kisses shall revive thee.'

He lavished on her a thousand kisses.

'She is yet warm! she lives!' exclaimed he in extasy. She moved her hand; his joy was indescribable. She opened her eyes, said 'Alger!' and again closed them.

'Now do I possess thee,' continued she; 'now have I a certainty of another life: never shall I again be separated from Alger!'

'What meanest thou by another life?' said Alger: 'thou hast Alger in this life; he lives, and thou livest.'

'Noble shade!' said Svanhild, and again she closed her eyes; 'thou livest, never to die.'

'I am no shade,' answered Alger; 'touch me, and be convinced that I have a body.'

Svanhild now raised herself up, and embraced Alger; she returned his kisses, and at length said, 'Thou livest; yet was I told that thou wert dead: I too live, who sought my own death.'

Alger briefly related to her all that had passed, and the manner in which she was rescued from the flames.

Again she embraced him. 'I

live,' said she, 'and thou livest. I thank the gods for my life, because thou livest. But where is Signe?'

'I know not,' answered Alger; 'but we will seek her.'

Soon they found the bodies of the two lovers; Signe, half consumed by the devouring flames, lay by the side of Habor, weltering in his blood. A placid smile sat, even in death, on the features of Signe; and the countenance of Habor was expressive of heroism and of love. Alger turned away his eyes, unable to bear the distressful sight; and Svanhild sunk down deprived of sense. Alger hastily raised her in his arms, and bore her to the hall of Sigar.

In the mean time, Hakon had attacked the assembly. Terror, defeat, and death, preceded his banners. The enemies of Habor fled, for wicked men soon fly. Hildegisle fell like a warrior, and his Saxons sought safety in flight; for they had nothing left for which to combat. In the tumult, Hakon seized Bera, dragged her by the hair, and pierced her through with his sword. Rage, and the thirst of revenge, dishonoured his victory in this act; but a wicked woman received deserved punishment.

Belvise went to Sigar, who, unable to rise from his bed, sought relief in tears. 'Thou art not left entirely childless, aged sovereign,' said Belvise; 'Alger lives, and has saved Svanhild.'

'Let me, then,' exclaimed Sigar, 'again embrace my dear children.'

Affecting was the sight when Alger and Svanhild kneeled before the aged monarch, and mingled their tears with his.

Two days afterwards Syvald returned to Sigarfiadt, crowned with victory and glory. But when he heard the recital of the calamities that had befallen his family, he

would not remain there. 'My dearest friend,' said he, 'is dead; my unrivalled sister is no more. Take the kingdom, Alger, and let the seas bury me and my grief.'

In vain was every attempt to prevail on him to change his resolution. He departed as soon as the bodies of the two lovers were committed to the earth.

A mount was raised, in which the remains of Signe and Habor were deposited, with their arms clasping the bodies of each other. A monument was erected, on which was inscribed, in Runic characters, 'Here lie Signe and Habor, faithful lovers in life and in death.'

All the Skalds* of the time made their history the subject of their songs.

Belvise pronounced a funeral oration over their tomb, in which he extolled their heroic courage, their fidelity, their sincerity, and their generous and amiable qualities. 'They trusted in the gods,' said he, 'yet seem to have incurred the displeasure of Heaven. Perhaps the vow of Signe indicated too much pride and want of reflection: by it she armed her brothers against her lover. As little can I entirely commend their death; though, by refraining from such commendation, I may oppose the opinion of the age in which I live. But the gods are merciful: they best can judge of the motives and true desert of human actions. I will not therefore admit the thought that these faithful lovers can be unhappy after death, though I must deem most praiseworthy those who patiently await the hour assigned them by the gods and fate. They were virtuous in their lives, and doubtless are happy; but punishment must await those who have ended their lives in wickedness. Often, too often, the

* Bards.

same fate attends, in this world, both the good and the wicked; but, in the life beyond the grave, justice will vindicate the ways of Heaven.

Sigar died three weeks after his daughter, and was buried, according to his desire, under the same mount, and by her side. Syvald put to sea, and was soon after lost in a storm in the gulph of Finland, Alger and Svanhild long lived happily; but the latter never entirely recovered her former cheerfulness: a tender melancholy remained fixed on her features and in her heart. Every day she repaired to the grave of Signe, to weep there. Alger blamed not her faithful sorrow, but often sighed and shed tears with her. Guvor lived long, the object of general contempt and hatred; suffering all the evils of poverty and wretchedness, instead of enjoying the wealth she had hoped to acquire by falsehood and treachery. Asmund accompanied Hakon, and, soon after, found in battle that death which he eagerly sought, that he might follow his friend.

PRESENTATION of the DUCHESS of
BEDFORD to the QUEEN.

THIS charming lady was, on Thursday, Dec. 22, attended to court by her sister lady C. Lennox, and presented by her sister-in-law, lady William Ruffel, to her majesty, for the first time after her marriage with the duke of Bedford; being the first presentation of a duchess of Bedford at our court since the year 1737, when the late duchess of Bedford, the daughter of John earl of Gower, and grand-daughter to the duke of Kingston, was presented, being the lady of John the fourth duke of Bedford, which was his second wife, who died in June, 1794.

The duchess's body dress was in

the most superb style of elegance we have witnessed for several years, viz. a white satin petticoat, with a puffery of white crape, spangled; a white crape drapery, richly embroidered with vine leaves and grapes of silver, looped up and beautifully ornamented with silver cords and tassels; the pocket-holes of puffetry of spangled crape; the body and train a white satin, richly embroidered with vine leaves, and crapes to correspond, richly and elegantly trimmed with point Brussels lace; the sleeves, though plain, we observed, were richly embroidered with silver, with three rows of point Brussels lace, forming a beautiful drapery over her shoulder.

Her grace's head-dress was a bandeau of white satin, embroidered with silver, with vine-leaves and bunches of grapes to correspond with her dress, fastened behind with a diamond brooch of exquisite beauty. Her hair was beautifully plaited round her head in the Grecian style, *stratum super stratum*, forming to a point, and finished at the top of the head with a large rosette of diamonds, from which suspended a diamond lustre of great beauty and workmanship. Over the bandeau we observed a beautiful reef of diamonds, in an angular form, a hair-comb in the front, with a large star of diamonds, and a rosette with a plume of five beautiful ostrich feathers.

Her grace remained, during the whole of the time, either in conversation with their majesties, or with the younger female branches of the royal family.

She had an elegant chair made on the occasion, with the ducal coronet; rich white liveries, with deep gold lace, and three footmen before her chair.

The quantity of jewels which her grace wore is estimated at 50,000*l.* sterling.

POETICAL ESSAYS.

ANACREON, ODE I.

OFT, in strains of lofty verse,
 Sons of Atreus, I'd rehearse;
 Oft in notes sublime I'd sing
 Actions of the Theban king:
 But the strings unwilling prove,
 Sounding only songs of love.
 Late afresh my lyre I strung,
 And of Hercules had sung,
 Of his labours, of his toils,
 Of his victories and spoils;
 But the lyre, in ev'ry strain,
 Answer'd love and love again.
 Princes, now farewell to you;
 Heroes, chieftains, all adieu:
 For, in future, ev'ry song
 Shall to love alone belong.

Oxford, Dec. 4, 1803. J. W. V.

ABSENCE; A SONNET.

FROM coast to coast the wand'ring
 exile strays,
 Bereft of comfort, tortur'd with de-
 spair;
 Sleepless his nights, and clouded are his
 days,
 Subdu'd by anguish, and oppress'd
 with care.
 Just so, when torn from her I dearest
 love,
 A thousand passions rack my anxious
 mind;
 I seek the city, or I pace the grove,
 But can, alas! nor joy nor comfort
 find:
 Save when bright Fancy, with her ra-
 dian charms,
 Transports Clarissa to my longing arms.

Oxford, Dec. 4, 1803. J. W. V.

SONGS in the new Comic Opera—'THE WIFE OF TWO HUSBANDS.'

SONG—Mrs. Mountain.

TO Sleep's embrace with joy I fly,
 And friendly dreams, to lovers dear:
 For then his form shall charm mine eye,
 For then his voice shall charm mine
 ear,

No longer then can Fortune's power
 Withhold my lover from my fight:
 And Fancy, in her conquering hour,
 With Love shall gild her visions
 bright.

SONG—Miss De Camp.

A SOLDIER to his own fire-side
 With laurels was retiring;
 An only daughter was his pride,
 His every hope inspiring:
 In her young mind the virtues shone,
 Th' admiring world approv'd her;
 She seem'd to live for him alone,
 And he as his own life lov'd her.

But oft within the fairest flower
 The canker worm is working;
 Ingratitude—ah, fatal hour!—
 In her false heart was lurking.
 The spoiler came—she op'd the door;
 He from her home remov'd her:
 She of that father thought no more,
 Who as his own life lov'd her.

Behold the wretched parent's look!
 His child was lost for ever:
 The tear his phrensi'd eye forsook;
 From life he seem'd to sever,
 Oft did he hear the bitter sigh,
 Yet not a word reprov'd her:
 But all he wish'd for was to die;
 For as his life he lov'd her.

With guilty pangs, her bosom torn,
 Still lives the wretched daughter;
 And long repentant woe has borne,
 To which her error brought her.
 Oh, bring the hour of mercy near!
 The eye of Heaven has prov'd her,
 As life to love that father dear,
 Who as his own life lov'd her.

SONG—THEODORE—Miss De Camp.

THE other day, when I was dancing
 To the air you love so well;
 And with the rosy wreath advancing,
 At your feet the offering fell.
 A sigh your woe betraying,
 O'erpower'd the smile you strove to
 give;
 While in vain to speak essaying,
 Ah, could I your griefs relieve!
 But, alas! you love me not—
 No, no, poor Theodore's forgot.

Oh! let me hope to see reviving
 All the gaiety you knew,
 When, for your kind attention striving,
 I was ever in your view.
 My childish sports approving,
 My trifling all your cares beguil'd ;
 Still on your brow no frown reproving,
 You on your little orphan smil'd.
 But, alas ! &c.

—
DUET—Mrs. Bland and Mr. Bannister.
Carronade.

IN fairness I speak, from my heart comes
 the offer.

Then say, sweet lass, with a sailor will
 you roam ?

Ninetta.

I thank you, good sir, for the kindness
 you proffer ;

But say, kind sir, suppose I stay at
 home ?

Carronade.

On board a man-of-war you'll taste every
 pleasure.

Ninetta.

But joys you'll remember we variously
 measure.

Both.

The question is plain, { shall I } stay
 or go ?

The answer is plain, 'tis merely yes or
 no.

Fal la, &c.

Carronade.

Two words to the bargain!—be it so if
 you like it :

My word is yes—and may yours be
 the same.

Ninetta.

Why as to the bargain—we never shall
 strike it.

My word is no—the plain answer you
 claim.

Carronade.

Plain-dealing I admire—that yours is
 sincerely.

Ninetta.

It leaves you free to choose a lass to love
 dearly.

Both.

Though lovers we're none—yet as
 friends let us part :

A hand you may give—though you can't
 bestow a heart.

Fal la, &c.

TO MISS _____,

ON HER ASKING THE AUTHOR, WHY
 SHE HAD SLEEPLESS NIGHTS ?

[From the 'Poetical Works of the late Thomas
 Little, Esq.']

I'LL ask the sylph who round thee flies,
 And in thy breath his pinion dips ;
 Who fans him in thy lucent eyes,
 And faints upon thy sighing lips :

I'll ask him where's the veil of sleep
 That us'd to shade thy looks of light ;
 And why those eyes their vigil keep,
 When other suns are sunk in night ?

And I will say—Her angel breast
 Has never throbb'd with guilty sting ;
 Her bosom is the sweetest nest,
 Where Slumber could repose his
 wing !

And I will say—Her cheeks of flame,
 Which glow like roses in the sun,
 Have never felt a blush of shame,
 Except for what her eyes have done !

Then tell me, why, thou child of air !
 Does slumber from her eyelids rove ?
 What is her heart's impassion'd care ?
 Perhaps, oh, sylph ! perhaps 'tis love !

REUBEN AND ROSE ;

A TALE OF ROMANCE.

[From the Same.]

THE darkness which hung upon Wil-
 lumberg's walls
 Has long been remember'd with awe
 and dismay ;

For years not a sun-beam had play'd in
 its halls,

And it seem'd as shut out from the re-
 gions of day !

Though the valleys were brighten'd by
 many a beam,

Yet none could the woods of the castle
 illumine ;

And the lightning, which flash'd on the
 neighbouring stream,

Flew back, as if fearing to enter the
 gloom !

'Oh ! when shall this horrible darkness
 disperse ?'

Said Willumberg's lord to the seer of
 the cave :

'It can never dispel,' said the wizard of
 verse,
 'Till the bright star of chivalry's
 sunk in the wave !'
 And who was the bright star of chivalry
 then ?
 Who could he but Reuben, the flower
 of the age ?
 For Reuben was first in the combat of
 men,
 Though youth had scarce written his
 name on her page.
 For Willumberg's daughter his bosom
 had beat,
 For Rose, who was bright as the spi-
 rit of dawn,
 When, with wand dropping diamonds
 and silvery feet,
 It walks o'er the flowers of the moun-
 tain and lawn !
 Must Rose, then, from Reuben so fatal-
 ly sever ?
 Sad, sad were the words of the man
 in the cave,
 That darkness should cover the castle
 for ever,
 Or Reuben be sunk in the merciless
 wave !
 She flew to the wizard—' And tell me,
 oh ! tell, [to my eyes ?'
 Shall my Reuben no more be restor'd
 ' Yes, yes—when a spirit shall toll the
 great bell. [ben shall rise !'
 Of the mouldering abbey, your Reu-
 Twice, thrice he repeated, ' Your Reu-
 ben shall rise,'
 And Rose felt a moment's release from
 her pain ;
 She wip'd, while she listen'd, the tear
 from her eyes,
 And she hop'd she might yet see her
 hero again !
 Her hero could smile at the terrors of
 death,
 When he felt that he died for the fire
 of his Rose :
 To the Oder he flew, and there plunging
 beneath,
 In the lapse of the billows soon found
 his repose.
 How strangely the order of destiny falls !
 Not long in the waters the warrior lay,
 When a sunbeam was seen to glance
 over the walls,
 And the castle of Willumberg bask'd
 in the day !

All, all but the soul of the maid was in
 light,
 There sorrow and terror lay gloomy
 and blank :
 Two days did she wander, and all the
 long night,
 In quest of her love on the wide river's
 bank.
 Oft, oft did she pause for the toll of the
 bell,
 And she heard but the breathings of
 night in the air ;
 Long, long did she gaze on the watery
 swell,
 And she saw but the foam of the
 white billow, there.
 And often as midnight its veil would un-
 draw,
 As she look'd at the light of the moon
 in the stream,
 She thought 'twas his helmet of silver
 she saw,
 As the curl of the surge glitter'd high
 in the beam.
 And now the third night was begem-
 ming the sky,
 Poor Rose on the cold dewy margin
 reclin'd,
 There wept till the tear almost froze in
 her eye,
 When, hark ! 'twas the bell that
 came deep in the wind !
 She startled, and saw, through the glim-
 mering shade,
 A form o'er the waters in majesty
 glide ;
 She knew 'twas her love, though his
 cheek was decay'd,
 And his helmet of silver was wash'd
 by the tide.
 Was this what the seer of the cave had
 foretold ?
 Dim, dim through the phantom the
 moon shot a gleam ;
 'Twas Reuben ; but, ah ! he was death-
 ly and cold,
 And fled away like the spell of a
 dream !
 Twice, thrice did he rise, and as often
 she thought
 From the bank to embrace him, but
 never, ah ! never !
 Then springing beneath, at a billow she
 caught,
 And sunk to repose on its bosom for
 ever !

FOREIGN NEWS.

Constantinople, September 20.

By three Couriers, who have successively arrived from Smyrna, Acre, and Alexandria, we have received the disastrous intelligence that Egypt is now entirely in the possession of the Beys, who have united with the Arnauts, and that this fine province is once more lost to the Porte.

The Turkish garrison in Alexandria withstood several assaults, and defended themselves to the last, till they were obliged to capitulate on account of want of provisions, and the great superiority of the enemy. This disagreeable event has been notified by the Reis Effendi to all the Foreign Ministers here.

The Porte is fully persuaded that this misfortune is to be ascribed at once to the discontent of the Beys, and to foreign influence. Many of the Foreign Ministers have sent advice of this event to their Courts, among whom the Russian Minister has been the first. It is an almost general opinion in the Divan that the influence of Russia has had a great share in producing this misfortune.

23. The following is the note which, by order of the Porte, on the 20th of this month, was delivered to the Ambassadors of the two powers at war, and also to the rest of the Foreign Ministers:—

‘ During the war by sea and land, which broke out between France and England in the 1207 of the Hegira (1792), the Sublime Porte, which was neutral, and entertained relations of amity with both powers at war, declared to their Ambassadors by a note, presented to them for that purpose, that the ships of those powers should not molest nor attack each other in the waters of this empire, under the guns of the fortresses of the Ottoman territory in Asia and Europe, of the Islands in the White Sea, and the different ports within the distance of three miles from shore; and that the

respective Consuls should use their best efforts to prevent all persons intending to provoke engagements in the vicinity of such ports from carrying their intention into effect. It was then enacted, and the ordinance is hereby renewed, that strict enquiries shall be made for the purpose of apprehending and punishing all subjects of the Porte who shall engage to serve on board of privateers. No Mussulman, being a subject of the Porte, is allowed to load goods on board of ships belonging to the above powers, without having obtained from the respective Consuls all the documents required in such cases. Should an engagement take place on the high seas between ships of the belligerent powers, it shall not be lawful for any commander of a Turkish ship of war, or for any Turkish subject, to interfere in such engagement, in order to favour one or the other party engaged. The Sublime Porte being determined to observe the same system of neutrality during the present war, the necessary orders have been expedited for his highness the Captain Pacha, a copy whereof shall likewise be delivered to the Foreign Ministers.’

October 15. The Porte has sent twelve ships with ammunition, &c. to the Morea. A foreign ship some time since landed there a cargo of powder and ball; as its destination appeared suspicious, the Captain Pacha caused the whole to be seized. A captain Idria, who was employed in the expedition, was to have been murdered in the night by the procurement of the Greek Bey at Malathra, to whom the powder was consigned. He, however, received information of the design, and revenged himself by heavily cannonading the town of Malathra.

25. Great numbers of troops are assembling in the vicinity of this capital, the destination of which is said to be the Morea, which is still believed to be threatened by a foreign force. Six Russian and Austrian ships, which have been

taken up to carry powder and artillery, have already sailed for that peninsula, all the places of which will be put in a strong state of defence, and batteries erected on the coasts. The Captain Pacha will remain with the fleet off the coast of the Morea during the whole winter.

In the course of the last fortnight there have been several fires here, supposed to be caused by the discontented populace. Strong patrols now parade the streets of Constantinople during the night; and, except in the quarter of the Franks, no person is permitted to be in the streets by night, either in the city or the suburbs.

Both the English and French ambassadors have lately had several conferences with the Reis Effendi; the Porte, however, is determined to abide by its system of neutrality. It is now asserted that the Porte has concluded a convention with the Beys of Egypt, according to which the government of that country is to be placed on the same footing as before the arrival of the French. The Beys will in consequence regain that authority which the Porte has hitherto refused them. This statement, however, is not official, and no ship has arrived here from Alexandria for a considerable time.

Hague, October 25. The minister at war of the French republic, general Alexander Berthier, after having finished his tour through the maritime departments of the north of France, is now extending it to the Batavian territory. For the last days he has been visiting the ports of Zealand; and, on the 23d in the evening, he arrived at Bergen-op-Zoom. The head-quarters of the French and Batavian troops in this republic are about to be fixed at Utrecht. —The commander in chief, general Victor, leaves the Hague this day for that place, to which a part of his staff has already repaired.

Leyden, October 27. The French minister at war arrived on the 23d in the evening from Middleburg at Bergen-op-Zoom. In the following morning he inspected the fortifications and garrison of that place. Immediately after he set out with his suite, in three carriages, to return, by way of Antwerp, to Paris.

Paris, October 21. Spain, to avoid taking an active part in the present war, is to pay France four millions of livres

monthly; and guarantee the payment in like manner of one million monthly by Portugal.

Four emigrants who had taken the benefit of the amnesty, but carried on a correspondence with the count D'Artois, have been deported. Among them are Laval Montmorency, and Archbambault: their estates are not confiscated, but they have been permitted to sell them.

Various addresses from the departments to the First Consul, and even one from the council of state, will soon make their appearance, in which he will be requested not to command the expedition against England, in person, but only to direct it from the coasts.

General Moreau is appointed member of the legion of honour.

Leghorn, October 28: A French squadron, with a considerable number of land forces on board, is lying at Toulon, ready to sail as soon as the fleet of lord Nelson shall be driven off the coast by a storm. It is intended for a secret expedition.

The English squadron which blockades Genoa consists of two ships of the line, eight frigates, four cutters, and has with it several privateers. The blockade extends from Cape delle Melle to Viareggia. All the neutral ships lying in Genoa have been required by the English to depart within 14 days.

General Montrichard, from Lunenburg, has been for some time at Rome, where he has visited the curiosities and productions of art; after which he continued his journey by Naples to the army of general St. Cyr, to which the son of the third consul Le Brun, who is appointed adjutant to general St. Cyr, has likewise repaired.

Boston, October 28. The fever has disappeared at Philadelphia. We are sorry we have not as agreeable information to communicate from New York: on the 20th inst. there were six deaths, and 22 new cases; 21st, ten deaths, and 11 new cases.

Alexandria, October 28. The health officer announced, on the 19th inst. the rapid decline of the fever in that city. The number of deaths in the preceding forty-eight hours does not, he says, stand in opposition to this statement.

Venice, November 8. It appears probable that the duchies of Parma and Pla-

centia, instead of being ceded to Etruria, will be incorporated with *ci-devant* Piedmont. Two French commissaries are at Parma, employed in dividing the country into two departments. Some districts from the department of Marengo, included in the Parmesan, will be annexed to the new departments.

Frontiers of Russia, November 12. On the 2d inst. an imperial ukase was published here, ordering a recruiting of from 30 to 40,000 men, which will begin on the 27th inst. and be completed in two months. It is only for the customary completion of the army, and is no indication of warlike measures.

Hague, Nov. 16. General Victor yesterday informed the directory, that within 24 hours, he must have 500,000 florins, on account of the pay due to the French troops encamped between Utrecht and Amersford, and in North Holland; and that if the money was not paid before 11 o'clock this day, he would order the troops to march to Amsterdam, there to pay themselves in the bank. Couriers were immediately dispatched to Amsterdam and Rotterdam; and several rich Jews, and other wealthy individuals, were invited to wait upon our minister of finance, to consult about raising the money. Much anxiety and doubt prevailed. At length, at two o'clock this morning, 350,000 florins were procured, as report says, at an interest of nearly 25 per cent. which, with the 150,000 florins in the national treasury, made up the sum demanded by Bonaparte's armed proconsul.—Four waggons loaded with this money, or, as some think, with only a part of it, went away this morning, at ten o'clock, under the escort of a party of French hussars. They took the road for Utrecht.

29. Since rear-admiral Verhuel had a conference with our directory, the preparations for the expedition against England have been extraordinarily hastened. Rear-admiral Verhuel will command the French Batavian fleet which is assembled at Flushing.

An English sloop, with 13 men, which approached too near the batteries and works on the coast of Zealand, has fallen into our hands. She belonged to the *Crescent*, of 20 guns, and had been sent to reconnoitre the coast. The English,

who were brought into Flushing, lamented especially being made prisoners at such a time, as they were deprived of the honour of assisting in the defence of their country.

Vienna, Nov. 30. In consequence of advice received here, that the Austrian garrison, in the fortress of Oberhaus, near Passau, had been expelled by a Bavarian detachment of superior force, his imperial majesty, on the 28th inst. issued orders for the troops on the Bavarian frontiers, together with others from Bohemia and Austria, amounting to 12,000 cavalry, and 27 battalions of infantry, to advance upon those frontiers. These troops, of which 15 regiments of infantry, and two of cavalry, will first break up, will be divided into two corps, one of which will be formed in Bohemia, under field-marshal lieutenant prince John of Lichtenstein, and the other in Upper Austria, under field-marshal lieutenant the prince of Schwarzenberg.

The above generals have already set out for the places of their destination. From the garrison of this city the infantry regiments of the elector of Salzburg and Kerpen, and the cavalry regiment of the hereditary prince Ferdinand, have been ordered to march. Different regiments in Hungary have at the same time received orders to supply the place of the garrison here and other stations.

In the mean time a courier has been sent off by our court to Munich; the Bavarian envoy is still at Vienna, and the Austrian envoy is not yet recalled from Munich.

According to some accounts, a Russian corps of troops is assembling in *ci-devant* Poland, near Wilner and Grodeno.

Haerlem, Dec. 5. The reports of the mortality of the disease which has broken out in Ameland are much exaggerated. Neither is there any reason to believe that it was imported in a ship from Malaga.

Letters from Brussels, of the 1st, state that the preparations for the expedition against England continue with the utmost vigour. At Ostend an embargo had been laid on all national merchant ships. The fourth division of armed boats is arrived at Dunkirk, and only waits a favourable wind to proceed to Boulogne.

HOME NEWS.

Maidstone, Nov. 15.

YESTERDAY the Maidstone volunteers entered on permanent duty for a fortnight at our barracks, and relieved the regulars there;—the rifle company take a part of the said duty. Amongst the bodies of volunteers destined to permanent duty, for the same period, in this part of the county, the Holmesdale, commanded by lord Whitworth, are expected here next Monday: the Rochester, it is said, will go to Dover castle, and the Cranbrook to Chatham barracks.

Temporary barracks are now preparing, in the respective warehouses, on the wharfs in this town, for the reception of twelve or thirteen hundred men, which are already in great forwardness for their accommodation during the winter months.

The river Medway fencibles have received orders to embark for service on board the ships now fitting out at Chatham.

Bantry, Dec. 4. Several engineer officers have arrived here, who have made a minute survey of ground along the shore of this harbour; and we understand they have fixed upon several very commanding spots, upon which strong works are to be thrown up. The precise description of what is intended, we cannot at present communicate; we merely know that works of defence are to be undertaken as expeditiously as possible, although we regret that the distant period of their completion cannot afford us protection against any immediate attack. They cannot be ready sooner six months. Our hopes of protection, however, are not feeble, when we recollect that we have a strong squadron so immediately at hand. Accounts this day received from the mouth of the bay state, that the following ships of war were then at anchor in Beerhaven, viz. the Northumberland, 74; Magnificent, 74; Gauges, 75; Majestic, 74; and the Thunderer, 74. Admiral Sir R. Calder was

hourly expected to arrive in the Prince of Wales, with the Britannia, Goliath, Defiance, and Plantagenet.

London, Dec. 7. The Jamaica mail which arrived on Sunday, in 44 days from that place, has brought papers to the eighth of October inclusive. Part of the intelligence contained in them, is, we are sorry to say, of an unfavourable nature. A plot had been formed to set fire to the town of Kingston on the night of the third of October. Happily, however, it was discovered, and the fire extinguished soon after it was kindled.

The local government of Jamaica has resolved to prevent in future the intercourse between the missionaries sent thither from Britain and the negroes. Mr. Campbell, who arrived in a late packet from Jamaica, has been imprisoned some weeks for repeatedly persisting to preach to them, and liberated on condition of his quitting the island. Mr. Fisch, another missionary, was in prison when he left it. The utmost precaution prevails among the white inhabitants of that colony, who seem to entertain apprehensions of the negroes revolting, and introducing those horrors which have so long raged in the neighbouring island of St. Domingo.

8. Capt. Sutton, of the Prince of Wales packet, who was detained at Calais at the commencement of the war, has had the good fortune to escape out of the clutches of the French. About a month ago, the captain, disguised as a French peasant, quitted Valenciennes, having procured a passport by bribing the municipal officers. Capt. Sutton also took care, before his departure, to furnish himself with a guide. They travelled on foot, only in the night, and passed on to the Rhine, without meeting any obstacles or remarkable occurrences in their way. Here Capt. Sutton's peasant's garb and passport proved of essential service, by obtaining him a passage over one of the bridges on the Rhine. The guards, who examine all passengers

as they go over, asked him several questions, to which he was able to give satisfactory answers, being well versed in the French language. Capt. Sutton left his guide on quitting the French territory, and travelled alone by post to Embden, where he embarked in a hoy, and landed at Yarmouth a few days ago.

9. Mr. Astley, with a munificence which accords well with his distinguished acquirements, has lately purchased and presented to the British Museum a selection of letters, seventy-four in number, all in the hand-writing of Henry IV. of France, addressed to his chancellor, M. De Belliquiere. They are almost the only *reliques* of the record-room in the Bastille.

10. As Miss Knipe, of Bristol, was sitting reading near the fire, a sulphurous coal flew upon her muslin dress, which instantaneously set her in a blaze: she had the presence of mind to ring the bell, which the servant immediately answered; and finding his mistress in flames, he took the rug from the hearth, and folded it round her, which happily had the desired effect to extinguish the flames, though not until it had dreadfully scorched her, as to render her recovery doubtful.

12. On Saturday morning the Bloomsbury and Inns of Court association mustered in the Foundling-yard, for the purpose of marching to have a field-day and sham fight: they commenced their manœuvres in the fields near Pancrass.

The fight commenced at that place, and continued across the fields to those between Hampstead and Highgate; during which numbers fell into the ditches. Those upon the skirmishing party annoyed the main body extremely, and, when they were near Hampstead, the main body received orders to fire a volley upon the skirmishing party; but the muskets and powder were rendered so completely useless by the incessant fall of rain, that, on the word of command to fire being given, not one musket went off. The unfavourableness of the weather did not deter any of the corps from persevering in their object with as much zeal as if they had been pursuing the common enemy, or had been injured to the greatest hardships in the field of battle. The fight continued till past three o'clock without any cessation.

A banker's clerk, in the neighbourhood of the Royal Exchange, who absconded a few days since with notes to the amount of between four and five thousand pounds, and for whose apprehension one hundred and fifty pounds have been offered, was apprehended on Thursday at Margate. He was traced from London by means of having taken a post-chaise at Mr. Gardiner's livery stables in Windmill-street, and where he left a paper parcel directed to his father, which on examination proved to contain the whole of the property, except about 70*l.* which was found upon him. He is only about 15 years old, and he was unable to give any account of his rash conduct, except that he purchased a ring, and was unable to make up his accounts by about a guinea, nor had he any fixed plan where he should go.

On Friday morning, about half after eleven o'clock, J. Redhead, the brandy-merchant, lately convicted of defrauding the revenue, was brought out of Newgate, and conveyed in a hackney-coach, under a proper escort, to the Royal Exchange, to undergo the sentence of the law. The platform was erected opposite the principal gate of the Royal Exchange. On ascending the steps, he bowed to the sheriff, and several times to the populace. After being exhibited in the usual manner for an hour, he was taken down, and re-conducted to his apartments, on the state side of Newgate, to undergo the remainder of the sentence, viz. two years' imprisonment. The spectators were very numerous, but no attempt was made to molest the offender.

19. An alarming fire broke out late on Friday night at a green-grocer's shop in the Borough, which, from the prompt and ready attendance of the volunteers, turncocks, and firemen, was got under, after consuming the furniture on the first floor. It unfortunately happened that a careless girl went to put a young child to bed, and in so doing set the curtains on fire: the blaze alarmed her, and, in place of taking the poor infant out of the power of the merciless element, she ran down stairs, shrieking hideously, leaving the door open; when the outer door was opened, some persons rushed in; when one, at the hazard of his life, darted through

the flames, and brought the child out of the bed; but it was unfortunately so dreadfully burnt, particularly about the head and face, that its death, which took place at seven the next morning, was an event rather to be wished than lamented.

20. On Sunday, about twelve o'clock, Elfi Bey, accompanied by lord Blantyre, and col. Moore, and attended by his interpreter and a suite of Mamelukes, arrived at the Castle inn, at Windsor, where he was soon after met by general Stuart, when the whole party proceeded to the palace, where they continued for some time to view the apartments. After divine service, the king, queen, princefles, and duke of Cambridge, came also into the castle, and proceeded to the armoury, where they met the Bey, who was presented to their majesties by general Stuart. The Mameluke chieftain made a bend of low respectful salutation, and was received by their majesties in a most gracious manner. Both the king and queen conversed long with him; complimented him upon the gallantry of himself and his party, in their frequent discomfitures of the French troops during their late invasion of Egypt; and acknowledged their services to the English armies, in the glorious expulsion of the enemy from that country. His majesty, we believe, conformably to etiquette, did not enter with him upon any political objects of his mission hither. The Bey said, he was proud of expressing to their majesties the inviolable attachment of all his party and adherents in Egypt: that he came to bear the homage of their respect to this nation, which, from its conquests, as well as its humanity, they considered the greatest in the world: that the happy deliverance of his country, by his majesty's brave armies, from the cruelties and oppression of the French, whom they regarded as their common enemy, would ever be engraved in the breasts of his people; and that he still hoped that, under his majesty's auspices, its peace and tranquillity would be finally established, for the honour and glory both of their emperor, the Sublime Sultan, and themselves, who, like a father and his sons, could have but one common interest.

On quitting Windsor, the Bey and the above military officers went to dinner at

lord Hobart's; at Roehampton, at which were present lord Hawkesbury, earl St. Vincent, Mr. Sullivan, sir Evan Nepean, and several members of administration.

Yesterday his excellency paid his visit of leave to their royal highnesses the prince of Wales and the commander in chief of the forces, and the several officers of state; and this day he sets out for Portsmouth, impressed with every grateful sentiment of attachment to this country, by which he has been so kindly and liberally received. The *Argo*, which carries him out again to Egypt, waits his arrival at Portsmouth, and is to sail at his conveniency.

21. Yesterday, at noon, the officers of the Bloomsbury and Inns of Court association assembled at their committee-room, for the purpose of holding a court martial on — Coats, a drummer, who was brought from Dover on Friday last, under a charge of deserting from that corps. It was proved that he had been regularly attested, received pay from that corps, from which he deserted, and entered into the 14th regiment of light dragoons. The decision will be reported to the colonel, and from him to the commander in chief, for his approbation. The prisoner was escorted from the Savoy prison and back by a party of the above association.

Dublin, Dec. 12. Yesterday, as the lady of Mr. James Tandy (confined in Kilmainham gaol on charges of high treason), accompanied by an infant child and a young lady, was returning from visiting him at that place, in passing the circular road she was fired at by some person, when a ball entered the front, and lodged in the back, of the carriage, fortunately without doing any other mischief than shattering the glass, by which the young lady, her companion, was much injured in the face. It is difficult to account for the motive that led to such a nefarious attempt.

Waterford, Dec. 15. Within these few nights several houses in the district between Cashel and Fethard, have been forced and robbed of arms. On the night of the 4th, the house of John Crehan, of Coliegh, was entered by an armed banditti, and robbed of two stand of arms, his watch, and some bank-notes. On the night of the 8th, Robert Price's house, at Colerain, was plundered in the

same way of two stand of arms; and the house of Denis Ryan, a police-man, at Knochinagow, was on the same night robbed of a gun, a sword, and a case of pistols. The same gang who robbed Ryan searched the house of John Neal, of Meldrum, on the same night, without success. All these attacks were made at an early hour in the evening, when the families had not secured their houses, or early in the morning, at the moment the houses were opened. On Sunday night last a party of the Mobarnan volunteers apprehended Thomas Herrick, who is charged with being one of the party that robbed Crehan, on the night of the 4th.

The 16th and 46th regiments, at present stationed in Cork and its neighbourhood, are under orders for foreign service: they will be replaced by other regiments from England.

BIRTHS.

Nov. 22. At Redlynch, Somerset, lady Porchester, of a daughter.

In Hinde-street, Manchester-square, the lady of Thomas Grimstone Estcourt, of a son.

23. At East-gate-house, Winchester, the lady of sir Henry Mildmay, bart. of a daughter.

Dec. 3. In Fitzroy-square, the lady of William Haslewood, esq. of a son.

6. At Ranelagh-place, Liverpool, the lady of lieut.-colonel Williams, of a daughter.

8. At Mount, near Chepstow, the lady of J. Gerrard, esq. of a son.

12. At his house in York-street, St. James's, the lady of gen. Balfour, of a daughter.

At his house, in Bedford-square, the lady of Henry Lushington, esq. of a son.

16. The lady of John Stamford, esq. M. P. of a son.

At Woodcote-house, Hants, the lady of col. Cunynghame, of a son.

In Park-place, St. James's, the lady of commissioner Bowen, of a daughter.

19. At Carlton, near Norwich, the hon. Mrs. Petre, of a daughter.

Near Eton college, the lady of capt. Schomberg, of the royal navy, of a son.

20. At his house in Hertford-street, May-fair, the lady of John Dent, esq. M. P. of a son.

At Edinburgh, the lady of colonel Ainslie, of a son.

MARRIAGES.

Nov. 21. At Ravenslie, Mr. William Deans, writer in Stewarton, to miss M. Snodgrafs, only daughter of the late Mr. John Snodgrafs, of Lugtonridge.

At Stirling, the rev. W. Shaw, minister of the gospel, Ayr, to miss Janet Belch, daughter of the late P. Belch, esq.

At Berwick, Mr. Rob. Stevenson, surgeon, to miss Wilson, daughter of the late Mr. J. Wilson, ironmonger.

24. At Edinburgh, Mr. J. Barland, Stormantfield, to miss Betty Butterworth, George-street.

Mr. D. Buchanan, jun. Montrose, to miss Gregory, daughter of the rev. J. Gregory, Bauchory.

Dr. J. Paterson, physician, of Ayr, to Anne Craufuird, eldest daughter of the late T. Craufuird, esq. of Ardmillan.

25. At St. George's, Hanover-square, Mr. T. Lloyd, to miss Hughes, of Plumstead.

Mr. H. Winchester, of the Strand, to miss Averst, of Hawkharst.

Dec. 1. At Standirt church, Lancashire, R. Browne, esq. nephew to lord Frankfort, and lieut.-col. of the 12th light dragoons, to miss Clayton, only daughter of sir Rich. Clayton, of Adlington, bart.

At Hampstead, W. Jones, esq. marshal of the King's-bench, to miss M. A. Boydell; second daughter of Josiah Boydell, esq. of West-end, Hampstead.

At Stoke, near Plymouth, capt. R. King, of the navy, only son of admiral sir R. King, bart. to miss Duckworth, only daughter of rear-admiral sir J. T. Duckworth, K. B.

2. At Catton, near Norwich, the hon. F. P. Irby, captain in the royal navy, to miss E. Ives Drake, second daughter of the late W. Drake, esq. M. P. for Amerham, in the county of Bucks.

At St. George's, Hanover-square, T. Walpole, esq. to lady M. Percival.

3. At Fetcham, lieut.-col. Darley Griffith, of the 1st regiment of foot guards, to miss Hankey, of Fetcham-park, Surrey.

At St. Catherine Cree, Mr. F. Jackson, of Grocer's-Hall-court, to miss Wade, of Leadenhall-street.

6. At Barnet, capt. Lewis, of the hon. East-India Company's cavalry, to miss R. Willows, of Golden-square.

At the Lea, near Rofs, the rev. Mr. Davies, of Tretyre, to miss Fisher, of the former place.

At Bermondsey, Surrey, Mr. James Farrell, to miss Frances Seymour Cridlands, second daughter of the late Mr. H. Cridlands, of Brentford, surgeon.

10. H. F. Cooper, esq. to miss Eliz. Anne Bailey, niece to J. Bailey, esq. of Norney-house, near Exeter.

13. Capt. J. P. Boys, of Danbury, Essex, to miss Hartley, of Blackheath, Kent.

15. F. Whitmarsh, esq. of Lincoln's-inn, barrister, to miss Powell, only daughter of the late Dr. M. Powell, physician general to his majesty's forces in the island of Jamaica.

16. Col. Desborough, to miss Vivion, daughter of J. Vivion, esq.

At Kingston, T. Wheeler, esq. of his majesty's ordnance at Portsmouth, to miss Murry, daughter of W. Murry, esq.

17. At St. Mary-la-bonne church, J. Hollingberry, esq. to miss Charlton, eldest daughter of the late sir J. Charlton, esq. of Apley-castle, in the county of Salop.

At Whitechapel church, J. Smith, of Prescott-street, Goodman's-fields, esq. to miss A. Sheldon, of the same place.

At Manchester, W. H. Bracebridge, esq. of the first regiment of dragoon guards, to miss Bracebridge, daughter of A. Bracebridge, esq. of Atherstone-hall.

At Dorking, Surrey, the rev. S. Hoole, M. A. minister of Poplar, and chaplain to the hon. East-India Company, to miss Warnesford, eldest daughter of the late rev. J. Warnesford, of Dorking.

19. Captain Hodges, of the Oxford militia, to miss Green, daughter of Edm. Green, esq. of the Isle of Wight.

At Allhallows, Lombard-street, John Robinson, esq. of Fore-street, Edmonton, to Mrs. S. Smith, of Gracechurch-street.

DEATHS.

Nov. 25. At his seat in Oxfordshire, F. Page, esq. late member of the university of Oxford.

At Craven-hill Cottage, Mrs. A. M. Braine, wife of J. S. Braine, of the navy pay-office.

At Wembley-park, near Harrow, R. Page, esq. in the 55th year of his age.

In Great Ormond-street, Mrs. Bush, wife of Atkinson Bush, esq.

Dec. 1. Mr. T. Knapp, many years of Fleet-street.

Suddenly, at his lodgings in Spring Gardens, W. Wilcocks, esq.

On his return from Botany Bay, last from Manilla, the rev. T. F. Palmer.

At his house on St. Catherine's hill, Norwich, J. B. Burroughes, esq. one of the acting magistrates for that county.

At Chelsea, Mrs. E. Castleman, wife of H. Castleman, esq. of the Tower of London.

Mrs. Mouat, wife of Mr. J. Mouat, of Great Carter-lane, St. Paul's.

At Berwick, Mr. J. Hartley, aged 88.

In Hatton-garden, the lady of W. Stratford, esq.

On board of the Baring East-India-man, on his passage from Madras, Mr. J. Whitfield, late staff surgeon to his majesty's forces.

In Lower Grosvenor-place, Pimlico, J. Gordon, Haliburton, esq.

3. At Dalmahoy, near Edinburgh, lady Haikett, widow of sir J. Haikett, of Pirritane, bart.

Mrs. W. Curtis, only daughter of Timothy Curtis, esq. of Hometon.

6. At Coedriglan-house, near Cardiff, Mrs. A. Wood, widow of the late Rob. Wood, esq. of Putney.

7. In Harley-street, Mrs. Rofs, wife of general Rofs, M. P.

8. At her father's house, Ayton, Berwickshire, miss E. Fordyce.

At Edinburgh, T. Pringle, esq. vice-admiral of the red.

After a short illness, in York-place, Kingsland-road, the hon. Mrs. Murray, only daughter of the late lord J. Murray, and wife of colonel Murray, of Banner-cross, Yorkshire.

9. At New Barnes, near St. Alban's, Mrs. Towgood, wife of M. Towgood, esq.

In the 84th year of his age, colonel Boardman, late lieut.-col. of the Scotch Greys.

12. J. Summer, esq. of Brompton-row, Knightsbridge.

At her house, in Seymour-place, lady C. Tiston, aunt to the present earl of Thanet, in the 76th year of her age.

THE
 LADY'S MAGAZINE,
 OR
 ENTERTAINING COMPANION

FOR
 THE FAIR SEX;

APPROPRIATED,
 SOLELY TO THEIR USE AND AMUSEMENT.

SUPPLEMENT FOR 1803.

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- 4 MUSIC—THE WAY OF THE WORLD: the Words and Music by W. BARRE.

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THE LADY'S MAGAZINE,

For JANUARY, 1804:

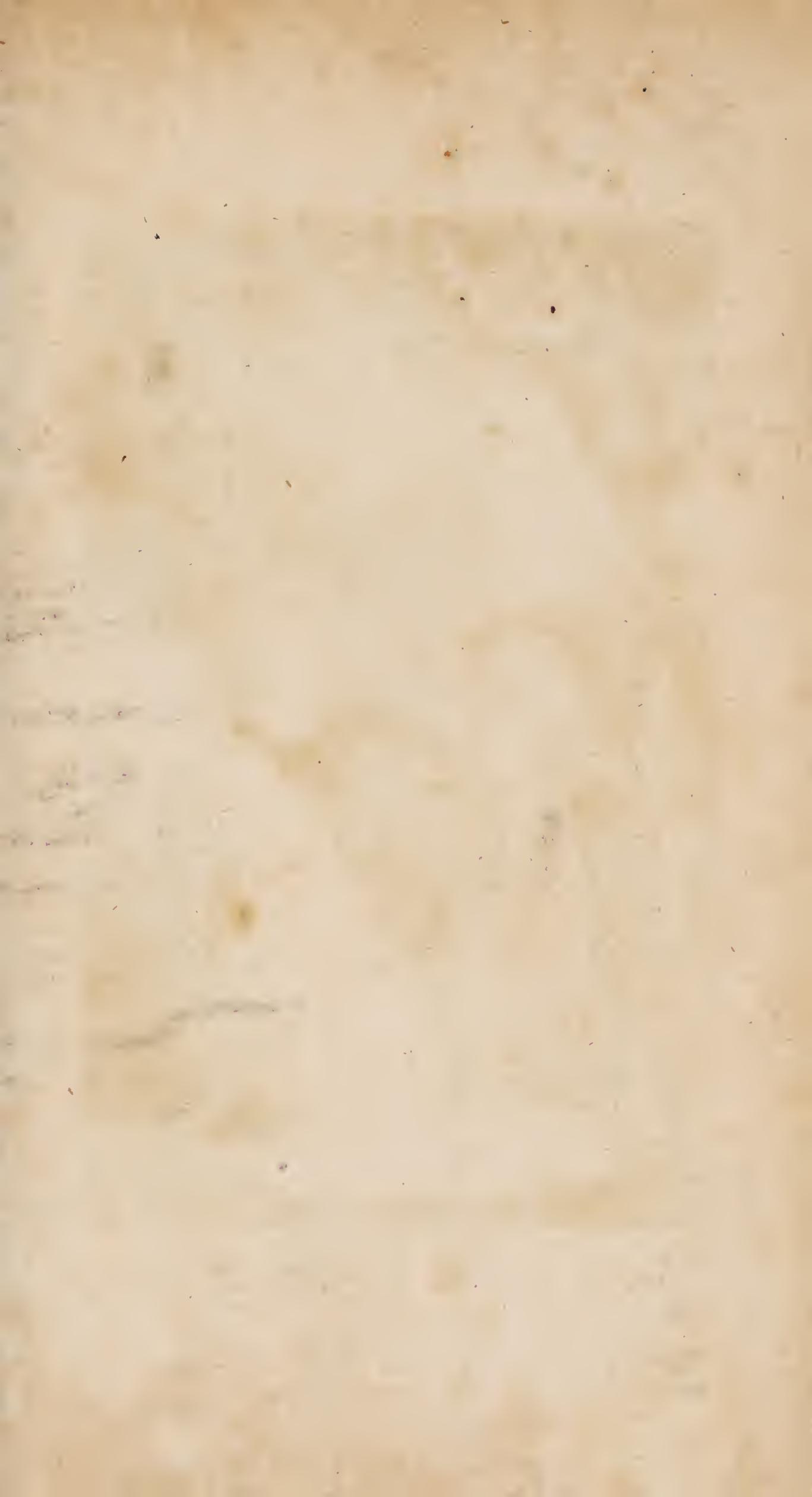
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Engraved for the Ladies Magazine.



To the Hermit of Damascus.

THE
LADY'S MAGAZINE.

SUPPLEMENT FOR 1803.

THE HERMIT OF DAMASCUS;

A TALE.

(With an elegant Engraving.)

IN the rich city of Erzerum, in Armenia, lived the wealthy merchant Hamel, whose industry and probity had rendered him renowned and esteemed throughout the East. His daily increasing commerce poured into his lap unbounded abundance, and his liberal hand and open heart freely bestowed on the indigent and unfortunate the means of supplying their wants, and, as far as was in his power, of soothing their sufferings.

In a journey which he made with a rich caravan through the desert, in his way to Egypt, accompanied by his wife Selma, and his daughter Zulpha, then very young, a desperate troop of wandering Arabs attacked the caravan, and plundered it of the most valuable merchandise which it carried; at the same time treating with great severity and cruelty the merchants and attendants, many of whom they murdered, though they attempted no resistance, convinced that it must be ineffectual. One of the barbarous horde seized the young and tender Zulpha, and bore her away with him on his horse, in despite of all the lamentations and entreaties of her afflicted parents.

Deprived thus, at one blow, of his daughter and the greater part of his wealth, the aged and distressed Hamel was plunged into the deepest affliction, which was soon still more aggravated by the death of his wife Selma, who sank into the grave not long after, the victim of grief for the loss of her daughter, of whom they could obtain no intelligence by any enquiries.

Hamel, thus overwhelmed by the resistless tide of calamity, resolved to retire from the world, in which he had experienced so cruel a reverse of fortune. To the precepts and doctrines of religion he had ever been attentive with sincerity and simplicity; and it now appeared to him that such severe misfortunes could only be permitted to fall on him as a punishment for his sins. He resolved therefore to inflict on himself that voluntary mortification which he conceived acceptable to Heaven. He forsook for ever the place of his former residence, and took up his habitation in a cave, in the vicinity of Damascus, where he lived on herbs and fruits, practising in the most rigid manner all the austerities which his mistaken faith taught him to believe would be

accepted as an atonement for his transgressions. The inhabitants of the neighbouring villages and cities admired his rigid abstinence, and the sufferings which, by way of penance, he inflicted on himself. The sanctity of the *hermit of Damascus* was extolled throughout the country; while credulous votaries fancied, or feigned, that their bodily infirmities were healed on visiting his cell, and obtaining his prayers, and persuaded themselves and him that he was the favoured instrument of Heaven for bestowing, by miraculous powers delegated to him, its beneficence on mankind.

In the mean time the Arab who had carried off Zulpha had sold his prize to some merchants on the farther side of the desert, who had again disposed of her in Persia. In a few years her beauty began to unfold itself, and her understanding, her wit, and the amiable dispositions of her mind, to become conspicuous. The merchant, whose property she was, traded to India, and in one of his journeys into that country took Zulpha with him, in the expectation that he might obtain a great price for her from some of the wealthy princes of the Hindoos. As he passed by Goa, Ramirez, a young Portuguese, who had speedily acquired in that country a prodigious fortune, saw Zulpha, admired her charms and manner, and at length was so far captivated, that he paid the merchant who brought her the extravagant sum he demanded, and thus released her from slavery.

When he had introduced her into his house, he imagined that he had procured a mistress who would easily accede to his amorous solicitations; but Zulpha informed him that, though torn from her parents at an early age, she could yet recollect that they were Christians; nor had she forgotten some of the principles they had endeavoured to instil into her. She was sensible of the duties and

dignity of her sex; and, notwithstanding the education that it had been endeavoured to give her, she had at all times firmly resolved to submit to death rather than to what she esteemed dishonour.

Ramirez was astonished: he, at first, conceived this to be affectation, or female artifice; but the constancy and courage of Zulpha, and a further acquaintance with her real character, convinced him, that she spoke the language dictated by the exalted sentiments of her heart. Her virtue gave a new lustre, in his eyes, to her beauty, and inspired him with the sincerest, purest, and tenderest affection, which, to his inexpressible delight, he found her return with an equal, though modest, and indescribably delicate ardour. They were married, and lived for some time at Goa, in the full enjoyment of conjugal happiness.

After some time the affairs of Ramirez calling him to Europe, he together with Zulpha, who was unwilling to be left alone till his return, undertook a journey to Aleppo, where he had likewise business, intending thence to proceed to Scanderoon, where they would embark for Portugal. They travelled across the desert of Syria with a caravan going to Damascus, and when arrived at that city remained there some days to refresh themselves after the fatigues of their journey. One day walking out together in the environs of the city, they met a venerable old man with hair and beard as white as snow. He was the hermit of Damascus. They entered into discourse with him, and found him modest and intelligent. Ramirez related to him the principal adventures of Zulpha;—that she was the daughter of a rich Armenian merchant, and had been carried off by the Arabs when very young; but that no enquiries which they could make had been of any avail

for the discovery of her parents. The old man listened, with trembling astonishment. He eagerly asked Zulpha a variety of questions, and at length exclaimed, 'She is, she must be, my daughter!' 'My father!' cried Zulpha, fainting in his arms, while Ramirez stood transfixed with astonishment at this extraordinary discovery.

When Zulpha had recovered, and feelings less violent, though ecstatically joyful, had succeeded, the venerable Hamel resolved to quit his retreat, re-enter the world, and participate in the innocent enjoyments it affords. He considered this astonishing restoration of his daughter to his arms as an intimation from Heaven that his mortifications and penance were accepted, and might now be terminated; and he besides believed that if by his aid and advice he could be useful to his children, it would be a good work much to be preferred to his former solitary piety.

Zulpha having thus found her father, remained with him at Damascus till the return of Ramirez from Europe, when they passed together the remainder of their lives in uninterrupted happiness.

DESCRIPTION of the LAND'S END, CORNWALL.

THE Land's End is the most westerly promontory in England, and, when contemplated with all its adjuncts, cannot fail of awakening the united sensations of awe, terror, and admiration, even in the most placid bosom. The huge and ragged rocks, forming a barrier to the tumultuous sea; the immense expanse of waters; the ceaseless roar of the waves; the constantly changeful effects of light and shade playing

on the surface of the deep; the gliding vessels sailing in all directions; the various aquatic birds wildly screaming at the sight of man, or pursuing their instinctive propensities on the surface of the howling billows;—all combine on this spot, to rivet the attention of the mind, and fill it with emotions of astonishment at the sublimity of the prospect. Justly has the Cornish poet* characterised the scene in the following lines:

ON THE SEA.

'THE sun-beams tremble; and the purple
light
illumes the dark Bolerium, seat of storms!
High are his granite rocks; his frowning
brow
Hangs o'er the smiling ocean. In his caves
Th' Atlantic breezes murmur; in his caves,
Where sleep the haggard spirits of the storm.
Wild, dreary are the schistine rocks around,
Encircled by the wave, open to the breeze.
The haggard cormorant shrieks; and far
beyond,
Where the great ocean mingles with the
sky,
Are seen the cloud-like islands†, grey
with mist.

H. DAVY.

The point named the Land's End, was called by Ptolemy, Bolerium; by the British bards, Penringhuaed, or the Promontory of Blood; and by their historians, Penwith, or the Promontory to the Left. Near this craggy cliff are three caverns, in which the agitated waters occasionally roar with tremendous fury; and several masses of rocks are seen above the surface of the sea for above two miles west of the Land's End. These are called the Long Ships: and, from the dangerous situation of this coast, a lighthouse was erected on the largest of these rocks in the year 1797, by a Mr. Smith, who obtained a grant from the Trinity-house for that

* Mr. Davy, the learned and scientific lecturer at the Royal Institution.

† The Scilly Islands may be seen in clear weather from the Land's End.

purpose, and who is rewarded by a certain rate on all ships that pass the Land's End.

Among the Hill castles, or fortifications, in this district, those of Castle Chun, and Castle An-Dinaz, are monuments of singular curiosity. Dr. Borlase contends that all the castles west of Penzance were constructed by the Danes; but this opinion is confuted by Mr. King, in the first volume of his *Munimenta Antiqua*, where he states, that many fortresses of a similar construction remain in Wales, in Scotland, and in parts where the Danes never had access. Besides, if the situation and character of the above-named are examined, there can be no hesitation in attributing them to British origin. The remains of Chun Castle occupy the whole area of a hill, commanding an extensive tract of country to the east, some low grounds to the north and south, and the ocean to the west. It consists of two walls, or rather piled heaps of stones, one within the other, having a vallum, or kind of terrace, between them. This terrace is divided with four walls; and towards the west-south-west is the only entrance to the castle, called the Iron Gateway. This turns to the left, and is flanked with a wall on each side, to secure the ingress and egress of the inhabitants. The outer wall measures above five feet in thickness; but on the left of the entrance it is twelve feet: whilst the inner wall may be estimated at about ten feet; but, from the ruinous confusion of the stones, it is impossible to ascertain this decidedly. The area inclosed within the latter measures about 125 feet in diameter, and contains a choaked-up well, and the ruined foundations of several circular *

tenements, or habitations. These are connected to the inner wall, and run parallel all round it, leaving an open space in the centre. - The present state of these ruins demonstrates that it was constructed at a period before any rules of architecture were adopted in military buildings; for there appear no specimens of mortar, no door-posts, nor fireplaces with chimneys; and had any of those ever been used in this singular and rude fortress, it is exceedingly improbable but that some traces might be now discovered amidst its vast ruins.

ON PRIDE OF ANCESTRY.

(By Mr. Gibbon, the late celebrated Historian.)

A LIVELY desire of knowing and recording our ancestors so generally prevails, that it must depend on the influence of some common principle in the minds of men. We seem to have lived in the persons of our forefathers: it is the labour and reward of vanity to extend the term of this ideal longevity. Our imagination is always active to enlarge the narrow circle in which nature has confined us. Fifty or a hundred years may be allotted to an individual, but we step forward beyond death with such hopes as religion and philosophy will suggest; and we fill up the silent vacancy that precedes our birth by associating ourselves to the authors of our existence. Our calmer judgment will rather tend to moderate than to suppress the pride of an ancient and worthy race. The satirist may laugh, the philosopher may preach, but reason herself will respect the prejudices and habits which have been consecrated to the experience of mankind.

* The plan in Borlase's *Antiquities* falsely represents the divisions as square.

Wherever the distinction of birth is allowed to form a superior order in the state, education and example should always, and will often, produce among them a dignity of sentiment and propriety of conduct, which is guarded from dishonour by their own and the public esteem. If we read of some illustrious line, so ancient that it has no beginning, so worthy that it ought to have no end, we sympathise in its various fortunes; nor can we blame the generous enthusiasm, or even the harmless vanity, of those who are allied to the honours of its name. For my own part, could I draw my pedigree from a general, a statesman, or a celebrated author, I should study their lives with the diligence of filial love. In the investigation of past events, our curiosity is stimulated by the immediate or indirect reference to ourselves; but in the estimate of honour we should learn to value the gifts of nature above those of fortune; to esteem in our ancestors the qualities which best promote the interests of society; and to pronounce the descendant of a king less truly noble than the offspring of a man of genius whose writing will instruct or delight the latest posterity. The family of Confucius is, in my opinion, the most illustrious in the world. After a painful ascent of eight or ten centuries, our barons and princes of Europe are lost in the darkness of the middle ages; but in the vast equality of the empire of China, the posterity of Confucius have maintained, above two thousand two hundred years, their peaceful honours and perpetual succession. The chief of the family is still revered by the sovereign and the people, as the lively image of the wisest of mankind. The nobility of the Spencers has been illustrated and enriched by the trophies of

Marlborough; but I exhort them to consider the Fairy Queen as the most precious jewel of their coronet. I have exposed my private feelings, as I shall always do without scruple or reserve. That these sentiments are just, or at least natural, I am inclined to believe, since I do not feel myself interested in the cause; for I can derive from my ancestors neither glory nor shame.

ON PROSPERITY AND ADVERSITY.

‘Bliss! sublunary bliss!—proud words, and
vain!

Implicit treason to divine decree!

A bold invasion of the rights of Heaven!—

I clasp’d the phantoms, and I found them air.’

YOUNG.

How many soever the ills and mischances of life are—how many bitter draughts we swallow, sorrow after sorrow, or trouble after trouble—all the whole compound is summed up in this one substance, viz. that we must look forward to a better and happier state, where pain and sorrow flee away.

Oh how pleasing, in the course of life, does the sun-shine of prosperity seem to us!—the attainment of all our wishes! Pleasure, fortune, all attend us in the giddy vortex of prosperity. On the contrary, how miserable are we to find this illusive vapour vanish! Adversity, with all its horrid train of sublunary misery, quickly appears to us: what a wretched phantom in the eyes of prosperity! But happy is the man who can meet prosperity with a frown, and adversity with a smile: in the latter we live in a state of expected dissolution, and in the former we can but live in the same state.

Yet how often do the intoxications of prosperity wear away all thoughts of future happiness or mi-

fery! Elevated to the height of pleasures, man follows on his course of luxury and lascivious appetites, without once gleaning a thought of his future and everlasting welfare—without once reflecting on the incumbent duties required of him in this life, or even regarding the decay of his feeble and transient frame. Well may we say, with St. Paul—

‘It is good for man to be afflicted; to know how to be abased, and how to abound.’

ROBERT BERRY.

October 10.

ANECDOTE of a GASCON and the
FRENCH MINISTER COLBERT.

COLBERT, beyond a doubt, was one of the greatest ministers France ever possessed. A Gascon officer having obtained a gratification of a hundred and fifty pistoles from Louis XIV. in 1680, went in search of Colbert, that the sum might be paid. The minister was at dinner with three or four nobles; and the Gascon, without introduction, entered the dining-room, with that effrontery which the air of the Garonne (a river of his native province) inspires, and with an accent that did not belie his country. Approaching the table, he asked aloud—

‘Gentlemen, with permission, pray which of you is Colbert?’

‘I am that person,’ said the minister; ‘what is it you require?’

‘Oh, no great affair,’ said the other; ‘a trifling order of his ma-

jesty, to pay me five hundred crowns.’

Colbert, who was in a humour to amuse himself, desired the Gascon to take a seat at table, ordered him a cover, and promised to expedite his business after dinner.

The Gascon accepted the offer without the least ceremony, and eat inordinately. Having dined, the minister sent for one of his secretaries, who took the officer to the treasury.

Here a hundred pistoles were counted and given him; on which he observed, that the sum was a hundred and fifty.

‘True,’ replied the secretary, ‘but fifty are retained for your dinner.’

‘Fifty!’ replied the Gascon, ‘fifty pistoles for a dinner! Where I dine I pay but twenty sous.’

‘That I can very well believe,’ replied the secretary; ‘but you do not dine with the minister Colbert, and that is the honour for which you must pay.’

‘Oh very well,’ replied the Gascon, ‘since that is the case, keep the whole; it is not worth my while to accept a hundred pistoles; I will bring one of my friends to-morrow, and we will eat up the remainder.’

This discourse was repeated to Colbert, who admired the gasconade, and ordered the full sum to the officer. In all probability this was his whole wealth; but Colbert afterwards did him many good offices. The story was told to Louis XIV. and it was allowed that none but a Gascon was capable of such an act.

The MONKS and the ROBBERS;

A TALE.

(Continued from page 515.)

ENRAGED at his disappointment, the ferocious Sanguigno, with many bitter imprecations on the fugitives, declared they should not escape so easily, and with that proposed an immediate search of the caves beyond. His comrades eagerly seconded the proposal, and the matter was soon determined. Torches were immediately lighted. The robbers, whom they had left in the dell with the horses, were now brought into the garrison; the horses were conveyed to the stables, which was a large cavern adjoining, and the men joined their comrades. The whole troop then proceeded down the passage which the runaways had taken; but no traces of them, or of any human being, were perceivable. With no more success they passed through another passage; and now, turning an angle in a lofty and capacious cavern, discovered a chasm in its rugged side which led into the open air. Through this chasm they passed immediately, and found themselves in the midst of craggy and almost perpendicular rocks which rose to a great height on either side, broke above where they stood into many deep fissures, and covered with thick bushes. Along the passage that lay between these lofty rocks they discerned, at scattered distances, the marks of human feet; and, nothing doubting but that they were made by the fugitives, they determined to trace them.

Up a steep and rugged acclivity, between high and craggy cliffs that in many parts overhung the path beneath, they followed the direction of the footsteps; but still without discovering any other marks of the neighbourhood of man: and now the way began to descend as much

and as steep and rugged as it rose before. Down this declivity they quickly passed, and entered a narrow dingle deeply sunk between rocks, which rose on either side in dark precipices and overhanging cliffs. At one end a vast and lofty rock projected its bold and rugged front, here and there covered with a few half-withered trees which hung from the crevices down its craggy surface; and at the other appeared an opening through which was seen a dark mass of mountains extending as far as the eye could reach; and rising far above the trees that were thickly spread at the opening.— Crossing to the opposite side, the robbers traced the footsteps, and then lost sight of them among some bushes which grew upon projecting crags and upon the side of the rock.— They examined round the spot, and discovered, behind the bushes which concealed it from immediate observation, the mouth of a cave. They pushed forward, and were about to enter it, when a distant sound of horses neighing broke the dead silence of the place. They listened, and a confused murmuring of men's voices reached their ears. Their attention was instantly directed towards the spot from whence it seemed to proceed, and they beheld a strong glare of light gleaming through the trees at the opening of the dingle. Startled at this, the prior immediately hurried the troop into the cave; charging them to conceal their torches, and not to stir on any account; while himself and Fidele, with a view of examining these visitors unseen, lurked behind the bushes, and advanced towards the light, which now seemed fast approaching, and the figures of men passing between the trees were plainly discernible. In a minute after, a numerous party of men, armed and bearing torches, emerged on the more open part of the dingle, and,

proceeding forward, made a stop nearly opposite to the cave where the banditti lay concealed. The prior and Fidele, not a little alarmed at this procedure, approached as near to them as they could without being seen, and took their station behind a cluster of trees, close to the spot where they had halted, to watch the motions, and to discover what had brought these strangers. Four of them, who seemed of superior rank, were conferring together at a little distance from the rest, and to them the prior and Fidele listened with the utmost attention; but they spoke, for some time, in so low a tone that they could only now and then catch a word distinctly. At length, however, they spoke more audibly; and the listeners heard one say—

‘ ’Tis strange he comes not!— ’Tis past the hour he appointed. Belike these knaves are come, and he has fallen a victim to their revenge. Would he had gone with us!’

‘ We’ll wait a short time,’ said another; ‘ and then, if he comes not, we’ll endeavour to find our way to him; but which that way is I know not.’

‘ It was from yon cave,’ cried a third, pointing to that where the troop was hid, ‘ he led us yesternorning; and by that cave it was he brought me to you the night’—

He was prevented from proceeding by the sudden appearance of a man, followed by two others, whose garb and stern visages might give strong suspicion of their belonging to the worthy fraternity of cut-throats. These men had been seen, while the strangers were discoursing, by the prior and Fidele, as they happened to cast their eyes towards the declivity by which they had descended into the dingle, and which was directly opposite to where they now stood, but at some distance from

it. The moon shining with extreme brightness, and full upon the steep declivity, had given them light to catch a glimpse of these men as they skulked, apparently apprehensive—like themselves—of being seen, down the rugged descent into the dingle; and there they instantly lost sight of them among the trees which grew around that spot: but it was not many minutes after when they beheld the self-same men advance from a thicket close to where the strangers stood. The foremost of the three accosted them with much respect, and the listeners immediately set him down as the man they had been expecting: but they soon found themselves mistaken; for one of the four strangers, having enquired after some one by the name of captain, added—

‘ We have been waiting for him some time, and are somewhat apprehensive for his safety.’

The voice of this person the prior thought he had heard before, but where he could not imagine. It had struck him before, while he was discoursing with his companions, and he had watched him attentively to get sight of his face, but the position they stood in prevented him; till, on the arrival of the last comers, he turned, and now stood directly fronting him. The light from the torches his followers carried struck upon his features, the prior looked, and soon recollected them; but, scarce able to believe what he saw, looked again, and—‘ Fidele,’ whispered he, ‘ if my sight deceives me not, yonder stands Verucci.’

Fidele looked, and seemed as much surprised as the prior.

‘ It’s certainly him,’ said he.— ‘ Beshrew me, but this is a marvellous business! ’Tis above twenty years since you and I saw him last, yet I do n’t see he’s altered much. But what are these?’ continued he, looking among the strangers as they

stood talking together. 'There's two of the three fellows that just now started from yon thicket are the very knaves that escaped us in the garrison, and led us'—

'Peace!' interrupted the prior. 'Let's hear what the villains say.'

'And two others,' continued one of the last comers: 'these men here, would have been murdered too, had they not fled for it. They ran by me in the very passage where I had stationed myself to watch what was passing in the hall. Finding the others meant to pursue, I resolved to save them from their fury. I had a lamp with me, and I fought these poor fellows; whom I found, under most terrible alarm, crouched up in one corner of a cave out of which they had tried in vain to find their way. By the time I had quieted their fears, we heard the pursuers rushing through the caves. We kept before them till they turned into the open air; we then hid ourselves among the rocks; and, when they had passed us, we followed till they came hither, and then we halted upon top of yonder rock, and saw them cross among these trees here into that cave'—pointing to the hiding-place of the robbers—'at the very time your troop came in sight. I guessed who it was; but, willing to be certain, we slunk down the rock, and hung about these thickets till I saw you, my lord.'

One of the strangers spoke something immediately he concluded, but what he said the listeners stayed not to hear: they found it was quite time for them to be gone, and they skulked away behind the bushes; but, before they had reached the cave, they heard the strangers upon the move, and saw their torches gleam through the thickets. They rushed into the cave; but all within was in utter darkness. The prior, in a whisper, called for the banditti, and Sanguigno instantly answered.

'I saw these knaves come pretty

near us here,' continued he, 'and was in a marvellous pucker lest our lights should betray us: so I sent our comrades down the cave, and stuck myself here waiting for ye.'

'Hark,' cried the prior, 'they're rushing through the thickets at the mouth of the cave!'

'Follow me, masters,' said the lieutenant; 'follow me. Here's plenty of room to hide us.'

And as he spoke they hastened along the cave; and then, turning into a low browed passage at the bottom, found themselves among the rest of the robbers. The sound of their pursuers followed them, and they paused not a moment here; but, hastening forward through several other passages similar to that they had first entered, soon left them far behind. Still, however, they were pressing forward; when, as they crossed a vault more spacious than any they had yet passed, Fidele, who had advanced a short distance before his comrades, started suddenly back with manifest tokens of consternation. The banditti pressed around him, and eagerly demanded what was the matter; but it was not immediately that he could recover himself sufficiently to tell them he had seen a man standing in a cleft in the cavern's side opposite to him.

'And is that all?' said Sanguigno, in a tone of mingled surprise and contempt. 'What a valiant signor! 'Sblood! you change like a woman, and are as scared as if ye had seen a ghost! Why look ye, masters, an' he don't.'

'There it is again!' exclaimed Fidele, and his perturbation visibly increased.

'No more valour than a mouse, 'fore God!' cried Sanguigno, turning round towards the cleft. 'Where is he? I'll ha' him out, an' he's the devil. This way, lads! this way!'

And so saying, he rushed through the cleft, followed by most of his

comrades: while the prior, not a little surpris'd at the disorder Fidele had betrayed, but perfectly satisfis'd there was some more important reason for it than what he had assign'd, remained behind with an intent to draw from him what that reason was. He now, therefore, took him aside, and began to question him.

'Thou didst not see it then?' replied Fidele. 'Thou knowest I fear no man living; but the dead,' continued he, grasping the prior's arm; 'the dead—I'm a coward there!'

'The dead!' returned the other, staring at him; 'what art talking of?'

'What I saw but now,' resumed Fidele, 'the very visage of Morena.'

'Morena!' repeated the prior. 'Go to, you dream: why he's in his grave long ago.'

'I know it—well I know it—yet I swear I saw him in yon chasm, the very likeness of what he was while living.'

'What silly tale is this? Away! Away!—let's have no more of this nonsense. I would not these knaves should know your weakness.'

'But thou should'st not disbelieve that such things may be. Remember our adventure in the vaults of Reveldi, when Rodigone lay bleeding before thee: remember that, and'——

'Tremble!' exclaimed a deep and hollow voice, which seem'd to issue from beneath them; and, with a heavy lengthen'd groan, it died away in faint reverberation along these vaulted passages.

(To be continued.)

The MOTHER and DAUGHTER;

A TALE.

[By Miss Eliz. Yeames.]

THE notes of vesper service, performing in a convent of the

order of St. Mary, solemnly founded in each pause of the revelry that arose from an adjoining tea-garden, at the old town of B——, in France, where the voices of the nuns, veiled from observation, mingled sweetly with the choir. Near the altar kneel'd a figure whose attitude rendered her more interesting by a loose black drapery falling in graceful folds from her shoulders, and exhibiting a complexion of the fairest tint. The tapers, as they gleam'd upon her countenance, shew'd the finest work of nature despoil'd by untimely sorrow. The roses had faded from her cheeks, and her lovely features bore a living testimony of angelic sweetness.

Among the vestal throng it would have been impossible not to have distinguished the youthful Sophie d'Albina, who stood near the kneeling nun; for beauty's treasure was opening on her cheek, inexpressible grace attend'd her every motion, and the sweetness of her charming voice was inimitable.

The service ended, the nuns retired. Sophie was the last of the throng; and the nun, who had not till then risen from her knees by the altar, walk'd in deep meditation by her side. Sophie stopp'd when the nun reach'd her cell; and sister Orangenette, speaking to her for the first time, said—'Farewell, my amiable child!'

Mademoiselle d'Albina kiss'd her extended hand; and, in a low voice, answer'd—'Adieu, madame!'

The lady then enter'd her cell, and Sophie instantly went to her own, where she found the good Catherine d'Albina.

'My mother!' cried the young Sophie: 'my dearest, dearest mamma! you have been weeping.'

'Ah, my child! it is for you I weep.'

'For me, my good mamma! for me?' cried the afflicted girl.—

‘Oh, Heavens! is it for me you weep?’

‘Do not thus afflict yourself, my child!’ answered Catherine. ‘Hear me with composure: ’t is certain now I weep for you. Ah, my unfortunate Sophie! I must soon leave you.’

‘Leave me, mamma—leave your child! Cannot I accompany you when you quit the convent?’

‘Ah no, my Sophie! I am going to “that bourne from whence no traveller returns.”’

The astonished girl burst into tears.

‘Oh, talk not of death!’ she cried; ‘thou wilt yet live many years, if I guess right.’

‘Have I not had a warning?’ said Catherine.

‘A warning, mamma!’ and the trembling Sophie fell on her knees. ‘Mercy, sweet Heaven! must thou die?’ And with trembling fingers she began to tell her beads.

‘Yes, my love!’ returned madame d’Albina, smiling at her superstition: ‘my eye-sight begins to fail me, and’——

Quickly Sophie was on her feet; and flinging her arms round the neck of her aged parent, ‘Is that the warning?’ she cried. ‘Then you will yet live, my mamma; and your child shall answer that and all your wants.’

The delighted mother took her darling on her lap; and, putting aside the golden locks from her forehead, kissed off the tears that trembled on her silken eye-lashes and stood upon her blooming cheeks. ‘Too beauteous girl!’ sighed Catherine, while gazing on her superior beauty.

‘Ah, mamma!’ answered the innocent girl, ‘I think beauty an excellent quality. It imperceptibly engages the heart, and attaches thee to a person. It was sister Orange-nette’s beauty that first attracted my

gaze; and do not I love her next to my own dear mamma? Does not the sisterhood adore her? and “who so fair?”’

Madame d’Albina frowned.— ‘Are these your sentiments?’ she asked.

‘Certainly, mamma!’ answered Sophie, astonished at her mother’s disapprobation.

‘I will allow beauty of features first drew thy gaze on sister Orange-nette; but I hope, Sophie, ’t is her superior sense, her numerous virtues, that now increases the value of those charms, and causes thee to love her in despite of her reserve.’

‘I will allow that, mamma,’ answered Sophia, blushing: ‘yet still I must think I should not like to be ugly, because people would not love me then.’

‘If you would be despised for being ugly, then why, Sophie, do you love your old and ugly mamma?’

Covered with confusion, mademoiselle d’Albina withdrew her eyes from the care-worn countenance of her mamma; and, in a low tone, allowed the truth of madame’s arguments: and, laying her hand on her heart, with an impressive accent said—‘May I, mamma, when of thy age, be just like thee!’

She then bowed her head, and retired to rest.

The evening was still, and beautiful twilight began to spread the light green of the vines—

‘Earth, let not thy envious shade
Dare itself to interpose;
Cynthia’s shining orb was made
Heaven to cheer, when day did close;
Bless us, then, with wished light,
Goddest, excellently bright!’—

when mademoiselle d’Albina, slowly wandering down an avenue of the convent-garden, hanging on the arm of Adelaide de Montmorenci, and, with all the vivacity of youth, chatting and laughing with her beloved friend, suddenly slept;

and, weakly shrieking as she fell, fainted on the ground. Adelaide was not alone in the garden. She screamed for help, and instantly a figure rushed forward from the foliage that waved at her back.

‘ Help! help!—Oh save, save her!’ cried Adelaide.

‘ Whom?’ asked the nun.

‘ Ah, sister Orangenette! is it you? I mean Sophie d’Albina. See where she lies. Oh, my dead love!’

By this time others were assembled, and Sophie was borne to the convent. Adelaide supported Orangenette’s trembling steps; for, though she had appeared the first to help them, yet so violently agitated were her spirits that she more distressed Adelaide than consoled her.

Madame d’Albina made the convent resound with her shrieks, when acquainted with her daughter’s indisposition; and, until Sophie’s senses returned, she did not cease her lamentations.

Mademoiselle d’Albina had in her fall dislocated her left arm, and a high fever was the consequence. Every soul in the convent shared the sorrow of madame d’Albina. Adelaide de Montmorenci passed each hour she could spare from the duties of religion with her sick friend, and the sorrowing Orangenette each night forsook her pillow and rest, to spend it by Sophie’s side. Unfortunate kindness!—Orangenette thought not of her own danger: she ‘ clasped the bright infection’ in her arms; and, while offering up to Heaven endless prayers for the virgin’s safety, forgot her own, till the symptoms of her danger could not be mistaken; and when Sophie arose from the bed of sickness she heard her friend’s life was in imminent danger.

‘ Ah!’ cried Sophie, ‘ must Orangenette’s life pay the forfeiture of her love of me? Mistaken friendship! Why did you forget

your precious self for the unworthy Sophie? Ah, mamma! must she die?’

‘ I fear so, my child; but do not weep: we cannot save her. Be composed, my Sophie! your sorrow will only afflict that beautiful woman. Adelaide, speak comfort to your poor friend.’

Mademoiselle de Montmorenci advanced to Sophie; and, joining her soothing words with those of madame d’Albina, soon succeeded in composing the spirits of her friend.

Mademoiselle d’Albina was now perfectly recovered, and able to perform as usual her religious duties. Yet still she had not seen Orangenette, though every day she had heard her life became more and more in danger; when one morning, as she passed the cell of her sick friend, a young nun came out, and beckoned her to advance. Sophie obeyed the summons, and found herself within a few paces of the place where her friend lay. The nun had left her; and her feet, rooted to the spot where she stood, forbade her advancing. Her whole frame trembled so violently that she would have fallen to the ground, had not madame d’Albina come forward, and taken her arm to lead her towards Orangenette. She raised her eyes at her approach.

‘ Is it you, Catherine?’ she asked.

‘ It is, my beloved!’ answered madame d’Albina. ‘ And here is your young friend.’

The nun gazed steadfastly on Sophie, as if to recollect her.

‘ Ah, she knows me not!’ cried mademoiselle d’Albina, a torrent of tears pouring over her pallid face.

At the sound of her voice, Orangenette’s eyes sparkled with pleasure, while her bosom heaved with exertions to raise herself. Sophie rushed forward to support her, and madame d’Albina performed the same friendly office.

‘Thou saidst I knew thee not, I think, Sophie,’ said Orangenette at length, in a faint voice. ‘Would it not have been impossible to forget that face which I have ever loved, thou living image of my adored Henri!’

She ceased speaking. Madame d’Albina appeared nearly convulsed with agitation: Sophie knew not what to think; and Orangenette, exerting herself to speak, cried—‘Oh, my Sophie! my angelic girl! see in me your mother, Catherine your aunt, my sister. My child!’

Sophie sank on her knees: her senses were nearly overpowered.

‘Heavens! what do I hear?’ she cried. ‘You my mother—myself your child! Oh! what a delightful idea!’

‘Farewell, my child!’ interrupted Orangenette. ‘Sophie, farewell! My child, my sister, fare—w—e—ll!’ and her eyes fixed their last trembling orbs on her kneeling girl; for, as her tongue pronounced the word *farewell*, the breath of life fled for ever its beauteous tenement.

Orangenette de Vassy was on the point of marriage with the baron la Motte, when the baron suddenly died. It nearly cost Orangenette her life: she had fondly loved Henri la Motte, and the loss threw her into a violent fever. During her confinement, her ravings disclosed a circumstance to her two sisters, Catherine and Augusta, that froze their blood with horror; however, long before she recovered, they had forgiven her; and Catherine, when she was restored to health, gently questioned her on the subject.—Orangenette’s blushes confirmed the truth; and, flinging herself on her knees before her sister, and concealing her face in her lap, she confessed herself pregnant by the departed Henri. Catherine raised the weeping girl; and, after a gentle reprimand, gave her her forgiveness.

Augusta likewise pardoned her, and Orangenette now only dreaded her father’s anger.

Alas! the count de Vassy, when acquainted with his daughter’s disgraceful conduct, utterly discarded her; and Orangenette, once his pride and darling, found the door of her paternal roof, for the first time in her life, shut against her, and procured shelter from her father’s fury at madame d’Albina’s.

This lady being brought to bed but a few weeks before Orangenette, and her daughter dying, she proposed the innocent stratagem of adopting Sophie in her stead. To this the mother readily agreed; and, from that moment, madame d’Albina became her parent.

Orangenette, when recovered from her confinement, proposed retiring to a convent. Catherine implored her, with many tears, to desist from such a purpose. Her husband used his arguments with hers, but without effect. Orangenette was inflexible, and her friends gave up the point.

Augusta found means to see her beloved sister before she departed. Many tears she shed over her; many times embraced her, before she tore herself away; and Orangenette’s spirits nearly sank beneath the pressure of her afflictions before she reached the abbey of St. Mary.

Mademoiselle Augusta shortly after married. From her, Catherine constantly heard of her father’s health; for the countenance she had shewn her forlorn sister had obtained her father’s anger, and his door was shut against monsieur d’Albina and her for ever.

Some years had passed away, and the face of affairs appeared the same till monsieur d’Albina’s death. His distressed consort mourned his loss with sincere grief, and for some time it lay heavy at her heart. However, she had other claims of nature; and,

knowing it was for Sophie's interest to exert herself, she prepared to investigate her affairs: which being settled to her entire satisfaction, she took an affectionate farewell of her sister Augusta, her nephew, and all her friends, and then joined Orangenette in the convent of St. Mary, where she resided as a boarder till the time of that lady's decease.

I shall now return to Sophie. From the period of Orangenette's death, Sophie's manners underwent a thorough change; she grew restless and unhappy. Serenity no longer sat upon her brow, nor did smiles play round her lips. Her fine eyes lost their lustre, her cheeks their rich glow of health, and her delicate frame was seized with an universal melancholy. Madame d'Albina discerned the change.

'Sophie,' said she, 'this convent, I fear, no longer possesses any of its former charms in your eyes since Orangenette's lamented death. Is it not so, my love? Ah, you cannot deceive me! You sigh to quit this hateful place, and scenes of ever perpetual remembrances of sorrow. Alas! my heart, deeply hurt by the loss of my husband, has found more consolation and repose with Orangenette and you in this abode than I could have found in all the wealth this world could bestow. — I shall leave you the inheritance of my whole fortune: but, alas! my child, it is small. Your grandfather, indeed, is immensely rich: his property goes to my nephew, Godolphin d'Avenceux, the orphan of your deceased aunt Augusta and her husband monsieur d'Avenceux. I had determined that no distress or misfortune should compel me to have recourse to the count de Vassy: yet for you, my Sophie, the pride of resentment is forgotten. I no longer fear exposing myself to mortification and reproach; but, in the hope of awakening compassion for you in your grandfire's

breast, I will quit B———, and, throwing myself at my father's feet, present his Orangenette's orphan, and pray him to receive her to his protection at Catherine's decease.'

Madame d'Albina shed a torrent of tears; while Sophie, no less agitated, imprinted countess's kisses on her hand—a tribute of thanks for her aunt's superior goodness.

'Ah, my mamma!' sighed Sophie, '—for I will still call you by that endearing title—how kind, how considerate you are! Alas! can the grateful Sophie ever repay such exalted kindness? You anticipate every wish of your wayward girl; for 'tis certain I no longer find pleasure in a place that has lost its chief adornment:—

"I meet her ever in the cheerless cell,

The gloomy grotto, and unshaded wood:
I hear her ever in the midnight bell,

The hollow gale, and hoarse resounding flood."

'Besides, my dear madam, Adelaide de Montmorenci is shortly to quit us; and is it possible your Sophie can find happiness here when she is gone? Ah, no! it is not possible.'

Madame d'Albina shortly after began to make preparations for her departure; and, in the fourth month after the death of Orangenette, she quitted, in company with Adelaide de Montmorenci and Sophie, the convent of St. Mary, and set out for Paris.

The count and countess de Montmorenci received the charge of madame d'Albina with the purest rapture. Adelaide was their only child, and her amiable parents nearly idolised her: nor was she unworthy their affections; for she was an elegant, sensible, modest, unaffected girl. Her mind was highly finished by the hand of nature; and, in the eyes of her approving parents, a precious gem to which the artist's skill could add neither brilliancy nor value.

Sophie's seducing manners soon gained her the tender esteem of the count and countess, almost before they were aware of her fascinating powers and seducing beauties.

Madame d'Albina's delightful recess was adjoining the *château de Montmorenci*: the countess often bent her steps to the sweet and peaceful solitude, and madame spared no efforts to render these visits pleasing to her noble guest. While these two ladies continued their increasing professions of friendship, Adelaide and Sophie, with blooming health and vivid cheerfulness, continued testifying their animated regard for each other. They might be said to be

'Two lovely berries moulded on one stem.'

At a *fête*, given in honour of Adelaide's return, Sophie was invited. The novelty of her person attracted many eyes; and one gentleman, in particular, appeared much struck with her beauty. He secured her hand for the first dance, and could scarcely withdraw his gaze for a moment from her angel-like countenance. Sophie, not less charmed with his numerous graces, looked with pleasure on his attentions.— This gentleman appeared to be about seventeen. He was tall, and elegantly formed: his complexion of a brown tint; his nose aquiline; and his black eyes would have been too piercing, if the long silken lashes by which they were shaded had not given them a softened expression of sensibility. As they went down the dance, they were universally admired for the beautiful proportion of their figures, and the graceful agility of their motions. Sophie's face crimsoned at each pressure of her partner's hand. She dared not trust her voice, in answer to his warm praises: but those eyes which sought to meet his—those smiles by which she answered his—would have

shewn to the most cursory observer that she anxiously strove to please.

The dance ended, the gentleman handed Sophie to a seat, and secured himself one next her, entering into a sprightly conversation with her. This was shortly interrupted by an elderly gentleman, who advanced towards Sophie's partner.—

'Godolphin,' said he, 'you seem pleasantly engaged,' fixing his eyes steadfastly on our heroine. 'Pr'y-thee introduce to me your fair partner.'

The young man appeared at a loss for her name.

'I conceive the meaning of your silence, chevalier,' said the artless Sophie. 'Pray present me as Sophie d'Albina.'

The old gentleman turned pale; the young one started; and, almost instantly, they bowed and left her.

Sophie was at a loss to interpret the meaning of this behaviour.— She disclosed her amazement to madame d'Albina when she returned home, and did not rest the whole night for thinking of the handsome chevalier. Her aunt had been equally restless from motives she concealed from her darling niece.

In the forenoon of the following day, supported by the arm of the attentive Sophie, madame d'Albina bent her steps to the *château de Montmorenci*, with the hope of obtaining the names of the strangers. They entered unannounced; and Adelaide, rushing forward to embrace Sophie, exclaimed—'Thank you, my love, for this unexpected visit.'

The party being seated, madame d'Albina made her enquiries. The countess paused for a moment before she answered.—

'I have been instrumental to an innocent stratagem, dear ladies,' said she, taking a hand of her friend and Sophie. 'Thank Heaven, all has answered to my wishes! The

count de Vassy will pardon his Catherine, and receive to his arms the offspring of Orangenette.'

'Repeat once more that blessed sound, dearest madam!' exclaimed the delighted Sophie. 'Say, again, the count will bury in oblivion the errors of the misguided Orangenette, and that he will avow his kindred to the poor Sophie.'

'Hear me, Sophie,' cried the countess. 'Monsieur, my husband, is the friend of your grandfather; his social companion and confident. He had often of late heard the count de Vassy deplore his harshness to the poor Orangenette. "Oh," cried he, "my friend! that I could find the sweet forsaken one,—I would receive her again to my arms, and forgive the past!" Thus encouraged, we ventured to bring the party together, thinking Sophie would prove the sweetest pleader. And now, my amiable friends, are ye prepared to receive monsieur de Vassy?'

'Where—where is he?' cried Catherine.

'Here am I, my beloved!' exclaimed her father, entering, followed by Godolphin, his nephew.

Madame d'Albina sunk on her knees at the feet of her aged father. The young Sophie followed her; and, from natural timidity, hid herself at the back of her aunt. But Catherine had not forgotten her beloved child; for having returned the embrace of monsieur de Vassy, she hastily rose, and put the agitated Sophie in the arms of her grandfire. The count imprinted countless kisses on her cheek; drops of heavenly tenderness fell from his eyes; the feeble tones of his voice trembled, as well as his whole frame, with a thousand contending emotions.

'My child!—my child!' he could only utter. 'My second Orangenette! forgive your repentant grandfire.'

'Indeed—indeed I love you too well to withhold my pardon,' replied the charming girl, returning his embraces with redoubled transport.

Godolphin d'Avenceux now came forward, entreating to be admitted a partaker of their mutual congratulations; and monsieur de Vassy, joining their hands, addressed them as follows—

'My children, you mutually share my love: my wealth shall be equally divided between you—unless, indeed, Sophie can agree with Godolphin, by allowing of no separation: if so, then I shall be more than blessed; and who so worthy of possessing so much beauty as the brave Godolphin!'

The chevalier appeared nearly giddy with the transporting idea; and Sophie,—the beautiful Sophie!—could not dissemble her delight. As for Catherine she was never so happy, and the countess and Adelaide appeared nearly wild with joy.

Monsieur d'Avenceux and Sophie were shortly after united; and the count de Vassy, and his daughter Catherine, in contemplating their heavenly harmony, glided through the remainder of 'this valley of sighs and tears' in undiminished happiness.

Yarmouth, Dec. 31.

CHRONOLOGICAL LIST OF THE MOST REMARKABLE EVENTS OF THE YEAR 1803.

January 4.

A CONFIRMATION received in England of the death of the Persian ambassador, three days after his arrival at Bombay, in an affray between his guards and servants, which he was in person endeavouring to quell.

6. An account received of a mutiny on board his majesty's ship Gibraltar, in the Mediterranean, which however was quelled by the spirit of the officers, and examples were soon after made of the leaders of the mutiny.

11. The Hindostan, outward-bound East-Indiaman, wrecked in Queen's-channel, Margate-roads.

20. A special commission was opened at the New Court-house in the borough of Southwark, for the trial of certain persons accused of high-treason. After a most admirable charge from lord chief justice Ellenborough, the grand-jury retired, and in the evening found a true bill for high-treason, against Marcus Despard and twelve other persons. The court then adjourned to the 5th of February.

24. Accounts received of a mutiny having appeared in the garrison of Gibraltar, on the 27th and 28th of December, in which some lives were lost; fourteen of the mutineers were seized, and the disturbance for the time quelled.

February 7. Marcus Despard was tried at the New Sessions-house, in the Borough, for high-treason; and, after a trial of eighteen hours, was found guilty.

9. The trial of the other prisoners, charged with being accomplices with Marcus Despard in the crime of high-treason, terminated, when John Wood, Thomas Broughton, John Francis, James Sedgwick Ralton, Arthur Graham, John Macnamara, Thomas Newman, Daniel Tyndall, and William Lander, were found guilty: the last three were recommended to mercy. Sentence of death was immediately pronounced upon all the prisoners who were convicted.

16. A message was delivered from his majesty to the house of commons, recommending the situation of the

prince of Wales's affairs to the attention of the house.

21. Marcus Despard, and the other prisoners who were convicted of high-treason (with the exception of those who were recommended to mercy), were executed at the New Gaol, in the Borough.

Mr. Peltier was convicted in the court of King's-bench, for a libel upon citizen Napoleon Bonaparte, first consul of France.

22. Both houses of parliament agreed to addresses of congratulation to his majesty on the detection of the late conspiracy.

March 4. Mr. Calcraft moved, in the house of commons, for the appointment of a select committee, to enquire into the circumstances that impeded his royal highness the prince of Wales from resuming that splendor which was so necessary to his elevated situation; upon which the previous question was moved, and carried by 184 to 139.

8. A message was delivered from his majesty to both houses of parliament, announcing the military preparations that were carrying on in the ports of France and Holland.

Press-warrants were issued, and great numbers of seamen were obtained in the river, and in the different ports.

9. Both houses of parliament agreed to addresses to his majesty, in consequence of the message of the preceding day.

10. A message was delivered from his majesty to both houses of parliament, acquainting them that his majesty had given orders for calling out the militia.

Proclamations were issued for encouraging seamen to enter into his majesty's service, and to prohibit them from entering into foreign service.

11. The house of commons voted ten thousand additional seamen, in-

cluding three thousand four hundred marines.

21. Intelligence was received of the arrival of general Lasnes at Lisbon (he having been previously dismissed that court for *smuggling*); and of a change in the Portuguese ministry.

April 6. A duel took place at Chalk-farm, between colonel Montgomery and captain Macnamara, in consequence of a dispute about two Newfoundland dogs: both parties were wounded, but colonel Montgomery only survived a few minutes.

21. A large coal-vessel was wrecked between Blackfriars'-bridge and the Temple-gardens, in a violent gale of wind.

22. Captain Macnamara was tried at the Old-Bailey, on a charge of manslaughter, for having killed col. Montgomery in a duel: he was acquitted.

23. Intelligence was received of the surrender of the Cape of Good Hope to the Dutch, on the 21st of February.

25. Intelligence was received from Constantinople of an insurrection having broken out in Arabia, and that the insurgents were led on by a man of the name of Abdul Wechab, who had assumed the character of a prophet.

27. Accounts were received of the evacuation of Alexandria, by the English troops, having taken place on the 17th March.

May 5. A forged letter was sent to the lord-mayor, purporting to be from lord Hawkesbury, stating that the negotiations between this country and France had been brought to an amicable conclusion: in consequence of which the stocks rose nearly seven *per cent.* and a great deal of business was transacted on the Stock Exchange before the fraud was discovered. A reward of five thousand pounds was offered for the

detection of the offender, but without effect.

10. Admiral Cornwallis took the command of the Channel fleet at Torbay.

14. A letter was written by lord Hawkesbury to the lord-mayor, to acquaint him that lord Whitworth had obtained his passports, and was about to quit Paris when the messenger left that city.

16. A message from his majesty was delivered to both houses of parliament, announcing the termination of the discussion between his majesty and the French republic, and that his majesty had recalled his ambassador from Paris.

The French ambassador left London at five o'clock in the morning for Dover.

Letters of marque were issued against the French and Italian republics.

Lord Nelson took leave of the board of admiralty, on being appointed to the command of the Mediterranean fleet.

18. Lord Whitworth arrived in London from Paris.

The French ambassador embarked at Dover for Calais.

19. An installation of the knights of the Bath was performed at Westminster with the usual solemnity.

23. His majesty's message was taken into consideration in both houses of parliament.—In the house of lords an amendment was moved to the address by lord King, which was negatived by one hundred and forty-two to ten. The address was then agreed to.—In the house of commons the debate at 12 o'clock at night was adjourned till the next day.

24. The debate upon his majesty's message was resumed; and, at half past four in the morning, Mr. Grey's amendment to the address was negatived by 398 to 67. The address was then agreed to.

26. Intelligence was received from different ports of the capture of several French merchantmen.

29. An account was received that the French government had issued a *decret*, by which all the English in France, between the ages of sixteen and sixty, were declared to be prisoners of war. The same order was issued in Holland and in the other states under the controul of France.

A proclamation issued by his majesty, as elector of Hanover, declaring his intention to preserve the strictest neutrality.

June 1. Intelligence was received of the French army, under general Mortier, having passed the Waal, for the purpose of invading Hanover.

Mr. Tierney appointed treasurer of the navy.

2. A debate took place in the house of lords, upon a motion made by lord Fitzwilliam, tending to censure his majesty's ministers for their conduct during the negotiation, which was negatived by one hundred and ten to fifteen.

3. A motion of censure was brought against ministers, in the house of commons, by colonel Patten, upon which Mr. Pitt moved the order of the day, which was negatived by three hundred and thirty-three to fifty-six. The original motion was negatived by two hundred and seventy-five to thirty-four.

8. Intelligence was received of the French troops having taken possession of Osnaburgh.

13. A loan of twelve millions, for the service of the year, was contracted for. In the course of two hours the omnium was at a discount.

The budget was opened in the house of commons, and the resolutions agreed to without any debate.

16. Letters of marque were ordered to be issued against the Batavian republic.

The election for the borough of

Southwark closed, when the right hon. George Tierney was declared duly elected.

17. A message from his majesty was delivered to the house of commons, recommending the raising of a large additional force for the defence of the country.

21. Intelligence was received of the French having entered the city of Hanover on the 5th instant.

29. Official notice was given, of the mouth of the Elbe being blockaded by his majesty's ships.

July 2. It was officially announced in the Gazette, that measures had been taken for the blockade of the Elbe, in consequence of the forcible occupation of part of the banks of that river by the French troops.

6. The bills for raising an army of reserve of 40,000 men in England and Scotland, received the royal assent.

8. Accounts were received in town of the capture of the Ambuscade frigate from the French, by the Victory, lord Nelson's flag-ship, on her passage to the Mediterranean.

Aslett, assistant-cashier at the Bank, tried at the Old-Bailey for embezzling Exchequer-bills to a large amount, the property of that corporation, but acquitted in consequence of the bills not having been legally signed.

9. The Parisian journals received in town stated, that French troops had entered the kingdom of Naples.

11. An account was received of the loss of the Minerve frigate, of thirty-six guns, captain Brenton, on a rock near Cherbourg.

12. Intelligence received, that orders had been sent by the French government to disarm the Hanoverian troops.

17. An account received, of Grand Cairo having been taken by a corps of Albanians, who formed part of the garrison, and who mutinied for want of pay.

The Hamburgh mail brought the

news of a convention having been concluded between the French and Hanoverian armies, by which the latter were to be disbanded and to deliver up their arms.

18. The secretary at war (Mr. Yorke) brought forward, in the house of commons, his plan for arming the nation.

21. A message from his majesty was brought down to the house of commons, by the chancellor of the exchequer, recommending a remuneration to be made to the house of Orange, for their losses sustained in the late war.

25. Sixty thousand pounds, together with an annuity of sixteen thousand pounds, voted in the house of commons, as a compensation to the house of Orange.

26. The merchants, bankers, and traders of London, met upon the Royal-Exchange, and published a most patriotic declaration of their sentiments respecting the situation of the country.

An account received of the loss of La Seine frigate, of forty-two guns, on a sand-bank near Schelling.

27. Intelligence received of an insurrection having broken out in Dublin on the night of the 23d, in which lord Kilwarden, chief-justice of the court of king's-bench in Ireland, and his nephew, Mr. Wolfe, were inhumanly murdered.

The bill for arming the nation, commonly called 'The Levy *en Masse* Bill,' received the royal assent.

28. A message from his majesty, relative to the affairs of Ireland, delivered to the house of commons, in consequence of which two bills passed through all their stages in both houses the same day: one for suspending the *habeas-corpus* in Ireland, and the other for establishing martial law whenever a necessity for it should exist. Intelligence received, that the insurrection in Dublin

had been quelled, though much danger still existed.

29. The two bills above mentioned received the royal assent.

30. An account received of the capture of St. Lucia, from the French by the British forces in the West Indies, under the command of lieutenant-general Grinfield and commodore Hood.

August 10. The thanks of the house of commons unanimously voted to the volunteers of Great-Britain and Ireland, for the patriotism and zeal with which they had come forward in the defence of their country.

On the motion of Mr. Sheridan, the thanks of the house of commons were voted to the volunteers, and the names of all the corps and of their members ordered to be recorded on the journals of the house.

12. Parliament was prorogued to the 6th of October.

13. The Gazette announced, that measures had been taken to blockade the ports of Genoa and Spezia.

15. Dispatches received, announcing the capture of the island of Tobago, by the British forces in the West Indies.

23. An account received of Bologne having been bombarded by the *Immortalité* frigate and the Terror bomb.

Letters of marque and reprisals ordered to be issued against the Ligurian and Italian republics.

30. The Dublin mail brought an account of the apprehension of Robert Emmet, one of the principal leaders in the late insurrection.

September 2. About half past two o'clock in the morning, a fire broke out in Astley's Amphitheatre, near Westminster-bridge, which was completely burnt down, as were a number of small houses behind it. Mrs. Woodham, the mother of Mrs. Astley, unfortunately lost her life in the conflagration,

3. Hatfield, the notorious swindler, executed at Carlisle.

6. The Gazette announced that measures had been taken for the blockade of Havre de-Grace, and the other ports of the Seine.

13. Intelligence received of the recapture of the Lord Nelson East-Indiaman, which had been taken by the French.

15. The Jamaica mail brought an account of the capture of La Duquesne, French ship of war, of 74 guns, by commodore Baynton's squadron in the West-Indies.

17. Parliament prorogued from the 6th of October to the 3d of November.

An account received of the capture of the island of St. Peter's, by the Aurora, of 28 guns, commanded by captain Malbon.

Aslett, the assistant-cashier at the Bank, again tried at the Old-Bailey, for embezzling effects belonging to that corporation. He was found guilty, but a point of law was reserved for the decision of the judges.

19. An account received of Granville having been bombarded by the squadron under the command of sir James Saumarez, who afterwards took possession of the isles of La Conchu, near St. Maloes.

Robert Emmett was convicted in Dublin of high-treason, and executed on the following day.

27. An account received of the bombardment of Calais by a squadron under the command of captain Honeyman.

October 6. Elfi Bey, a principal Mameluke chief, arrived at Portsmouth.

9. The Hamburgh mail brought an account of war having been declared against this country, at Milan.

13. Parliament further prorogued to the 22d of November.

15. Lord Cathcart arrived in Dublin, to take the command in chief of

the forces in Ireland, in the room of general Fox.

20. The rebel general Ruffel was tried at Carrickfergus, found guilty of high-treason, and executed on the 21st.

22. Earl Moira was appointed commander in chief of his majesty's forces in Scotland.

26. The volunteers of the eastern district of the metropolis were reviewed by his majesty, in Hyde-park:—they mustered 12,401.

28. His majesty reviewed, in Hyde-park, the volunteers of the western district of the metropolis, who mustered 14,676.

November 1. An account received of Alexandria, in Egypt, having capitulated to the Beys.

5. The first capture of one of the enemy's gun-boats, constructed for the invasion of this country, was made by the Conflict gun-brig. The prize was brought into Deal.

13. A most beautiful vivid meteor was seen in London this evening, about eight o'clock, and in most parts of the country at nearly the same time. It took a south-west direction, and was in some places observed to be attended with a noise like thunder.

14. Intelligence received of the surrender of the Dutch settlements of Demarara and Essequibo, to the British forces under the command of general Grinfield and commodore Hood.

22. Parliament met pursuant to prorogation.

23. An account received of an attack made by his majesty's ship Poulette and the Liberty brig, on a French flotilla off La Hogue, in which three of their vessels, a brig, a lugger, and a sloop, were captured, and the rest driven on shore.

26. Intelligence received of the greater part of the town of Funchal, in Madeira, having been swept away by a dreadful deluge.

29. Dispatches received announcing the surrender of the Dutch settlement of Berbice to the British arms.

30. One hundred thousand seamen and marines voted, in the house of commons, for the service of the year 1804.

December 2. Bills brought into the house of commons, by Mr. secretary Yorke, to continue the *habeas corpus* suspension act and martial law act in Ireland.

A dreadful fire broke out in Frith-street, Soho, by which ten houses were destroyed.

5. Accounts received of the surrender of the French garrisons of Fort Dauphin and St. Marc, in St. Domingo, to the British forces.

9. Official returns laid on the table of the house of commons, stating the number of volunteers in Great-Britain at 379,943.

129,039 land-forces voted, in the house of commons, for the service of the year 1804.

12. Intelligence received, but not fully confirmed, of admiral Rainier having taken possession of the French squadron at Pondicherry, commanded by admiral Linois.

13. An account received of the loss of the Shannon frigate, of thirty-six guns, commanded by capt. E. L. Gower, near Cape La Hogue.

16. The Hamburgh mails brought an account of an unexpected dispute having broken out between Austria and Bavaria; the troops of the latter having forcibly driven the Austrians from the castle of Oberhaufe.

18. Elfi Bey was presented to their majesties at Windsor, by general Stuart. The Mameluke chief embarked at Portsmouth on the 22d, on board of the Argo frigate, for Egypt.

20. Both houses of parliament adjourned for the recess; the house of lords to the 3d of February, and the house of commons to the 1st.

21. The Dublin mails brought an account of the surrender of the notorious rebel Dwyer.

22. Governor Picton, charged with offences committed in the island of Trinidad, was this day, after the final investigation of the privy-council, carried before lord Ellenborough, and admitted to bail, himself in forty thousand pounds, and two sureties in twenty thousand pounds each.

23. Lord Hawkesbury sent a circular letter to the commercial agents of foreign powers, notifying that no neutral vessels would be permitted to enter any port on the coast between the Humber and the Downs, Yarmouth excepted. This prohibition was afterwards limited to vessels coming directly from Holland, or any other of the territories under the immediate influence of France.

24. and 25. A tremendous gale of wind, which did considerable damage at sea, and obliged the fleet off Brest to return to Torbay; the gallant admiral Cornwallis having, from the commencement of hostilities to this time, kept the enemy's port in a constant state of blockade.

ANECDOTE.

At the battle of Prague, by which general Daun obliged the great king of Prussia to raise the siege of that city,—the king in his retreat found his left wing thrown into some disorder, which obliged him to advance on the full gallop. On his way his horse stumbled and fell with him near a wounded soldier, who, perceiving the king, said to him—

‘Sir, if you do not place two or three pieces of cannon on yon eminence, and some troops in ambushcade in the defile below, your wing will be lost.’

The soldier at the same time point-

ed with his finger to the places he meant, to the position of which the king had not attended. His majesty turned his eyes towards the spot; and after remaining silent and thoughtful some moments, took from his finger a ring of small value, and gave it to the soldier, saying—

‘ If you survive, come to me, and bring with you this ring.’

He immediately left him; and giving orders agreeably to the advice of the soldier, checked the progress of the enemy, and preserved the wing of his army, which would otherwise have been exposed to be cut in pieces.

About a month afterwards the soldier, having been cured of his wound sufficiently to be able to walk, came to the king, and presented him the ring, when Frederic immediately gave him a captain’s commission.

The new officer, whose name was Schreuzer, behaved himself so well at the battle of Rosbach, that he was made a major and lieutenant-colonel. At the affair of Rosbach the king hesitating in what manner to act, sent one of his aides-de-camp to bring Schreuzer to him. He asked his opinion, followed his advice, and succeeded. This procured Schreuzer a regiment, and the rank of major-general.

JESSY HAWTHORN.

(From the Tourifications of Malachi Meldrum.)

“ * * * * *
WHEN I am laid low, in the grave, and thy father beside me, remember, Harry, if she lives, to cherish the melancholy ruins of Jessy Hawthorn. She was the fairest semblance of goodness and beauty I ever beheld; and she is now the most striking monument of the pow-

er of sorrow, I trust, I shall ever see.”

He was wiping away the tear which trickled down his cheek, and endeavouring to proceed, when Jessy came into the room. I never noticed her with so much attention before. There was a settled melancholy upon her countenance; and her manner, though neither violent nor fantastic, was somewhat wild and disordered. But pity was the least tribute the heart would pour out before her. Her features, though they had long lost the warm softness of youth, and the inspiring glow of vivacity, were still very tenderly expressive; and her figure retained uncommon loveliness and dignity. She walked several times across the room, sighing frequently; and though my grandfather, in the most endearing manner, solicited her to sit, she retired, casting on him the most melting look I ever saw.

The old man took me by the hand; his voice for a while was buried in his feelings. “ My poor Jessy,” said he, “ has had but a bitter draught of this world: I have long endeavoured to make it tolerable; but the wise Being who administered it, thinks it also good to refuse me that comfort. But I will tell thee her story, Harry,—I believe I never told it thee before:—it is not tedious—and thy heart will not be the worse for such impressions.

“ It was in the dead of winter, many years ago, when I followed my profession, that I was called to visit a patient. I had twenty long miles to travel through a country so wild and dismal, that nature certainly never intended it for the residence of human creatures. The mountains were piled one upon another: the stupendous rocks seemed hanging from their sides and the red roaring torrent was sweeping their bases away. The storm whistled

for ever round their rugged tops, and the snow on their shoulders had never been dissolved. The green livery of nature had never been there, or it had been destroyed; and the heath-cock and the wild goat were starving among the blasted heath. Such was the country I had to pass, guided only by a path, which even at midsummer was scarcely discernible.

“ I had finished little more than half of my journey, when the clouds began to collect, and a sudden evening hastened down upon me.—The storm increased till it blew from all the quarters of heaven; and the snow oppressing the tempest itself, soon buried my ill-distinguished path. Unable to proceed, and alike unable to return, I trembled lest the snow should overwhelm me, or a sudden torrent sweep me away; and when I thought of the horrors of the night, my soul failed within me.

“ The night soon came on: an impenetrable darkness surrounded the earth, which trembled beneath the storm; and the roaring of the waters, and the howling of the tempest, were terrible. Stupified with fear, and shivering to death, how could I look for the morning? How the live-long winter night passed, he that poured it so strong upon me best can tell, for even a dream remaineth not with me.

“ The morning however came; the clouds began to be dispersed, and here and there a star sparkled red in the troubled sky. I was shaking the icicles from my hair, and preparing to return, when at a considerable distance, on the skirting side of the hill, I perceived something like a cottage half buried in snow. We know not happiness till we partake of misery—this was a palace to my hopes. I hastened to the cottage, and with a light revived heart lifted the latch; but I was very suddenly checked on seeing it

without inhabitants, and the floor sprinkled with snow, many inches deep. I thought however that, at worst, it would be a resting place for my exhausted horse and myself; so I went forward.

“ But how shall I go on, my child! I had seen death almost in every dreadful form; but till then my feelings had never met their proof.

“ At the farther end of the cottage sat a little girl about thy age; her head was reclining on her arm, and the anguish of her sighs seemed to rend her to pieces. O! it was poor Jessy Hawthorn. She looked eagerly to the bed beside her, and in the bitterness of affliction she cried out, ‘ O death! these are the monuments of thy power—O my God! is my unbounded misery reconcilable to thy wisdom and goodness, or am I in the mighty scale of Providence forgotten? Then approaching me with a look of ancient friendship and unassuming confidence, she took me by the hand. This seemed to add a new thrill to her heart; and with almost a stupified kind of tenderness, she led me to the scene of all her sorrows.—Pointing to the bed before her, and with a convulsive kind of manner, ‘ This,’ said she, ‘ is my father, this is my mother, and that pretty little boy beside them is my brother Edward. O lookest thou so pale, my Edward! He was a lovely boy, and if they were not good—O my God! the bleating lamb was not more innocent than they. The few inhabitants of our hills almost envied us our happiness, for the sun never set on an aching or an angry heart in our cottage. But, alas! they have left me a lonely inhabitant of the desert; and the Power which they taught me to revere—O! is it possible?—seems to have forsaken me. Parent of good!’ cried she wringing her hands together in agony, ‘ O

mingie me with my friends, lest unbounded wretchedness and misery reconcile me to the efforts of evil and of despair.'—Here her gentle voice, toned to its utmost, suddenly died away, and I thought her exhausted frame was dissolved for ever. But the thread of her sorrows was yet far from being stretched to the utmost. She recovered; and I sat down beside her, and used every means to comfort her. Something like composure, but not entirely so, was gradually resumed in her face; and her eyes, though with the utmost timidity, seemed to penetrate every avenue to my heart.—God alone could direct her to look, when she placed her little trembling hand in mine.

“ ‘ I will tell you, if I am able, the story of our little Edward,’ said she; ‘ and of my father and mother too, if you will listen to me. I think you are good and will assist me in the last offices to—O Thou! and he knows’—‘ He knows,’ said I, ‘ the hand which withhold its succour from thee, ought to be withered for ever.’ I shall not try to describe to thee, Harry, the expression of her gratitude—I hope it will be the last thing to escape from my memory.

“ ‘ My poor Edward,’ said she, with a collected strength, ‘ had been long ill of some kind of fever; the herbs of the mountain afforded him no relief; and his anxious mother had long mourned over his decay. Three days ago my father, long acquainted with the presages of the weather, went out to see after his flocks, and to shelter them from the storm which he expected, and was to return before the setting-in of night. The evening came, but he did not return; and that night, after a terrible struggle, poor Edward died. Oh, how his convulsed eye looked down upon his mother and me! Throughout the night my tender mother wept over her little Edward; or went

to the thorn above the house, and listened for my father.

“ ‘ In the break of the morning she returned from the hill; her face was pale as death, and her soul overpowered within her. She said—O mercy! she had no longer the look or manner of my mother—she said, she had seen the ghost of her father; her husband’s was beside it, and the children of the desert were rejoicing around.—Alas, my Jessy! said she, when the spirits of the night, shrieking round our cottage, announced thy brother’s death, we were strong, and would not understand them; but now, the bodings of my heart assure me, that soon, oh soon! wilt thou be an orphan. Thy father has perished on the mountains, and thy mother cannot long survive him. He was the fairest, and the best of men; his soul was a ray of light with which the angels of heaven will not now be ashamed to mingle. The world owed him something better than his cottage: but he was disgusted with it, and wished to fly from its follies; but they grew, he said, and flourished in the wilderness. O Charles! were I able, I would seek thee on the mountains, and die beside thee; but my heart beats feeble within me, and the hand of death is busily closing my eyelids for ever. The last tear is on my cheek, O my Charles! and a few minutes hence, I will meet my Edward and thee. Farewell then, my Jessy! thou art left alone, my child: dreadful is thy prospect: but trust thou, the finger of Providence, though thou hast seen its dismal operations, worketh, when it is good, with kindness even in the wilderness. Farewell.—

“ ‘ The last words faltered on her colourless lips. She died; and if my feelings had been as fine as hers, I would not have been long behind her.’ With an idle hysteric kind of smile, she said, ‘ My baiting place must thus have been uncommon and

uncomfortable.' Instantly however collecting herself, 'I was thinking,' continued she, 'of the still and awful scene beside me, and of the vindictive spirit which had spared me in the ruins of my family, when my father, feeble and exhausted, lifted up the latch, and entered the cottage. How could I bear all this? I thought it was his ghost; and shrieking, fled from his arms. — What ails my child?' said he; 'it is thy father, Jessy: where is thy mother, and where is thy brother Edward? Speak, my child: there is much sorrow and sadness in thy countenance; is thy dying father terrible to thee? — Talk not to me of death, I returned: my young heart scarcely throbs beneath its sufferings and its sorrows; and wilt thou leave me also, O my father? Look round thee to that bed, and amidst all thy anguish, if it is possible for thee, think of thyself and of thy helpless child. — He turned to the bed: no tear sparkled in his eye, his whole frame seemed on the eve of dissolution; and void distraction settled on his countenance. — O death! said he, thou hast been cruel indeed; but thy threatening arm bears no terror to me! Thou alone canst unbind my heavy fetters, and place me on the beam to carry me where my fairest is happy. Bear me, my feeble limbs, to that dreary dismal bed, where I shall rest for ever from my sorrows; and where a faithless world will haunt me no more. Farewell, my Jessy! thou art the shadowy remnant of thy family; my dying heart returns to thee, and bleeds over thy abundant misery; but the hand that bruises thee can heal thee still. Judge not of the sufferings of others; these may be an atonement for thee. — Farewell, my child, O my daughter; and may the blessings which have been denied to thy parents, descend upon thee! but live not to be a shade in their me-

mory, or a monument of thy own disgrace. —

“ ‘Soon after, he expired; and left me, as you see, destitute of every thing which can attach me to the world; surrounded with every thing that can alarm the awakened and disturbed imagination; and my reason fading beneath unavailing and increasing grief. ‘The grave,’ said she, ‘the grave, the refuge of the broken heart; withholds its gloomy succour; the tear once on the cheek continues to furrow it away; and the world—the world knows not how to twine a garland for a brow aching like mine. Saw ye my father’s ghost?—surely his robe was white, and blessed angels around him; or are you a friendly spirit sent by my mother to carry me to my little Edward? Alas, how I wander!’

“ ‘I took the little cherub by the hand,’ said the weeping old man.— ‘Hard-fated Jessy! shall I be the minister of Providence to alleviate thy distress—and wilt thou leave the desert with me? I will be a father and a mother and a brother to thee. When the tear starts, I will tenderly wipe it away; and when thy slumbers are broken; the eye of friendship shall watch over thee. Social life and smiling kindness shall heal thy bleeding wounds, and in time enable thee to forget that thou wert wretched. No duty shall be forgotten to thy departed friends: I will return with my friends; and we will raise a humble tombstone over their graves, to rescue their memory and uncommon fate awhile from oblivion.’

‘As I had already seen the extravagance of her grief, and feared its return, I waited not the reply of her artless gratitude, and the anguish of a solemn separation, but hurried her away from the wretched cottage.

“ ‘Since then, my Harry, I have struggled, with a father’s love, to

wrench the arrow from her heart, and to blot the gloomy scene for ever from her memory; but I have struggled in vain. The meek eye of adoration, and the gentle spirit of friendship and esteem, have not been able to dry up her tears, and to restore her to the world and to me.

“Unhappy Jessy!” said the generous old man, “could the last throb of my aged heart give peace to thine, I would sink smiling into the grave, and think the last act of my life was worth it all.”

After many a sigh, and many a tear, the good old man finished his story; by again recommending his Jessy to my friendship and care; but she died before him, and the day of her death destroyed the foundation of all his happiness.

THE VICTIMS OF WAR;

A TALE.

[*Affectionately inscribed to the author's father, brother, and kinsman; who unfortunately are detained as prisoners of war by the Batavian republic.*]

CLAUDIA was the eldest child of a numerous family. Her parents were not rich, but respectable.—With manners the most engaging, goodness of heart was the prevailing characteristic of her mother; and a more brave and experienced British sailor never existed than her worthy father, captain Hadlier. He commanded a large trading vessel, and often would his wife and elder offspring accompany him on his different voyages. Claudia, naturally partial to those excursions, was usually called by her frolicksome companions ‘the lady sailor,’ which appellation she indeed merited by her unbounded fondness for the ocean. Miss Hadlier was now seventeen years of age; of a graceful, genteel exterior; possessed of a face which can hardly be described: suffice it that,

though not eminently beautiful, she was mistress of every charm, by the elegant simplicity, the innocent archness of her manner. Mrs. Hadlier was a good œconomist; a saving mother for her blooming children—yet she did not wish to debar them from seeking the acquaintance of the polite inhabitants who composed her fairy environs. Round the mansion of content in which she dwelt, was a luxuriant flower-garden, parted only by some small white pallisades from the residence of lady Darina Fitzherbert, the most accomplished of women, and amiable wife of the brave admiral of that name. In her polished society the youthful Claudia felt infinite pleasure; and that lovely interesting fair—one was equally enraptured with her young friend. At the house of lady Darina, Claudia Hadlier met with Sidney Stanhope, a lieutenant on board the ship of admiral Fitzherbert. Their souls were congenial with each other; and the moment the brave Sidney communicated his passion to his commander, that moment was Claudia—covered with blushes—confessing the power he possessed over her to the second self of her guileless breast, lady Darina.

Stanhope hated suspense, despised bantering, and (by making an offer of his hand and lowly fortune to the beauteous Claudia) his ears were saluted with—‘Stanhope, thou art dear to me!’ He fondly clasped her to his glowing heart, and exultingly led the trembling maid to the enraptured Darina.

It was a rosy morn, serenely looked the azure vault of heaven, when captain Hadlier approached his Claudia, and smilingly asked her if she would be his companion in this his last voyage to France.

‘Ha! ha!’ cried he, after an affirmative answer from the delighted Claudia; ‘I thought my lady sailor could not refuse such a tempting

offer, although Bellona again begins to frown. So pack up your trunks; and, by to-morrow's dawn, the good ship Providence will be in motion to take her departure from the land of freedom and happiness: when my little girl may kiss the fair hand of her friend mademoiselle Lunai, dance to the crazy bagpipe of old Jacot, sing "*La Paix*," and return to the fond arms of your devoted Stanhope."

He ceased; and Claudia left her father, to communicate the same to Darina. With cheerful spirits she beheld the English land fade from her sight: and, in two days, the Providence arrived safely at her destined port; to the infinite delight of Claudia, who wished most ardently once more to behold the amiable Susette.

A fortnight was miss Hadlier blessed with the pleasing converse of her beauteous Lunai, and with a tearful eye she bid her adieu.

'If misfortunes press hard on thee, my dearest Susette,' said she, saluting her cheek yet wet with weeping, 'make, if possible, for England. Find out the hospitable board of my father; and, in my supporting arms, you shall forget thy nation's sufferings—and, for your own, a veil must be drawn over them—and Susette, forgetting her former splendor, must endeavour to court content. Then with placidity you will view the past, as the poor wretched mariner looks back on the wild ocean, when he reaches the shore after being shipwrecked on a dangerous coast: a sigh will burst from his manly breast at the fatal loss of his hard-earned fortune; but soon a sensation more pleasing, more thrilling than can be imagined, will arise in his heart, and the saving of his life trebly compensate for the destruction of his lofty bark. Fortune, my friend, cannot easily be acquired it is true; but all, Susette, that are possessed of

the favours of that fickle goddess are not happy: not so blessed as they who only enjoy a moderate competence. Ah, no! happiness receives no lustre from riches: it cannot be bought, and this treasure I am afraid few in reality are blessed with: but hope soothing us, poor mortals! with its cheering influence, shows not the reflecting mirror of truth; and, lulled in the sweet cradle of deception, each (thank Heaven!) thinks that for that inestimable gift he is most to be envied.'

'Sweet Claudia, amiable soother to my afflicted heart!' cried Susette, extending her trembling hand, which miss Hadlier pressed with fervor; 'adieu! adieu for ever!'

The last sentence half hung on her quivering lip,—and, with hurried steps, she rushed from the presence of Claudia, who waited for her return: but no Susette came; and with depressed spirits she left the hôtel, and hastened to the ship which on the following day was to sail for England.

But, ah! poor Claudia never was doomed to behold the wished-for land!—never was she to wander on the arm of Sidney!—to gaze with rapture on the azure curling wave, kissing the pebbled shore; but in a dark forlorn prison her fragile form was to seek for shelter from the pitiless rage of an inhuman enemy! Not long had the truly-respected father and daughter been seated in the large commodious cabin of the Providence, when an officer and a file of soldiers rushed upon them, with the dreadful order that they must not proceed to England—'But to prison!' loudly exclaimed one of the forbidding assassins; and, with a shriek of horror, Claudia clung to her father's garments.

'Forbear this violent grief, my child!' said captain Hadlier, embracing the weeping girl.

‘Ah, my father!’ cried she, ‘I will strive, if possible, to profit by your mild example; but I am fearful my spirit cannot support such scenes as too surely will follow.’

Here sighs choked the poor trembling captive; and, with hasty strides, they were conveyed to the desolate abode of wretchedness. Their prison was a romantic Gothic edifice that had stood for time immemorial, surrounded with high walls that struck death to the emaciated prisoners’ hopes. Within were walks where the captives, strongly guarded, were allowed to take a pensive stroll. Mirth nor gaiety never was heard within those walls; and, though the body might take refreshment from the clear air which gently wafted round their immense environs, the mind—lost within itself—could only whisper out a lowly murmur at the hardness of its fate when obscured from all but the watchful eye of the guard.

When the dreaded moment came which was to part Claudia from her father, her agony amounted nearly to desperation. She shrieked; she wept; and, casting a piteous look on the captain, asked if he meant thus to leave her?

‘My dearest child! my beloved Claudia!’ slowly mourned he, ‘you know, I hope, too well thy father, to think that he would part from all his soul holds dear, did not fate—war—(cruel war!)—ordain it. We must not then, my Claudia, repine at what we cannot alleviate; but, by meeting evil with a cheerful brow, forget the iron rod which accompanies it!’

The commanding officer now interposed: he forbade their longer discourse; and, with cool intrepidity, captain Hadlier was carried to his cell.

‘We soon shall meet again, dear beloved father!’ exclaimed Claudia; and, grasping with frantic wildness,

the arm of the officer for support, she was taken to the place of her confinement. The doors were then closely barred, and her companions left her to despair and madness.

With emotions wild and disordered, Claudia surveyed the dismal apartment. In one corner of this dreary place was a small window, scarcely sufficient, being closely barred, to admit the heavenly light of day: damp was the flooring, and worn-eaten the decayed wood-work. A small bed of straw was to be her resting-place, and an old broken stool her seat.

For several hours she remained in a state of fullen stupor, when her faculties were roused by the unclosing of the large iron door; and her gaoler entered with some food of the coarsest kind. He set it down, with a small lamp; and, without speaking, retired.

‘Oh, England!’ sighed Claudia. ‘Oh, Sidney! am I never more to behold ye? Am I never fated to be soothed with thy partial fondness? And you, sweet Mrs. Fitzherbert, and dear mother, will ye not often weep for the poor wretched captive Claudia?’

Thus—thus would all her hours pass in bitter bewailings for scenes so very—very dead.

One morning, at the hour when her food was usually brought her, the officer who conducted Claudia and her father to prison entered with it. But, oh! what did he behold? The emaciated maiden stretched at her length on the straw pallet; her long dark tresses floated on her snowy face and bosom; and those eyes, which once could interest the feelings of all beholders, were now apparently closed for ever. Monsieur Bretagne approached. His heart beat high with compassionate concern for the poor *Angloise*, and the tears fell fast. Bretagne knelt; he took her cold clammy hand

in his. Her pulse slowly beat. Her breath seemed nearly departing; and, with a bitter groan, Bretagne sunk beside the wretched Claudia. He paused, raised himself, and recovered. He pressed her hands within his, loudly called upon her to live, and then paced the gloomy place. A thought now struck him: in his pocket was a small flask of *liqueur* which was his usual allowance when on guard; its contents were not quite emptied, and he gently poured some down the throat of the faint Claudia. It revived her: she slowly opened her eyes; faintly articulated 'Father!' and then again closed them. Bretagne, in speechless agony, wrung his hands: he again pressed hers, and again wetted her lips with the *liqueur*. Claudia slowly recovered. She knew her protector, and enquired after her dear father.

'He is well, mademoiselle! and soon will you be so likewise. Revive! but revive, O charming *Angloise*! and depend on my serving you in every point that's possible!' cried Henri Bretagne, his face glowing with rapture.

'Methinks thou art a seraph, good young man, coming to administer consolation to this poor altered frame!' sighed she, raising herself a little from her uneasy bed.

'Though not a seraph,' returned Henri, 'but a poor weak mortal, I will ever serve you (if I may use the expression) with the sagacity of the former, and tenderness of the latter.'

'*Graces à Dieu!*' exclaimed Claudia, 'I have still one friend left though even here!' surveying with horror her dungeon.

Long did Bretagne console with the aromatic sweets of friendship the weeping *Angloise*; long did he hang over the form of her he loved with the fondest rapture: but his duty forced him to leave her, and with a heavy heart he uttered his last

adieu! but with strong assurances of visiting her the next day.

According to his promise, Henri came,—and so continued, never forgetting to bring with him some delicate refreshments. Claudia now began to exhibit signs of returning health, and with it a small share of her late brilliant vivacity. Bretagne was exalted to the highest pitch of enthusiasm when in her company; and often, after gazing on the interesting prisoner, would he turn aside to wipe away his flooding tears. Claudia had now been confined ten weeks, and no tidings of her father could she learn, only that Bretagne used to cheer her by assuring her that he was well.

'Health is precious! most blissful!' she would say; 'but liberty methinks is better! Ah, sweet liberty! how little do they know how to appreciate thy worth who have not, like me, long sighed to be possessed of thee! —I envy you your freedom, monsieur,' said Claudia, one evening, to Bretagne.

'Ah! that you need not, beautiful *Angloise*; for I am more in bondage than thyself.'

'Surely not?' asked she, in the simplicity of her heart. 'Surely not, Bretagne?'

'I am,' said he, after a long pause, 'more your prisoner than you are mine; and only wish that hope of liberation could animate me as it does you!'

He pressed her hand—Claudia blushed.

'Think not that I mean to offend you, mademoiselle, by my forward presumption,' continued he, with fervor: 'oh, no! my respect for the beautiful *Angloise* is too ardent to give offence knowingly,' added he, fixing his soft blue eyes on the hazel ones of his auditor.

Miss Hadlier blushed vermilion, and faintly uttered—'Pray leave me, monsieur!'

After such a candid confession from the pleasing Frenchman, Claudia grew more reserved. She seldom spoke; and, when she did, her accents were those of reserve. Bretagne perceived it: he grew restless, peevish, and uneasy. The arch smile of animation forsook his brow, and his whole appearance was totally changed. Claudia, never used to restraint, could ill bear to use it with her affable friend, her preserver! but then could she care for him with hopes of returning his virtuous passion? Oh, no! Stanhope, an enemy—all conspired against it; and with a chillness creeping through her veins, she now beheld him.

A thought, however, one day struck her, to ask the love-sick Henri if it were possible for her to see her father? She did so; and on the ensuing night, when stillness reigned around, at the hazard of his life, which he valued only as the means of giving her comfort, he brought her the loose dress of a friar to equip herself in; and, unperceived by the soldiers, she rushed to the solitary cell of the captain. Bretagne first entered; and, in a soft whisper, informed Hadlier of his daughter's approach.

'This is too much!' cried the miserable victim, and fainted in his arms.

Claudia flew towards him, distracted by despair. She tore her hair and robe, called herself the murderer of her parent, and flung herself on her knees before the captain. Bretagne urged her to composure—'Else you will alarm the outer sentinels,' he exclaimed; 'and then all is lost!'

Claudia's grief abated, and Hadlier shortly revived to bless her with his revered voice. Two hours swiftly flew in his presence; and, with a breaking heart, Claudia was once more forced to leave him. Henri affectionately led her to her prison; and, with a gentle pressure of the hand, left the distressed girl.

When the hour came on the following day which was to bring Claudia her food, she looked with eager expectation for Bretagne, but he came not. The glorious sun had crimsoned the western sky, and yet Henri had not made his appearance.

Claudia gave vent rapidly to her grief by torrents of tears, and mentally exclaimed—'Sure he could not be discovered yesternight! Sure kind Heaven will not let him suffer for his humane tenderness to his prisoner!—I can weep no longer,' cried she, after the pause of some minutes; 'my tears will no longer flow: but this poor heart seems breaking with its heavy pressure of ills. Ah, poor Lunai!' Claudia sighed deeply, 'what may not now be thy fate, comfortless and alone, deprived of thy fond father and charming brother! Sweetest Susette, that I were with you, and then I should be more tranquil!'

She wiped her eyes, and seated herself on the lowly bench.—— Days passed, and yet Bretagne came not. Claudia's agitation was extreme. She wished, but dreaded, to enquire of her gaoler the reason of his absence; and, worked up to a pitch of phrensy by suspense, she faintly asked if monsieur Bretagne was well?

'He is well, I make not the least doubt,' cried the surly Frenchman; 'and his crime, of serving an *Angloise*, is expiated.'

She heard no more; but, fainting, fell on the damp floor. The gaoler gave a ghastly smile of pleasure, and left her.

When miss Hadlier recovered, she found herself in the presence of two or three officers, who behaved to her with the most insulting freedom.

'I wonder not at Bretagne's lenity,' cried one, in French; 'for, by Jesus! she is a lovely woman.'

'A compassionate heart may sometimes be led into danger, though,' answered his companion; 'and,

before this, Bretagne, I make no doubt, repents the warm indiscretions of his.'

'Gentlemen,' cried Claudia, 'what means this intrusion? May I not be allowed to give vent to the flowings of my breaking heart, without being overlooked by prying eyes who would seek my destruction?'

The officers gave her a look of indignation; and Claudia, trembling, continued—

'You need not fear my eluding you: those means I have not in my power; and, even if I had, Claudia Hadlier's soul possesses too much of a Briton's spirit to act dishonourably, even when confined by an inveterate enemy. I confess I have been, unknowingly, the foe of Bretagne. Alas! I can but say that, on his account, I am most wretched.'

'We came not,' said the superior officer, 'with the view of intruding on your womanish weakness; but to tell you that this hour you must leave this place for ———.'

Claudia looked incredulous.

'You need not eye me thus, mademoiselle,' continued he; 'but behold this,' drawing forth a paper, 'and it will show you my power is absolute.'

Claudia gazed on it with horror.

'And is not my father to go like-wife?' enquired she.

'No; that cannot be!' loudly cried he: 'the captain here must remain, and you must be widely separated.'

'I will not then go!—I will not leave him!' frantically she exclaimed.

'Ah, say not so!' cried the enraged Frenchman, while the other two laughed immoderately at the frantic gestures of the poor prisoner.

Claudia flung herself on her trembling knees. She raised her eyes to Heaven; then, half-rising; clasped her arms around his, and tenderly asked him to give her a short respite. He flung her from him with disdain;

and, without speaking, turned away from the weeping suppliant.

'There is but one way, then, to rid myself of your controul; and soon shall you see that way!' furiously exclaimed she, writhing with agony; and snatching from the folds of her dress a dagger, which she had found in her prison, she plunged it in her bosom.

They strove to arrest her hand, but in vain; for nearly to the hilt it was buried in her snowy breast.

'Now, Bretagne! now, sweet Henri! you can no longer be suspected of humanity to poor Claudia! Now, inhuman wretches! behold your prisoner, who scorned to live in your piteous bondage! Oh, my beloved father! my Sidney! my Darina! Suzette! mother! oh!' and, falling on the straw pallet, Claudia breathed her last.

Poor child of misery, ill wast thou fitted for thy hard lot! ill were thy spirits able to sustain their load! But the Almighty will (let us hope) have mercy on thee; and, forgetting thy guilt, take thee to his bosom to repose in quiet.

The officers, who disgraced by their inhumanity their honourable profession, appalled at the horrid sight, slowly left the prison; and, shortly after, the poor Claudia was conveyed to her cold bed of earth.

Captain Hadlier, when made acquainted with the tragical end of his darling daughter, grew frantic.—His senses entirely left him: and, some time after, when an exchange of prisoners was made, the poor maniac left the fatal shore of France; and returned to England, the land of blooming liberty, to unfold the sad tale to his wife, to crush the rising hopes of the brave and generous Stanhope, and to overwhelm with wretchedness the amiable Darina Fitzherbert.

CATHERINE BREMEN YEAMES.
Yarmouth, Sept. 30.

The MORAL ZOOLOGIST.

PART II.

(Continued from p. 624.)

THE sagacity discovered by parrots when domesticated, seems likewise natural to them when in a wild state, ranging their native woods. They live together in flocks; and mutually assist and defend each other against the attacks of other animals, and by their cries give warning to their companions, of approaching danger: they generally breed in hollow trees, in which they form a round hole. If they find any part of a tree beginning to rot, from the breaking off a branch, or any other accident, they scoop this part with their bills till they make the hole sufficiently large and convenient. Frequently, however, they are content with the hole which a wood-pecker has made. In this they deposit their eggs, and hatch and bring up their young; but without taking the trouble to line it in the inside. These nests, we are assured by some travellers, are always found in the trunks of the tallest, largest, and straightest trees. They usually lay two or three eggs, about the size of those of the pigeon, which they considerably resemble, and speckled like those of the partridge. The natives of the countries in which many species of the parrot breed, are very industrious in discovering their nests, in order to take the young and sell them to the Europeans; as those birds are found to be much the most docile which are taken young. A nest of parrots is therefore considered as a valuable acquisition: and the usual method of taking it is by cutting down the tree, in the fall of which it frequently happens that the young parrots are killed; but if only one of them survives, it is considered as a sufficient recompence.

Though these birds are esteemed much more valuable when thus taken and reared from the nest, because they may be taught to speak with more ease and more distinctly before they have been accustomed to repeat the harsh notes of the wild parrots; yet as the natives cannot always find young ones enough to supply the demand for them, they likewise take the old ones. These they shoot in the woods, with arrows, the heads of which are wrapped in cotton, by which means the bird is knocked down but not killed. Some die; but the greater part, by proper treatment and plentiful food, recover, and are carried to market.

Parrots are likewise taken by the natives of these countries for their feathers, which are employed in making certain articles of dress: and to eat them; for though some species of them are tough and ill-tasted, yet there are other sorts, particularly of the small parakeet tribe, which are said to be very delicate food. Besides the method above mentioned of shooting them with blunt arrows headed with cotton; those who go in quest of them sometimes mark the trees upon which they perch, and during the night bring sulphureous substances which they burn under them; and the fumes of which suffocate, or at least stupify the parrots, who fall to the ground and are taken. In New Spain, where the feathers of these birds constitute an article of regular commerce among the natives, we are told, by father Labat, that the dealers in them take possession of a number of trees in which the parrots breed, and transmit them as an inheritance from father to son: and these trees frequently form the principal part of their permanent property.

Of the parakeet kind, in Brasil, Labat assures us that they are the most beautiful in their plumage, and the most talkative birds, in nature.

They are very tame, and appear fond of mankind: they seem pleased with holding parley with him: they never have done; but, while he continues to talk, answer him, and appear resolved to have the last word. But another quality of which they are possessed, puts an end to this association. Their flesh is extremely delicate, and highly esteemed by those who prefer indulging their appetite to gratifying their ears. The fowler walks into the woods, where they are found in abundance; but as they are green, and exactly the colour of the leaves among which they set, he only hears their prattle, without being able to see a single bird. He looks round him, sensible that his game is within gun-shot in abundance, but is mortified to the last degree that it is impossible to see them. Unfortunately for these little animals, they are restless, and ever on the wing; so that in flying from one tree to another he has but too frequent opportunities of destroying them: for as soon as they have stripped the tree on which they sit of all its berries, some one of them flies off to another, and if he finds berries on it, gives a loud call, and all the rest follow. This is the opportunity which the fowler has long been waiting for: he fires in among the flock, while they are on the wing; and he seldom fails of bringing down some of them. But it is singular enough to see them when they find their companions fallen. They set up a loud outcry, as if they were upbraiding their destroyer, and do not cease till they see him preparing for a second discharge.

Parrots in their wild state feed on almost every kind of fruit and grain. Their flesh in general, it is said, strongly contracts the flavour of the food they eat, and becomes good or ill tasted according to the

quality of their particular diet. At the season when the guava is ripe, they are fat and tender; and it is then that the parakeets above mentioned are sought after by the fowlers. If they feed on the seeds of the acajou, their flesh acquires a strong flavour of garlic; and when the seeds of the spice trees are their food, it tastes of cloves and cinnamon. When they eat bitter berries, it is insupportably bitter. The seed of the cotton tree intoxicates them; as well as wine and tobacco, which, in taming, are often given them to mitigate their fierceness, and render them talkative—an effect which intoxication very evidently has on them, as well as on many of the human race. Aristotle has observed, that they will drink wine. Their appetite for flesh is unnatural; and when too copiously gratified, never fails to bring on disease. Of all food, they are fondest of the carthamus, or bastard saffron; which, though of a strongly purgative quality to man, agrees perfectly with their constitution, and will fatten them, especially the *Guinea parrot*, in a very short time.

Parrots, besides being liable to most of the disorders which attack other birds, are subject to some which are peculiar to themselves. They sometimes suffer from a kind of gout, and sometimes fall from their perches in a sort of epileptic fit. Their beak, when they grow old, becomes so very much hooked that at length they are no longer able to eat, and die of hunger. They are, however, remarkable for longevity; and there are some well-attested instances of their having lived from fifty to sixty years; and according to some authors they have been known to attain to a much greater age. Salerne, a French writer, says that he saw one at Orleans which was above sixty years old, and still cheerful and lively; and Vosmaer assures us that he knew a parrot

which had lived in a family for a hundred years, having descended from father to son. The common period of the life of these birds, however, appears to be not more than twenty or five-and-twenty years; as after that time their bill generally becomes so much curved, that they find so much difficulty in eating, that they pine away and die for want of taking sufficient sustenance.

I shall conclude this letter with the very apposite and judicious reflections of M. Buffon on the power possessed by this bird of imitating the human voice and speech, and thus assuming in some degree the appearance of rationality.

‘The power of using the hand, and of walking on two feet; the resemblance, how faint soever, to the face of man; the want of a tail; and other familiarities to the human conformation; have procured to the Ape the name of *wild man*, from those who themselves are indeed only half-men, and who can compare only the exterior characters. Had what was equally possible taken place, had the voice of the parrot been bestowed on the ape, the human race would have been struck dumb with astonishment, and the philosopher would scarcely have been able to demonstrate that the ape was still a brute. It is fortunate, therefore, that nature has separated the faculties of imitating our speech and our gestures, and shared them between two very different species: and while she has conferred on all animals the same senses, and on some the same members and organs, with man, she has reserved for him alone the power of improving them;—that noble mark of our pre-eminence, which constitutes our empire over the animated world!

‘There are two kinds of improvement: the one barren, and confined

to the individual; the other prolific, extending through the species, and cultivated in proportion as it is encouraged by the institutions of society. Among brutes, the experience of one race is never transmitted to the succeeding: their acquisitions are merely individual; they are the same now that they ever were—ever will be. But man is progressive: he receives the instructions of past ages; he reaps the benefit of the discoveries of others; and, by a proper use of his time, he may continually advance in knowledge. And who can, without regret and indignation, view the long gloomy night of ignorance and barbarism which overspread Europe, and which not only arrested our improvement, but thrust us back from that elevation which we had attained! But for these unfortunate vicissitudes, the human species would invariably approach towards the point of perfection.

‘The mere savage, who shuns all society, and receives only an individual education, cannot improve his species; and will not differ, even in understanding, from those animals on which he has bestowed his name. Nor will he acquire even speech, if his family be dispersed, and the children abandoned soon after birth. The first rudiments of the social disposition are therefore unfolded by the tender attachment and the watchful solicitude of the mother. The helpless state of the infant requires constant and assiduous attention: its claimant cries are answered by soothing expressions, which begin the formation of language; and during the space of two or three years, this grows in some degree fixed and regular. But, in other animals, the growth is much more rapid: the parental endearments last only six weeks or two months; and the impressions are slight and transitory, and after separation they

entirely cease. It is not therefore to the peculiar structure of our organs that we are indebted for the attainment of speech. Parrots can articulate the same sounds; but with them they are merely sounds, and devoid of all signification.

• The power of imitating the actions or discourse of man confers no real superiority on an animal. It never incites to the cultivation and extension of other powers, nor tends to the improvement of the species. The articulation of the parrot only implies the exact analogy of its organs of hearing and of voice to those of man; and the same similarity of structure obtains, though in a less degree, in many other birds whose tongue is thick, round, and nearly of the same form. Starlings, blackbirds, jays, jackdaws, &c. can imitate words. Those whose tongue is forked (in which class may be ranged almost all the small birds) whistle more easily than they prattle; and if, with this structure, they have also sensibility of ear, and can accurately retain the impressions made on that organ, they will learn to repeat airs. The canary, the linnet, the fishkin, and the bullfinch, seem natural musicians. The parrot imitates every kind of noise; the mewling of cats, the barking of dogs, and the notes of other birds, as well as the human voice: yet it can only scream or pronounce very short phrases; and though capable of even articulating sounds, it is unable to moderate these, or support them by intermingling gentle cadences. It has therefore less acuteness of perception, less memory, and less flexibility of organs.

• There are also two different kinds of imitation: the one is acquired by reflection; the other is innate and mechanical. The latter proceeds from the common instinct diffused through the whole species,

which prompts or constrains each individual to perform similar actions; and the more stupid the animal, the more entire will be this influence, and the more exact this resemblance. A sheep has invariably the same habits with every other sheep: the first cell of a bee is precisely like the last. The knowledge of the individual is equal to that of the species:—Such is the distinction between reason and instinct. The other kind of imitation, which should be regarded as artificial, is the acquisition of the individual and cannot be communicated. The most accomplished parrot will never transmit his talent of prattling to his offspring. When an animal is instructed by man, the improvement rests with it alone. This imitation depends, as well as the former, on the peculiar structure: but it also implies sensibility, attention, and memory; and those species which are susceptible of education, rank high in the order of organised beings. If the animal be easily trained, and each receive a certain degree of instruction, as in the case of dogs, the whole species will acquire superiority under the direction of man; but when abandoned to nature, the dog will escape into the wolf or the fox, and would never of itself emerge from that state. All animals may therefore be improved by associating with man; but they cannot be instructed to improve each other, for they never can communicate the ideas and knowledge which they have acquired. In man, reason extends and diffuses his acquired knowledge and powers; while, in animals they continue stationary and perish with the possessor.

With the sincerest wishes for your ladyship's happiness and welfare, I remain, with the most profound respect and esteem, your affectionate

EUGENIA.

(To be continued.)

Engraved for the Lady's Magazine.



Cuckoo.



COLLEGE of the DEAF and DUMB at
PARIS.[From the Journal of an English Traveller in
Paris.]

I HAD long anticipated the delight which I expected to derive from the interesting public lecture of the abbé Sicard, and the examination of his pupils. This amiable and enlightened man presides over an institution which endears his name to humanity. My reader will immediately conclude that I allude to the College of the Deaf and Dumb. By the genius and perseverance of the late abbé Charles Michael de l'Épée, and his present amiable successor, a race of fellow beings—denied, by a privation of hearing, of the powers of utterance; insulated in the midst of multitudes bearing their own image; and cut off from the participation, within sight, of all the endearing intercourses of social life—are restored as it were to the blessings of complete existence. The glorious labours of these philanthropists, in no very distant ages, would have conferred upon them the reputation and honours of beings invested with superhuman influence. By making those faculties which are bestowed, auxiliary to those which are denied, the deaf are taught to hear, and the dumb to speak. A silent representative language, in which the eye officiates for the ear, and communicates the charms of science and the delights of common intercourse to the mind, with the velocity, facility, and certainty of sound, has been presented to these imperfect children of nature. The plan of the abbé, I believe, is before the world. I cannot be expected, in a fugitive sketch like the present, to attempt an elaborate detail of it. Some little idea of its rudiments may, perhaps, be imparted by a plain description of what passed on the examination day, when I had the happiness of being present.

On the morning of the exhibition, the streets leading to the college were lined with carriages; for humanity

has here made a convert of fashion, and directed her wavering mind to objects from which she cannot retire without ample and consoling gratification. Upon the lawn, in front of the college, were groups of the pupils enjoying those sports and exercises which are followed by other children to whom Providence has been more bountiful. Some of their recreations required calculation; and I observed that their intercourse with each other appeared to be easy, swift, and intelligible. They made some convulsive movements with their mouths in the course of their communication, which, at first, had rather an unpleasant effect. In the cloister I addressed myself to a genteel-looking youth, who did not appear to belong to the college, and requested him to shew me the way to the theatre, in which the lecture was to be delivered. I found he took no notice of me. One of the assistants of the abbé, who was standing near me, informed me he was deaf and dumb, and made two or three signs, too swift for me to discriminate; the silent youth bowed, took me by the hand, led me into the theatre, and, with the greatest politeness, procured me an excellent seat. The room was very crowded; and in the course of a quarter of an hour after I had entered, every avenue leading to it was completely filled with genteel company. The benches of the auditors of the lecture displayed great beauty and fashion. A stage or tribune appeared in front; behind was a large inclined slate, in a frame, about eight feet high, by six long. On each side of the stage the scholars were placed, and behind the spectators was a fine bust of the founder of this institution, the admirable De l'Épée.

The abbé Sicard mounted the tribune, and delivered his lecture with very pleasing address, in the course of which he very frequently excited great applause. The subject of it was an analysis of the language of the

deaf and dumb, interspersed with several curious experiments upon, and anecdotes of, his pupils. The examination of the scholars next followed. The communication which has been opened to them in this singular manner, is by the philosophy of grammar.

The denotation of the tenses is effected by appropriate signs. The hand thrown over the shoulder, expressed the past; when extended, like the attitude of inviting, it denoted the future; and the finger inverted upon the breast, indicated the present tense. A single sign communicated a word, and frequently a sentence. A singular instance of the first occurred. A gentleman amongst the spectators, who appeared to be acquainted with the art of the abbé, was requested to make a sign to the pupil then under examination; the moment it was made, the scholar chalked upon the slate, in a fine, swift, flowing hand, 'une homme.' The pupil erred: the gentleman renewed the sign; when he immediately wrote 'une personne,' to the astonishment of every person present. This circumstance is a strong instance of the powers of discrimination of which this curious communication is susceptible.

Some of the spectators requested the abbé to describe, by signs, several sentences which they repeated from memory, or read from authors; which were immediately understood by the pupils, and penciled upon the slate.—The lecture and examination lasted about three hours.

The exhibition of Deaf and Dumb will never be eradicated from my mind. The tears which were shed on that day, seemed almost sufficient to wipe away the recollection of those times, in which misery experienced no mitigation; when every one, trembling for himself, had no unabsorbed sensation of consoling pity to bestow upon the unfortunate. This institution is made serviceable to the state. A pupil of the college is one of the

chief clerks of the national lottery office; in which he distinguishes himself by his talents, his calculation, and upright deportment.

A REVIEW of DRESS and MANNERS at the present PERIOD.

MR. EDITOR,

IT has for the last five or six centuries been the custom of the learned to inveigh against the manners of the age in which they have lived. These severe and prejudiced reflections generally conclude with a prediction, that the introduction of luxury, and the deluge, as it were, of immorality, will, in a short time, bring on inevitable ruin.

I recollect an anecdote in Mr. Boswell's 'Life of Dr. Johnson,' where one gentleman, reaching a book from the shelf, read about half a page of it to a friend sitting with him in his study; it contained severe animadversions upon the licentiousness and luxury of the age, and denounced the speedy dissolution of our state. His friend (a man of wonderful sagacity) applauded it in the warmest manner, and re-echoed its sentiments, declaring that, as the author had affirmed, there never had been a more abandoned age: that the contaminated morals of the generality—the too universal depravity, foreboded the overthrow of all authority and subordination.—'True,' said the gentleman, 'but this book was published about five hundred years ago.'

Such assertions are then (I declare it as my own opinion) unfounded. The present is not only very far from being an illiterate age, but is one which, for the improvement of every branch of literature, the universal extension of the politer arts and sciences, the superior skill in military tactics and civil ordinances, may challenge any time to show its equal. The deep erudition and unwearied assiduity of our divines, has established our religion upon too permanent a

basis to be easily shaken by the shafts of infidelity. The radical strength and energy of our constitution, the superior wisdom of our laws, the freedom enjoyed from a limited monarchy, the throne filled by a sovereign justly dear to his people, preclude any idea of danger. The sound morality and virtuous integrity of Britons, excited by the precepts of the church, and animated by the example of the higher orders of society, leave little reason to fear that the insinuations of the malicious will be able to undermine their principles. With respect to the common cant of luxury, it only remains to assert, that it is a false and erroneous notion. Where is a more luxurious country than France? Where one so great, so aggrandised?

Having now discussed the subject with respect to my own sex, I shall proceed to speak of the Female World; calculated by nature to be the solace of man, the partaker of his joys and cares, and to smooth the rugged paths of life. But, though endowed by nature with every requisite for this great purpose, all are frustrated and perverted by the dazzling lures of fashion. It is painful to depreciate the merits, and to disclose the foibles, of the fair sex; of those whose misconduct I regard with the tenderest regret. But their errors (I trust of the judgment, and not of the heart) call loudly for the censure of the moralist.—The dress and appearance of a modern fine lady seems to be a studious imitation of those of Indolence, as described in Xenophon's famous allegory, in words to the following purport:

‘She appeared to be fed to fleshiness and plumpness; her skin highly rouged, with a view that the white and red might appear more than naturally blended. Her gait was masculine; and she walked very erect, that her stature might appear the more majestic. Her eyes had an impudent stare; and her robe was apparently laboured to be

of such a translucent texture as might display her shape to advantage.’

The innovation of French manners has ever been justly dreaded by this country; but our ladies have now arrived to the extreme of the Parisian ton, in point of dress; and the next step they will take, it is to be feared, will be to imitate their chastity. Plunged, ye fair, in the vortex of dissipation, ye see not the dangers that await ye. To your folly, and inconsistency of dress, the pontiff of Rome, in his charge to you, has attributed those barbarities which, for the last ten years, have disgraced the civilized world. How far so dreadful a denunciation may be of serious import to you, I leave to yourselves to determine. For myself, I cannot conceive how a woman of modesty can apparel herself in so very extravagant a manner. But sensible I am, that an improper display of the beauties which modesty would withdraw from view, rather inspires disgust than affection; and believe me that our imagination, warm and sanguine, will more than do justice to concealed charms. Shun then, ye fair, ah! shun the path of pleasure: which, though in the perspective it appears as an embroidered carpet, variegated with numerous flowers, soon as you advance, fades from the view, and proves itself a path of thorns; renders your future life miserable; brings on a premature old age; and, finally, hurls you unprepared into the presence of your Maker. Pursue the path of virtue; and remember that, though personal charms may make a first impression, a cultivated understanding is requisite to preserve conquest. So shall conscious rectitude wrap you as it were in a garment; so shall innocence defend you as it were a shield; so shall you resign your breath to your Creator as it were in a gentle slumber:

‘Not cast one longing lingering look behind.

FLORIO.

POETICAL ESSAYS.

An Elegiac Tribute of Respect to the Memory of Miss W—ll—ms—n, of Rolls-buildings, who died June, 1803.

FAREWELL, dear girl!—thy spirit
wings its way,

To realms of bliss, and never-ending
day :

By sister seraphs borne to meet its Lord ;
And join, with angels, to adore his word.
Thrice happy thou, to leave a world of
care !

A world of dire distress and deep despair !
Where babbling Discord rears her hate-
ful head,

And horrid Anarchy and Sorrow spread.
Where all, in careful mood, pursue their
ends :

If self is gratified, farewell to friends.

Ambition some pursue ; some follow
fame :

Some court the empty honours of a
name.

Alas, vain man ! Death stops your
warm career ;

Destroys each cherish'd hope, each anx-
ious fear !

The grave receives your wearied form
at last :

There all is peace, anxiety is past.

But when, as now, some youthful
friend departs,

Whose polish'd manners soften'd harder
hearts ;

Whose ev'ry action spake the mind se-
rene ;

Who boasted elegance of form and mien ;

Whose filial piety, and friendship warm,
Were still the same in sunshine and in
storm ;

Whose tender care solicitously strove,
With all the fondness of a daughter's
love,

To soothe a widow'd mother's anguish
keen,

When late a father dropp'd from off the
scene ;

Then thou wert left sole comfort of her
age :

But now, alas ! Death's unrelenting rage

Dooms you to droop, to sicken, and to
die !

Where now for comfort must that mo-
ther fly ?

Where must she seek that peace she
found with you ?

Those flattering prospects that she had
in view ?

All now are sunk beneath affliction's rod :
No hope remains, but what she hopes
from God.

Come, blest Religion !—friend of the
distress'd !—

Heal all her sorrows—lull her woes to
rest :

Grant her, once more, to taste of sweet
delight ;

Teach her to think, ' whatever is, is
right.'

Fairest of spirits ! dearest friend, fare-
well !

In yonder tow'r I hear your fun'ral
knell ;

Whose deep-ton'd, fullen murmurs seem
to say,

' Next I may call the list'ner's soul away.'

Awful memento of our latter end,

How little to thy warnings we attend !

Alas ! too oft we pass unheeding by,

As though of little moment, 't were to
die !

If e'er the disembodied soul may
roam,

Blest seraph ! hover round your once-
lov'd home ;

Inspire, unseen, your weeping mother's
heart ;

Allay, of anguish keen, the galling
smart :

Prompt her to bend to Heav'n's uncr-
ring ways,

And pass her life in penitence and
praise :

Then, when her soul shall take its
heav'nward flight,

And mount to regions of eternal light,—

Your kindred spirit, join'd to hers you
love,

Shall taste the endless joys that reign
above !

J. M. E.

MORAL REFLECTIONS

ON A MORNING'S WALK LATE IN
OCTOBER.

IN contemplative mood, as late I stray'd,
Where shelt'ring trees afford a grate-
ful shade,
I gaz'd on Autumn's 'many-mingled'
hues,
While my lone footstep swept the morn-
ing dews :
I trac'd the various tints from green to
brown ;
Nor yet had Winter taught himself to
frown ;
Nor yet the season felt the piercing
storm ; [form.
Nor did the winds the foliage yet de-
While thus I wandered, undisturb'd,
along,
The lark to his Creator tun'd a song :
Few other sounds were heard across the
wold,
Save yonder bleating tenants of the fold ;
Who soon, when wint'ry frost shall fill
the air,
Must claim their shepherd's fondest,
friendliest, care.
A gentle breeze now gently wav'd
the leaves,
And from the parent branch some few
bereaves :
The gale grew stronger,—blew a hea-
vier blast,
And o'er my head they now flew thick
and fast ;
The grassy path, so lately free and clear,
Now shews the falling honours of the
year ;
Deep-cover'd with the spoils of elm and
oak,
Whose faded offspring all the pathway
choke :
Still stronger roar'd the blast, fast fell
the rain,
And one vast leafy ruin spread the plain.
At length this rage of elements was
o'er,
The rain had ceas'd, the wind was
heard no more ;
Again the soft'ning beams of Sol were
seen,
And soon might man forget the storm
had been,
Had not the scatter'd leaves a warning
giv'n,
And bid the moral mind contemplate
heav'n.

These frail memorials seem'd, to fancy's
eye,
To picture well how aged mortals die ;
Who oft in life's last stage will linger
long, [wrong :
With heart at ease, unknown to fraud or
Yet unawares the storm of life descends,
And to its mother earth his body bends ;
Falls like the leaf, yet not like that de-
cays ; [praise,
An angel now, he chaunts his Maker's
And pitying views those tears which
sorrow gave,
When weeping friends hung o'er this
'good man's grave.'
Thus droops the mortal frame of lord-
ly man,
Whose amplest date of life is but a span !
Whose proud existence, shaken by a
storm
(Weak as a reed, and fragile as its form),
Yields like yon leaves, and sinks beneath
the blast ;
Then pride is nipp'd, then sorrow too
is past :
Then happy is the man whose life has
been
Of piety and prayer one constant scene ;
Whose feet the paths of infamy ne'er
trod, [his God ;
Whose chiefest pleasure was to praise
Who, next to this, reliev'd the sick and
poor, [door ;
Nor drove distress, disdainful, from his
Who sooth'd the orphan's grief, the wi-
dow's care ;
Who dried the tears of anguish and de-
spair ;
Who gave the 'child of misery' his food,
And learn'd 'the luxury of doing good.'
Almighty Source of all the joys we
own !
May we, like this good man, approach
thy throne !
Like him, too, cherish merit in distress,
And make the son of sorrow's burden
less :
Then we may hope, when wint'ry age
shall come,
Or pangs of pain remind us of the tomb,
To join the souls of 'good men perfect
made,'
Where mingling peace and pleasure ne-
ver fade ;
Where strains of heav'nly melody shall
rise,
And bliss eternal reigns above the skies !
November 13, 1803. J. M. L.

ARTHUR AND ANN.

REMOTE, and lost to public view,
A simple cottage rear'd its head;
There peace, content, and virtue, grew,—
But sorrow shunn'd, and from it fled.
Its inmates were an aged pair,
Whose lives in joyful tenor ran;
And with them, there, dwelt one most
fair,—

Their pretty daughter, Mary-Ann.

Her charms entrapp'd young Arthur's
heart :

His rustic tale of love he told;
'T was free from flatt'ry, free from art;
But love inspir'd and made him bold:
The lass he lov'd the tale approv'd;
Her parents, too, admir'd the man;
Each fear remov'd, each joy improv'd,
Young Arthur wedded Mary-Ann.

Dec. 5, 1803.

J. M. L.

FALSE FRIENDSHIP.

'T is very hard, in life's decline,
To be both sick and poor:
Yet such a lot, alas! is mine;
And patient I endure.

Resign'd, I bend to Heav'n's just ways,
Nor impiously repine.
Industry mark'd my early days:
A trifling sum was mine.

In friendship's sacred vest array'd,
A wretch infernal came:
He plunder'd all I sav'd in trade;
Then fled, devoid of shame.

Oh! grant relief, ye favour'd few
To whom that pow'r is sent:
May friendship false ne'er injure you,
Or wound your blest content.

Dec. 5, 1803.

J. M. L.

STANZAS,

Addressed to Miss J. Stuart, of Edinburgh,
ON PERUSING SOME OF HER ELE-
GANT POEMS.

As Stuart far, far from vulgar fight,
On eagle pinion wings her way,

Fancy pursues her towering flight,
And marks it with her brightest ray.

Hark! from her lyre what strains sublime
Pour on Attention's raptur'd ear!
Avaunt! ye irksome tribes of Time!
And keep within your proper sphere.

But come, ye pure ethereal band
Of kindred spirits, friendly pow'rs!
Who watch still o'er the fav'rite land
Where Genius rears her choicest
flow'rs:

Your holy influence round diffuse—
No guest impure may here remain,
While from the temple of the Muse
To Heav'n ascends the seraph strain.

Dread visions of departed days
The fair enthusiast's fancy fire;
She paints the scene in deathless lays
Where patriots combat, and expire.

Now dreary prospects, dark with woe,
Her tuneful sympathy excite,
When Freedom felt the fatal blow,
And fled before the tyrant's might.

Then brighter views rush on her soul,
And joy succeeds to deep distress—
Rescu'd from Slav'ry's base controul,
Freedom returns, mankind to bless!

When, issuing from their polar cave,
The dæmons of the tempest sweep
With furious wing the wintry wave,
And whelm the bark beneath the
deep.

The bold enthusiast's dauntless eye
The ravagers' wild path pursues—
Her pen the tumult of the sky
Pourtrays in all its hideous hues.

Nor less her magic skill appears,
When gentler themes her Muse em-
ploy;
Expert t' unlock the fount of tears,
Or ope the hidden spring of joy.

* But when she culls the classic wreath
Distinguish'd merit's meed design'd,
How sweet the blooming honours breathe
Around the reverend brow they bind.
Dromore, Nov. 30, 1803. HAFIZ.

* This stanza alludes to a beautiful 'Ode on the Reliques of Antient Poetry,' which the fair author lately addressed to the bishop of Dromore.

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