



The Genius of the Lady Magazine weeping over
the Tomb of her Royal Highness the Princess Amelia

Singapore Rajah 1829

THE

Lady's Magazine;

OR

ENTERTAINING COMPANION

for the

FAIR SEX,

Appropriated solely to their

USE and AMUSEMENT.

Vol XLII for the YEAR 1811.

L O N D O N

Printed for G. ROBINSON,

Nº 25 Paternoster Row.



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This Number is embellished with the following Copper-plates:

1. An elegant FRONTISPIECE.
2. Portrait of LORD WELLINGTON.
3. LONDON MORNING and EVENING DRESSES.
4. New and elegant PATTERNS for BORDERS and FRONT of a HABIT SHIRT.

LONDON:

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

NOTICES.

FROM several letters which we have received, it appears that some of our readers have not seen our last SUPPLEMENT, published on the first of January with the Magazine for December: otherwise they would have there found, in our acknowledgements TO CORRESPONDENTS, the information which they seek.

The continuation of "*Montalbert*" we necessarily postpone till next month, for the sake of accompanying it with an *illustrative plate*, now in the hands of the engraver.

The author of "*Henry Adair*" is requested to favor us with his address: and the same request is made to the authors of "*Manila Castle*" and the "*Castle of the Alps*."

G. M.'s "*short defence*" is come to hand: but we really do not understand what is meant by it.

To a "*Sonnet or Sonnets*," revision is necessary.

Of an *Ode* and a *Charade*, sent with other poetry which we insert, the former requires revision and correction: of the latter, as we have not the solution, we cannot say whether it be worth the necessary correction.

The poem, whose author was "*undetermined till too late*," certainly has merit: but it contains a few passages which require revision. If the author will amend it, we will with pleasure insert it.

The "*son of an old subscriber*" will, we venture to predict, be able in time to produce pleasing poetry. The harmonious rhythm of his lines proves him to have a correct poetic ear; and some of his ideas are very good: but we regret that they are disfigured with too many blemishes to appear in their present state. If he will correct the faulty phraseology, we will with great pleasure insert his piece.

C. B. W. M.'s completion of the "*Bouts-rimés*" is, both in metre and language, much too incorrect for publication.

We have received an *Ode* under the signature of an old correspondent: but we do not recognise in it either the spirit or the hand-writing of the author whose signature it bears. At all events, it requires revision and correction.

"*The eldest daughter*," &c. has certainly "*understood*," and caught "*the spirit*:" but we are sorry to add that this "*first essay*" is too incorrect for insertion, though it omittates well.—She will, however, be satisfied, if we be right in our conjecture, that we have since received from her, under a different signature, a second essay, and a third.

The "*Ode to the Æolian Harp*" shall appear in our next.


"*Ellen*," a fragment, in our next.

Maria's "*Fragment*" is received, as likewise the "*Last Sigh of Love*."

J. M. L.'s "*Familiar Epistle*" is intended for insertion.

Mr. W. H. will find a packet, directed to him, at the publisher's.

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WHEN we cast a retrospective glance over the years that have fled since the first establishment of our Miscellany, and recollect how many other Magazines, of various character and complexion, have, within that long period, started into being, and, after a short existence, sunk into eternal oblivion—we naturally feel a laudable pride in the grateful reflexion that *we* have been so happy as to merit, in the first instance, and un-interruptedly to enjoy during such a length of time, the patronage of several successive generations of the British Fair—in short, that, even at the present day, when feminine taste and intellect are so much more highly cultivated, we still have the good fortune to please the grand and the great-grand daughters of those ladies who smiled approbation upon our first efforts, forty-one years ago.

For such distinguished encouragement, we feel a gratitude which we shall not attempt to express in words, because words are inadequate to its expression: we will endeavour to prove it by substantial deeds—by an increased zeal to render our pages more and more worthy of attention—by unremitting exertions to collect, and to comprise within our narrow limits, as copious an assemblage and as great a variety of matter as they will admit—by studying so to blend the useful with the agreeable, the cheerful with the serious, as to suit the different tastes of that numerous and progressively increasing class of readers, who honor our Magazine with their preference.

Accordingly, in commencing our *forty-second* volume, we have already taken some steps toward improvement:—by the increased elegance of the plates, and the superior quality of the paper, we have rendered our publication more pleasing to the eye of Taste:—by avoiding to leave such blank spaces, as were heretofore, in some instances, allowed to occupy too great a portion of our pages, we have created room for the introduction of more matter:—by abridging the monthly continuations of long pieces, we have opened a door for the

ADVERTISEMENT.

admission of a greater number of subjects:—by our own exertions, and the aid of literary friends, whom we have engaged to enrich our pages with their occasional contributions, we are enabled to give greater variety, both of original and selected pieces:—and, though our projected arrangements are not yet all complete, nor the present Number so far improved as we intend its successors to be, we trust, nevertheless, that even those partial improvements will for the present be deemed sufficient, not only to secure to us a permanent enjoyment of that liberal patronage which we have so long experienced, but also to produce a material addition to the list of our subscribers.

To our numerous volunteer correspondents, known and unknown, we return our cordial thanks for their valuable communications—at the same time requesting that they may honor us with a continuance of their favors—and observing, that not only finished essays will be acceptable, but also (where the writer has not leisure or inclination to pen a regular essay) short, rough memorandums, calculated to furnish us with materials for essays on any subjects—morality, domestic œconomy, education, polite arts, &c. &c.—which may deserve the attention of the fair reader.

To any lady, who, by reflexion or experiment, is enabled to impart useful information of any kind, it can hardly be necessary to observe, that she will perform a philanthropic and meritorious deed in communicating her ideas to the public, and thus contributing to the well-being of her fellow members of society, who may in fact be said to have a moral claim on her for such information, as a kind of debt which she owes to society—a duty, that gratitude calls on her to discharge, in return for the numerous comforts and conveniences for which she is herself indebted to the discoveries and communications of other people.

In addition to such communications, if any patentee, or other individual, author of a *recent* discovery or invention peculiarly interesting to the fair sex, will transmit to us a clear and concise account of the particulars, we will with great pleasure give it a place in our pages; and, from the very extensive circulation of our Magazine, the inventor will undoubtedly find his account in availing himself of this offer.

Engraved for the Lady's Magazine.



Reath sculp.

LORD WELLINGTON,

*From a portrait by Pellegrini,
lately painted at Lisbon.*

Published as the Act directs, by G. Robinson, Paternoster Row, Jan. 1810.

THE
LADY'S MAGAZINE,

FOR JANUARY, 1811.

*Biographic Sketch
of the R. Hon. Arthur Wellesley,
VISCOUNT WELLINGTON.*

*(With an accurate likeness, by
HEATH, from an engraving lately
published at Lisbon by BAR-
TOLOZZI.)*

THE noble general, whose portrait embellishes our present number—and on whom the eyes of all Europe are now fixed in anxious expectation of the result of that momentous struggle which is still bravely maintained by expiring liberty against all-grasping ambition and tyranny—is a native of Ireland—that mother of hardy warriors, whose sons—in spite of every oppression and depression under which they have labored, and such as would have sunk other nations, of less fortitude and resolution, to the lowest depth of abject despondency and slavish apathy*—have unceasingly fos-

tered, and still retain un-extinguished, the martial flame which formerly glowed in the bosoms of their warlike ancestors.—He is the third son of the late earl of Mornington, and brother to the present earl, now Marquis Wellesley, and was born, May 1, 1769, at Dangan, the family seat of the Wellesleys, in the county of Meath.

He received part of his education at Eton school: but, being intended for the army, he was removed from that seminary at an early age, and sent to France, to receive the necessary instruction in the military academy at Angers; where he studied such branches of the martial science as were there taught, with an attention and success which have been conspicuously evinced by his subsequent conduct in the course of his military career.

About the year 1788, he was appointed to an ensigncy; and from this rank he progressively rose to that of lieutenant-

* Sir Jonah Barrington, in his truly valuable *Anecdotes of the Union*, well observes, that “the cowardly crime of suicide, which prevailed and prevails so extensively throughout England, was almost unknown among the Irish gentry. Circumstances, which would plunge an Englishman into a state of mortal despondency, would only rouse the energies of an Irishman to bound over his misfortunes:—under every pressure, in every station, and in every climate, a lightness of heart and openness of disposition distinguishes him from the inhabitants of every other country.” (p. 83.)—The propriety, and even the necessity, of this quo-

tation, and of the remark above on Irish character, will not fail to strike the reader in the sequel of this narrative. Without due attention to the cause, a more cool-blooded phlegmatic person would either disbelieve, as fabulous, those deeds of superlatively daring valor which are recorded in the subsequent pages, or consider them as acts of blind desperation, instead of more justly viewing them as natural ebullitions of the general national character more signally concentrated in the individual.—See Sir Jonah's masterly and interesting picture of the Irish, which we intend to give in our next Number.

colonel; in which grade he first attracted public notice.

Hitherto he had enjoyed no opportunity of displaying those martial talents, which have since gained him the admiration and applause of every competent judge in military affairs; nor did any opening present itself, until the period of the disastrous expedition to Holland, in 1794. On that unfortunate occasion, though he did not gain the meed of successful valor, he obtained universal praise for skill and judgement in the well-conducted retreat of a brigade under his command.

In 1797—about a year previous to his brother's appointment, as governor general of Bengal—colonel Wellesley went out to India, where fate had prepared an ample field for the exertion of his abilities: and hardly was he arrived in the destined land, when, to his great satisfaction, he was called forth into active service.

The governor and council—having discovered the secret and dangerous machinations of Tippoo in concert with the French emissaries whose clandestine treachery was laboring to sap and overthrow the British power in India—sent against him an army under the conduct of general Harris, who appointed Col. Wellesley to the command of the auxiliary host of native troops furnished by the Nizam.

The success of this expedition to the Mysore country being too generally known to require notice here, it will be sufficient to observe, that, at the storming of Seringapatam, Col. Wellesley displayed such striking traits of zeal and courage, as deservedly gained for him the public thanks of the commander in chief.

After the capture of Seringapatam, he was appointed to two military commissions, in which he acquitted himself to the entire satisfaction of his employers; and his next step of advancement was a nomination to the government of Seringapatam—an office, which required consummate skill and prudence in regulating the affairs of a newly-conquered country, where the ruler's attention must, with nice and accurate discrimination, be judiciously divided between the rooted prejudices and inveterate habits of the vanquished on the one hand, and the safety and interest of the victors on the other. Arduous, however, as was the task imposed upon him, he discharged his trust in such manner as to gain universal approbation.

After this, in the year 1800, he was sent on an expedition against a predatory horde of invaders, who, under the command of a barbarian chief named Dhondia Waugh, had made an irruption into the territories under the British jurisdiction. In this service he again signalised his prowess, as well as his admirable presence of mind, and promptitude of decision. Though provided with a very inferior force of cavalry, and wholly unsupported by his infantry, whom he had left at a distance behind in his rapid pursuit of a discomfited and fleeing enemy—yet, on that enemy's suddenly rallying to attack him with far superior numbers, he did not for a moment hesitate; but, instantly placing himself at the head of his little troop, he, with the characteristic impetuosity of an Irish warrior, gallantly charged the foe, and a second time completely defeated them, with the

loss of their chief, who fell in the conflict.—For this brilliant achievement, he was again honored with public thanks, not only from the commander-in-chief, but also from the governor and council; and he was promoted to the rank of major-general.

A Mahratta war opened the next scene for the exhibition of his talents; that nation having, under the command of Holkar and Scindia, commenced hostilities against the British power. To quell them, an expedition was undertaken; and the conduct of it being committed to General Stuart, he detached Gen. Wellesley, with a body of 40,000 men, to save the town of Poonah from the fury of those lawless freebooters. On this occasion, Gen. Wellesley gave a striking proof both of judgement and courage, in ridding himself of the cumbrous accompaniment of 28,000 auxiliaries, and boldly rushing forward with a force of only 12,000 expedite men, on a service which required, not only personal bravery, but the utmost possible celerity. The event proved correspondent to his well-grounded expectations: he most critically arrived just in time to accomplish the object of his mission—the salvation of Poonah—having marched sixty miles in thirty-two hours.

Subsequently to this gallant and successful achievement, he distinguished himself in various other actions—exhibiting, in every instance, fresh proofs of his characteristic confidence in skill, courage, and promptitude, against even the most alarming superiority of numbers—and never hesitating to engage in the most dangerous enterprises at the head of a small but determined band, on

whose fidelity and resolution he knew he could rely.

At the battle of Assaye, in particular, his character shone eminently conspicuous. Without consenting to lose a single moment in waiting for re-inforcements that were hourly expected, he marched forth undaunted, at the head of only 2,000 European troops and 3,000 natives, to attack Scindia's army, consisting of above 40,000 men, judiciously encamped in a strong position, furnished with nearly 200 pieces of artillery, and provided with able French officers and engineers; while his little train of artillery was wholly unserviceable, as it could not be brought into effective action.

Under such an awful disparity of numbers and advantages, a man of ordinary courage would have trembled at the prospect of inevitable destruction, and been glad to escape from it by a hasty retreat: but Wellesley, whose courage was not of the ordinary kind, abandoned his useless artillery, and boldly rushed on to close combat, with a confident anticipation of certain victory. Nor did the event belie his prophetic sagacity:—after various turns of fortune during the course of that eventful day, in which he was repeatedly exposed to the most imminent personal danger, and had a horse shot under him, he at length saw his labors gloriously crowned with success; he defeated the enemy with prodigious slaughter, and drove the scattered survivors to seek disgraceful safety in precipitate flight.

Not loitering, like Hannibal of old, to enjoy the empty pleasure of victory, and lose its solid advantages by waste of precious

time, he determined vigorously to prosecute the war without remission or delay. Accordingly, he pushed on in rapid pursuit of the Rajah of Berar, overtook him at Agram after an incessant chase of nearly a month, immediately attacked him, and added a fresh laurel to that which he had recently won in the memorable action of Assaye.

After this, he undertook the reduction of a strong fortress, which, from the lofty summit of a frowning hill, seemed to bid defiance to all assailants. But, to skill and resolution like his, it could not oppose sufficient obstacles: in two days from the opening of his batteries, the British banners were seen waving on its ramparts.

Thus, by the un-exampled celerity of his marches, and the almost miraculous success of every enterprise in which he engaged, he so terrified his adversaries, that, first, the Rajah of Berar, and afterwards Scindia, in utter despair of being able to withstand such an opponent, sued to him for terms of peace. In both cases, he was as prompt in concluding treaties, as he had been expeditious in gaining victories; and, thus putting a happy termination to a formidable war, he gloriously closed his martial career in India.

For these brilliant services, he was deservedly honored by the inhabitants of Calcutta with the magnificent present of a sword of one thousand pounds' value—by both houses of the British parliament, with votes of thanks—and, by his Majesty, with the dignity of knighthood in the order of the Bath.

Grateful, however, as such ho-

norable testimonials must have proved to a generous mind like his, he acquired, by his services in India, something more substantial than barren honors, and a gorgeous sword; of which kind of present it may, in general, be truly said, that it is, after all, but a useless, though flattering, bauble, in the possession of a man of spirit, who, so long as he has one morsel of bread to eat, would disdain to barter the glorious meed for sordid pelf. In a word, Gen. Wellesley gained, by his services in the east, an increase of wealth, which, though not *Asiatically* great (if the reader will excuse the term), may nevertheless be deemed an important accession to the finances of a younger brother, whether adequate, or not, to his real deserts. And, to his honor, be it mentioned, that, for this melioration of his fortune, he is indebted, not to unlicensed military rapine, or to civil extortion or clandestine speculation, but to his fair and legal portion of well-earned prize-money, and a donation of 5,000 pounds from the India Company, for his eminent services as commissioner in Mysore—the aggregate produce of the whole amounting to about 50,000 pounds. He might unblamably have amassed a much larger property, had he been less disinterested, and only disposed to avail himself of the authorised emoluments of his various commands and appointments: those advantages, however, he voluntarily chose to forego—receiving the profits, not for his own benefit, but for that of the Company, into whose treasury he faithfully paid them.

(To be concluded in our next.)

Ladies' CLOTHES on Fire.

W. King, Esq. (Post-office, Bath) wishes us to communicate to our fair readers a mode, pointed out by him, in which a lady, whose clothes have caught fire, may make her own garments serve to smother and extinguish the flame. The plan is simple and easy, and might, in *some* cases, produce the desired effect; though we do not think that it would in all—particularly where the head-dress happened to take fire.

But, however that may be, we apprehend that our fair readers would not be very well pleased at our meddling with their garments in the manner that Mr. King proposes: wherefore we decline entering into particulars, and leave to each lady to discover, by her own ingenuity, how she may, in case of emergency, successfully apply any part of her dress to the salutary purpose in question.

Meantime we would observe, that another mode, which has been repeatedly recommended, appears to us much more effectual, viz. that the lady should instantly wrap herself up in a carpet, counterpane, or blanket.

But, as the accident may happen in the 'drawing-room or parlour, where neither counterpane nor blanket is at hand, and the carpet, even if not nailed down to the floor, is at least encumbered with chairs and tables, we would recommend that every lady should provide herself with a *cloak* for the express and sole purpose of extinguishing fire in her clothes. This cloak should be made of strong woollen cloth—amply large, to double round her—sufficiently long to trail the floor, so as to exclude all air from beneath—and

furnished with a deep hood, which might be pulled down completely over the face, and pressed close upon the bosom.

With such a cloak as this at hand, ready to wrap round her in an instant, a lady would never have occasion to dread any injury from fire catching her clothes: and indeed, if ladies will seriously reflect on the very great number of calamitous accidents which have been caused by fire catching the feminine dress, since the general use of inflammable muslins has superseded the safer silks of past days—and if they duly consider the great and certain utility of such cloaks as are here recommended—we hope, that, within a few years, a *fire-cloak* will be seen in every parlour and 'drawing-room in the kingdom, and deemed as necessary an article of its furniture, as the hearth-rug, the fire-screen, or the fender.—Let the *ton* be once given by one or two ladies who stand conspicuous in the circle of fashion; and the salutary example, we trust, will be soon and universally followed.

Choice of SALT for Economic Purposes.

(From a Paper by Dr. Henry, in the *Philosophical Transactions*, for the year 1810.)

If I were to hazard an opinion on a subject about which there must still be some uncertainty, it would be, that the differences of *chemical composition*, discovered by the preceding train of experiments in the several varieties of culinary salt, are scarcely sufficient to account for those properties, which are imputed to them

10 *Choice of Salt.—Adulterated Vinegar and Wine.*

on the ground of experience. The *stoved* and *fishery* salt, for example, though differing in a very trivial degree as to the kind or proportion of their ingredients, are adapted to widely different uses. Thus the large-grained salt is peculiarly fitted for the packing of fish and other provisions—a purpose to which the small-grained salts are much less suitable. Their different powers, then, of preserving food must depend on some mechanical property; and the only obvious one is the magnitude of the crystals, and their degree of compactness and hardness. Quickness of solution, it is well known, is pretty nearly proportional, all other circumstances being equal, to the quantity of surface exposed. And, since the surfaces of cubes are as the squares of their sides, it should follow that a salt, whose crystals are of a given magnitude, will dissolve four times more slowly than one whose cubes have only half the size.

That kind of salt, then, which possesses most eminently the combined properties of hardness, compactness, and perfection of crystals, will be best adapted to the purpose of packing fish and other provisions, because it will remain permanently between the different layers, or will be very gradually dissolved by the fluids that exude from the provisions; thus furnishing a slow, but constant, supply of saturated brine. On the other hand, for the purpose of preparing the pickle, or of *striking* the meat, which is done by immersion in a saturated solution of salt, the smaller-grained varieties answer equally well; or, on account of their greater solubility, even better.

To the Editor of the Lady's Magazine.
SIR,

Thinking that the following caution respecting *adulterated vinegar, white wine, &c.* would be acceptable to your fair readers, I send it for insertion in your widely circulating miscellany.

Vinegar is often adulterated with *vitriol*; and, thus adulterated, it spoils any pickles attempted to be made with it; and, what is a much more serious mischief than the loss of a jar of pickles, it is destructive to the teeth, and injurious to the health.

To ascertain whether vinegar has suffered this fraudulent admixture, put a little of it into a wine-glass; and, having dissolved in water a small quantity of sugar of lead, pour a few drops of the clear solution into the glass. If the vinegar be adulterated with *vitriol*, it will assume a milky appearance; if un-adulterated, it will retain its original clearness and transparency.

And—agreeably to the old maxim of “*setting a thief to catch a thief*”—as the sugar of lead detects the fraud practised with *vitriol*, so will the *vitriol*, in turn, detect a very dangerous fraud, practised with sugar of lead, which *poisonous* ingredient is sometimes put into white wines, &c. to restore them, when they have begun to turn sour*.

To prove whether wine has been thus adulterated, pour into a small quantity of it a few drops of weak

*It is worthy of remark, that the ancient Romans, although un-acquainted with this chemical preparation of lead, were well acquainted with the power of lead itself to correct acidity; for Pliny the Naturalist mentions that turned wines were cured by boiling in leaden cauldrons.

vitriolic acid—that is to say, oil of vitriol diluted with from ten to twenty times its quantity of water, or even more; upon which addition, the wine will lose its transparency, if it contain sugar of lead; whereas, if pure, it will remain clear.

Before I conclude, it may be proper to apprise your fair readers, that oil of vitriol, even with twenty times its quantity of water, is still capable of corroding linen, &c. and must therefore be cautiously handled. Another caution, of still greater importance, regards the mixture of the vitriol with the water. If they be suddenly put together, (particularly in a close-mouthed vessel) the vitriol will violently fly about in every direction, and to a considerable distance, burning holes in tables, chairs, carpets, &c. To mix them with safety, first put the water into an open vessel, as a basin or mug; then slowly and gradually pour in the vitriol in small quantities; after which, the operator will witness the curious phenomenon of two cold liquids producing heat by their union; as vitriol, with eight or ten times its quantity of water, will, within a short space, render the vessel too hot for the hand to bear.

December 18. C. C. A.

ALFRED and FANNY.

(Concluded from Vol. XL. p. 559.)

FANNY, sinking with affright at the rough treatment shown to her adored husband, attempted to fall at the angry parent's feet: but, with savage ferocity, Lord St. Albans spurned from him the kneeling suppliant, and left her senseless on the rocky floor. Returning sense only brought fresh

anguish to the bleeding heart of the hapless Fanny. Severed from the idol of her soul, she felt that she never could survive his loss; with trembling steps she returned to the cottage of her mother, to whom, in grief-fraught accents, she confessed her marriage, and the treatment she had received.

With sympathising tears, her tender parent heard the recital of her weeping child, and, fondly pressing her to her maternal bosom, freely granted the pardon which she asked. Cheered by so kind a forgiveness, Fanny in vain endeavoured to compose her wounded feelings: but the loss of Alfred weighed heavy on her heart; and happiness was fled for ever.

The next morning brought Lord St. Albans, who, authoritatively entering the cottage, demanded to see Fanny. The tender mother, fearing that the interview would agitate the broken spirits of her daughter, would have denied her: but Fanny, hearing the demand, and remembering his voice, presented herself before him, and, with a dignity which conscious virtue alone can bestow, entreated to know his pleasure.

Lord St. Albans shrunk back, as he viewed the graceful figure which he had the day before spurned from him with so much contempt. Instead of the terrified blushing girl he expected to have seen, he beheld one, who, supported by innocence and virtue, felt not humbled before his imaginary greatness. Smoothing his ruffled brow, he condescended to lead her to a seat, and began to explain to her, how necessary for his son's future good it was, that his marriage with her should be dissolved. Seeing her affection for her adored Alfred, he formed

his artful plan on that, and so gained on the artless mind of the unsuspecting Fanny, that she imagined it necessary to the happiness of him who was dearer to her than any thing on earth, that she should renounce him, though her sinking heart told her that he would be lost to her for ever.

The artful nobleman represented to her, that, when arrived in England, no one would condescend to associate with one so lowly born: in the strongest colors he pictured to her the insults she was liable to receive: yet even those would scarcely have had sufficient influence, had not lord St. Albans represented to her, that Alfred, after a time, would look with contempt on her, who had been the means of his degradation from society, and that reproach and ill humour would supply the place of tenderness and love.

Long would Fanny have held out against his insidious persuasions, had not this last argument effectually put an end to her scruples. To lose the love of Alfred! to be the cause of his future misery! she could not bear the thought: and her trembling hand, guided by lord St. Albans, signed a fatal paper, wherein she renounced him for ever.

Scarcely was the deed accomplished, ere Alfred in an agony of despair rushed into the apartment, hoping, yet dreading to come too late. He was too late, and Fanny was no longer his. Almost unknowing what she had done, and seeing the agony of her husband, Fanny's brain felt bewildered. The medley of passions which agitated her bosom, overcame the senses of the unfortunate girl; and she sunk lifeless in the arms of Alfred. Clasp-

ing her to his bosom, he knelt with her before his obdurate father, who, with malicious pleasure, was reading the fatal paper, but, turning to his son, ordered him to put down the girl, and retire with him immediately.

Roused by this inhuman conduct, Alfred sprang from the ground with his inanimate burden, and, resisting the commands of his father, conveyed her up stairs. Lord St. Albans, enraged at his disobedience, summoned two of his footmen, who forced the distracted youth from the arms of his beloved: but Fanny knew it not! convulsions had seized her fragile form; in a strong paroxysm of which, her spirit fled for ever.

Ere the evening, nought remained of the loveliest flower in the valley, but a cold disfigured corse! Kneeling by the breathless body of her child, the despairing mother imprecated the bitterest curses on the head of her destroyer.

Too soon did Alfred hear the dismal tale! Determined not to survive his first and only love, the rash youth snatched a pistol from the belt of his servant, and, ere he could be prevented, discharged the contents through his own head.

Lord St. Albans arrived just in time to catch the bleeding body of his only son in his arms—a victim to his merciless cruelty and ambition.—Horror-struck at this dreadful catastrophe, the too late repenting father would have put an end to his own life, had he not been prevented by his domestics, who tore him from the bloody scene.

At the right hand of the chapel in the valley, where the primrose

and the violet rear their peeping heads at each return of spring, may be seen the grave of Alfred and his Fanny. Though separated by him during their short and hapless life, Lord St. Albans resolved to unite them in the tomb, where no obdurate father can ever part them more.

Hapless, ill-fated lovers! a day will come when you will plead at the judgement-seat of mercy for a repentant parent, whom sorrow and remorse will soon bring to join you in the grave, and whose aged heart is wrung with the bitterest anguish, when he beholds the resting-place of murdered innocence.

Curious Custom at Paramaribo.
(From Von Sack's "Voyage to Surinam.")

A curious custom prevails here among the free colored women, who will sometimes challenge one another, when they are offended, before a tribunal of their own sex. They appoint a day, and fix a place, which is in general a handsome garden, where a large tent is erected, and in the evening is well lighted up. The lady who first gave the challenge, is seated in the principal part of the tent, surrounded by her own slaves, and those of her friends, finely dressed. A circus of chairs is placed for the visitors. The lady (or to whom she gives the commission) sings a line containing part of her complaint, or some reflexion upon her antagonist; and this is repeated in a chorus by the attending female slaves, and followed by other lines until it becomes a complete song, between the different parts of which there is a dance;

and the negro females accompany the movements and mark the time with fruit-shells strung on a string like beads. This method of treating the dispute gives, at least, to the adversary, a fair opportunity of knowing what is spoken of her, and, of course, enables her to answer it. The next week she invites the company, when it becomes her turn to expose the character of her antagonist; and this kind of alternate contention is sometimes carried on for several weeks, during which they are visited by some of the principal inhabitants, as the scene affords considerable entertainment. Sometimes, indeed, these females of color will challenge a friend, in a frolic to arrange such parties against one another; and a great deal of humour is then displayed, in which even the visitors are often not spared; but, to prevent any disorder at such numerous meetings, some of the police officers are always in attendance.

To the Editor of the Lady's Magazine.
Sir,

On glancing my eye over "*the Origin of reading Sermons*" in the late Supplement to your Magazine (page 613), I was quite surprised that neither Onesimus, nor any of the authorities quoted by him, had traced the practice further back than "the disorders of the times preceding the restoration of our monarchy." It may be traced to a higher and much more respectable source than the "disorders of the times," viz. to the printed sermons—the book of "*Homilies*"—promulgated by Edward the Sixth, and by him

ordered to be read in churches, for the wise and twofold purpose of guarding against the incapacity of some pastors, and the disinclination of others, to preach agreeably to the doctrines of the Reformation. These views were equally entertained by Queen Elizabeth, as we find them very clearly expressed in the preface prefixed to the book by her order, when it was republished under her authority in 1562. The words are—

“Considering.....how that all they which are appointed ministers, have not the gift of preaching sufficiently to instruct the people which is committed unto them”.....“willing also.....to expel and drive away.....erroneous and poisoned doctrines, tending to superstition and idolatry”.....

Jan. 5. Yours, &c. D. W. D.

SAPPHO; an historic Romance.

(To be accompanied, in a future Number, with an illustrative Plate, now in the hands of an eminent artist.)

SAPPHO, the daughter of Scamandronymus and Cleis, was born at Mitylenè, in the island of Lesbos. Her complexion was dark; her features were regular, and the general expression of her countenance was pleasing: but her eyes beamed with all the radiance of the most exalted feeling and every energy of the soul.

In the midst of her childish sports, she would contemplate with premature curiosity the statues of young heroes: she loved to witness the combats of wrestlers and pugilists; and it was with difficulty that she could be prevailed on to quit the arena, during those exhibitions of skill-

ful dexterity and manly prowess. — As she advanced in years, her days were consumed in reading, or, rather, in devouring, the amatory descriptions of the Grecian poets: her breast heaved in sympathetic unison with her feelings; and night retraced, in animated visions, the ideal images of her constant studies.

From her childhood she acknowledged the empire of the mother of love, to whose relentless tyranny she was doomed the miserable victim; but the moment had not yet arrived, when her tender heart would be pierced by the most envenomed shaft that ever was discharged from the bow of Cupid. Meantime, her days glided on in tranquil security: the tears she shed were the genuine expression of sensibility for the misfortunes of others; she only knew the seductive influence of poetry and eloquence; she could not foresee that her own misfortunes would be a source of tears to the compassionate, and that she was to suffer all the torments of an unfortunate passion. Alas! she was never to know the endearments of mutual and virtuous affection, but was condemned to drain, even to the last drop, the bitter cup of human misery.

There lived at Mitylenè a young man, called Phaon, the owner of several vessels: he had completed his fourth lustre, but was not to be distinguished from other young men of the same age, by any remarkable qualities, either of person or figure. He had lately sailed to Chios, and, having finished his commerce there, only waited a favorable wind to return to Mitylenè.

The sea was perfectly still, and presented the extended surface of

an azure mirror, where the horizon of an unclouded sky was clearly reflected in majestic beauty. The sails hung loosely from the yards: the sailors sought in vain to discover on the surface of the waters some slight motion, or in the distance some dark cloud equally indicative of the approach of the winds: but their hopes vanish almost as soon as they receive existence. If, for a moment, the gentle breezes swelled the extended sails, they cherished the illusion with shouts of tumultuous joy, and eagerly ran to the prow to raise the anchor: but alas! the deceitful and capricious Zephyr was no more; and the immense expanse of the sea, in calm repose, presented the stillness and silence of the desert.

Wearied and exhausted with constant watching, the dispirited crew at length lay stretched asleep under the shadow of the sails. Phaon wandered on the shore in anxious expectation: but, feeling the heat oppressive, he sought a retreat from the sun's burning rays in the shade of a deep grotto near the beach; and, either to dispel reflexion, or in the hope of obtaining a favorable wind, he sang the invocation to Neptune and Thetis.

Suddenly, like a mist which exhales from the bosom of the deep, a female form of celestial beauty stood before him. He had neither heard the sound of her footsteps nor the rustling of her robe on her entrance into the grotto. After a short pause of motionless astonishment at this unexpected vision—recovering from his ecstasy, he examined with attention and surprise the charming object before him. “Lovely female!” he exclaimed, “what are your wishes?”

and immediately rising, he added, “deign to enter this grotto, that such exquisite beauty may not be injured by the scorching rays of the sun.” — “With pleasure,” she replied; and, bending forward with an air of inaffable grace and dignity, she said, “Phaon!” — “How!” cried Phaon interrupting her—“where have you heard my name? Phaon is a sailor, an obscure inhabitant of Lesbos:—how can such lovely lips pronounce the name of Phaon?” — “Your name,” replied the stranger, “will hereafter be celebrated in history: at present, be content with knowing my wishes. You must, without delay, direct your course to Cyprus: if you have any other design, instantly renounce it.” — “And how can I obey your orders?” said Phaon: “the sea is still as crystal; and Æolus has chained the Zephyrs in their cells: rather, ah! rather remain in this grotto. How can you expose such delicate charms to the dangers of the tempest? How will you behold without trembling the numberless rocks scattered over the surface of the deep? Dare you venture alone on this long and dangerous voyage?”

Phaon was anxious to remain in the grotto, rather than brave the deceitful waves and the tempests. He now wished the winds for ever enchained, that he might not be obliged to raise the anchor; so much did the un-expected pleasure of his present situation exceed the ardor of his former desires. The invocation which he had offered to the gods, he would willingly have addressed to this more pleasing objet of adoration: but she replied, “I am accustomed to traverse the azure empire under the dominion of Neptune: my

presence is necessary at Cyprus: you condemn the silence of the winds; but the cause of your displeasure is no more. The Zephyrs breathe, to waft us to the island." — She immediately quitted the grotto; and Phaon, bewildered in mute amazement, followed her steps, waiting her orders with the most submissive attention.

She now took a handful of sand, and threw it into the air: though the sea appeared perfectly still, and the leaves of the ivy which hung suspended at the entrance of the grotto, were without motion; yet, the sand, impelled by an impetuous blast, formed a long train in the direction of Cyprus. "Is the wind fair now?" — "Yet," answered Phaon, "less with the intention of reply, than to delay her departure, 'the sails of the vessel are not filled.'"

He had scarcely uttered these words, when he perceived the sails expanded by the impulse of the blast: the sailors already felt the enlivening breeze, and beckoned Phaon to hasten on board.

He could now urge no further motive for delay: he therefore advanced towards the shore, leading the unknown female, and, placing her in the boat, rowed back to the vessel.

The surprise of the sailors was extreme at this novel apparition; and their occupations were interrupted, to gaze on her heavenly charms: but the presence of Phaon commanded their respect; and they durst not give utterance to their curiosity. They were ignorant whether she followed him voluntarily, or was a slave, whom he had purchased on a former voyage. — Phaon soon dispelled their doubts, by placing her in the seat of honor at the stern, and imme-

diately gave the signal to raise the anchor.

The surface of the waves was ruffled by the most gentle gales; the pilot harmoniously sang the ancient hymn of the Argonauts, and directed his peaceful course towards the shores of Cyprus. The sun gradually descends into the bosom of the deep, and darkness insensibly succeeds to the last rays of light: the same gentle Zephyrs waft them on their voyage with un-abated constancy. The sailors fondly anticipate a favorable navigation, and resign themselves to the all-powerful god of sleep; with the exception of the pilot, and those who have the care and direction of the sails.

The profound darkness of the night concealed from Phaon the lovely face of the stranger; and he no longer beholds the luster of those eyes, which prevented his own from closing. The same influence which overpowered the wearied sailors, now takes possession of Phaon; and the vessel glides lightly on the surface of the waves, driven by the gentle influence of the most propitious gales.

(To be continued.)

To the Editor of the Lady's Magazine.
SIR,

Pleased as I am with your correspondent Henry's very useful "*Hints on Night-lights*" in your Magazine for December, I beg leave to add one short remark to his observations on the *night-lamp*.—Several families, within the circle of my acquaintance, keep one of those lamps burning all night in every chamber of the house. Now, in any family of this description, if, through the carelessness or ignorance of servants, it

should often happen that the lumps smoked and produced soot in the manner noticed by Henry, the soot would be well worth the trouble of collection and preservation. It is the very best species of lamp-black, and worth (as I am credibly informed) a guinea a pound, as a color for painting or copper-plate printing.

Yours, &c. C. K.

P. S. In confirmation of Henry's assertion respecting houses set on fire by rats, let me add, that a lady of my acquaintance, on whose word I can implicitly rely, has assured me, that, one night, on suddenly awaking from her sleep, she saw her lighted candle lying on the floor, at a distance from the table upon which she had placed it on retiring to rest—the candlestick still remaining in its station on the table, and her bed-chamber door having been all the while locked and bolted on the inside.—The candle had, no doubt, been carried off by a rat: and the creature, being alarmed by the noise of her motion in awaking, and of her drawing the curtain to look out, immediately sought safety in flight, leaving the candle behind him in his hasty retreat.—Had she not thus providentially awaked at that critical moment, the house might have been burned to the ground.

Account of SHEERAZ, and Traits of PERSIAN Character.*

(From E. Scott Waring's "Tour to Sheeraz.")

SHEERAZ, I am apt to believe,

* Otherwise written *Schiras*, and *Schiratz*.

will disappoint those who have imagined it a populous and noble city. "It is worth seeing, but not worth going to see." The town is by no means so large as is reported; it is surrounded by a wall, tenable against cavalry, and has six gate-ways. Many of the streets are so narrow, that an ass loaded with wood stops your way if you are on horseback (I speak from experience); and the houses are generally mean and dirty. But we now see Sheeraz to great disadvantage; A Moohummud, the late king, having destroyed an excellent stone wall, with very strong bastions, which was deemed by the Persians almost impregnable, and several of the best houses in the place. In his time it was surrounded by a broad and deep ditch, which he filled up on destroying the fort.

Notwithstanding the concurring praises of every Persian author, I very much doubt whether Sheeraz ever merited the extravagant commendations which have been lavished on it. It is impossible for us to say, that the descriptions given of it by Sadée and Hafiz may not be exactly true; but we may reasonably suspect them of a strong prejudice in favor of their native city, and of enthusiasm, the usual characteristic of a good poet.

I should suppose the town to be about five miles in circumference; it took me a little more than an hour to walk my horse round it. They have here a glass-house and a foundery, both worth seeing. The Vakeel's Bazar is a most noble work; it is built of brick, arched and covered in like Exeter Change. It probably extends half a mile, and is, I should suppose, fifty feet wide. It has a

grand appearance at night, when it is lighted up; and, as every trade has a separate quarter, you know where to resort to for what you may require. This custom (common all over the East), of keeping persons of two trades separate from each other, is attended with much inconvenience in large and populous cities, where you may be obliged to send a considerable distance for the most trifling article. Many of the other markets are very handsome, but none so magnificent as the Vakeel's.

The houses inhabited by persons of rank in Persia are built with some degree of taste and convenience. The entrance to them is very bad; instead of finding a broad and handsome gate-way, you probably have to creep through a small door not five feet high. Their houses are surrounded by a high wall, so that their view is terminated by the extent of their ground, which is not, however, to be regretted in a city. On passing the door, through a narrow passage, you enter a spacious court-yard, at the top of which, and opposite the Deewan Khanu, is a jet d'eau; and in the middle, and sometimes on both sides, are Dureeachus, canals which play like fountains.

The Deewan Khanu is a very large room: the floor is covered with a rich carpet, and handsome Numuds (felts); and the sash-windows, which take up one entire side of the room, are glazed with small pieces of stained glass, which form representations of the sun and stars.

If the Deewan Khanu is large, there are usually two fire-places, ornamented with paintings or plate glass. On each side of this room there is a small one, but which

does not appear to be ever used. It is impossible to form any notion of the extent of their buildings, as their private and sleeping apartments are concealed from the sight of man. The stair-cases in Persia are broad and handsome, and by no means like those in India, where you are obliged to grope your way up a dark and narrow flight of steps to the most magnificent apartments. Their houses are terraced, for the purpose of sleeping on in the warm weather; a practice invariably observed by the Persians during the summer months. This is thought to be very prejudicial to health: I followed their example, and, although the dews (particularly at Bushire) are very heavy, I did not suffer in the least from them.

The houses in Sheeraz are built of brick; but, as the mortar they use is exceeding bad, they are obliged to cover the face of the building with plaster of mud, chopped straw, and cow-dung. The appearance which this gives, often makes you suspect that the building is only of mud.

The baths in Persia are very magnificent; and you are admitted to the convenience of them for a trifling sum. They are in common use by every description of persons, and often afford a large fund of merriment to the unmarried persons who frequent them. The baths are open to the women as well as the men; five days are allotted to the latter, and only two to the former.

The first room you enter is the place where you undress, smoke, talk, and hear the news of the day. The next room is the bath, the floor of which is marble stone, &c. which is heated by means of the flues, which commu-

nicate with the fire that boils the water. The operation of bathing takes up nearly an hour, and dyeing the beard, the hands, and feet, as long a time. All the Persians dye their beards black, although it is naturally of that color, to the great indignation and contempt of the Turks. The Persians, from a principle of cleanliness, either shave or burn away all the hair on their bodies. The composition they use for this purpose is a certain proportion of quick lime and orpiment (or Zarnich) mixed together. It is a very dangerous mixture; for, if you do not wash it away as the hair begins to fall, you are often burned in a most dreadful manner. The fragrant earth of roses (gile gool) is commonly used in Persian baths. As a number of persons are in the bath at one time, you pass part of your time in talking and smoking, and sometimes sleeping. The Persians delight in using the bath, and have a saying, that "No man should visit a foreign country, where there is not a magistrate, a physician, and a bath."

Although the Persians bathe so often (which is rather a luxurious enjoyment than an act of cleanliness,) they are a very dirty people. They very rarely change their garments, and seldom before it is dangerous to come near them. The Persian who accompanied me, slept in his clothes until we reached Kazroon, although it was the hottest season of the year; and, I believe, then was only induced to change his dress at my recommendation. It is thought nothing in Persia to wear a shirt a month, or a pair of trowsers half a year.

It must be confessed that the

Persians are pleasing and entertaining companions; but not the least reliance is to be placed on their words or most solemn protestations. You should always, therefore, be on your guard against their insidious offers; and, to be so, it is necessary to distrust all their declarations. The manners of the Persians are formed, in a great degree, on the principles of Lord Chesterfield: they conceive it their duty to please; and, to effect this, they forget all sentiments of honor and good faith. They are excellent companions, but detestable characters.

Philosophers have held it for a maxim, that the most notorious liar utters a hundred truths for every falsehood. This is not the case in Persia; they are unacquainted with the *beauty of truth*, and only think of it when it is likely to advance their interests. They involve themselves, like the spider, in a net of the flimsiest materials, but which neither offers commencement nor end to the eye of investigation.

It is inconceivable with what ease an army in Persia is collected. In times of anarchy and confusion, every man who can purchase arms is a soldier. They flock to the nearest standard of rebellion, and retire upon the approach of an enemy to their homes. They assemble to plunder, not to fight; and feel no compunction in deserting a chieftain who can no longer countenance their depredations. Many persons are reduced to the necessity of becoming soldiers: they have been plundered of their all, and therefore join the army in the hope of retrieving their losses. An army in Persia is nothing more than an immense band of robbers,

who are only held together by the expectation of plunder: success commands their services; they support no particular cause, but join the chief whose affairs appear the most prosperous. The only tie upon their fidelity is the possession of their wives and families, or the influence which their commanders may possess among them.

Extracts from PALEPHATUS.
(Continued from Vol. XLI. p. 557.)

Real History of ACTÆON.

ACTÆON was passionately addicted to the pleasures of the chase, and kept a very numerous pack of hounds, which he did not suffer to languish in idleness, but constantly exercised in pursuit of the game on the mountains of Arcadia, his native country—neglecting, for that favorite amusement, the necessary care of his household affairs. In Actæon's day, such neglect could not fail to be productive of most serious and disastrous consequences, as the Greeks of his time had neither slaves nor servants to relieve them from the toils of agriculture or other laborious works, but were obliged to depend entirely upon their own personal exertions for their subsistence, and saw superior industry alone rewarded with superior wealth.

Under such circumstances, Actæon, wholly occupied in the indulgence of his predominant passion, and inattentive to the means of providing for the wants of a future day, was naturally reduced to extreme indigence, and at last absolutely destitute of the necessaries of life. When his affairs were come to this crisis,

his more prudent and more fortunate neighbours, alluding to the cause of his calamity, used to say, "The wretched Actæon has been eaten up by his hounds;" which metaphorical expression, afterwards too literally interpreted, gave rise to the poetic fiction of his being metamorphosed into a stag by Diana, and really devoured by his canine companions.

(To be continued.)

Remarkable Instance of Maternal CRUELTY.

(From Hutton's "Trip to Coatham.")

IN our way from Northallerton to Stokesley, we pass by Busby Hall, where resided a widow lady, named Turner, who held the estate, which is large, in her own right. She had one daughter, whom she tortured for her amusement; instead of kindness, she bestowed pinches, and, instead of smiles, pricked her with pins.

'The father of the present Sir Thomas Gascoigne, and several other baronets, would have offered her their hands; but the mother would not suffer it, for this cogent reason, that the daughter would have been a *Lady*, and she herself only *Mistress Turner*.

The young lady afterwards placed her affections upon a Dutch officer, of the name of Straubenzie, and married him (perhaps this occurred in the year 1745, when the Dutch came over.) The old lady was now so exasperated, that she would not see her daughter, forgetting that the daughter did not degrade herself to his rank, but elevated him to her own. The mother, however, could not be reconciled.

This union produced two sons. The prospect before the family

was poverty : not a ray of comfort could be seen. The mother had completely learned the arts of reproof and of punishment, but had never learned that of forgiveness. No doubt, peace was as much a stranger to her mind, as to her daughter's. The wind cannot make a rough sea, without being rough itself.

By the interposition of some friends, the children were introduced to their grandmother, who took them into favor, consented to keep them, and leave them the estate, on one *trifling* condition--that the children should swear never to see their mother, and she should swear never to see them. This the children *could* not do, and their mother *would* not. The refusal of the daughter ought to have pleaded her forgiveness, as it displayed the laudable tenderness of parental affection; but what can soften a rock?

The old woman, however, suffered the two boys to remain with her, and without goading or tweaking them, till maternal fondness induced their mother, one Sunday morning, to steal a peep, out of a window in Stokesley, to see her sons go to church; which dreadful crime coming to the knowledge of the old lady, she discarded them for ever.

She then offered the reversion of her estate to a gentleman, who replied, "If you leave it to me, I will give it to Mr. Straubenzie." Thus he honorably cut himself off. She then offered it to several others, who declined it with thanks.

She then advertised it, not for sale, but for gift. At length a gentleman, whose name I have forgotten, accepted the offer upon her own terms. This gentle-

man, I am informed, had five or six brothers, and, for fear the property should, in future, revert to her own family, she entailed the estate upon every one of them and their heirs, giving to priority.

Anxiety shortened the days of the daughter; and the heir at law keeps the house of correction at Wakefield.

I apprehend, a parallel case cannot be found in the history of man; for the female breast is ever open to pity towards it's offspring. We read of harsh fathers; but where can be found such a mother?

I have not the pleasure of knowing any of the unfortunate descendants of this unworthy mother, but am told they bear a most respectable character.

Pity will find, and weep over this ill-treated family. It will create friends in their favor.

There is reason to conclude, the young lady had not one enemy, except that mother who ought to have been her firmest friend.

A mother is generally the greatest blessing to a daughter; but, in our present case, she proved the greatest curse. She knew her power, and resolved to show it, because she possessed it. She grasped the fatal bolt, and aimed destruction at her daughter with full effect.

A father has been known to wrong his children, by melting down a fortune in the bottle, or by dashing it to pieces upon a gaming-table, yet seldom out of revenge; still seldomer a mother.

Had the old lady been able to reason, she might fairly have concluded, that the persons to whom

she gave the estate, would despise her for the gift.

Perhaps the mother, had she power, would have consigned her daughter to eternal punishment; or why did she punish her here? But, if it be true, as some divines tell us, that future misery will consist in self-tormentings; then, if the mother had examined her own heart, she might have found the word *Hell* written within.

JEALOUSY.

(Continued from p. 613 of our last Supplement.)

MR. Patterson, who always thought aloud, and whose thoughts were always of the disagreeable kind, exclaimed against cards, as soon as he returned home—not because he had lost, but because he had not won. He broke out into a vehement Philip-
pic against women who cannot live at home, and who frequent gay circles at the hazard of their virtue, which can be secure only in retreat. Mr. Patterson, like too many other husbands, was niggardly in promoting pleasures for his wife; and, what was still worse, he would seldom let her enjoy in peace those few which he was obliged to allow her. Thus circumstanced, poor Mrs. Patterson could never accept an invitation with a free good-will; and, though moderate in her wishes for scenes of amusement, she always quitted them with the utmost regret, not because of the enjoyment which they afforded her, but because of the reproaches and ill-humour which she was certain to encounter upon her return home.

On the evening, however, that she had met Ruhlberg, the domestic lecture of Mr. Patterson

failed of its usual effect. He in vain addressed himself to Helmina (for such was the Christian name of Mrs. Patterson). Helmina, according to custom, did not answer one word: but, contrary to custom, she betrayed no emotion at what he said; and Mr. Patterson retired to his chamber, astonished at not having been able to make his wife shed tears.

Lovely Helmina! dost thou owe to the consciousness of virtue alone that immovable tranquillity with which thou supportest the unjust reproaches of thy husband? No! for, absorbed in a new world of ideas, thou dost not even hear them. The recollection of that blush, which Ruhlberg must have remarked, incessantly recalls his image to thy fancy. Why didst thou blush at hearing him describe the only woman whom he had ever loved, and hearing him lament her irrevocable engagement? He looked at thee. He trembled: he sighed; and his sigh breathed on thy cheek: but wast thou indeed within his heart? To the rash young men who have hitherto dared to talk to thee of love, thou hast answered by severe and chilling glances: yet the discourse of Ruhlberg, though not directly addressed to thee, entered thy heart at once, and is still engraven upon thy memory. . . . O lost Helmina! chase these images from thy fancy, or never, never more hope to possess thy soul in peace!

As for Miss Patterson, the instant she retired to her chamber, she arranged, with the utmost exactness, all things relative to her marriage. Her fortune was sufficient to satisfy the wishes even of an interested man: but Ruhlberg could not be such: of that

she might be perfectly assured. Then, the fortune of her brother was most likely to centre in her; and she thought the whole world must commend her for raising so worthy a young man to the advantages of her alliance. "Had she not made sufficient sacrifices to the wishes of others? she might now be allowed to think a little of herself.—Should her husband take her from Sleswick, or should they settle in that town?"

This point was easily decided; for it is the duty of a woman to have no will of her own from the instant that she goes to the altar.—Then, her estate was let upon a lease of three years: when the lease should expire, it would be time enough to determine finally about her residence. But, for her jewels, they certainly must be new set: she was not perfectly decided as to the particular form of them: but, upon this, she might consult her female friends.—The only point which embarrassed her, was the extreme youth of Ruhlberg; she weighed this circumstance maturely, and concluded by blaming herself for raising difficulties so needlessly. In marriage, what woman can have every thing she wishes? If she insist on perfection, she stands a good chance of never marrying at all.—When Miss Patterson arrived at this conclusion, she had been for some minutes asleep: indeed, when her mind was occupied with the subject of marriage, it was not easy to mark the boundary between her reflexions and her dreams.

Ruhlberg anxiously awaited the hour when he might see the countess; and she also was impatient to converse with him, inasmuch that she sent to desire

him to breakfast with her in her dressing-room; and he gladly accepted her invitation. The conversation languished for some time. Ruhlberg, though he scarcely knew why, did not like to be the first to mention Mrs. Patterson; and the countess waited for him to begin on the subject. She recounted briefly the history of all the other ladies who had appeared at her house the day before, but said not one word concerning Helmina. This was a new motive for Ruhlberg to persevere in his silence.

Jealousy is a keen interpreter. The countess drew precisely the same conclusion from Ruhlberg's reserve, that he would have drawn, had he shown an eagerness to speak of Helmina. Conscious of her own motive for silence upon that subject, she felt that he who imitated her conduct, must have his motive also; and her powers of penetration became her torment. The count entered: Ruhlberg felt more at liberty; and, adroitly directing the conversation, he soon engaged him to speak of Helmina.

"She has made an unsuitable marriage," said Mulhausen: "but it is no new thing for children to suffer for the faults of their parents."

"There must have been some very powerful inducement," replied Ruhlberg, "to determine a young woman, who seems to have so reflecting a mind, to sacrifice her freedom in this manner."

"The worst of it is," rejoined the countess, "that the public, which cannot know the affairs of an individual, take the liberty of explaining every thing in their own method; and that method is far from indulgent."

"I do not much concern myself in the affairs of others," replied Mulhausen; "but, to be sure, I have heard a thousand and a thousand times, that Helmina's father gamed away his all; that Mr. Patterson won, not only the last remnant of his fortune (a pretty little estate, some miles off, upon the Flensburg road), but also engaged him in a considerable debt of honor. It was the possession of his fair daughter which liquidated this."

"Poor young creature!" said Ruhlsberg, with a sigh.

"There may be a great deal of truth in all this," rejoined the countess; "and perhaps even that report, which gained so much credit here, was but a malicious rumor—I mean the report that Helmina dared not oppose her father's will in her marriage with Patterson, because he had discovered that silly attachment to the young music-master. That very man is now in Sleswick: he came here just after her marriage."

"I never heard a word about him till now," said the count.

"I am sure, the less that is said about him, the better," replied the countess. "I don't know how I came to mention that foolish report; for I believe not one word of it. Mrs. Patterson, it is true, appears very melancholy: and, in her situation, there may be many afflictions besides such as arise from an unhappy or a criminal passion."

Ruhlsberg took no further part in the conversation. The idea that Helmina had engaged her affections was to him equally surprising and painful. He weighed the reasons for and against such an event:—from conviction,

he passed over to perfect incredulity; and he concluded by remaining in doubt:—such are the operations of a lover's mind.

While his thoughts were thus engaged, Mulhausen, by way of reviving the conversation, asked him whether he should remain long at Sleswick; to which Ruhlsberg replied that he believed not; and this answer made the countess repent of the scandal which she had invented against Helmina.

"I am sorry you quit Sleswick so soon," observed the count.

"Had you thought of settling among us, that little estate I was speaking of would have been a pretty purchase for you: it is now upon sale. Patterson, I find, is very eager to get rid of it."

"What estate?" said Ruhlsberg, affecting to listen with attention.

"Why, that which formerly belonged to Helmina's father upon the Flensburg road. I hear it is a charming place; and Mrs. Patterson is sorry to part with it, because she passed her childhood there."

"It must be a charming place indeed!" exclaimed Ruhlsberg with vivacity.—This to be sure was a whimsical answer: the countess, however, was the only person who observed it:—she now put an end to the conversation; and Ruhlsberg embraced the first opportunity of retiring to his own apartment. He wished to be alone, that he might no longer hear the name of Helmina from such lips as had lately uttered it: or, rather, he languished for a free indulgence in his own thoughts, which had only Helmina for their object.

After much consideration, he

determined to avoid all occasions of seeing her, and to remain at Sleswick only a few days longer. He went into the town, to call on those to whom he had letters of recommendation, without confessing to himself that he entertained hopes of meeting Mrs. Patterson, or, at least, of hearing her name mentioned by other lips than those of the countess. This woman was now become disgusting to him: she had insinuated that the heart of Helmina was engaged!

(To be continued.) *Ag 59*

MURDER of the Admiral DE COLIGNY*.

(From Comber's "*History of the Parisian Massacre.*")

IN order to admit the duke of Guise and his blood-thirsty train to the scene of destruction, Cosseius, the colonel, who mounted guard at the admiral's quarters, demanded, in the king's name, entrance at the outer gate, and received it, without further question, from La Bon, who kept the keys; and, for this his prompt obedience to his majesty's order, he was rewarded by a mortal stab. Hereupon, some of the protestant Swiss guards flew to the inner gate, and barricadoed it, but all in vain, against the far superior power of numerous assailants.

The great commander, in his sick-bed, hearing the confused noise which the assassins made, far too confident in the faith of the perjured court, conceived it to be only a tumult of the Gui-

sian faction among the populace in the street, and did not doubt but it would be very soon silenced by his majesty's guards; but, at length, perceiving that discharges of musquetry were actually made, even in the court of his quarters, he suspected the truth; and concluded, with great probability, that they were made by the guard or their allies on his own dependents. At length Cornassion, a gentleman of his train, acquainted him with the actual arrival of the assassins. Conviction, which had long been obscured by clouds of prejudice, now darted like lightning on his mind. At one single glance he saw a ray of truth, which in a moment reconciled all the former doubts and suspicions that he had entertained; and he beheld, in one dreadful glare of day, all his infatuation. He instantly rose from his bed, though not without difficulty, on account of his lameness—put on his night-gown—and hastened to place himself, with the assistance of the wall, in a posture of prayer; the most proper preparation possible for the encounter with the king of terrors, Death, which a Christian, or any man, can make: forasmuch as mercy is always needed at the hands of that Being who gives and who takes life, whenever it seemeth good to him.

The admiral always regarded a worthy minister of God, as his best companion: such, now, instantly attended him, and began to offer up the solemn sacrifice of prayer. History cannot gratify us with the particulars of their petition to the throne of mercy; reason, however, answers, that "it was worthy of the Admiral Coligny! that it was worthy of a Christian hero!"

* In the massacre of the Protestants, on St. Bartholomew's day, A. D. 1572.

And now the house, and even the stair-case, was forced, and the chamber-door of the admiral's own apartment attempted: he seized that critical moment to pay the devoirs to humanity, as he paid the foregoing minutes to those of piety. Perfectly composed, he thus addressed his few remaining attendants: "I now perceive clearly the designs of my enemies—of the enemies of my country—of those of my religion. I stand prepared for death, which I never feared, but have constantly habituated myself to meet with the proper courage of a Christian. Happy am I, in this circumstance, that my understanding accompanies these last moments; that it is neither hurt nor lessened by distemper, nor by fear; and that conscience whispers, 'You die a Christian, therefore with reasonable hope of life eternal!' Friends, I need no human aid: take, therefore, care of yourselves only, that your families may not hereafter curse me as your destroyer. God is to me all in all! To his goodness and mercy I commit this soul, winged for her eternal flight!"

Thus spoke this great Christian hero, and his attendants instantly dispersed.

It is impossible not to recollect, on this occasion, the conduct of the great captain of our salvation, under whose banners Admiral Coligny now so courageously fought, in the hour immediately preceding his passion. If the sheep of the flock were scattered when that great shepherd were smitten, the admiral was altogether superior to a wish that his attendants should fall with him. On the contrary, he nobly exhorted them to save themselves,

when he was himself no longer able to protect them!

The chamber-door of the admiral being soon forced, the assassins immediately entered. One Berne, a creature of the duke of Guise, and bred up in his family, appeared at their head with his sword, and directly asked the noble victim, "Are you Coligny?"—The hero might have answered, as a being of an entirely opposite character did on a former occasion, "To know not me, argues thyself unknown!" Indeed, the question was both absurd and insulting; but the martyr, whose countenance was serene amidst this storm, and sufficiently distinguished him, answered in a laconic, but most expressive manner, "I am, young man! reverence these grey hairs! but . . . you cannot shorten my days!" The wretch replied only by stabbing him in the breast, face, and other parts, till he fell down dead.

Remarkable Docility of a Sow.

(From Bingley's "British Quadrupeds.")

THOSE persons, who have attended at all to the manners of swine, have observed, that they are by no means deficient in sagacity; but the short lives that we allow them, and the general confinement which they undergo, entirely prevent their improvement in this respect. We, however, have frequently heard of exhibitions of "learned pigs;" and we know that Toomer, formerly the game-keeper to Sir H. P. S. J. Mildmay, actually broke in a black sow to find game, back, and stand, nearly as well as a pointer. This

sow, which was a thin, long-legged animal (one of the ugliest of the New-Forest breed), when very young, took a great partiality to some pointer puppies, that Toomer, then under keeper of Broomy Lodge, in the New Forest, was breaking.—It played, and often came to feed with them. From this circumstance, it occurred to Toomer, (to use his own expression) that, having broken many a dog as obstinate as a pig, he would try if he could not also succeed in breaking a pig. The little animal would often go out with the puppies to some distance from home; and he enticed it further by a sort of pudding made of barley-meal, which he carried in one of his pockets. The other he filled with stones, which he threw at the pig whenever she misbehaved, as he was not able to catch and correct her in the same manner that he did his dogs. He informed Sir H. Mildmay, (who has been so obliging as to supply me with this account) that he found the animal very tractable, and that he soon taught her what he wished, by this mode of reward and punishment. Sir H. M. adds, that he has frequently seen her out with Toomer, when she quartered her ground as regularly as any pointer, stood when she came on game, (having an excellent nose) and backed other dogs as well as he ever saw a pointer. When she came on the cold scent of game, she slackened her trot, and gradually dropped her ears and tail till she was certain, and then fell down on her knees. So staunch was she, that she would frequently remain five minutes and upwards on her point. As soon as the game rose, she always returned

to Toomer, grunting very loudly for her reward of pudding, if it was not immediately given to her. When Toomer died, his widow sent the pig to Sir H. Mildmay, who kept it for three years, but never used it, except for the purpose of occasionally amusing his friends. In doing this, a fowl was put into a cabbage-net, and hidden among the fern in some part of the park; and the extraordinary animal never failed to point it in the manner above described. Sir H. was, at length, obliged to part with this sow, from a circumstance as singular as the other occurrences of her life. A great number of lambs had been lost, nearly as soon as they were dropped; and a person being sent to watch the flock, the animal was detected in the very act of devouring a lamb. This carnivorous propensity was ascribed to her having been accustomed to feed with the dogs, and to eat the flesh on which they were fed. Sir H. sent her back to Mrs. Toomer, who sold her to Mr. Sykes, of Brookwood, in the New Forest, where she died the usual death of a pig, and was converted into bacon.

“SHE IS NO MORE!”—(a Fragment.)

“WHY, my amiable Lucinda,” said a voice from the other side of the hedge—“why do the tears continue to flow down those pallid cheeks, where once the smiling graces held their triumphant seat? No parent’s loss have you to mourn, nor does there appear any visible cause for your incessant grief. Tell, oh! tell your devoted Albert, what occasions this mental anguish.”

“Alas!” returned the sweetly
E 2

plative fair one, "your sympathetic feelings will not condemn mine, when you know the source from which my sorrows spring. It must be a power more than human, that can assuage the agony which rends my bosom: oh! how it breaks my heart to mention her!—The lovely, the friendly, the engaging Antonia is—gracious heaven!—she is no more! she, whose endearing behaviour and angelic language inspired me with her own pure sentiments, has, in the bloom of beauty, descended to the silent grave! When her love-beaming eyes were closed, never more to open, or to shed their sweet influence on the world—oh! Albert! how did I wish that mine also were sealed in death! Dearest Antonia! *who* can give me an equivalent for the loss of thee? Oh! my friend! at sight of thee, my heart was wont to beat with the softest emotions: but, since thou art absent, the world has no charms for Lucinda."

Her voice faltered; she stopped, and, rising from the bank on which she sat, slowly withdrew.

For my part, my spirits were so deeply affected, that I had not power to repress the tear of sympathy.—I put myself in Lucinda's place—I considered my feelings on a similar occasion—too great for utterance!

"Yet, ah!" thought I, "why should the weeping Lucinda mourn as 'one without hope'?" Is the lamented Antonia gone to the gloomy regions of annihilation? Forbid it heaven! that a rational being, blest with the hopes of a glorious immortality, should for one moment entertain such a thought!—Pay then, O

mourning fair! the well-earned tribute to the memory of thy departed friend: but look forward with cheerful expectation of a happy meeting in more joyous realms.

ELIZA BAXTER.

SENSIBILITY of a SEAL.

(From Bingley's "British Quadrupeds.")

THAT the common seals are very docile animals, and capable, even when taken old, of being in some measure domesticated, many proofs have, at different times, been afforded. I shall recite one instance. A few winters ago, a seal, caught on the Welsh coast, and sent by water to London, was brought to Bartholomew's hospital. During the voyage, it had been fed principally upon milk; and, when it arrived, it had become so familiar, that it would suffer the man who brought it to play with it like a dog, and would lick his hands or face with the utmost complacency. So great, indeed, was the attachment of this animal, that, after the departure of its master from the hospital, it continued for some time to emit a melancholy noise, evidently bemoaning its loss; and it died in the course of the ensuing week.

To the Editor of the *Lady's Magazine*.
SIR,

As I walk the streets in this frosty weather, I am grieved to see so many servants, particularly females, employed in the very unpleasant task of carrying pails and pitchers of water from the plugs, on account of the pipes being

frozen up at home; and I grieve the more, when I reflect how easily and cheaply that very serious inconvenience might be remedied by an expedient which I suggested to the public about six years ago in a periodical publication. But that publication being perhaps chiefly read by gentlemen, who are not so nearly concerned in the supplies of water as the female part of society, I request that you will permit me, through the medium of your *Miscellany*, to try whether I can succeed in recommending my plan to the ladies—fully convinced, that, if *they* approve it, their powerful influence will effectually carry it into general practice, to the great comfort of themselves and their families. Meantime I beg leave to assure them that I recommend it, not from untried speculation, but from my own actual experience during several winters, through the whole of which I enjoyed a regular and plentiful supply of water, while my neighbours on every side were all frozen up.

It is well known that the water never freezes in the great wooden pipes, or *mains*, as they are called. The freezing takes place in the leaden pipes which are exposed to the air, at a distance from the main. Now, to guard against this inconvenience, the only thing required, is to place a cock so near to the main, that there shall be no leaden pipe exposed between the main and the cock—and to take care, when the water is turned off, to open the cock, and let off any small quantity of liquid which may remain in the leaden pipe.—A cock, which I fixed in my front area, as close to the out-

ward wall as I could, was, by this management, kept from ever once freezing during the utmost severity of winter.

If the leaden pipe from the main had passed through my coal-vault, I would, in the first instance, have placed the cock within it for greater security; though the event proved that such precaution was not necessary. Nevertheless, where a cock can be so placed, I would recommend that sheltered situation, in preference to the open area.

But, although this one cock be sufficient to furnish water without the necessity of fetching it from the plugs, it may be convenient to add (as I added) other cocks, for the sake of having a supply of water in both kitchens, without the trouble of carrying it from the area. In each of two or three places where the leaden pipe took a downward bend, I fixed a small cock, just sufficient to drain off the small quantity of water remaining in that bend, lest it should freeze during the night; and I was attentive to have these small cocks opened and drained dry, as soon as the water was turned off.

Thus I had not even occasion to shelter the leaden pipe in the area, as is the practice of many families, who wrap it round with hay-bands. But, if I had found any coating necessary, I should have used pitch, which is a much more effectual non-conductor—or, to speak in common language, much better calculated to keep out the cold. I would, first, have thickly coated the pipe with pitch—next, wrapped it round with a small tarred rope—then pitched again over this—then

given another covering of rope and pitch—and, if necessary, a third or a fourth.

And now, that I am on the subject of pitch, I cannot refrain from expressing a wish to see it substituted for those filthy heaps of horse-dung which defile and disfigure many of our genteel streets during the frosty weather.—I do not know whether the water would, of itself, ever freeze in the leaden pipes under ground; though I can readily conceive, that, if once the pipe in the area be frozen, and the frost continue, the ice will gradually extend itself into the pipe under ground, as the thin coat of ice, first formed on the surface of a pond or river, chills the water next beneath it, and, by communicating to it the influence of the frost, acquires an accession of substance, till the ice gradually extend downward to a considerable depth.—At all events, supposing, that, in some particular situations, the subterraneous leaden pipe were liable to be frozen, either from the circumstance of its lying too near the surface of the ground, or from any other cause—even in such cases, I think the horse-dung may be set aside, and pitch advantageously adopted in its stead. If, once for his whole life, the householder would dig up his leaden pipe—would lay it in a wooden trunk or trough—and fill the wooden case with melted pitch, so as to have the pipe inclosed on every side with a body of that substance, two or three inches thick—I conceive that he would never have occasion to litter the street by laying horse-dung before his door.

Jan. 9.

Yours, &c. J. C.

The Power of Music.

(From Miss Seward's Posthumous Works.)

A DECEASED clerical friend of my father's had given his female, as well as his male children, literary educations, though he could not leave them fortunes. One of these daughters passed a few days with us when I was in my sixteenth year, in her road to town, whither she was going, in order to superintend the education of two little girls of consequence, whose mother had then lately died.

The governess elect was not much more than twenty; her figure low, and ill formed; her complexion pale, and of an olive tint; her face flat; her mouth wide; and she had so extreme a squint, that one eye appeared almost turned into her head. With this repulsive exterior, she had a very pleasing address; her tone of voice in speaking was interesting, and there was an Attic spirit in her conversation.

She went with us to pass an evening at Mr. Howard's, where it is always so pleasant to pass evenings. After supper, the moon shining splendidly upon the gloom of a calm night, it was proposed that we should adjourn to a pretty arched grotto, formed of shells and fossils, in this gentleman's garden. The grotto stands on the edge of a little velvet lawn, planted with shrubs and trees, which have clumps of flowers around their base. This lawn slopes down to a large pool; and, as we do not see its termination, it appears from the grotto like a considerable river. The moon was shedding a shower of diamonds in the water, and edging

with silver the highest leaves of the trees. Singing was proposed while we were in the grotto; and our agreeable guest, being solicited, favored us with two single verses of that beautiful duet in *Athaliah*—

"Cease thy anguish: smile once more:
Let thy tears no longer flow!"

Her voice was of the most liquid softness, and she expressed those honeyed and ever-soothing notes in a style the most enchantingly touching. Tears of delight streamed down my cheeks as I listened; and I fancied it impossible to feel an anguish so keen, as might not be soothed and comforted by the persuasive sweetness with which she uttered

"No!—No!
Let thy tears no longer flow!"

When the song was over, Mr. Howard exclaimed, "My dear young lady, whenever you shall wish to subdue a heart, let this song be your weapon of attack; and it will be impossible you should meet an invulnerable shield."—When we returned to the stronger light of the candles in the supper-room, all the personal defects of the siren were vanished; at least *I* saw them no longer.

In a few weeks after, we heard that Mr. L—— had married his children's governess, and that the bride and groom had travelled through Shrewsbury to their seat in Wales, with a superb equipage, and a great retinue of servants. A friend of mine, intimate with Mrs. L——'s sister, has since told me, that, when this lucky young woman had been about a month in Mr. L——'s family, as governess, (yet, as she had properly stipulated, treated by him-

self and his company as a gentlewoman) the house being full of guests, it was one evening proposed that the song should go round. When the governess was called upon, she sung the very air whose witching sweetness had, in the grotto, taken prisoner every faculty of my young imagination. Her sister told my friend, that was the first time Mr. L—— had heard her sing. He had shown little attention to the charms of her conversation. The emanations of genius and of knowledge are, to the generality of what are called polite men and women, but as colors to the blind. We do not find it so with vocal music: where there is any ear, it speaks to the passions; and their influence is universal. The next morning, Mr. L—— offered to the acceptance of the songstress, in his own proper person, an attractive figure, a creditable degree of intellect, at least for a man of fashion, a good character, and a splendid fortune.

The WARDROBE; an Anecdote.
(From Irwin's "Trip to Coatham.")

I KNEW a lady of considerable fortune and capacity, who, reflecting that her life might be of short duration, thought it needless to recruit her wardrobe. Time, however, passed on: she was in health, but her apparel was in consumption. However, her motive for not purchasing dress was strengthened, when she considered there were fewer sands in her glass. She still continued. The wardrobe expired; and she absolutely left the world in rags. She discarded that which is the most valued by her sex.

DEFENCE OF WOMEN.

(Continued from the Supplement to Vol. XLI.)

[* * This part of the "Defence" being less entertaining than the historic part, we deal it out more sparingly—intending soon to enlarge our monthly portions, when we arrive at a field of more interesting matter, for which we are already preparing an elegant plate, illustrative of a striking and memorable transaction, known to very few readers, but highly redounding to the honor of the fair sex.]

CHAP. XIII.

NEITHER in the difference of temperament can a foundation be laid for the imaginary inferiority of female intellect. Not that I deny the temperament to have much influence in promoting a right or an improper use of the mental powers:—I am even persuaded that the varieties of the mind are more dependent upon it than upon the organisation of the body; as we all experience in ourselves, that, according to the changes in our temperament, without any derangement of our organisation, our minds become more or less capable of every exertion; and it hardly ever happens that a disorder affects the body, without at the same time interrupting the functions of the mind.

But it is not easy to decide what species of temperament and complexion is most conducive to a good understanding.—If we are to judge from the dogmas of Aristotle, we must infer that the female constitution is most calculated for this purpose:—That philosopher—who subjects every effect which appears in the whole field of nature, to the dominion of four

primary causes—says, in his problems (sect. 14, quest. 15) that men of a cold temperament are more intellectual and reflective than those of a sanguine habit. Notwithstanding this, he adds, in the same question, that the men of hot climates are more ingenious than those of colder regions, but qualifies this sentence by the supposition of a physical antipevstasis, affirming, that, in cold countries, men are most sanguine, and in hot countries most frigid. "Etenim, qui sedes frigidas habent, frigori loci obistentes, longe calidiores, quam sua sunt natura, redduntur." And so inferior does he consider the intellect of those who are constitutionally ardent, when compared with men of a phlegmatic temperament, that, in drawing a comparison between them, he places the sanguine in the same class with men whose senses are confused by an immoderate use of wine.

"Itaque violentis admodum similes esse videntur, nec ingenio valent, quo prospiciant, rerumque rationes inquirant."

Very forgetful was the philosopher of his disciple Alexander, when he placed the sanguine in the same class with the stupid; or not perhaps forgetful of him, but resentful towards him; since it is certain that he wrote the greatest part of his works after Alexander had dismissed him on suspicion of his treachery, and after he had experienced the additional mortification of seeing that his rival Xenocrates with thirty talents of gold, without appearing to recollect his former tutor Aristotle.

Aristotle also taught that the dissimilitude of temperament between the two sexes consists in

that of man being hot and dry, and that of woman cold and humid—"Est autem vir calidus et siccus; mulier frigida, humidaque." (Sect. 5, *quest.* 26.)—and in this he is countenanced by all philosophers and physicians.

Now, as, according to his own remark, a cold constitution is the most calculated for reflexion, it hence follows, that the feminine temperament is more favorable to the understanding than the masculine.

This proof is conclusive for those who credit whatever Aristotle affirms: but, for myself, I acknowledge that I attach little weight to his opinions; because I can neither believe that in hot climates there is more wit than in cold ones, nor that phlegmatic men are more intelligent than their sanguine brethren; and still less, than those of a fiery nature are necessarily insensate. As for the pretended influence of his antiperistasis, I shall leave it for the present in the doubt which involves it.

Humidity and aridity are the other two distinguishing qualities of the two temperaments; and, with regard to these, it also results from the doctrines of Aristotle that women have more understanding than men.—Those who assert that the vigor of the mind depends on the quantity of the brain, ground their supposition on the fact, that man, who is the most intelligent of all animals, has a greater proportion of brain than any other.—Now I argue thus—Aristotle says that man is of a more humid temperament than all other animals: "*Homo omnium animalium maxime humidus natura est;*" (Sect. 5,

quest. 7) Therefore, if, from man's having more brain than the beasts, it be inferred, that the larger the brain is, the greater will be the sagacity; so, from man's having greater moisture than brutes, it must follow that a more plenteous humidity induces a greater discernment. Women are of a more humid temperament than men: therefore women will be more intelligent.

Neither, however, does this argument prove any thing, except by the opposition of contraries; since the principles on which it rests, are, candidly speaking, doubtful and uncertain. Who assured Pliny that man has more brain than all other animals? had any man, by chance, the patience to dissect the heads of all the brute creation, in order to weigh the brains they contained?—or who told Aristotle that the human species had more humidity than any other? Did that philosopher distil or express the moisture they all contained, in order to measure which yielded most?—It rather appears, that certain domestic animals, the greater part of the insect tribes, and almost all the fishes, are more humid than man.—Nor, if it be true that the human brain is larger than any other, is that any proof, that, among our own species, the larger the brain, the greater will be the mind; since we differ from brutes in many other parts of our frame, without the excess of such part, in any individual, endowing him with any extraordinary understanding.—It would be necessary also to have observed among brutes, that the instinct increased with the brain, which I believe is not the case; since, if it were, a total absence of brain must cause

an entire privation of instinct; and yet, according to Pliny, many creatures, which have no blood, are also destitute of brain; and, notwithstanding this, they have, each, the portion of instinct, which is necessary for them, mercifully allotted to their share.

(*To be continued.*)

To the Editor of the Lady's Magazine.
SIR,

HAVING met with a small posthumous collection of "*Thoughts, Remarks, and Observations by Voltaire*," published, a few years since, in France—which, I think, has not yet been, and probably never will be, translated into English—I have, from among a number of passages not calculated for publication in England, selected a few of a different character, and amused myself in translating them, together with some anecdotes of that celebrated writer, which are given in the preface. I now send them for insertion in the *Lady's Magazine*, if you think them worthy of admission. If not, you may commit them to the flames, without offence to your humble servant.

D. W. D.

Anecdote 1.

It is well known, that Voltaire had his tragedies represented in his own private theatre at Ferney. His greatest pleasure was to take a part himself; and his ardor and exertions to represent his personage to the life, were never perhaps exceeded by the most youthful and enthusiastic comedian.

He always insisted that his dresses should be finished a week before the representation, and exhausted the patience of those em-

ployed to make them, by the frequent and minute alterations he ordered. On the day when he was to act Cicero in the tragedy of *Catiline*, he put on the Roman *toga* in the morning, and walked about his garden reciting his part, and now and then asking questions of the gardener. The man, astonished at the singular equipment of his master, could not refrain from laughing heartily. Voltaire was extremely angry: "What is there extraordinary in my dress?" said he: "Cicero walked in his pleasure-grounds, dressed in the same manner, before he went to the senate. I am to represent him this evening; and what occasion is there for dressing twice?" He entered his house in an ill humour; and it was a long time before he forgave the gardener for having laughed in the teeth of Cicero.

(*To be continued.*)

To the Editor of the Lady's Magazine.

SIR,

HAVING lately heard it asserted that the common translation of that well-known motto, "*Honi soit qui mal y pense*," is quite erroneous, I beg permission, through the channel of your entertaining Magazine, to request that some of your better-informed readers will favor me and others with the true sense of the words.

HARRIET.

LONDON MORNING and EVENING DRESSES.

1. EVENING dress.—Black velvet, trimmed with velvet and gold cord twisted together. Head-dress, an irregularly sided band, trimmed in the same

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Engraved for the Lady's Magazine.



London Morning & Evening Dress.
N^o 1. 1811.

manner, and ornamented with stars. White gloves; and white or black shoes.

2. *Morning dress.*—Pelisse of grey spotted velvet, trimmed with velvet ribbon. Sash of the same, fringed with black at the ends. Bonnet of the same velvet, trimmed in the same manner as the pelisse. Feather, grey, with black edges.

BOUTS-RIMÉS.

[See the Supplement to our last Volume, and the Poetry in the present Number.]

1. { See	5. { Blaze
2. { Bee	6. { Rays
3. { Flow'rs	7. { Store
4. { Bow'rs	8. { More
5. { Green	9. { Reward
6. { Scene	10. { Lord
7. { Sun	11. { Life
8. { Run	12. { Fate

POETRY.

*Tribute to the memory of the Princess
—AMELIA.*

Why mourns Britannia? From her drooping head
Why falls the fading laurel? In its stead,
Behold the baleful cypress, interwin'd
With yew, (sad presage!) her fair temples bind.

A mournful gloom dispels that gracious smile,

Which beam'd so late on Albion's happy isle.

Justly she weeps her youngest, fav'rite child:—

Soft and engaging, beautiful and mild,
The brightest gem that deck'd a monarch's throne,

Rich in unsplotted fame, Amelia shone,
With sensibility her mind o'erflow'd;
And charity in her fair bosom glow'd.
Alive to others' woes, her feeling heart
Rejoic'd the balm of comfort to impart.
Her matchless goodness did to all extend—

The widow's succour, and the orphan's friend:

Anxious her fellow-creatures to relieve;
Taught, by her own, for others' pains to grieve,

Her spotless soul (by long afflictions tried,

Too pure with sinful mortals to reside)
To realms of bliss has wing'd its rapid flight—

To those blest fields of everlasting light,
Where joy for ever dwells; and there she proves

The blissful state of those the Saviour loves.

A nation's tears, as sacred incense, rise:
A nation's pray'rs ascending pierce the skies:

Oh! spare the rest! Lord! hear our fervent pray'r!

Our much-lov'd sov'reign yet in mercy spare!

Still may he rule, to bless this favor'd isle,

And peace and freedom deign once more to smile.

C. L. RICHARDSON.

Hinderwell, Dec. 23.

A PERSIAN SONG,*

being a free translation of an Ode of the Persian Poet Hafiz, by the celebrated Orientalist, Sir William Jones, in which he has imitated the cadence and accent of the Persian measure.

SWEET maid, if thou wouldst charm my sight,

And bid these arms thy neck unfold—

That rosy cheek, that lily hand,

Would give thy poet more delight

Than all Bocara's vaunted gold,

Than all the gems of Samarcand.

Boy, let yon liquid ruby* flow,

And bid thy pensive heart be glad,

Whate'er the frowning zealots say:—

Tell them, their Eden cannot show

A stream so clear as Roccabad,

A bow'r so sweet as Mosellay.

Oh! when these fair, perfidious maids,

Whose eyes our secret haunts infest,

Their dear destructive charms display,

* A common expression for wine in Persian poetry.

Each glance my tender breast invades,
And robs my wounded soul of rest,
As Tarrars seize their destin'd prey.

In vain with love our bosoms glow :—
Can all our tears, can all our sighs,
New lustre to those charms impart?
Can cheeks, where living roses blow,
Where nature spreads her richest dyes,
Require the borrow'd gloss of art?

Speak not of fate—ah! change the
theme,
And talk of odors, talk of wine,
Talk of the flow'rs that round us
bloom:—

'Tis all a cloud: 'tis all a dream:
To love and joy thy thoughts con-
fine,
Nor hope to pierce the sacred gloom.

Beauty has such resistless pow'r,
That ev'n the chaste Egyptian dame†
Sigh'd for the blooming Hebrew boy.
For her how fatal was the hour,
When to the banks of Nilus came
A youth so lovely, and so coy!

But ah! sweet maid, my counsel hear
(Youth should attend, when those ad-
vise

Whom long experience renders sage)—
While music charms the ravish'd ear,
While sparkling cups delight our eyes,
Be gay; and scorn the frowns of age.

What cruel answer have I heard!
And yet, by Heav'n, I love thee still:
Can aught be cruel from thy lip?
Yet say, how fell that bitter word
From lips which streams of sweetness
fill,

Which nought but drops of honey sip?

Go boldly forth, my simple lay,
Whose accents flow with artless ease,
Like orient pearls at random strung:—
Thy notes are sweet, the damsels say,
But, oh! far sweeter, if they please
The nymph for whom these notes are
sung!

On viewing the Miniature LIKENESS of a
Lady.

SEMBLANCE of Nature! raptur'd & re-
trace

The faithful outlines of Zemanda's face.

† Zoleikha, Potiphar's wife—This
story is celebrated in the East, and is the
subject of a beautiful poem called "The
Loves of Joseph and Zoleikha."

Each winning feature of the lovely maid
Seems truly touch'd with happy light
and shade.

The graceful blush, that innocence be-
speaks,

Diffusive seems to brighten o'er the
cheeks;

And glowing fancy, with enchanting
wile,

Most sweetly animates the serious
smile.

Hail, Genius bless'd! and hail, belov'd
design,

Offspring of Jove transcendently benign!
By thine auspicious aid, we friends sur-
vey,

By ruthless Death or absence torn away;
By thy creative pow'r, we here may
find

Precision, judgement, ease, and taste
combin'd—
A striking emblem of the fair one's
mind.

A. K***.

Lines to a young Lady, on the Author's re-
turning a HALF CROWN that he had
taken from her, on which was engraved a
HEART pierced with arrows.

Thus I return what erst was thine,
Secure, to thy possession:—

A stolen heart shall not be mine.—

Then hear a plain profession.

Take back this cold, this silver heart;

For I like one that's glowing,
That throbs for Sorrow's bitter smart,
Each mild sensation knowing.

And such a heart, fair maid, is thine—

I tell the truth with pleasure.

Oh! might it's care be ever mine,

'Twould be a peerless treasure.

J. M. L.

Epitaph on a Dog, called Soldier, that be-
longed to Cuthbert Sharp, Esq. of Durham.

FROM cruel Death, alas! there's no
defence;

He calls the just, the brave, the virtuous
hence

In youthful bloom and pride.—

Could honest worth and warm affection
save

The faithful friend from an untimely
grave,

Poor Soldier had not died.

Card-table EPIGRAPH on a Lady, whose ruin and death were caused by gaming.

CLARISSA reign'd the queen of hearts:
Like sparkling diamonds were her eyes:
But, through the knave of clubs' false
arts,
Here, bedded by a spade, she lies.

*crostich respectfully addressed to Miss
SQUIRE*

Just like an acquaintance, with whom
you've long been
On an intimate footing, and oft-times
have seen,
A stranger (in hopes that you'll not think
her rude)
Now presumes on your patience awhile
to intrude.
No interest prompts her: but this is her
aim,
As a vot'ry of Clio, your friendship to
claim.
So timid the Muse in her search after
fame,
Quite fearful, lest critics her labors
should blame,
Unskill'd, and not knowing on whom to
depend,
It needs not seem strange that she longs
for a friend,
Refin'd, like yourself, and in whom,
though untried,
Each wish of her heart she may freely
confide. C. C. RICHARDSON.

*Completion of the BOUTS-RIMES proposed in
the Supplement to our last Volume.*

FIND me the man who knows to love
The daisied mead or shady grove—
Who could with me delighted stray,
When Ev'ning sheds her sober grey,
Nor let his wishes further roam,
Than round his little humble home;—
When Cynthia fills her silver horn,
Or Phœbus gilds the rising morn,
Stranger alike to want or care,
A cheerful aspect who could wear;
Yet (not intent to self alone,
Or deaf to sad Affliction's moan)
With happy heart and bosom light,
Still send the wretched from his sight.—
With such a man my days I'll end,
Nor seek the lover in the friend.

January 21.

EUGENIA

Another.—The SORROWING FAIR.

I KNEW a fair, whose soul was form'd for
love,
Who sigh'd her sorrows to the silent
grove.
A villain's arts once taught her soul to
stray;
Since when, at ev'ning's beam, or morn-
ing grey,
In vain from anguish flying, she would
room,
And quit the hated threshold of her
home,
Oft, when she heard the huntsman wind
his horn,
Waking wild Echo at the peep of morn,
Then would she sigh, "Ah! cruel man!
thy care
Is to bid ev'ry creature sorrow wear."
Then, courting solitude, she'd weep alone,
Answering each gust with her distressing
moan!
Soon sad despair dispell'd hope's pleasing
light:
Her wasted form alarm'd Affection's
sight:
The fiends of sorrow brought her to her
end,
Lamented by each sympathising friend!
January 12. J. M. L.

*Imitation of the French Epigram in the Sup-
plement to our last Volume.*

"KEEP silence below!" cried the judge
in a fury—
"Those talkers quite deafen the bench
and the jury.
Such noise and disturbance is quite be-
yond bearing!
Five causes already we've tried, without
hearing!" C. C. J.

Another, by T. W. T.

SAYS the judge to the crier, "Keep si-
lence below!
With that noise, what is spoken in court,
we don't know.
Confus'd and distracted, ten causes we've
sped,
Without ever hearing one word that was
said!"

Le Sor enrichi.

De ce lieu Philémon partit à demi-nu:
Bien suivi, bien couvert, le voilà revenu!
Je ne le connais pas dans cette pompe
extrême.—
Eh! qui ne l'aurait méconnu?
Il se méconnaît bien lui-même.

*. * A translation or imitation is requested.

THE WOODLAND MAID.

In early youth, when Hope her blossoms
spread,
And deck'd with promis'd joys my lowly
shed,
Happy and good, I sang the livelong
day:
I knew not sorrow, nor had felt her
sway.

When dewy Morn, with streaks of orient
light,
Had drawn the veil of sable-footed
night,
With airy steps I shot along the glade,
The happy, gay, and virtuous Woodland
Maid.

By fond persuasions Henry gain'd my
heart:—
I thought him true, nor could suspect of
betrayal;
The wretched, lost, unhappy Woodland
Maid.

Now left the hapless victim of deceit,
In the cold grave I seek my last retreat:
There, when in earth's damp womb en-
tomb'd I'm laid,
May faithless Henry mourn his Wood-
land Maid.

F. I.

"YES! ONE!"—a song.

Yes! one (his name you must not
hear,
And yet it has a charming sound)
Will, if I take not early care,
The peace of my calm bosom wound.
Yes! one! O! ask not in what clime,
In what much-favour'd clime he
dwells:

But know this truth, that ne'er has
time

Enrich'd a mind that his excels.

Yes! one! and his superior name

Will live to grace a later age.

'Tis written in the book of Fame,

And brightens Virtue's lucid page.

MAY.

Lines on the Author's BIRTH DAY.

AND have I lived so long? have nine-
teen years

Roll'd o'er my head in this sad vale of
tears?

Where Sorrow chequers Life's oft-varied
dream,

Or Hope bids transient smiles of Plea-
sure gleam;

Where Treach'ry lurks in Honor's sac-
red guise,

And friends inconstant erring friends
despise;

Where none compassionate, and all con-
temn

The faults of others; and forget—like
them—

They too have trodden Folly's mazy
road,

Ere they could reach fair Reason's bright
abode.

But to my pray'r attend, O Pow'r of
heav'n!

If, by thy grace, to me long life be
giv'n,

Let me reflect, when age and time shall
throw

Around my head their show'rs of whit-
ning snow,

That I have once been young; nor rashly
blame,

Another's error, when I've done the
same.

F. I.

FOREIGN AFFAIRS.

FRANCE.

The burning zeal of Buonaparte for
the annihilation of our commerce still
continues to blaze forth in the conflagra-
tions of British merchandise, large quan-
tities of which have lately been destroyed
at Bordeaux and other places; on which
occasions, addresses have been procured,
and ostentatiously published, from com-
mercial bodies, thanking the emperor for
the salutary measure of destroying the
property of their rivals!

As an additional measure of commer-
cial hostility, a new oath has lately been
administered to merchants and others
in the ports of the Channel, under
which they are bound by the most so-
lemn engagements not to hold any in-
tercourse or communication with the
shipping, natives, or territories of Great
Britain, and on the violation of which,
they are to be exposed to the penalties of
wilful and corrupt perjury.

Besides this, a new regulation respect-
ing licences has been established. Ves-

sels, for the future, must proceed to the particular port for which the licence is granted; whereas, under the previous practice, they were at liberty to enter any other port, and unload there.

With a view, moreover, of contending with England, at a future day, for the empire of the main, a conscription has been ordered in all the maritime departments, of children to be trained to the sea; and 40,000 of them are to be immediately torn from their parents, and placed at the disposal of the minister of the marine. The counsellor of state, Caffarelli, in submitting this plan to the senate, candidly confessed that some difficulty would occur in converting these children into sailors, because France has neither trade nor fisheries. Small flotillas are, however, to be constructed in the different ports, on board of which these young conscripts are to be trained.

For the prosecution of the war in the Spanish peninsula, a fresh levy, of one hundred and twenty thousand men of the conscription of the year 1814, is to be placed at the disposal of the war-minister.

Of the lavish waste of blood in that war, some idea may be formed from the following statement (in a letter from Corunna at the end of last November) of the number of French troops sent into Spain by the road of Bayonne, between the end of October 1807, and the close of August 1810. The computation is confirmed by another letter from Cadiz.

1807 Infantry,	47,500	Cavalry,	7,100
1808 ———	209,300	————	36,200
1809 ———	55,400	————	6,300
1810 ———	88,200	————	18,400
	401,100		68,000

This statement includes only the recruits sent by the way of Bayonne. It is presumed that the numbers which have marched by the way of Catalonia exceed 150,000, making a grand total of 619,000. —Of these, probably, 250,000 have not survived.

But, prodigal as Buonaparte is of the blood of his subjects, he is not inattentive to the interests of France in other respects: for, in a message to the conservative senate, on the 10th of December, he announces his determination to establish an inland navigation from the Seine (which flows through the French capital) to the Baltic, by means of a canal which shall form a junction between the mouths of the Scheldt, the Meuse, the

Rhine, the Ems, the Weser, and the Elbe, and which is to be completed in five years. He also cheers the nation with the consolatory assurance, that, notwithstanding the vast expenses in which he is involved, he will have no occasion to call on the people for any fresh pecuniary supplies.

To render France independent of foreign commerce, the greatest exertions are made to supply her wants from domestic or neighbouring sources. Now, that cotton fails her, she has set to work the silk-worms of Italy. The hills of the south, yielding for a time the cultivation of their vines, break forth with the tobacco-leaf: and even tea and coffee are to be raised nearer home, or they are not to be admitted.

The French territory, moreover, has been lately enlarged by the annexion of the Valais; and Holstein, Mecklenburg, &c. have been recently added to Buonaparte's dominions.

But, with all his extended power, and the boasted affluence of his treasury, he is said to have made application to the ex-empress Josephine, for her jewels, alleging that the campaign in the Peninsula had been attended with such expenses as to reduce him to great pecuniary difficulties: and Josephine was obliged to comply with this request.

A discovery, interesting to the antiquarian, has lately been made at Laversines, near Beauvais, of a cavefull of curious ancient vases, supposed to have been consecrated to the Druidic worship.

SPAIN and PORTUGAL.

Notwithstanding the inclemency of the winter-season, the grand armies, under the command of Lord Wellington, and his formidable antagonist Massena, still kept the field; though they remained inactive till the end of December—the French at Santarem, the English at the tago, closely watching them.

The Cortes.—That assembly still continue their sessions: but they have lost much of their influence, and considerably damped the national ardor, by some unpopular acts, and, among others, the practice of debating with shut doors. They have passed a decree that “all prebends, which are not annexed to public offices, or of which the incumbent is not charged with the care of souls, shall be immediately adjudged to the public treasury”—and another, that “the deputies to the Cortes ought to be wholly independent of the executive power, and

not to hold any office which should render them accountable to that power."

Nov. 12. A circular order of Soult has been published in the county of Niebla, recommending to the magistrates to oblige the peasants to sow the lands and to punish with the greatest rigor those who shall neglect to do so; threatening them that a military chief shall be sent to examine the grounds, and impose punishment for such omission.

Madrid, Nov. 13. In the nights of the 11th and 12th there has been some tumult among the troops of the garrison. The cause was that they did not get their allowance of wine, and expected to be abridged in their quantity of meat.

Nov. 27. Not a night passes without disturbances in this city. The consequence is, that a new police has been established, in addition to the civic guard, which were appointed to preserve the peace. On the 15th November, 93 persons were massacred by the French, in a riot occasioned by their excesses.

Dec. 1. A contagious fever had broken out at Barcelona, which had been destructive equally to the garrison and inhabitants.

Madrid, Dec. 12. A large quantity of British manufactures, found in the houses of the inhabitants, has been publicly burned, the value of which was about 1,000,000 of dollars. The same proceeding has been repeated in Seville and Granada.

Grenada, Dec. 12. An insurrection, almost *en masse*, has taken place against the French, who occupy this province with a force of 15,000 men, and who have taken shelter in Malaga.

Dec. 14. At this date, flour was at Lisbon four guineas per barrel, weighing one cwt. three quarters; and lean beasts had been sent from America, which sold for each.

Dec. 16. The enemy made an attack a few days ago on the Isle of Leon, but were repulsed with great loss; we also lost some men and officers.

Dec. 20. A great number of American vessels have reached the Tagus with corn to supply the wants of the army, and of the increased population of the city. The price of wheat had in consequence been considerably reduced.

Corunna, Dec. 28. A plot has been discovered here of a most formidable kind. The intention appears to have been to murder the public authorities, to raise the standard of rebellion against the

Cortes, and to form a separate government for Galicia, at the head of which were to be placed the principal conspirators.

It is reported that the projectors of this rebellion are persons of rank.

Dec. 29. A French spy, one of Massena's aide-de-camps in disguise, has been taken by the peasants, and has given important information to Lord Wellington, for which, if correct, his life will be spared.

Lisbon, Jan. 1. The armies have been three days in motion; and circumstances indicate an early and dreadful conflict.

RUSSIA.

A peace has been concluded between Russia and Persia.

Dec. 22. The negotiations, commenced between the Russian and Turkish generals, have been broken off; and the Russian army is again in motion.

Above 250 ships have been seized and confiscated in the Russian ports, in consequence of the emperor having acceded to the continental system: and the ships of no nation, not even of America, are now admitted into the Russian ports; they being all, without exception, warned off by the native cruisers.

GERMANY.

The duchies of Holstein and Mecklenburg have, by a public decree, been annexed to the dominions of Buonaparte, and now form an integral part of the French empire. The senate and the council of fifty-one have been dissolved at Frankfort, preparatory to the adoption of the new constitution, founded upon the Napoleon code.

At Hamburg, the French flag was formally displayed on the 1st of January, when the annexation of the city to France took place.

PRUSSIA.

Konigsberg, Dec. 19. More than 500 ships have been seized in various ports of the Baltic, the cargoes of which will be sold for French purposes.

Konigsberg, Dec. 28. We have, here and in the port of Memel, confiscated 210 vessels of the Baltic convoy, whose cargoes are valued at nearly 30 millions of livres. There are at Colberg, Stettin, and Swinemunde, vessels to an equal value.

All the principal merchants at Dantzic have, as if with one accord, suspended their payments for a term of six months.

HOLLAND.

A Dutch paper of December announces

the sale of seventy-seven houses at Amsterdam; the proprietors having absconded, unable to pay the taxes.

The conscription has been extended to children of thirteen.

POLAND.

Great activity prevails in Poland, where Count Poniatowski is organising a force of 50,000 men.

Warsaw, Dec. 10. The governor, by order of the French monarch, made known, that, preparatory to other great designs in our favor, the peasantry on the estates of our nobles shall be emancipated in a manner hereafter to be regulated. In the interim, the children born of such parents from the month of January are to be declared free: the expense of their maintenance to be defrayed by the nobles on whose estates they may be born, till further measures can be adopted.

DENMARK.

All trade with England is prohibited, under more severe penalties than any yet inflicted. It is declared a felony, punishable by death, in the captain of a ship maintaining intercourse with England.

It is said that in Norway 3,000 men, intended to man the ships of war in the Dutch ports, had refused to proceed to Holland, and that the Danish troops, which were ordered to compel them, had declined any interference.—The country is said to be in a state of revolution.

The new tribunal of prizes at Christiansand, in Norway, has condemned 118 vessels taken from the English.

SWEDEN.

Bernadotte has given orders for augmenting the army to 80,000 men. French commissioners have been sent to all the Ports of Sweden, and orders transmitted from France, to enforce the continental system.—The Swedes are said to have begun to sequester vessels in their ports. A deputation from Finland has waited on the Crown Prince of Sweden, to implore that their country might again be restored to his empire.

TURKEY.

The negotiation for peace with Russia has been broken off: hostilities have again been renewed; and, in addition to the calamities of war, this tottering empire is shaken by domestic sedition. Civil dissensions had arisen in the capital, and the Janissaries, with their adherents, composing an army of 40,000 men, menaced the seat of empire. The sultan sought refuge on board his fleet in the Bosphorus, while the insurgents plundered the seraglio, and set fire to the imperial city. A con-

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flict in the streets succeeded, in which 18,000 of the rebels were massacred; after which, order was restored.

AMERICAN UNITED STATES.

In September last, the representatives of the people of West Florida issued a proclamation erecting their country into an independent state, and made application to be taken under the protection of the United States. The president, however, claimed the country as the property of the United States, pursuant to the treaty of Paris in 1803, and gave orders for taking possession of it.

In his speech to Congress on the 5th of December, the president observes that the fortifications, for the defence of their maritime frontier, are, with few exceptions, completed, and that the revenue for the year ending Sept. 30 (amounting to above eight millions and a half of dollars) has exceeded the current expenses of the government, including the interest of the public debt.

SPANISH AMERICA.

Buenos Ayres, Sept. 26. Chile, Lima, and their dependencies, have formed Juntas on the plain of the revolutionists, and disclaimed all connexion with the regency of Old Spain.

Buenos Ayres, Oct. 25. Our Cabildo or town corporation, were all seized on the 18th of this month, and sent on board ship at two o'clock in the morning, on suspicion that they had sworn fidelity to the Regency of Spain.

Oct. 25. Mexico has followed the example of the Caraccas, Buenos Ayres, and Chili; and the spirit of independence is spreading to Western Peru.

Monte-Video still adhered to the old cause; but the blockade was raised about the end of October, by the intervention of the British admiral.

At this period, the province of Caraccas was in a state of disorder; and serious apprehensions were entertained of a counter-revolution.

BRASIL.

Symptoms of tumult have been manifested in Brasil. Several attempts have taken place, and troops been sent to Bahia, to secure submission in the dependency.

WEST INDIES.

JAMAICA.—A difference had subsisted between the governor and the house in assembly; the latter refusing to reimburse moneys advanced for the troops, because advanced without their concurrence or desire. The dispute has been amicably terminated.

G

Nov. 13. In Port-royal mountains, between 25 and 30 acres of land sunk and disappeared.

CUBA.—A revolution has commenced in Cuba, headed by the archbishop of the island; and the governor and judges have been committed to prison. The revolutionists acknowledge the Spanish regency, and the alliance with Great-Britain.

Oct. 24. A hurricane ravaged the whole island. At the Havannah, the waves washed over the flag-staff of the castle, forty feet above the level of the sea:

several vessels were wrecked: two were driven nearly into the heart of the town and four, three miles up the country.

Oct. 28. The chief part of the town of St. Jago de la Cuba was swallowed up, leaving a chasm 80 feet broad.

ST. DOMINGO.—On the 18th Nov. Christophe was stated to be following up the advantages he had obtained over his rival, who had retired with a small force to Port-au-Prince. Petion was fortifying Port-au-Prince, the siege of which Christophe had determined to undertake by sea and land.

DOMESTIC OCCURRENCES.

His MAJESTY'S Health.

Abstract of the Bulletins.

December, 23. His majesty is not quite so well this morning, though he had several hours' sleep yesterday evening.—24. Has had a sleepless night.—Not so well to-day.—25. Had a severe attack of fever yesterday evening.—Some hours' sleep.—Symptoms much abated.—26. Since the abatement of the fever, has continued nearly in the same state.—27. Passed an indifferent night.—Is much the same as yesterday.—28. Rather better through the last twenty four hours.—29. Has passed a good night.—As well to-day as yesterday.—30. Passed a good night.—Rather better this morning.—31. A good night.—As well as yesterday.—January, 1. A quiet night, without much sleep.—Continues the same as yesterday.—2. Nearly the same as during last two days.—3. Has not declined from the state of last four days.—4. As well as yesterday.—5. A quiet night.—Much the same as for some days past.—6. Several hours' sleep.—As well as yesterday.—7. As well as in any part of preceding week.—8. A good night.—Rather better.—9. A good night.—As well as yesterday.—10. Continues to go on well.—11. A little improved.—12. Not quite so well.—13. A good night.—Better to-day.—14. As well as yesterday.—15. A good night.—As well as yesterday.—16. A little different from last two days.—17. As well as yesterday.—18. Much the same as the last two or three days.—19. Much the same as yesterday.

Windsor, Jan. 17. His majesty's health is materially improved: he is gaining daily; and it is with great pleasure that we can announce, that, after dinner this

afternoon, his majesty, attended by Drs. Baillie, Heberden, and Willis, walked for more than half an hour on the north side of the Terrace; during the greater part of which time, his majesty was in conversation with those gentlemen. His majesty felt much refreshed by the air, and, upon the whole, derived much benefit from the walk. In addition to this important fact, we understand that his majesty, within these three or four days, has experienced some faint glimmerings of returning sight, so that he could perceive some glasses with drink which were given into his hands. The king's approach to a state of convalescence is slow; but most confident hopes are entertained that it will be sure.—His slight relapse on Saturday was occasioned, we understand, by his going into the warm bath about half-past eight o'clock in the morning, which his majesty is particularly partial to; and he remained in above twenty minutes—a length of time exceeding what he had been accustomed to. This brought on a violent fit of sneezing and relaxation.

THE REGENCY.

Dec. 19. Mr. Perceval, chancellor of the exchequer, having previously written a letter to the Prince of Wales, inclosing the plan of a regency with certain limitations, which he (Mr. P.) intended to propose to the House of Commons, and requesting an interview with the prince on the subject—his Royal Highness, this day, returned an answer, signifying, that, as no step had yet been taken on the subject in the two Houses of Parliament, he did not think it consistent with his respect for the two Houses to give any opinion on the course of proceeding which had been submitted

to him. On a former occasion, it was not till the resolution had been adopted by both Houses, that the matter was submitted to him; and then he had felt it to be his duty to express his opinion distinctly on the subject; and to that opinion he had ever since invariably adhered; and the answer of his royal highness concludes with expressing his most earnest wishes that the speedy re-establishment of his majesty's health would make any measure of the kind unnecessary.

On the same day, the following protest was signed by all the royal dukes, and sent to Mr. Perceval—

“SIR,

“The Prince of Wales having assembled the whole of the male branches of the royal family, and having communicated to us the plan intended to be proposed by his majesty's confidential servants, to the lords and commons, for the establishment of a restricted regency, should the continuance of his majesty's ever-to-be-deplored illness render it necessary; we feel it a duty we owe to his majesty, to our country, and to ourselves, to enter our solemn protest against measures we consider as perfectly unconstitutional, as they are contrary to, and subversive of, the principles which seated our family upon the throne of this realm.”

Dec. 20. The House of Commons—in consequence of the report presented to them on the 17th by their select committee appointed to examine his majesty's physicians—proceeded, in committee of the whole house, to pass three resolutions, which they adopted on the 21st—the first stating his majesty's inability to exercise the royal authority;—the second, that it is the duty of the two houses to supply the defect; the third, that it is necessary that they should “determine on the means whereby the royal assent may be given” to a bill for appointing a regency.

To these resolutions the Lords, in committee, agreed on the 27th; and they passed them on the 28th. The third was carried by a majority of 100 to 74; the minority voting for an *Address* requesting the Prince of Wales to assume the regency, without the passing of a bill.—On this occasion, three protests were entered, signed by thirty-seven, forty-one, and forty-two peers.

Dec. 31. The commons, in committee, passed four new resolutions,—the 1st empowering the Prince of Wales (as regent) to exercise the royal authority, “subject to such limitations and restrictions as shall be prescribed;”—the 2d restricting

him from granting the peerage, except as a reward for eminent naval or military services;—the third, restricting him from granting offices in reversion, from granting any office, salary, or pension, for any other term than “during his majesty's pleasure,” except such offices as are, by law, required to be granted during life or good behaviour;—the fourth restricting him from granting any part of his majesty's real or personal estate, except so far as relates to the renewal of leases.

The first three of these resolutions were carried by small majorities, viz. 1st, 224 to 200—2d, 225, to 210—3d, 233, to 214.

Jan. 1. A fifth resolution was proposed by the chancellor of the exchequer, that the care of his majesty's person should be committed to the queen, with the power of appointing and removing all the officers of the royal household; and that her majesty should have the advice and assistance of a council, empowered occasionally to examine the king's physicians, &c. But to this resolution an amendment was made, taking from the queen the absolute control over the entire household, and only allowing to her “the sole direction of such portion of his majesty's household, as shall be thought requisite for the care of his person.”—This amendment was carried, against the minister, by a majority of 226, to 213.

These resolutions were adopted by the house on the 2d of January; when an amendment, moved by Mr. Perceval to the fifth of them, and tending to nullify the amendment carried in the committee, was rejected by a majority, against the minister, of 217, to 214.

Jan. 4. Those five resolutions being debated in the House of Lords, the second was amended by striking out the part empowering the regent to grant peerages for naval and military services, which was considered as establishing an invidious distinction in favor of one particular description of men, while others were to be excluded.—106, to 100.—To the fifth, Lord Liverpool moved an amendment similar to that of Mr. Perceval which had been rejected by the other house: but it was negatived; and the resolution, as passed by the commons, was carried by a majority, against the ministers, of 110, to 97.

On this occasion, the ministers had several proxies ready to be called in on their side: but it was decided (by a majority, against them, of 102, to 99) that, under the existing circumstances, proxies should not be admitted.

Jan. 7. The commons agreed to the amendment made by the lords; and the resolutions, thus amended, were, by a deputation from both houses, presented to her majesty on the 10th, and to the prince on the 11th, with an address, in each case, requesting the acceptance of the trust committed by the resolutions; to which the following answers were returned by the royal personages—

The QUEEN'S Answer.

"My Lords and Gentlemen,

"That sense of duty and gratitude to the king, and of obligation to this country, which induced me in the year 1789 readily to promise my most earnest attention to the anxious and momentous trust at that time intended to be reposed in me by parliament, is strengthened, if possible, by the uninterrupted enjoyment of those blessings which I have continued to experience under the protection of his majesty since that period: and I should be wanting to all my duties, if I hesitated to accept the sacred trust which is now offered to me."

"The assistance in point of counsel and advice, which the wisdom of parliament proposes to provide for me, will make me undertake the charge with greater hopes that I may be able satisfactorily to fulfil the important duties which it must impose upon me."

"Of the nature and importance of that charge, I cannot but be duly sensible, involving, as it does, every thing which is valuable to myself, as well as the highest interests of a people endeared to me by so many ties and considerations, but by nothing so strongly as by their steady, loyal, and affectionate attachment to the best of kings."

The PRINCE'S Answer.

"My Lords and Gentlemen,

"I receive the communication which the two Houses have directed you to make to me, of their joint resolutions, on the subject of providing for the exercise of the royal authority, during his majesty's illness, with those sentiments of regard which I must ever entertain for the united desires of the two Houses."

"With the same sentiments I receive the expressed hopes of the Lords and Commons, that, from my regard for the interest of his majesty and the nation, I should be ready to undertake the weighty and important trust proposed to be invested in me, under the restrictions and limitations stated in those resolutions."

"Conscious that every feeling of my heart would have prompted me, from useful affection to my beloved father

and sovereign, to have shown all the reverential delicacy towards him inculcated in those resolutions, I cannot refrain from expressing my regret, that I should not have been allowed the opportunity of manifesting to his afflicted and loyal subjects that such would have been my conduct."

"Deeply impressed, however, with the necessity of tranquillising the public mind, and determined to submit to every personal sacrifice consistent with the regard I owe to the security of my father's crown, and the equal regard I owe to the welfare of his people, I do not hesitate to accept the office and situation proposed to me, restricted as they are, still retaining every opinion expressed by me upon a former and similar distressing occasion."

"In undertaking the trust proposed to me, I am well aware of the difficulties of the situation in which I shall be placed; but I shall rely with confidence upon the constitutional advice of an enlightened parliament, and the zealous support of a generous and loyal people. I will use all the means left to me to merit both."

"My Lords and Gentlemen,

"You will communicate this my answer to the two Houses, accompanied by my most fervent wishes and prayers, that the divine will may extricate us and the nation from the grievous embarrassments of our present condition, by the speedy restoration of his majesty's health."

Jan. 11. On a receipt of these answers, the Lords passed a resolution for affixing the great seal to a commission to open parliament for the purpose of passing a regency-bill; which resolution having been agreed to by the commons on the 14th—

Jan. 15, the session was opened by the commissioners, viz. the archbishop of Canterbury, the lord chancellor, the lord president (Earl Camden) the lord privy seal (Earl of Westmoreland) and the master of the horse (Duke of Montrose)—the lord chancellor having previously observed, in an address to the assembly, that, "forasmuch as his majesty, for certain reasons and causes, cannot be present here this day in his royal person, in order to open and hold this parliament, a commission has been issued under the great seal for that purpose," &c.

On the same day, in the house of commons, the chancellor of the exchequer brought in a bill for settling the regency, &c. in pursuance of the resolutions of both houses presented to the queen and the Prince of Wales.—The bill passed

the committee on the 18th, and was ordered to be reported to the House on the 21st.

Catholic Soldiers.

[With heart-felt pleasure, we record in our Magazine the following transaction, which we joyously hail, as announcing the dawn of that happy day—not far distant, we hope—when the British empire shall wisely imitate the liberal example of the American republic, in placing all religious sects on a footing of perfect equality, without any penalty or disqualification attaching to any description of our fellow men, for worshipping their God agreeably to the dictates of their own conscience.]

In Ireland, it seems, certain military officers prevented catholic soldiers from attending catholic worship, and even punished some who had attended.—At Enniskillen, such transgressors were lately subjected to the ignominious exhibition of their persons, doing duty in turned coats! But, on the 11th of January, the following general order was entered on the books of the regiments in Dublin, and immediately forwarded to every other regiment in Ireland—

“Reports having been circulated, that Catholic soldiers have been prevented from attending divine worship according to the tenets of their religion, and obliged, in certain instances, to be present at that of the established church, the commanding officers of the several regiments are to be attentive to the prevention of such practices, if they have in any instance existed in the Troops under their command, as they are in violation of the orders contained in the circular letter of the 14th of May, 1806, and since repeated to the army; and the catholic soldiers, as well as those of other sects, are to be allowed, in all cases, to attend the divine worship of the Almighty according to their several persuasions, when duty does not interfere, in the same manner, and under the same regulations, as those of the established church.”

On the following Sunday, the catholic soldiers at Enniskillen were marched to the catholic chapel by two officers of their own religion; and those at Newry were in like manner conducted to their own place of worship by three officers of their regiment.

Summary of Christenings and Burials within the Bills of mortality, from December 12, 1809, to December, 11, 1810.

Christened in the 97 Parishes within the Walls, 1004—Buried 1388.

Christened in the 17 Parishes without the walls, 4258—Buried, 4189.

Christened in the 23 Out-parishes in Middlesex and Surry, 10503—Buried, 9595.

Christened in the 10 Parishes in the City and Liberties of Westminster, 4165—Buried, 4841.

Christened { Males 10,188 } in all, 19,980
 { Females 9,742 }

Buried { Males 10,411 } in all, 19,893
 { Females 9,482 }

Whereof have died,

Under Two Years of Age	-	-	5,853
Between Two and Five	-	-	2,480
Five and Ten	-	-	850
Ten and Twenty	-	-	695
Twenty and Thirty	-	-	1,218
Thirty and Forty	-	-	1,788
Forty and Fifty	-	-	2,018
Fifty and Sixty	-	-	1,648
Sixty and Seventy	-	-	1,587
Seventy and Eighty	-	-	1,262
Eighty and Ninety	-	-	473
Ninety and a Hundred	-	-	70
A Hundred and Five	-	-	1

Increased in the Burials this Year, 3,213.

Decem. 18. Two frigates—the Pallas, captain Cadogan, and the Nympe, capt. Percy—having mistaken the fire of a lime-kiln for that of a light-house, were wrecked off the Isle of May, near Dunbar. The crews were saved.

Price of the quart, ru loaf in London.—December 20, fourteenpence, three farthings.—Decem. 27, the same.—January, 3, the same.—Jan. 10, the same.—Jan. 17, fifteen pence farthing.

Court of Common Pleas.—Dec. 22. A verdict, for £250 damages with costs, was obtained against the proprietor of the Briton and Lewes stage coach, by a passenger, who had been severely hurt in consequence of the coach being overloaded and breaking down.

Dec. 22. A person, named Milton, weighing fourteen stone, rode, for a wager, from Piccadilly to Stamford, ninety miles, in four hours and a quarter! How many horses have been ruined by this exploit, we are not told: but he rode one unfortunate animal fifteen miles, and completely “knocked up” another in four miles!

Sacilegious robbery.—During the night between the 22d and 23d of December, St. Paul's cathedral was robbed of above seventeen hundred ounces of plate, valued, on account of the exquisite workmanship, at above two thousand pounds. The robbers had to open nine different doors, before they were able to reach the vestry.

Dec. 23. The grand assembly-rooms at Margate were opened as a methodist meeting.

Dec. 24. The British ship, *Minotaur*, of 74 guns, was wrecked on the coast of Holland.

Dover-Cliff.—Dec. 24. A new fall from the cliff took place at Dover, but fortunately did little damage. It was followed by two others; and the cliff has lately absorbed so much wet, that scarce a day passes without a fall. Between Dover and Folkstone, there have been several, one of which covers seven acres of ground. Several parts of the low cliffs also have given way, and fallen into the sea, between Folkstone and Sandgate.

Dec. 25. A violent hurricane prevailed, which did much damage to the shipping at Margate, Ramsgate, Dover, &c.

Dec. 26. Near Tavistock, a Mr. Hutton fell into an old lead-shaft above sixty-eight feet deep. His fall was broken by deep water at the bottom; and, on rising to its surface, he laid hold on a cross piece of timber, on which he supported himself. He plainly heard the passengers conversing on the road, and endeavoured to make them hear him, but in vain. Thus circumstanced, he made holes with a pair of scissors in the sides of the pit, to facilitate his ascent, and had mounted to within a few feet of the mouth, when the earth gave way, and he again fell to the bottom. In this dreadful situation he remained till the 28th, when his cries were heard by a laborer, and he was extricated from the dark abyss by means of ropes.

The harbour at Holyhead is carrying on so spiritedly, that it is expected to be in a state fit for the protection of vessels on that dangerous coast in the course of the ensuing year.

Bank robbery.—Dec. 27. The Winchester bank was discovered to have been robbed, during the preceding night, of property to the amount of above a thousand pounds. A hole had been made in the wall, sufficiently large for a man to enter. The robber was soon afterwards taken, and the whole of the property recovered.

Dec. 30.—An ambassador from Algiers is arrived in London. He has brought several fine young Arabian horses, as a present to his majesty.

Singular Incident.—A country paper says, that, at Goring, in Sussex, a partridge's egg having been shut up in a trunk from the 20th of January, last

year, to the 12th of November, and then taken out and laid on the carpet, it suddenly made a loud crack, burst, and produced a live partridge. Whether the bird could have been reared, is uncertain, as it was almost immediately destroyed by a cat.

Another paper mentions a young infant at Whitehaven having sucked in, from about his mother's breast, a small needle, and retained it seven months, until at length it made its appearance at the elbow, and was extracted.

Snow.—Jan. 4. So heavy a fall of snow took place, as to render the northern roads almost impassable. The mail-coach from Boston could not be dragged more than four miles on Saturday through the snow; but the guard proceeded on horseback with the mail. The mail from London was conveyed in the same manner into Boston about six o'clock on Saturday evening. The Lincoln stage-waggon was obliged to be left on the road, in one of the valleys, about three miles from Barton, nearly twelve feet deep in snow.

The river Severn, near Shrewsbury, has been frozen over in several places for some days past.

Catholic Committee.—Jan. 5. At a meeting of the catholic committee in Dublin, Counsellor O'Gorman proposed that the members should subscribe to a pledge in the following terms, which was immediately agreed to:—"We, the undersigned members of the general committee of the catholics of Ireland, do hereby solemnly pledge ourselves upon our honors, that we will not, directly or indirectly, ask or receive for ourselves or others, pension, place, or title under government, until the total and unqualified emancipation of our body shall have been first obtained."

Jan. 5. On the arrival of the Carlisle coach in London, two females, outside passengers, were found frozen to death.

January 8. The common council of London, and, Jan. 9, the livery in common hall, voted resolutions, expressing their disapprobation of the proposed "limitations and restrictions" on the power of the regent—recommending the expedient of an address to the Prince of Wales, instead of a bill—and strongly reprobating the measures lately adopted by parliament for the issue of public money. Consonant to these resolutions, petitions were presented to both houses of parliament on the 11th; and petitions of similar tendency have been presented from the corporation of Nottingham, and some other public bodies.

A new Monster.—Jan. 10. A villain, apparently a foreigner, decoyed a young woman into St. James's Park, where, without provocation, he suddenly inflicted on her a deep and dangerous wound in the lower part of the body.—He escaped.

Saints and Reliques.—Two ships arrived a short time since from Spain, laden with silver images of saints, and other reliques, which were all cut before shipping, to avoid the duty, which would otherwise have been chargeable upon the plate in this country. A considerable number of the figures were from the finest of the antique models.

British Commerce.—Our payment in foreign freights, for the last two or three years, has not been less than fifteen millions per annum; and the whole of this has ultimately found its way into Napoleon's treasury.

Prisoners in Newgate.—Jan. 11. There are, at this moment, between seven and eight hundred persons incarcerated within the walls of Newgate, many of whom are compelled by poverty entirely to subsist on the prison allowance—two penny-worth of bread per day. A vessel has been taken up by government, for the conveyance of the convicts to New South Wales: but no removal can take place, until the royal sanction is given for such removal. The following is a statement of the numbers and sentences of those under confinement.

- 75 under sentence of death.
- 8 to be transported for life.
- 6 to be transported for fourteen years.
- 137 to be transported for seven years.
- 107 to be imprisoned for various periods.

Total tried, 333

121 for trial at the present Old Bailey Sessions.

And about 320 debtors.

Total 774

Gallant action.—Jan. 13. The merchant ship, Cumberland, capt. Barratt, was attacked, between Dover and Folkestone, by four French lugger privateers: and, though five times boarded by the enemy in numbers nearly equal to her whole crew, the latter gallantly cleared their decks, killing some of the invaders, driving others overboard, and capturing the remainder. Finally they beat off their four assailants, and compelled them to

retreat. The lords of the admiralty have since honored this gallant crew with an exemption from the impress during three years.

Public Speaking.—Jan. 16. An action for slander and defamation was brought, in the court of King's Bench, against Mr. James Jacks, a common-councilman of London, upon a charge of having, in a public speech before the common-council, bestowed the appellation of a "convicted traitor" on Mr. Paul Thomas Le Maitre, who, although heretofore confined under Mr. Pitt's administration upon a bare suspicion, had been subsequently liberated without trial, as nothing had appeared to inculcate him. After the examination of witnesses, Mr. Jacks declared, through his counsel, that he had not applied the words in question to Mr. Le Maitre: whereupon the plaintiff, deeming this a sufficient apology, consented to withdraw a juror, and dropped the action.

Shocking Accident.—Jan. 16. In Orchard Street, Westminster, a chimney-sweeper's boy, after cleaning a chimney, went out at the top. On his return, by mistake, he attempted to come down another chimney of the same house, in which there was a fire below. He stuck fast, and was suffocated before relief could be given! [When shall we see a law passed, to forbid the employment of poor, innocent, helpless children in such shocking and dangerous services?]]

New Club.—Jan. 21. A number of members of both houses of parliament held a meeting this day, to form a new club, at the house which was lately Lord Auckland's, in Old Palace-yard. It was agreed that the subscription should be 10 guineas a year, and that 300 members should be in the first place admitted as original subscribers. A committee of fifteen noblemen and gentlemen was chosen as managers, to settle the rules and regulations of the club.

French Prisoners.—Jan. 22. An order has been issued from Whitehall, that no French women shall be permitted to land in this country, who might have left France to see their husbands. The reason to be assigned to them for such refusal is, that the French government would not permit Lady Lavie and family to land in France, to join Sir Thomas, who is a prisoner at Verdun.

BIRTHS.

Dec. 22. The lady of the Hon. and Rev. Littleton Powis, rector of Tichmarsh, Northamptonshire, of a son.

Dec. 25. At Brighton, the lady of Sir Thomas Baring, bart. M. P. of a daughter.

Jan. 2. The lady of Aylmer Haby, Esq. Harefield grove, of a son.

Lately, Mrs. Tyndall, Lincoln's Inn Fields, of a son.

Jan. 7. The Hon. Mrs. Wernick, Foley Place, of a son.

Jan. 8. The R. Hon. Lady Bruce, of a son.

Jan. 8. The lady of G. B. Mainwaring, Esq. of a son.

Jan. 10. In Portman Square, the lady of Sir John Lowther Johnstone, of a son and heir.

Jan. 14. Mrs. Glennie, Dulwich Grove, of a son.

Jan. 15. Mrs. W. Donville, Bedford Row, of a daughter.

Jan. 17. The Countess of Albemarle, of a son.

Jan. 21. Viscountess Hamilton, of a son and heir.

MARRIAGES.

Dec. 22. T. Kirkpatrick Hall, Esq. to Miss Eliza Crompton, of Derby.

Dec. 24. The Rev. C. P. Burney, B. A. of Merton College, Oxford, to Miss F. Bentley Young, of Blackheath.

Dec. 27. The Hon. Wyndham Quin, M. P. to Miss Caroline Wyndham.

Dec. 27. Henry Maynard, Esq. to Miss Rabett, of Bramfield Hall, Suffolk.

Dec. 29. Sir Charles Francis Barnaby, bart. of Rickham Court, Kent, to Miss Eliza Morland, of Court Lodge.

Lately, Robert Dyche, Esq. of West Drayton, Middlesex, aged 65, to Mrs. Mary Todd, of Hill-street, Berkeley Square, of the same age.

Jan. 1. Jesse Gregson, Esq. of Hawkhurst, Kent, to Miss Shuttleworth, of Great Bowden, Leicestershire.

Lately, the Rev. Edward Aubery, rector of Clipsham, Rutland, to Miss Williams, of Moor Park, Herts.

Jan. 5. Capt. Aitchinson, of the Bombay establishment, to Miss Charlotte Terrington, of Gould Square.

Jan. 5. Nathaniel Bogle French, jun. Esq. of Dulwich, Surrey, to Miss Elizabeth Jackson.

Jan. 10. David Robertson, Esq. of Sackville street, to Miss Frances Mather, of Birchin Lane.

Jan. 14. The Rev. Richard Stodé, of Newnham Park, Devon, to Harriet, youngest daughter of Sir Fred. Leman Roger, bart.

Jan. 17. The Rev. Thomas Wilkin-

son, vicar of Kirk Hallam, Derbyshire, to Miss Crook, of Pall-Mall.

Jan. 17. Thomas Turner, Esq. of Limbourn Park, Essex, to Miss Grace Newman, of Hempstead.

DEATHS.

Dec. 11. At Willoughby, in his 103d year, Thomas Sargeant.

Dec. 15. At Brentford, at an advanced age, Mrs. Trimmer, whose name will long be held in grateful remembrance for her zealous exertions, in various literary works, to inculcate moral and religious principles on the minds of the rising generation.

Dec. 16. Robert Jackson, Esq. provost of Dumbries.

Dec. 22. At Lisson Green, Paddington, W. Baillie, Esq. in his 88th year.

Dec. 23. At his house in Piccadilly, the Duke of Queensbury, in his eighty-sixth year.—His grace dying without issue, the ducal title becomes extinct; but the earldom of Queensbury descends to Sir Charles Douglas, of Kilhead.

Dec. 24. At Quindon Hall, Essex, Henry Cramer, Esq. aged 80.

Lately, the Rev. Mr. Beadon, rector of North Stoneham, aged 81 years.

Dec. 28. At Turnham Green, in her 88th year, Mrs. Pratt.

Dec. 29. Richard Warburton Lytton, Esq. of Knebworth Place, Herts.

Dec. 31. William Robinson, Esq. of Tottenham, aged 74.

Jan. 4. Mrs. Smith, wife of J. Smith, Esq. banker, Lombard street.

Jan. 7. Sir Francis Bourgeois, well known as an eminent painter.

Jan. 8. Lady Pinhorn, wife of Sir John Pinhorn.

Jan. 9. At Gretna Green, aged 79, the celebrated Joseph Pasley—first (it is said) a tobacconist, afterwards a fisherman, and finally, without ordination or commission, a volunteer, self-constituted priest of Hymen, better known by the appellation of the *Gretna-Green Parson*.

Jan. 11. In Cleveland-court, St. James' Place, Patrick Clason, Esq. aged 76.

Jan. 12. In Westbourne-Place, Sloane-Square, Mr. Lewis, the celebrated actor.

Jan. 19. In his 77th year, Edward Osmoney, Esq. Bloomsbury-Square.

* On a trial respecting the validity of one of his marriages—on which occasion, he appeared in court as a witness—we recollect the judge characterising him as a *blacksmith*.