

# THE LADY'S MAGAZINE,

OR  
ENTERTAINING COMPANION

## THE FAIR SEX;

APPROPRIATED  
SOLELY TO THEIR USE AND AMUSEMENT.

FOR MAY, 1811.

### CONTENTS.

Jealousy,	page 195	London Fashions,	229
Rules for the Preservation of		Bouts-rimés,	229
Beauty,	198		
The Dutch Patriots,	202	POETRY.	
Curious Customs in Cheshire,	206	Address to Light,	229
Account of the late Gretna-		Completion of Bouts-rimés—	
Green Parson,	207	Harvest home,	230
Picture of the Spanish Ladies,	209	Another—The Miser,	230
The Paraguay Herb,	210	Imitation from the French—	
Defence of Women,	210	The Shrewd Footman,	230
Mysterious Warnings,	213	Another,	231
To preserve Eggs,	216	The Grave of Laughlin,	231
Sappho,	216	The Roses—on the Birth of a	
What might be,	218	Child,	231
The Cat-Merchant,	222	The Voice of Praise,	231
Particulars respecting Tycho-		The Female Warrior,	232
Brahe,	224	On Lucien Bonaparte's Motto,	232
Account of the Banian-Tree,	226	Le Masque,	232
Improved Filtration of Water,	227	Foreign Affairs,	233
Anecdotes and Remains of Vol-		Domestic Occurrences,	236
taire,	228	Births—Marriages—Deaths,	239
The Dog in Parliament,	229	Appendix,	240

*This Number is embellished with the following Plates:*

1. THE MASQUERADE.
2. An etched likeness of JOSEPH PAISLEY, the celebrated Gretna-green Parson.
3. LONDON FASHIONABLE MORNING and EVENING DRESSES.
4. New and elegant PATTERNS for BORDERS of a LADY'S DRESS.

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Where Favours from Correspondents continue to be received.

## NOTICES.

"*The Highland Hermitage.*"—Wishing for a communication with the author of this novel, we request to be favored with an address for that purpose.

To "*a constant Reader,*" and all others whom it may concern, we have to observe that we never insert any *Births, Marriage, or Deaths*, unless duly authenticated.

"*W. E. junior's*" packet is received: but, before we determine on the subject, we wish to be favored with a sight of "*L\* B\*\*\* P\*\*\*\*\*.*"  
—If early in June, it shall be returned, with our decision, in very

We return thanks to "*J. G. N.*" for his obliging hint, of which he will see that we have availed ourselves in a subsequent page.

"*N. F.'s Bouts-rimés*" have merit: and we would have inserted them with pleasure, but for some unpardonable violations of grammar and metre.—If he can avoid such blemishes in future, his productions will experience a favorable reception.

The communications of "*Floribel*" and "*Penseroso*" might, by a few amendments, be rendered fit for publication. In their present state, they are not so.

"*W. L. M.'s Impromptu, &c.*" came too late for insertion in our present Number, but shall appear in our next.



194

Engraved for the Lady's Magazine.



THE MASQUERADE.



THE  
LADY'S MAGAZINE,  
FOR MAY, 1811.

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JEALOUSY.

*(Continued from page 117, and accompanied with an illustrative plate.)*

"I HAVE said ten thousand times that your calm reasoners are the torment of those who really feel:—I now re-iterate my assertion; and you may appropriate it to yourself, if you please. Do not, however, expect that I shall answer questions, merely because you choose to ask them. I premise that the sole intention of my writing to you is to gain an opportunity of speaking of Helmina. And you—cold-hearted being—you, who take upon you to censure my passion, ought to felicitate yourself upon its excess; for to that only are you indebted for those long descriptive letters which you are so fond of receiving, and which, till now, you have never received from me. Love itself may sometimes contribute to the gratifications of friendship.

"You ask me if I have purchased the estate of Leitmankor with the design of settling for ever at Sleswick.—My friend, I formerly made projects in order to give some interest to existence: but, now that my soul expands to her utmost powers, rises to her utmost energies, can schemes and projects be wanting to relieve the tedium of the passing hours? Be such then for ever renounced. Were Mrs. Patterson to quit Sleswick, no more would I set my foot there: if I could inhabit the self-same spot with her, there for ever would I fix my abode: if I could only approach towards it, I would approach as

near as I could: if that also were impossible, I would bury myself in the dear shades of Leitmankor; for it is there only that I can be happy, when Helmina is not present: and, alas! how rarely is she personally present to me!

"You ask me what are my hopes.—Foolish questioner, who can believe that the nourishment of hope is necessary to my passion! I cannot hope; for I cannot recall that impious sacrifice which was made of Helmina by her father. Had she a husband worthy of her, I swear by heaven that my desires would be wholly circumscribed to a wish of hearing sometimes how happy the lovely creature was: but, as it is, abhorred be the shadow of a thought which tends towards her seduction. I would not, even if I could, receive from her lips the blissful assurance of a mutual passion. Oh! she does love me, solely and unchangeably as I love her. That she may dare to give me those innocent proofs of it which she does at present, I must bury my feelings in eternal silence. If once I breathed a rumor of my passion, Helmina would be to me nothing but Mrs. Patterson: and now, while we are together, I please myself with the hope that she is not always occupied with the idea of her unpropitious union; for, alas! I feel the recollection of it press with intolerable weight upon my spirits.—Oh! let me never be the cause of one pang, one regret, to my beloved Helmina! may she derive from my influence a happiness as



pure as is my devotion to her—a devotion, which locks up my heart from every sensation, every thought, that has not Helmina for its object. My friend, if you reflect on all that I have said, you may perhaps conceive something of the nature of true love; at least as far as a man can conceive it, whose own heart is not his instructor.

“Had I weakened the powers of my soul by multiplicity of pleasures, I might indeed be fearful of losing the happiness actually in my possession, by my continual efforts to augment it. But you may recollect that my temper has always led me to certain pleasures which could not satisfy my heart. You, and our mutual friends, have often reproached me for this, and told me that I was cold to pleasure:—there you were mistaken:—I only felt that your enjoyments could not be mine, and that mine could not be comprehended by you.

“Enjoyment now flows in upon me. The time seems too short for the full relish of all that is presented to my acceptance. I am at Leitnankor: the very air whispers of my Helmina; and I inhale her influence with the morning breeze. A sacred charm spreads itself over all the little embellishments with which she has adorned this beloved domain. I inquire of the old steward, what further alterations she intended; and then, when I am so fortunate as to see her, I speak to her of those alterations, as of such as I had myself projected. She looks at me:—oh! what sweetness in her looks! what tenderness and gratitude they speak!—I must feel obliged to me for reminding her of those days when she was the happy Helmina: she must feel obliged to me for adorning, according to her pecu-

liar taste, that dear dwelling, which she has rendered sacred by her presence, and by the unfading memorials of her virtues.—How sweet to my ear are the praises which are continually given to Helmina in this place, where she is so well known! Full of her idea, I go to the enjoyments of her conversation; I consult her upon my meditated improvements at Leitnankor; and, sometimes, I am honored by her advice. While I am executing plans conceived by Helmina, can I fail to be interested and delighted? My mind’s eye takes in at a glance the past, the present, and the future. The future! what may it produce? Oh! how great is my plenitude of existence, since I have devoted that existence to Helmina!

“I should fill whole volumes, were I to detail those means of enjoyment that each day brings me as it flies away. Read what I am about to communicate: even *you* may be able to comprehend that: it certainly describes not the species of happiness which you would most desire; but it has some association with your ideas, and indeed with those of all men.

“A few days ago we had a masked ball. I had learned of Miss Patterson that Helmina was to be there; and I might have learned, by the same means, what character she was to assume; for that lady is as communicative as I could possibly desire, and acquaints me with the minutest circumstances of Helmina’s life. Such details often sadden my heart: yet, for the world, I would not forego them; for afterwards, when I am admitted to the presence of my beloved, I understand so intimately the state of her spirits, and the influences which have affected her, as to adapt my conversation to these: and thus I



give her all the pleasure, and keep from her all the pain, that existing circumstances will permit me to do. How frequently, in the common intercourse of the world, do we mortify and pain each other, without the least consciousness of what we are doing! This truth has been so often presented to my observation, as to render me cautious of hastily entering into conversation with those persons whose looks and demeanour announce a too keen susceptibility of soul. With such, one feels that gaiety might oppress, and that serious attention might offend; for what is so proud as grief which seeks retirement?

"To return to my subject—I managed matters in such a way as to hinder Miss Patterson from telling me in what character her sister-in-law was to appear at the masked ball: and this was no easy thing; for the lady, though scrupulously reserved upon the subject of her own intended disguise, was willing to be very communicative upon Helmina's. However, I so parried her hints, as to reserve to myself the charming gratification of discovering my beloved through her assumed character.—I went myself in a domino.

"While I was passing through the different rooms, and searching in each motley group for the light figure of Helmina, a Calypso, whom I believe to be Madame Mulhausen, endeavoured to stop my course, and to detain me in conversation: and, almost at the same instant, I beheld two women enter, who fixed my whole attention. One was a Diana, with her crescent, her buskins, and her bow; and her I recognised for Miss Patterson. The other, oh! the other was in the habit worn by the peasants of Holstein—that modest simple habit, which is become so familiar to my

eyes since I have resided at Leit-mankor. I recognised my Helmina in this charming disguise; and my presumptuous heart breathed a hope that it was for my sake she had assumed it. She has often told me, that her father delighted to see her thus attired: to her lover the dress must be far more enchanting—a dress, which clasps with such Attic simplicity her beautiful neck and shoulders; and which allows her to display such a foot, such a leg, as might throw into despair the Countess Mulhausen, who, were it not for Helmina, would, in these personal advantages, be unrivaled among women.

"I followed the lovely peasant and her companion.—There was a great crowd: I was in hopes that Helmina would be separated from her party; and I was not deceived. I should have discovered her merely by the uneasiness she evinced the moment she found herself alone, had any doubt remained upon my mind whether it were actually Helmina. I accosted her:—she sought to avoid me:—I spoke in my natural voice; and she instantly stopped: she even deigned to accept my arm: yet I could perceive she wished me to suppose that she did not recollect me; and I was glad to favor her wish; for, since she affected not to recognise me, I might do the same by her; and thus I gained the liberty of saying to the little peasant a thousand things which I could not have addressed to Helmina, and which I would not, even in jest, have addressed to any other woman. She alone could fully comprehend me on the subjects I chose. At first she answered me in a disguised voice, and afterwards in one more natural. It might be said, that we had made a mutual agreement to appear under



assumed characters, in order to be mutually known; and that we disclosed our real sentiments in perfect freedom, reserving to ourselves the liberty of appearing to be in jest. Such are the advantages of the mask!

"Helmina found her party, and quitted me, still affecting to be ignorant who I was.—She was lost in the crowd: again I found her: again she was hidden, and even long enough to make me uneasy. Had I not cause for impatience? Perhaps such another opportunity as the present might never again occur. I vexed with Helmina for disappearing before I had obtained her confession that she really knew who I was—that the answers of the little peasant had been made to Ruhlberg alone. After such a confession, it must result that we had mutually understood each other, and that we must do so to the end of our lives. While I was passing swiftly through the different apartments, I saw Helmina, in the utmost perturbation, run towards me: she threw herself into my arms: she untied her mask, and cried, "Save me! Oh! save me, Mr. Ruhlberg!"—Heavens! how lovely she was! This expression comes naturally to my pen in detailing the circumstance, because it was the first idea that occurred, when in reality I gazed upon the charming fugitive, and clasped her to my heart.

"Two men in dominoes had followed Helmina; and they appeared in the utmost confusion when they saw her unmasked. They entreated Lordon—protested they had mistaken her for another, and never could have designed to insult Mrs. Patterson.—I trembled with rage; and Helmina, perceiving it, was eager to answer, for the sake

of peace. "I am well assured, gentlemen," said she, "that you intended me no disrespect: but the crowd approaches: leave me, I entreat you, lest your apologies should draw me into notice."—The two dominoes retired; and Helmina begged that I would take her to her husband and her sister-in-law.

"While we were seeking them, Helmina desired me not to mention before Mr. Patterson the behaviour of the two gentlemen; and I readily promised that I would not, without considering her reasons for the request; for I could think on one subject only. Helmina had recognised me through my disguise: she must have observed me very exactly too, before she would throw herself into the arms of a man who was dressed like so many others—before she would exclaim, "Save me! Oh! save me, Mr. Ruhlberg!"—Were I to live a thousand ages, the echo of those dear words would rest upon my ear. I hear them, while they are traced by my pen: I repeat them to myself a hundred times a day: I start from my sleep at the fancied voice of Helmina, which again exclaims, "Save me! Oh! save me, Mr. Ruhlberg!" What would it avail me now that Helmina could have liberty to speak to me of her love? Henceforth she may be eternally silent; for even her eloquence itself could add nothing to that vivid idea of her love which is now pictured on my soul.

"I passed the remainder of this eventful night in the lodgings which I have lately hired at Sleswick. I could not stay for ever at Count Mulhausen's; and, besides, I love to enjoy my own thoughts in freedom; which cannot be done in a continual round of company. I visited Miss Patterson the morning after the ball, in order to find out,



through her means, whether Helmina felt any bad consequence from her alarm: I heard that she was perfectly well, and then set out for Leitmankor.

"Can you conceive my present bliss? Can you imagine those various contemplations, and those delightful employments, with which the events of a single evening have furnished me? I have begun to paint the portrait of Helmina, and have chosen, for the picture, that memorable moment when she ran to throw herself into my arms. It is seldom, I believe, that a lover can be satisfied with the portrait of his mistress, even when it is drawn by himself. I dare say I shall begin twenty times over: but I shall succeed at last—I am sure I shall.—I see Helmina already—her attitude, her features, her dress, the mask that she is throwing off. Her countenance must express a mixture of fear and confidence: various emotions are to be depicted in it: but one sentiment, the sentiment most dear to the heart of a lover, is to predominate over all. I discern the whole; and the whole, I am assured, I can execute. I pursue my delightful task in the very room, which, this time twelvemonth, was the bed-chamber of the lovely Helmina. I will ornament this sacred apartment according to a plan which I have conceived; and the portrait of my beloved shall hang there. There too shall I enjoy a species of happiness not to be understood by men in general, and perhaps not even by you.

"Adieu, my friend! whenever you are kind enough to think of me, assure yourself, that, whatever may be my destiny, I shall not die without having known the full value of life."

(To be continued.) page 268

# RULES for the Preservation of BEAUTY.

(Continued from page 171.)

So far, my fair friends, I have thrown together my sentiments on the aggregate of the female form; I shall now descend to particulars, and leave it to your judgement to adopt my suggestions according to the correspondence with your different characters.

The preservation of an agreeable complexion (which always presupposes health) is not the most insignificant of exterior charms. Though we yield due admiration to the regularity of features (the Grecian contour being usually so called) yet, when we consider them merely in the outline, our pleasure can go no further than that of a cold critic, who regards the finely-proportioned lineaments of life as he would those of a statue. It is complexion that lends animation to a picture; it is complexion that gives spirit to the human countenance. Even the language of the eyes loses half its eloquence, if they speak from the obscurity of an inexpressive skin. The life-blood in the mantling cheek—the ever-varying hues of nature glowing in the face, "as if her very body thought"—these are alike the ensigns of beauty and the heralds of the mind; and the effect is an impression of loveliness, an attraction, which fills the beholder with answering animation and the liveliest delight.

As a Juno-featured maid with a dull skin, by most people, will only be coldly pronounced critically handsome; so a young girl, with very indifferent features, but a fine complexion, will, from ten persons out of twelve, receive spontaneous and warm admiration.

This experience (when once we admit the proposition that it is right



to keep the casket bright which contains so precious a gem as the soul) must induce us to take precautions against the injuries continually threatening the tender surface of the skin. It may be next to an impossibility to change the color of an eye, to alter the form of the nose, or the turn of the mouth; but, though heaven has given us a complexion which vies with the flowers of the field, we yet have it in our power to render it dingy by neglect, coarse through intemperance, and sallow by dissipation.

Such a complexion must therefore be avoided; though there may be something in the pallid cheek which excites interest, yet, without a certain appearance of health, there can never be an impression of loveliness. A fine, clear skin, gives an assurance of the inherent residence of three admirable graces to beauty; Wholesomeness, Neatness, and Cheerfulness.—Every fair means ought to be sought to maintain these vouchers, for not only health of body, but health of mind.

I have already given some hints to this purpose; at least as far as relates to the purity of the alimentary springs of sublunary life: those which are in the heart, and point through time into eternity, must not be less observed; for, unless its thoughts are kept in corresponding order, and the passions held in peace, all prescriptions will be vain to keep those boiling fluids in check, which, in spite of Roman fard and balm of Mecca, will spread themselves over the skin, and there show an outward and visible sign of the malignant spirit within. Independent of these intellectual causes of corporeal defects, disorders of the skin, arising from accidental circumstances, are more frequent in

this country than in any other; and the fashions of the day are still more inimical to the complexion of its inhabitants, than the climate. The frequent and sudden changes from heat to cold, by abruptly exciting or repressing the regular secretions of the skin, roughen its texture, injure its hue, and often deform it with unseemly, though transitory, eruptions. All this is increased by the habit ladies have of exposing themselves unveiled, and frequently without bonnets, in the open air. The head and face have then no defence against the attacks of the surrounding atmosphere; and the effects are obvious. The barouche, for this reason, and the more consequential one of subjecting its inmates to dangerous chills, is a fatal addition to the variety of English equipages. Our autumnal evenings, with this carriage and our gossamer apparel, have already sent many of our young female acquaintance to untimely graves.

To remedy these evils, I would strenuously recommend, for health's sake, as well as for beauty, that no lady should make one in any riding, airing, or walking party, without putting on her head something capable of affording both shelter and warmth. Shakspeare, the poet of the finest taste in female charms, makes Viola regret having been obliged to "throw her sun-exPELLING mask away!" Such a defence I do not pretend to recommend; but I consider a veil a useful as well as elegant part of dress; it can be worn to suit any situation; open or close, just as the heat or cold may render it necessary.

The custom which some ladies have, when warm, of powdering their faces, washing them with cold water, or throwing off their bonnets, that they may cool the faster,



are very destructive habits. Each of them is sufficient (when it meets with any predisposition in the blood) to spread a surfeit over the skin, and make a once beautiful face hideous for ever.

The person, when over-heated, should always be allowed to cool gradually, and of itself, without any more violent assistant than, perhaps, the gentle undulation of the neighbouring air by a fan. Streams of wind from opened doors and windows, or what is called a *thorough air*, are all bad and highly dangerous applications. These impatient remedies for heat are often resorted to in balls and crowded assemblies; and as frequently as they are used, we hear of sore throats, coughs, and fevers. While it is the fashion to fill a drawing-room like a theatre, similar means ought to be adopted to prevent the ill effects of the consequent corrupted atmosphere, and the temptation to seek relief by dangerous resources. Instead of the open balcony and yawning window, we should see ventilators in every window, and thus feel a constant succession of pure and temperate air.

Excessive heat, as well as excessive cold, is apt to cause distempers of the skin; and, as the fine lady, by her strange habits, is as prone to such changes as the desert-wandering gipsy, it is requisite that she should be particularly careful to correct the deforming consequences of her fashionable exposures. For her usual ablution, night and morning, nothing is so fine an emollient for any rigidity or disease of the face, as a wash of French or white brandy, and rose-water; the spirit making only one third of the mixture. The brandy keeps up that gentle action of the skin which is necessary to the healthy appearance of its parts. It also cleanses the surface. The

rose-water corrects the drying property of the spirit, leaving the skin in a natural, soft, and flexible state. Where white or French brandy cannot be obtained, half the quantity of spirits of wine will tolerably supply its place.

The eloquent effect of complexion will, I hope, my fair friends, obtain your pardon for my having confined your attention so long upon what is generally thought (though in contradiction to what is felt) a trifling feature, if so I may be allowed to name it.

I am aware of your expectations, that I would give the precedence, in this dissertation, to the eye. I subscribe to its superlative dignity; for none can deny that it is regarded by all nations as the faithful interpreter of the mind, as the window of the soul, the index in which we read each varied emotion of the heart. But, how increased an expression does this intelligent feature convey, when aided by the glowing tints of an eloquent complexion! Indeed, it is the happy co-incidence of the eye and the complexion which forms the strongest point of what the French call *convenance*.

The animated changes of sensibility are no where more apparent than in the transparent surface of a clear skin. Who has not perceived and admired the rising blush of modesty enrich the cheek of a lovely girl, and, in the sweet effusion, most gratefully discerned the true witness of the purity within? Who has not been sensible to the sudden glow on the face, which announces, ere the lips open, or the eye sparkles, the approach of some beloved object? Nay, will not even the sound of his name paint the blooming cheek with deeper roses?



Shall we reverse the picture? I have shown how the soul proclaims her joy through its wondrous medium; shall she speak her sorrows too? Then let us call to mind, who have beheld the deadly paleness of her who learns the unexpected destruction of her dearest possessions—perhaps a husband, a lover, or a brother, mingled with the slain, or fallen, untimely, by some dreadful accident. We see the darkened, stagnant shade which denotes the despair-stricken soul. We behold the livid hues of approaching phrensy, or the blacker stain of settled melancholy! Heloise's face is paler than the marble she kneels upon. In all cases, the mind shines through the body; and, according as the medium is dense or transparent, so the light within seems dull or clear.

Advocate as I am for a fine complexion, you must perceive that it is for the *real*, not the *spurious*. The foundation of my argument, *the skin's power of expression*, would be entirely lost, were I to tolerate that fictitious, that dead beauty which is composed of white paints and enamelling. In the first place, as all applications of this kind are as a mask on the skin, they can never, but at a distant glance, impose for a moment on a discerning eye. But why should I say a *discerning eye*? No eye that is of the commonest apprehension can look on a face bedaubed with white paint, pearl powder, or enamel, and be deceived for a minute into a belief that so inanimate a "whited wall" is the human skin. No flush of pleasure, no shudder of pain, no thrilling of hope, can be descried beneath the whited mould; all that passes within is concealed behind the mummy surface. Perhaps the painted creature may be admired

by an artist, as a well-executed picture; but no man will seriously consider her as a handsome woman.

White painting is, therefore, an ineffectual, as well as dangerous practice. The proposed end is not obtained; and, as poison lurks under every layer, the constitution wanes in alarming proportion as the supposed charms increase.

*The DUTCH PATRIOTS  
of the Sixteenth Century.  
(Continued from page 162.)*

THE spot where they stood, presented them with elevated seats of turf, formed by the hand of nature, and canopied by the fragrant foliage of encircling trees. To the most exalted seat Coligni conducted William; while the attendant throng, French and Batavians, united by the same sentiments, promiscuously seated themselves around him. Beside them flowed the stream of the Loire, which the sun now gilded with his orient beam; while the zephyrs, having refreshed their light pinions by fluttering over the watery expanse, gently agitated the foliage, and spread in eddying circles through the air the sweet fragrance which the genial earth exhaled under a calm and serene sky.

As, amid the Pyrenees, enormous piles of rock arrest for a while the traveler's attention, but are suddenly forgotten at the sight of a majestic mountain which fills the horizon, and whose lofty summit, penetrating the clouds, bids defiance to the lightning's blaze, and seems alone to support the incumbent vault of heaven,—such appeared William in the midst of that assembly, when preparing to open his lips in the name of an injured nation, and in the cause of humanity.

The most profound silence reigned—William continued rapt in



deep meditation. He seldom indulged in long discourses, and his soul took a pleasure in silent musing: but, when once he gave vent to the concentrated fire which glowed in his bosom, he inflamed every heart by his manly eloquence.—He thus began—

“The empire of Tyranny has once been established on earth, and still continues to prevail. In the infancy of society, man comes free from the hand of nature; and some nations formerly possessed, or at least seemed to have received as a sacred deposit, the precious gift of liberty: but its traces are now no longer to be found, except on those ancient marbles, those ruins of antiquity, thinly scattered over the globe, which have for ages remained covered with the dark veil of oblivion, and which devouring Time is daily laboring to destroy, and will at length completely obliterate from the face of the earth. Shall Liberty herself be swallowed up in the same gulf in which those venerable ruins are to be entombed?

“I must, however, retrace to your eyes the ancient glory of the Belgians and the Batavians, of which the remembrance was preserved among the nations of Europe, as a sacred monument, that bade defiance to the destructive scythe of Time; I must describe that love of liberty which characterised those heroes—which was respected even by their conquerors—and which all the rage of despotism is still unable to subdue:—a happy presage! a sure pledge of the courage which they are still capable of displaying for the recovery of their lost rights.

“The Romans, after having imposed their yoke on other nations, directed their march against ours: but they attacked her not without fear; and, when at length she was

obliged to bow beneath the prevalence of that superior fortune which rendered them masters of the world, she had the glory of having valiantly opposed them, and was the last to yield the palm to those universal conquerors. Rome, still dreading the spirit of the Batavians, suffered them to retain numerous vestiges of that liberty which she had everywhere else destroyed: they preserved their own laws, and long remained unconscious of being a master.

“Harassed by foreign princes who successively invaded the country, the Batavians still exhibited striking features of the liberty of their progenitors. Charlemagne, who often exerted in its fullest extent the savage right of conquest, did not spoil them of their ancient privileges; and, although some of the dukes of Burgundy attempted to undermine those privileges, the chiefs and the people unanimously asserted and successfully maintained them.

“At length that emperor who swayed the sceptre over a new-found world—Charles, whose extensive dominion emulated that of ancient Rome in the zenith of her glory—Charles, reared among the Belgians, endeavoured to oppress them. But even he was obliged to yield to the energy of their untamable spirit, and to leave them in quiet possession of their own laws, together with the enjoyment of that liberty, which—having triumphed over so many dangers, and defeated the attempts of so many usurpers from different nations, each too strongly inclined to arrogate to himself a despotic authority—still preserved such features of resemblance as clearly evinced her ancient origin.

“Abundance reigned in the



country, and her population became proportionally numerous. While haughty and inactive Spain bartered her sons for the treasures of a distant world, the Netherlands, where commerce and industry had established their abode, enjoyed those dear-bought treasures without purchasing them by such a sacrifice; and through Antwerp flowed, in a copious tide, the wealth of both hemispheres. Charles adopted the manner of the Belgians: from among them he selected his ministers: in the hour of battle, he was ever surrounded by a faithful band of their warriors: their country was the chosen spot where he delighted to repose from the fatigues of war and government; and, even on the car of triumph, he still showed himself popular.—Before that period, our disturbances had only resembled those transient gusts, which, in their passage, disturb for a while the peaceful limpid lake, but soon leave its glassy surface smooth again, to serve as a mirror to the surrounding landscape.

“Ah! if the ancient rulers of our nation had been able to bend her neck beneath the yoke of tyranny,—perhaps, habituated at length and reconciled to that yoke, she would, like other nations, have lost even the remembrance of her former liberty—a remembrance, which, like a strong light reflected on the chains of slavery, renders them more conspicuous, more galling—and may be considered as the last departing ray of human glory.

“Heaven still smiled propitious on our plains, when suddenly a report was spread that Charles intended to abdicate the sovereignty. When, in the middle of his æthereal course, the bright luminary of day is unexpectedly veiled from mortal eyes by the intervention of

some unfriendly planet which intercepts his rays, while grief and dismay seize on the inhabitants of the earth,—such was the general consternation which pervaded our provinces, already alarmed by the most gloomy anticipations. At the moment when age was now beginning to moderate and check his ambition, that monarch, terrified to contemplate the instability and inanity of worldly greatness, prepared to abandon the throne—to fly from that unsubstantial phantom of glory, to which he had sacrificed the blood and peace of nations—and to resign the reins of empire into the hands of his son, yet so young, and whose bosom he well knew to be the habitation of pride and cruelty. Fortunately nature has set bounds to the ambition of conquest: but has she prescribed any limits to the generous ambition of maintaining and extending the happiness of mankind?—peaceful conquests! glorious laurels! capable of spreading the benignant shade to the remotest corners of the most extensive empire!

“Roused by the report, I hastened to the palace of the emperor.—‘Nassau!’ said he, ‘your silence sufficiently explains your sentiments: but it is too late to attempt to shake my firm purpose. Shall I display on the throne the humiliating spectacle of an emperor enfeebled by age? My enemies, who have hitherto been unable to overthrow the firm fabric of my power, await, for the purpose of forming a general league against me, the period when, bending under the weight of years and infirmities, I shall scarce have a sufficient remnant of strength to poise the tottering sceptre. But, to disappoint their hostile views, I transfer it to a youthful and more vigorous hand.



Let my son—let another chief of the empire—pursue the traces of my steps, and accomplish the vast plans which approaching death will not suffer me to carry into execution. If Francis, the rival of my valour, were still in existence, I would not descend from the throne: even on the brink of the grave, I would still contend with him for the glorious meed of victory.—Let us both be revived in our two sons; and may the gates of Madrid be once more thrown open for the entrance of a captive monarch!—But whither am I hurried by this last impulse of expiring ambition?—Conquest has already lost all its attractions in my eyes; and I, who heretofore took no delight but in noise and tumult, henceforward sigh for the sweet enjoyments of calm repose. Let me at once lay down the diadem, and disburden my feeble shoulders of the overwhelming weight of cares annexed to it.—Such were the monarch's words.

“All Flanders assembled in Brussels:—the chiefs of the states, the knights, and the deputies of the people, repaired to the palace, attended by a countless multitude of citizens. In the midst of that august assembly, appeared Charles and Philip. Charles, enfeebled by age, and still more by the emotion of his heart, leaned for support on my arm. Seated on a throne more lofty than that where sat the youthful monarch, he descended from it, and, with his own hand investing his son with the regal purple—

“‘My son,’ said he, ‘better pleased to see you reign with glory and moderation than to retain the sovereign power in my own possession, I spontaneously resign the sceptre to your hand, before death comes to wrest it from my grasp.’—He

then gave a short summary of his own exploits: he regretted—tardy, un-availing repentance!—he regretted the tyrannic use he had made of his authority—the blood he had spilled—and laid his injunctions on Philip to repair his father's errors, and alleviate the miseries of his subjects.

“Thus it is that princes, when nearly arrived at the concluding stage of their worldly career, shudder with horror at the retrospect of the black catalogue of crimes with which they have sullied their reign, and implore their successors to avert the fatal consequences; while these, in their turn, often increase the evil, repeat the same request to their own descendents, and, at the approach of death, vainly bequeath to their successors the obligation to govern with wisdom and justice.

“Philip dropped on his knees before his father, who uttered the most affecting prayers for his welfare; while the people, deeply impressed by this heart-touching spectacle, burst into tears. The moment was now come, when, in conformity to an established custom held sacred by our progenitors, Philip was to bind himself by a solemn oath to respect our laws. Then it was that his native pride, his secret designs, betrayed themselves to view. He long remained in silent hesitation: at length he pronounced the oath—pronounced it in a disdainful tone:—but heaven and earth were witnesses to his words.

“Charles, then—turning toward that people among whom he had spent the chief portion of his life, and whom he now beheld for the last time—attempted to address them his parting adieux: but grief choked his utterance; and the sentiments he wished to express were



no otherwise conveyed to the assembly than by the impassioned language of his eyes and whole countenance. At this moment the people were wholly absorbed in their regret; sobs and cries alternately echoed through the crowd. Charles, now shaken by increasing emotion, was seen to totter: I myself was affected to the soul, and could scarce support my trembling frame.—Phil alone envied his father this last testimony of national sensibility: he labored however to dissemble his resentment: but the scrutinising eye of the public detected the inward workings of his soul; and every heart was frozen with fearful anticipation of futurity.

“On the day of his departure, Charles interrupted his adieux to his son; and, presenting me to him, ‘I leave you Nassau,’ said he: ‘let him enjoy your confidence.’—After these words, he commenced his journey.—I accompanied him to the Flemish frontier; and there his embraces and my grief . . . . The recollection even now calls forth these tears—the spontaneous tribute of my gratitude, and of that attachment which I vowed to him in the first days of his reign.

“In his retreat, the mind of Charles was totally eclipsed.—Perhaps, internally goaded by remorse for his past conduct, he hoped to expiate the ravages of his ambition by monkish mortifications, by the daily contemplation of the spectacle of death, and the funereal representation of his own obsequies performed in his presence:—a striking example for kings, and for human nature!—an example, however, from which his son derived no salutary lesson.—In infancy, man can hardly be said to exist: in old age, he often ceases to hold his rank in the scale of intellectual beings:—where then

is the mortal—unless his greatness be founded on the solid basis of truth and virtue—who can hope to retain it during the whole period of his existence, and only resign it with his expiring breath?”

“Your grief,” interrupted Cologni, “does honor to your feelings.”

(*To be continued.*)

#### CURIOUS CUSTOMS IN CHESHIRE.

(*From Lysons's "Magna Britannia."*)

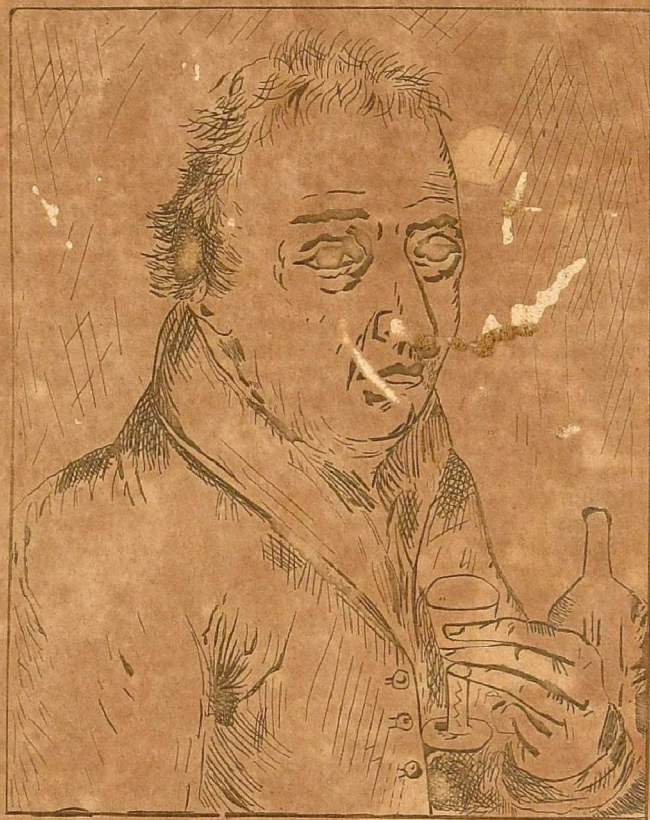
OF the customs and ceremonies peculiar to certain parts of the kingdom, Cheshire has its full share; we shall notice some of those which are most remarkable. There is a custom among the young men, of placing, on the first of May, large birchen boughs over the doors of the houses where the young women reside, to whom they pay their addresses\*; and an alder-bough is often found placed over the door of a scold.

Another singular custom which prevails in this county, is that of *lifting*, at Easter. On Easter Monday, the young men deck out a chair with flowers and ribbons, and carry it about, compelling every young woman they meet to get into it, and suffer herself to be lifted, as high as they can reach into the air, or be kissed, or pay a forfeit. On Easter Tuesday the young women deck out their chair, and hit the men, or make them pay a fine. This custom, which also prevails in some of the neighbouring counties, or something very like it, seems to

\* Mr. Owen, in his Welch Dictionary, under the word *bedro*, birch, says, that it “was an emblem of readiness, or complacency, in doing a kind act. If a young woman accepted of the addresses of a lover, she gave him the birchen branch, mostly formed into a crown; but if he was rejected, she gave him a *collen*, or hazel.”



*Engraved for the Lady's Magazine.*



JOSEPH PAISLEY,  
*the celebrated Greta-Green Parson.*

*Dec<sup>d</sup>. January 9. 1811. aged 72.*



have been admitted among the highest ranks in the thirteenth century: for it appears, from a wardrobe account preserved among the records in the Tower, that King Edward the First, in the eighteenth year of his reign, paid a large sum of money, more than equivalent to four hundred pounds at this time, to the Queen's seven ladies of the bed-chamber and maids of honor, on a similar occasion.

*Rush-bearing*, or carrying rushes to the churches, and there strewing them, was a custom, which formerly prevailed generally in Cheshire, but has been long disused for many years, since close Jews have been erected in most churches. It took place on the day of the wake, and was attended with a procession of young men and boys, dressed in ribbons, and carrying garlands &c. which were hung up in the church: we saw these garlands remaining in several churches.

The most prevalent custom of this county is the shouting of the *marlers*, when any money has been given to them. When a mine-pit is to be dug, the set of laborers, or *marlers*, as they are called, who undertake it, choose one of their number to be lord of the pit. When at work, they never ask for money: but, if any is given them, they are summoned together by their lord, and after announcing with great solemnity the donation, and the name of the donor\*, they join their

arms, forming a ring, and make four bows towards the centre of it, shooting every time: the fourth time they give a lengthened and much louder shout, letting the sound die away gradually: this ceremony is repeated several times, in proportion to the sum given; they shout four times for silver, though only six-pence; six times for a shilling, or half a crown, the shouts are continued as long as their breath will hold out. My lord keeps the money till the next Saturday, when it is spent at the next *marling*, and the shouts are there renewed as the heads of the givers are repeated in succession. When the *marlers* have finished their work, they dress up a pole with flags and ribbons, and hang on it silver watches, spoons, and other glittering articles upon it, carry it about to collect money; this is called carrying the *garland*."

Account of JOSEPH PAISLEY, the celebrated GREYNA-GREEN Parson.  
(With an etched Likeness.)

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

I inclose you an Account (from the *Carlisle Journal*) of the *Gretna-Green Parson*, who died a few days ago, as also an engraving, which is an excellent likeness, and was taken some years ago, by a neighbouring country lad, without the knowledge of the Parson: he not being willing to sit for such a purpose. If you think them worth publishing, they are at your service. In addition to the printed account, I can assure you, that, about eighteen months ago, in the presence of a friend of mine, who called upon him, (although in the afternoon, and having previ-

\* One stepping aside, cries over three times; another says with great solemnity, "Mr. A. B. dwelling at the township of C., has been here to-day, and given to my lord and all his men, part of a thousand pounds: I hope another will come by and by, and give us as much more, and we will return him thanks therefore, and thank *God*!" The last word is evidently a corruption of *hallelujah*.



ously drank a great deal, as usual) he swallowed seventeen glasses of raw brandy.

I am, &c.

JOHN NORMAN.

Mr. Andrews, Carlisle,  
January 2nd, 1811

In a subsequent letter, Mr. Norman informs that the young man who took the likeness of Bert Nixon, now some time dead) never published it; but only struck off a few impressions for his own amusement, and that of his friends.—He adds, that the report (noticed in our January Magazine) of the parson's having been a blacksmith, is erroneous.

JOSEPH PAISLEY, of coupling celebrity, was born on the borders of England, in the year 1728, or 1729, at one obscure hamlet of Lennoxton, about a mile distant from Gretna-Green; at which place, and at Springfield (its immediate neighbourhood) the subject of this memoir has for half a century, continued to weld together the chains of matrimony, and to render happy or miserable great multitudes of anxious lovers.—Early in life, Paisley was bound apprentice to a tobaccoist; but, becoming disgusted with this employment, he changed it for that of a fisherman, and was allowed by his brethren to bear the palm on all occasions where strength and agility were required. It was in this humble capacity that he was initiated into the secrets of a profession, which he managed with such address. He had formed a connexion with one Walter Cowtard, who lived very near to Sarkfoot, upon the sea-shore; and who, strange though it may appear, was both a smuggler and a priest! Old Watty had the misfortune to be but indifferently lodged, having “a reeky house,” and, what is perhaps worse, a scolding wife, so that he was necessitated to perform the marriage ceremony on the open beach, among the furze, or, as it is provincially called, *whins*. On these

occasions, young Paisley officiated as clerk. But our hero had ambition, and he only wanted an opportunity for its exertion. An occasion soon offered itself:—one time Watty went to the Isle of Mann, for the purpose of fetching over a cargo of contraband brandy; whilst his assistant remained at home to perform the necessary rites during the absence of the former. Finding that he could rivet the matrimonial bond equally as well as his master, and being at the same time under some pecuniary embarrassment, he began business of his own account, and, by his ability, soon overcame all competition.

About the year 1794, he was served with a subpoena to give evidence at Bristol respecting the validity of his marriage. It was expected by thousands that the event of the trial would put an end to Joe's matrimonial career; the contrary, however, took place; for, by his dexterous management, he not only succeeded in rendering the match valid, but was enabled to follow his favorite profession with increased security. During this journey, he visited the metropolis, where he was much noticed by the nobility and gentry. Had he been of a covetous disposition, he might speedily have accumulated a considerable fortune; but, since the time to which we allude, he has never been distant a single mile from Springfield.

Of Joseph's personal strength I have heard many well-authenticated accounts, which I well believe from feats which I myself have seen him perform. His strength of arm was prodigious:—he could have taken a large oaken stick by the end, and continued to shake it to and fro, until it went to pieces in the air!!! The excellence of his constitution was likewise often tried;



though it must be allowed that his intemperance was proverbial, yet he reached his 82d year. He was accustomed to relate with great pleasure a celebrated achievement, in which he and a jovial companion, a horse-breaker, were once engaged; when they consumed the amazing quantity of *ten gallons of pure brandy* in the short space of sixty hours; and, what is more, these two thirsty souls kicked the empty cask in pieces with their feet, for having run dry too soon. It may be conjectured that the conversation of such a character could not be very engaging; invariable feats of activity, and the removal of brandy, formed the chief topics of his discourse, which, until very lately, never turned upon religious subjects.

But let justice be done to the character of this man. It must be allowed, indeed, that he was too fond of a *stoup* of liquor, and was of coarse and unpolished manners; but he certainly was not addicted to profane talking, and obscene discourse, as a neighbouring journalist has roundly asserted. Without hazard of contradiction, it may be averred, that he was a very honest and charitable man, an inoffensive neighbour, and that he was generally respected by all who knew him.

Paisley is succeeded in the capacity of coupler by a young man, a friend of his; and there is no fear that the business will fall off, as three weddings have already taken place since the interment of the old man.

Picture of the SPANISH LADIES.  
(From Laborda's "View of Spain.")

THE females of Spain are naturally beautiful, and owe nothing to art. The greater part are brown; the few that are fair are chiefly to

be found in Biscay. They are in general well proportioned, with a slender and delicate shape, small feet, well-shaped legs, a face of a fine oval, black or brown hair, a mouth neither too large nor small, but agreeable, red lips; white and well-set teeth, which they do not long preserve, however, owing to the little care they take of them. They have large and open eyes, usually blue or dark hazel, delicate and expressive features, a peculiar grace in the mouth, with a pleasing and expressive gesture. Their countenances are open and full of truth and intelligence; their look is gentle, animated, expressive; their smile agreeable. They are naturally lively, but this vivacity seems to vanish under the brilliancy and expressive lustre of their eyes. They are full of graces, which appear in their discourse, in their looks, their gestures, in all their motions, and every thing that they do. They have usually a kind of embarrassed and heedless manner, which does not fail, however, to seduce, even more perhaps than wit and talents. Their countenance is modest, but expressive. There is a certain simplicity in all they do, which sometimes gives them a rustic, and sometimes a bold air, but the charm of which is inexpressible. As soon as they get a little acquainted with you, and have overcome their first embarrassment, they express themselves with ease; their discourse is full of choice expressions, at once delicate and noble; their conversation is lively, easy, and possesses a natural gaiety peculiar to themselves. They seldom read and write; but the little that they read they profit by, and the little that they write is correct and concise.

They are of a warm disposition;



their passions are violent, and their imagination ardent; but they are generous, kind and true, and capable of sincere attachment.

count of the PARAGUAY HERB.

(From "Notes on the Vicerealty of La Plata.")

The use of this herb the inhabitants of Monte Vidéo are universally and immoderately addicted. It is not entirely confined to the natives of the country, but the Europeans and those from Old Spain, and some of the Americans, become equally fond of it. It serves them instead of tea, coffee, and chocolate, being uncommon in families. They seldom take any thing in the morning besides this herb; which they drink as soon as they rise, and at all hours of the day, frequently even at their meals. They never eat until they have first refreshed themselves by sucking their beloved beverage.

The manner in which it is taken is not perfectly consonant with European ideas of delicacy. Instead of drinking it as we take tea, they put the plant into a calabash, sometimes mounted with silver, and pour boiling water upon it; many prefer it mixed with sugar and milk. The vessel out of which it is drank, is called a *maté*; from which the same name is also vulgarly given to the plant. The real name however is *Paraguay*, as it is chiefly produced in that extensive province. A globular cup or goblet of silver, placed on a high stand of the same metal, is commonly made use of among the richer class. Hot as it is, and it is usually enough so to scald the tongue of a European, they drink it, summer as well as winter, the instant that the water is poured in from the kettle. The infusion is sucked through a silver tube. The end which is put into the cup

swelled into a bulb with a number of small holes perforated through it, like a strainer, to keep the floating fragments from coming through. The liquor is thus drank without swallowing the leaves of the plant. A whole family or a large party is supplied from the same bowl, and with the same tube. They suck, one after the other, as it is passed from hand to hand, far from considering it a breach of decorum, and without any of those sentiments of repugnance with which a European is usually infected. After the liquor is drank by one, a second infusion of hot water is made from the plant that remains in the cup, for the use of another. This is often repeated five or six times without adding a fresh quantity of the herb, which retains its strength and taste for a long time before it is exhausted. The use of this plant is universal, being confined to no class. The slave as well as his master, and usually out of the same vessel too. The taste is not unpleasant, and, when mixed like tea, it is very good. From the manner in which it is drank, I did not get much addicted to it.

### DEFENCE OF WOMEN.

(Continued from page 149.)

#### CHAP. XVII.

IN France there have been many learned women; for that country affords them greater opportunity, and perhaps greater impunity in studying, than our own. I shall restrict their enumeration to the most celebrated.

*Susanna de Habert*, wife of Charles du Jardin, who was an officer of Henri III.—She understood philosophy and theology, was well versed in the writings of the Fathers, knew the Spanish, Italian, Latin, Greek, and Hebrew languages, and was still more eminent



for her extreme piety, than even for her extensive knowledge.

Maria de Gournay, a Parisian of high birth, on whom the learned Dominic Baudius conferred the title of the French Siren, acquired so glorious a reputation for genius and literature, that there was scarcely a man of celebrity in her time who did not think himself honored by an epistolary correspondence with her; and, after her death, letters were found in her cabinet from Cardinals Richelieu, Bentivoglio, and Du Perron; from St. Francis de Sales, and other enlightened prelates; from Charles, first Duke of Mantua, from the Count de Ales, from Freycius Putzeanus, Julius Lipsius, Mons. Balzac, Maynard, Heinsius, Caesar Capacio, Charles de Witt, and many others of transcendent reputation of those days.

Madame Scudery was deservedly called the Sappho of her age, since she equaled that celebrated Grecian in the elegance of her compositions, and surpassed her greatly in the purity of her morals. She was wonderful in science, but incomparable in judgment, as is proved by her numerous and excellent works. Her *Artamenes* or *Cyrus the Great*, and her *Clelia*, contain much real history under the drapery of romance: they are somewhat in the manner of Barclay's *Argenis*; and, if we except that work, they surpass every thing which has been written in the same style, either in France or in other nations. The nobleness of the thoughts, the harmony of the narrative, the depth of the pathos, the vivacity of the descriptions, and the purity, majesty, and excellence of the style, form an admirable assemblage, which receives additional lustre from the delicacy with which she describes the loves of her he-

roes—from her representing the moral virtues in the most attractive colors, and adorning the heroic ones with the most dazzling effulgence.

As a testimony to the prodigious talents of Mademoiselle Scudery, she was solicited to become an associate in every academy which admitted persons of her sex. In the French Academy she obtained the prize of eloquence given in the year 1671; by which that noble body virtually declared her to be the most eloquent person in the French dominions.—Louis the XIVth, whom no eminent merit was neglected, conferred on her a pension of two hundred livres per annum. Cardinal Mazarin had, prior to this donation, bequeathed her a considerable sum in his will, and she received further assistance from the learned Louis de Bouillabré, Chancellor of France, which was continued to her, till she terminated a long and regular life in the year 1701.

17 *Antoinette de la Garde*, an illustrious Frenchwoman, whose mind and person were so equally lovely, and as it was said of her that nature had exerted herself to unite all the mental and personal graces in this one woman. She was so great in poetry, that, at a period in which poetry was diligently cultivated, this highly esteemed in France, and she was not a man throughout her extensive kingdom who could surpass her performances. Her works are collected into two volumes, which I have not seen, published in the year 1694, leaving her daughter, who inherited her general taste, and who gained the prize of poetry in the French academy.

Acad. lady Marie Madeleine Gaudin de Montmart, daughter to the Marquis de Montmart, and a Benedictine. 2 E 2



dictine nun, received from nature all the dispositions which are necessary for comprehending the most occult and difficult sciences, as she was endowed with a retentive memory, a subtle genius, and a sound judgement. In her early youth, she learned the Spanish, Italian, Latin, and Greek languages; and, at the age of fifteen, being presented to Maria Theresa of Austria, Queen of France, she acquired the admiration of the whole court by speaking Spanish with propriety and elegance. She acquired all that is at this day known in ancient and modern philosophy, was deeply versed in theology, whether scholastic, dogmatic, expository, or mystical. She wrote some translations, among which, that of the first books of the Iliad is particularly esteemed. She wrote upon various moral and critical subjects; and her letters were highly valued, even by the great Louis XIVth, to whom some of them were addressed.—Her poetry was excellent; but she wrote little as it; and, after a single reading, condemned her verses to the flames. This sacrifice her humility prompted her to make of all her works, had her own wishes been complied with.—Her piety and her talents in government were equally illustrious with her literature; and, in consequence of so many and such distinguished excellencies, she died abess general of the Bevasdictine congregation, of Fontevraud, which institution has this peculiarity, that, being composed of a vast number of monasteries of both sexes, which are scattered through four provinces, they all recognise the abbess of Fontevraud as their general government. This order is no less a refuge of nobility than a friend to virtue,

since it numbered, among its superiors, fourteen princesses, five of whom were of the royal house of Bourbon: and the jurisdiction of the abbess of Fontevraud at one time extended even beyond the confines of France, as we are told by the chronologist Yepes, that the two convents of monks, Santa Maria de la Vega, of Oviedo, situated in the principality of Asturias, and Santa Maria del Vega de la Sezzana, in Tierra de Campos, were subject to the superior of Fontevraud before they united themselves to the Benedictine congregation of Valladolid.—Madame de Blémur, in that high station with such satisfaction to all the world, and such edification and augmentation of her own flock, that, if, in the aggregate of merits she was superior to all the men of her age, at least there was none superior to her. She died, covered with honors, in the year 1704.

*Marie Jacqueline de Blémur*, a Benedictine nun, composed, as the learned Maillon informs us\*, an elaborate work, in seven quarto volumes, and the eulogies of many illustrious members of the Benedictine order, in two volumes of the same size.

*Anne le Fèvre*, commonly known by the name of *Madame Dacier*, was the offspring of a learned father, Tanneui le Fèvre, and became his equal in erudition, but his superior in eloquence, and in the talent of writing her native language with delicacy and propriety. She was a critic of the first merit, inasmuch that there was not a man, either in France or elsewhere, who excelled her in discussing the works of the ancient classics. She made many translations from the Greek, and

\* *Etudes Monastiques, Biblioth. Ecclésiast.* § 12.



illustrated them by excellent commentaries. Her enthusiasm for Homer induced her to write several dissertations to vindicate his superiority over Virgil; and, in these essays, the vivacity of her wit and the rectitude of her judgement are equally displayed. She failed, however, of convincing some members of the French Academy; and Mons. de la Motte was particularly violent in maintaining the pre-eminence of Virgil's genius, although even his own partisans confess that his testimony against Homer was of little weight, compared with Madam Dacier's in his favor, since he was unacquainted with the Greek language, of which his fair opponent was perfect mistress. And, as a further proof of the justice of her preference, it may be remarked that Virgil is thought superior or equal to Homer only by a few Latin authors, while no Grecians allow it; Homer, on the other hand, has all the Greek authors on his side, and even many Latin ones, among whom the historian Paterculus gives him this high eulogium, that "he neither was preceded by any other poet whom he could have imitated, nor was succeeded by any one capable of imitating him."—Anne le Fore died in the year 1720.

(To be continued.)

# MYSTERIOUS WARNINGS.

(Continued from page 179.)

IN this state of mind we reached my sister's door. She looked at the windows, and saw that all was desolate.—"Why come we here? There is nobody here. I will not go in."

Still I was dumb; but, opening the door, I drew her into the entry. This was the allotted scene: here she was to fall. I let go her hand,

and pressing my palms against my forehead, made one mighty effort to work up my soul to the deed.

In vain; it would not be; my courage was appalled; my arms nerveless: I muttered prayers that my strength might be aided from above. They availed nothing.

Horror diffused itself over me. This conviction of my cowardice, my rebellion, fastened upon me, and I stood rigid and cold as marble. From this state I was somewhat relieved by my wife's voice, who renewed her supplications to be told why we came hither, and what was the fate of my sister.

What could I answer? My words were broken and inarticulate. Her fears naturally acquired force from the observation of these symptoms; but these fears were misplaced. The only inference she deduced from my conduct, was, that some terrible mishap had befallen Clara.

She wrung her hands, and exclaimed in agony, "Oh! tell me, where is she? What has become of her? Is she sick? Dead? Is she in her chamber? Oh! let me go thither and know the worst!"

This proposal set my thoughts once more in motion. Perhaps what my rebellious heart refused to perform here, I might obtain strength enough to execute elsewhere.

"Come then," said I, "let us go." "I will but," said she, "in the dark. We must first procure a light."

"Fly then, and procure it; but I charge you, linger not. I will await for your return."

While she was gone, I strode along the entry. The fellness of a gloomy hurricane but faintly resembled the discord that reigned in my mind. To omit this sacrifice must



not be: yet my sinews had refused to perform it. No alternative was offered. To rebel against the mandate was impossible; but obedience would render me the executioner of my wife. My will was strong, but my limbs refused their office.

She returned with a light; I led the way to the chamber; she looked round, she lifted the curtain of the bed; she saw nothing!

At length she fixed her inquiring eyes upon me. The light now enabled her to discover in my visage what darkness had hitherto concealed. Her cares were now transferred from my sister to myself, and she said in a tremulous voice, "Wieland! you are not well. What ails you? Can I do nothing for you?"

That accents and looks so winning should disarm me of my resolution, was to be expected. My thoughts were thrown anew into anarchy. I spread my hand before my eyes, that I might not see her, and answered only by groans. She took my other hand between hers, and, pressing it to her heart, spoke with that voice which had ever swayed my will, and wafted away sorrow.

"My friend! my soul's friend! tell me thy cause of grief. Do I not merit to partake with thee in thy cares? Am I not thy wife?"

This was too much. I broke from her embrace, and retired to a corner of the room. In this pause courage was once more infused into me. I resolved to execute my duty. She followed me, and renewed her passionate entreaties to know the cause of my distress.

I raised my head, and regarded her with steady looks. I muttered something about death, and the injunctions of my duty. At these words she shrunk back, and looked at me with a new expression of an-

guish. After a pause, she clasped her hands, and exclaimed—

"O Wieland! Wieland! God grant that I am mistaken; but surely something is wrong. I see it: it is too plain: thou art undone—lost to me and to thyself." At the same time she gazed on my features with intensest anxiety, in hope that different symptoms would take place. I replied to her with vehemence—

"Undone! No; my duty is known; and I thank my God that my cowardice is now vanquished, and I have power to fulfil it. 'Caution! I pity the weakness of thy nature: I pity thee, but must not spare. Thy life is forfeited to my hands; thou must die!'"

She was now added to her grief. "What mean you? Why talk you of death? Behink yourself, Wieland! bethink yourself; and this fit will pass. O why came I hither? Why did you drag me hither?"

"I brought thee hither to fulfil a divine command. I am appointed thy destroyer, and destroy thee I must."

Saying this I seized her wrists. She shrieked aloud, and endeavoured to free herself from my grasp; but her efforts were vain.

"Surely, surely, Wieland, thou dost not mean it. Am I not thy wife? And wouldst thou kill me? Thou wilt not; and yet—I see—thou art Wieland no longer! A fury resistless and horrible possesses thee—Spare me—spare—help, help—"

Till her breath was stopped, she shrieked for help—for mercy. When she could speak no longer, her gestures, her looks appealed to my compassion. My accursed hand was irresolute and tremulous. I meant thy death to be sudden, thy struggles to be brief. Alas! my heart was infirm; my resolves mutable. Thrice I slackened my grasp, and



## Mysterious Warnings.

life kept its hid, though in the midst of pangs. Her eye-balls started from their sockets. Grimness and distortion took place of all that used to bewitch me into transport, and subdue me into reverence.

I was commissioned to kill thee, but not to torment thee with a foresight of thy death; not to multiply thy fears, and prolong thy agonies. Haggard, and pale, and lifeless, at length thou ceasedst to contend with thy destiny.

This was a moment of triumph. Thus had I successfully subdued the stubbornness of human passion; the victim which had demanded was given: the deed was done past recall.

ill resemble the azure and ecstatic tenderness of her eyes. The lucid stream that meandered over that bosom, the glow of love that was wont to sit upon that cheek, were much unlike these livid stains and this hideous deformity. Alas! these were the traces of agony; the gripe of the assassin had been here.

I will not dwell on my lapse into desperate and outrageous sorrow. The breath of heaven that sustained me was withdrawn, and I sank into mere man. I leaped from the floor: I dashed my head against the wall: I uttered screams of horror: I panted after torment and Eternal fire, and the bickerings of hell, compared with what

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strength, and cherished with a fondness ever new and perpetually growing; it could not be the same.

Where was her bloom? These deadly and blood-suffused orbs but

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perceptions, a new effulgence and a

new mandate were necessary.

From these thoughts I was re-

called by a ray that was shot into

the room. A voice spoke like that

which I had before heard—"Thou

hast done well; but all is not done

—the sacrifice is incomplete—thy



# To preserve Eggs.—Sappho.

children must be offered—they must perish with their mother!"

In the sequel, it is discovered, that these supposed expressions of the will of heaven are only the wiles of a villain, who, with the faculty of a ventriloquist, possesses other still more astonishing powers, which enable him to deceive the eye as well as the ear.

The Editor of the Lady's Magazine.  
SIR,

To some of your country readers it may probably be agreeable to learn a simple and efficacious mode of preserving eggs fresh and sweet for a considerable length of time.

The process is attended with very little trouble, and still less expense: it is only to smear them all over with fresh butter; and less than the size of a nut will be sufficient for a nut, which may be kept in the

the laying season, made it a rule to perform this operation every morning before breakfast. Besides, I laid by the buttered eggs, not on wood, or hay, or straw, from any of which they might perhaps have contracted a disagreeable tang but in clean earthen-ware vessels.

Sea-faring people, I understand, are accustomed to pack eggs in salt for long voyages, and find this mode to answer tolerably well. Perhaps, if the buttered eggs were likewise packed in salt, this might be some little improvement: but I never had recourse to that experiment, as I found the buttering alone to be fully sufficient.

MARTHA.

SAPPHO; or Historic Romance.  
Can

the shell, and  
from being

For the safety of this simple process I can vouch from my own experience—having heretofore exposed the beauty of it for several years, and been thus enabled to treat a friend at Christmas with a nice fresh egg, laid perhaps in August, July, or June, but still as sweet and delicate as if it had not been two days old. I have to observe, however, that I always took care to butter my eggs soon after they were laid, as possible; and, during

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the sacred poets, where, placed on the summit of a hill, sated with nectar and ambrosia, the indolent gods, free from care, gently recline on the clouds, and resign themselves to sleep.

Dorilla, though the same blood flowed in her veins, had a character entirely different from her sister. Sappho considered the combat with the most lively sensibility: Dorilla looked on with tranquillity: sometimes indeed her approbation was expressed by a smile.—“Is he not,” said Sappho, “the most beautiful youth of Mitylene?” “Possibly he is,” replied Dorilla.—“though . . .”—“What agility in all his actions! what grace in his attitudes!” added Sappho.

Her sister made no answer—attentive to the issue of the combat, which alone excited her curiosity.—Sappho’s anxiety and exclamations increased. When Phaon is pressed by his adversary, her heart beats with violent rapidity:—if he gains the least advantage, she expresses aloud her joy. When victory declared in his favor, she arose instantaneously, hurried by a powerful influence, which, though it is the baneful effect of love, she believes to be merely an impulse of innocent curiosity. She mingles with the multitude that surround the conqueror: but, still artless and timid, and yet un-acquainted with the meaning of that tumultuous agitation which heaves her bosom, she dreads to approach him, even at the moment when she most wishes it: confused and dumb in the midst of the crowd who fondly close around him, she is satisfied with casting a stolen glance on the object which so powerfully excites her interest.

Presently, however, she was no longer able to contain the expression of her feelings; and, under the

impulse of a passion which she is not able to control, she draws from her breast some flowers attached by a ribbon, and, advancing to Phaon, presents them to him—accompanying the present with two lines, the spontaneous effusion of the moment—

“What youth is this, of Grecian youths  
the flower,  
“Of Cupid’s form, but with Alcides’  
power?”

Till this moment she had been totally un-acquainted with the rules of metre and the charms of harmony: but, now, a sensation, altogether new to her, at once broke down the barriers of reserve and timidity which she observed beneath her father’s roof. She now passed to an excess of assurance, and to a public violation of decorum. Phaon gracefully accepted the flowers: but, raising his eyes to her who presented them, he felt none of those sensations which glowed in her bosom: he politely thanked her for the present, and then turned his steps another way. Sappho, to conceal her confusion, which was extreme, let down her veil, and retired.

Meantime, the victor, surrounded by young maidens, who strew flowers on his path, and accompany their songs with the lyre and the timbrel, advances in triumph to the stand.

The judge of the games arose, and placed a crown on his brow, presenting him with the reward of victory—a polished helmet ornamented with long flowing white hair, and a large shield, in the centre of which was engraved the head of Medusa.

Let us quit these scenes of noise and tumult for the domestic circle of Scamandronynus.—Sappho, hurt at the cold reception of her present, and the slender expression



of praise bestowed on her verse, had quitted, in disgust, a scene which no longer had any attractions for her—and returned with slow and hesitative step towards the paternal mansion. Immediately on her arrival, she shut herself up in her apartment, a prey to the bitterness and anguish of her present feelings: and she would not have left her room at the accustomed hour of repast, but for the repeated summons of the slaves.

Silent and melancholy, she at length makes her appearance, takes her seat at table, but refuses, or scarcely touches the viands which are presented to her:—her hands on her breast, and her eyes fixed on the ground, sufficiently reveal the affliction of her mind. “What cause,” said Scamandronymus, “affects my dear daughter with that grief, which is so visibly expressed on her countenance?”—But Sappho, like all those who in profound affliction endeavour to conceal the reality by vain efforts, immediately replied, “Why! am I not as usual?”—“No, Sappho!” said Cleis tenderly. “My heart bleeds, to behold the excess of your grief: but confide your distress to us: the repast will be more grateful, if my beloved daughter will resume her wonted gaiety.”

“Be not uneasy on my account,” said Sappho, severely:—“the sky is not always clear; then how can the mind retain constant serenity?”

But what is the reason,” said Scamandronymus, “that you do not, with your accustomed enthusiasm, relate to us what you have seen, and thus impart to your parents some pleasure by the description of those games, which their age prevents them from enjoying in the exhibition? You are melancholy and sad, and have more

the appearance of having assisted at a funeral than at the games.”—“Tell us, Dorilla,” said Cleis, “if any accident has happened; which, however, I do not think, as *you* appear with your usual tranquillity.”

Dorilla, who had never felt the pangs of love, replied, “I am ignorant of any accident,” and continued to distribute the viands. In offering a portion to her sister, she said, “take some nourishment and support, that you may be able to see the handsome wrestler again.” Simple girl! she thought to furnish an agreeable subject for conversation, and added, “He was well pleased with your flowers; but he was better pleased with a young girl who took them from him.”—“And what did he say?” cried Sappho impatiently.—“Nothing: he only smiled at the theft. I afterwards saw her in the midst of the crowd, when you so hastily retired; and I rejoined you, when I heard that she is one of the most distinguished and beautiful maids in the whole island—and a maid whom he loves to distraction.”—Sappho, with increasing agitation, asked her name. “I did not hear it,” replied the innocent Dorilla, again offering her sister some refreshment; but Sappho, bewildered, arose, and fled to her chamber. Her parents are grieved at her agitation: Dorilla is astonished; and the slaves are fixed in mute surprise.

#### WHAT MIGHT BE.

(Continued from page 168.)

BUT, good heavens! how great his surprise on perceiving Sir Frederick with all the appearance of insanity! His face was livid and distorted; his eye-balls seemed starting from their sockets, and gleamed by turns with despair and horror.



"Gracious God!" exclaimed Sir Henry—"what is the matter?"—Sir Frederick answered only by a hollow groan, and, uttering a convulsed and phrensiéd shriek, sunk senseless at his feet.

Sir Henry, hardly conscious of what he did, vehemently pulled the bell:—the room, in a few minutes, was filled, and every restorative tried, but without effect. "He is dead," whispered every heart.—Sir Henry gazed in agony on the inanimate body of his friend. "My God!" he exclaimed—"he is gone! A surgeon, for heaven's sake!" Every one flew at the words; and, in a few minutes, Mr. Hemly, a neighbouring practitioner of surgery, entered the room.

Sir Henry spoke not: but his agitated looks declared to the surgeon what his thoughts were.—"Do not alarm yourself, my dear Sir," said Mr. Hemly: "it is only a fit: he will soon recover:—let the room be cleared." His orders were no sooner uttered than obeyed.—"He will require to be bled," continued the surgeon.—"Any thing, dear Doctor, that may restore him," returned Sir Henry, raising Sir Frederick in his arms, and pulling off his coat.

Mr. Hemly applied the lancet; and, as the blood flowed from the incision, the eyes of Sir Frederick slowly began to open. Drawing a long and convulsed breath, he cast a fearful glance around the apartment.

"How do you feel now, my dear Montgomery?" asked Sir Henry, pressing the cold, clammy hand of his friend within his.—Sir Frederick raised his languid eye, returned the pressure, but spoke no.

"We must get him conveyed to bed," said Mr. Hemly:—"he is very weak: his spirits seem much

agitated."—"Will you go to bed?" said Sir Henry.—Sir Frederick was silent: his eye rolled vacantly: it seemed to look for an object which it feared, yet wished, to view.

"Powers of heaven!" exclaimed Sir Henry—"his senses are gone!"—"They have been dreadfully disturbed," returned Mr. Hemly. "May I take the liberty of asking what brought on this fit?"—"I am as ignorant as yourself," answered Sir Henry: "We were conversing on the most un-interesting topics, when he fell, with a dreadful groan, at my feet."

"May I ask," said Mr. Hemly, "whether he is subject to such attacks?"—"I may safely answer that he is not," rejoined Sir Henry: "I am pretty sure he never was affected so before."—"It is very strange," said Mr. Hemly. "However, let us get him to bed by all means."

Sir Frederick was led, almost carried, to his chamber by Sir Henry and the surgeon. His breathing was all that distinguished him from a corpse.—Mr. Hemly and Sir Henry watched by his bed the whole night:—towards morning he fell into a profound slumber, and, about nine, awoke in perfect recollection.

Sir Henry, transported with joy, exclaimed, "Dear Frederick! you alarmed me terribly last night."—"I am very sorry for it indeed," said Sir Frederick:—"it seems you have not sat up all night?"—"Pshaw!" returned Sir Henry, smiling—"What would have been the good of going to bed, when you had frightened sleep away from me?—This worthy gentleman kept me company."

"I have been a great trouble to you both," said Sir Frederick.—"The discharge of humanity is ne-



ver troublesome," answered Mr. Hemly: "and we are amply repaid by the favorable state in which we find you this morning."—Sir Frederick returned a suitable answer.

"Pray, my dear fellow," asked Sir Henry, "what occasioned your last night's illness? I never knew you were subject to fits before."

The agitation into which this question threw Sir Frederick, made both the gentlemen believe that he was going into another fainting-fit.—He took the hand of Sir Henry, and, in a low and broken voice, said, "My friend! excuse my weakness. A more miserable wretch than Frederick Montgomery crawls not on this earth.—Let the last night be for ever obliterated from your memory.—Would to God it were possible to erase it from mine! I conjure you both to bury it in your own breasts, and forget that such an occurrence ever happened."—The gentlemen, in the utmost astonishment, promised what he so earnestly requested.

Contrary to the advice of Mr. Hemly and Sir Henry, Sir Frederick set off for London that day: and, two days after, they were joined by Lady Montgomery and Lady Fitz Allan.—They found Captain and Mrs. Legoxton arrived before them. Ellen's *accouchement* was very near; and her husband wished her to be with her mother.

The day after his arrival, Sir Frederick went to call on his sister. He was told Mrs. Legoxton was at home, and was shown into the sitting-room.—A beautiful girl, apparently about sixteen, rose at his entrance: Sir Frederick bowed; but, ere he had time to speak, his sister entered.

After the first effusions on their meeting were over, Mrs. Legoxton said, "I am sure, my dear brother

will welcome to London the sister of my Henry."—"Indeed!" said Sir Frederick, advancing towards the young lady, and taking her hand—"Have I the pleasure of seeing Miss Legoxton?"—"My dear Caroline," said Mrs. Legoxton, "allow me to introduce to you my brother, Sir Frederick Montgomery."

Sir Frederick gazed with unfeigned admiration on the beautiful sister of Legoxton. Every feminine grace played round her exquisitely moulded form; and, in her face, was combined all that could attract the fancy of man. Her azure eyes beamed with genius and sensibility in their most refined state: candor, innocence, and benevolence, irradiated her heavenly countenance: the lily vied not with her skin in whiteness, nor the Damascus rose with her cheek.

Sir Frederick gazed upon the angelic Caroline, till his whole soul was dissolved in rapture: but memory, that foe of the wretched, only slumbered for a few moments, to plant its stings with tenfold anguish, and recall to his distracted mind the accursed action which had blighted his happiness for ever. With a precipitate motion he quitted the room, and wandered, lost in thought, along the crowded streets.

When he reached his own house, his servant delivered to him a letter, which, he said, had been left for him about an hour after he went out.—Sir Frederick no sooner cast his eyes upon the writing, than a violent emotion shook his whole frame. With trembling hands he tore up the seal, and had no sooner glanced over the contents, than he exclaimed, "Merciful God! I thank thee! he lives; and I am no murderer!"—The letter that gave such happiness to the long-agonised mind of Sir Frederick, ran thus:



"Impressed with the deepest sense of my ill conduct towards you, it is with diffidence that I take up my pen to address you: yet, though not doubting that my presumption will be punished with indignation and contempt, I cannot refrain from endeavouring in some measure to vindicate myself in your eyes.—When chance introduced me to you, I had, about two months before, been introduced to Lady Gertrude Montravers. To describe the charms of her person is needless: you felt their fatal effects as well as myself—I believed myself a favored lover, and imagined her artless in mind, as she was faultless in form:—but I was deceived. While I fondly fancied myself secure in her affection, I was only the dupe of her unfeeling coquetry. Rage, madness uncontrolled, seized my soul, when I learned that you too enjoyed her countenance. Resentment against a favored rival prompted me—madman as I was—to send you a challenge. We met, fought, and fell, for a sickle, deceitful coquette, who felt equal indifference for us both. We were both wounded: *you* were hurried into your carriage, and fled to Italy. I believed myself dying, and informed you of the cause of my challenge.—Never shall I forget your agony at that moment: you fainted, and, in that state, were carried to your chariot, and hastily conveyed from the field.—I closed my eyes—in death, it was thought—and was carried to an obscure lodging, where I remained concealed until my wounds were healed. Worlds would not have bribed me to remain at Paris. I feared to meet the shafts of ridicule, which would be aimed at me; for the character of lady Gertrude was well known; and the report of my folly had

spread like lightning: but still more I dreaded to meet the friends of Sir Frederick Montgomery, whose every look would proclaim me a murderer, and accuse me of the blackest ingratitude: for it was generally believed that you had died of your wounds. In the deepest remorse and despair, I returned to England, and found an order waiting me to join my regiment, then under orders for foreign service. It was already at Portsmouth; and, had I been a day later, it would have embarked without me.—Nine months I remained abroad.—When we were recalled, the order gave universal joy to the whole regiment: to me alone it imparted sorrow. I must again return to England, where every circumstance would remind me of my crime!—When I stepped on board the ship that was to convey me to my native land, I felt like a condemned criminal.—I little knew the happiness that was in store for me.—O heavens! what were my sensations, when I learned that you still lived! Oh! I felt as if I had quitted hell, for heaven.—Yesterday I arrived in town, and heard you were in it. The remembrance of former days prompted me to write. Can you forgive me? Alas! I fear, not:—my monstrous ingratitude must have steeled your heart against me.—Good heavens! when, only the week before, you rescued me from a prison—and, the next, My soul shudders when I reflect, that you cannot forgive me: I do not ask it; neither do I deserve it. Pity me: I am worthy of your compassion. Adieu! this is the last time you shall hear of the wretched

CHARLES BEAUCHAMP."

Sir Frederick's feelings, on the perusal of this epistle, cannot be described. He had accused him-



self as a murderer: for it had been reported that Major Beauchamp had died of his wounds; and the cause of Sir Frederick's illness at Barnet was the un-expected appearance of that gentleman. It was he who had arrived in the carriage, and by mistake had entered the room where Sir Frederick and Sir Henry were, but had instantly withdrawn unperceived by Sir Henry. Sir Frederick caught a glance of his receding figure; and no wonder that the appearance of one whom he conceived long since in his grave, should dreadfully agitate his feelings.—Major Beauchamp did not observe Montgomery, as he was almost obscured by the opening of the door from his view.

"Dupes of lady Gertrude!" exclaimed Sir Frederick—"O God! he knows not to what an extent I have been her dupe."

*(To be continued.)*

*The CAT-MERCHANT; an Anecdote.*

*(From "The Shipwreck, or Memoirs of an Irish Officer and his Family," by T. Edgeworth, Esq.)*

"\* \* \* We would not thus quote an anecdote from a novel, but that we actually believe this story to be founded in truth. At least we can safely assure our readers, that we ourselves, about five and twenty years ago, heard it related as a real fact, only with some little difference in the circumstances."

HAVING concerted his scheme with a brother chie of the law, from Dublin, who said him a sporting villain, and who was as great a proficient in humbugging as himself, Pilsworth appointed a time for introducing this stranger at the club, which he did, in quality of a Russian agent, commissioned with imperial orders to purchase certain commodities, the produce of Ireland, for the use of the government in his own country: and for this agent he solicited the justice for the

privilege of trading in this district: which being granted in form, under seal and signature, Pilsworth took an opportunity of intimating to Higgins that now was the time to make his fortune at a single stroke; telling him a long story of the Russian envoy, and offering to introduce him privately, and obtain him a profitable order, if he would make it worth his while by a proper gratuity.

Higgins pricked up his ears at this news; and longed for nothing so much as the introduction; promising his friend Pilsworth to reward him on the spot, in proportion to the nature of the order he should receive, provided it was within his power to execute.

A private room was immediately prepared for the negotiation of this commercial treaty; and the parties being met, and Pilsworth agreeing to act as interpreter, the envoy commenced his proposals in a kind of jargon accompanied by strange contortions of his articulatory faculties, that passed on Higgins just as well as genuine *Russ*, and which his interpreter explained to this purport—"That the empire of Russia being over-run with rats, the said envoy was dispatched to England in order to purchase ten thousand cats for the service of the state; that the reason for resorting to England was, that the famous cat of *Whittington* was brought from thence to Russia, where it was sold for an immense price; and where its image was still worshipped in remembrance of its eminent services; but that being unable to complete his order among the British merchants, he was advised to visit Ireland; and, on his arrival, was directed to that part of the country, where he was told those animals abounded; that he still



wanted about five thousand of his complement, for two thousand of which he gave Higgins a commission, at one guinea each, to be paid as soon as they should be delivered at his hotel in Dublin."

Higgins, overjoyed at the success of this negotiation, slipped twenty guineas into Pilsworth's hand, who very gratefully made him a compliment of his trouble in drawing up articles of agreement; and the next day did this punctual broker proceed to the execution of the order, by posting up advertisements against all the church and chapel gates, and market crosses in the whole county, offering a premium of five shillings each for all the cats that should be brought to him: in consequence of which, all the poor old women in the country, who were proprietors of such quadrupeds, came trotting to him in droves, with their tabby mousers under their cloaks; and returned highly satisfied with the success of their journeys in the advantageous sale of their commodities.

The kitchen at the Red Bull continued to exhibit every day, for the space of two months, a better stocked cat-market than perhaps was ever seen before or since, in Smithfield, or any other mart, for the disposal of cattle, in Europe. All the garrets and store-rooms in and about the house were cleared out for the reception of those purring guests. And, had any doubts arisen from their various sizes and colors, respecting their genus, it would soon have become discernible to the nose of any ordinary naturalist who should enter the inn, that they were none of the *civet* kind.

The population of this new colony increased so fast during the existence of Higgins's edict, that he

found himself under the necessity of either quitting the house, or providing another for their accommodation.

Having lately taken a farm, whereon stood an old Cromwellian castle, under which there were several large vaulted caves for the accommodation of its original inhabitants; he thought, that, by properly fortifying the subterraneous part of this ancient citadel, it might afford a safe repository for the accommodation of his furred recruits. The place being accordingly put into a proper state for their reception, their removal was commenced in detachments of about a dozen each, in large hampers; and their whole body, amounting to about five hundred strong, completed their march in about three days, and were put in full possession of the place. A governor being appointed for this garrison from among the gentlemen of Higgins's household, and the necessary contracts entered into for their provisions, with the surrounding butchers and other dealers in cat's meat, all the additional forces that were afterwards raised, were directly marched to these quarters.

Higgins's scheme, the whole time, remained a profound secret to all the neighbourhood, except the justice and his party. The scarcity of cats occasioned by his purchases, obliged him to raise his price; and having now completed his first thousand, he had some notion of forwarding them as an order, when part of his forces, either irritated by the scantiness of provisions, the want of drink, the tyranny of their keeper, or some other cause unknown, taking the advantage of a dark night, effected a breach in one of their prison windows, and sallied forth to the num-



ber of about three hundred; and, rendered desperate by long confinement, ravaged the neighbouring sheep-folds and farm-yards, and made strange havoc among the young lambs and poultry, continuing their nocturnal depredations for some months afterwards. The cat-broker now thought it high time to secure the remainder of his merchandise; and accordingly set about hiring horses for their conveyance. Having provided as many hampers, panniers, and other inclosures, as he could for the purpose, the good folk at the garrison were conveyed into their travelling vehicles, and proceeded on their way to Dublin (Higgins undertaking the department of supercargo) and arrived safe in that city in a few days.

In searching for the hotel of the Russian envoy, he pursued the directions given him by that illustrious foreigner; but instead of the superb house in which he expected to meet him, he was led by the letter of their reference to a paltry ale-house, distinguished by the sign of the *Horse-Shoe and Magpie*, at Temple-bar, equally celebrated in the annals of low nocturnal revel, with our Brown Bear in Bow-street, where this envoy and a number of his facetious companions usually spent their nights.

Higgins finding all his enquiries for his Russian patron in vain, perceived he was fairly gulled: and thinking it prudent to rid himself in the speediest manner possible of his hungry charge, who were by that time become exceedingly clamorous; as he did not chuse to be at the further expense of a breakfast on their account, he resolved to give them an opportunity to gratify their longing on their favorite delicacy, *fish*, by committing them,

panniers and all, to the hospitable waves of the river Liffey; and then set out on his way homewards, not in the most cheerful mood.

On his arrival at his own castle, he was greeted by the authors of this *felicitous conspiracy*, who enquired very anxiously after the success of his journey. He had, besides, the mortification to find actions commenced against him for the damages committed by his deserters from the garrison, who had not yet thought proper to cease hostilities. He agreed, from motives of policy, to employ lawyer Pilsworth in defending and compromising those suits, which finally swelled his expenses on the whole joke to upwards of five hundred pounds.

#### *Particulars respecting TYCHO BRAHE, and the Castle of URANIBURG.*

*(From Huen's Memoirs.)*

In the Danish strait called the Sound, there is a small island named Huen, gently rising above the sea, so as to afford a free prospect on all sides. This spot appeared to the king extremely well accommodated to the studies and observations of Tycho; and sending for him, he presented him for life with the usufruct of the island (it is royal property), and gave him it to inhabit. At the same time he settled upon him ample revenues, and further promised that he would never withhold his assistance either in erecting buildings on the island, or in providing astronomical instruments. Tycho gratefully and gladly accepted this gift, and laid the foundation of the castle of Uraniburg.\*

\* This name, which appears partly borrowed from the Greek, is, in that case, equivalent to *Heaven-burg*, or *Heaven-town*.—in allusion, no doubt, to the astronomic purposes, for which the edifice was erected.



On the 6th of August, 1576, the first stone being at his desire placed by Charles Danzée, the French king's ambassador in Denmark. This island is by some called *Venusia*; by others the *Scarlet Isle*, of which last appellation I suppose the origin to have been the following incident related to me upon good authority, as having taken place in the reign of Frederic II. Some English at Copenhagen had offered to the king that if he would sell them this island, they would pay him, as its price, as much English scarlet cloth as would go round its outmost margin, adding moreover a piece of gold for every fold in the cloth. The king inconsiderately accepted the offer, not reflecting that if the English were to fortify the island, they might shut up the Sound with their fleets, and deprive the crown of its passage dues. Being therefore better advised, he determined to keep it in his possession, but at the same time he was very anxious not to appear to forfeit his word. In this emergency, his fool, whom he kept according to court custom, came to his relief. "Why (said he) is your majesty so much disquieted? say you will stand to the bargain, and sell them *Huen*, provided the purchasers immediately convey it away to the English sea; for that they must be mad, if they suppose you will suffer them to stick in your very jaws." The wise counsel of the fool was followed, and the hopes of the English were frustrated; and hence, as I conjecture, the island retained the name of *Scarlet*.

On landing, we walked to the little village, which is the only one on the island. We were received by the Lutheran minister after the customary manner in Denmark and Sweden, where the clergy are extremely hospitable, and open their

VOL. XLII.

doors to strangers, expecting no gain, but merely the repayment of what they expend; a liberality that appears to me highly suitable to Christian piety, and worthy to be imitated by the other nations who profess the name of Christ. Some refer this beneficence to the kings, asserting that they permit the country ministers to dwell in these mansions upon the condition of their admitting strangers. It is certain that among all these northern nations the duties of hospitality are held in great honour and respect. Being therefore kindly received, after we had rested a while, we began to make many enquiries of our host, and the other surrounding inhabitants of *Huen*, respecting *Tycho*, and the castle of *Uraniburg*, the object of our visit; and, to my surprise, they all affirmed that these names were entirely unknown to them. But understanding that there was one very aged inhabitant on the island, I caused him to be sent for. When I asked him whether he had ever heard of *Tycho Brahe*, and of a castle built by him to which he gave the name of *Uraniburg*, and in which he dwelt for twenty-one years, he replied that he not only knew them both, but had been for some time in the service of *Tycho*, and had assisted in building his castle. He informed me that *Tycho* was a violent and passionate man, often abusing his servants and tenants, and given to wine and women—that he had married a wife of the lowest extraction in his native village of *Knudstrup*, by whom he had many children; the disgrace of which alliance had greatly offended the illustrious family of *Brahe*. The good man then added, that if I came to see *Uraniburg*, I should lose my labour, since it had been levelled to the ground, and scarcely the



traces of the walls were left. When I enquired of him, as I had before done of some learned men of Copenhagen, the cause of this destruction, I found much contrariety of opinion. The latter in general affirmed that Tycho himself, on quitting Denmark, had demolished his own work; whereas it is certain that he left his affairs at Huen and Uraniburg to the management of a farmer and some servants; as the produce of this estate had been conferred upon him for life by king Frederic. Some asserted that Swedish troops had landed on the island in time of war, and committed these ravages; a circumstance which could not but have been known to the old inhabitant, who referred the cause to the raging seas and stormy winds of the Sound, by which a slightly timbered building was easily shaken: especially as the courtiers, who obtained a grant of the island from the king after Tycho, took little care of preserving an edifice dedicated to astronomical purposes.

Of the cause which obliged Tycho to quit his country, Cassendi has treated at large; I have however learned at Copenhagen, from persons who revered his memory, some circumstances relative to it, omitted by that writer, and worthy of being recorded. Although Tycho sometimes spoke of injuries sustained by him in Denmark, it was without any complaint of king Christiern, whom he rather openly excused; yet, it is certain that he lost the favour of the court, and by his majesty's order was stripped of the royal bounty, which, however, he bore in silence, knowing that kings have long hands. But the following story was told me as the origin of his disgrace. The English ambassador to Denmark had brought with him a mastiff of extraordinary size, which caught

the eye of Tycho, who requested it of him, to take to Uraniburg as a faithful guard to his castle. But the same gift was also asked by the master of the court, Christopher Walchandorp; and as the ambassador did not chuse to offend either, he refused them both; promising that as soon as he should return to England, he would send over a brace of mastiffs, one for each. This he performed; but as one of them appeared the superior in form and stature, Walchandorp claimed it for himself, and the king adjudged it to him, notwithstanding the remonstrances of Tycho. Greatly indignant at this decision, he was led in his passion to use some unguarded expressions relative to the king, which were immediately carried to him by the master of the court; and hence proceeded the royal displeasure.

*Account of the BANIAN Tree.*  
(From Marsden's "*History of Sumatra.*")

[THE *jarwi-jarwi*, or banian tree,] possesses the uncommon property of dropping roots or fibres from certain parts of its boughs, which, when they touch the earth, become new stems, and go on increasing to such an extent, that some have measured, in circumference of the branches, upwards of a thousand feet, and have been said to afford shelter to a troop of horse\*. These

\* The following is an account of the dimensions of a remarkable banian or burr tree, near Manjee, twenty miles west of Patna in Bengal. Diameter 363 to 375 feet. Circumference of shadow at noon, 1116 feet. Circumference of the several stems, in number fifty or sixty, 921 feet. Under this tree sat a naked Fakir, who had occupied that situation for twenty-five years; but he did not continue there the whole year through, for his vow obliged him to lie, during the four cold months, up to his neck in the waters of the river Ganges.



fibres but look like ropes attached to the branches, when they meet with any obstruction in their descent, conform themselves to the shape of the resisting body, and thus occasion many curious metamorphoses. I recollect seeing them stand in the perfect shape of a gate, long after the original posts and cross piece had decayed and disappeared; and I have been told of their lining the internal circumference of a large bricked well, like the worm in a distiller's tub; there exhibiting the view of a tree turned inside out, the branches pointing to the centre, instead of growing from it. It is not more extraordinary in its manner of growth, than whimsical and fantastic in its choice of situations. From the side of a wall, or the top of a house, it seems to spring spontaneously. Even from the smooth surface of a wooden pillar, turned and painted, I have seen it shoot forth, as if the vegetative juices of the seasoned timber had renewed their circulation, and begun to produce leaves afresh. I have seen it flourish in the centre of a hollow tree, of a very different species, which, however, still retained its verdure, its branches encompassing those of the adventitious plant, whilst its decayed trunk enclosed the stem, which was visible, at interstices, from nearly the level of the plain on which they grew. This, in truth, appeared so striking a curiosity, that I have often repaired to the spot, to contemplate the singularity of it. How the seed, from which it is produced, happens to occupy stations seemingly so unnatural, is not easily determined. Some have imagined the berries carried thither by the wind, and others, with more appearance of truth, by the birds; which, cleansing their bills where they light, or attempt

to light, leave, in those places, the seeds, adhering by the viscous matter which surrounds them. However this be, the *jawi jawi*, growing on buildings without earth or water, and deriving from the gelial atmosphere its principle of nourishment, proves in its increasing growth highly destructive to the fabric where it is harboured; for the fibrous roots, which are at first extremely fine, penetrate common cements, and overcoming, as their size enlarges, the most powerful resistance, split, with the force of the mechanic wedge, the most substantial brickwork. When the consistence is such as not to admit the insinuation of the fibres, the root extends itself along the outside, and to an extraordinary length, bearing, not unfrequently, to the stem, the proportion of eight to one, when young. I have measured the former sixty inches, when the latter, to the extremity of the leaf, which took up a third part, was no more than eight inches. I have also seen it wave its boughs at the apparent height of two hundred feet, of which the roots, if we may term them such, occupied at least one hundred; forming, by their close combination, the appearance of a venerable gothic pillar. It stood near the plains of Krakap: but, like other monuments of antiquity, it had its period of existence, and is now no more.

#### IMPROVED FILTRATION OF WATER.

THE old method of filtering, by putting water into the filtering-stone, is liable to objection, because the dirt falls to the bottom, and fills up or chokes the pores of the filtering-stone, so that the stone requires frequently to be cleaned with a brush and sponge to allow the water to pass; after which the wa-



ter passes through the stone in a muddy state for two or three days; it likewise requires to be frequently filled; and as it empties, less water comes in contact with the stone, and therefore a smaller quantity, in such a state, can only pass through. Likewise a filtering-stone used in the common way soon becomes useless, from the filth insinuating itself into the internal parts of the stone, out of the reach of the brush.

To remedy these inconveniences, a new mode of filtration has been contrived by Mr. Moulton of Bedford Square, whose ingenious invention has been honoured with the silver medal by the Society for the Encouragement of Arts, Manufactures, and Commerce.—It is as follows—

The filtering-stone is suspended in the cistern by a ring, which catches the projecting part of the stone.—Thus the water, pressing on the outside, filters into the stone, and in much larger quantity; and the stone does not require cleaning, as the impurities of the water sink to the bottom of the cistern.—The filtrated water is conveyed from the stone by a siphon, into another cistern, which serves as a reservoir for pure water.

Mr. Moulton has practised this mode for upwards of three years, with great success.

#### *Anecdotes and Remains of VOLTAIRE.*

(Continued from page 149.)

DURING his visit to Paris in 1778, Voltaire resided at the house of the Marquis de Villette. The Marquis, one day, invited a large party to dinner. In sitting down to table, Voltaire perceives that a goblet, which he had marked with his seal, was not before him.—“Where is my goblet?” says he, his eyes

sparkling with anger, to a steward servant, who was specially charged to wait on him. The poor devil, in confusion, stammered a reply. “Enemy of your master!” exclaimed Voltaire in a passion, “fetch my goblet! I will have my goblet, or I will not dine at all.” Finding at length that the goblet was not produced, he quits the table full of resentment, and, retiring to his apartment, locks himself up. This occurrence embarrassed and depressed the whole company. After some consultation, it was determined to send him a message by M. de Villeveille, for whom he entertained sentiments of great affection, and whose mild and amiable manners rendered him worthy of the distinction. He knocked gently at the door of Voltaire’s apartment.—“Who is there?”—“Villeveille.”—“Ah!” (opening the door) “it is you, my dear marquis: what do you come for?”—“I come in the name of all our friends, who are inconsolable for your absence, to conjure you to return; and to express the concern of M. de Villette, who has just turned away the blockhead who displeased you.”—“I am then invited to go down?”—“You are supplicated to join us.”—“To speak frankly, my dear friend, I dare not.”—“And for what reason?”—“The company must certainly ridicule my conduct.”—“Can you really suppose so? Has not each of us his weak side and his foible? We feel a predilection for the glass, the knife, the pen that has been ours.”—“I perceive you are trying to excuse my behaviour: let us rather frankly confess that every man is sometimes a fool. I am conscious of my folly, and blush for what I have done. Do you go down first; I will follow



5-2820  
*Engraved for the Lady's Magazine.*



*London Walking & Evening Dress.*  
N<sup>o</sup> 5. 1811.



Voltaire appeared a few moments after, and seated himself at table with the timid awkwardness of a child who has been in fault, and expects to be reprov'd.

During his residence in the French capital on that occasion, Voltaire persisted one day, in spite of the entreaties of M. de Villette, to go on foot to the French Academy. As he passed through the wicket of the Louvre, a woman sprang forward, and, falling on her knees, exclaimed: "My friends! this is the avenger of the unhappy Calas: let us throw ourselves at his feet." The scene drew together an immense multitude, who were eager to idolise and bless him.—The emotion, which Voltaire experienced on this occasion, obliged him to hasten from them; and he confessed that he had never in his life experienced sensations at once so painful and delicious.

(To be continued.)

*The Dog in Parliament;—an Anecdote.*

DURING the ministry of Lord North, it happened one evening, while the Commons were sitting, that a stray dog made his way into

the house. "Turn out the dog! Turn out the dog!" resounded at once from several quarters of the hall.—"Hold! hold, gentlemen!" said the premier: "perhaps he is come to take his seat for *Barkshire*."

LONDON MORNING and EVENING FULL DRESS.

1. EVENING dress of colored muslin, or silk trimmed with ribbon, cap of white satten trimmed with lace and pearl beads: two feathers, with colored edges to correspond with the dress, form an arch over the head.

2. *Walking dress*.—A pelisse of yellow and white, or green and white shot silk or spotted and shot. Bonnet of the same materials.

BOUTS-RIMES,

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

May, Array—Flow'rs, Hours—Field, Yield—Sky, Eye—Swain, Strain—Song—Along—Breeze, Please—Go, Flow.

They may be employed either in the same order as here given, or in any other that may be found more convenient; and the completions will be admissible until the fifteenth of July.

POETRY.

*Address to LIGHT.—By J. M. L.*

WHEN time began, and vast creation  
rose, [oppose;  
When Chaos dar'd not heav'n's high word  
"Let there be light," Jehovah's thunders  
said; [spread,  
And instant light its beamy influence  
Gave to the new-born world its brightest  
charm—

Its rays ordain'd to check each wild alarm.

Oh! first of blessings, in a double  
sense— [thence!

Pure as is heav'n—for thou descendest  
Without thy rays, how vain enjoyment  
here, [and fear!

Doom'd to crawl on in darkness, doubt,  
No charm of nature could delight the eye,

No tint of morn, or ev'ning's brighter dye.  
The field in vain its verdant green would  
spread; [head;

The flow'r in vain would lift its glowing  
In vain the hill would rear its summit  
bold;

In vain the valley would its peace unfold;  
The spring would boast no beauty, no de-  
light; [night;

The summer could not charm in endless  
The autumn's fruits would lose their  
brightest glow; [snow:

Nor could we gaze on winter's falling  
All would be mis'ry, all be dark dismay,  
Robb'd of thy glorious beams, refulgent  
day! [liant pow'rs,

E'en those, who dare despise day's bril-



And spend in sleep his first, his rosiest hours, [know,  
Who turn to night for all the joys they  
And place in revelry each bliss below—  
E'en they are forc'd to own light's pow'r-  
ful sway;

And art attempts to give a mimic day.  
But this is light that sober wisdom shuns:  
Who courts its blaze too much, to ruin  
runs. [ty's cheeks;

Its beam steals health's fair rose from beau-  
Gives pain to heads and hearts, where con-  
science speaks; [peace,

Robs of repose some bosom form'd for  
And bids each throb of joy its impulse  
cease. [ing yields,

But those who court the light that morn-  
Who spend the day's best hours in verdant  
fields, [soul,

Find no such symptoms stealing o'er the  
But feel the bliss of nature's sweet control.  
No midnight head-ach dims the eye's clear  
glow; [woe;

No pang of conscience fills the heart with  
All that they see of hill, or dale, or stream,  
Deck'd as they are by morn's delightful beam;  
All that they hear—from nature's feather'd  
choirs, [inspires,

Whose various notes the cheering light  
To lowing herds, or sheep just quitting  
fold,

Or milkmaid's song, or rustic's ditty bold—  
All tends to peace—to tranquillise the  
breast, [rest!

And to the troubled soul give unbought  
These are thy blessings, Light!—Yet  
not to thee [my knee,

Must praise or pray'r be made: but, on  
To that Omniscient source from whence  
you flow, [go;

My pray'r and praise, in union just, shall  
Pray'r for forgiveness to my erring soul,  
Too prone to yield to earth's impure con-  
trol; [pray'r,

Praise that I still have pow'r to raise that  
And for the joys I owe to heav'n's high  
care; [night,

Pray'r that I still may shun foul error's  
Till heav'n shall call me to its endless  
light!

*Completion of the BOUTS-RIMES proposed in  
our Magazine for March.*

HARVEST-HOME.—By J. M. L.

I LOVE to hear the merry strain,  
When day's bright glories are no more;  
When Ceres gives the farmer gain,  
And harvest yields its latest store.  
Then, as the goblet cup they hold,  
And quaff good ale, they heed not time;

Their bosoms own no influence cold\*  
But feel a peace unknown to *ma.*

'Tis not for men like these to weep.

Whose sinewy arms have all'd the  
ground,

Who oft have robb'd their eyes of sleep,  
And now their just reward have found.

Greatness may envy their best prize,

The prize of peace; for, in their sphere,

Peace may be found, while sparkling eyes

Show how her smile the soul can cheer.

*Another Completion.—The MISER.*

Yon wretch provokes th' indignant Muse's  
strain—

A miser he, an abject slave to gain.

No saint profess'd can worship Jesus more,

Than that vile, mercenary wretch his store,

Though full his chests, still more he thinks

they'll hold— [for gold:

Toils, starves, goes naked, pawns his soul

And what is the reward? To sigh and

weep!

He finds no joys awake, no rest in sleep,

But curses off the bright alluring prize,

That steals his bosom's peace, and slum-  
ber from his eyes. [time,

Ye sons of Mammon! there will come a

When you will own that a' rice is a crime.

Can gold exempt the body from the ground?

Is gold to heav'n a certain passport found?

Will gold prevail with Him who rules the

sphere? [cheer.

No! wretches! no!—nor your last moments

N. Petherton. ANONYMOUS.

*Imitations of the French Epigram proposed in  
our Magazine for March.*

The Shrewd FOOTMAN.—By J. C.

T'OTHER day, as Sam Spendall—a buck of

renown, [half a crown—

Whose word or whose note is not worth

Thus address'd a shrewd footman in quest

of a place, [your face;

“That you're honest, I think I can read in

And I'm pleas'd with your manner: but

still (do you see?)

A character's requisite, ere we agree.”—

“Very good, Sir!” said William, who well

knew his man— [plan.

“As a prudent precaution, I relish your

A character's requisite!—yes!—very true!

But remember, 'tis I that require it of

you.”

\* Gold was the proposed rhyme; but we  
presume, that, in the copy which fell into  
our author's hands, the initial G was in-  
distinctly printed so as to be mistaken for  
a C.



*Answer, by ANONYMOUS, N. Petherton.*  
 AN ostentatious, prodigal young lord,  
 Who looks contemptuously at those who  
 hoard, [name?] he cries.—  
 A lackey wants:—one comes:—“Your  
 “Tom Sharpe,” the youth, with reverence  
 low, replies:  
 “I’m mild, obliging, to employers true,  
 And—more than these, my lord—am honest  
 too.”— [pend?  
 “May I on this, your own account, de-  
 You have securities, no doubt, my friend?”—  
 “Explain, my lord: I don’t yet under-  
 stand:—  
 ‘Tis I, securities of your demand.”

#### *The GRAVE of LAUGHLIN.*

*From the original Irish, by Miss BALFOUR.*  
 FULL high in Kilbride is the grass seen to  
 wave, [grave;  
 That shadows, O generous Laughlin! thy  
 And oft, gallant chief! is its verdure re-  
 new’d— [dew’d.  
 By the tears of the widow and orphan be-  
 Where Boyne’s silver tide sweetly mur-  
 muring flows,  
 The rich yellow harvest luxuriantly grows;  
 But never again shall the stranger repair,  
 The fruits it shall yield, in thy mansion to  
 share.  
 The tones of the harp in that mansion  
 have ceas’d: [feast:  
 No more it resounds with the mirth of the  
 But each gentle bosom for thee breathes a  
 sigh, [eye.  
 And tears of affection obscure each bright  
 No trophies of victory point to thy tomb:  
 No laurels are planted around it to bloom;  
 But long shall thy mem’ry be dear to each  
 breast, [the blest.  
 While thy spirit on high is enthron’d with

#### *The ROSES,*

*Addressed to a Friend on the Birth of his  
 Child.*

*By Mr. MONTGOMERY.*

Two roses, on one slender spray,  
 In sweet communion grew,  
 Together hail’d the morning ray,  
 And drank the evening dew;  
 While sweetly wreath’d in mossy green,  
 There sprang a little bud between.  
 Through clouds and sunshine, storms and  
 show’rs,  
 They open’d into bloom,  
 Mingling their foliage and their flow’rs,  
 Their beauty and perfume;  
 While, foster’d on its rising stem,  
 The bud became a purple gem.  
 But soon, their summer splendour pass’d,  
 They faded in the wind:

Yet were these Roses, to the last,  
 The loveliest of their kind,  
 Whose crimson leaves, in falling round,  
 Adorn’d and sanctified the ground.  
 When thus were all their honours shorn,  
 The bud unfolding rose,  
 And blush’d, and brighten’d, as the morn  
 From dawn to sun-rise glows,  
 Till o’er each parent’s drooping head,  
 The daughter’s crowning glory spread.  
 My friends! in youth’s romantic prime,  
 The golden age of man,  
 Like these twin roses spend your time,  
 Life’s little ~~lasting~~ <sup>span</sup>;  
 Thus be your breasts as free from cares,  
 Your hours as innocent as theirs;  
 And in the infant bud that blows,  
 In your encircling arms,  
 Mark the dear promise of a Rose,  
 The pledge of future charms,  
 That o’er your with’ring hours shall shine,  
 Fair, and more fair, as you decline;  
 Till, planted in the realms of rest,  
 Where Roses never die,  
 Amidst the gardens of the blest,  
 Beneath a stormless sky,  
 You flow’r afresh, like Aaron’s rod,  
 That blossom’d at the sight of God.

#### *The VOICE of PRAISE.*

*By MARY RUSSEL MITFORD.*

THERE is a voice of magic pow’r,  
 To charm the old, delight the young—  
 In lordly hall, in rustic bow’r,  
 In ev’ry clime, in ev’ry tongue,  
 Howe’er its sweet vibration rang,  
 In whispers low, in poets’ lays,  
 There lives not one who has not hung,  
 Enraptur’d, on the voice of praise.  
 The timid child, at that soft voice,  
 Lifts for a moment’s space the eye.  
 It bids the fluttering heart rejoice,  
 And stays the step prepar’d to fly:  
 ‘Tis pleasure breathes that short quick  
 sigh,  
 And flushes o’er that rosy face;  
 Whilst shame and infant modesty  
 Shrink back with hesitating grace.  
 The lovely maiden’s dimpled cheek,  
 At that sweet voice, still deeper glows;  
 Her quiv’ring lips in vain would seek  
 To hide the bliss her eyes disclose;  
 The charm her sweet confusion shows,  
 Oft springs from some low broken word.  
 O praise! to her how sweetly flows  
 Thine accent, from the lov’d one heard!  
 The hero, when a people’s voice  
 Proclaims their idol victor near—



Feels he not then his soul rejoice,  
 Their shouts of love, of praise, to hear?  
 Yes! fame to gen'rous minds is dear—  
 It pierces to their inmost core;  
 He weeps who never shed a tear;  
 He trembles who ne'er shook before.

The poet too—Ah! well I deem,  
 Small is the need the tale to tell—  
 Who knows not that his thought, his  
 dream

On thee at noon, at midnight, dwell?  
 Who knows not that thy magic spell  
 Can charm his ev'ry care away,  
 In mem'ry cheer his gloomy cell,  
 In hope can lend a deathless day.

'Tis sweet to watch affection's eye,  
 To mark the tear with love replete,  
 To feel the softly-breathing sigh,  
 When friendship's lips the tones repeat;  
 But oh! a thousand times more sweet,  
 The praise of those we love to hear!  
 Like balmy show'rs in summer heat,  
 It falls upon the greedy ear.

The lover lulls his rankling wound,  
 By hanging on his fair one's name;  
 The mother listens for the sound  
 Of her young warrior's growing fame;  
 Thy voice can soothe the mourning dame  
 Of her soul's wedded partner riven,  
 Who cherishes the hallow'd flame,  
 Parted on earth, to meet in heaven!  
 That voice can quiet passion's mood,  
 Can humble merit raise on high;  
 And from the wise and from the good  
 It breathes of immortality.  
 There is a lip, there is an eye,  
 Where most I love to see it shine,  
 To hear it speak, to feel it sigh—  
 My mother! need I say 'tis thine?

*The Female WARRIOR.*

(From the "Siege of Acre," by Mrs. Cowley.)  
 Alarmed for the safety of her husband, who is  
 gone to fight on the ramparts, Ira puts on  
 masculine attire, and follows him to the scene  
 of action. Thence, in a sortie, she is hurried  
 by the crowd into the plain; and now—

AROUND her sink the dying and the dead.  
 She, frantic, tears the turban from her  
 head:

Her falling tresses catch no warrior's eye;  
 They only live to bleed, to kill, to die;  
 Her vaunted courage false with death so  
 near,

She's almost mad with soul-distracting fear.  
 At length an op'ning's made, through  
 which she darts, [there starts,  
 Skims o'er the sanguine field—here pants—  
 Her shining sabre in her right hand grasp'd,  
 The left her ringlet-hair unconscious  
 clasp'd: [he cried,

A Frenchman saw—"Safe aim! for me,"  
 And seiz'd his pistol quickly from his side.  
 "Expert enough, my youth, art thou to fly:  
 To give your speed a check, this aim shall  
 try."

He'd scarcely spoken ere the bullet flew,  
 Her bosom pierc'd, and forth its life stream  
 drew. [eye

She, tott'ring, fell—then, turn'd her fading  
 On him who seem'd almost himself to die:  
 His looks and actions blam'd his forward  
 zeal,

For murder'd beauty made a Frenchman  
 feel!

*On LUCIEN BONAPARTE'S Motto,*

"Lucco, non uro."

A WAG, requested to translate  
 The motto on the coach of state  
 That sets all Wales to stare in wonder—  
 "It means," he said, and scratch'd his  
 poll—

"It means, I *shine* with what I stole—  
 Not (like my brother) *burn* my plunder."

*Le MASQUE.*

LES yeux rouges, le teint plâtré,  
 Telle qu'une horrible Mègère,  
 Eglé part pour le bal, et, d'un ton de co-  
 lère,

Demande son masque égaré.  
 "Eh!" reprit un plaisant, à quoi bon ce ta-  
 page?

Pourquoi vous donner tant de soin?  
 Ce masque, belle Eglé, que vous cherchez  
 si loin,  
 Vous l'avez sur votre visage."

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



## FOREIGN AFFAIRS.

LETTERS from the Caracas, of the 10th of January, state that Miranda had been appointed to a high military command, by the Junta of the latter place; and that it had been found necessary to reinforce the army before Cora, the royalists being officered by Frenchmen.

Papers from Buenos Ayres, of the 21st January, state that the commander of the army of the North, D. Manuel Belgrano, had had an encounter with the people of Paraguay, in which he completely defeated them, and took a standard and some pieces of artillery.

*Norfolk (America), Feb. 25, 1811.*—The ship *Protectress*, Captain Wilson, which arrived yesterday from Liverpool, has been seized under the President's proclamation.

*Madrid, March 4.*—By a decree of the 2d instant, Joseph has exempted from tythes for ten years, sugar-canes, and their products, such as sugar, rum, &c.

From Jamaica papers of the beginning of March, it appears that the influx of foreigners had occasioned some uneasiness in the islands. At Nassau, in New Providence, the grand jury of the general court made a presentment stating this grievance, and recommended to the police to inquire and to take means for the safety of the colony. The same was done at Bahama.

*Constantinople, March 12.*—The Grand Seignior has rejected the propositions of peace which the Court of Russia lately made to him, and persists in the resolution of continuing the war with that power. In consequence, he is busily occupied in raising contingents and armaments of every description.

Extract of a letter from Captain Hoste, of his Majesty's ship *Amphion*, dated 14th March, off Lissa.—“This morning we fell in with the French squadron, consisting of five frigates, one corvette, one brig, two schooners, and one gun-boat, and completely defeated them. Our force, three frigates, and the *Voltage*. Although every ship has suffered severely, I am happy to say that my brother commanders are all well.—We captured and destroyed three frigates, and the remainder made their escape into Lissa, although one of the frigates had struck to us.”

*Swinsund, March 27.*—The merchandise found on board the vessels sequestered

here was burned this morning. The value of this merchandise amounted, according to the inventory made of it, to nearly 2,000,000 livres.

*March 27 and 28.*—A violent storm raged at Cadiz, in which about fifty vessels were lost, and three hundred persons perished.

*Antwerp, March 29.*—Two thousand four hundred Spanish prisoners have arrived here to labour on the fortifications in the new town, and at the basin.

*Memel, April 2.*—The goods of English manufacture which were found on board the ships confiscated in our port, and the value of which amounted to 1,200,000 livres, were publicly burned yesterday.

*Rugenwalde, April 3.*—The goods of English manufacture, found in the eight confiscated ships in this port, were burned on the 31st March. These goods were estimated at upwards of 1,000,000 of livres.

*Berlin, April 4.*—Our Court Gazette of this day contains a proclamation forbidding any Englishman, or indeed any foreigner, to enter any part of our territories without a passport.

*Stockholm, April 5.*—The king's health being nearly restored, he will soon resume the reins of government.

*April 14.*—The garrison of Olivenza, consisting of three hundred and ten men, surrendered at discretion to the allied army.

By advices from the continent, of April 15, it appears that the Russians are at length fully sensible of approaching warfare with France. They have formed an army of observation in Poland, consisting of 50,000 men, and countermanded the march of several corps towards the Danube.

*Heligoland, April 17.*—We have just received accounts of great disturbances having taken place at Outrick, in consequence of the severity of the French. The inhabitants rose on a sudden, and pulled down the French arms from the fronts of the public buildings, and broke them in pieces. The magistrates and soldiers were, at the same instant, secured. They tore the gold chains from the former, and compelled them to resign their authorities; the latter they disarmed, and drove out of the town. They deprived the officers of their swords, and broke them before their eyes. While this scene was going forward, a party of the insurgents went to the church, and rang the



bells, which, it appears, was a signal concerted with the neighbouring towns and villages; for we hear, that the people at Nordering have imitated the example of Outrick.

By advices from Holland, of April 19, we learn that there had been frequent disturbances in most of the sea-port towns, but that tranquillity had been restored by force of arms. These disturbances appear to have been principally occasioned by the dislike which the Dutch sailors have to enter into the naval service of France. For some time great exertions have been making to collect sailors to man the ships in the Scheldt, and a system, not unlike our own impress laws, has been rigidly enforced in all the ports. On the arrival of any of their ships or doggers, they were immediately searched, and all the young men found on board were sent to the men of war.—The discontents excited by this system at last broke out in acts of open resistance: but the opposition was carried on without union or concert, and, after the loss of a few lives, was entirely suppressed.

*April 20.*—Letters from the Mediterranean mention that the Deys of Algiers and Tunis had determined upon actual hostilities against each other, and were fitting out fleets to carry their designs into execution.

*Amsterdam, April 20.*—Some conscripts of the Jewish persuasion having revolted, they were, after a considerable struggle, overpowered by the troops that escorted them, and four of them shot by way of example to the others. This act of severity occasioned a numerous mob to assemble, consisting chiefly of women, who pelted the French officers and soldiers with stones and other missiles.—One officer was severely wounded on the head in the affray. The only act of outrage committed besides, was the cutting adrift some of the boats in which conscripts were put for the security of conveyance. A strong French force continued to parade the streets; and no persons were suffered to appear abroad, except upon urgent business, or with the permission of the French.

*Hamburg, April 25.*—Our soldiers have been sent away by the French by force: even old men, who had their discharge, have been obliged to march. Our poor-house, which contained 1,000 persons, has been converted into barracks, and the unhappy inmates have been let loose upon the town.

*April 29.*—The Spanish cortes have refused to appoint Lord Wellington generalissimo of their forces.

The French Imperial Almanac is published. After the name of the Emperor and Empress, we find the name of Napoleon Francis Charles Joseph, Imperial Prince, King of Rome.

*May 3.*—Information was received of the seizure of two British vessels in the waters of the United States, under the non-intercourse law.

*May 4.*—Ministers have received dispatches from Admiral Rowley, communicating to them the daring and outrageous proceedings of his imperial majesty Christophe. These dispatches were brought over by a naval officer, who had been sent to St. Domingo, to demand the restitution of a British vessel that had been confiscated. This gentleman was at the court of Christophe, and was received by him with all the forms and honors of an Ambassador. Christophe gave him a grand entertainment, at which the young black Princes and Princesses, the sons and daughters of the Emperor, were seated in state. There was an immense retinue of black Lords in waiting, all dressed in gala suits of scarlet and gold; a superb service of gold plate, and a dinner quite in the French style, served with magnificence.

Christophe is building himself a palace, at a short distance, but which is to be in the centre of a fortification, that, when finished, will be one of the strongest in the world. Immense sums are expending on this erection; and not only upon this work, but upon all that environs the establishment of a regular and powerful seat of government, a degree of skill, and a combination of means are employed which promise the most extensive results. The foundation of a navy is laid. The naval force under the flag of Hayti already consists of 1 frigate of 44 guns, 9 sloops of war, 6 brigs of 20 and 22 guns each, 6 brigs of 14 and 16 guns each, and a number of schooners, seldom carrying less than 100 men each.

*Lord Wellington.*—On the 5th of May, Lord Wellington gained a splendid victory over the French army under Massena. The latter, having, on the 3d, vainly attempted to introduce a supply of provisions into Almeida, which was blockaded by the allies, renewed the attempt on the 5th. This brought on a general engagement, in which the French were defeated, with great slaughter in the field, besides considerable



loss of men drowned in crossing three rivers in their retreat.—The battle commenced at day-break, and continued till night.—The French force was above 50,000—that of the allies under 30,000. The former lost 7000 in killed and wounded—the latter, 1940.—The Portuguese fought manfully.

*King Joseph.*—A letter from Gibraltar, of May 6, mentions that this usurper of the Spanish throne had betaken himself to flight; and a letter of the 15th, from Paris, announces his arrival in that capital.

*Plymouth, May 8.*—By a vessel just arrived from Bayonne, we learn that a number of French troops had been detached from the French armies in Spain nearest the Pyrenees, to join, it is supposed, the French armies in the north of Europe.

*May 9.*—According to letters from Vienna, Pius VII. has recently been again assailed, by the promises and menaces of Bonaparte's agents, to resign the pontifical dignity, which he has in a firm but temperate manner refused.

*May 9.*—D. Miguel Moreno, who was appointed secretary to his brother, D. Mariano Moreno, deputy from Buenos Ayres, has arrived in town. The deputy died on board the *Fame* two days after his embarkation. We learn by this opportunity, that the revolution was proceeding in Buenos Ayres with every prospect of success; that the South American cortes were immediately to be installed; and that the members assembled consisted of all distinctions of natives, both Creoles and Indians.

*May 9.*—The greatest preparations are making in Turkey to open the campaign. Servia is said to be in a state of great ferment, in consequence of Russia having occupied several of the fortresses. Czerni George and the Russians are hostile to each other, and some bloody actions have been fought between them. A strong Turkish fleet has entered the Black Sea.

*Gottenburg, May 11.*—A detachment of the fleet under the British Admiral has entered the Baltic Sea. No ships are allowed to proceed to the Prussian ports, not even such as are in ballast, and which therefore have no property liable to seizure in those harbours. All vessels destined to the Russian ports are allowed to proceed thither.

*May 13.*—Advices from Cadiz state, that, as one of the resources for the present war, the cortes had decreed the sale of the royal domains, reserving, however, the palaces, with the forests and territory immediately adjacent to the edifices.

Letters from Memel, dated the 14th of

May, mention that the Russian troops are withdrawing from the Prussian frontiers, and that the Prussian forces have been placed under the orders of the French General Rappe.

*May 16.*—Letters from Lisbon state, that much sickness prevails throughout the kingdom, especially among the peasantry. The hospitals are full:—by the returns sent to the medical board at the capital, it appears that upwards of 50,000 persons have died during the campaign of want and disease; and there is no adequate supply of medicines to relieve the unhappy victims.

*May 20.*—By letters from Tonnigen we learn, that an attempt was made to surprise and carry off into France the person of the king of Prussia. It happily failed.

The Dutch booksellers, printers, type-founders, and press-makers, are, by a late decree published at Amsterdam, to have their names and residences registered.

*Statement of the French Force which entered Spain from 1807, to Jan. 1, 1811.*

In 1807—Infantry	-	-	47,500
Cavalry	-	-	7,120
In 1808—Infantry	-	-	209,320
Cavalry	-	-	36,200
In 1809—Infantry	-	-	44,950
Cavalry	-	-	4,302
In 1810—Infantry	-	-	124,500
Cavalry	-	-	25,734
Total in the four years:			
Infantry	-	-	426,250
Cavalry	-	-	73,356
Employed in civil line	-	-	7,650
Guides, &c.	-	-	7,530
<hr/>			
Grand total	-	-	514,796
Artillery	-	-	820

From the 1st January, 1811, to the 26th, there had only entered Spain by Bayonne, 600 infantry and 180 horse.

Down to the 26th February, 1811, there had been marched into France, by way of Irun, 48,228 Spaniards, Portuguese, &c. prisoners.

From 1807, to 1811, not more than 53,000 of the French troops returned to France.

*May 23.*—A report has just reached this country from Egypt, that all the Mamelukes at Grand Cairo, near a thousand in number, were invited to a meeting on some pretended occasion of great importance; and, when peaceably assembled without arms, they were surrounded, and every one cut to pieces.—Elfi Bey and his whole family have been destroyed.



## DOMESTIC OCCURRENCES.

*His Majesty.*

In the latter part of April and the beginning of May, His Majesty was reported to be materially improving in body and mind; and he daily walked on the Terrace, unless prevented by bad weather. But, on the 25th of May, the bulletin announced him "not quite so well this week, as the week preceding;" and serious apprehensions appear to be entertained of an access of the dropsy. A swelling in his legs is said to have rendered walking inconvenient to him, and equestrian exercise more eligible. Accordingly, on the twentieth and subsequent days, he took the air on horseback in the Great Park, and still continues the practice; two persons holding the stirrups while he mounts, and a third holding the horses head.—On these occasions, he wears riding-stockings, and appears weak in mounting and dismounting.

*The Regent.*

*May 2.*—The Common Council of London voted, that the freedom of the city should be presented to the Prince in a box of British heart of oak.—The law officers of the crown, however, stated as their opinion, that the Regent, as a sovereign Prince, could not, consistently with his rank in the state, accept the freedom of any corporate body whatever: and on the 18th, when the Lord Mayor, Recorder, &c. waited on him with the present, His Royal Highness, after having politely acknowledged his sense of the honor intended to be conferred upon him, and his attachment to the corporation, expressed his regret that the spirit of the constitution prevented him from receiving it, in consequence of his station as Prince Regent.

*Protestant Dissenters.*—On May 9th, Lord Sidmouth presented to the house of Peers a bill to regulate the granting of licences to dissenting preachers, with the addition of certain new restrictions. This measure produced an immediate and universal alarm among Dissenters of all descriptions, and excited disapprobation among the liberal-minded members of the established church. Numerous and respectable meetings were immediately held: resolutions were passed, and petitions signed against it, with such promptitude, that, on the 21st, when the bill was to be read a second time, *several hundred* of those petitions were presented (*two hundred and fifty* by Lord Erskine alone) signed by many thousands of petitioners, Churchmen as well as Dissenters. The se-

cond reading was strongly opposed by many Peers,—among others, by the Archbishop of Canterbury; and, on the question being put, the bill was rejected.—In the course of the debate, Earl Stanhope announced his intention of introducing, in the next session of Parliament, a bill respecting religious liberty, founded on the equitable principle which prevails in the American United States, where all religions stand on a footing of perfect equality.—Of the petitions above mentioned, *three hundred and thirty six* arrived from within one hundred and twenty miles of London in forty-eight hours, all signed by males above the age of sixteen; and one was signed at Bristol by *two thousand* persons in a few hours.

*Irish Catholics.*

*April 15.*—An aggregate meeting of Protestant and Catholic gentlemen, freeholders and inhabitants of the county of Tipperary, was held at Tralee.—Viscount Lisimore took the chair; and the assembly unanimously voted an address to the Prince Regent, humbly entreating him to recommend to the parliament the immediate consideration of the Catholic claims.—A petition to the house of commons in favour of the Catholics was voted with equal unanimity.—The petition for the removal of his Grace the Duke of Richmond and Mr. W. Pole from their official situations in Ireland, has since been forwarded to England, with twenty-six thousand, seven hundred and thirty-eight signatures annexed.

*April 17.*—An unfinished house in Montague Square was burned down for the second time within twelve months. [*By mistake, it was represented, in the daily prints, as the house of "Lady" Montague in Portman Square; and their authority led us, in our last Number, into the same error.—We are not sure that there is such a title as "Lady" Montague.*]

*Quartern Wheaten Loaf.*—May 2, fourteen pence.—May 9, 16, and 22, the same.

*April 16.*—There was found in a field in the neighbourhood of Arbroath, a skylark's nest, containing three young larks well fledged.

*April 16.*—A public meeting was held at Liverpool (W. Roscoe, Esq. in the chair) for the purpose of raising a subscription for Mr. Finerty.

*April 19.*—A prisoner, confined for debt in the Marshalsea prison, applied to the court for his discharge, on the ground of his creditor having failed to pay him his sixpences in a legal manner. The creditor



had tendered him three shillings and a piece of silver resembling what now passes for *sixpence*; which, however, appeared to be a foreign coin. The Judge being of opinion this was not a legal tender, according to the act which directs that allowance to debtors should be paid in the lawful coin of the realm, ordered the debtor to be discharged.

*April 22.*—A porter at the White Horse Cellar was fined ten shillings and costs, for charging eighteen-pence for a parcel, the distance being under a mile, and sixpence being his portage.

*April 20.*—A fire broke out at the corner of Half-moon Alley, Bishopsgate-street. The house, being of wood, was burned to the ground in half an hour.—Eight persons perished in the flames. Two others escaped by jumping out of a window upon a feather bed.

*Gambling.*—*April 21*, at one of the fashionable gaming-houses, a young gentleman lost *twenty-four thousand pounds*!—The winner, a noble peer, has insisted on payment.

*Hustlers.*—*April 21*. A gentleman returning to town at night, went into a place of worship called the House of God, near the Bricklayer's Arms, St. George's Fields, which was extremely crowded, when a set of hustlers picked his pocket of 1500*l.* in notes and bankers' bills, with which they got clear off.

*April 22.*—A man was taken into custody, on a charge of purchasing guineas at the rate of 25*s.* each.

*April 22.*—A journeyman mechanic was charged with having attempted to emigrate to a foreign country, contrary to act of Parliament. The defendant had been engaged to manage a foundery in Russia, and had embarked on the voyage, when he was detained. He was held in sureties to appear when called on.

*April 23.*—An aged woman was defrauded of a dividend which she had just received at the bank, by a fellow running up to her, and persuading her that he was a clerk in the bank, and that she had received her dividend short.

*April 24.*—Mackarel sold in Billingsgate market at 40*l.* for one hundred fish, or 8*s.* per mackarel; and there was not a single fish left unsold.

*April 24.*—At the anniversary feast of the governors of the London Dispensary, 503*l.* were collected for that institution.

*April 25.*—The bank issued new stamped dollars to the several bankers, to the amount of 300*l.* each house.

*April 25.*—Mr. Foster, our newly ap-

pointed Ambassador to the United States of America, left town for Portsmouth, where he will immediately embark for America.

In a garden near Glasgow, the nest of a Missel bird, with young, ripe for flight, has lately been discovered. The Missel is the most majestic of the Thrush kind. The male delights to perch on the top of the loftiest tree, and to sing, especially in tempestuous weather, whence he has obtained the name of the Storm Cock. He also sings during the night; and his note is charming. It is but within these few years that this species has been so far north.

*April 27.*—William Dickins was brought to Bow-street police-office, charged with having purchased guineas at 24 shillings each.—The final investigation of the business was postponed.

The following trick has, within these two or three days, been attended with great success. A lusty man, apparently deranged, stands with a bludgeon and a pole, and has two dirty boys delivering hand-bills opposing the lottery. The wildness of the man's looks, and the incoherent jargon he holds forth, naturally excite curiosity, and whilst the multitude are gaping, two or three of the gang are employed in picking their pockets.

*April 29.*—In consequence of the additional penny on carriages, and halfpenny on horses, to commence the 7th of June next, the commissioners of Hyde-park turnpikes, by public auction, let their tolls to Messrs. Coulston, the former lessees, for the sum of 17,000*l.* per annum.

The following entries of Bullion were made at the Custom-house, in the course of last week:—For Dunkirk, 1514 oz. of gold in bars; 1170 oz. gold coin; 2517 oz. silver coin.—For Ostend, 477 oz. gold coin; 6467 oz. silver coin.

*April 30.* A Mr. Bald walked from St. Paul's Churebyard to Windsor in three hours and forty minutes.

*May 1*, between five and six o'clock in the evening, as Mr. Gaskin was coming out of the house of Sir Joseph Banks in Soho-square, he was accosted by a man who had the appearance of a gentleman; who asked him the hour of the evening; and, on the former pulling a gold watch out of his pocket, the latter snatched it out of his hand, and ran off. He was pursued three times round the square, when he made a sudden halt at the door of Carlisle House, drew out a large clasp knife, and threatened the life of any one who dared to approach him. A man, however, rushed in, and secured him.



*Marlborough-street, May 1.*—Joseph Wall was charged with having robbed Mr. Wheatley, on the king's highway, near Smithfield, on Sunday night, of his watch and seals. The prosecutor swore that he was asked the hour by the prisoner, and on pulling out his watch, the latter snatched it, and effected his escape. The prisoner was fully committed for trial.

*Westminster Meeting.*—*May 1*, a meeting of noblemen and gentlemen was held at Willis's Rooms, to raise a subscription for the relief of the Portuguese.—A sum of 3,771*l.* 5*s.* was immediately subscribed.

*May 2.* The common council of London raised the Recorder's salary from 1,500*l.* to 2,500*l.*

*Habeas Corpus.*—*May 3.* An application was made to the court of King's Bench, for a writ of Habeas Corpus for the release of an apprentice, 17 years of age, who had entered on board an Indiaman. It was refused, because the application had not been made by the youth himself.

*Parliamentary Reform.*—*May 3*, at a meeting of the Livery of London, at the City of London tavern, several strong resolutions were passed, insisting on the necessity of parliamentary reform.

*May 4.* The enemy's cruisers are daily capturing our merchant vessels, at the very mouth of Dover Harbour!

*May 6.* At Newmarket, lately, six horses, that had been entered to run for the Claret stakes, having all drank at one trough, were suddenly taken ill. One of them died: and, on examination, the water was found to be poisoned.—The Jockey Club have determined to offer a reward of a thousand guineas, with a life-annuity of a hundred pounds, for the detection of the perpetrator of that diabolical deed.

*May 8.* The weavers in the neighbourhood of Glasgow are now generally employed, although their wages are still greatly below the average rate. The patience which they exhibited under the severe pressure of last winter, entitles them to the warmest commendation.

*Vauxhall Bridge.*—*May 9*, Lord Dundas, as proxy for the Prince Regent, laid the first stone of the Vauxhall bridge.—On that subject, a punning rhimester has produced the following lines—

An Arch wag has declar'd, that he truly  
can say

Why the Prince did not lay the first stone  
The Restrictions prevented—the reason is  
clear:

The Regent can't meddle in making a *Pier*.

*Mr. Lancaster's System of Education.*—

*May 11.* At a numerous and respectable meeting of the patrons of this system, it

was stated, that, by means of it, above 25,000 children have been provided with instruction;—that, of 7000 educated at the free school in the Borough, no instance has been known of any one having been charged with a criminal offence in any court of justice;—and that several boys of 13 or 14 years of age have superintended that and other schools with as great facility as the master himself.—At a subsequent meeting, a liberal subscription was made for that truly useful institution.

*May 13.* A ship has arrived from this country at Havre de Grace, laden with dollars, to the amount of 35,000*l.* and several other vessels, with like cargoes, have been entered at the custom-house on the same destination.

*Asylum for the Deaf and Dumb.*—*May 14.* At the annual meeting of the patrons of that institution, the amount of subscriptions, &c. was 1,821*l.* 6*s.* 6*d.*

*Country Banks.*—*May 15*, in a debate in the House of Commons, it was stated that the number of these banks in England amounts to seven hundred and seventy seven.

*Sons of the Clergy.*—*May 16*, at the anniversary of this institution, the sum collected was 904*l.* 18*s.*

*Extortion.*—*May 16*, in the Court of King's Bench, the three revenue officers, convicted of having extorted money for the release of contraband goods (as mentioned in our last Number), were sentenced to confinement, viz. Phillips and Easton for two years.—Barrow for fourteen months, as he had already been ten months in prison.

*Sir Francis Burdett.*—*May 17.* The long pending suit of Sir Francis against the Speaker of the House of Commons was finally determined against the Baronet in the Court of King's Bench; the judges (Lord Ellenborough, Justice Grose, and Justice Bailey) having unanimously decided that the action could not be maintained.

*Portuguese Subscription.*—*May 17.* The sums, received at the City of London tavern, amounted to near forty nine thousand pounds.—The Primate of Ireland has subscribed four thousand; not included in the above.

*Ladies' subscription for the Portuguese Women and Children.*—Several ladies have opened a subscription for the relief of the women and children of the suffering Portuguese.—The Marchioness of Lansdown, Countess of Liverpool, Viscountess Wellington, and the Hon. Mrs. Villiers, have undertaken to promote this benevolent plan. No greater sum than five pounds will be received from any subscriber: but the smallest donations will be accepted.—Mr. Pearce (87, Pall Mall) has been appoint-



ed to receive the subscriptions.—Another subscription, for the same purpose, has since been instituted at the Mansion-house, by the Lady Mayoress, Lady Curtis, Mrs. Combe, Lady Price, and Lady Perring.

*French Eagles and Standards.*—May 18. Six eagles and six standards—among others, the “*invincible standard*”—taken from the French by our troops in different actions, were, with great ceremony, deposited in the Royal Chapel, Whitehall.

May 18. In Covent-garden market, green peas were sold at eight shillings per quart, and moss roses, which had blown in the open air, at one shilling each.

*Tulips.*—At the late Mr. J. Mason’s sale of tulips at Peckham Rise, the collection, although only a part, the former having been sold last year, produced upwards of a thousand pounds.

May 20. The Rev. Rowland Hill laid the first stone for a new range of almshouses, in Gravel-lane, in the Borough, for poor aged females of good morals. There is also to be erected, at the same place, a school of industry. The whole will cost upwards of 3,000 guineas, to be raised by subscription.

*Conspiracy.*—May 22. In the court of King’s Bench, four persons, of the name of Luna, were sentenced to imprisonment for different periods, of twelve, six, and three months, for “a conspiracy” to solicit and induce the non-commissioned officers and privates of the garrison at Norman Cross, to permit straw to be introduced to the French prisoners there, to be wrought into plat and platted works; the manufacture of platted straw being an exception to the general permission allowed by government to the prisoners of war to employ their industry in every other work of art.

*Ruin.*—May 22. About half past two in the morning, a house at Seven Dials fell to the ground. Of the unfortunate inhabitants, some were killed, others shockingly mangled.

May 25. The Duke of York was re-appointed Commander in chief.

BORN.

April 20. Of the relic of the Hon. Wilboughby Bertie, a posthumous son and heir.

April 22. Of Mrs. Blundell, Crosby Hall, Lancashire, a son and heir.

April 23. Of Lady Caroline Capel, a daughter.

April 23. Of Lady Emily Drummond, a daughter.

April 29. Of Mrs. Grimes, Devonshire Place, a daughter.

May 2. Of the lady of John Lewis Goldsmid, Esq. a son.

May 2. Of the lady of Brigade-Major Morris, a son.

May 3. Of the lady of Francis Freeling, Esq. of the general post-office, a son.

May 5. Of Mrs. Pilgrim, Hampstead, a daughter.

May 7. Of Mrs. Halliburton, Guilford Street, a daughter.

May 13. Of Mrs. Collinson, Chantry, Suffolk, a daughter.

May 15. Of Mrs. Parker, Sloane Terrace, Chelsea, a daughter.

May 22. Of Mrs. Bishop, Russel Place, Fitzroy Square, a son.

MARRIED.

April 23. Joseph Morris, Esq. Ampthill Beds, to Miss Martha Pryor.

April 25. Rev. W. Tyner, Rector of Upmarden, Sussex, to Miss Sarah Colson.

April 29. John Dorset Bringham, Esq. of the king’s dragoon guards, to Miss Francis Maria Gore.

April 30. H. T. King, Esq. of Soho Square, to Miss Knight, of Sloane Street.

April 30. William Gowan, Esq. of the Bengal establishment, to Miss Helen Abercromby.

May 1. John Smith, Esq. M. P. for Nottingham, to Miss Leigh.

May 4. John Baskerville Glegg, Esq. of Whittington Hall, Cheshire, to Miss Anne Barker.

May 7. The Rev. Geo. Murray, to Lady Sarah Maria Hay.

May 11. Rear-Admiral W. Hargood, to Miss Maria Cocks.

May 13. Col. Francis W. Grant, M. P. to Miss Mary Anne Dunn.

May 15. Lieut. Col. James Orde, to Miss Margaret Beckford.

May 16. Rev. Dr. Davy, master of Caius College, Cambridge, to Miss Stevenson.

May 16. Thomas Geo. French, of Marino, county of Cork, to Miss Charlotte Greenfell.

May 18. Dr. Outram, of Hanover Square, to Mrs. Corne, of East Acton.

DECEASED.

April 26. Sir James Murray Pulteney, bart.—On the 20th, as he was trying a gun, a flask of powder exploded in his hand: part of it struck his right eye, which it totally destroyed, and entered the head through the socket of the eye.—He died worth 800,000*l.*

May 1. Lady Essex Finch, daughter of the late Earl of Winchelsea.

May 1. Juliana, eldest sister to John Newdigate Ludford, Esq. and niece to the late Sir Roger Newdigate, bart.

May 2. Vice-admiral W. Hancock Kelly.

May 3. Aged 65, Thomas Kemp, Esq.



representative of the borough of Lewes, in six parliaments.

*Lately*, at Exeter, Mary Discombe, *aged* 102. She had 18 children, 37 grandchildren, and 32 great-grand-children.

*Lately*, in the parish of Fintry, Stirlingshire, Mr. John Duan, farmer, *aged* 103.

*Lately*, in the poor-house at Whitehaven, Olivia Grears, *aged* 104.

*May* 4. In her 70th year, Mrs. Rowlatt, relict of W. Rowlatt, Esq. of Charter-house square, whom she survived only three weeks.

*May* 5. At Kenton, in Scotland, Mrs. Margaret Milbourn, *aged* 104.

*May* 6. At Upton upon Severn, Catharine, wife of Col. Houstoun.

*May* 6. Rear-admiral Greaves.

*May* 7. At the house of Mr. H. Fry, Bedford Place, Russel Square, in his 80th year, Richard Cumberland, Esq. author of the "West Indian," the "Observer," &c. a native of Ireland, and son of Dr. Cumberland, Bishop of Kilmore. He was interred in Poets' Corner, Westminster Abbey.

*May* 7. W. Boscawen, Esq. the elegant translator of Horace, and a commissioner of the Victualling-office.

*May* 7. Emilia, the lady of Lieut. Col. Joseph Westenra.

*May* 7. Henry William Bunbury, Esq. brother of Sir T. C. Bunbury, bart.

*May* 8. The Countess of Stafford, relict of the late Earl, and since of Horace Churchill, Esq.

*Lately*, at Paris, Georgiana, only daughter of Caroline, Countess of Milford.

*May* 9. At Layer Briton Parsonage, Essex, the Rev. Julius Hutchinson, in his 61st year.

*May* 14. Antony Ashley Cooper, Earl of Shaftesbury. Having died without male issue, he is succeeded, in his titles, by his brother, Cropley Ashley Cooper.

*May* 20. Lady Day, relict of the late Sir John Day.

*May* 21. Robert Chatfield, Esq. Croydon.

*May* 22. At Streatham, *aged* 52, and deeply regretted by a numerous and respectable acquaintance, Mr. George Robinson senior, of Paternoster-Row, bookseller, whose memory will long be cherished by many eminent literary characters, who have experienced the uniform rectitude and liberality of his dealings.

#### APPENDIX.

There is now living at the village of Tebury, in Staffordshire, five miles from Burton-upon-Trent, Mrs. Ann Moor, who has lived, or rather existed, without food, for three years and a half; and without any

liquor, not even so much as a glass of water, for two years and a half. In respect to the use of her frame, all the lower parts up to her body are useless, and totally dead. Her legs are bended under her, and their sinews grown stiff—her voice is low and faint, but accurately distinct—she takes snuff, and is now in her 50th year.

Oil, very little, if at all, inferior to the best Italian, has been extracted in Jamaica from the cotton seed.

On the field of battle at Barrosa, after the glorious victory, by the body of a French officer killed, was discovered a fine true French poodle dog, licking his master's face, and was, with some difficulty, and seeming reluctance on his part, removed from his situation of fidelity. The dog is in the possession of an English naval officer.

A small island has lately emerged from the sea to the north of Moscoe. It is ten miles long, and five broad, and bears no marks of volcanic origin.

Accounts from Bengal state, that a dreadful fire broke out at Unmerapoor, kingdom of Ava, on the 10th of March, 1810, which entirely destroyed the town and fort, including the palace, temples, and 20,000 houses. The governor, in order to compel the inhabitants to assist in preserving the place, ordered the gates to be shut, and thus reduced them to the dreadful alternative of leaping from the walls, or being burned to death in the streets. About 1200 preferred the latter, and 2000 were dashed to pieces in attempting the former.

The Indian government has offered a remuneration of 6000*l.* for the importation of the cochineal insect into their territory from the coast of South America.

A company of gentlemen and booksellers has been incorporated in New Jersey (United States), under the title of the Franklin society, with a capital of 750,000 dollars, for the purpose of importing and printing books, and establishing a paper manufactory and type-foundry.

Since Bonaparte has lost the opportunity of sending those who were obnoxious to him to Cayenne, he has obtained permission of Alexander to forward them to Siberia—and it is affirmed, that, in the course of fifteen months, more than 60 French republicans have been sent to Kamtschaka.

Many proprietors of sea-side land in Jamaica have, by the manufacture of barilla, or marine alkali, obtained great profit. The marine alkali is indigenous to the soil, and grows, with the greatest luxuriance, wild.