

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

APPROPRIATED
 SOLELY TO THEIR USE AND AMUSEMENT.

FOR APRIL, 1811.

CONTENTS.

Defence of Women,	page 147	The two Negatives,	182
Anecdote of Voltaire,	149	Completion of Bouts-rimés,	182
Account of the Inhabitants of Su-		Another,	183
matra,	149	Parsimonious Luxury — Imita-	
Memoirs of Montalbert,	156	tions of French Epigram,	183
The Dutch Patriots,	160	Edward's Grave,	183
Notices of Turkish Manners,	164	The Miner,	183
What might be,	165	Pause of Suspense before Battle,	184
To preserve Beauty,	168	The Negro,	184
Recipe for Rose-Water,	171	On the Countess of Buckingham-	
Elegant Lip-salve,	171	shire, French and English,	184
Sappho,	172	On a gay Widow,	184
Curious Collection of Tithes,	175	To Scriblerus,	184
Mysterious Warnings,	176	Epitaphe pour Jean Law,	184
Two Negatives, an Affirmative,	179	Foreign Affairs,	185
Grey Hair, an Anecdote,	181	Domestic Occurrences,	188
London Fashions,	182	Births,	191
Bouts-rimés,	182	Marriages,	191
POETRY.		Deaths,	191
The Snow-drop,	182	APPENDIX,	192

This Number is embellished with the following Plates:

1. DONNA ISABELLA DE JOYA before the CARDINALS.
2. LONDON FASHIONABLE MORNING and EVENING DRESS.
3. A New and elegant PATTERN for a DRESS SHIRT, of a TUCKER.

LONDON:

Printed for G. ROBINSON, No. 25, Paternoster Row.

Where Favors from Correspondents continue to be received.

NOTICES.

✂ Our next publication, in addition to the usual number of plates, will contain a fac-simile from an original etched likeness of the celebrated Gretna-Green Parson, lately deceased.

"What might be."—For a particular reason, interesting to the ingenious authoress as well as to ourselves, we request to be favored with her address as speedily as convenient.

The "*French Epigram*," with the English "*Imitation*," is indelicate; and therefore, witty as it is, we will not wound the delicacy of our fair readers by offering it to them.—The same objection, to a certain degree, lies against the accompanying "*Completion of the Bouts-rimés*," though, merely as a poetic composition, we allow it to possess considerable merit.

Mr. "*Bickham*"'s collection of *Anagrams*, &c. would not suit us.—If, however, he choose to exercise his genius in such trifles, and to attempt the *Logogriph*, which is not quite so hackneyed and obsolete as the common anagram, we may perhaps admit an occasional *bagatelle* of the kind, provided that it be well executed.

"*Jane*"'s first communication has not sufficient novelty or poetic merit to recommend it.—Perhaps the "*future*" contributions, which she announces, may have a better claim to public notice: and, if so, they shall meet with due attention.

Of the offer, signed "*Roran, Saffron Walden Vicarage*," we do not clearly understand the import. At all events, we do not prescribe limits to the genius of our correspondents, except in the single article of the *Bouts-rimés*.

The "*Invocation to Peace*" requires considerable amendment, to render it fit for publication.

W. F.'s "*Sonnet*" is in the same predicament, as likewise the "*Stanzas*" by "*Juvenis*."

The pieces signed "*Floribel*"—"T. W. F."—and "*Penseroso*"—are come to hand.

"*Amator*" should have paid the postage of his letter, and directed it to us at the publisher's, No. 25, *Paternoster-Row*.—Any future communication, directed as his last, will, in all probability, never reach

Engraved for the Lady's Magazine.



*Donna Isabella de Leya
before the Cardinals.*

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EDUCATION of WOMEN.

(Continued from page 108, and accompanied with an illustrative Engraving.)

IT is now time to quit the asperities of metaphysics for the amenities of biography; and to prove from examples that the understanding of women is not less calculated, than that of men, for the reception even of the most abstruse sciences; and this is the better way of convincing the generality of mankind, who yield more readily to facts than to reasons.

—To collect all the instances of female erudition which have occurred, would be too troublesome: I shall therefore content myself with mentioning only a few of those women who have been illustrious for their literary attainments during the latter centuries, either in our Spain, or in the neighbouring kingdoms.

Spain, whose literary honors have often been stolen by strangers, has produced many women of signal merit in every branch of knowledge. The chief of them are the following.

Dona Ana de Cervantes, lady of honor to Queen Germana de Foix, the second wife of Ferdinand the Catholic, was even more celebrated for the *belles lettres* and for her extraordinary talents, than for her unrivaled beauty; though the latter was acknowledged to surpass that of every lady of the court. In the works of Lucio Marineo Siculo, are preserved the Latin letters which he

wrote to *Dona Ana*, together with her answers in the same language.

Dona Isabella de Joya, in the sixteenth century, was eminently learned. It is related of her, that she preached in the church of Barcelona, to the wonder of an innumerable concourse of people who attended her, and to the admiration of the bishop, who permitted it; under the persuasion that St. Paul's prohibition of women's speaking in churches admitted some exceptions; even as the rule, in which he forbids them to *teach*, was infringed by *Priscilla*, who is related, in the Acts, to have instructed *Apollos* in the doctrine of the evangelists. *Dona Isabella* afterwards proceeded to Rome, during the pontificate of Paul III., and expounded before the cardinals, to their general satisfaction, many difficult passages in the writings of *Scotus* *. But the circumstance which most ennobles her, is her having, in that

* In the original, "*the Subtile Scotus*," — John Duns, surnamed *Scotus* — by which adventitious appellation he is best known — was distinguished, in his day, as an eminent scholastic divine, and, from the acuteness of his reasoning, acquired the title of the "*Subtile Doctor*." He was born within the limits of these now united kingdoms, but, whether in England, Scotland, or Ireland, is uncertain: for, although his surname of *Scotus* would seem to point out Scotland as his native country, it does not amount to a proof, as the name of *Scots* was formerly applied to the Irish. — He flourished at the close of the thirteenth century, and the beginning of the fourteenth, and died in 1308. *ERR.*

capital of the world, converted a great number of Jews to the catholic religion.

Louisa Sigea, a native of Toledo, though of French extraction, besides having a good acquaintance with philosophy and the *belles lettres*, was singularly ornamented with languages. She understood the Latin, Greek, Hebrew, Arabic, and Syriac, and wrote a letter to Pope Paul III. in those five languages. Her father, Diego Sigeo, being summoned to the court of Lisbon, as preceptor to Theodosius of Portugal, Duke of Braganza, and to the Infanta Donna Maria, daughter of King Manuel by his third wife, Leonora of Austria—that queen, who was much attached to literature, desired to have the accomplished Sigea in her suite, and married her to Francisco de Cuevas, Lord of Villanasur, and Cavalier of Burgos. Their descendants still flourish in Castile, according to Louis de Salazar, in his History of the House of Farnese.

Dona Oliva Sabuco de Nantes, a native of Alcaráz, possessed a sublime penetration, and an exalted genius. She excelled in natural philosophy, medicine, morality, and politics, as may be seen in her writings. But her greatest glory was her new physiological and medical system, in which, contrary to all the received opinions of the ancients, she maintained that the blood is not that which nourishes our bodies, but the white chyle which is distributed from the brain through all the nerves; and she attributed almost all our infirmities to the diseases of this vital dew. This system, which met with no attention from Spanish apathy, was eagerly embraced by English curiosity; and we now receive it from the

hands of strangers, as their invention, while in fact it is our own. Fatal propensity of Spaniards! that, to insure their acceptance of the native produce of their country, it is necessary that others should monopolise and vend it to them.—It appears also that Donna Oliva preceded René Descartes in the opinion that the brain was the only residence of the soul, though she extended its dwelling through the whole cerebral substance, and did not, like him, confine it precisely to the pineal gland. The confidence which she placed in her own powers of defending these singular dogmas was such, that, in her epistle dedicatory to Count de Barajas, President of Castile, she entreated him to employ his authority towards assembling together the most learned physiologists and physicians of Spain, in order that she might convince them that the system of physics and medicine which were taught in the schools were totally erroneous. She flourished in the time of Philip II.

Dona Bernarda Ferreyra, a Portuguese, and daughter of Don Ignacio Ferreyra, of the order of Santiago, besides understanding and speaking fluently many languages, excelled in poetry, rhetoric, philosophy, and mathematics. She has left several poems; and our great Lopez de Vega so highly appreciated the extraordinary merit of this lady, that he dedicated to her his elegy, entitled "*La P'hyllis*."

Dona Juana Morella, of Barcelona, was a prodigy of learning. Her father, having committed a homicide, fled his country, and took her with him to Lyons in France, where this extraordinary child made such rapid progress in her

studies, that, at twelve years of age, she defended several philosophical propositions, which she dedicated to Margaret of Austria, Queen of Spain. At the age of seventeen, according to Gui Patin, who lived at the same period, she began to dispute publicly in the Jesuits' college at Lyons. She understood theology, philosophy, music, and jurisprudence; and spoke fourteen languages. She afterwards became a Dominican nun, in the convent of St. Praxedis, at Avignon.

The celebrated Mexican nun, *Sister Juana Ines de la Cruz*, is so well known for her erudite and pleasing poetry, that I shall be excused from attempting her eulogium: I will only say that her least talent was that of poetry, though it is the one for which she has been most celebrated. Many Spanish poets may have surpassed her in invention; but perhaps none has ever equaled her in the universality of her information on all subjects. She wrote with elegance, but not with energy.—Her critique on the discourse of Padre Vieyra does honor to her ingenuity, though, in justice, I must own her acumen to have been inferior to that of the inimitable Jesuit whom she attacked: but is it wonderful that a woman should be inferior to that man, who, for elevation of thought, neatness of expression, and perspicuity of explanation, has never yet been equaled by any preacher?

It is also useless to panegyrise the *Duchess of Aveyro*, because her talents and charms are still mourned and admired at the court and throughout all Spain.

(*To be continued.*)

Anecdotes and Remains of VOLTAIRE.

(*Continued from page 132.*)

DURING his visit to Paris in 1778, every one was eager to behold the great man who had so eminently adorned his age and country. Several ladies of the court were one day assembled at M. de Villette's for the purpose of procuring themselves that pleasure. Voltaire happened to be in a fit of ill humour, and refused to make his appearance in the drawing-room; but, forced at length to yield to the entreaties of madame de Villette—who implored as a favor that he would show himself, if but for a single instant—he descends, opens the door of the drawing-room, takes two or three turns, and says, "Look, ladies! here is the bear: satisfy your curiosity: this is he: examine him well." He then abruptly returned to his apartment.

(*To be continued.*)

Account of the Inhabitants of SUMATRA.

(*From Marsden's "History of Sumatra."*)

The persons of the inhabitants of the island, though differing considerably in districts remote from each other, may in general be comprehended in the following description; excepting the Achinese, whose commixture with the Moors of the west of India has distinguished them from the other Sumatrans.

They are rather below the middle stature; their bulk is in proportion; their limbs are for the most part slight, but well shaped, and particularly small at the wrists and ankles. Upon the whole,

they are gracefully formed; and I scarcely recollect to have ever seen one deformed person among the natives. The women, however, have the preposterous custom of flattening the noses, and compressing the heads, of children newly born, whilst the skull is yet cartilaginous, which increases their natural tendency to that shape. I could never trace the origin of the practice, or learn any other reason for moulding the features to this uncouth appearance, but that it was an improvement of beauty in their estimation. Captain Cook takes notice of a similar operation at the island of *Ulitea*. They likewise pull out the ears of infants, to make them stand at an angle from the face. Their eyes are uniformly dark and clear, and, among some, especially the southern women, bear a strong resemblance to those of the Chinese, in the peculiarity of formation so generally observed of that people. Their hair is strong, and of a shining black; the improvement of both which qualities they owe, in great measure, to the early and constant use of cocoa-nut oil, with which they keep it moist. The men frequently cut their hair short, not appearing to take any pride in it; the women encourage theirs to a considerable length, and I have known many instances of its reaching the ground. The men are beardless, and have chins so remarkably smooth, that, were it not for the priests displaying a little tuft, we should be apt to conclude that nature had refused them the token of manhood. . . . This particular attention to their persons they esteem a sign of delicacy, and the consequence of

unpardonable neglect. The boys, as they approach to the age of puberty, rub their chins and upper lips with *chunam* (quick lime), especially of shells, which destroys the roots of the incipient beard. The few hairs that afterwards appear, are plucked out from time to time with tweezers, which they always carry about them for that purpose. Were it not for the numerous and very respectable authorities, from which we are assured that the natives of America are naturally beardless, I should think that the common opinion on that subject had been rashly adopted, and that their appearing thus at a mature age, was only the consequence of an early practice, similar to that observed among the Sumatrans. Even now I must confess that it would remove some small degree of doubt from my mind, could it be ascertained, that no such custom prevails*. Their complexion is properly yellow, wanting the red tinge that constitutes a tawny or copper color. They are in general lighter than the Mestees, or

* It is allowed by travellers, that the Patagonians have tufts of hair on the upper lip and chin. Captain Carver says, that, among the tribes he visited, the people made a regular practice of eradicating their beards with pincers. At Brussels is preserved, along with a variety of ancient and curious suits of armour, that of Montezuma, king of Mexico, of which the visor, or mask for the face, has remarkably large whiskers; an ornament which those Americans could not have imitated, unless nature had presented them with the model. See a paper in the Phil. Trans. for 1786, which puts this matter beyond a doubt. In a French dictionary of the Huron language, published in 1682, I observe a term corresponding to "*arracher la barbe*."

half breed, of the rest of India; those of the superior class, who are not exposed to the rays of the sun, and particularly their women of rank, approaching to a great degree of fairness. Did beauty consist in this one quality, some of them would surpass our brunettes in Europe. The major part of the females are ugly, and many of them even to disgust: yet there are those among them whose appearance is strikingly beautiful; whatever composition of person, features, and complexion, that sentiment may be the result of.

The fairness of the Sumatrans, comparatively with other nations, situated as they are, under a perpendicular sun, where no season of the year affords an alternative of cold, is, I think, an irrefragable proof, that the difference of color in the various inhabitants of the earth is not the immediate effect of climate. The children of Europeans born in this island are as fair as those born in the country of their parents. I have observed the same of the second generation, where a mixture with the people of the country has been avoided. On the other hand, the offspring and all the descendants of the Guinea and other African slaves imported there, continue in the last instance as perfectly black as in the original stock. I do not mean to enter into the merits of the question which naturally connects with these observations; but shall only remark, that the sallow and adust countenances, so commonly acquired by Europeans who have long resided in hot climates, are more ascribable to the effects of bilious distempers, which almost all are subject to in a greater or

less degree, than of their exposure to the influence of the weather, which few but seafaring people are liable to, and of which the impression is seldom permanent. From this circumstance, I have been led to conjecture that the general disparity of complexions in different nations might possibly be owing to the more or less copious secretion or redundancy of that juice, rendering the skin more or less dark according to the qualities of the bile prevailing in the constitutions of each. But I fear such an hypothesis would not stand the test of experiment, as it might be expected to follow, that, upon dissection, the contents of a negro's gall-bladder, or at least the extra-hepatic bile, should uniformly be found black. Persons skilled in anatomy will determine whether it is possible that the qualities of any annual secretion can so far affect the frame, as to render their consequences liable to be transmitted to posterity in their full force*.

The small size of the inhabitants, and especially of the women, may be in some measure owing to the early communication between the sexes: though, as the inclinations which lead to this intercourse, are prompted here by nature sooner than in cold climates, it is not unfair to suppose, that being proportioned to the period of maturity, this is also sooner attained, and consequently that the earlier cessation of growth

* In an "Essay on the Causes and Variety of Complexion and Figure in the Human Species," published at Philadelphia in 1775, the permanent effect of the bilious secretion, in determining the complexion, is strongly insisted on.

of these people is agreeable to the laws of their constitution, and not occasioned by a premature and irregular appetite.

Persons of superior rank encourage the growth of their hand-nails, particularly those of the fore and little fingers, to an extraordinary length; frequently tinging them red, with the expressed juice of a shrub, which they call *inei*, the *henna* of the Arabians; as they do the nails of their feet also, to which, being always uncovered, they pay as much attention as to their hands. The hands of the natives, and even of the half breed, are always cold to the touch, which I cannot account for otherwise than by a supposition, that from the less degree of elasticity in the solids, occasioned by the heat of the climate, the internal action of the body, by which the fluids are put in motion, is less vigorous, the circulation is proportionably languid, and of course the diminishing effect is most perceptible in the extremities, and a coldness here is the natural consequence.

The natives of the hills, through the whole extent of the island, are subject to those monstrous wens from the throat, which have been observed of the Vallaisans, and the inhabitants of other mountainous districts in Europe. It has been usual to attribute this affection to the badness, thawed state, mineral quality, or other peculiarity of the waters; many skilful men having applied themselves to the investigation of the subject. My experience enables me to pronounce without hesitation, that the disorder, for such it is, though it appears to mark a distinct race of people

(*orang-gunong*), is immediately connected with the hilliness of the country; and, of course, if the circumstances of the water they use contribute thereto, it must be only so far as the nature of the water is affected by the inequality or height of the land. But in Sumatra neither snow nor other congelation is ever produced; which militates against the most plausible conjecture that has been adopted concerning the Alpine goitres. From every research that I have been enabled to make, I think I have reason to conclude, that the complaint is owing, among the Sumatrans, to the foggiess of the air in the valleys between the high mountains, where, and not on the summits, the natives of these parts reside. I before remarked, that, between the ranges of hills, the *kabut* or dense mist was visible for several hours every morning; rising in a thick, opaque, and well-defined body, with the sun, and seldom quite dispersed till afternoon. This phenomenon, as well as that of the wens, being peculiar to the regions of the hills, affords a presumption that they may be connected; exclusive of the natural probability that a cold vapor, gross to an uncommon degree, and continually enveloping the habitations, should affect with tumors the throats of the inhabitants. I cannot pretend to say how far this solution may apply to the case of the goitres: but I recollect it to have been mentioned, that the only method of curing the people, is by removing them from the valleys to the clear and pure air on the tops of the hills; which seems to indicate a similar source of the disorder to what I have pointed

out. The Sumatrans do not appear to attempt any remedy for it, the veins being consistent with the highest health in other respects.

The personal difference between the Malays of the coast, and the country inhabitants, is not so strongly marked but that it requires some experience to distinguish them. The latter, however, possess an evident superiority in point of size and strength, and are fairer complexioned, which they probably owe to their situation, where the atmosphere is colder; and it is generally observed, that people living near the sea-shore, and especially when accustomed to navigation, are darker than their inland neighbours. Some attribute the disparity in constitutional vigor to the more frequent use of opium among the Malays, which is supposed to debilitate the frame; but I have noted that the *Limun* and *Batang Asei* gold-traders, who are a colony of that race settled in the heart of the island, and who cannot exist a day without opium, are remarkably hale and stout; which I have known to be observed with a degree of envy by the opium-smokers of our settlements. The inhabitants of Pasumah, also, are described as being more robust in their persons, than the planters of the low country.

The original clothing of the Sumatrans is the same with that found by navigators among the inhabitants of the South Sea islands, and now generally called by the name of Otaheitean cloth. It is still used among the *Rejangs** for their working dress;

and I have one in my possession, procured from these people, consisting of a jacket, short drawers, and a cap for the head. This is the inner bark of a certain species of tree, beaten out to the degree of fineness required; approaching the more to perfection, as it resembles the softer kind of leather, some being nearly equal to the most delicate kid-skin; in which character it somewhat differs from the South Sea cloth, as that bears a resemblance rather to paper, or to the manufacture of the loom. The country people now conform in great measure to the dress of the Malays, which I shall therefore describe in this place, observing that much more simplicity prevails among the former, who look upon the others as coxcombs, who lay out all their substance on their backs, whilst, in their turns, they are regarded by the Malays with contempt, as unpolished rustics.

A man's dress consists of the following parts. A close waistcoat, without sleeves, but having a neck like a shirt, buttoned up to the top, with buttons, often of gold filagree. This is peculiar to the Malays. Over this they wear the *baju*, which resembles a morning gown, open at the neck, but generally fastened close at the wrists and half way up the arm, with nine buttons to each sleeve. The sleeves, however, are often wide and loose; and others again, though nearly tight, reach not far beyond the elbow; especially of those worn by the younger females, which, as well as those of the young men, are open in front no further down than the bosom, and reach no lower than the waist, whereas the others hang loose to the knees, and sometimes to the

* One of the nations or tribes who inhabit the island.

angles. They are made usually of blue or white cotton cloth; for the better sort, of chintz; and for great men, of flowered silks. The *kain sarong* is not unlike a Scots highlander's plaid in appearance, being a piece of party-colored cloth about six or eight feet long, and three or four wide, sewed together at the ends; forming, as some writers have described it, a wide sack without a bottom. This is sometimes gathered up, and slung over the shoulder like a sash, or else folded and tucked about the waist and hips; and in full dress it is bound on by the belt of the *kris* (dagger), which is of cam on silk, and wrapped several times round the body, with a loop at the end, in which the sheath of the *kris* hangs. They wear short drawers, reaching half way down the thigh, generally of red or yellow taffeta. There is no covering to their legs or feet. Round their heads they fasten, in a particular manner, a fine colored handkerchief, so as to resemble a small turban; the country people usually twisting a piece of white or blue cloth for this purpose. The crown of their head remains uncovered, except on journeys, when they wear a *tudong* or umbrella-hat, which completely screens them from the weather.

The women have a kind of bodice, or short waistcoat rather, that defends the breasts, and reaches to the hips. The *kain sarong*, before described, comes up as high as the armpits, and extends to the feet, being kept on simply by folding and tucking it over, at the breast, except when the *tali-pating*, or zone, is worn about the waist, which forms an additional and necessary security. This is usually of embroidered

cloth, and sometimes a plate of gold or silver, about two inches broad, fastening in the front with a large clasp of filagree or chased work, with some kind of precious stone, or imitation of such, in the centre. The *baju*, or upper gown, differs little from that of the men, buttoning in the same manner at the wrists. A piece of fine, thin, cotton cloth, or slight silk, about five feet long, and worked or fringed at each end, called a *salendang*, is thrown across the back of the neck, and hangs down before; serving also the purpose of a veil to the women of rank when they walk abroad. The handkerchief is carried, either folded small in the band, or in a long fold, over the shoulder. There are two modes of dressing the hair, one termed *kundei*, and the other *sanggol*. The first resembles much the fashion in which we see the Chinese women represented in paintings, and which I conclude they borrowed from thence, where the hair is wound circularly over the centre of the head, and fastened with a silver bodkin or pin. In the other mode, which is more general, they give the hair a single twist as it hangs behind, and then doubling it up, they pass it crosswise, under a few hairs separated from the rest, on the back of the head, for that purpose. A comb, often of tortoise-shell, and sometimes filagreed, helps to prevent it from falling down. The hair of the front, and of all parts of the head, is of the same length, and, when loose, hangs together behind, with most of the women, in very great quantity. It is kept moist with oil, newly expressed from the coconut; but those persons who can afford it make use also of an em-

pyreumatic oil extracted from gum benzoin, as a grateful perfume. They wear no covering, except ornaments of flowers, which, on particular occasions, are the work of much labor and ingenuity. The head-dresses of the dancing girls by profession, who are usually Javans, are very artificially wrought, and as high as any modern English lady's cap, yielding only to the feathered plumes of the year 1777. It is impossible to describe in words these intricate and fanciful matters, so as to convey a just idea of them. The flowers worn in undress are, for the most part, strung in wreaths, and have a very neat and pretty effect, without any degree of gaudiness, being usually white or pale yellow, small, and frequently only half blown. Those generally chosen for these occasions, are the *bunga-tanjong*, and *bunga-mellur*: the *bunga-chumpaka* is used to give the hair a fragrance, but is concealed from the sight. They sometimes combine a variety of flowers in such a manner as to appear like one, and fix them on a single stalk: but these, being more formal, are less elegant than the wreaths.

Among the country people, particularly in the southern countries, the virgins (*anak gaddis*, or goddesses, as it is usually pronounced) are distinguished by a fillet which goes across the front of the hair, and fastens behind. This is commonly a thin plate of silver, about half an inch broad: those of the first rank have it of gold; and those of the lowest class have their fillet of the leaf of the *nipah* tree. Beside this peculiar ornament, their state is denoted by their having rings or bracelet

of silver or gold on their wrists. Strings of coins round the neck are universally worn by children; and the females, before they are of an age to be clothed, have, what may not be inaptly termed, a modesty-piece, being a plate of silver in the shape of a heart (called *chaping*) hung before, by a chain of the same metal, passing round the waist. The young women in the country villages manufacture themselves the cloth that forms the body-dress, or *kain-rong*, which, for common occasions, is their only covering, and reaches from the breast no lower than the knees. The dresses of the women of the Malay bazars, on the contrary, extend as low as the feet; but here, as in other instances, the more scrupulous attention to appearances does not accompany the superior degree of real modesty. This cloth, for the wear both of men and women, is imported from the island of Celebes, or, as it is here termed, the *Buggis* country.

Both sexes have the extraordinary custom of filing and otherwise disfiguring their teeth, which are naturally very white and beautiful from the simplicity of their food. For files, they make use of small whetstones of different degrees of fineness, and the patients lie on their back during the operation. Many, particularly the women of the *Lampung* country, have their teeth rubbed down quite even with the gums; others have them formed into points; and some file off no more than the outer coat and premities, in order that they may the better receive and retain the jetty blackness, with which they almost universally adorn them. The black used on these occasions is the em-

pyreumatic oil of the coco-nut shell. When this is not applied, the filing does not, by destroying what we call the enamel, diminish the whiteness of the teeth; but the use of betel renders them black, if pains be not taken to prevent it. The great men sometimes set theirs in gold, by casting, with a plate of that metal, the under row; and this ornament, contrasted with the black dye, has, by lamp or candle light, a very splendid effect. It is sometimes indented to the shape of the teeth, but more usually quite plain. They do not remove either to eat or sleep.

At the age of about eight or nine, they bore the ears and file the teeth of the female children; which are ceremonies that must necessarily precede their marriage: and these operations are regarded in the family as the occasion of a festival. They do not here, as in some of the adjacent islands, (of *Nias* in particular) increase the aperture of the ear to a monstrous size, so as in many instances to be large enough to admit the hand, the lower parts being stretched till they touch the shoulders. Their ear-rings are mostly of gold filagree, and fastened, not with a clasp, but in the manner of a rivet or nut screwed to the inner part.

Memoirs of MONTALBERT.

(Concluded from page 129.)

SOMETIMES with the fallaciousness of hope, while lying on my weary sleepless couch, I would think that Amelia might still be mine, still think that I might call her by the loved name of wife, and in her dear arms find shelter from the adverse gales of life. I

would paint her, in fancy, sitting by my side—my wife, and nursing on her knee a cherub babe. I would fancy she took the child in her arms, and, holding it out to me with a sweet maternal smile, bade me kiss the soft pledge of our love. I would start from my bed, and stretch forth my arms to clasp the fond visions to my breast:—I was alone—dark, and miserable! I threw myself back and gave way to tears of remorse and despair. I might have enjoyed in reality what I painted in my imagination: it was myself alone who had dashed the cup of bliss from my lips, and raised that of repentance and misery in its stead.

The long-expected orders came: our regiment was ordered to ****, at that time the seat of dreadful war. Deloraine had begun to feel the soft influence of love; the bright eyes of a Miss Montague had taught him that he had a heart. She was a sweet, gentle girl, and requited his love with an equal return. We quitted England; and, as the white cliffs of Dover receded from our sight, we each heaved a sigh, which seemed to say that we had now seen England for the last time.

Arlingham was more cheerful than I had ever seen him. I could not help thinking—and I sickened at the thought—that his cheerfulness proceeded from a hope that he should soon be no more. Deloraine grew lively, by continually dwelling upon the idea of returning covered with laurels, and laying them at Miss Montague's feet: for she had promised to share his fortunes when he returned.

After a pleasant passage, we were landed on the bloody shores

of ***. Carnage seemed to have claimed the place for his own: mangled and lifeless bodies strewed the ground. Arlingham turned pale at the sight. I caught him in my arms, and saved him from falling. We were eagerly expected by the troops already there: we were four days before we came to actual battle, though many skirmishes took place. In one of these rencounters I was slightly wounded: had the wound been mortal, Deloraine and Arlingham could not have shown more grief and anxiety. They would hardly believe that I was not in danger, though they saw me walk with ease to my tent, and heard, as well as the surgeon, make light of the matter. I was not confined one moment to my bed; and in four days I was again capable of doing duty.

It was thought, that, next day, the two armies would meet. Deloraine, Arlingham, and I, spent the night together. Deloraine was in excellent spirits, and tossed off bumpers to Rosa Montague and Amelia Colnbrook. "Away with melancholy, my boys!" said he. "We shall all be sitting here to-morrow night, relating the perils we have undergone, and the surprising feats of arms we have performed. I assure you, I intend to do nothing less than kill the French general, be made a colonel for my pains, and return to Old England, and marry my soul's delight, Rosa Montague." He had risen while he spoke, and poured out a bumper. I never saw him look so beautiful as at that moment:—he looked like the god of war.

"To arms! to arms!" resounded about five in the morning. We rushed from the tent:—in

half an hour the battle raged with fury and determined valor on both sides. I saw Deloraine once or twice in the thickest part of the action: Arlingham fought by my side, and behaved with great bravery. For seven hours we fought like lions, and met a vigorous resistance from the foe: but what army could withstand the sons of Britain? The enemy gave way, and retired in confusion. But, though they were put to flight, we were not absolutely conquerors.

The next day were bestowing every care on the brave fallen. Arlingham was safe; but Deloraine I did not see. I asked several times where he was; but no one could tell me. Distracted by my fears for his safety, I flew across the field of battle, calling on his name. Perceiving a crowd at a distance, I rushed to the spot, and heard the name of Deloraine pronounced. I pressed forward—Oh, God! Deloraine, the noble, generous, exalted Deloraine, lay breathless and weltering in his blood!

My God! words cannot tell what I felt. Deloraine killed! Almighty powers! had that best and noblest of hearts ceased to beat? would that soul-expressive eye of bright lustre open no more? was he gone? was Deloraine dead? I raved: I screamed. The officers endeavoured in vain to hold me: I broke from them with the frenzy of madness: I threw myself on the body: I clasped it in my arms, and I entreated him by every tie of friendship to answer me. Those ruby lips moved not: never more was I to hear that kind, sweet voice: it had ceased for ever. With frantic violence I pressed

him to my bosom: his manly form was stiff and cold. "He is dead!" I shrieked, and sunk senseless on his inanimate breast.

I awoke like one from a trance.—On looking around, I found myself in my tent, and saw Arlingham sitting alone beside me.

—His eyes were red with weeping,

"I now have none left but you," I cried, throwing myself on his neck.—He pressed me to his bosom, and burst into tears. Deloraine was dead, yet I could not bring myself to believe he was really gone for ever. Every time I heard the sound of a foot approaching, I looked with the strange hope that it might be he. I listened to hear his light elastic tread:—I listened in vain: he was lying cold on the field of battle.

—Rosa Montague! how less mild, for whom he was so anxious to be promoted, that he might share his honors with thee—never, never more, unfortunate Rosa, shalt thou behold thy love! Mangled and bloody lies that comely form; and closed for ever is that bright sparkling eye.

I saw Deloraine laid in the grave: I covered his cold remains myself: it was an office I thought too sacred for any other to perform.—Before he was interred, I cut off two ringlets of his dark-brown hair: often had I admired them straying on his white polished forehead. One I reserved for myself, and the other I kept for Miss Montague.

Rain began to fall towards evening. I sat alone in my tent.—I sat in the exact place which I had occupied the preceding night. The chair that Deloraine had sat in had not been removed: the glass from which he had drank was still before me: I look it as a pilgrim

would take the reliques of a saint, and pressed it to my lips. Last night Deloraine was alive and well, gaily figuring to himself scenes of future happiness! I remembered his words, "We shall all be sitting here to-morrow night, relating the perils we have undergone; and the surprising feats of arms we have performed."

—That night was come;—where was Deloraine? Cold and in his grave!—The chill rain fell upon the turf that inclosed his generous breast!

I rushed from the tent: I flew to the spot where he was buried, and threw myself in agony on the mould that covered him. A soft voice aroused me:—it was that of Arlingham. He had awoke in my absence, and, missing me, guessed whither I was gone, and had come to seek me, though the rain was falling in torrents, and the wind blew piercing cold. I allowed him to lead me where he pleased. I was stupid with grief: the name of Deloraine put me in a phrensy:—it was never repeated in my hearing.

Bellona again sounded her brazen trumpet: again fierce Mars laid low many a father, husband, brother, and friend.—I fought with desperation: I was regardless of my safety.—Arlingham, like my guardian angel, shielded me from all danger. Twice I saw his blood spring in my defence. "I am not much hurt," said he in a low voice, as he sunk fainting on the ground. Like the fiend of destruction, I fought my way: fury and despair led me on: my sword was irresistible: blood flowed at every stroke. Careless of my life, I laid myself open to a thousand dangers: but fate reserved me for severer torments.

The day was decided in favour of the English: a complete victory was gained on our side.

At the close of the action, I sought the spot where Arlingham fell. I found him in the exact spot. He had half raised himself on one arm, and, with the other, he was endeavouring to stop the blood that flowed from his wounds. He lifted his pale face, as I approached, and smiled like an angel. I thought my feelings would have choked me. I could not speak. I raised him in my arms, and bore him to my tent. He fainted with the motion. I laid him gently on the bed. There was no one near to send for a surgeon: I could not leave him in the state he was in. I opened his waistcoat, to examine his wound. Merciful heaven! the alabaster breast of a woman presented itself to my view! "Am I in my senses?" exclaimed I: "Arlingham a woman!"—Yes, my friend: Arlingham and Maria were one and the same.—I stood like a statue. She opened her eyes: she pressed my hand. "You know all," said she in a soft mournful tone. "I have loved, I have died for you. Think kindly of me when I am gone. I was left a forlorn orphan, and had none to help or advise me. At the first sight of you, fled the peace of my poor woe-begone heart. I loved, I adored, without the smallest hope of a return. God bless you! I feel I am dying: I do not wish to live, after the confession I have made." I clasped her in my arms:—with a gentle sigh, her mild spirit fled to its Maker; and the beautiful body fell back lifeless on my breast.—And Arlingham was a woman. I might have guessed it: her voice and face but ill agreed with

warrior's dress. Peace to thy manes, sweet saint! In my day and night thoughts I think of thee and Amelia! And thou, Deloraine, art thou forgotten? No! never, till this heart forgets to beat, shall thy memory depart from it.

Behold me, my friend, on my return to England, friendless and forlorn.—The white cliffs of Dover gladdened the mariners' hearts. The last time I had beheld them, Deloraine and Arlingham were standing by my side: now they were both gone, and in their graves. I covered my face with my hands: I wished myself at rest, as they were.

Amelia was all I lived for. Injured angel! what tears flowed down my wasted cheeks, when I thought of thee!—Emma was married, and Elinor resided with her. They started back when they beheld me:—I was only the ghost of my former self. I asked for Amelia. Emma and Elinor burst into tears; and their answer parted me and happiness for ever.—Amelia Colabrook was dead!

I have hurried over the latter part of this memoir: my mind was in a state of distraction while I wrote even what I did. Do you now wonder, my friend, that I was melancholy and unhappy? With Amelia fled all my remaining hope of joy and comfort. I looked upon myself, and with justice, as her murderer—the destroyer of innocence. I have sinned deeply; and deeply have I suffered and repented. Mercy is the attribute of heaven; and the penitent has hopes of being forgiven: my repentance is sincere: may it atone for my guilt! Amelia! Deloraine! Arlingham! I yet hope to meet you in heaven. Dear

parents! you will leap to the arming but repentant so to the mansions of eternal joy and bliss.

Emma fell the victim of an unfortunate marriage. Elinor still lives happy in an adoring husband and lovely promising children. My brother is at present at Eton: he will soon be called upon to represent the house of Montalbert. To-day I have completed my twenty-eighth year: I shall not see the completion of another: the grave will be closed over me.—Farewell, my friend! May every earthly happiness be yours! Sometimes think of Montalbert; and remember that one moment of forgetfulness stamped his whole life with misery and remorse.

Montalbert died on the sixth anniversary of Amelia's death, in the twenty-ninth year of his age. He was, at his own request, buried by her side.

The Dutch Patriots of the Sixteenth Century.

[For the Preface and Introduction to this highly-interesting piece, see our last Number, page 111.]

BOOK I.

My theme shall be the patriot exploits of that generous people, who, with inferior numbers encountering the most formidable armies, and rising superior to every difficulty and defeat, achieved their liberty, revived their pristine glory, and—worthy descendants of the ancient Batavians—rescued their provinces from the Spanish yoke, and united them in happy accord. In vain a monarch, whose weighty sceptre threatened to crush the universe rose up in arms to annihilate the valiant nation, who struggled against

vain those hell-born monsters, Tyranny and Fanaticism, seconding the efforts of the despot, plunged her into the abyss of misfortune: the Batavian burst his chain, and, rearing his victorious head amid surrounding ruin and desolation, laid the foundations of a new republic.

O Liberty! thou darling object of the first the noblest passion implanted in every human breast by that Almighty Independent Being who created the universe!—descend from heaven—inspire my voice—in my recital let mortals recognise thy energetic accents, and that æthereal flame which thy breath has kindled in my bosom! At sight of thee, may thy proud enemy, Despotism—may Licentiousness and Anarchy, who falsely assume thy name—disappear from the earth; and may thou alone, and equal laws, govern mankind! O Liberty! tutelar deity of the Batavian! 'twas you that fought so many battles in his defence; 'twas you that covered the bosom of the ocean with his numerous fleets; you created the soil on which he exists; you dug his canals; you erected his dykes; and 'twas your powerful arm that still supports them, unshaken by the rage of the warring elements. O Liberty! retrace before my eye the arduous toils which conducted him to that pinnacle of glory; render immortal, as the Batavian race, the name of the hero whom you thought worthy to be their guide.

The Belgian and the Batavian, united in one nation, groaned under the heavy pressure of an iron yoke. Philip, the most haughty of despots, had overthrown the sacred barrier of the laws, which during so many revolving

ages, marked the boundary between the people and the throne. Those dauntless men, long accustomed to revere their chief as a father, not to dread him as a tyrant, now saw both force and fraud combined to compass their destruction; while the sceptre, which, in more virtuous times, had ever been the symbol of justice, was converted into a rod of oppression, a bloody instrument of murder and carnage.

Alva, at the bare sound of whose name every bosom shrinks with terror—Alva, who might deservedly claim the title of the darling son of victory, were he not deaf to the cries of the unfortunate—the savage Alva, brandishing the sword of tyranny which the Spanish monarch had committed to his hand, and smeared with the blood of heroes whom he had leveled in the dust—makes his appearance in Brussels at the head of his army, flushed with all the pride of insolent triumph. The unfortunate citizens see themselves henceforward bereft of defenders: of the number of their chiefs, some have perished in the field, others languish in chains; while that hero, whose prudence could foresee and whose courage could either avert or brave each impending danger—that chief, who had been called forth to support the liberties of Belgium—William—after the most brilliant successes, followed by a combat in which base treachery had snatched from his brow the palm of victory—seemed to have laid down his arms. No traces of him are any-where to be found: the report of his death spreads through every part of the country, like rapid and destructive plagues wafted on the baleful wings of

east ey. The citizens contemplate the tomb of their liberty; while the Rhine, the Scheldt, and the Menze, re-echo in their winding course the mournful sighs of the afflicted cities and plains:

The appalling sound reaches the gloomy dungeons where the illustrious defenders of their country's liberty lie entombed: chilled with horror, those heroes now for the first time feel the whole weight of their galling chains.

The nations of Europe, whose eyes were fixed in anxious expectation on the fate of Belgium, are penetrated by the most lively regret and indignation, while they see, from the example exhibited to their view, that there no longer exist any bulwarks, no longer any asylum capable of screening mankind from the inroads of lawless tyranny. Rome, intoxicated with triumph at exultation, fondly anticipates the day when she shall again rear her humbled head, and see the prostrate world once more pay obeisance to the *Tara*; and Philip, whose proud heart now swells with additional arrogance, cherishes the flattering persuasion that his embryonic power shall henceforward be able to shake the solid foundations of his throne.

But Coligni*, who, on the banks of the Loire, was engaged in opposing the tyranny of the Medici, and that of the Guises, those turbulent chiefs of an audacious league, which, under the cloak of religion, concealed the most inordinate ambition—Coligni, together with the patriot troops around him, are plunged in the

*For an account of this hero's tragical end, see our Number for January, 1825.

most profound of this little army, a young Henry, whose name was destined one day to become so dear to the French nation, and to whom Coligni served both as a guide and a father—deeply regretted the loss of the hero.

“Your grief,” said he to Coligni, “is well founded: the Belgians are unfortunate: they have lost their defenders; and you are deprived of a friend, whom you have ineffectually supported in favor of that nation. The hero himself I have never seen: but, from the mouth of Fame, as well as from yours, I have heard of his noble designs, his valor, his victories. I feel a lively interest in his fate—in the fate of that nation which is persecuted by our common enemies, Philip and the Medici, and which unceasingly seems to have had a remaining hope of escaping the evils of slavery—evils, under which we ourselves would perhaps soon be condemned to groan, if we had not still our weapons in our hands.”

“Your sorrow does honor to your feelings,” replied Coligni. “Alas! he has been snatched away by an untimely death: I believe whom heaven seemed to have sent into the world as a saviour, to rescue a nation from the gripe of tyranny!—Already, in imagination, I hear the bitter taunts, the exultation, of the Spaniards sent by Alva to the camp of the Guises, and who persecute us, as the friends of the Belgian and of that renowned chief. But we shall yet humble their proud crests to the dust, and prove to mankind that the world is not totally destitute of men who have courage to sheath the sword in defence of the injured rights of humanity.”

Yet he spoke, he fancied he heard the rumbling of distant thunder; and, turning his eyes, he saw the horizon obscured by a thick cloud of dust, which, increasing at each moment, rolled its dark volume over the echoing plain, and, suddenly bursting, disclosed to his view a warrior troop mounted on foaming steeds.—Struck with the features of their chief, Coligni was about to address him by name; but, the tide of sorrow recoiling on his imagination, he banished, as a delusive dream, the idea of his being yet in existence; when suddenly the two heroes rushed into each other's arms, and, closely locked in friendly embraces, mingled their souls in expressive silence.

“What!” at length exclaimed Coligni—“does William yet breathe the vital air? The Belgian has not then lost all his gallant defenders? and you come yourself in person to wipe away those tears which I shed for your supposed death?—Your fortunate arrival is to us a sure presage of approaching victory!”

“On the Belgic plains,” replied William, “we had a right to expect it: nor do we yet, my Coligni, despair of seeing the happy day which shall crown our efforts with ultimate success. But, lately victorious on the banks of the Meuse, you see us now betrayed, defeated, and compelled—though for no long period, I hope—to abandon to the fury of our tyrants that nation whom we had sworn to emancipate.—Happy, meanwhile, shall I esteem myself, if I can render any service to the cause in which you are embarked, and thus discharge at once the duties both of friendship and of gratitude.”

Henry was struck with admiration on contemplating the air of greatness and intrepidity, which, un-eclipsed by the clouds of misfortune, still beamed from the countenance of the hero.—Such is the rapture of the youthful architect in surveying an antique temple, which, supported by a stately range of durable columns, and triumphing over the destructive rage of time, looks down majestic on the surrounding ruins of meaner edifices; and becomes more venerable from the contrast. William, on the other hand, fixes his penetrating glance upon Henry, the pupil of nature and adversity: that noble frankness which is congenial to great souls—together with the conformity of their fate—instinctively unites their hearts by a sudden, an indissoluble tie: they rush into each other's embraces, and mutually pledge their vows of eternal friendship.

Coligni and Henry alternately embrace Lewis and Adolphus, the brothers of William, and his youthful son, Maurice, who had joined him on his route. They receive with due honor the brave Lumey—Douza, equally the favorite of Mars and of the Muses—Aldegonde—the other chiefs—and the valiant band of Batavians who marched under the auspices of the hero.

Approaching night now began to spread her sable mantle o'er the plains, when Coligni conducted his friend and the other chiefs to his pavilion, where darkness yielded to the blaze of numerous flambeaux, and a joyous banquet was prepared, to celebrate their arrival. Past grief is for a while drowned in social festivity: yet William from time to time casts his wistful eyes on the partners of

his late mutual exchange of sorrowing looks, their griefs are renewed, and the deep-drawn sigh heaves their generous bosoms.

At the conclusion of the entertainment, Coligni conducts the Belgian hero to a lofty pavilion adjoining to his own.

Scarcely had Aurora tinged the blushing sky, when William quitted his tent, and, in search of solitude, was retiring to a sequestered rural spot which lay within the bounds of the camp. A band of Gallic warriors followed his steps at respectful distance, none presuming for a while to accost him. At length one of the number, laying aside his timid reserve, ventured to approach the hero, and thus addressed him—

“Illustrious defender of an oppressed and ill-fated people! we penetrate the secret thoughts of your soul: this night, the words of your friend have not been able to dispel the cloud of sorrow that hangs on your mind:—deign to seek relief from your cares by depositing them in our bosom. Long since have we heard the false reports disseminated throughout Europe by the industry of Philip, who readily imagines that he has for ever crushed you. A voice, however, more observant of truth—the voice of Coligni—has given us more certain information respecting you and the Belgians: but, since heaven has favored us with an opportunity of hearing yourself in person, from your own lips let us learn the history of the misfortunes of Belgium—of your glorious exertions in the cause of freedom—and of the obstacles which fate has thrown in your way. Condescend to display to our eyes the eventful picture of the convulsions and struggles of

an extensive country. The celebrated division of ancient Greece into three Frenchmen feel a peculiar interest in it; nor are the other nations of the earth indifferent to the issue.—The valor of your warriors, the spirit of your compatriots, are not yet subdued: the palm of liberty is not for ever snatched from their grasp: the hero who so brilliantly began his noble career, will, no doubt, resume it: your past misfortune will only enhance your future glory.—But, while your friends lamented you as dead, by what providential interference has heaven screened you from the plots and the rage of your enemies, and safely conducted you to the arms of Coligni? Let the interesting story be imparted to us, as a spur to our courage, a support to our constancy."

Henry, who from the foot of the Pyrenees had late arrived in the camp, testifies the same desire. His youthful heart, freight with the principles of justice, is a stranger to pride: he has not been corrupted by flattery; and, far from being seduced by the language of liberty, is worthy to hear it. Coligni, on the other hand, expresses his wish that his friend should, in its true colors, portray to Henry and the Gallic warriors that hideous despotism which arrogates to itself a right to load mankind with chains. The Batavians crowd around, and listen with attentive ear to the recital of events in which they are so deeply interested.

(To be continued.)

Notices of Turkish Manners.

(From Abu Taleb's Travels.)

A **TEK** of the smallest conse-

quence never thinks of walking; and, to save this trouble, there are 100,000 small boats plying about Constantinople. These are all open, but handsomely painted, carved, and gilded, with soft cushions to sit on: they are rowed by one, two, or three men, and are procurable at all hours. On the quays, and in that part of the town which is not accessible to boats, there are a number of horses standing ready saddled for hire; so that a person may travel all over the city without walking twenty yards. The streets are narrow, badly paved, and, in winter, up to the horse's knees in mud: the concourse of people is notwithstanding so very great, that a stranger has much difficulty in getting along. The coffee-houses and barbers' shops in this city are innumerable. The Turks, though very indolent, are not fond of retirement or solitude; they therefore, immediately after breakfast, go to one of these places, where they sit, smoking, drinking coffee or sherbet, and listening to idle stories, the whole day. Their conversations are carried on in a loud tone of voice, and sometimes eight or ten persons talk at the same time; it is therefore impossible for a foreigner to understand what they are saying; and, in short, the societies in these coffee-houses are little better than an assembly of brutes. The rooms are also exceedingly dirty, and seldom afford any thing but thick coffee, and tobacco cheroots.

The inns of Constantinople are bad places; and the only good accommodation for a traveller in this city, is at the French and English hotels in Galata.

The hot baths are also innume-

nable, but very filthy, and common to both sexes. The men use them from day-light till ten o'clock, and the women from noon till evening.

The Turkish dress is more expensive than that of any other people in the world, and is composed of the choicest manufactures of various nations. They use a great quantity of European broad-cloths and satins. From India they are supplied with muslins, and from Persia with shawls and embroidered silks. The trousers of the higher classes are made of fine broad-cloth, but so wide that the skirts of half a dozen coats are with ease inclosed in them, and a person unaccustomed to wear them cannot move in them. Their caps, which they call *capak*, are also made of broad cloth, and do not weigh less than twelve or fourteen pounds. They wear four or five coats, made after the Arab fashion, over each other; the upper ones are of broad-cloth, and the inner one of satin; and over all they throw an immense long cloak: in short, their dress would be a heavy load for an ass; on this account, they avoid moving as much as possible, and, consequently, are deprived of taking exercise, or enjoying themselves in the fresh air, both of which would contribute greatly to their health and happiness.

During my travels in Turkey, I spent several days at the houses of the pashas; and I invariably observed, that, at an early hour of the morning, they entered the hall of audience, by a small door which communicated with the *haram* (women's apartment), and that they remained there till mid-night, after which they retired into the *haram* by the same door.

During the whole day they never went into the garden, much less thought of going out, to walk or refresh themselves.

In Turkey, if a party consists of eighteen persons, there are three cloths laid in different parts of the room, on each of which are placed six cakes of bread. The master of the house, with the five superior guests, take their places at the upper table; the six next in rank take the second table; and the others the inferior one. A large tray is then brought in, containing a single dish, which is placed on the upper table: the master of the house, and his guests, immediately take one or two mouthfuls with their hands; the dish is then changed, and carried to the second table, when the party having helped themselves in the same manner, it is carried to the bottom table, and thence, in a few minutes, taken out. In this mode a succession of thirty dishes are frequently produced; but, before a person can tell whether he likes any particular dish, it is taken off, and perhaps replaced by a much inferior one. For soups, custards, rice, milk, &c. they make use of wooden spoons, which, being very shallow, and quite round, scarcely hold any thing, and only serve to dirty the table cloth, and spoil a person's clothes.

WHAT MIGHT BE.

A Tale, by MARGARET B.

(Continued from Vol. XLI. page 494.)

ELLEN laid her head upon her pillow, not to sleep, but to think of Captain Legoxton; and, when she did fall asleep, it was only to dream of the handsome officer.

"Well, Ellen," said Sir Fre-

derick to her the next morning at breakfast, "what do you think of my friend Legoxton?"—He is very well," replied Ellen—"Very well!" said Sir Frederick archly. "Do you think him nothing more?"

Ellen blushed.—"Why do you blush?" asked her brother.—"I don't blush," said Ellen.—"Ah! poor girl!" rejoined Sir Frederick: "I am afraid this formidable red-coat has robbed you of your heart."—"I wish you would hold your tongue: I am very angry with you."—"Ah!" said Sir Frederick, "I shall make amends for my fault before night."

About two o'clock, a thundering rap announced visitors: Ellen's heart beat; the door opened; and Sir Frederick, accompanied by Captain Legoxton, entered.

"Am I forgiven?" said Sir Frederick in a low voice.—Ellen smiled, and pushed him away.

"You see, madam," said Captain Legoxton, "I have been long in making use of the invitation you so kindly gave me last night."—"I am happy to see you here," answered Lady Montgomery. "As the friend of my son, you are doubly welcome; and I hope you will soon cease to think yourself a stranger under my roof."

Captain Legoxton bowed, and thanked her in the most polite terms. "I hope," added he, looking towards Ellen, "that Miss Montgomery has experienced no bad effects from her last night's dance."—"None in the least," replied Ellen. "I hope you can tell the same."

"A soldier, Miss Montgomery," rejoined the captain, "would not need to be knocked

up with dancing, or I am afraid Britain would be but poorly guarded. She would long since have added to the triumphs of Bonaparte."

"By the bye, Ellen," interrupted Sir Frederick, "I must not forget to tell you that your beauty, Lady Charlotte Norington, was married last night."—"Indeed!" said Ellen: "pray, who is the happy man?"—"Nay, but you must guess," said Sir Frederick.—"Then I would guess Lord Stanly."—"No! no! you are far from the happy person: guess again."—"Oh! she has so many admirers, that I might guess the whole day, and never guess right."—"I really believe you would not," said Captain Legoxton.

"Whom says my mother?" asked Sir Frederick.—"Upon my word," answered Lady Montgomery, "I am as much at a loss as my daughter; but is it the Earl of Brudnell?"—"Pshaw! pshaw!" cried Sir Frederick: "you are worse than Ellen. I see I must tell you. It is that fascinating, elegant gentleman, Signor Squallini, to whom Lady Charlotte has given her fair hand."

"Impossible!" exclaimed Lady Montgomery and Ellen.—"It is true, however," said Sir Frederick. "She eloped from her father's house last night, and was married; and, this morning, like a dutiful daughter, she begged her parents' blessing for their new son-in-law."

"Infatuated girl!" said Lady Montgomery. "Bitterly will she repent this step.—I pity her father and mother from my heart."—"They will have no more singing-masters for their daughters, I suppose," rejoined Sir Frederick,

"lest they should get a son-in-law Italian for a son-in-law."

"Where is she now?" asked Ellen. "Has her father forgiven her?" — "Forgiven her!" repeated Sir Frederick. "He has turned her from his house, and forbidden even her name to be mentioned in his hearing."

Captain Legoxton protracted his visit as long as possible, and at last reluctantly took his leave.

Sir Frederick had now been nearly two months in London:—he observed with sincere pleasure the attachment that subsisted between his sister and Captain Legoxton, although no disclosure of their sentiments had yet taken place.—One morning, Sir Frederick was agreeably surprised by a visit from Captain Legoxton, who, in the most glowing terms, declared his love for Ellen, and requested Sir Frederick's permission to address her. To say that the consent of Sir Frederick followed this disclosure, is needless. Ellen, the modest, amiable Ellen, above the little arts of her sex, avowed at once the preference with which she regarded her lover, and, blushing as the orient morn, presented him her hand. Captain Legoxton received the precious present with rapture, and, on that day month, received from the hand of Sir Frederick the richest gift the world could bestow—a lovely, virtuous wife.

The happy couple, attended by Lady Montgomery and her son, set out for Broomly Park, the family seat of Captain Legoxton, and were welcomed, on their arrival, with every mark of attachment and respect. The neighbouring gentry vied with each other in paying them every attention in their power. Captain Legoxton

and his Ellen, happy in themselves, diffused happiness and joy around; and Broomly Park was the residence of mirth and gaiety.

After spending two months with the new-married couple, Lady Montgomery and her son bade them adieu, and set off for Montgomery Hall. On their arrival there, Sir Frederick received a letter from Sir Henry Fitz Allan, informing him of his mother's death, and of his intention of passing over to England that summer, along with Lady Fitz Allan, whom he stated to be in rather weak health. This letter gave Sir Frederick and his mother much pleasure, though it was considerably damped by hearing of Agnes's bad state of health.

In three weeks from the date of his letter, Sir Henry and his lady arrived at the Hall.—The meeting between Lady Montgomery and her son was truly affecting. It was three years since they had met.—But the joy of Lady Montgomery was not without alloy: the wasted form and pale countenance of Lady Fitz Allan raised dreadful alarms in her maternal heart. She snatched her little grandson to her heart, and on his innocent face shed the tears of anguish which the altered appearance of his once beautiful mother caused to flow.

Sir Frederick too observed the change, and, with great anxiety, mentioned it to Sir Henry, who attributed it to her close attendance on his deceased mother, but expressed his hopes that her native air would soon restore her to her usual health.

Sir Henry had not been long at the Hall, ere Sir Frederick inquired after the fair cottager.—

"I should rather ask that question of you," said Sir Henry laughing.—"Of me?" repeated Sir Frederick: "how could you ask it of me?"—"Upon my soul," repeated Sir Henry, "you affect astonishment most rarely. You are a sly rogue! Come! confess! was she not the companion of your journey from Ireland?"

"Explain yourself," demanded Sir Frederick: "for you speak in enigmas to me."—"The explanation will soon be made," returned Sir Henry. "The lady quitted the cottage on the same day that you quitted Killarney Castle; and it was generally reported and believed that she had gone off with you."

"It is a consummate falsehood," retorted Sir Frederick. "Till this moment I believed her in Ireland."—"Ha! ha! ha!" cried Sir Henry—"you are as much enraged as I had laid swindling to your charge.—To be serious, then, the lady quitted the cottage on the same day that you quitted the castle, and has never since been heard of. Whether she be with you or not, I seek not to inquire."

"With me she is not," replied Sir Frederick: "and I am at a loss to guess what could have been the meaning of such a sudden flight."—"I am as ignorant as yourself," replied Sir Henry. "Her conduct has been all along a perfect mystery. But have done with the fair unknown: let us seek the ladies: they will think us the most stupid companions, to have left them the whole morning."

Sir Henry and Lady Fitz Allan spent the whole summer at the Hall: Lady Montgomery and Sir Frederick, with much difficulty,

persuaded on them to winter with them in London; and, in the latter end of autumn, they set off for the metropolis. The two ladies went in a close carriage, preceded by the gentlemen in a superb chariot of Sir Frederick's.

The gentlemen had arrived at Barnet, where they intended to remain for the night: the window of the room where they sat overlooked the inn yard: they were standing by it, when a chaise and four drove up to the door. A gentleman, closely wrapped up in a great coat, and with his hat slouched over his eyes, alighted, and, after speaking a few words to his servant, entered the house.

"The air from the open window feels rather chill," said Sir Henry. "I think I had better shut it."—"I think so too," replied Sir Frederick. "I will ring for the waiter, and order him to bring candles."

Lights were brought in obedience to their call; and, drawing their chairs towards the fire, they began to converse on different subjects. Sir Henry had addressed a question to his friend, and, surprised at not receiving an answer, raised his eyes.

(To be continued.)

RULES for the Preservation of BEAUTY.

(From the "Mirror of the Graces," by a Lady of Distinction.)

THE rules which I would lay down, for the preservation of the bloom of beauty during its natural life, are few, and easy of access. And, besides having the advantage of speaking from my own wide and minute observation, I have the authorities of the most eminent physicians of every age, to support my argument.

The secret of preserving beauty lies in three things:—Temperance, Exercise, Cleanliness. Under these few heads we shall find much good instruction. *Temperance* includes moderation at table, and in the enjoyment of what the world calls pleasures. A young beauty, were she fair as Hebe, and elegant as the Goddess of love herself, would soon lose these charms by a course of inordinate eating, drinking, and late hours.

I guess that my delicate young readers will start at this last sentence, and wonder how it can be that any well-bred woman should think it possible that pretty ladies could be guilty of either of the two first-mentioned excesses. But, when I speak of *inordinate* eating, &c. I do not mean feasting like a glutton, or drinking to intoxication. My objection is not more against the quantity than the quality of the dishes which constitute the usual repasts of women of fashion. Their breakfasts not only set forth tea and coffee, but chocolate and *hot* bread and butter. Both of these latter articles, when taken constantly, are hostile to health and female delicacy. The heated grease, which is their principal ingredient, deranges the stomach; and by creating, or increasing bilious disorders, gradually overspreads the before fair skin with a wan or yellow hue. After this meal, a long and exhausting fast not unfrequently succeeds, from ten in the morning till six or seven in the evening, when dinner is served up; and the half-famished beauty sits down to sate a keen appetite with Cayenne soups, fish, French patées steaming with garlic, roast and boiled meat, game; tarts, sweetmeats, ices, fruit, &c.

VOL. XLII.

&c. &c. How must the constitution suffer under the digestion of this *mélange*! How does the heated complexion bear witness to the combustion within! And, when we consider that the beverage she takes to dilute this mass of food, and to assuage the consequent fever in her stomach, is not merely water from the spring, but Champagne, Madeira, and other wines, foreign and domestic, you cannot wonder that I should warn the inexperienced creature against intemperance. The superabundance of aliment which she takes in at this time is not only destructive of beauty, but the period of such repletion is full of other dangers. Long fasting wastes the powers of digestion, and weakens the springs of life. In this enfeebled state, at the hour when nature intends we should prepare for general repose, we put our stomach and animal spirits to extraordinary exertion. Our vital functions are overtaken and overloaded. We become hectic, (for observation strongly declares, that invalid and delicate persons should rarely eat solids after three o'clock in the day, as fever is generally the consequence) and thus, almost every complaint that distresses and destroys the human frame, may be engendered. Besides, when we add to this evil the present mode of bracing the digestive part of the body, in what is called *long stays*, to what an extent must reach the baneful effects of a protracted and abundant repast! Indeed, I am fully persuaded that long fasting, late dining, and the excessive repletion then taken into the exhausted stomach, with the tight pressure of steel and whalebone on the most susceptible parts of the frame then called into

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action — and the midnight, nay, morning hours, of lingering pleasure, — are the positive causes of colds taken, bilious rivers, consumptions, and atrophies. By the means enumerated, the firm texture of the constitution is broken; and, the principles of health being in a manner decomposed, the finest parts fly off, and the dregs maintain the poor survivor of herself, in a sad kind of artificial existence. Delicate proportion gives place either to miserable leanness or shapeless fat. The once-fair skin assumes a pallid rigidity or a bloated redness, which the vain possessor would still regard as the roses of health and beauty.

To repair these ravages, comes the aid of padding, to give shape where there is none; long stays, to compress into form the chaos of flesh; and paints of all hues, to rectify the disorder of the complexion. But useless are these attempts. Where dissipation, disease, and immoderation, have wrecked the fair vessel of temple charms, it is not in the power of *Æsculapius* himself to refit the shattered bark; or of the Sirens, with all their songs and wiles, to conjure its battered sides from the rocks, and make it ride the seas in gallant trim again.

It is with pleasure that I turn from this ruin of all that is beautiful and lovely, to the cheering hope of preserving every charm unimpaired; and by means which the most ingenuous mind need not blush to acknowledge.

The rules, I repeat, are few. Three have clearly been particularised; namely *Temperance*: a well-timed use of the table, and so moderate a pursuit of pleasure, that the midnight ball, assembly, and theatre, shall not occur too often.

My next specific, is that of gentle and daily *Exercise* in the open air. This may be almost always obtained, either on horseback or on foot, in fine weather; and, when that is denied, in a carriage. Country air, in the fields or in gardens, when breathed at proper hours, is the finest bracer of the nerves, and the surest brightener of the complexion. — But these hours are neither under the mid-day sun in summer, when its beams scorch the skin and set the blood in a boil; nor beneath the dews of evening, when the imperceptible damps, saturating the thinly-clad limbs, send the wanderer home infected with the disease that is to lay her, ere a returning spring, in the silent tomb! — Both these periods are pregnant with danger to delicacy and carelessness.

The morning, about two or three hours after sun-rise, is the most salubrious time for a vigorous walk. But, as the day advances, if you choose to prolong the sweet enjoyment of the open air, then the thick wood or shady lane will afford refreshing shelter from the too intense heat of the sun. — In short, the morning and evening dew, and the unrepelled blaze of a summer noon, must alike be ever avoided, as the enemies of health and beauty.

Cleanliness, my next recipe, (and which is, like the others, applicable to all ages,) is of most powerful efficacy. It maintains the limbs in their pliancy; the skin in its softness; the complexion in its lustre; the eyes in their brightness; the teeth in their purity; and the constitution in its fairest vigor.

The frequent use of tepid baths is not more grateful to the sense

than it is salutary to the health, and to beauty. By such ablution, all accidental corporeal impurities are thrown off; cutaneous obstructions removed; and, while the surface of the body is preserved in its original brightness, many threatening disorders are put to the rout. Colds in the young, and rheumatic and paralytic affections in the old, are all dispersed by this simple and delightful antidote. By such means do the women of the East render their skins softer than that of the tenderest babes in this climate; and by such means is that health preserved, which, otherwise, the sedentary confinement of their lives must destroy.

This delightful and delicate oriental fashion is now, I am happy to say, embraced almost all over the Continent. From the villas of Italy, to the chateaux of France; from the castles of Germany, to the palaces of Muscovy; we may every where find the marble bath under the vaulted portico or the sheltering shade. Every house of every nobleman or gentleman, in every nation under the sun, excepting Britain, possesses one of these genial friends to cleanliness and comfort. The generality of English ladies seem to be ignorant of the use of any bath larger than a wash-hand basin. This is the more extraordinary to me, when I contemplate the changeable temperature of the climate, and consider the corresponding alterations in the bodily feelings of the people. By abruptly checking the secretions, it produces those chronic and cutaneous diseases so peculiar to our nation, and so heavy a cause of complaint.

This very circumstance renders

baths more necessary in England than any where else; for as this is the climate most subject to sudden heat and colds, rains and dews, tepid immersion is the only sovereign remedy against their usual morbid effects. Indeed, so impressed am I with the consequence of this regimen, that I strongly recommend to every lady to make a bath as indispensable an article in her house as a looking-glass.

(To be continued.)

Recipe for ROSE-WATER.

(From the same Publication.)

TAKE two pounds of rose-leaves: place them on a napkin tied round the edges of a basin filled with hot water; and put a dish of cold water upon the leaves. Keep the bottom water hot; and change the water at top, as soon as it begins to grow warm. By this kind of distillation, you will extract a great quantity of the essential oil of the roses, by a process which cannot be expensive, and will prove very beneficial.

LIP-SALVE.—From the same.

A QUARTER of a pound of hard marrow, from the marrow-bone. Melt it over a slow fire. As it dissolves gradually, pour the liquid marrow into an earthen pipkin: then add to it an ounce of spermaceti, twenty raisins of the sun, stoned, and a small portion of alcanna-root, sufficient to color it a bright vermilion. Simmer these ingredients over a slow fire for ten minutes: then strain the whole through muslin; and, while hot, stir into it one teaspoon-ful of the balsam of Peru. Pour it out into the boxes in which it is to remain: it will there stiffen, and become fit for use.

SAPPHO; an *Historic Romance*.*(Continued from page 121.)*

Six chariots now appeared at the foot of the temple, each drawn by four horses abreast, whose loud neighings, resounding hoofs, and trembling manes, express their impatience of delay, and their ardor for the course. Their drivers, standing erect in the chariots, holding in their left hands the reins, and in the right the whip ready to strike—their eyes fixed on the herald—anxiously wait the signal for departure. The trumpet is now raised to his lips; and they feel their hearts palpitate with increased emotion.

The trumpet sounds; and the trembling coursers rush forward with impetuosity. Their drivers slacken the reins, and animate them by their shouts, and by the application of the whip; bending forward, either that their voices may be better heard, or from their anxiety spontaneously impressing this attitude.

The multitude preserve the most solemn silence. The only sounds which are heard, are the crackles of the whip, the motion of the wheels, the voices of the charioteers, and the echoing hoofs of the coursers. The rapidity of the chariots raised a volume of dust in the air, previously calm and serene; and, like the moon in a clouded sky, which is alternately visible and concealed, so were the chariots by turns perceptible, and lost in the cloud of dust.

Presently a chariot, drawn by bay horses with black manes, gained sensibly on the others. The driver cherishes, with fond illusion, the hope of victory, and, in responsive sympathy to the applause which rends the air, flourishes his whip in triumphant cir-

cles. But his exultation was of short continuance; for a chariot, drawn by brown coursers, advanced with inconceivable swiftness:—they seemed to fly: to the eye of fancy, 'twas Pluto carrying away Proserpine. Their nostrils extended, their breath inflamed, their mouths covered with foam, and their eyes flashing fire, they ran, rapid as the wind, furious as the tempest.

Already their heads were on a line with the axle of the wheels of the chariot which preceded them, whose driver, observing their approach, felt his heart beat with violent agitation; and, calling aloud to his horses by their names, he endeavoured to animate their renewed exertions: and they, hearing the sound of their rivals' hoofs, redouble their efforts. The others dispute the victory with equal ardor; and, like a wave impelled by the fury of the tempest, advance with increasing rapidity. For a few paces they continue on the same line: the heads of the eight horses appear to belong to the same chariot.—The victory is doubtful, and the acclamations of the multitude are suspended: but, by a cruel caprice of fate, this noble struggle, of which the prize ought to have been gained by merit alone, is terminated by misfortune.

At the moment when the brown coursers were straining every nerve to outstrip the bays, the bolt, which held the wheel to the axle, was suddenly forced from the socket, and struck with violence one of the bays, which immediately fell, and in his fall carried the other three. The charioteer was instantly precipitated to the ground: the other chariot, having lost a wheel, is dragged along in

the dust:—the driver is overturned on the course; but the chariot, without a guide, still advanced towards the goal.

The four remaining chariots, which had been considerably behind, now that their drivers felt their hopes revived by the accident they had just witnessed, dispute the victory with energy. The chariot, drawn by white horses spotted with black, won the race. The victor advanced to the judge of the games, who presented him with a helmet and cuirass of steel, richly embossed with silver; on which was engraved a chariot, with this inscription in letters of gold—"The pains taken to acquire glory are well rewarded by its possession."—The unsuccessful competitors quit the course, to conceal their shame and disappointment; and the fallen charioteers receive every assistance from the nearest spectators.

The race was scarcely ended, when the sound of musical instruments was heard on the other side of the course, inviting the multitude to witness a new exhibition. The populace hastily crowd to the scene, like a swarm of bees, whom the shepherd recalls to their abandoned home by the attractive sound of the tinkling cymbal. The lists are opened for gymnastic exercises: a group of pugilists, armed with the gauntlet, appear ready for the combat. Joy and exultation is expressed on the features of many, who will be carried away, covered with blood, and dying, in the arms of their friends.

Phaon had not yet appeared, though he was celebrated for his skill in these games:—perhaps he wished to make his presence desired; for the multitude already

expressed their impatience by repeatedly calling for him.

Sappho, according to her usual custom, was an attentive spectator; and, when she heard the cries of the populace, she felt the most ardent curiosity to behold the object whose renown excited such universal expressions of desire. She wished to compare his person with his reputation. At length murmurs of approbation are heard, which swelling into tumultuous shouts of applause, Phaon, to the great mortification of his rivals, and to the extreme satisfaction of the spectators, appeared at the barrier.

This day, he had chosen the exercise of wrestling: a light buskin displayed to advantage the beauty of his naked leg: an azure tunic, fastened round his waist with a golden belt, fell gracefully on his knees. His looks, full of manly assurance, were directed to the wrestlers, and seem to challenge a rival; when a native of Crete, of extraordinary size, stepped forward, and, throwing aside his cloak, showed himself entirely naked, with the exception of the cincture worn by wrestlers according to custom. His limbs, inured to this exercise, were embrowned by the burning rays of the summer's sun: his body was covered with hair; and his strong-marked muscles expressed the strength of a Hercules.

Phaon immediately threw off his tunic, and exhibited to the delighted spectators the most perfect forms of beauty combined with strength: his limbs were not of so powerful a proportion as those of his rival; but they were moulded with the most exquisite harmony: his muscles were not so strongly expressed; yet their swell was

distinctly marked: his cheeks, shaded with a light down, were fresh as the rose in the morning; and, in attempting to paint their beauty, it would be necessary to recur to the old comparisons of roses and lilies.

The minds of the spectators are in suspense; but all accord in their secret wishes. Charmed with the beauty of the young wrestler, they anxiously hope that he may gain the prize, or, at least, that he may retire from the combat without receiving any serious injury: and, when the monstrous strength of his rival was compared with the delicacy of Phaon's members, it was natural to feel the most tender interest.

While the minds of the spectators remained in doubtful suspense, the two wrestlers examine each other with minute attention: they advance—retire—approach slowly, and at length close.—The Cretan came with his arms widely extended, less with the intention to clasp Phaon, than to suffocate him: but Phaon, eluded his embrace with agility, and, suddenly stooping, passed under his arms; he then turned round with the rapidity of lightning, and fastened on his adversary's right side. The Cretan tears himself from his grasp by an immense effort, before his rival had time to fix his hold: they examine each other afresh—the Cretan trembling to behold, that, even at the beginning of the combat, he had been on the point of falling under the address of a youth whose courage appeared to him the height of temerity. His wounded pride shuts out all feeling of pity from his soul: revenge adds rage to his cruelty; and, with his head bent down, he rushes on Phaon like a

furious bull assailed by the shepherd.

The agility of Phaon increases with the danger; and, seising with both hands the head of his adversary directed against his breast, with surprising address he placed himself by a leap on the back of his antagonist, who, having exerted all his strength to bear down his rival, and not meeting with the expected resistance, fell, with his face on the ground, and measured his length in the dust.

Phaon, according to the laws of wrestling, waited till his adversary got up again. Meantime, the spectators, who had remained mute and motionless while the combat continued doubtful, now gave utterance to their applause, and vented their laughter at the weighty fall of his gigantic antagonist, who arose slowly from the ground, his face covered with dust.

The Cretan, furious with revenge, gnashing his teeth, and his eyes flashing fire, soon recovered from his fall, and returned to the combat. The wrestlers approach, and hold each other closely embraced. In this position they remain for some time, each cautiously endeavouring to take advantage of his adversary, and exhibit to the delighted eyes of the multitude the contrast of a most beautiful youth engaged in combat with a hideous satyr. Impatient for victory, the Cretan began to shake his rival, in order to throw him to the ground: but, like the reed which bends to the violence of the winds, Phaon yields with agility to all the movements of his adversary.—At last, seising a favorable opportunity, he slides dexterously his right

foot on the inside of the left leg of his rival, and, striking him at the same moment on the breast, the colossus totters and falls. Phaon remains firm on his feet, freed from the embrace of the Cretan, whose arms quit their hold, to save his fall.

Phaon, proclaimed victor by the unanimous voice of the assembly, turned on the people his eyes sparkling with joy and delight; and their lustre was increased by the glory he had just acquired. The Cretan arose confused and ashamed, and retired amid the hisses and derision of the multitude.

(To be continued.)

Curious Mode of collecting TITHES in Ireland.

(From Sir Jonah Barrington's "Historic Anecdotes of the Legislative Union between Great-Britain and Ireland.")

THE following mode of collecting tithes in parts of the county of Mayo, Sligo, &c., being those very parishes and districts where the French army under General Mumbert was so cordially received by the unfortunate peasantry in 1803, may give some idea, &c.

The protestant clergyman generally lets his tithes to a proctor, or farmer: the wealthy parishioners rent *theirs* from the proctor upon reasonable terms, which prevents their interference. The remaining tithes of the parish, being those of the peasants, are then advertised to be *canted* (a sort of auction) at some alehouse: the bidding commences at *night*, frequently so late as eleven or twelve o'clock:—the proctor (and in some instances the rector) superintends the sale; each cottager's tithe is set up distinctly; and every bidder, according to the liberality of his advance, gets a

glass or two of strong whiskey, to encourage him: the cottager's pride to purchase his own tithe increases with *liberality*; puffers are introduced; the sale raised; and, when the cottager is at length declared the buyer, a promissory note is drawn *for him*; he, being totally illiterate, puts his *mark* to it; and, when he awakes next day from his intoxication, he is informed of the nature of his purchase. This *cant* generally lasts several nights. The cottager (if not punctual) is then served with a law process, called a civil bill, for the amount of the note; a decree, with costs, of course, issues against him; and the blanket (his children's covering), or the potatoes (his *only* food), are sold to pay the expenses of the proceeding.—The attorney and proctor understand each other the costs of recovering a *crow* often exceeding a guinea;—and the catholic peasant, instead of a *tenth*, frequently yields up the *whole* of his scanty, miserable crop, to support a pastor of the protestant establishment.

Unable either to bear or counteract the oppressions of tithe-proctors, the beggared peasant becomes discontented, gradually riotous, and at length desperate; and the catastrophe generally concludes by the parishioners (*illegally*) cutting the proctor's ears off, and the proctor (*according to law*) hanging the parishioners.

Tithes of a very uncommon description are also occasionally demanded in Ireland.—One species of tithing is peculiarly proper to be recorded.—The Reverend L*** B***†, protestant rector of

† We forbear to name the parties, though named by Sir Jonah. *Ebur.*

S*** (County Sligo), thought proper, without any lawful authority, to levy a sum of one shilling and eight pence, each, from the cottagers in his parish, under pretence of *tithe*, which he denominated "*Family-Money*."—This imposition was at length resisted by a peasant of the name of Gilgan: however, two magistrates of that county, T** S** and W** G**, Esqrs. summoned Gilgan before them, and S** absolutely granted a warrant to sell the peasant's furniture (such as it might be) for one shilling and eight pence, *family-money*, with nine shillings and eleven pence halfpenny *costs*; and, accordingly, an iron pot, in which this wretched peasant boiled his potatoes, was sold by public auction for 9s. 2d. and the Reverend Mr. B*** pocketed the *purchase-money*.—But Mr. Barrett, a humane attorney, having taken up the case, damages were recovered against the parson.—It is unfortunate, however, that this transaction never came either before the Bishop or the Chief Justice—and both the clergyman and magistrate remain in *statu quo*.

MYSTERIOUS WARNINGS.

(From "*Wieland or the Transformation, an American Tale*," by B. C. BROWN.)

WIELAND, the hero of the tale, sees and hears, at different times and in different places, strange sights and mysterious voices, which he conceives to be divine warnings—clear expressions of the will of Heaven, commanding him to do certain things to which he naturally felt a repugnance. In the sequel, he thus describes the transactions, together with his own sensations and motives.

It is needless to say that God is the object of my supreme passion. I have cherished in his presence a single and upright heart.

I have thirsted for the knowledge of his will. I have burned with ardor to approve my faith and my obedience.

My days have been spent in searching for the revelation of that will; but my days have been mournful, because my search failed. I solicited direction. I turned on every side where glimmerings of light could be discovered. I have not been wholly uninformed: but my knowledge has always stopped short of certainty. Dissatisfaction has insinuated itself into all my thoughts. My purposes have been pure; my wishes indefatigable; but not till lately were these purposes thoroughly accomplished, and these wishes fully gratified.

I thank thee, my Father, for thy bounty; that thou didst not ask a less sacrifice than this; that thou placedst me in a condition to testify my submission to thy will! What have I withheld which it was thy pleasure to exact? Now may I, with dauntless and erect eye, claim my reward, since I have given thee the treasure of my soul.

I was at my own house: it was late in the evening: my sister had gone to the city, but proposed to return. It was in expectation of her return that my wife and I delayed going to bed beyond the usual hour; the rest of the family, however, were retired.

My mind was contemplative and calm; not wholly devoid of apprehension on account of my sister's safety. Recent events, not easily explained, had suggested the existence of some danger; but this danger was without a distinct form in our imaginations, and scarcely ruffled our tranquillity.

Time passed, and my sister did not arrive; her house is at some distance from mine, and though her arrangements had been made with a view to residing with us, it was possible that, through forgetfulness, or the occurrence of unforeseen emergencies, she had returned to her own dwelling.

Hence it was conceived proper that I should ascertain the truth by going thither. I went. On my way, my mind was full of those ideas which related to my intellectual condition. In the torrent of fervid conceptions I lost sight of my purpose. Sometimes I stood still; sometimes I wandered from my path, and experienced some difficulty, on recovering from my fit of musing, to regain it.

The series of my thoughts is easily traced. At first every vein beat with raptures known only to the man whose parental and conjugal love is without limits, and the cup of whose desires, immense as it is, overflows with gratification. I know not why emotions that were perpetual visitants should not have recurred with unusual energy. The transition was not new from sensations of joy, to a consciousness of gratitude. The Author of my being was likewise the dispenser of every gift with which that being was embellished. The service to which a benefactor like this was entitled could not be circumscribed. My social sentiments were indebted to their alliance with devotion for all their value. All passions are base, all joys feeble, all energies malignant, which are not drawn from this source.

For a time my contemplations soared above earth and its inhabitants. I stretched forth my

hands; I lifted my eyes, and exclaimed, "O! that I might be admitted to thy presence! that mine were the supreme delight of knowing thy will, and of performing it! — the blissful privilege of direct communication with thee, and of listening to the audible enunciation of thy pleasure!"

"What task would I not undertake, what privation would I not cheerfully endure, to testify my love of thee? Alas! thou hidest thyself from my view: glimpses only of thy excellence and beauty are afforded me. Would that a momentary emanation from thy glory would visit me! that some unambiguous token of thy presence would salute my senses!"

In this mood, I entered the house of my sister. It was vacant. Scarcely had I regained recollection of the purpose that brought me hither. Thoughts of a different tendency had such absolute possession of my mind, that the relations of time and space were almost obliterated from my understanding. These wanderings, however, were restrained, and I ascended to her chamber.

I had no light, and might have known by external observation that the house was without any inhabitant. With this, however, I was not satisfied. I entered the room; and the object of my search not appearing, I prepared to return.

The darkness required some caution in descending the stairs. I stretched my hand to seize the balustrade, by which I might regulate my steps. How shall I describe the lustre which at that moment burst upon my vision?

I was dazzled. My organs were bereaved of their activity. My eye-lids were half closed, and my

hands withdrawn from the balustrade. A nameless fear chilled my veins, and I stood motionless. This irradiation did not retire or lessen. It seemed as if some powerful effulgence covered me like a mantle.

I opened my eyes, and found all about me luminous and glowing. It was the element of heaven that flowed around. Nothing but a fiery stream was at first visible; but, anon, a shrill voice from behind called upon me to attend.

I turned. It is forbidden to describe what I saw. Words, indeed, would be wanting to the task. The lineaments of that being, whose veil was now lifted, and whose visage beamed upon my sight, no hues of pencil or of language can portray.

As it spoke, the accents thrilled to my heart. "Thy prayers are heard. In proof of thy faith, render me thy wife. This is the victim I choose. Call her hither, and here let her fall."—The sound, and visage, and light vanished at once.

What demand was this? The blood of Catharine was to be shed! My wife was to perish by my hand! I sought opportunity to attest my virtue. Little did I expect that a proof like this would have been demanded.

"My wife!" I exclaimed: "O God! substitute some other victim. Make me not the butcher of my wife. My own blood is cheap. This will I pour out before thee with a willing heart; but spare, I beseech thee, this precious life, or commission some other than her husband to perform the bloody deed."

In vain. The conditions were prescribed; the decree had gone

forth, and nothing remained but to execute it. I rushed out of the house, and across the intermediate fields, and stopped not till I entered my own parlour.

My wife had remained here during my absence, in anxious expectation of my return with some tidings of her sister. I had none to communicate. For a time I was breathless with my speed. This, and the tremors that shook my frame, and the wildness of my looks, alarmed her. She immediately suspected some disaster to have happened to her friend, and her own speech was as much overpowered by emotion as mine.

She was silent, but her looks manifested her impatience to hear what I had to communicate. I spoke, but with so much precipitation as scarcely to be understood, catching her at the same time by the arm, and forcibly pulling her from her seat.

"Come along with me: fly: waste not a moment: time will be lost, and the deed will be omitted. Tarry not; question not; but fly with me!"

This deportment added afresh to her alarms. Her eyes pursued mine, and she said, "What is the matter? For God's sake, what is the matter? Where would you have me go?"

My eyes were fixed upon her countenance while she spoke. I thought upon her virtues; I viewed her as the mother of my babes; as my wife: I recalled the purpose for which I thus urged her attendance. My heart faltered, and I saw that I must rouse to this work all my faculties. The danger of the least delay was imminent.

I looked away from her, and

again exerting my force, drew her towards the door—"You must go with me, indeed you must."

In her fright she half resisted my efforts, and again exclaimed, "Good heaven! what is it you mean? Where go? What has happened? Have you found Clara?"

"Follow me, and you will see," I answered, still urging her reluctant steps forward.

"What phrensy has seised you? Something must needs have happened. Is she sick? Have you found her?"

"Come and see. Follow me, and know for yourself."

Still she expostulated, and besought me to explain this mysterious behaviour. I could not trust myself to answer her; to look at her; but grasping her arm, I drew her after me. She hesitated, rather through confusion of mind than from unwillingness to accompany me. This confusion gradually abated, and she moved forward, but with irresolute footsteps, and continual exclamations of wonder and terror. Her interrogations of "what was the matter?" and "whither was I going?" were ceaseless and vehement.

It was the scope of my efforts not to think; to keep up a conflict and uproar in my mind, in which all order and distinctness should be lost; to escape from the sensations produced by her voice. I was therefore silent. I strove to abridge this interval by my haste, and to waste all my attention in furious gesticulations,

(To be continued.)

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

I WAS in hopes that some of your correspondents, better quali-

fied than your humble servant, would, in your last Number, have furnished Miss *Hannah Home-* spun with the information which she requested in your Magazine for February (p. 77) respecting the use of *negatives*, and the power of *two negatives* to produce an *affirmative*: but, as I do not see that any one else has undertaken the task, I shall, with your permission, endeavour to satisfy her as well as I can.

One *negative*, added to any assertion, *denies* what that assertion affirms—destroys its meaning, and makes it to signify something either diametrically opposite, or at least very different. For example, "*He is alive*"—add the negative, and say "*he is NOT alive*"—you make it quite the reverse, viz. "*he is dead*:"—"He feels sickness"—"*he feels NO sickness*"—then "*he enjoys good health*:"—"He moves"—"*he NEVER moves*"—then "*he ALWAYS rests*;"—"He will eat"—"*he will eat NOTHING*"—then "*he will fast*."

This effect of the single negative is so clear and obvious, that I should not have thought it worthy of notice, but for the purpose of showing, from it, how one negative operates against another.

As the added *negative* destroys the effect of an *affirmative* phrase, so it likewise destroys the meaning of a *negative* phrase:—in short, it equally destroys the effect of any phrase, negative or affirmative, to which it is joined. Then, "*He will eat nothing*," being (as above shown) equivalent to "*he will fast*"—the addition of another negative, viz. "*he will not eat nothing*," produces a quite contrary sense, viz. "*he will not fast*," but "*he will eat*," so that "*he will not eat nothing*" is pre-

cisely equivalent to "he *will* eat something." So the school-boy correctly understood the matter, under the following circumstances. On his complaining, at an undue hour, that he was hungry, and had "*nothing to eat*," his master jocularly replied, "Eat *that* first,"—meaning that he should "*eat nothing*," i. e. that "he should *fast*," to which the boy archly replied, "I don't like it, Sir," i. e. "I don't like to eat *nothing*," or "I don't like to *fast*," but "*I do like to eat something*."

The same rule applies to the other negatives; and one more example will be sufficient. "He has *never* told the truth" is equivalent to "He has *always* told falsehoods."—add another negative, viz. "He has *not never* told the truth;" and it becomes equivalent to "He has *not always* told falsehoods," or "he has, at some time or other, told the truth."

Hence Miss Homespun will perceive that her brother—however reprehensible on the score of politeness—is grammatically correct in maintaining, that, when she "does not tell a secret to *nobody*," she "*does* tell it to *somebody*"—and that, if she "*does not care nothing*" for the amiable and accomplished Mr. Mildmay, she certainly "*does care something*" for him. A moment's consideration will convince her of this: for, if she "*cares nothing*" for him, she "*is indifferent*" with respect to him: then, by adding the negative (*not care nothing*), she "*is not indifferent*," but feels for him a regard, or an interest, or an affection, or whatever else she may think proper to term it.

And here let me add, that this point is so clearly understood by all well-educated persons, that

they would as soon say "*No*" to mean "*Yes*," or "*Yes*" to signify "*No*," as use a double negative when they mean to *deny*. And such are, in general, their ideas on the subject, that the utterance of a single phrase with the plebeian junction of two negatives is, in their estimation, sufficient to affix on the speaker the brand of *vulgarity*, and want of education; wherefore I would earnestly caution your fair readers (if any of them need to be cautioned) against ever imitating the vulgar practice of combining *two negatives* for the purpose of *denying*.

In the above remarks upon negatives, I do not include the adverb "*No*," as that single monosyllable always forms a complete sense by itself, and cannot be connected with any other negative. For example, "*Have you seen him?*"—"No: *never*." Here the two negatives are wholly independent of each other, and make two distinct answers. "*No*" is, of itself, equivalent to "*I have not seen him*," and is a complete answer; while "*Never*" is a repetition of the same answer, only somewhat more forcibly expressed, "*I have never seen him*."

Exclusive of the adverb "*No*," there are cases where two negatives may properly be used, but in a very different sense from that in which they are employed by the vulgar. For example, "He will *not* work for *nothing*;" which means, not that he "*is unwilling to work at all*," but that "*he will not work gratuitously*"—that "*he does not choose to work without being paid*"—leaving us to suppose that "*he is willing to work, if he be paid*."

Before I conclude, allow me to trespass a little further on your

patience and your paper, to describe a simple mechanical contrivance, by which I practically impressed the rule for negatives on the memory of a young lady of my acquaintance, who, from the effects of a country education, was in the constant habit of vulgarly combining them in pairs.

On the top of a card, I wrote the word "*Nothing*:" and, reversing the card to bring the other end uppermost, I there wrote "*Something*:" on other cards, in like manner, I wrote "*Nothing*" and "*Any thing*"—" *Nobody*" and "*Somebody*"—" *Nobody*" and "*Any body*." Then, sticking these cards by turns in the card-rack, and reversing them as occasion required, so as to expose to view sometimes the *affirmative*, and sometimes the *negative*, while, in each case, the opposite writing was concealed from her sight, I asked her to tell me what she *did* see, and what she *did not* see; to which questions she of course answered, according as either end of the card was uppermost, "I see *nothing*, and I do not see *any thing*"—"I do not see *nothing*, and I do see *something*"—"I see *nobody*, and I do not see *any body*"—"I do not see *nobody*, and I do see *somebody*."

By a frequent repetition of this simple exercise, I soon succeeded in reclaiming my young friend from her vulgar habit of doubling the negatives.

And now, Sir, I shall conclude my remarks on the subject, by quoting, for the amusement of your fair readers, a most notable example of accumulated negatives, which I lately heard a teacher propose to his pupil as a grammatical problem, viz. "I don't never

care *nothing* for *nobody*—no, not I," and the question to be solved was, whether this curious phrase amounted, on the whole, to a *negation* or an *affirmation*. JUAN.

GREY HAIR.—*An Anecdote.*

Mr. B***t, a member of the American congress, was remarkable for grey, or rather snow-white hair, with a very florid complexion; while, notwithstanding a considerable degree of vigor and activity, the hand of Time had very legibly written on his forehead that he had seen his best days.—This gentleman had, from books and conversation, collected many curious anecdotes of premature hoariness, and of hair suddenly turned grey by the effect of excessive grief, terror, &c.; and these anecdotes he was fond of repeating in company.

One day, when he had, to a numerous circle, related some of the most wonderful of those stories, a gentleman present observed that he felt not the smallest hesitation in believing the truth of them, after what he had himself witnessed: "for," continued he, "a friend of mine, being benighted on a journey, and having mistaken his road, came to the high, steep bank of a river, instead of a ford where he had intended to cross. Not seeing his danger in the dark, he fell headlong into the water with his horse: but, luckily keeping his seat, he escaped drowning, as the animal swam with him down the stream, until he came to a safe and easy landing-place. So great, however, was the shock and fright which he experienced in his fall, that it suddenly turned to grey a black scratch wig, which he had on at the time!!!"

LONDON MORNING and EVEN-
ING FULL DRESS.

1. *EVENING dress*, actually worn at the Duchess of Gordon's ball.—A slip of yellow satin under a black lace dress. Turban hat of yellow crape and satin, with two brown feathers.

2. *Morning dress.*—A pelisse of pale yellow silk, spotted with purple, and trimmed with ribbon of purple, with a yellow edge. Bonnet of the same materials as the pelisse.

BOUTS-RIMÉS,

or ends of verses to be completed in any metre, and on any subject, at the writer's option.

{.....Lend	{..... Seems
{..... Attend	{..... Beams
{..... Prime	{..... Spray
{..... Clime	{..... Play
{..... Sphere	{..... Rose
{..... Appear	{..... Disclose
{..... Ground	{..... Few
{..... Abound	{..... Review

They may be employed in any of these four ways—forward or backward, as here given—or transposed for alternate rhyme, thus—forward, Lend, prime, attend, clime, &c.—backward, Review, disclose, few, rose, &c.—The completions will be admissible until the fifteenth of June.

P O E T R Y.

The SNOW-DROP.

ERE Winter rule has ceas'd to reign,
Or summon'd hence his boist'rous train,

The snow-drop dares appear.
Emerging from its icy bed,
With modest grace it lifts its head,
To hail the new-born year.

Emblem of innocence and youth!
Of virgin purity and truth!
First seen of Flora's train,
Ere, on young Zephyr's tepid wing,
We hail the renovating spring
Descending on the plain!

Thou, rob'd in nature's simplest white!
To me thy form imparts delight;

For now, with Fancy's aid,
All Flora's page I read in thee,
Her endless, gay variety,
That soon will be display'd.

The crocus, daisy, primrose pale,
With cowslips, lilies of the vale,
And violets blue and white;
And all that spring from nature's womb,
T' exale around their rich perfume,
Or charm the ravish'd sight.

Then, little flow'r, should Boreas blow
With chilling sweep, and drifting snow
Thy tender frame invest—
I'll pluck thee gently from the storm,
And place thy little pensile form
Upon Louisa's breast.

N. Petherton.

ANONYMOUS.

The TWO NEGATIVES.

Two negatives, Chloe, (our grammars de-
clare)

To produce an affirmative, join.—

My suit you've twice negativ'd! Thus, my
sweet Fair, [mine!

You have clearly affirm'd you'll be

Come! name but the day! to the altar
we'll haste, [love,

That young Hymen may sanction our
Without negative, then a pure bliss we
shall taste,

That will ever affirmative prove. J.C.

Completion of the BOUTS-RIMÉS proposed in
our Magazine for February.

Hymn, by EUGENIA.

WHAT various beauties round me spring,
Where'er my wand'ring footsteps rove!
To thee, my God! I'll grateful sing
The countless bounties of thy love.

The flocks that graze the verdant hill,
Each bird that flies—to instinct true—
Shall bless the hand that feeds them still,
Shall raise the note of praise to you.

To thee, my God! my vows I've sworn:
Oh! may my heart thy judgements fear!
'Tis guilt alone can plant a thorn:

But guilt ne'er dwells in heart sincere.
Should adverse fortune raise a sigh
Within this recreant breast of mine,

182 A

Engraved for the Lady's Magazine.



London Fashionable Morning & Evening Dress.

Nº 4. 1811.

To thy blest courts, my God! I'll fly;
Where glorious saints around thee shine.

* * * We are sorry to observe, to the ingenious author, that one or two letters appear to have miscarried.

Another Completion, by J. M. L.

"FROM love what pangs of sorrow spring!"
Thus may the love-sick poet sing:
Wild as the bee, still let me rove;
Nor give me grief, in giving love.
Love is, for me, too steep a hill:
And, if the summit's grief, oh! still
Let me, my Muse, to thee be true,
Contented still with verse and you:
Yet for Love's vot'ry I'd be sworn,
Did I not dread a hidden thorn.
Oh! then some fair one end my fear:
Show me what 'tis to be sincere:
No more I then shall heave the sigh,
No more from Love's enchantments fly.
Bliss with some fair may then be mine,
And peaceful moments round us shine!

Parsimonious LUXURY.

An Imitation of the French Epigram proposed in our Magazine for February.

Your treats are serv'd on costly plate, so bright, [light:
That eyes may feast with exquisite de-
But hunger, Sir, the stomach's foe, will tell ye, [the belly:
That, while you feast the sight, you starve
For hunger's blind: then what avails a dish
Of glittering silver, without flesh or fish?
When next you wish to give your friends a treat, [the meat;
With half the pomp, pray give us twice
Or, for poor stomach balk'd, to compensate,
Permit each guest to bear away his plate.

N. Petherton.

ANONYMOUS.

Another, by EUGENIA.

Your table, I grant, Sir, is cover'd with plate; [great--
And all, to appearance, is splendid and
A feast for the eyes—a fine show to be seen--
But nothing at all for the appetite keen.
I wish, that, in future, you'd treat us with meat, [to eat,
And present us, at table, with something
Or allow, else, each guest with his plate to repair
The loss of a dinner, or seek it elsewhere.

Another, by J. C.

BORN your taste and your riches your table displays, [a blaze:
While with high-fashion'd silver 'tis all in

But, amid this vain splendor, so scant is your treat, [to eat,
That our hunger can't find half sufficient

For mercy, when next you invite us, we cry-- [the eye:
Give us more for the belly, and less for

Or--to make us amends for thus fasting in state-- [his plate.
Bid each guest, after dinner, to pocket

EDWARD'S GRAVE.

(From Mr. Skurray's Poems.)

UNDER yon tufted hillock's hallow'd mould,

In quiet silence sleeps the prattling boy.
Clos'd are thine eyes: thy little heart is cold-- [joy!

Thy mother's darling, and thy father's
The modest flowret open'd to the sun,
Show'd its faint blush, and sip'd the sparkling dew:

Its color faded, and its tints were gone,
While yet it blossom'd in the parents' view.

The father's frantic bosom knows no rest;
Through the long night the childless mother weeps-- [breast:
Cease, parents! cease to beat the tortured
The lovely Edward is not dead, but sleeps!

THE MINER.

(From "Feeling," a Poem.)

..... My thoughts dejected stray
Here the poor miner wears his youth away. [light,

In Idria's depths, hid from the day's fair
He plies his toil in never-ending night.

In vain for him the year's sweet changes roll: [soul.

They bring no transport to his joyless
Let winter come, array'd in sombre charms, [swarms,

'Tis Freedom's sons his awing beauty
Let smiling Spring pour her freshening bloom,

It glads not him pent in a living tomb.
The summer bow'r, the path which would invite [night,

The lover's step, the stroll at closing
The converse chaste, beneath the starry heav'n, [giv'n,

Where a pure foretaste of its joys is
Lost, lost to him! as vain shall Autumn spread [bed,

Her yellow leaves, to form a fragrant
Where, at his ease, in sweet repose reclin'd, [mind,

The child of feeling cons, with pensive
The awful lesson on his heart impress'd,
By with'ring groves, so late in verdure dress'd.

The Pause of Suspense before Battle.
(From Miss Holford's "Wallace, or the
Fight of Falkirk.")

Yes, it is come! that pause of dread,
Whose silent interval precedes
Men's falt'ring footsteps, as they tread
Tow'rd's sanguinary deeds!
There is an hour, whose pressure cold
Comes even to the hero's breast!
Each warrior's heart of human mould,
Howe'er intrepid, fierce, and bold,
Has still that hour confess'd.
It is not where the battle-storm
Hurtles along th' affrighted skies,
It is not where Death's hideous form,
His threat'ning voice and piercing cries,
Shriek in our ears, and scares our eyes;
It is not where the slogan shout
Has sent the deathword 'mid the rout,
Nor 'mid the hail of the arrowy shower,
Nor when we see the life-blood pour;
It comes not then—that ghastly hour!
'Tis in the breathless pause before,
While yet unwash'd with human gore,
Our thoughts 'mid dreams of terror roam,
And sadly muse on things to come!
Then shudd'ring nature half recoils,
And half forbids th' inhuman toils!
But 'tis too late; the die is cast!
'The Furies bid to the repast!
Oh! from the cradle to the tomb,
Comes there no hour so
gleam, [other's do
As that the nations meet, to seal e

Picture of the Negro.
(From Mr. Montgomery's Poem of the
"West Indies.")

In these Atlantic regions* man grows
wild [child,
Here dwells the negro, Nature's outcast
Scorn'd by his brethren; but his mo-
ther's eye, [sky,
Th' gazes on him from her warmest
See in his flexile limbs untutor'd grace,
Low'r on his forehead, beauty on his
face; [rove,
Sees in his breast, where lawless passions
The heart of friendship, and the home of
love; [reigns,
Sees in his mind, where desolation
Fierce as his eline, uncultur'd as his
plains, [might shoot,
A soil where Virtue's fairest flow'rs
And trees of science bend with glorious
fruit; [night,
Sees in his soul, involv'd with thickest
An emanation of eternal light,

* Of Africa.

Ordain'd, 'midst sinking worlds his dust
to fire, [pire.
And shine for ever when the stars ex-
la he not man, though knowledge never
sped [head?
Her quick'ning beams on his neglected
Is he not man, though sweet Religion's
voice [joice?
Ne'er bade the mourner in his God re-
ls he not man, by sin and suff'ring
tried? [died?
Is he not man, for whom the Saviour
Belie the negro's pow'rs: in headlong
will, [him still;
Christian! thy brother thou shalt prove
Belie his virtues; since his wrongs be-
gan, [him man.
His follies and his crimes have stamp'd

*At an entertainment lately given by ALBINIA,
Countess of BUCKINGHAMSHIRE, the fol-
lowing Compliment was paid to her by a
French Gentleman, one of her guests.*

ALBINIE, toujours nouvelle,
Du Temps, qu'il faut, semble arrêter le cours.
Pour l'admirer, il s'arrête auprès d'elle:
Pour plaire aux Grâces, il prolonge ses
jours.

Imitation.

No wonder, Albinia, thy charms are con-
fess'd, [caress'd.
When by Venus and Pallas adorn'd and
Time stops his swift course, on thy beau-
ties to gaze; [to thy days.
And, to please all the Graces, adds length

On a gay WIDOW.

HER mourning is all make-believe:
She's gay as any linnnet.
With weepers she has tipp'd her sleeve,
While she is laughing in it.

To SCRIBLERUS.

In verse and prose, alike you're bad:
You ev'ry thing transpose:
Your poetry is prose run mad—
Rank poetry, your prose.

*Epitaphie pour JEAN LAW, le fameux Fi-
nancier.*

Ci gît cet Ecossais célèbre,
Ce calculateur sans égal,
Qui, par les règles de l'Algèbre,
A mis la France à l'hôpital.

* A translation or imitation is requested
—to be sent on or before the fifteenth of June.

FOREIGN AFFAIRS.

St. Domingo.—In November, a meeting, styling themselves deputies of the people, appointed Rigaud commander in chief of the south quarter, with very extensive powers. Christophe made to him proposals of accommodation, but without success. Hostilities were recommenced; and, on the 30th of December, Christophe issued a proclamation, declaring the ports possessed by "the rebels" to be in a state of blockade, and ordering his "admirals and other sea officers" to capture all vessels, "of whatever nation," attempting to enter the said ports.

Buenos Ayres, Decem. 3.—Order of the Junta.—The English, Portuguese, and other foreigners not at war with us, may freely come to this country: those who dedicate themselves to the arts and the cultivation of the country, shall enjoy all the rights of citizens.

Buenos Ayres, Jan. 1.—The patriots have triumphed over all their antagonists throughout the immense region of the Peninsula, from the shores of the southern Atlantic to the confines of Peru. Their principal enemies are in their power, and the authority of our provisional government has been acknowledged in Potosi, Chuquisaca, La Paz, and Cochabamba.

St. Domingo, Jan. 3.—Christophe, unable to obtain payment of a sum due to him from two merchants at Baltimore, ordered all the American property in his dominions to be secured as an indemnity.

Havannah, Jan. 17.—All is quiet in this island, and is likely to continue so.—Mexico is desolated by a most bloody rebellion. The object there is independence; and by all accounts they will soon effect it.

Mexico.—The government gazette announces a signal victory gained by general Callega, on the 17th of January, over a very numerous army of insurgents, at a short distance from Zapollanejo: and letters from the Havannah, of the 24th of February, confirm the account of the complete re-establishment of the Spanish authority in Mexico.

Constantinople, Jan. 25.—A great council of state was held three days since, at which the Grand Signor presided in person, and the Mufti was present. The measures for prosecuting the war are

continued with great energy; and there is no doubt existing that the grand Signor will put himself at the head of the army in the next campaign.

Naples.—A decree of Jan. 28 commands every surgeon or physician, who, in the course of his practice, shall obtain knowledge of a crime committed on [we rather suppose by] any of his patients, to give information of it to the magistrates within twenty-four hours, on pain of being fined ten ducats for neglect.

Monro Vidco.—At the end of January, the viceroy, appointed by the regency of Spain, had reached this place, and was cheerfully acknowledged. A message had been sent to Buenos Ayres, requiring obedience to his authority; which the junta have peremptorily refused. Much confusion prevailed, and a sanguinary conflict was apprehended.

Accounts from *New Orleans*, to the beginning of February, communicate information of a very serious insurrection which had taken place among the negroes, and set fire to many plantations, and destroyed property to a vast amount. The military, however, had been called in; and, in order to subdue the rioters, they shot every man of color that came in their way: the slaughter was immense, and the insurrection was quelled.

Constantinople, Feb. 2.—The headquarters of the grand vizier are still at Schumla. Nothing new has taken place between the two armies. The preparations, both by sea and land, for the ensuing campaign, are continued with vigor, and without interruption.

The fermentation caused by the janissaries is far from being calmed. We are in continual fear of an explosion, and every day the ministers of the divan are obliged to employ extraordinary severity in arresting the mutinous, and causing them to be decapitated.

Vienna, Feb. 6.—One of our papers announces that the Russians and Persians are continually skirmishing together, but nothing of consequence has happened. The Persians lately surprised a small Russian fort, called Bekki, in the province of Schurakol.

Frontiers of Hungary, Feb. 16.—The Serbian chiefs have assembled for the pur-

pose of settling the fate of Servia, and to give to that fine province, independent for the future, a constitution of organised laws.

Charleston, S.C. Feb. 21.—Under the sanction of the president's proclamation, French privateers are admitted into this port.

Washington.—On the 20th of February, the question for renewing the charter of the United States' bank was negatived by the casting vote of the vice-president.

Albany, Feb. 25.—The bill incorporating the Stockholders of the Union Bank, in the city of New-York, has passed both houses of the legislature [the local, state legislature, not the congress.]

Messina, Feb. 25.—The preparations which Murat has already begun to make on the coast of Calabria, give us more than a hint of what we must expect in the summer. His gun-boats, which were laid up for the winter, are brought out, are refitting, and many new ones building, with great alacrity; while we have it not in our power to disturb them.—On our part, we are preparing to receive him by every means we possess; and, besides raising along the coast very formidable batteries, we have collected three new regiments of Sicilians, who, with some training, are likely to be available.

Washington.—The bill, prohibiting commercial intercourse with Great-Britain, passed the house of representative Feb. 27.

St. Thomas' (Leeward Islands), Feb. 27.—Since the declaration of war by Sweden, the British cruisers have blockaded the island of St. Bartholomew, and detained all American vessels going thither or coming thence.

Semendria, March 1.—There is still much inquiry made at Constantinople; there exists among the janissaries a fermentation, and an explosion is feared every day. The Ottoman ministers are obliged to have recourse to the most severe measures, in imprisoning and decapitating some of the mutineers. The last sitting of the Servian national assembly was boisterous. The question relative to the occupation of Servia by the Russians was discussed with much heat by the different parties into which the nation is divided.

Hamburg, March 2.—For some days back, many Danish naval officers, at the head of detachments of sailors collected in Denmark, Jutland, Norway, and the duchies, have passed through this city, on their way to Antwerp.

Pirates of St. Domingo.—From a Jamaica paper of March 4, it appears that Christophe's cruisers from St. Domingo have lawlessly captured several British and American vessels. A more daring insult to the British flag took place in one of his own ports. The frigate Hyperion (Capt. Brodie) having entered Conaives to water, a British subject (Mr. Simpson of Jamaica), taken on board a Spanish vessel, and unlawfully detained by Christophe as a prisoner, was admitted on board the frigate by Captain Brodie; whereupon, by order of the black commandant, and without any previous notice, the forts fired on the frigate's boats, and killed three men. The officer commanding the boats was compelled to give up his sword, and detained as a hostage, until Mr. Simpson was sent on shore.

Portugal.—The French army under Massena, greatly distressed by want of provisions and clothing, and unpaid for six months, retreated from Santarem on the 5th of March. Lord Wellington pursued them, had frequent skirmishes with their rear, daily cutting off and capturing great numbers, and finally drove them beyond the frontiers of Portugal. The French, in their retreat, have committed the most wanton and cruel ravages and devastations, burning villages and whole towns, destroying property of every kind, and murdering in cold blood the defenceless inhabitants. To put a stop to their atrocities, Lord Wellington, by a flag of truce, forwarded a note to Massena, in which, after pointing out many of the horrid and barbarous acts of his troops, he assured him, that, if a check was not immediately put to such proceedings, retaliation would be necessary, and he should not be able to preserve the French prisoners from the fury of the Portuguese troops under his command.

Spain.—On the same day, (March 5) on which Massena commenced his retreat, General Graham, with a very inferior force, defeated, at the heights of Barrosa, near Cadiz, about 6000 French under Marshal Victor, with very considerable loss on their part. Had the British general been seconded by the Spanish troops, who were inactive spectators of the unequal combat, he would, that day, have raised the siege of Cadiz.—Their general, La Pena, has since been arrested and brought to trial for his behaviour on this occasion. He was acquitted of cowardice, but convicted of gross misconduct.

Basil, March 6.—During the last week, 6000 recruits from the eastern cantons passed through this town, to join the Swiss regiments in the service of France.

Dorsten, March 10.—His excellency Baron Bach has, in the name of the French emperor, taken possession of the county of Mappen, which was united to the French empire by a *Senatus Consultum* of the 15th December, 1810.

Spain.—On the 11th of March, the town of Badajos, with a numerous garrison, surrendered to the French, not without strong appearances of treachery on the part of the governor.

Vladivostok, March 11.—The Russian garrison, which was in the town of Belgrave, has not yet been reinforced, and the citadel is still occupied by the Saxon troops. Czerni Georges appears to be entirely reconciled to the Russians.

Heligoland, March 16.—A considerable emigration has taken place from Hamburg, in consequence of the rigorous execution of the law of conscription; and it has been ordered, that no passports should be granted from that city, or from any of the Hanse towns, to all which the law extends, to persons travelling either into the Prussian states or the Russian empire.

Stockholm.—By a proclamation, dated March 17, the king announces his temporary resignation of the regal power, on account of illness. The royal functions are to be performed in the meantime by the Crown Prince, Bernadotte, against whom a conspiracy is said to have been formed, of which the discovery has excited a considerable sensation in the public mind.

Intelligence from Norway, of March 17, says that a new requisition has been published in Denmark, for mariners to man the Flushing fleet. They had been marched off from Sweden to the number of 1500. At Christiansand a second commotion took place, in consequence of a fresh demand. The seamen raised refused to march, and were seconded by several merchants. The sailors were fired upon; several were killed, and they were not subdued until a large body of military was collected from the neighbourhood. In this situation, finding themselves overpowered, they consented to proceed to the Scheldt.

France.—March 17, in a speech from the throne, in answer to a deputation from Hamburg, &c. Bonaparte observed, that, from the late increase of his empire, he can now annually build, equip, and

arm twenty-five sail of the line, without the slightest delay or obstruction from the existence of a maritime war.

March 19.—Intelligence, this day received from Russia, mentions that Prince Kourakin, minister of the home department, well known for his attachment to French politics, has been dismissed.

By an edict issued at Berlin, all ships, of whatever nation, conveying British merchandise, are subjected to confiscation—even Prussian vessels not excepted.

Petersburg, March 20.—Troops and artillery continue to be forwarded to the Polish frontier; and a war with France is generally and confidently talked of.

Mr. Droop has lately been arrested at Hamburg, he having been guilty of the offence of visiting England; and also Mr. Keiser, at Berlin, who has been charged with the double crime of visiting England, and writing in mysterious characters, commonly called short-hand.

France.—On the 20th of March, an hour after the birth of Bonaparte's young King of Rome, Madame Blanchard set off in a balloon, to spread the intelligence through the country. She alighted at St. Thiebault, near Luny; and the balloon, rising after her departure, descended at a distance of six leagues further, where the inhabitants, finding nothing in the air but some clothes and provisions, concluded that the bold aeronaut was lost.—Just at the moment when the report of her death reached Paris, she herself arrived there safe.

Hamburg, March 22.—The city guard, on being ordered to assist the French cockade, had shown a refractory spirit, which portended serious consequences. They had threatened the house of the French commandant, and had actually taken possession of the gates of the town, before a sufficient number of French troops assembled, and forced them to desist. They were afterwards marched out of the town; and 150 of them, who continued to show a disposition for mutiny, were brought back, chained together two by two. Ten of them, in crossing from Hamburg to Harburg, threw themselves into the river, and were drowned.—The spirit of the Hamburgers now appears completely broken, and despair and consternation are every where visible. Several have put an end to their existence; and the final extinction of their importance, as a state, is fixed. The disposition to emigrate is general; and some individuals have already withdrawn to Russia.

Stockholm, March 26.—The illness and imbecillity of the king daily increase. The idea that he will ever be able to resume the reins of government is completely abandoned.

Isle of Anholt.—March 27, a Danish armament, of near 5000 men, attacked the British garrison in this island. The latter, only 380 in number, bravely sustained the attack, and, after a close combat of four hours and a half, completely defeated and repulsed the assailants, of whom they killed a great number, and took upwards of 500 prisoners.

The kingdom of Westphalia has become an integral part of the French empire.

Bonaparte has extended his burning system to letters. All letters, whether coming from or going to England, have been ordered to be burned, together with their contents.

Hamburg, April 1.—By letters from the neighbourhood of Antwerp, we are informed that 1000 seamen had arrived there, raised in the Netherlands, to man the Scheldt fleet. A few mariners from Sweden, and a few of some Russian

ships at Toulon, will complete the armament for sea.

Oporto, April 3.—We are sorry to observe, that a fever very generally prevails in those parts of Portugal which have been lately the theatre of war; but it is not of a very malignant character.

[*London, April 3.*]—The Archduke Francis, brother to the Austrian monarch, lately embarked at Salonica for England, with about three millions of money, besides jewels.

Sweden has been called upon to furnish 12,000 men for the French marine, and 10,000 land troops: part of the seamen have already marched through Hamburg, and, it is said, have manifested the greatest discontent. The land forces have been refused; the king of Sweden alleging they were necessary for the defence of the country against any attempt that might be made by the English.

[*London, April 9.*]—By a late decree, the people of Hamburg, and the new departments, are commanded, under the severest penalties, to deliver up their arms, cannon, ammunition, &c. to the French government.

DOMESTIC OCCURRENCES.

His Majesty.

From the bulletins, and the supplementary intelligence regularly sent, by authority, from Windsor to all the daily papers, it appears that His Majesty, from the date of his last publication, to the present day (April 27), has been in a continued state of progressive improvement, and walked every day on the Terrace.

March 31.—The prayer for his recovery was recited at the Chapel Royal; and on the same day it was announced that the bulletin would be published but twice a week.

April 6.—At a council held by the Queen, His Majesty's medical and other attendants were examined on oath; after which, the council, agreeably to the provisions of the Regency Act, drew up the following declaration, which has since been formally presented to both houses of parliament—

“That the indisposition with which his Majesty was afflicted at the time of the passing of the said Act, does still so far exist, that his Majesty is not yet restored to such a state of health as to be

capable of resuming the personal exercise of his royal authority;

That his Majesty appears to have made material progress towards recovery since the passing of the Act; and that all his Majesty's physicians continue to express their expectations of such recovery.”

April 20. The Queen again held a council, at which His Majesty made his appearance, and the physicians were examined.—The council consider His Majesty to have made rapid advances towards recovery during the whole of the preceding week, and expect soon to have the satisfaction of declaring him qualified for the personal discharge of the regal duties. The bulletin is henceforward to be published only once a week.

April 23. It is said that his Majesty has had the key of the cabinet boxes restored to him, that he may, by the aid of Colonel Taylor, as heretofore, be made acquainted with the official business.—It is added, that, for five days prior to the last examination of the physicians, he had no access of his complaint.

The Regent.

The Chancellor of the Exchequer hav-

ing lately proposed to the Regent to appoint Earl Harcourt to be Governor of Windsor Castle, and General Craufurd to be governor of the military college at Marlow, the Prince consented to the former appointment, "because he knew that it would be perfectly agreeable to His Majesty:" but he objected to the latter, because General Craufurd was already very well provided for, while many other gallant officers had not an equal provision.—On Mr. Perceval's urging the general's great merits, and adding, that his claims were powerfully seconded by his son-in-law, the Duke of Newcastle, "*whose support in parliament was most essential to his Majesty's administration—perhaps of more consequence to them than that of any other individual*"—the Prince replied, that "he had not expected to hear such a reason assigned; but that he must declare, once for all, that he never could or would consent to bestow any place or appointment, intended to be an asylum or reward for the toils and services of our gallant soldiers or seamen, on any person upon account of parliamentary connection, or in return for parliamentary votes;—that such was his fixed determination; and that he trusted he should never again be solicited in the same way."

March 19.—The Regent ordered an additional allowance for the regimental mess of every regiment or corps, when stationed in Great-Britain.—The addition is an annual sum of twenty-five pounds per company or troop, to be reckoned from Christmas, 1809.

Irish Catholics.

[We have to apologise for an awkward typographic error in page 141 of our last Number. The first paragraph of the second column ("The committee passed resolutions," &c.) was inadvertently transposed from its proper place, and mis-dated March 26:—it ought to have been dated February 26, and placed before the preceding paragraph.]

Agreeably to the resolution of the general committee on the 8th of March (noticed in our last number), an address to the Regent, for the removal of the Duke of Richmond and of his secretary Mr. Pole, was produced and read at a subsequent meeting; and, it being adopted by the committee, directions were given for obtaining the signatures of the Catholics of Ireland.

March 25. The Catholics of the county of Down held a meeting in Newry, at which they passed resolutions approving the proceedings of the aggregate meeting,

and protesting, in strong language, against the exclusive principle of the protestant yeomanry associations.

On the same day, a meeting of the Protestant freeholders of the county of Down was held at Ennis; where a petition to both houses of parliament, in favor of the Catholics, was proposed, and unanimously voted, as was likewise an address to the Regent, praying him to recommend the Catholic claims to the immediate attention of parliament.

The business of the Protestant meeting being terminated, a meeting of the Catholics succeeded, and the petition of the general committee of the Catholics of Ireland to the legislature was unanimously adopted.

April 16. It was stated in the general committee, that the petition for the removal of the vice-roy and secretary had already, in Dublin alone, received fifteen thousand signatures—five thousand obtained in one day, at two Roman Catholic chapels.

Quarterly wheaten Loaf.—March 23, fourteen pence, three farthings—April 4, the same—April 11, fourteen pence—April 18, and 25, the same.

Riots.—The riotous spirit, displayed at Nottingham on the 12th of March, has since extended to the vicinity; and much mischief has been done at Sutton, Ashfield, Bullwell, Kirkby, Woodborough, Lambley, Ilkestone, &c.

Pedestrian feat.—March 16, a man, named Hopper, ran 63 miles on the Deal road in eleven hours and 38 minutes.

Dollars.—March 23, a consequence of the increased nominal value of the Bank dollars, bullion rose in price: dollars were sold at 5s. 8d. each, and gold at 5 pounds per ounce.

Riot.—March 23, a riot took place in Bristol market, in consequence of fresh butter having advanced to 2s. 6d. per lb. A party of workmen and colliers forcibly seized all the butter, sold it at a price fixed by themselves, and returned the money to the owners. Six of the most active of the rioters were taken into custody, and lodged in the Bridewell.

A new lottery device was practised a day or two since, by a considerable part of the impression of a respectable evening paper being transmitted to its country customers under *lottery-puff* covers, which the post-office very properly charged, to the amount, it is said, of 400l.

A spacious new ward is ordered to be erected on the north-west wing of Greenwich hospital, adjoining king Charles's

ward, which will enable the directors to admit 150 more veteran tars into this national asylum.

Extraordinary Fecundity.—A gentleman in the neighbourhood of Walspool has about 140 ewes in an inclosure of about six acres, which this year, with the exception of four only, have yeanned two lambs each.

An Edinburgh paper states, that many farmers in that country, dissatisfied with the prices given for fat cattle in the market, compared with that taken from the public, have commenced butchers on their own account, and find they can sell the principal pieces of beef at 6d. per lb. with a considerable profit.

Horsham, March 26.—The rev. Robert Bingham was tried on two charges, viz. of having written a threatening letter, and wilfully set fire to his own house.—He was honorably acquitted of both.

A cannon-ball, weighing ninety-six pounds, and measuring upwards of 30 inches in circumference, has within a few days been dug out from the ruins of the old castle in Berwick-upon-Tweed.

March 18.—A pigeon, weighing one hundred pounds, was caught at Hampton, and, agreeably to custom, was carried to the lord mayor. His lordship immediately sent it to the Prince Regent.

Extortion.—March 21, at Maidstone, three revenue officers, by name Phillips, Barefoot, and Eastland, were found guilty of having extorted a sum of money for the release of certain contraband goods which they had seized.

Intolerance.—At the same assises, March 22, another disgraceful instance of intolerant bigotry and persecution came under the cognisance of justice*. A fellow, of the name of Burton, was, with several associates, indicted for pelting with stones, bricks, &c. a Methodist congregation at Wye in Kent. On the defendants' begging pardon, however, the prosecution was dropped: but the judge bound them in recognisances of 50 pounds each, for their good behaviour for five years.

Peacock.—A fine peacock, belonging to Mr. Henwood, of Carlingham, near Bodmin, was lately attacked by a ferocious hog, and literally torn to pieces. It was more than ninety years of age.

March 27.—A letter from Plymouth states, that an American vessel, bound

from New York to Bourdeaux, had been taken by a British cruiser, and sent into that harbour under the orders in council. There are now nearly 30 ships belonging to the United States in the same situation. The court of admiralty has postponed its decisions in all these cases.

Depredation.—A revenue officer in the West Indies, from a salary of five hundred a year, has saved, in two years, eighty thousand pounds! A commission has been sent out to investigate this affair, and others of similar kind.

Gambling.—March 31 (Sunday Morning) a young gentleman of family and fortune lost seven thousand pounds at a gaming-house in the neighbourhood of Pall-mall; and, a few days afterwards, another young gentleman lost four or five thousand in a house of the same description.

Hard Times!—April 3, at the late Duke of Queensberry's sale, his old, ponderous, unfashionable plate was sold at eight shillings per ounce; his Tokay wine, at eighty four pounds per dozen, making just seven pounds per bottle! In the advertisement announcing the sale, thirty-six different species of wine were enumerated.

Reviviscence.—April 3, at the anniversary meeting of the Royal Humane Society for the recovery of persons apparently dead, it was stated, that, since the commencement of the society, 7,410 cases had come under its notice; of which 3,531 were successful, or nearly one-half. In the present year the cases were 153; and of those 133 were successful, or nearly seven in every eight—a success before unparalleled.

Swindler.—Last week, a gentlemanlike swindler purchased a house in Baker-street for six thousand pounds; and, having given one hundred in deposit, he sold it again to a neighbouring gentleman for five thousand; and obtained a deposit of five hundred pounds, with which he has disappeared.

April 4.—The royal assent was given to the bill authorising a loan of six millions for the relief of commercial credit; and, on the 6th, the commissioners under this act held their first meeting, at the South Sea House.—They are authorised to receive applications for loans of less amount, than 4000l. but not less than 2000l. on a tender of security in wares and merchandise, to the amount of double the sum applied for.

Decadent.—April 8, two old houses in Ironmonger Row, Old Street, which

* See our Magazine for February, page 95.

were under repair, but full of inhabitants, suddenly fell to the ground; by which accident several persons were killed, and others severely hurt.—As a punishment on the proprietor, the coroner's jury have since awarded a *Deodand* of a hundred pounds, the estimated value of the fallen materials.

A very singular discovery has been made at Colchester, respecting the death of a servant who had lived thirty years in a family in that town, as house-maid and nurse. Having lately paid the debt of nature, it was discovered, on examining the body, that the deceased was a male.

Dublin, April 8.—Several foreigners have lately been sent out of Ireland under the Alien Act.

Riot.—April 10, a riot took place at Brighton, between a strong party of the South Gloucester militia, unarmed, and a party of the inhabitants of the town. The interference of the high constable proved insufficient to quell the tumult. The piquet guard was at length called out, and tranquillity, but not without difficulty, restored and preserved.

Love and Heroism.—William Gibbs was condemned to death at the late Surrey assizes for stealing a watch and trinkets, though it has since appeared that the robbery had been committed by his sweetheart; but, rather than impeach her, he consented to sacrifice his own life. On a discovery of this fact, Mr. Sheridan hastened to present to the Prince Regent a memorial on the subject. The Prince was at dinner, but instantly read the paper, and, without a moment's delay, dispatched a reprieve (April 10) just in time to save the poor fellow.—He still persists in asserting his sweetheart's innocence.

Dollars.—April 15, three hundred thousand dollars were sent from the bank to Mr. Bolton's at Soho, to be stamped: and the same quantity are to be forwarded in a few days.—They are expected to be in circulation in the course of three weeks.

April 16.—A singular but dreadful accident occurred, a few days ago, on board his majesty's ship *Menelaus*. A sailor, having over-reached himself, fell from the main-top, just as the sentinel was passing beneath, pitched directly on the point of his bayonet, and was literally empaled. The violence of the shock wrested the piece from the arms of the sentinel, and threw it, with its wretched burden, over the gunwale: thus the poor fellow found, in one instant, a death-blow, and a grave.

Fire.—April 17, about midnight, a fire broke out in the dwelling-house belonging to Lady Montague, in Portman-square, Oxford-street, which entirely destroyed the whole of the building.

Fictitious Characters.—April 18, three men, of the names of Harvey, Coster, and Monkhouse, servants of lost character, were taken into custody, on charges of having combined together in instituting an office for the purpose of giving fictitious characters to servants and others; by which means many families have been robbed. These characters were issued at 7s. 6d. each at the office, as appeared by the books, which were seized; and the firm consisted of four-teal.

April 24. A meeting was held at the city of London tavern, to open a subscription for the relief of the Portuguese. In half a hour, above eleven thousand pounds were subscribed.

Mr. Finnerty.—April 25, a public advertisement announced the receipt of above seven hundred and twenty pounds subscribed for him.

BIRTHS.

March 20. The Empress of France, of a son and heir, immediately created King of Rome.

March 21. The Marchioness of Lansdowne, of a son and heir.

March 24. The Hon. Mrs. Morris, lady of Edw. Morris, Esq. M.P. of a daughter.

March 24. The lady of Major Gen. Burr, of a son and heir.

March 27. Lady Bagot, of a son and heir.

March 29. The lady of Cuthbert Ellison, Esq., Harley-street, of a son and heir.

April 3. The lady of W. Shipley, Esq., M. P., of a daughter.

April 5. The lady of the Hon. H. Augustus Dillon, of a son.

April 7. The lady of Dr. Sutherland, Parliament-street, of a son.

April 10. The Marchioness of Bath, of a daughter.

April 15. Lady Brownlow, of a daughter.

April 15. The lady of C. W. Taylor, Esq., M. P. of a daughter.

April 16. The lady of Roger Kynaston, Esq. Saville-row, of a son.

MARRIAGES.

March 16. Rob. Edw. Murphy, Esq., of Mountjoy-square, Dublin, to Miss Wellmore.

March 19. John Edward Carter, Esq. of Scraftoft, to Miss Elizabeth Markland, of Leicester.

March 25. William Gordon, Esq. of Devonshire-street, to Miss Charlotte Douglas Dalrymple.

March 27. Capt. Gordon Brinier, of the navy, to Mrs. Glasse, of Rochester.

March 28. Bryan Troughton, jun., Esq., of Coventry, to Miss Maria Gooden.

March 30. Thomas Harrison, Esq., barrister at law, to Mrs. Shepley, of Carshalton.

April 2. The Rev. L. W. Eliot, rector of Peper Harow, Surrey, to Miss Matilda Elizabeth Halsey.

April 5. Henry Fellowes, Esq. of Shottisham, Norfolk, to Frances, youngest daughter of Sir John Frederick, Bart.

April 6. The Rev. Sam. Holworthy, vicar of Croxall, Derbyshire, to Miss Diana Sarah Bayly.

April 9. Geo. Green, Esq., of Welbeck-street, to Miss Harriet Ross.

April 13. John Ireland Blackburne, Esq., M.P. to Miss Benford.

April 16. The Rev. S. Birch, rector of St. Mary Woolnoth, to Miss Margaret Browning.

April 17. James, Esq., of Bolton-row, to Miss Cooper, of Mount Grosvenor-square.

April 18. Wm. Edward Tomline, Esq., eldest son of the Bishop of Lincoln, to Miss Frances Amherst.

Marriage extraordinary!—Lately was married, at Batley, Mr. G. Sheard, aged seventy-two, to Miss E. Cowling, aged nineteen!—The bridegroom has six children, fifty-six grand-children, and six great-grand-children, all living.

DEATHS.

March 16. Lieut.-gen. Loftus Tottenham, of the 55th infantry, in his 95th year.

March 24. John Trayton Fuller, Esq., Ashdown House, Sussex.

March 26. Rev. Dr. Price, of Trinity College, Cambridge.

Lately, at St. Alban's, Anna Maria Jones, a maiden lady, in her 98th year.

March 27. Lady Gardner, wife of Rear-admiral Lord Gardner.

March 27. At Preston in Lancashire, Lady Mary B. Beddingfield, abbess of the convent of Benedictine nuns, formerly at Ghent in Flanders.

March 28. The Turkish ambassador to this country.—He was interred at St. Pancras. On arriving at the burial-ground, the body was taken from a white deal shell, in which it had been conveyed in a hearse, and was wrapped in rich robes, and then thrown into the grave; after which, a large stone, with a Turkish

inscription, was immediately laid on the body.

March 29. B. Hollingsworth, Esq. of Dalston, Middlesex.

March 29. Wm. Combes, Esq., formerly of Chandos-street, aged 88.

Lately, Mrs. Maria Catharine Gell, of Upper Wimpole-street, aged 88.

April 4. In her 82d year, the Hon. Mrs. Simondeley, relict of the Hon. and Rev. Rob. Cholmondeley.

Lately, the Rev. John Conant, rector of St. Peter's, Sandwich.

April 6. At Ashford Hall, Shropshire, G. Crawford Ricketts, Esq., formerly attorney-general and advocate-general in Jamaica.

April 7. At Bath, aged 83; Sir Wm. Adington, Knt., who, for upwards of 28 years, was a magistrate of the police-office, Bow-street.

April 7. The Rev. Sir Henry Worsley Holmes, Bart.

April 11. The Hon. Miss Henrietta Dillon, daughter of Viscount Dillon.

April 13. In his 80th year, the Rev. J. Houghton, upwards of 50 years vicar of White Colne.

April 15. In his 78th year, Giles Earle, Esq. of Benington Hall, York.

April 16. John Hammet, Esq. M. P. for Taunton.

Longevity.—Died lately Mr. William Furnish, of York, in his 100th year.

APPENDIX.

Plate and jewels, to an immense amount, have been discovered in various parts of France, and particularly in the environs of Paris, which had been buried, before their flight, by the nobles attached to the fortunes of the House of Bourbon. The spots where these valuables were deposited, were discovered by the ingenious application of watering-machines; the unbroken ground retaining the water a considerable time on the surface, while that which had been broken very quickly absorbed it.

The Maelstrom, that wonderful and tremendous whirlpool off the coast of Norway, has, within the last two years, undergone a remarkable change. It now stands fifteen minutes every fifth hour; and it seems to have extended the influence of its vortex; for, when agitated by a storm, it will now attract vessels at the distance of ten miles. Last summer, two vessels from Norway, having been driven within nine miles of it, were irresistibly hurried away by its whirling eddy, and swallowed up in the abyss.