LA BELLE ASSEMBLÉE.

FASHIONS

For NOVEMBER, 1807.

EXPLANATION OF THE PRINTS OF FASHION.

No. 1.—An Evening Dress.

A round train gown of clear muslin, or leno, over white satin, tamboured in a snail pattern, and ornamented at the feet and round the bosom with rosets of gold, or coloured velvet; a full puffed sleeve trimmed with the same, and gathered in the centre of the arm with a topaz stud. Brooch and earrings to correspond. Hair confined close behind, and formed in irregular curls on the crown and forehead, with a few negligent ringlets on the left side; a diadem *à-la-Chinese*, composed of wrought gold and fine pearl; gold elastic, topaz, or pearl necklace. India long shawl, of a flame, or orange colour. White satin shoes, and gloves of French kid.

No. 2.—A Morning, or Walking Dress.

A plain round gown of French cambric, a walking length, scolloped at the feet; a plain square bosom, embroidered at the edge. A French coat of purple velvet, with long Spanish sleeve, finished all round with a border composed of shaded chenille. A Yeoman hat of the same material, turned up in front in a triangular form, finished at the extreme edge with a border the same as the coat, and ornamented on the crown with a raised button and rich cord and tassel; a girdle of purple ribband terminated with the same. Purple velvet, or kid shoes, and York tan gloves. With this dress is usually worn an embroidered shirt, with Vandyke ruff, or a chemisette of twill cambric, or small quilted satin, trimmed *à-la-militaire*.

No. 3.

A round gown of French cambric, a walking length, ornamented at the feet with muslin in reversed puckers; a short full sleeve, with long York tan gloves above the elbow, reaching towards the edge of the sleeve (but the long plaited sleeve is considered as more appropriate to this style of costume). A Helmet hat of basket willow, ornamented with amber-coloured ribband, and a small sun-flower, or *demi* sturtion wreath in front. A long Angola shawl, a deep orange colour, with shaded fringe and border; worn in the Russian style. A gold neck-chain, and heart with patent spring; which, when pressed, opens and discovers the eye of your lover, relative, or friend, beautifully executed on ivory, and finished with an enamelled border. Shoes of black velvet, or purple kid, with velvet bindings, and tied with amber ribband.

No. 4.—Walking Dress.

A round cottage gown of jaconot, or japan muslin, made high in the neck, with long twisted sleeve, and full tops; front of the waist designed in a neat pattern of satin-stitch and open-hems, and ornamented round the bottom with fluted muslin. A slouched hat of satin straw, or imperial chip, with a figured silk handkerchief, a bright *Coquelicot*, formed in bows on the crown, and brought under the chin. A military scarf of double elastic knitting, twisted once round the throat, crossing the back and bosom, with the ends thrown in graceful negligence over the right arm. Shoes of crimson, or light brown velvet; and gloves of York tan, or pale brown kid.

GENERAL OBSERVATIONS
ON THE MOST SELECT AND ELEGANT *FASHIONS FOR THE SEASON.*

THE varied tints of the sickening foliage proclaim the decline of the vegetable world, and nature gradually sinks into her annual rest. The advanced state of the season has impelled the migration of our fair fashionables from their summer rambles and autumnal haunts; and we find them daily resorting to their mother-country, the metropolis. The reanimated aspect of our popular streets and squares, bear semblance of the return of hospitality; while taste and fashion dispense their numerous treasures, and announce the approach of the Loves and the Graces. The rich genius of invention was never more apparent than in the present diversified offerings which are exhibited at the shrine of fashion and elegance. Beauty asks not now in vain the aid of external ornament—a multiplied collection is before her, and she has only to select with judgment and combine with effect, to appropriate her outward appearance so as to form a prepossessing specimen of internal loveliness and worth; the portrait of our countrywomen will then be complete. Reverting to this end, we felicitate the moderate extension of the waist, and the advanced and increased shading of the bosom. We are friends to an appropriate and correct distinction, and wish not the bust and arms to be completely covered in the evening costume, we are desirous only that the nicely poised medium which blends taste with delicacy, and fashion with decorum, should be at all times preserved.

Most prudent this, and most discerning she,
Who thus the secret keeps of pleasing;
Thus shall ye keep the hearts thy charms have won.

In our last Number we gave a full description of the Rugen mantle, or Swedish wrap; this elegant and novel article still retains its place among those females of rank and fashion who pride themselves on a tasteful singularity. We have now, however, to add several other articles in this line, which are equally eminent in fashionable notoriety. The mantle of scarlet kerseymere, reaching to the feet, with a high standing collar, confined round the throat with a rich cord and tassels, which reach to the bottom of the waist. These cardinals, or mantles, are trimmed entirely round with scarlet velvet, laid flat, of about a nail in depth, and are particularly distinguishing, appropriate, and becoming.

French coats, or pelisses, are not now permitted to reach the bottom of the petticoat within a quarter of yard. They are at this season worn open, in the robe style, with chemisettes *à-la-militaire* of white satin, figured silk, or twill cambric; they are composed chiefly of velvet, a purple or flame colour, and trimmed with mole skin or swansdown, and some are formed of white satin; but this latter article is appropriate only to the carriage costume. We have seen several coats of light blue sarsnet; but such habits we cannot recommend, either as consistent or becoming; light blue is too chilling a colour for an autumnal selection, and single sarsnet of too slight a texture to convey an idea of comfort or utility. Hats of the Yeoman form, with triangular fronts, formed of velvet, quilted satin, or scarlet kerseymere, checked with white satin or velvet, are new and elegant articles. The edge of these hats are ornamented similar with the trimming which finishes the pelisse, or mantle. Morning bonnets of the Cottage, or Scotch form, composed of the satin-straw, are generally esteemed; and a few Spanish hats of the same, together with those of imperial chip, with full corkscrew edges, ornamented with an autumnal flower in front, are observable in carriages. The Nun's hood, the cap and mob Anne Boleyn, with small half handkerchiefs variously disposed, form the most distinguishing covering for the head in this line.

In full dress, the hair with wreaths, flowers, and ornaments in jewellery, is considered as most fashionable. The veil is now entirely laid aside as an head-dress; but we think our *elegantes* will find no decoration more interesting or becoming. There is a considerable variation in the articles of gowns and robes since our last communication. Morning dresses are chiefly composed of cambric, or jaconot muslin; and the waist and sleeves are worked in a small but full pattern of embroidery in satin-stitch and open-hems. Mull muslin, with the raised coral spot, finished at the feet with a similar beading, terminating at the extreme edge with a narrow Vandyke lace, is an article of considerable attraction. With these dresses are worn the full plaited, or surplice sleeve, which is gathered at the wrist in a deep cuff, and trimmed with a Vandyke lace. The bosom is made to sit close to the form, and is gored with the same coral beading as ornaments the dress; for an evening it is cut low round the neck, and worn with a simple tucker of Vandyke lace; if worn as a morning habit, it is either made high in the neck and finished with a deep Vandyke ruff *à la Mary Queen of Scots*, or the throat and bosom is covered with a chemisette, or embroidered shirt. This chaste ornament, so long and so justly esteemed for its delicacy and utility, is now worn with a double plaiting of Vandyke muslin, forming a very high and stiff frill, which sits close round the throat, and is sloped to a point at the chin. The winged ruff forms a dignified and fashionable appendage to the evening dress. For

short sleeves we know of none more select than the double Vandyke; the crescent sleeve, and the full puffed sleeve, formed in three divisions, with bands of lace, needle-work, silver, or gold. The fronts of dresses are generally cut to fit the form; and where the bust is finely turned, we know not of any fashion which can be more advantageous; but to a spare figure we recommend a little more embellishment. Round gowns are now so constructed by the French gores, as to have no gathers at the bottom of the waist. Plaid ribbands and scarfs have been introduced within this last fortnight; the latter is twisted round the throat, crosses the back, and falls in irregular lengths down the figure in front, the ends finished with correspondent tassels. The long India shawl of crimson, or orange, is much used as an evening wrap. We never recollect the period when the varied and tasteful disposition of this graceful ornament produced so attractive and becoming an effect. French aprons are less distinguishing than formerly, and Grecian drapery of airy texture, gives place to the pliant and graceful folds of satin, kerseymere, and velvet, more appropriate for the season. Amidst the most fashionable articles in trinkets we observe the Paroquet brooch, as an ornament at once beautiful and unique, it has scarce any competitor. Coral ornaments, together with bright amber, deep topaz, and garnets, variously designed, are in general esteem; and shells set in gold, as brooches for gowns, and in bandeaus, and diadems for the hair, are amidst the fashionable display. The Pigeon brooch (this emblematic ornament which so recently graced the bosoms of our fair fashionables) has in a great degree been exploded for the above-mentioned more novel ornaments. Can it be judicious thus to banish the turtle from its nest? Shoes are now chosen of white, orange, crimson, or green velvet; for the streets, black and brown of various shades. The new colour for the season is a shading of orange and scarlet, blended so as to represent a bright flame, or pale orange colour. The tartan plaid is just introduced, and it is thought will remain a favourite during the winter. Purple, crimson, morone, and dark green, have also their share in a fashionable selection.

LETTER ON DRESS.

Epistolary display of the Taste and Fashions for the Season, communicated in a letter from Eliza to Julia.

MY DEAREST JULIA, *Portman-square.*

WE left the hospitable and elegant mansion of Henley-Grove only three days since; so that amidst the early arrivals in the metropolis you will see announced that of my uncle's family. Sensible as we all profess ourselves to the pleasures of a London residence when autumn's beauties fade, and drooping nature mourns her sad decline, yet we should have continued a few weeks longer in that abode of splendour and fascination, but business of an urgent nature called my uncle to town, and though somewhat too early, my aunt proposed we should complete the family cavalcade. So here we are again, my dear Julia, joining the fashionable throng; and here I am destined to remain during the winter, it being resolved that I quit not these kind relatives till I have assisted at the wedding of my cousin Mary, who is to become the bride of Lord L—— M——, early in the spring. With this splendid match in view, we promise ourselves a most brilliant winter campaign. I shall endeavour to atone for my lengthened absence from friendship and Julia, by continuing to transmit her progressive accounts of our movements, and by a detail of such fashionable descriptions as shall continue her unrivalled in taste and elegance amidst the *belles* of Truro. I have pledged myself never to allow my pleasures to infringe on the sacred claims of relative affection, or to weaken those cords which bind me to friendship and you.

We have been three days in town—have visited all the fashionable shops, purchased many fashionable articles, been once to the theatre, and last night sported with the gay throng at Lord M——'s splendid ball. Five hundred cards were issued on the occasion; and four sets arranged themselves for the waltz, reels, and cotillions, dressed in the true Arcadian style; while the more steady nymphs appeared in velvet, satin, or cloth of so fine a texture that its folds, varying with each motion of the figure, exhibited at once the most expressive grace and novel elegance. You know, dear Julia, how immediately my spirits rebound at the sound of sprightly music, and how completely my heart is in unison with my heels when a ball is the order of the evening. Mary and myself did our best; we passed an evening highly-gratifying, and footed it with all our hearts. Here was the new made bride, Lady L——, and her sister-in-law, the Honourable Miss C—— W——, both meteors that blazed with no ordinary lustre last winter amidst the *haut ton*, attracting numerous sparks of fashion in their train. Matrimony (so awful in its nature) has not rendered her Ladyship either sober or sad; for she danced and trifled with infinite spirit, and looked beautiful as ever. The display of English heroes was as great this evening as that of British beauties. Amidst the former was the far-famed defender of Acre, who has been so often the subject of your enthusiastic panegyric. I had never before seen him; and as you admire him through

the medium of reported excellence, independent of personal knowledge, I propose conveying you by the next packet, the most accurate likeness that was ever taken of this celebrated hero; it is a bronze medal, with his name (Sir Sidney Smith) engraved in the Roman style around the head; and on the reverse is a triumphal crown, encircling the appropriate motto of "*Cœur de Lion.*" As many of our fair Truro friends will probably wish to possess the resemblance of a hero of so much worth and valour, I will just tell you that the medal is sold at the moderate price of half-a-guinea, at Lindsell's, Bookseller, Wimpole-street, Cavendish-square; and is considered one of the most classic and striking likenesses that ever came from the hand of a medalist.

I suppose, Julia, I should not be forgiven were I to conclude this epistle without saying something on the subject of personal decoration. A long list of observations to this effect will therefore be enclosed for your edification; and I shall occupy the remainder of this letter with a few choice descriptions, which you may consider as *chef d'œuvres* of taste and fashion. Mary has this moment received from her milliner a Cassock pelisse of white satin, trimmed with gossamer fur; it is made without a cape, and flows open in front, with a College vest of the same. With this elegant and fashionable coat she is to have the new Sultana hat, composed of the same material; it is turned up in front, in the form of a crescent, lined with bright amber velvet, and ornamented with an Angola feather of the same colour, or with a wreath of the sturtion flower. My aunt has presented me with a pelisse, and hat of similar construction, but composed of violet velvet, trimmed with mole skin. My hat, however, differs in a degree from Mary's, being formed entirely of velvet the colour of my pelisse, embroidered at the edge (where it turns up) in a fancy border of a pale amber colour, with a cord and tassel ornamenting the crown. Mary has ordered a most superb robe of the finest flame-coloured cloth (which is now become quite the rage amongst females of rank and taste); it is embroidered in a rich gold border round the train and bosom. It buttons down the back with gold buttons, and a row of the same is placed down the front of the waist. It has a long Bishop's sleeve of the clearest French lawn, striped, and finely plaited between each stripe. It is gathered into an embroidered wrist-band, above which is seen the new Ludovica bracelet, of a similar construction with those presented by the Emperor of Austria to his bride elect. With this dress Mary intends wearing her hair fancifully disposed, and ornamented with a diadem of brilliants *à-la-Chinese*, with earrings and necklace to correspond. At the ball, last evening, were several dancing dresses made simply round, and formed of blossom, white, or amber satin, decorated at the feet and round the bosom and sleeves with Vandyke, or scolloped lace. This last-mentioned ornament is now however become so general that it will soon decline in fashionable estimation. Amidst the brilliant throng assembled this evening, I was much struck with the beauty and singular appearance of two young women dressed in slight mourning; and who I afterwards found to be the two Misses J——s, who were the reigning *belles* at Cheltenham and Worthing during the season. Their attire this evening consisted of a round train dress of black gossamer satin, rising to the edge of the throat, where it finished in a kind of neck-band, formed of three rows of fine pearl. A fine silver filagree net was extended over the bust in front, somewhat like the bibs worn by the antients; and it was terminated at the bottom of the waist with an elastic band, and large acorn tassels of silver. To these dresses were attached the long Bishop sleeve like those already described as chosen by Mary, except that these were of plain French lawn, clearer than any I have ever before seen, and plaited with the utmost delicacy. On their heads they wore turbans of grey chambrey, thickly frosted with silver; these were fancifully disposed, yet much in the Indian style. But the most attractive part of this interesting costume was a Jerusalem rosary, formed of the beads called *Virgin's tears.* This rosary was worn round the neck, reached a quarter of a yard below the waist, and from the centre was suspended the Red Cross of the Knights of St. John of Jerusalem; at the extreme edge of which hung an emerald emblematic of the Koran, tending to shew the supremacy of the Christian faith over that of Mahomet. White satin slippers, wove in a pattern of filagree, or rock-work in silver, with Opera fans of carved amber, completed this singularly attractive costume. Figure to yourself, dear Julia, two girls of uncommon beauty, of graceful air and stature, thus attired; and wonder not that they were the reigning planets of the evening.—Adieu! I leave you, dear friend, impress with their images, and hasten to bid you a good night.

Ever your

ELIZA.

London: Printed by and for J. BELL, *Southampton-street, Strand*, 1807.

LA BELLE ASSEMBLÉE,

OR,

Bell's

COURT AND FASHIONABLE MAGAZINE,

FOR NOVEMBER, 1807.

EMBELLISHMENTS.

1. An elegant Portrait of HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN OF ETRURIA, AND HER SON.
2. FOUR WHOLE-LENGTH FIGURES of LADIES in the London Fashions for the Month.
3. An ORIGINAL SONG, set to Music for the Harp and Piano-Forte, expressly and exclusively for this Work, by J. ADDISON.
4. An elegant NEW PATTERN for NEEDLE-WORK.

London: Printed by and for J. BELL, *Proprietor of the* WEEKLY MESSENGER, *Southampton-Street, Strand, December* 1, 1807.

Bell's

COURT AND FASHIONABLE

MAGAZINE,

For NOVEMBER, 1807.

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES

OF

ILLUSTRIOUS LADIES.

The Twenty-fourth Number.

HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN OF ETRURIA.

MARIA LOUISA JOSEPHINA, the Queen Dowager, Regent of the kingdom of Etruria, was born at Madrid on the 17th of July, 1782, and is the daughter of Charles IV. King of Spain, and of his Queen Louisa Maria Theresa, born a Princess of Parma. She was married to her first cousin, the late King of Etruria, on the 25th of August, 1795. They were both descendants of Philip V. the grandson of Louis XIV. and made by him a King of Spain, and acknowledged as such by England and all other countries by the treaty of Utrecht in 1713.

After the series of victories won over the Germans in 1800, the French Government resolved to change the grand duchy of Tuscany into a kingdom, and reward the promptitude with which Spain had made peace by granting the crown of Etruria to a Spanish prince. The treaty of Luneville sanctioned the ascension of the Infant of Spain to the Etrurian throne, and the silence of all the sovereigns of Europe acknowledges the legitimacy of the new monarch's title.

The virtue and mildness of the royal couple, vanquished the prejudices which their new subjects could not refrain from entertaining; and in a short time peace and content reigned through the whole kingdom.

In 1803 this Princess mourned the loss of her husband. He was a man of a weak mind and constitution, ambitious and timid, superstitious and irresolute, but the mildness of his temper and his untimely death, at the age of thirty-two, caused him to be sincerely regretted. He left a son, Charles Louis II. born on the 22d of December, 1799, and a daughter, born some months after his death. The son succeeded him, and the Queen Dowager was proclaimed Queen Regent during his minority.

When Bonaparte had ascended the imperial throne, it is reported that he sent Eugenius de Beauharnais to ask the hand of the royal widow; who returned a polite refusal.

Secured from the fear of foreign enemies by the same hand that has overturned and created kingdoms, this Princess dedicates all the blooming hours of her youth to a strict performance of the duties of her station, and all her cares to the prosperity of her subjects and the education of her children.

ORIGINAL COMMUNICATIONS.

PAULINA; OR, THE RUSSIAN DAUGHTER.

ANOTHER HISTORY OF THE RUSSIAN LADY WHICH WAS INSERTED IN OUR LAST MAGAZINE, AS VERSIFIED BY MR. MERRY.

SINCE the foregoing story was written we have discovered a poem on the same subject, by the late Mr. Robert Merry, who published it in in 1787; of which we shall give a copious account, as it has become extremely scarce.

It is entitled, "Paulina; or, the Russian Daughter;" and is comprised in a thousand and ten lines, divided into two parts. The motto we have taken as selected by the poet.

In the Preface he says:—"As the affecting and extraordinary combination of circumstances that overwhelmed the unfortunate Paulina, appeared to me, upon first hearing, not unworthy of the generous sympathy of a British public, I caused a simple relation of the same to be printed in a London newspaper, in the month of September, 1783. What impression that account made I know not, but I hope it was not such as to render improper this attempt of treating the subject in verse. And I trust the ensuing pages may in some degree serve to show, that unremitting parental severity tends to excite in youthful minds a fatal terror, which the weakness of nature is unable to encounter, and which oftentimes the maturity of reason and reflection is insufficient to overcome. From this story also we may be taught to consider, that confidence and security are not for mortals; that the most pure of heart, the most noble of sentiment, and the most innocent of intention, are hourly liable to be involved in all the horrors of guilt, infamy, and despair, from the mere operation of human imbecility, and a hapless train of unforeseen events. Several persons of character and distinction in Russia have given testimony to the reality of the transactions which I have endeavoured to describe, and which happened in a remote part of that extensive empire."

The story in the poem varies from that already given. We shall tell part of it in the Poet's own words, with a few lines in prose necessary to connect the selections, which also include the variations.

"For twice nine summers had the matron's care
To ev'ry virtue train'd the pliant fair;
Alas! twelve moons had sadly waned away,
Since in the tomb that friend, that mother lay."

One moonlight evening, whilst walking on the terrace, she heard a plaintive love-song addressed to her in a manly voice.

"The youth advanc'd before th' astonish'd maid;
A round his limbs no wint'ry robe was cast
T' oppose the fury of the searching blast,
But in despite of cold, his bosom bare
Betray'd a careless desolation there."

This she perceived more distinctly as he approached the terrace, by means of the light in her chamber. She finds him to be her lover, Markof. Whilst she was conversing with him a storm arises.

——"The argent moon retires,
And in a cloud collects her mimic fires;
Confusion reigns, and Terror's monster form
Stalks in the uproar of the coming storm,
His arrowy sleet the genius of the pole
Shoots furious forth, and mutt'ring thunders roll,
While with red glance his eye-balls flash around,
And the broad lustre glows upon the ground;
The forest groans, and every beast of prey
Flies to his wonted covert far away;
The startled peasant shudd'ring in his bed
Doubts the weak structure of th' uncertain shed."

She invites him in:—

"Seek, if thou canst, a welcome shelter here,
Nor shall to-night my father's steps invade
The sacred transport of a faithful maid.
Tir'd with a sportsman's toil amid the snows,
He early sought refreshment from repose,
And far, his chamber on the southern side
From mine long passages and halls divide;
Nor is the terrace high, and love has wings,
O'er ev'ry human boundary he springs."

He climbs a spreading fir-tree, and from its branches

"Springs to Paulina's arms, and clasps her round,
Sooths with a fond respect her wak'ning fears,
And on her white hand melts in rapt'rous tears,
Tells of the long-felt pangs that tore his breast,
Days mark'd with woe, and nights unknown to rest.
His eyes o'er all her timid beauties rove
In sweet delirium of extatic love;

His plighted faith with solemn oaths he gives
As solemn she his plighted faith receives.
In whisp'ring joy the rapid moments glide,
He looks the husband, and she smiles the bride;
To happier scenes their active fancies stray
The hop'd Elysium of a future day."

This concludes the first part; the second begins with recounting her conversation with Markof.

" But oh! what horror seiz'd her quiv'ring heart,
What unprov'd anguish of distressful smart,
When on the steps that to her chamber lead
She starting listens to her father's tread;
With out-stretch'd arm, and terror-rolling eye,
Perceives his steady pace still winding nigh,
And destitute of ev'ry wish'd relief,
She stands a marble monument of grief;
Meantime Alexis' more attentive care
Observ'd a chest that time was mould'ring there.
Within the stifling void his limbs he threw,
And ere it clos'd sigh'd forth one deep adieu."

Her father enters, harshly exclaiming,

——" Thou torment of my life,
Thou living semblance of my hated wife,
Why, thus disturb'd at midnight's peaceful hour,
Shun'st thou oblivious sleep's consoling pow'r?"
But thou, when all the living mock the dead,
Measur'st thy chamber with unquiet tread.
Perhaps some lawless flame usurps thy breast,
Some youth, tho' absent, still disturbs thy rest;
Nay, such are female arts, this chest may hold
Some base seducer, some advent'rer bold."

He continues to scold and threaten the young lady till he is tired, and then leaves her.—The poet now invokes his Muse:—

" Come now, distracted Muse——
Inspire my sorr'wing verse, which strives to show
The start of anguish, and the shriek of woe,
The pray'r half-utter'd, and the tear half-shed,
When first Paulina found her lover dead."

" Nor would she think it true, but ask'd him why
So cold his hand, and so unmov'd his eye?
Said that the bitter tempest now was o'er,
Her father gone, and he need sleep no more.
But soon returning reason bade her know
The wide-embracing agony of woe;
Her bosom rose convulsive, the thick sigh
Stuck in her throat with passion'd ecstacy;
'And is,' she cried, 'that noble spirit fled?
O let me also join the sacred dead!'
Then sudden sunk to momentary rest,
Cold on her dear Alexis' colder breast.
Alas! reviving sense awak'd her care
To deeper horrors of sublime despair;
To dire perfection of excessive pain,
To weep, to pray, to think, to feel in vain.
One while she melts, then stiffens into stone,
Now mingles laughter with her maniac moan;
Now on her terrace wildly rushing forth
To court the icy fury of the north,
Her fev'rish bosom only seems to find
A burning torrent in each passing wind:
Oft to Alexis, with imagin'd bliss,
She madly kneels, and gives th' unanswer'd kiss;
A while unsettled, and awhile serene,
She doubts, she loves, she hopes, and faints between."

At dawn of day she goes to seek the porter, who is thus described:—

" Dark was his brow, and not one gleam of grace
Play'd on the surly features of his face;
His pallid eye-balls shot a villain's gaze,
Mingled with abject cunning's hateful rays;
Nor o'er his brows were Time's white honours shed,
But half-form'd gray usurp'd a sallow red;
No pleasing accents glided from his tongue,
Like age he seem'd that never had been young;
Yet oft his eye would send unholy fires,
That low lasciviousness alone inspires;
For when he saw Paulina's form appear,
He turn'd away, yet as he turn'd would leer;
And by the fiery glance too plainly show'd
That brutal passion in his bosom glow'd.
But most cold avarice his thoughts confin'd
And stifl'd ev'ry virtue in his mind."

She implores relief, and tries to engage him to bear the body away and inter it. He, far from being moved by her supplications and her distress, threatens to acquaint her father immediately with the terrible event, and concludes,

" Unless thou willing com'st my bed to share,
Unless thou yield'st the treasure of thy charms
To the warm transport of these longing arms."

The shuddering maid faints, and the villain bears the hapless victim to his bed. He afterwards

——" Bore Alexis to a neighb'ring wood,
Stabb'd his cold heart, and stain'd the wound with blood;
There, welt'ring in the wind, the youth he laid,
To meet some casual traveller's fun'ral aid.
The inhuman porter, now a tyrant grown,
Smile's at Paulina's rage, and mocks her moan;
Whene'er he calls, the unassisted fair
Is doom'd his execrable bed to share,
Meet the lewd terrors of his dire embrace,
And yield th' insulting spoiler ev'ry grace,
Till oft repeated pleasures pall his sense;
And interest sought for other recompense.
Soon as dull night a murky mantle spread
O'er the dim plain, and mountain's misty head,
Some sordid lovers to her couch repair
And press the beauties of th' abhorrent fair;

The young, the vain, the hideous, and the old,
Bought the reluctant ecstacy with gold,
Poor luckless girl!"——

At last she is dragged by the inhuman slave to a dwelling,

"Where twelve mean wretches drain'd the frantic bowl,
Of manners rude, and infamous of soul,
Barren of sentiment and feeling too,
Sons of severe debauch, a baleful crew;
To such as these the meek Paulina borne,
With eyes that stream'd like April's humid morn,
Sustain'd the savage wrongs of brutal fire,
Their mingled insults, and their causeless ire."

Here the poet has the consideration to insert the following note:—"It has been objected by friends whose opinion I much respect, that the continuation of Paulina's submission to her wrongs, takes from the propriety of pity; but if it be considered that the same cause existed which overcame her in the first instance, I hope I shall be justified in adhering to the fact." These wretches all get intoxicated,

"And drunkenness, than death more dire to view,
Wraps in oblivious veil the inhuman crew."

"Meantime Paulina who with folded arms
Sate silent by, and brooded o'er her harms,
Observ'd th' occasion, while within her breast
Revenge awoke for modesty opprest;
She saw weak hope expand a twilight ray,
That offer'd rest to calm her future day."

Now comes the catastrophe, ushered in by the following reflection:—

"Ah! who among the best can ever know
What coming guilt can lay his virtue low?
Strange chance, or injury, or love, or rage,
To sudden acts of infamy engage;
And the most happy may to-morrow try
The arduous weight of life's calamity."

Paulina seizes a dagger from the porter's belt,

——"And with unerring stroke around,
In every heart fix'd deep the vengeful wound;
Death triumph'd there, while from each villain's side
The ebbing purple pour'd a smoky tide.
Now from the horrid scene she turn'd her view,
And with quick-palpitating anguish flew.
But first in haste the mansion key she tore,
That her late tyrant at his girdle bore;
Then home return'd across the silent lawn,
With all the fleetness of the bounding fawn.
Soon as she reached her solitary room,
Which yet no streaks of early light illume,
On the hard floor her lovely limbs she throws,
While many a tear its timely aid bestows;
Then on her knees in agony of sighs,
Thus to th' Pow'r Supreme her accents rise:
'O thou first cause! who rul'st this world below,
Dread scene of complicated vice and woe,
If to thine all-embracing spirit seem
Or good or bad this life's mysterious dream,
If thou canst pity those who suffer here
The settled sorrow of the daily tear,
If ev'ry action of this world combin'd
Still float before thine inexhausted mind,
My injuries shall with my faults be known,
And plead for pardon at thine awful throne.
Now too in deep contrition will I swear
To pass my life in penitence and pray'r,
To pour the pious hymn at early morn;
Quit ev'ry rose, and dwell upon the thorn.
Far from my heav'n-fix'd thoughts shall now be hurl'd
The joys of youth and pleasures of the world;
In humble solitude my days shall flow,
And hallow'd hope be all the bliss I know.
Grim suicide, to ease my lab'ring heart,
Shall vainly lift his sadly-tempting dart;
For I will suffer what just fate may give,
And all my sins to expiate, dare to live."

Ten lines more conclude the poem; and at the end is the following note:—"It may perhaps not be uninteresting to the curious to know, that the whole of the above-related transaction was discovered by means of the wife of Paulina's Confessor;* and that in consequence the magnanimous Catharine II. took the unfortunate girl under her protection, and procured her the necessary retirement in a convent which she ardently desired."

We know not from what sources the poet has taken his story. The improbability of Paulina's living with a brutal slave, without the knowledge of her father, is striking; and the narrative of such a young girl's assassinating thirteen drunken Russian peasants with impunity, borders so nearly on impossibility, that it is incredible; consequently the pity excited by the former part of the narrative is greatly enfeebled, if not lost in disgust. The murder of her tyrant alone, would have been as effectual for her deliverance, and it may perhaps be allowed that the poet had not the least occasion for a dozen more barbarians, and that the chaste story as we have given it in prose, would have been far preferable for the subject of the poem. Of the poetry the reader will be able to judge, as our extracts amount to one-fifth of the whole work.

* Confessors have no wives, and it is death to reveal a confession, or rather was so at that time.
NOTE OF THE EDITOR.

ADDITIONS TO THE NATURAL HISTORY OF CERTAIN ANIMALS.

[*Concluded from Page* 181.]

BEARS.

A FRENCH literary gentleman, a member of the legislature, a few years ago spent some months in travelling among the Pyrenean mountains.

He gives the following account of the information he received from one of the mountaineers, whose habitation was near the Spanish frontiers:

"I was seated near our host. His ingenousness, his good sense, his natural strength of mind, superior to all rules of art, charmed us greatly, and we contracted our circle that we might lose none of his tales; for we love them at all ages, so much that we even tell them to ourselves, and we frequently indulge in waking dreams.

——— *Omne*
Humanum genus est avidum nimis auricularum.
LUCRET. LIB. iv. v. 598.

Our attention animated him, especially when he was giving us the history of sorcerers. It may be permitted to believe in them, in an abode where every thing appears to be supernatural; where Spanish superstition, descended from the neighbouring mountains, never ceases to renew its fatal impressions.

From sorcerers he turned to bears, his terrible countrymen, as he called them, but a good sort of people enough when they are not molested.

"Look," says he, "it was in the middle of that peak, as strait as a taper, and which you may perceive above the church. Well, it will soon be forty years that I went thither as usual, completely armed. I was at that time gay, contented, and above all very resolute. Not a yzard,* no wolf, no bear; in a word, nothing. Says I to myself this must be another time. I had better go home; when, on turning a corner I suddenly found myself nose to nose opposite to an enormous bear, much larger than myself. The fellow, how he looked! And his fine skin! I still regret it. Notwithstanding my surprise and my position, for we were on a cornice (this is a ledge four or five feet broad, cut out of the slope of a mountain; so that on one side is an almost perpendicular rock, and on the other an unfathomable abyss.) I should have come off well if he had been alone. He was followed by his female, and two young ones, who trotted already very prettily. I prayed to our Lady for succour! and then, hiding my gun in order not to scare them, I stood still with my back flat against the rock, to give them room to pass. The great bear, who was eating me up with his eyes, whilst I durst not even look at him, instead of turning back, came and planted himself on my right, and his female clapt herself on my left, and a fine pair of guardians I had! In the mean time the two little ones passed by, and the two bears followed them; but looking sullenly behind them till they lost sight of me. It is enough for me to say I escaped with the fright. Past evil is only a dream."

This tacit pact between man and brute, in such a situation, appeared very singular and remarkable to us all. One of the company asserted that the sudden apprehension of any calamity, is the greatest mediator which nature has granted us to terminate our dissentions. I maintain, added he, that fear and misfortune always soften the most ferocious beings, and that on the contrary, happy people who are too much so, are not to be approached nearer than we should Mount Vesuvius or Mount Etna in flames.

The old man then resumed his discourse, as follows: "You are to know how those who hunt bears manage the matter; for a gun shot is of very little consequence. The champion who ventures to undertake this sort of combat, is provided with a long poniard, and covers his breast and back with three sheepskins, one over the other, and the thick woolly sides outwards. When he has found the bear, and is struggling with it, whilst it squeeses him with its fore paws, tries to smother him, and to tear him to pieces with its claws; he, with his left arm begins with fixing its head close to his shoulders, to avoid being devoured; then, with his other hand he plunges his poniard into the loins of the beast, which vainly howls and roars, not being able to bite, and stabs it, till it falls at his feet through loss of blood, or conquered by pain.

"Now, hearken, I shall tell you about the Hercules of the Pyrenées, whom I shall call Michael. He had a son who began to beat about these mountains, and who had already killed wolves, and brought home yzards. He longed to bring home a bear, but he durst not attempt it alone.

* A species of chamois; it avoids the sunshine, and only delights in the midst of snow and ice. When young it is fond of man, caresses him, and follows him like a dog.

" Having discovered the den of one of those powerful animals, he ran to acquaint his father with it. Michael had killed above a hundred bears in single combat, but as he was grown old, he no longer went out alone to the hunt. His son offers to be his second. 'I consent; thou knowest upon what condition. Thou mayest rely upon me, art thou quite sure of thyself?' 'You shall see, father.' They set out, the son armed with a poniard, the father with nothing but his boldness and the recollection of his numerous triumphs.

" He sees a bear coming towards him, walking upright on his hinder paws, as all these animals do when they encounter a man. He rushes on it, as if he was only thirty years old. He seizes the bear in his arms, which grasp is returned. His son instead of striking, runs away. And the rocks did not crush him! and the abysses did not swallow him!

" Poor Michael! what can he do? what will become of him? No less robust, and more determined than his adversary, our Hercules, from pull to pull, and all the while going backwards, draws it to the edge of a neighbouring precipice. The terrified bear lets loose its prey, struggles and escapes, and Michael falls into the abyss. He was found, and carried home with bruised and broken limbs, but still living.

" And your son, what is become of him? 'The coward! You will never see him till after my death.' Indeed he never was seen till after that period; no one spoke to him, looked at him, nor took the least notice of him. He quitted the country, and was never more heard of.

" Another of these bear-hunters, armed with a dagger, seized a bear of the largest species, in his arms, and dragged it to the border of a cornice, in order to throw it into the abyss; the bear sensible of its impending danger, broke loose and ran off."*

In 1799, a little book was published in Paris, entitled, "*Sentimental Journey in Switzerland*," by C. Hwass, jun. The author being in the house of a peasant, remarked a bear's skin of a prodigious size. " I took hold of a gun which appeared to me to be better made than any of the others which were displayed." " That," said my old host, "was the gun of my son. He was killed by the bear whose skin you have just now noticed. He had mortally wounded the bear, but the furious beast had still strength enough left to rush on him and suffocate him. I found them both dead, lying next to each other."

EAGLES.

These birds inhabit the Pyrenées, in considerable numbers. " On the station of the south peak (*Pic du Midi*), a vigilant eagle came to recognise us on the frontier. His female was also desirous of seeing us at no great distance; she showed us the white feathers which distinguish her from her sublime spouse. He, hovering over our heads at an elevation of fifty feet, seemed to count us as we passed. I still in idea see his formidable talons bent back on his breast, and his sparkling eyes darting fiery glances at us. As he was flying away from us, I exclaimed,—King of the air, reign here, far from those tyrants who would make war on thee; but be not thyself a tyrant.

" Some shepherds who were accustomed to see these birds, told us that they had not much reason to complain of them: ' Were it not for a poor cat which they seized lately whilst it was sleeping on the roof of yon cottage, we should have scarcely any thing to reproach them with. But we have this cat at heart. If you had but heard how it mewed! had you seen how it struggled in their talons, whilst they were carelessly taking it to their young ones!'†

" These peasants showed us the inaccessible peak where these eagles live without rivals; on which their aerie, or nest, is situated, and from whence they make their incursions. ' The reason why we do not forgive them for having caught our cat, is because this place abounds in partridges, and they might have picked up as many as they chose to stoop for.'

" We were also told that here in general the eagles live in a family way, each in its own rounds. Those who venture to fly beyond their limits, and seek their prey too near their neighbour's domains, expose themselves to violent assaults. We had lately found the carcase of an eagle with its feathers still on, which our guide made no doubt but had been killed in single combat."

In another part of the Pyrenean mountains, near the top of the Peak of the south, (which is almost two miles in perpendicular height above the level of the sea), our traveller saw another pair of eagles. He says, " A prospect, which, to be properly regarded, demanded more than common attention, appeared all round us. At

* A certain Cantaret after having slain Antiochus in combat, seized his horse and vaults on it. The courser immediately runs off with him, and leaps into an abyss, where both perished.

PLIN. LIB. i. CAP. 42.

† Mr. Barlow made a drawing, which he afterwards engraved, of an eagle which he saw brought to the ground after a severe conflict with a cat, which it had seized and taken up in the air with its talons.

more than a hundred fathom beneath our feet, fluctuated as it were, a vast sea, waving and foaming, it was a thick mist or fog, on the surface of which two eagles were hovering, which we were told inhabited the inaccessible summit of a neighbouring mountain. Those fierce birds after having traversed clouds and fogs, seemed to have come purposely this way to display the sublimity of their bold flight to our eyes. They made, as if swimming, the tour of several peaks, on which we many times observed their vast projecting shadows; (just then a rival fly buzzing touched my face*), suddenly stopping their flight, they seemed to float sleeping in the air; and afterwards as suddenly darted over our heads quite out of sight. In their different evolutions, they came near enough for us to distinguish the colours of their wings, and then all at once they plunged into the fog, and we saw them no more."

The eagle rises higher in the air than any of the winged race. There was lately read at the National Institute in Paris, a memoir by C. la Cepede (author of a natural history of fishes, oviparous quadrupeds, and serpents), on the flight and vision of birds, in which it results from his observations, that "the eagle, and man of war bird, (*albatross*), are endowed with the strongest power of flight, and the acutest vision. The sight of these birds is nine times more extensive than that of the furthest sighted man; and in two hundred and twenty hours, or a little more than nine days, allowing them sixteen or seventeen hours of repose, they would make the tour of the whole earth."

Two other birds are remarkable for the swiftness of their flight. Wild swans when flying before the wind in a brisk gale, seldom fly at a less rate than a hundred miles an hour. So says Hearne in his account of Hudson's Bay and the northern ocean.

The carrier-pigeon has been known to fly from Bagdad to Aleppo, which, to a man is usually made a thirty days journey, in forty-eight hours.

To measure the rapidity of their flight in some degree, a person sent a carrier-pigeon from London, by the coach, to a friend in St. Edmund's Bury, and along with it a note desiring that the pigeon, two days after its arrival there, might be thrown up precisely when the town clock struck nine in the morning; this was accordingly done, and the pigeon arrived in London, and flew into the Bull-inn, in Bishopsgate-street, at half an hour past eleven o'clock of the same morning, having flown seventy-two miles in two hours and a half.—(*Annual Register* 1765.)

A Mr. Lockman has given the following anecdote of a pigeon in the preface to his musical drama of Rosalinda:

"I was at the house of a Mr. Lee, in Cheshire, whose daughter was a performer on the harpsichord, and I observed a pigeon, which whenever she played the song of "*Spero si*," in Handel's opera of *Admetus*, and this only, would descend from the adjacent dove-house to the window of the room where she sat, and listen apparently with pleasing emotions; and when the song was finished, it always returned directly home."

* The eagle and fly were the only living beings which I saw on the peak of the south.

OSTRICHES.

In the Travels from Buenos Ayres, by Potosi to Lima, by Anthony Helms, in 1789, lately published in English, the author says:—"Seventy-three miles from the capital the traveller enters on an immense plain, by the Spaniards called Pampas, which stretches three hundred miles westward to the foot of the mountains, and about fifteen hundred miles southward towards Patagonia. This plain is fertile, and wholly covered with very high grass, but for the most part uninhabited, and destitute of trees. It is the abode of innumerable herds of wild horses, oxen, ostriches, &c which, under the shade of the grass, find protection from the intolerable heat of the sun.

"As we pursued our journey late one evening, we saw large flocks of ostriches (*Struthio Rhea*, LINN.), which had come forth from the long grass to refresh themselves with water. On the following day some of our attendants rode a considerable way into the grass, and brought back about fifty eggs of these birds. The heat of the sun being very great, and each of us carrying one in his hat, the young birds, to our no small astonishment, broke the shells and ran away into the grass, which they began to devour with as much appetite as if they had been long accustomed to such a diet. The eggs are as large as an infant's head of a moderate size; and the young ostriches, when hatched, are in body of the size of a chicken two months old.

"These ostriches lay their eggs either singly, or twenty together, in nests; and it is probable that in the day time they leave them exposed to the rays of the sun, and sit on them only during night, to protect them from the effects of the dew.

"The ostriches that inhabit the Pampas are of the height of a calf. From the shortness of their wings they are unable to fly, but before the wind they run faster than the fleetest horse."

HARES.

In the year 1774, William Cowper, the poet, being indisposed in body and mind, and incapable of diverting himself with company or books, sought for something that would engage his at-

tention without fatiguing it. A feveret was given him, and in the management of such an animal, and in the attempt to tame it, he thought to find an agreeable employment. Many others were offered to him, but he accepted only two more, and undertook the care of all three, which happened to be all males. Each had a separate apartment, so contrived, that the dirt made fell through into an earthen pan, which was daily emptied and washed. In the day-time they had the range of a hall, and at night retired each to his own bed, never intruding into that of another.

We shall distinguish them by the letters A. B. C. and continue in the words of the author.

A. grew presently familiar; he would leap into my lap, would let me take him in my arms, and has frequently fallen fast asleep on my knee. He was once ill for three days, during which time I nursed him; after his recovery he showed his gratitude by licking my hand and fingers all over, which he never did but once again on a similar occasion. Sometimes I carried him into the garden after breakfast, where he hid himself generally under the leaves of a cucumber vine, sleeping and chewing the cud till evening; in the leaves also of that vine he found a favourite repast.

The kindness shown to B. had not the least effect. He too was sick, and I attended him; but if, after his recovery, I took the liberty to stroke him, he would grunt, strike, and bite. He was, however, very entertaining.

C. who died soon after he was full grown, from a cold caught by sleeping in a damp box, was a hare of great humour and drollery. A. was tamed by gentle usage; B. was not to be tamed at all; but C. was tame from the beginning.

I always admitted them into the parlour after supper, where they would frisk and bound about on the carpet. One evening the cat had the hardiness to pat C. on the cheek, which he resented by drumming on her back so violently as to make her glad to escape.

Each of these animals had a character of its own, and I knew them all by their face only; like a shepherd who soon becomes familiar to his flock, however numerous, as to know them every one individually by their looks.

These creatures immediately discovered and examined the minutest alteration in the apartments they were accustomed to play in, just as cats do.

C. died young. B. lived to be nine years old, and died by a fall. A. has just completed his tenth year. I lately introduced a dog to his acquaintance; a spaniel that had never seen a hare, to a hare that had never seen a spaniel. The hare discovered no token of fear, nor the dog the least symptom of hostility: they eat bread at the same time out of the same hand, and are very sociable and friendly.

Hares have no ill scent belonging to them, and are indefatigably nice in keeping themselves clean.

The foregoing is an abridgment of an account of hares, inserted by Mr. Cowper in one of the *Gentleman's Magazines* for the year 1784. It has likewise been published at the end of only the common editions of his works, to which we refer. By a memorandum found among Mr. C.'s papers, it appears that A. died aged twelve years wanting a month, of mere old age. A short Latin epitaph in prose on A. and another of eleven stanzas in English verse on B. accompany the account.

DIALOGUE BETWIXT SOMEBODY AND NOBODY.

Somebody. Why, 'tis as hard to get a sight of you, Mr. Nobody, as it is of the *invisible* girl. I have called twenty times a day at your house. Nobody at home, is the constant answer. If I should go to church, however, I am sure to meet with Nobody there, especially when Dr. Triplechin preaches.

Nobody. And you're sure to meet with Somebody in all places of public resort, the opera, play, pic-nic, card-parties, &c.

Somebody. Yes: and you will often meet with Nobody in those places, that would wish to pass for Somebody.

Nobody. 'Tis true, the Somebody family of late have affected a great deal of consequence, when it is well known, that the Nobody family are the more ancient of the two. The Nobodies, I assure you, Sir, are the true Pre-adamites. The name is on record long before Adam.

Somebody. So is the family of Blank.

Nobody. A very old race.

Somebody. If we may credit the Spectator, they once filled all places of public trust in this kingdom.

Nobody. In trust for others, particularly the family of the Blocks.

Somebody. The Blocks one day or other will be the ruin of this nation.

Nobody. For myself, I have more distrust of the talents

Somebody. But what does genealogy, in these degenerate days? Get your nativity cast in the mint: a thousand guineas in your purse is worth all the *Aps*, *Macs*, and *O's* in the united kingdom. If there's a stain in your character, a little gold dust will take it out—the best fuller's earth in the nation. What does it avail, that your ancestors bled in the front of battle, piled up thunder for the insulting foe, or diffused the stream of science through a thousand channels! don't you see the upstart hung round with titles, and the obscurity of his birth lost in the glare of his sideboard?

Nobody. True: and yet Bonaparte would give a good deal for a genealogy.

Somebody. Yes: the French, who seem to be proud of the chains he has imposed on them, have really turned his head; they have fed him with the soft pap of flattery, they have inflated him with the *gas* of vanity to the size of an air-balloon, and yet withal they cannot manufacture a genealogy so as to please him: his father was Nobody.

Nobody. And happy would it be for the repose of mankind, if he had been content to tread in the steps of his father.

Somebody. Happy indeed. Now, my good friend, I wish you well, but am often surprised that you swallow things without the least examination—things that would stick in the wide throat of credulity. For instance, when the editor of a newspaper tells you that his print exclusively contains the earliest and most authentic articles of information, Nobody believes him When Bonaparte says, that he'll invade this country, Nobody believes him. When a pensioner or placeman declares that he has nothing so much at heart as the good of his country, Nobody believes him. When a quack doctor tells you that his nostrum cures all diseases, Nobody believes him. When a boarding-school Miss, in the bud of beauty, declares that she would not for the world take a flight to Gretna-Green, Nobody believes her. I know there are many faults laid to your account: thus when a favourite article of furniture is spoiled or broken, Nobody did it. Thus also when a lady affects indisposition, she sees Nobody, speaks to Nobody, writes to Nobody, dreams of Nobody.

Nobody. But her waiting-woman knows that she sees Somebody, speaks to Somebody, writes to Somebody, and dreams of Somebody. When a fine lady shines forth in all the glory of the Persian loom, showered with diamonds, and perfumed with all the sweets of Arabia, if the spouse should collect courage enough to ask who paid for all those fine things, the answer is, Nobody; but when the account comes to be settled at Doctors' Commons, then it is found that Somebody paid for them, or is to pay for them, with a vengeance too. One thing I remark, that, previous to the nuptial tie, the dear youth is always considered as Somebody, but whilst the honey-moon is yet in its wane he is looked upon as Nobody.

Somebody. Very true. After all I have said, I must acknowledge, in the words of Goldsmith, "that even your failings lean to virtue's side." For instance: if a play should be got up, puffed, and d—d, it is applauded by Nobody. If a book printed on wire-wove paper, hot-pressed, bound in morocco, and elegantly gilt, is found to be wretched stuff, it is read by Nobody. If a book should be written in favour of religion and morality, though neglected by all, it is read by Nobody. If a wretch should be consigned to the gallows for robbing a man of sixpence on the highway, he is pitied by Nobody, he is owned by Nobody, he is comforted by Nobody; whilst on the other hand, if a villain in high life should rob an unsuspecting virgin of her heart, or triumph over her innocence——

Nobody. He is noticed by Somebody, caressed by Somebody, applauded by Somebody, invited to dine by Somebody, and held out by Somebody as the honestest and worthiest fellow in the universe.

Somebody. Too true.

SELECT ANECDOTES AND SAYINGS OF M. DE CHAMFORT, M. DE LA BEAUMELLE, AND OTHERS.

"I LOVE SOCIETY," said one of the French Princesses of the blood royal: "every body listens to me, and I listen to nobody."

Great memories, which retain every thing indiscriminately, are like masters of inns, and not masters of houses.

A French player, performing at Turin, thus addressed the pit: "Illustrious strangers."

Locke says, wit consists in distinguishing wherein different objects resemble each other; and judgment consists in distinguishing, wherein objects which resemble each other differ.

It was said of two particular persons with whom Madame du Deffant (the blind lady commemorated by Horace Walpole) was acquainted, "They are two good heads." "Pins heads," said she.

A person was telling an extraordinary story to a Gascon; he smiled. "What, Sir! do not you believe me?" asked the story-teller.—"Pardon me, but I cannot repeat your story because of my accent."

Montaigne never knew what he was going to say, but he always knew what he was saying.

A person who wishes to receive instruction by reading, ought to make it an inviolable rule to understand all he reads.

Chance is the concatenation of effects of which we do not perceive the causes.

At twenty we kill pleasure, at thirty taste it, at forty we are sparing of it, at fifty we seek it, and at sixty regret it.

Let us enjoy to the last moment the benefit of the present hour. Above all, let us take care not to anticipate our troubles: we only depend on the future when we suffer the present to escape us. Moreover, it is enjoyment, says Montaigne, and not possession, which makes us happy.

On this subject Pascal says, "If we are so slightly attached to the present, it is because the present is generally disagreeable; we endeavour to avoid seeing it if it afflicts us; and if it pleases us, we regret its escape. We then attempt to continue this pleasure by endeavouring to dispose things, which are not in our power, against a future time to which we have no certainty of attaining.

An expression of Wieland, in his *Agathon*.—"I enjoyed that felicity which gives to days the rapidity of moments, and to moments the value of ages."

Voltaire says, labour delivers us from three great evils, weariness, want, and vice.

Ninon de l'Enclos defined love as a sensation rather than a sentiment; a blind taste, purely sensual; a transient illusion, to which pleasure gives birth, which converse destroys, and which supposes no merit, neither in the lover nor in the beloved object: she said it was the intoxication of reason. Leibnitz defined it to be an affection which causes us to feel pleasure in the perfections of what we love.

Projectors are too much listened to, and too much decried. The first, because three-fourths of them are wrong in their calculations, or else want to deceive others; they are fools or knaves. The last, because the welfare of an empire sometimes depends upon a project.

Projectors are the physicians of states. They conjecture, affirm, and tell falsities equally. Their reputation depends on chance and prejudice. Both profit by human folly, and are enriched by the same means as have ruined thousands of others. Both live in hope and dread: they are both laughed at, and, nevertheless, we cannot do without them.

Upon the whole, are they more noxious than useful? This appears an embarrassing question. It may be said, that it might perhaps have been better had there never been projectors nor physicians; but since they have existed, and still exist, it is proper that some should always remain, were it only to remedy the evils occasioned by their predecessors.

An old French nobleman told a lady, that formerly his polite attentions were taken for declarations of love, but that now his declarations of love, were only taken for polite attentions.

A French gentleman had courted a young lady some months, at last the mother asked him whether, by thus continuing his courtship to her daughter, he meant to marry her, or otherwise. To tell you the truth, madam, replied he, it is for otherwise.

Men love goodness because they stand in need of it: they hate those virtues which are in opposition to their vices; and they admire those talents to which they cannot attain.

A seal for love letters might be engraven with this device, a boy's head with wings representing the wind, blowing on a weathercock: its motto, if thou changest not, I turn not.

Balnea, vina, Venus, corrumpunt corpora nostra,
At faciunt vitam balnea, vina, Venus!

Wine, women, warmth, against our lives combine;
But what is life without warmth, women, wine!

Christina, Queen of Sweden, (who died in 1654), left as a maxin, "A wise and good man will forget the past, either enjoy or support the present, and resign himself to the future."

Fallopius's opinion of mineral waters drunk on the spot was, they were empirical remedies, and made more children than they cured diseases.

He that questioneth much shall learn much, and content much; but especially if he apply his questions to the skill of the persons whom he asketh: for he shall give them occasion to please themselves in speaking, and himself continually gather knowledge.—*Lord Verulam.*

I thought, said Pascal, to find many companions in the study of mankind, since it is the proper study for man. I have been disappointed; fewer persons apply to this study than to that of geometry.

The different judgments we are apt to form upon the deaf and the blind, with regard to their respective misfortunes, are owing to our seeing the blind generally in his best situation, and the deaf in his worst—namely, in company. The deaf is certainly the happier of the two, when they are each alone.

Drink never changes, but only shows our natures. A sober man, when drunk, has the same kind of stupidity about him that a drunken man has when he is sober.

All young animals are merry, and all old ones grave. An old woman is the only ancient animal that ever is frisky.

Madness is consistent—which is more than can be said for poor reason. Whatever may be the ruling passion at the time, it continues equally so throughout the whole delirium—though it should last for life. Madmen are always constant in love; which no man in his senses ever was.—Our passions and principles are steady in frenzy, but begin to shift and waver as we return to reason.*

THE CURE OF OLD AGE, &c.

FROM THE WORKS OF FRIAR BACON.

OF THE CAUSES OF OLD AGE.

As the world waxeth old, men grow old with it: not by reason of the age of the world, but because of the great increase of living creatures, which infect the very air, that every way encompasseth us: and through our negligence in ordering our lives, and that great ignorance of the properties which are in things conducing to health, which might help a disordered way of living, and might supply the defect of due government.

From these three things, namely, infection, negligence, and ignorance, the natural heat, after the time of manhood is past, begins to diminish, and its diminution and intemperature doth more and more hasten on. Whence, the heat by little and little decreasing, the accidents of old age come on, which accidents in the flower of age may be taken away; and after that time may be retarded; as also may that swift course, which hurries a man from manhood to age, from age to old age, from old age to the broken strength of decrepid age, be restrained.

For the circle of a man's age grows more in one day after age to old age, than in three days after youth to age; and is sooner turned from old age to decrepid age, than from age to old age.

Which weakness and intemperature of heat, is caused two ways: by the decay of natural moisture, and by the increase of extraneous moisture.

For the heat exists in the native moisture, and is extinguished by external and strange moistness, which flows from weakness of digestion, as Avicenna in his first book, in his chapter of Complexions, affirms.

Now the causes of the dissolution of the internal moisture, and of the external's abounding, whence the innate heat grows cool, are many, as I shall here show.

First of all, the dissolution of the natural happens from two causes:—

One whereof is the circumambient air, which dries up the matter: and the innate heat, which is inward, very much helps towards the same: for it is the cause of extinguishing itself, by reason it consumes the matter wherein it subsists; as the flame of a lamp is extinguished when the oil, exhausted by the heat, is spent.

* The last five paragraphs were written by Richard Griffiths, an Irish author, who died about five-and-twenty years ago. They were taken from a small book written by him, entitled *The Koran*, which appeared anonymously, and some booksellers have erroneously published it as a volume of Sterne's works.

The second cause is the toil proceeding from the motions of the body and mind, which otherwise are necessary in life. To these accrue weakness and defect of nature, which easily sinks under so great evils (as Avicenna witnesseth in his first book of Complexions of Ages), not resisting those imperfections that invade it.

Now the motions of the mind are called animal, when the soul especially is exercised:

The motions of the body are, when our bodies are tossed and stirred of necessary causes, ill proportioned.

External moisture increaseth two ways: either from the use of meat and other things that breed an unnatural and strange moisture, especially phlegmatic, whereof I shall discourse hereafter; or from bad concoction, whence a feculent and putrid humour, differing from the nature of the body, is propagated.

For digestion is the root of the generation of unnatural and natural moisture, which when it is good, breeds good moisture, when bad a bad one, as Avicenna saith in his fourth cannon of his chapter of things which hinder grey hairs. For from wholesome food, ill digested, an evil humour doth flow; and of poisonous meats, and such as naturally breed a bad humour, if well digested, sometime comes a good one.

But it is to be observed, that not only phlegm is called an extraneous humour, but whatever other humour is putrid. Yet phlegm is worse than the other external humour; in that it helps to extinguish the innate heat two ways, either by choaking it; or by cold resisting its power and quality; so Rasy in his chapter of the Benefits of Purging.

Which phlegm proceeds from faults in meats, negligence of diet, and intemperature of body; so that this sort of external moisture increasing, and the native moisture being either changed in qualities, or decayed in quantity, man grows old, either in the accustomed course of nature, by little and little successively; when after the time of manhood, that is, after forty, or at most fifty years, the natural heat begins to diminish: or through evil thoughts and anxious care of mind, wherewith sometimes men are hurt. For sickness and such like evil accidents, dissolve and dry up the natural moisture, which is the fuel of heat; and that being hurt, the force and edge of the heat is made dull. The heat being cooled, the digestive virtue is weakened; and this not performing its office, the crude and incocted meat putrifies on the stomach. Whereupon the external and remote parts of the body being deprived of their nourishment, do languish, wither and die, because they are not nourished. So Isaac in his book of Fevers in the chapter of the Consumption doth teach.

But it may be queried, what this moisture is, and in what place it is seated, whereby the natural heat is nourished, and which is its fuel? Some say, that it is in the hollow of the heart, and in the veins and arteries thereof, as Isaac in his book of fevers, in the chapter of the hectick. But there are moistures of divers kinds in the members which are prepared for nourishing, and to moisten the joints. Of which humours may be that is one which is in the vein, and that another which like dew is reposed on the members, as Avicenna saith in his fourth book in the chapter of the Hectick. Whence perhaps the wise do understand, that all these moistures are fuel to the native heat; but especially that which is in the heart and its veins and arteries, which is restored, when from meats and drinks good juices are supplied; and is made more excellent by outward medicines, such as anointings and bathings.

OF REMEDIES AGAINST THE CAUSES OF OLD AGE.

Hitherto we have discoursed of the causes of old age: now we must speak of the remedies which hinder them, and after what manner they may be hindered.

Wise physicians have laid down two ways of opposing these causes:

One is the ordering of a man's way of living; the other is the knowledge of those properties, that are in certain things, which the ancients have kept secret.

Avicenna teacheth the ordering of life, who laying down, as it were, the art of guarding old age, ordereth that all putrefaction be carefully kept off, and that the native moisture be diligently preserved from dissolution and change, namely, that as great a share of moisture may be added by nutrition, as is spent by the flame of heat and otherwise. Now this care ought to be used in the time of manhood, that is, about the fortieth year of a man's age, when the beauty of a man is at the height.

These ways of repelling the causes of old age do something differ one from another.

For one is the beginning, the other the end: one begins, the other makes up the defect thereof; but each brings great assistance to the turning away of these evils. By one way alone the doctrine of the ancients will not be compleated: by the knowledge of each, both our endeavours and theirs may be perfected.

The doctrine of soberly ordering one's life teacheth us how to oppose, drive away, and restrain the causes of old age.

And this it doth by proportioning the six causes, distinct in kind, which are reckoned necessary to fence, preserve, and keep the body; which things, when they are observed and taken in quantity and quality, as they ought, and as

the rules of physicians persuade, do become the true causes of health and strength: But when they are made use of by any man without regard had to quality and quantity, they cause sickness, as may be gathered from Galen's regiment with Holy's Exposition, where it treats *Of the Regimen of Health*.

But exactly to find out the true proportion of these causes, and the true degree of that proportion, is very hardly, or not at all to be done, but that there will be some defect or excess therein. Thus the sages have prescribed more to be done than can be well put in practice. For the understanding is more subtle in operation, so that the true proportioning of these causes seems impossible, unless in bodies of a better nature; such as now are rarely found.

But medicines obscurely laid down by the ancients, and as it were concealed, whereof Dioscorides speaks, do make up these defects and proportions. For who can avoid the air infected with putrid vapours carried about with the force of the winds? Who will measure our meat and drink? Who can weigh in a sure scale or degree sleep and watching, motion and rest, and things that vanish in a moment, and the accidents of the mind, so that they shall neither exceed nor fall short? Therefore it was necessary that the ancients should make use of medicines, which might in some measure preserve the body from alteration, and defend the health of man oft times hurt and afflicted with these things and causes, lest the body utterly eaten up of diseases should fall to ruin.

Now for the benefit of mankind I have gathered some things out of the books of the ancients, whose virtue and use may avert those inconveniences, this defect and weakness; may defend the temper of the innate moisture; may hinder the increase and flux of extraneous moisture; and may bring to pass (which usually otherwise happeneth) that the heat of man be not so soon debilitated.

But the use of these things and medicines is of no use, nor any thing avails them that neglect the doctrine of the regimen of life. For how can it be, that he who either is ignorant or negligent of diet, should ever be cured by any pains of the physician, or by any virtue in physic? Wherefore the physicians and wise men of old time were of opinion, that diet without physic sometimes did good; but that physic without due order of diet never made a man one jot the better.

Thence it is reckoned more necessary that those rather should be treated of, which cannot be known unless of the wise, and those too of a quick understanding, and such as study hard, and take a great deal of pains; than those things which are easily known, even as a man reads them.

As for my own part, being hindered partly by the charge, partly by impatience, and partly by the rumours of the vulgar, I was not willing to make experiments of all things, which may easily be tried by others; but have resolved to express these things in obscure and difficult terms, which I judge requisite to the conservation of health, lest they should fall into the hands of the unfaithful.

One of which things lies hid in the bowels of the earth; another in the sea; the third creeps upon the earth; the fourth lives in the air; the fifth is likened to the medicine which comes out of the mine of the noble animal; the sixth comes out of the long lived animal; the seventh is that whose mine is the plant of India.

I have resolved to mention these things obscurely, imitating the precept of the prince of philosophers to Alexander, who said that he is a transgressor of the divine law, who discovers the hidden secrets of nature and the properties of things; because some men desire as much as in them lies to overthrow the divine law by those properties that God has placed in animals, plants, and stones.

But some of these things stand in need of preparation; others of a careful choice. Of preparation, lest with the healthful part poison be swallowed down. Of choice, lest among the best those things that are worse are given, and those that are more hurtful be taken. For in whatsoever thing the most high God hath put an admirable virtue and property, therein he hath also placed an hurt, to be as it were the guard of the thing itself. For as he would not have his secrets known to all lest men should contemn them; so he would not have all men be *adepti*, lest they should abuse their power. As is manifest in the serpent, hellebore and gold; from which no man can fetch any noble or sublime operation, unless he be wise, skilful, and have for a long time experienced them.

But we must observe, that in some of the aforesaid things and medicines the virtue may be separated from its body; as in all medicines made of plants and animals.

From some it cannot be separated, as from all those things that are of a thick substance, as metals; and what things soever are of the kind of stones, as coral, jacinths, and the like. But some men have given rules how to dissolve medicine of thick substance, as Aristotle saith, according to Isaac in his degrees, in his canon *Of Pearl*, speaking thus: "I have seen certain men dissolve pearl, with the juice and liquor whereof morphews being washed, were fully cured and made whole."

But in medicines which are mixed of these plants and animals, a separation of the virtue from

the body itself may be made; and their virtue and matter will operate stronger and better alone than joined with their body. Because the natural heat is tired, whilst it separates and severs the virtue of the thing from the body which is hard and earthy; and it being tired, the virtue will with greater difficulty be carried to the instruments of the senses, so as it may be able to refresh them, and destroy the superfluous moisture, and penetrate to the members of the fourth concoction, that it may strengthen the digestive power of the flesh and skin. From the weakness whereof certain accidents of old age do proceed, as is manifest in the morphew; because that the natural heat of our body is not always so sufficiently powerful in all medicines, as to separate the virtue from its terrestrial body.

But when the virtue alone is given without the body, the natural heat is not tired, nor is the virtue of the medicine by frequent digestion destroyed in its journey, as it were, while it is carried to the similar parts and the instruments of the senses; so the virtue of the thing will complete its operation, while it does not tire the natural heat.

And Galen agrees with this, as Isaac testifies in his canon *Of the Leprosie*, saying "I never saw a man so infected cured, but one that drank of wine, wherein a viper had fallen."

And Johannes Damascenus in his aphorisms: "Therefore it was necessary for the purging of the humours driven down, that the medicine, according to the skill and pleasure of the physician, should be turned into the likeness of meat."

Another hath said, "That that physic which should pass to the third digestion, should be greedily received, according to some, with a thing of easy assimilation, such as milk and the broth of a pullet."

[*To be continued.*]

TWO TALES

EXTRACTED FROM ANTON WALL'S BAGATELLES.

ON PHYSIOGNOMY.

A YOUNG man of a rich family was studying many years ago in a German university. He had a good form, and one of the most beautiful countenances. The structure of his forehead and nose gave him an indescribable air of nobility and greatness. His acquaintances discovered in his looks a complacency mingled with condescension; but women were so captivated with his appearance, as not to lose his image from their minds asleep or awake. He was called the *** Apollo, except by those, who knowing no better, gave him the name of the beautiful X. He was said, in a short time, to have raised the flame of jealousy in the breasts of many ladies, who were equally ambitious of receiving his attention.

In the house where this youth resided, lived a young female, whose time and thoughts were much occupied in adorning her person. She had an attic story, where she subsisted by her own industry, and bore an irreproachable character. She was about twenty years of age, and possessed some charms, which she could set off to the greatest advantage. The young man met her sometimes on the stairs, and was pleased with her appearance. He made inquiries respecting her, and upon their next meeting spoke to her, and attempted to snatch a kiss, for which he received a violent blow in the face; a circumstance as unexpected as it was extraordinary.

The charms of the maid, and, perhaps, still more his wounded pride, spurred him on to make every effort for a farther acquaintance with her. By his modest and cautious deportment towards her, he removed the unfavourable impression from her mind, which paved the way for obtaining her confidence, and afterwards the permission to pay her a few visits when opportunities should offer.

He came very often, and Julia, for so the girl was named, began to inquire, upon his departure, on what day she might expect him again. He gained sufficient courage to ask a single kiss, which was not refused. Upon the next visit he asked kisses, which were likewise granted. At last he presumed to make another request, to which he received a positive refusal. She was deaf to his entreaties and supplications. He fell upon his knees, but still her principles remained unshaken.

One day he came and found her bathed in tears. He eagerly besought her to tell him the cause of her grief, which, after a length of time, she made known to him. She had had some ruffles by her, which were the bridal ornament of a noble lady. These ruffles had been missing since yesterday evening, and cost nearly fifty crowns. Julia sobbed, wrung her hands, and refused any consolation. The young man kissed her, and went away.

He had an acquaintance in the city, who had passed his minority a short time since, and re-

ceived a paternal inheritance of several thousand crowns. He knew his obliging disposition, and therefore applied to him upon the present occasion.

"Friend Z," said he, "if you do not lend me fifty crowns this moment, I shall not be able to exist. You know the meanness of my father, and my own narrow income; as soon as I take possession of my father's property, I will pay you with interest and a thousand thanks; I am almost mad with grief, and shall never survive your refusal."

"I have a good opinion of you," said Z. "your countenance indicates no bad intention, I will lend you the money." Upon these words he went and counted out the sum, gave it to the former, and accepted his bond. X. embraced his benefactor, as he called him, hastily put the money into his pocket, and hurried away to Julia, whom he found in great distress on account of his abrupt departure.

"Here Julia," said he to her, "here are the fifty crowns; purchase the ruffles with this, and consider me your friend."

Struck with astonishment, the girl was unable to utter a syllable; she sat for some time motionless upon her chair, with her eyes on the ground. At length she sprang up, and fell upon his neck. —"Well," said she, "I am poor, and you are rich; I take the money; but I take it only upon the condition of repaying it in the same manner, and not as a present."

It was twilight, and Julia was going to light a candle, but he prevented her; she suffered herself to be detained; anxiety and grief had exhausted her spirits, which an excess of gratitude contributed to destroy. The innocent and beautiful girl supplicated;—she could do no more; she had lost all power of resistance. Nothing less than a miracle could have protected her from the rude embraces of a villain—Julia fell.

The ruffles had slipped behind the drawers, which she found the next morning. She wrote a few lines, enclosed the fifty crowns, and waited an opportunity to give the note into the hands of X. He took them, and purchased some trifles for new year's gifts.—He visited Julia a few evenings afterwards, but did not find her in the weak state in which he had left her. Upon his return to his chamber he found a letter, the contents of which informed him of his father's illness, and his particular wish to see him. He made no delay, but travelled post to Residenz, buried his father, and returned in six months afterwards.

He went immediately to Julia, and instead of a blooming maid which he had left, he found a death-like form with dull and hollow eyes, and sunk cheeks. Her figure startled him, at first, as he surveyed her. After some questions, he learned, that she would soon become a mother. He staid a few moments, threw a ducat on the table, and went away.

Julia wrote a note to him, thanked him in a sorrowful manner for his benefaction, and inquired of him what he proposed to do for her, and her child. She received no answer;—she wrote more notes, which were likewise unanswered. She sent a friend to him. X. replied, that he wished not to be interrupted. At the persuasion of this friend, Julia lodged her complaint against him, and this paragon of excellence was compelled to take oath before the court, that he had never had any connection with the maid. The child died before it was three months old, and was soon followed by its wounded mother. X. concluded his studies, went home to Residenz, undertook the management of his own property, which consisted of three estates, accepted of an office, and married a fortune of fifty thousand crowns.

His friend Z. who had before lent him the fifty crowns, was reduced to difficulties by the bankruptcy of a merchant to whom he had entrusted his property. Once when he was very much embarrassed, he wrote to X. and reminded him in a very gentle manner of the fifty crowns, to which he received no reply.

The various mortifications which the honest Z. had met with for many years threw him into an illness, which terminated in his death. He left behind a widow and three helpless children.

Among the papers of the deceased was found the bond of the wealthy X. upon which he was written to, but returned for answer, that he wished they would spare themselves the trouble of writing, as the debt was none of his. A friend was appointed to speak with him, to whom he declared that he would not pay a farthing. He was prosecuted, and appeared before the court in person, which was always acknowledged to be the most beautiful in Residenz. He did not deny having received the money, and having written the bond, but he added, that, as the judges themselves knew, the laws of the land declared all debts null and void, which were contracted during a person's minority without the consent of the parents. The whole court were struck with astonishment at the art and villainy of the man. They appealed to his feelings, and represented the helpless state of the mother and children. But they found his heart callous to the emotions of humanity; they therefore acquitted him from the obligation to pay the debt, and agreed to relieve the poor family with the same sum at their own expence.

TALE II.

THE Earl of S——, one of the richest Peers of Great Britain, had been in London, and on his return, intended to call on one of his tenants. He had no other attendants than a coachman and one servant. He had not travelled six miles from the metropolis, when he was obliged to pass through a wood, where his carriage was surrounded by six highwaymen. Two bound the coachman, two the servant, and two applied a pistol to the breast of the nobleman.

"Your pocket-book!" said one of the robbers, with a horrid countenance. Instead of which, the Earl pulled out a heavy purse, which he presented to him.

"Have the goodness, my lord, to produce your pocket-book," said the robber, who with his left hand weighed the purse, and with the right continued to present the pistol.

The Earl drew out his pocket-book, and delivered it up, which the robber examined. Whilst he was thus engaged, his countenance excited the attention of the former. His full eyes, curved nose, distorted cheeks, wide mouth, and projecting chin, presented an object more disgusting than he had ever before witnessed. The robber, after taking some papers out of the book, returned it to the gentleman.

"A prosperous journey, my Lord," he cried, and rode off with his companions towards London.

The Earl, upon his return home, examined his book, which had contained two thousand five hundred pounds in notes, and to his great astonishment, found five hundred pounds remaining. He rejoiced at the discovery, and related the adventure to his friends, at the same time adding, that the countenance of the man was so extraordinary, that it would never be absent from his recollection. Two years had already elapsed since the affair had happened, and the particulars of it had passed from his mind, when one morning he received a penny post letter, while in London, the contents of which were as follow:—

"My Lord,—I am a poor German Jew. The Prince whose subject I was, oppressed my sect in so cruel a manner, as to oblige me, with five others, to seek an asylum in Great Britain. I fell ill during the voyage, and the bark which was to have conveyed us from the vessel to the shore, was overturned by the storm. A man, whose face I had never before seen, sprang into the sea, and saved me, at the risk of his own life.

"He carried me into his house, procured me a nurse and a physician. He was a clothier, and had twelve children alive. I recovered, and offered my host some recompence for his hospitality, but he rejected every offer, and only requested me to visit him sometimes. I went soon after, and found him extremely dejected. The disturbances had broken out in America, and he had sent to Boston goods to the amount of eight thousand pounds, which the merchants refused to pay. He confessed to me, that a bill would become due upon him in the course of a month, which he could not honour; that, consequently, his credit would be destroyed, and his ruin completed. I would have willingly given him assistance, had it been in my power. I considered myself indebted to him for my life, which I ought not to regard as too great a sacrifice in serving my benefactor. I went to my companions, and represented to them the state of the case. They were all bound to me by the tenderest ties of friendship, and willing to aid me in the execution of any plan I should suggest. We agreed, therefore, to take the desperate and unwarrantable measures of highway robbery, to procure the necessary sum. Accident made us acquainted with your intended rout, and the money which you had in your possession. We laid our plan accordingly, and succeeded in a manner already known to you. I enclosed the two thousand pounds which I took from your pocket-book, in a letter to my benefactor, saying, that I would suit the payment of it to his circumstances. The money was of temporary service to him, but as he lost all his American property, he died soon after, insolvent. Fortune, however, was more favourable to me; I obtained a prize of five thousand pounds in the lottery. I have, therefore, sent you the enclosed, which is the sum, with the interest, that I took from you. You will find another thousand pounds, which I should be obliged to you to send to the F—— family in F——. Upon the receipt of this letter, my companions and myself will be on our way to Germany, where we wish, if possible, to take up our residence. I protest to you, that none of our pistols were loaded when we assaulted you, and none of our hangers were unsheathed. What I have done and said, will shield me, I hope, from being considered so obnoxious a member of society as my conduct at first might lead you to suppose. Accept the good wishes of an individual whose intentions were pure, though his conduct might be criminal."

The Earl had no sooner read the letter than he made inquiries for the clothier's family, and gave them the two thousand pounds which the Jew had sent.

THE VICAR'S TALE.

MR. EDITOR,

If you should esteem this little tale worth a place in your amusing publication, you will probably confer a favour on your readers and oblige your constant admirer. It was originally written by George Monk Berkeley, Esq. deceased; and published at Oxford in the year 1788. It is now wholly out of print, and I send it you in order to preserve it from oblivion. W.

BEING on a tour to the north, I was one evening arrested in my progress at the entrance of a small hamlet, by breaking the fore-wheel of my phaeton. This accident rendering it impracticable for me to proceed to the next town, from which I was now sixteen miles distant, I directed my steps to a small cottage, at the door of which, in a woodbine arbor, sat a man of about sixty, who was solacing himself with a pipe. In the front of his house was affixed a small board, which I conceived to contain an intimation, that travellers might there be accommodated. Addressing myself therefore to the old man, I requested his assistance, which he readily granted; but on my mentioning an intention of remaining at his house all night, he regretted that it was not in his power to receive me, and the more so as there was no inn in the village. It was not till now that I discovered my error concerning the board over the door, which contained a notification, that there was taught that useful art, of which, if we credit Mrs. Baddeley's Memoirs, a certain noble Lord was so grossly ignorant. In short, my friend proved to be the Schoolmaster, and probably secretary to the hamlet. Affairs were in this situation when the Vicar made his appearance. He was one of the most venerable figures I had ever seen; his time-silvered locks shaded his temples, whilst the lines of misfortune were, alas! but too visible in his countenance; time had softened but could not efface them. On seeing my broken equipage, he addressed me, and when he began to speak, his countenance was illumined by a smile.—"I presume, Sir," said he, "that the accident you have just experienced will render it impossible for you to proceed. Should that be the case, you will be much distressed for lodgings, the place affording no accommodations for travellers, as my parishioners are neither willing nor able to support an alehouse; and as we have few travellers, we have little need of one; but if you will accept the best accommodation my cottage affords, it is much at your service." After expressing the sense I entertained of his goodness, I joyfully accepted so desirable an offer. As we entered the hamlet, the sun was gilding with his departing beams the village spire, whilst a gentle breeze refreshed the weary hinds, who, seated beneath the venerable oaks that overshadowed their cottages, were reposing themselves after the labours of the day, and listening attentively to the tale of an old soldier, who, like myself, had wandered thus far, and was now distressed for a lodging. He had been in several actions, in one of which he had lost a leg; and was now, like many other brave fellows,

——"Doom'd to beg
"His bitter bread thro' realms his valor sav'd."

My kind host invited me to join the crowd, and listen to his tale. With this request I readily complied. No sooner did we make our appearance, than I attracted the attention of every one. The appearance of a stranger in a hamlet, two hundred miles from the capital, is generally productive of surprise; and every one examines the new comer with the most attentive observation. So wholly did my arrival engross the villagers, that the veteran was obliged to defer the continuation of his narrative till their curiosity should be gratified. Every one there took an opportunity of testifying the good will they bore my venerable host, by offering him a seat on the grass. The good man and myself were soon seated, and the brave veteran resumed his narrative in the following words:—"After," continued he, "I had been intoxicated, I was carried before a justice, who was intimate with the captain, at whose request he attested me before I had sufficiently recovered my senses to see the danger I was encountering. In the morning, when I came to myself, I found I was in custody of three or four soldiers, who, after telling me what had happened, in spite of all I could say, carried me to the next town, without permitting me to take leave of one of my neighbours. When they reached the town it was market-day, and I saw several of the people from our village, who were all sorry to hear what had happened, and endeavoured to procure my release, but in vain. After taking an affecting leave of my neighbours, I was marched to Portsmouth, and there, together with an hundred more, embarked for the coast of Africa. During the voyage most of our number died, or became so enfeebled by sickness as to make them unfit for service. This was owing partly to the climate,

partly to the want of water, and to confinement in the ship. When we reached the coast of Africa, we were landed, and experienced every possible cruelty from our officers. At length, however, a man of war arrived, who had lost several mariners in a late action; and I, with some others, was sent on board to serve in that station. Soon after we put to sea we fell in with a French man of war. In the action I lost my leg, and was near being thrown overboard; but the humanity of the chaplain preserved my life, and on my return to England procured my discharge. I applied for the Chelsea bounty; but it was refused me because I lost my limb when acting as a marine; and as I was not a regular marine, I was not entitled to any protection from the Admiralty; therefore I am reduced to live on the good will of those who pity my misfortunes. To be sure, mine is a hard lot; but the king does not know it, or (God bless his Majesty!) he is too good to let those starve who have fought his battles."

The village clock now striking eight, the worthy Vicar rose, and, slipping something into the old man's hand, desired me to follow him. At our departure, the villagers promised to take care of the old man. We returned the farewell civilities of the rustics, and directed our steps to the vicarage. It was small, with a thatched roof; the front was entirely covered with woodbine and honeysuckle, which strongly scented the circumambient air. A grove of ancient oaks, that surrounded the house, cast a solemn shade over, and preserved the verdure of the adjacent lawn, through the midst of which ran a small brook that gently murmured as it flowed. This, together with the bleating of the sheep, the lowing of the herds, the village murmurs, and the distant barkings of the trusty curs, who were now entering on their office as guardians of the hamlet, formed a concert, at least equal to that in Tottenham-court-road. On entering the wicket we were met by a little girl of six years old. Her dress was simple, but elegant; and her appearance such as spoke her destined for a higher sphere. As soon as she had informed her grandfather that supper was ready, she dropped a courtesy and retired. I delayed not a moment to congratulate the good old man on possessing so great a treasure. He replied but with a sigh; and we entered the house, where every thing was distinguished by an air of elegant simplicity that surprised me. On our entrance, he introduced me to his wife; a woman turned of forty, who still possessed great remains of beauty, and had much the appearance of a woman of fashion. She received me with easy politeness, and regretted that she had it not in her power to entertain me better. I requested her not to distress me with unnecessary apologies, and we sat down to supper. The little angel who welcomed us at the door, now seating herself opposite to me, offered me an opportunity of contemplating one of the finest faces I had ever beheld. My worthy host, observing how much I was struck with her appearance, directed my attention to a picture which hung over the mantle. It was a striking likeness of my little neighbour, only on a larger scale. "That, Sir," said he, "is Harriet's mother; do you not think there is a vast resemblance?" To this I assented; when the old man put up a prayer to Heaven, that she might resemble her mother in every thing but her unhappy fate. He then started another topic of conversation, without gratifying the curiosity he had excited concerning the fate of Harriet's mother; for whom I already felt myself much interested.

Supper being removed, after chatting some time, my worthy host conducted me to my bedchamber, which was on the ground floor, and lined with jasmine, that was conducted in at the windows. After wishing me good night, he retired, leaving me to rest. The beauty of the scenery, however, and my usual propensity to walk by moon-light, induced me to leave my fragrant cell. When I sallied forth, the moon was darting her temperated rays through the shade that surrounded the cottage, tipping the tops of the venerable oaks with silver. After taking a turn or two on the lawn, I wandered to the spot, "where the rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep." It was small, and for the most part surrounded with yew-trees of an antient date, beneath whose solemn shade many generations had mouldered into dust. No sooner did I enter than my attention was caught by a pillar of white marble, placed on the summit of a small eminence, the base of which was surrounded with honeysuckles and woodbines, whilst a large willow overshadowed the pillar. As I was with attention perusing the epitaph, I was not a little alarmed by the approach of a figure cloathed in a long robe. The apparition continued advancing towards me with a slow step, and its eyes fixed on the ground, which prevented it observing me till we were within reach of each other. Great was my wonder at recognizing my worthy host in this situation; nor was his astonishment less at finding his guest thus courting the appearance of goblins and fairies. After each had expressed the surprize he felt, I proceeded to enquire whose dust was there enshrined. He replied, "There, Sir, sleeps Harriet's mother, an innocent, but unfortunate woman. Pardon me, Sir," said he, "if for a moment I indulge my sorrow, and bedew my Harriet's grave with tears,—a tribute that I often pay her much-loved memory, when the rest of the world are lost in sleep." Here he paused,

and seemed much agitated. At length he requested my permission to defer the recital of Harriet's woes till the next day, as he found himself unequal to the task of proceeding in the painful detail. To this proposal I readily acceded, and we returned home. I retired to my room, but every attempt to procure sleep proved ineffectual. Harriet had so wholly occupied my thoughts, that no moment of the night was suffered to pass unnoticed. At length, "when soared the warbling lark on high," I left my couch, and rejoined my worthy landlord, who was busily employed in the arrangement of his garden. Though I declined mentioning the subject of our last night's adventure, yet he saw the marks of anxious expectation in my countenance, and proceeded to gratify the curiosity he had inspired.

"It will be necessary," said he, "before I proceed to relate the woes that befel my daughter, to give a short sketch of my own life. Twenty-six years ago, Mrs. —— came hither for the benefit of her health, the air being recommended as highly salubrious. On her arrival she gave out that she was the daughter of a clergyman who was lately dead, and had left her in narrow circumstances. I thought it my duty to visit her, and offer her any little attention in my power. She received me with politeness, and expressed a wish to cultivate my acquaintance. I continued to repeat my visits for some time without suspecting that there was any thing particular in her history, till one morning I found her in tears reading a letter she had just received. On my entrance she gave it to me: it contained a notification from Lord B——'s agent, that her usual remittances would no longer be continued. On opening this letter, I was led to suppose that her connection with Lord B—— was not of the most honourable nature. But all my suspicion vanished on her producing several letters from Lord B—— to her mother, with whom he had been long connected. From these letters I learnt that Mrs. —— was the daughter of Lord B—— by Miss M——, sister to a Scotch baronet, whom he had seduced and supported during the remainder of her life; but he had, it seems, determined to withdraw his protection from the fruit of their connection. Mrs. —— declared she knew not what step to take, as her finances were nearly exhausted. I endeavoured to comfort her, assuring her that she should command every assistance in my power. On hearing this she seemed a little satisfied, and became more composed. After sitting with her some time I returned home, to consider in what manner I might most easily afford protection to the young orphan, whose whole dependence was on my support. If I took her home to live with me, as I was unmarried, it would give offence to my parishioners. My income was too confined to admit of my affording her a separate establishment. Thus circumstanced, I determined to offer her my hand. You will no doubt say it was rather an imprudent step for a man who had seen his fortieth year to connect himself with youth and beauty; but as my brother was then living, it was impossible for me to render her the least assistance on any other plan. She received my proposal with grateful surprise, and accepted it without hesitation. In a few days we were married, and have now lived together six and twenty years in a state, the felicity of which has never been interrupted by those discordant jars which are so frequently the concomitants of matimony; though, alas! our peace has received a mortal wound from one, the bare mention of whose name fills me with horror! But not to digress. Before the return of that day which saw me blessed with the hand of Emily, my happiness received an important addition, by the birth of a daughter, who inherited all her mother's charms. It is superfluous to add, that she was equally the idol of both her parents; and as she was the only fruit of our marriage, she became every day a greater favourite. My wife had received such an education as rendered her fully capable of accomplishing her daughter in a manner far superior to any thing her situation required, or perhaps could justify. To this agreeable employment, however, she devoted her whole time; and when Harriet had reached her eighteenth year, she was in every respect a highly accomplished woman. She was become what that picture represents her. With an amiable temper and gentle manners, she was the idol of the village. Hitherto she had experienced a state of felicity unknown in the more exalted stations of life—unconscious, alas! of the ills that awaited her future years.

"It is with reluctance I proceed in the melancholy narrative. One evening, as a young man, attended by a servant, was passing through the village, his horse startled and threw him. Happening to be on the spot at the time, I offered every assistance in my power, and conveying him to my cottage, dispatched his servant in quest of a surgeon, who declared our patient was not in any danger, but recommended it to him to delay his departure for a day or two. His health, however, or rather his love, did not admit of his travelling for near a fortnight; during which time he established his interest with Harriet by the most pleasing and unremitting attention to her slightest wishes.—When about to depart he requested leave to repeat his visit on his return from his intended tour, dropping at the same time some distant hints of his affection for Harriet, to whom he was by no means indifferent.

"Mr. H—— (for so our guest was named) informed us, previous to his departure, that he had a small independent fortune; but that from a distant relation he had considerable expectation. After bidding an affectionate adieu to Harriet, he set out on his intended tour, which lasted for a month.

"During the time of Mr. H——'s absence, Harriet appeared pensive, and I observed with pain that he had made no slight impression on her heart. At length Mr. H—— returned, and Harriet's reception of him left us no room to doubt her attachment. During his second visit he was very assiduous to secure the favour of all the family: with Harriet he easily succeeded; nor were Mrs. T—— or myself disposed to dislike him. His manners were elegant, and his wit lively. At length he obtained from Harriet the promise of her hand, provided her parents should not object. Hitherto I had never been induced to make any enquiries concerning his circumstances and character. Now, however, by his own direction, I applied to a Mr. E——ns, a clergyman of his acquaintance. This gentleman, now in an exalted station in the church, then chaplain to Lord C——, informed me that Mr. H—— was in every respect a desirable match for my daughter; and that whenever his cousin should die, he would be enabled to maintain her in affluence and splendour: he added that his character was unexceptionable. Little suspecting the villainous part Mr. E——ns was acting, I readily assented to the proposed union, and performed the ceremony myself. Mr. H—— requested that their marriage might be kept a secret till the birth of a son and heir. This proposal rather alarmed me, but it was too late to retreat; and knowing no one in the great world, it was impossible for me, previous to the marriage, to procure any account of Mr. H—— but such as his friend communicated to me. Thus circumstanced, I could only consent; and as Harriet readily adopted every proposal that came from one she so tenderly loved, the matter was finally agreed on. After staying a few days, he set off for London, but soon returned, and passed the whole winter with us; and in the spring Harriet was delivered of that little girl you so much admire. I now pressed him to acknowledge my daughter as his wife. To this he answered, that had she brought him a son, he would readily have complied with my request; but that his cousin was so great an oddity, that he could not bear the idea (to use his own expression) "of having his fortune lavished in a milliner's shop." 'But,' added he, if you insist upon it, I will now risk the loss of all his fortune, and introduce my Harriet to his presence.' Harriet, however, again interfered, and desired that Mr. H—— might not be forced into measures that might in the end prove destructive of his future prospect, and induce him to regret the day he ever saw her. These arguments prevailed, and Mr. H—— was suffered to continue as a member of the family without any farther notice being taken of the subject. In this manner had three years elapsed undistinguished by any remarkable event, Mr. H—— generally passing half the year with us, and the remainder in London, attending, as he said, on his cousin; when one day, as he was sitting with us at dinner, a chaise and four drove up to the house. The servants enquired for Mr. H——, and on hearing he was there, opened the carriage door. A gentleman, dressed like an officer, jumped out, followed by a lady in a travelling dress; they rushed immediately into the room. Their appearance amazed us; but Mr. H—— betrayed visible marks of consternation. The lady appeared to be about thirty. She was a woman by no means destitute of personal charms. The moment she entered the room she seized upon Harriet, and, loading her with every horrible epithet, proceeded to indulge her passion by striking her innocent rival. On seeing this, an old servant of mine seized the lady, and forcibly turned her out of the house, then fastened the door. It was not till now that we perceived the absence of Mr. H——, who had, it seems, retired with the lady's companion. Whilst we were still lost in amazement at the transaction we had just witnessed, we were alarmed to the highest pitch by the report of a pistol. Harriet instantly fainted. While Mrs. T—— was recovering her, I flew to the spot from whence the sound proceeded, and there found Mr. H—— weltering in his blood, with a pistol lying by him. I approached, and found him still sensible. He informed me, that the lady's brother and he had fought, and that seeing him fall, they had both escaped as fast as possible. I instantly procured assistance, and conveyed him to the house, where he was put to bed, and a surgeon was sent for. In the mean time Harriet had several fits, and we were very apprehensive that the hour of her fate was approaching. On the arrival of the surgeon, he declared the wound Mr. H—— had received would probably prove mortal, and recommended the arrangement of his affairs. Mr. H—— received the news with great agony, and desired that I might be left alone with him. No sooner was this request granted, than he addressed me in the following terms:—'In me, Sir, behold the most unfortunate, and, alas! the most guilty of men. The lady whose ill timed visit has lost me my life, is—I tremble to pronounce the word, —my wife.' Seeing me pale with horror, he proceeded. 'No wonder, Sir, that you should behold with horror one who has repaid unbounded

hospitality by unequalled villainy. The bare remembrance of my own guilt distracts me. The awful hour is now fast approaching, when I must receive my final doom from that heaven whose laws I have so daringly violated. To redress the injuries I have committed, is, alas! impossible. My death will be an atonement by no means sufficient. I cannot, however, leave this world till you shall be informed that ten thousand pounds, the whole of my property that is at my disposal, has long ago been transferred by me into the hands of trustees for the benefit of my much injured Harriet, and her unhappy infant. In my own defence I have nothing to urge. Suffer me only to remark, that my misfortune arose from the avarice of my father, who forced me into a marriage with the woman you lately saw, and whose brother has been the instrument in the hand of Providence to inflict on me the doom I so much merited. If possible, conceal from Harriet that I was married. Picture, for her sake, an innocent deception, and tell her that I was only engaged to that lady. This will contribute to promote her repose, and the deception may possibly plead the merit of prolonging a life so dear to you; for the elevated mind of my Harriet would never survive the fatal discovery of my villainy. But oh! when my unhappy child shall ask the fate of him who gave her being, in pity draw a veil over that guilt which can scarcely hope to obtain the pardon of heaven.'—There he ceased, and uttering a short prayer, expired.

"Happily for Harriet, she continued in a state of insensibility for three days, during which time I had the body removed to a neighbouring house, there to wait for interment. Having addressed a letter to Mr. H——'s agent in town, he sent orders for the body to be removed to the family burying place, where it was accordingly interred. Harriet recovered by slow degrees from the state of happy insensibility into which the death of Mr. H—— had plunged her. Her grief became silent and settled. Groans and exclamations now gave way to sighs and the bitter tears of desponding grief. She seldom or never spoke, but would cry for hours together over her hapless infant, then call on the shadow of her departed Henry, little suspecting the irreparable injury he had done her. It was with infinite anxiety I beheld the decline of Harriet's health. Prone as we ever are to hope what we ardently desire, I now despaired of her recovery. Whilst in a state of hopeless inactivity, I was doomed to witness the lingering death of my lamented Harriet, I received a visit from an old friend. On his arrival I allotted him the apartment formerly inhabited by Mr. H—— and Harriet. About midnight he was awakened by some one entering the apartment. On removing the curtain he discovered, by the light of the moon, my adored Harriet in a white dress. Her eyes were open, but had a vacant look that plainly proved she was not awake. She advanced with a slow step; then seating herself at the foot of the bed, remained there an hour, weeping bitterly the whole time, but without uttering a word. My friend, fearful of the consequences, forbore to awake her, and she retired with the same deliberate step she had entered. This intelligence alarmed me excessively. On the next night she was watched, and the same scene was repeated, with this difference, that, after quitting the fatal apartment, she went to the room where her daughter usually slept; and laying herself down on the bed, wept over the child for some time, then returned to her apartment. The next morning we waited with anxiety for her appearance at breakfast; but, alas!"——Here a flood of tears afforded to my friend that relief which he so much needed; and we returned to the house.

After passing some days with this worthy couple, I proceeded on my tour, quitting with reluctance the abode of sorrow and resignation. Those whom the perusal of this tale may interest, will, if ever they visit the banks of the Alna, find that the author has copied his characters from nature.

X.

PREMATURE INTERMENT.

Hasty interment is still a prevalent custom in Russia; and even premature burials are said to be not quite unknown. A short time previous to my departure, the following horrid circumstance was related at St Petersburgh:—

A young nobleman, who had squandered away his fortune, found his sister, to whom he applied for assistance, not the least inclined to sacrifice her patrimony to his taste for dissipation. As he considered himself her heir, the wicked thought arose in his breast, to make himself master of her fortune. With this view he found means to give the unfortunate lady a sleeping draught. She was now considered as dead, and, with every appearance of the deepest sorrow her interment was resolved upon. The corpse was already placed before the altar, when one of her friends happening to pass the place, was informed

of her sudden death. She hurried to the church, where the priest was already pronouncing the blessing over the corpse; and, in order to impress the last farewell kiss on the lips of her late dearly beloved friend, she hastened to the coffin. She seized her hand, and found it rather flaccid, but not stiff; she touched her cheek, and imagined she still felt some natural warmth in it. She insisted on stopping the ceremony, and trying whether her friend might not be recalled to life. But all was in vain; neither the brother nor the priest would listen to her solicitations: On the contrary, they ridiculed her as a person out of her mind. Unfortunately, she no where found assistance. She immediately, in her anxiety, threw herself into her carriage, and hastened to the neighbouring seat of government. Here she found a hearing: proper persons accompanied her to investigate the affair; and she drove back with speed, but found her friend already covered with sacred earth. The interment had taken place the day before; and the inhuman brother had already obtained possession of her property, while priests and witnesses attested that the unfortunate person was actually dead. Among the Russians it is reckoned to be a heinous sin to dig up a corpse; and thus the desire of the generous friend for a long time experienced the most violent opposition to convince herself of the truth by ocular demonstration; till at last the Commission of Inquiry conceived some suspicion, and insisted on opening the grave; when the poor unfortunate lady was discovered to be suffocated, with her face lacerated, and the impression of her nails in the coffin-lid.—The brother and the priest were immediately taken into custody, and confessed their crime. The punishment they underwent I have not heard of.

SOPHRONIMOS; A GRECIAN TALE.

Sophronimos was born at Thebes: his father, of an ancient family of Corinth, had left the place of his nativity to establish himself in the capital of Bœotia. While his only son was yet a child he died, and his wife, not long surviving him, Sophronimos at the early age of twelve was left a portionless orphan.

Of the many things of which he stood in need, he had only regretted his parents; the poor child would daily weep at their tomb, and afterwards return to the dwelling of a priest of Minerva, whose charity prevented him from starving.

One day, when walking through the city, the unhappy Sophronimos had lost his way, he entered a work-shop belonging to the celebrated Praxiteles. Charmed at the sight of so many beautiful statues, he gazed, he admired, and seized with an involuntary transport, addressed Praxiteles with that innocent confidence which only belongs to infancy.

"Father," said he, "give me a chissel, and teach me to become a great man like yourself!" The sculptor looked at the lovely child, and was astonished at the animation which shone in his eyes; he embraced him tenderly—"Yes, I will be your master," replied he, "stay with me, and I trust that in time you will surpass me."

The youthful Sophronimos, his heart filled with gratitude and joy, had no desire of leaving Praxiteles, but soon felt the germ of talent which nature had implanted in his soul rapidly expanding; and at eighteen the master would not have blushed to own the works of his pupil.

Unhappily about this period Praxiteles died, leaving by his will a tolerably large sum to his favourite pupil. Sophronimos was inconsolable at his loss; he took a dislike to Thebes, quitted his country, and employed his benefactor's legacy in travelling through Greece.

As wherever he went he bore with him that desire of instruction, and admiration of the sublime and beautiful, which had inflamed his mind even in childhood, he daily gathered improvement, and each masterpiece he beheld added something to his store of knowledge. The wish of pleasing gave a polish to his mind and manners; his modesty increasing with his acquirements, and always reflecting on what he was deficient in. Sophronimos at twenty was the most skilful as well as the most amiable of men.

Having resolved to settle in a large city, he chose Miletus, a Grecian colony on the coast of Ionia, purchased a small house, as also some blocks of marble, and prepared to make statues for his subsistence.

Renown, which is oftentimes so tardy an attendant upon merit, was not so towards Sophronimos. His works were held in great estimation, and soon his talents were the general theme of conversation. The youthful Theban, without permitting himself to be intoxicated with the praise so profusely bestowed upon him, only redoubled his efforts to remain worthy of it. Alone, in his dwelling, he dedicated the whole of the day to labour, and in the evening, as a relaxation, amused himself in reading Homer;

this instructive pleasure elevated his soul, and furnished his genius with some new ideas for the work of the morrow. Satisfied with the past, and prepared for the future, he returned thanks to the gods, and retired to enjoy repose.

This tranquillity did not, however, last long; the only enemy that can rob virtue of peace, assailed our hero. Carite, the daughter of Aristos, chief magistrate of Miletus, came with her father to see the works of our youthful Theban.

Carite in beauty far surpassed the fairest maids of Ionia, and her mind was still lovelier than her face. Her father, Aristos, who possessed immense riches, had, since her birth, dedicated his whole time to her education; he had no difficulty in bending her mind towards virtue, and he lavished his treasures in order to give her every ornamental acquirement. Carite was sixteen, her wit was refined, her soul tender, her form enchanting, she thought like Plato, and sung like Orpheus.

Sophronimos on seing her felt a confusion, and emotions totally unknown. He bent his eyes on the ground, and never spoke so little to the purpose. Aristos, attributing his embarrassment to respect, endeavoured to re-assure him. "Shew us," said he "your finest statue; I hear your praise from every mouth."—"Alas!" replied Sophronimos "I had had the temerity to form a Venus, with which I was till now satisfied; but I perceive that I must make it once more." While saying these words he uncovered his statue, and threw a timid glance towards Carite. She had perfectly understood his meaning, and appeared to be occupied with the Venus, while her thoughts were really engaged on the young sculptor.

Aristos, after having admired our hero's works, departed, promising that he would soon visit him again; Carite on leaving him gracefully bade him adieu, and poor Sophronimos now perceived, for the first time, that his house appeared extremely solitary.

That evening he could not read Homer as usual, his whole mind was filled with Carite. The next morning, instead of attending his labours, he traversed the whole city in the hope of seeing her again. He was successful, and from that instant no more peace, no more study; his statues remained unfinished, and Apollo, Diana, and Jupiter, were no longer thought of. His mind ever filled with Carite, he now passed his whole time in the circus and public walks in the hope of beholding her, and when unsuccessful, he revolved a thousand plans, and determined with the next dawn to put them in execution.

At length his perseverance, joined to his celebrity, gained him an introduction to Aristos' house. He was allowed to converse with Carite, and bec me still more enamoured; but how could he ever dare to reveal it? how could a sculptor, without fortune or friends, have any pretensions to the hand of the wealthiest damsel of that city? his delicacy,— ll conspired to prohibit the disclosure of his sentiments. Carite was too rich for a poor youth to notice her beauty. Sophronimos knew all this, and that if he declared himself he was lost; but he must either comply with the irresistible impulse, or expire with grief. He wrote to Carite. This letter, couched in the tenderest, the most submissive, the most respectful terms, was confided to one of Aristos' slaves, to whom our hero gave all the little money he possessed to insure his secresy; but the treacherous confident, instead of giving it to Carite, carried it to her father.

The indignant Aristos, after having read it, for the first time, abused the authority his situation gave him; he accused Sophronimos in the council of crimes which the youth had never dreamed of, and caused him to be banished from the city.

Meanwhile the unfortunate Theban with trembling anxiety expected the slave, and instead of seeing him, received an order to quit Miletus. He entertained no doubt, but that Carite, offended at his presumption, had herself solicited this vengeance.—"I have deserved my fate," exclaimed he, "yet I do not repent.—Oh, ye gods! grant her happiness, and wreak over my head all the woes which might trouble her repose." Such was the enthusiasm of his passion, that without murmuring at the injustice of his sentence, his heart filled with grief, he proceeded towards the harbour, and embarked in a vessel bound to Crete.

Aristos thought it advisable to conceal from his daughter the real cause of Sophronimos' banishment. She, however, entertained doubts not far from the truth. Carite had long since read in the young Theban's eyes all that his letter would have revealed; she shed tears to the remembrance of a man whose love for her had proved so fatal; but Carite was very young, and soon our hero was forgotten. Aristos, on his side, confident in the measures he had adopted, enjoyed tranquillity, and only occupied himself in seeking a suitable husband for his daughter, when an extraordinary event spread universal consternation throughout Miletus.

Some pirates from Lemnos, surprised a quarter of the city, and before the inhabitants could take up arms, these miscreants pillaged Venus' temple, and even carried away with them the statue of that goddess. This statute was considered as the paladium of Miletus, and the prosperity of the Milesians depended on its possession.

The people, much alarmed, immediately sent ambassadors to Delphos, to consult Apollo. The Oracle answered that Miletus would only be in safety when a new statue of Venus, as handsome as the Goddess herself, should have replaced the one they had lost.

The Milesians instantly published throughout Greece, that the fairest maid of Miletus, with four talents of gold, should be the recompence of the sculptor who would fulfil the Oracle's condition. Several celebrated artists arrived with their works, which were exposed in the public square; the magistrates and the people were well satisfied with many of them; but as soon as the statue was placed on the altar, a supernatural power threw it down. The Milesians now began to regret Sophronimos, and with tears entreated that he might be sought.

Aristos himself now thought it necessary to gain some information of the ship in which the unhappy banished youth had embarked. All his endeavours were fruitless, and at length he was obliged to send to Crete, where the messenger learned that the ship with all its crew had perished near the island of Naxos.

The Milesians, in despair, accused their magistrate of want of vigilance, to which cause they attributed the invasion of the pirates, and the loss of Sophronimos, whom they discovered he had unjustly banished. The people soon proceeded from murmuring to revolt; they surrounded his dwelling and entered it by force: Carite's tears, entreaties, and lamentations were of no avail, they could not save her father: Aristos was seized, loaded with irons, and dragged to a dungeon, where the people declared he should remain until the statue of Venus was replaced.

Carite, in a state bordering on distraction, wished to go to Athens, Corinth, or Thebes, to seek for an artist who would restore her father to freedom. She first took every means in her power to soften his confinement and left a confidential slave with him to administer to his wants. Somewhat tranquillized by these proceedings, she caused a ship to be fitted out for her, loaded it with treasures, and departed on her search.

The three first days of her navigation were very favourable; and it seemed as if the winds had taken her under their protection; but suddenly a tremendous storm arose, and the ship was violently assailed with contrary blasts, which forced the pilot to seek a refuge in an unknown creek. They had not long remained stationary when the storm ceased, the sun returned, and Carite invited by the beauty of the weather, went on shore to refresh herself for a few hours from the fatigue she had experienced at sea. On landing she seated herself on the turf, and soon a gentle slumber, made her for a moment insensible to her afflictions. She however soon awoke and perceiving that her slaves were still fast locked in the arms of Morpheus, determined not to disturb them, but ventured to walk alone on the sea shore, and having a wish of exploring a part of this uninhabited island proceeded onwards beyond the rocks that defended it from the intrusion of the waves.

Soon a delightful valley met her view, crossed by two small rivulets, and covered with fruit trees; struck with admiration, Carite stopped awhile to gaze on the beauty of the prospect. Nature was then clothed in the lovely garb of spring; all the trees were in bloom; their leaves were still dripping from the past storm, and the sun while warming them with its rays, seemed to cover their branches with drops of chrystal. The butterflies rejoicing at the returning beauty of the weather, began to wander from flower to flower, and legions of bees buzzed about, not yet daring to cull honey for fear of wetting their transparent wings. The nightingale and the linnet, recovered from their terror, made the air re-echo with their notes! while their tender mates, fluttered over the meadows in search of a blade of dried grass to form their new built nest.

Carite after having remained some moments gazing on this spectacle, descended into the valley, and crossing the meadow, descried a small hut surrounded with trees, the entrance of which was hidden from the view by an arbour: she approached, and listened to the murmuring of a stream which meandered at her feet; soon the notes of a lyre mingled with this pleasing sound; she lent an attentive ear to a voice that sang the following words to a plaintive air:

Sad is the memory of pleasures past;
It steals upon the soul, as on the ear,
The mournful voice of Winter's stormy blast,
When sleep in dust the beauties of the year.
Gay were the dreams of hope, they cheer'd awhile
My glowing fancy, my weak heart,
Fleet is the brightest ray of Cupid's smile,
But everlasting is his smart.

The voice had not concluded when Carite recognized through the trees the figure of Sophronimos, and instantly fainted. He had also perceived her, he flew and raised her in his arms, gazed on her, and could not credit his happiness; he bore her to the rivulet, and a few drops of water sprinkled on her lovely face soon restored her senses. "Are you Carite," exclaimed he, "or a divinity that has assumed her form?" "I am the daughter of Aristos," she mildly replied, "my father is in danger; you alone can save him." "Oh! speak," rejoined Sophronimos in a transport of joy, "say what I am to do, I will

gladly expose my life for his and your service."

Carite then related to him the manner in which he might be of essential service to her country, and rescue her father from impending danger, As she proceded in her request, delight shone in the eyes of our hero. "Cease to fear," said he with dignity, "I have in that hut a statue which I think cannot fail to satisfy your goddess as well as your countrymen; it belongs to you, fair Carite, but I have a request to make, which is that you will not look at it until it is placed in the temple at Miletus."

Aristos' daughter readily consented; Sophronimos related to her how he had alone escaped from the wreck, and that the box containing his tools had been cast ashore by the waves. He had found in the island water, fruit and marble. Alone in the hut which he had himself erected, he had devoted his time to forming the masterpiece which was to deliver Aristos. "Come," added he, "and behold the asylum where I have long dwelt with no other companion than your image, which I constantly had before my eyes, and ever cherished in my heart."

Carite followed Sophronimos into his hut; every where she saw her name written; every where her initials were entwined with those of her lover. "Forgive me," said he, "if alone in this place, I dared to trace on the walls of my dwelling the sentiments of my soul; here I entertained no fear of being banished. These words made the tender Carite's eyes fill with tears: she looked at Sophronimos, and almost pressed the hand which held her. "Ah!" said she "it was not I"——she did not conclude, but contemplated a statue which covered with a veil, stood on a sort of altar: "let us hasten," continued she "to join my slaves; that they may bear to the ship that master-piece which I am only to admire at Miletus; you will return with me; and whatever may be the event, we will no more part."

The overjoyed Sophronimos dared to raise Carite's hand to his lips, and did not meet with a repulse. They were proceeding towards the sea shore, when they were met by the slaves and sailors, who, alarmed at the absence of their mistress, had been seeking her for some time.

Carite ordered them to carry carefully the veiled statue on board their ship; she was obeyed; and Sophronimos bade adieu to his hut, but not without first returning thanks to the Sylvan deities who had protected him while in that asylum. He placed all his tools on the altar where the statue had stood, and consecrated them to Pan; then respectfully kissing the threshold of the door, "I shall return hither," he exclaimed "to expire, if I am not permitted to live for Carite." After this farewell, they entered the ship, and steered towards Miletas.

Happily for Carite, who wished Sophronimos to have restored her father to liberty before she acknowledged her affection, their voyage was not tedious; or if it had proved longer, perhaps the sculptor might have been recompenced by her avowal, before he had by his actions deserved it. By the prudence of Carite, and the respect of Sophronimos, aided by prosperous gales, they arrived at Miletus without having broached the subject.

The name of our hero spread general joy throughout the city. The people, by whom he was beloved, assembled, and decided that the statue had no need of being examined previous to its experiencing the trial on the altar of Venus. All the inhabitants repaired to the temple, and as soon as it was crowded, Carite with faultering steps followed her lover who advanced bearing in his arms the statue covered with a veil. On his arrival he placed it on the altar, with a modest though confident air. The statue remained stationary. He uncovered it, and immediately all the spectators recognized the features of Carite. It was she, it was his beloved maiden whom the sculptor had chosen for the model of his Venus! The portrait of Carite was so indelibly engraven in his heart, that far from her, in his desart island, he had been able to dispense with the original; and in making the resemblance he had fulfilled the condition of the Oracle, who exacted a statue as handsome as Venus.

The goddess, satisfied and void of jealousy, accepted the offering, and manifested her approbation by the mouth of her high priest, and thus the oracle was accomplished. The people, uttering acclamations of joy, now surrounded Sophronimos, and entreated him to choose his recompence. "Restore Aristos to liberty," replied he, "and I shall consider myself amply repaid." All immediately fled to the prison of the old man; but Carite was desirous of being the first to break her father's chains. She embraced him, told him of her happiness, and blushing, bent her eyes on the ground whenever pronouncing the name of Sophronimos. Aristos, his breast filled with gratitude, asked for his liberator, threw himself into his arms, and while tears fell on his furrowed cheek, exclaimed: "My friend, I have been very guilty towards you, but Carite shall repair my crime." After having said these words, he joined the lovers' hands amidst universal acclamations of joy; all appeared to share their happiness, while our hero and heroine returned to the temple, and swore to each other eternal fidelity at the foot of that statue, which so truly exemplified the beauty of Carite and the love of Sophronimos.

E.R.

ORIGINAL ACCOUNT OF SWEDEN.

As Sweden possesses no work in her own language, which can be called statistical in the strictest acceptation of the word; as almost all foreigners who have written concerning this kingdom, such as Wraxall, Coxe, and Mrs. Wollstonecraft, have incurred the just reproach of being deficient in accuracy; as the memoirs of Canzler, though much to be commended on account of the ample information which they contain upon many subjects, are already out of date and defective in a variety of particulars; as, finally, the *Tableau general de la Suede*, by Catteau, leaves still a great deal to be wished; for these reasons we think we have a right to expect that the public will give a favourable reception to the following account of a country, that has always been deservedly in high esteem throughout all Europe, and which at the present moment engages the particular attention of the world. The Swedes have, indeed, a great number of topographical descriptions of their towns and of particular districts; the Swedish language abounds in detailed notices relative to agriculture, politics, and finance, in celebrated historians and geographers, such as Dalin, Lagerbring, Botin, Fant, Djurberg, and Tuneld, particularly distinguished for his geographical accuracy; but we do not hesitate to assert, that all these different works are nothing more than unconnected materials, the arrangement of which into an interesting statistical account, is reserved for some future writer of judgment; and it is a matter of surprise, that in a nation, so celebrated for patriotism, and in which the love of literature has struck such deep root, no writer has yet undertaken a task at once so useful and laudable. Whilst we wait in expectation of seeing this subject elaborated by a more able pen, we shall in the mean time endeavour in some measure to supply the deficiency, by a selection of various details relative to this important country, extracted from the new edition of Tuze's statistical work, with the commentary of professor Heinze.

The vast country of Sweden, which appears on the map of Europe in a kind of semicircular figure, extends from 55° to 70° N. lat. and from 28° to 48° E. long. To the east, it is bounded by that part of Finland which at present is subject to the empire of Russia; to the west, it borders on Norway, throughout a long extent of boundary; to the north it likewise borders on Norway, and on Norwegian and Russian Lapland; and to the south it is bounded by the Baltic, forming within the recess of its coast the gulph of Finland, which divides it from Livonia: an immense territory, containing about 216,000 square geographical miles. The face of the country is diversified with a great number of high mountains, extensive lakes, and considerable rivers.

Whether its proximity to two large capitals be an advantage or a disadvantage to Sweden, may be questioned. Its small distance from Copenhagen and Petersburg affords it, in time of peace, a ready market for its manufactures and the produce of the country, and in time of war enables it to threaten these cities with a sudden and powerful attack. On the other hand, the natural effect of this dangerous vicinity has been to inspire the two neighbouring powers with the project of extending their boundaries at the expence of Sweden.

In the southermost provinces the air is in general sufficiently temperate; in the others the heat during the summer is excessive, on account of the great length of the days and the reflection of the rays of the sun from the mountains; and during the winter the cold is dry, intense, and rarely interrupted by thaws. Frequent winds purify the atmosphere, the salubrity of which, together with the robust constitutions of the inhabitants, renders instances of extreme longevity common amongst them. If the duration of the winter could be determined with any degree of precision in a country of such vast extent, we might say that it commences about the middle of October, and ends about the middle of May. It has been remarked, that near Helsingfors, in Finland, coaches were used instead of sledges on the Christmas eve of one year, whilst on the 3d of October of another, they had already frost and snow. The first day of May is generally considered as the commencement of spring, and is kept as a kind of festival and visiting day amongst the inhabitants, who on this day endeavour to indemnify themselves, by feasting and amusements, for the uncomfortable manner in which they have been obliged to pass their time during the preceding tedious and dreary season. At Stockholm and Stelingfors, tulips are always in bloom at Whitsuntide; in other parts, where the thick forests intercept the rays of the sun, patches of snow are still found in the middle of June.

It is remarkable, that of late years the spring has been scarcely distinguishable in the north of

Europe; it has appeared to be hardly any thing more than a prolongation of the season which it ought to banish. Those who are not acquainted with the northern climates, will scarcely be able to conceive the regret which this change has occasioned. They can form no idea of the voluptuous and vivifying influence of the first fine days of the spring in these climates. An universal metamorphosis takes place; new life and rejuvenescence seem to pervade all nature, animate and inanimate. Whilst, in more southerly latitudes, the plants spring up imperceptibly, and the buds expand by slow degrees, producing in the mind only gently pleasing sensations; here one imagines one sees the roots extend themselves, every leaf unfold itself, and with an admiration that fills the soul with extacy, follows the whole rapid progress of vegetation. The longer and the more profound the sleep of winter has been, the more brilliant appears this resuscitation of nature, and the more powerfully it exerts its influence upon all beings.

Beyond Gefle and Bioerneburg, fruit-trees are rarely to be met with; in the rest of Sweden peaches and grapes are with difficulty brought to maturity, and figs can never be made to ripen, unless they have been kept during the winter in a hot-house.

The soil produces all that is requisite for the wants, and even the luxuries of life; it were however to be wished that the inhabitants knew better how to content themselves with the produce of their own country, and to dispense with superfluities imported from abroad, which can only tend to impoverish them, if they become too much habituated to their use. Their horses and oxen are small; the pasturage in the southern provinces, and even in Finland, is however so rich, that their cattle form an article of exportation. The small size of the horses is attributed to the peasants employing them in labour too young, and loading them with burdens disproportionate to their strength, as also to their often galloping with them up acclivities, which in so mountainous a country are very frequent and steep. Their swiftness is such, that it is common for the post-coaches to travel at the rate of a Swedish mile (equal to two French leagues), or more, in an hour, even when the carriage is loaded with a considerable quantity of luggage. During the course of the last fifty years, the breed of sheep has been much improved by means of those imported from Spain and England. Sweden, nevertheless, imports annually a large quantity of foreign wool. Game is very abundant, especially wild fowl, such as wood-cocks, pheasants, &c. which are killed in the forests of the northern provinces, and conveyed during the winter upon sledges to Stockholm and the southern parts of the kingdom, where they are less abundant. The elk, an animal of extraordinary swiftness, and which it is almost impossible to tame, is common in this country, as are also bears and wolves, two species of animals that possess far less courage than is usually imagined; the latter may be kept from approaching men by kindling a small fire, or even by a lighted torch, which travellers fix to the hind part of the sledge. The sea, the rivers, and the lakes abound with such a quantity of fish, that, besides the home consumption, they furnish a very important branch of commerce. The most considerable article of this kind are the herrings, the fishery of which amounts, at an average, to 200,000 tons per annum, and yields, besides the great exportation to foreign countries, a vast quantity of oil. The fish called by the inhabitants strommingar, is taken annually to the amount of 200,000 tons. Attempts have been made to introduce the cultivation of the silk-worm; but they have hitherto not been productive of any material advantage to the country. The attempts that have been made for naturalising the rhubarb-plant have scarcely been more successful. Were it not for the numerous forests with which this land is overshadowed, the produce of the mines would not be very lucrative; nevertheless, the inhabitants are not sufficiently careful to spare their woods, so that the want of timber begins to be felt in many places, and has excited the attention of the government, which has lately adopted various measures in order to induce the inhabitants to plant trees, &c. Turf also begins to be more employed as fuel than formerly, and fortunately it is here very plentiful, and of excellent quality. Some beds of pit coal have likewise been discovered, particularly in Scania, and furnish a new resource to the country. In a land where in many parts the habitations are far distant from each other, and the woods very frequent, it often happens, during the summer, that the peasants are obliged to pass the night in the open air, in woods near to the road. In such cases, they kindle a large fire of the branches of trees, round which they lie down to sleep, and frequently neglect to extinguish it before they proceed on their journey in the morning. Hence arise those terrible conflagrations, by which, in some instances, all the branches of whole forests have been consumed; for the trunks of the trees are not attacked by the flames. This practice is very common amongst the peasants, who go into the woods in the spring to catch birds; for these, having often to separate themselves to a great distance from each other, fix upon a place of rendezvous, where they kindle a large fire in the evening, near the places where they know the birds to have their haunts and to build their nests, that they may not have far to go in

order to catch them before sun-rise; and after having slept a couple of hours at their fire, they leave it in the morning, either to burn out of itself, or to communicate to the rest of the forest. The only means of stopping the progress of such a conflagration, is to dig a broad ditch round the place where the forest is in flames, in order to prevent their communicating to the other trees, and to suffer those that are already on fire to burn out. The building of ships, and particularly of small vessels, is carried on with the greatest activity, and large quantities of planks and other requisites for naval architecture are exported.

The cultivation of grain is pretty considerable in Scania, East Gothland, Smaland, Sudermania, Upland, and Finland; but the produce of the harvest is not near sufficient for the consumption of the inhabitants; particularly as the season is seldom favourable enough to ensure a good crop, and as the expenditure of grain in the distilleries is immense. The importation of grain alone from foreign countries costs Sweden annually upwards of a million of dollars. The cultivation of tobacco has succeeded very well throughout the whole country; it grows in the greatest abundance in the neighbourhood of Stockholm and Abo; and perhaps Sweden, at the present moment, does not require any importation of this article from abroad, except in order to have it of a quality superior to that of its own growth. Many orchards of fruit trees have of late been planted, which proves that the country does not as yet abound in fruits; and in fact, horticulture is too much neglected by the peasants. It is rather singular that the best cultivated lands are not to be found near the principal roads, which is, undoubtedly, in part owing to the circumstance, that the ancient inhabitants, whilst exposed to the incursions of the Tartars or Bohemians, thought it prudent to conceal their best pasturages and most cultivated plantations, by choosing the situations behind high mountains, and a considerable distance from the public roads, where they are found at the present day.

If the vegetable kingdom be rather barren in this country, the same cannot be said of the mineral. At Adelfors in Smaland, is a gold mine that has been opened since the year 1738, but which scarcely defrays the expence of working it. Another mine of gold is in the province of Westmania. The most ancient and productive silver mine is that of Sala; it yields annually about 2000 marks of silver, if the accuracy of the returns can be relied upon. The other silver mines are scarcely worth mentioning; but one of the principal sources of wealth to this country consists in its mines of copper, which are not inferior in quality to that of Japan. The most important of these copper-mines is that of Falun, which however has yielded less ore of late years than formerly. The mine of Otvidaberg, in East Gothland, is the second in importance. The iron mines are still more productive and numerous. These are found in all the provinces of the kingdom; the most lucrative are those in Westmania, Wermeland, and Upland, amongst which that of Dannemora and the foundery of Laefsta are particularly to be noticed. The export of this article alone produces to the country a revenue of more than two millions of dollars. Amongst the valuable stones of Sweden, the porphyry, which is of the most superb quality, is the most remarkable. Various kinds of marble are also common; but in general they are inferior to those of Italy. The water of the sea furnishes the kingdom with a quantity of salt, but not sufficient for the consumption of the inhabitants; besides it is unfit for salting provisions, particularly herrings. A great number of mines of sulphur are also found here, and several mineral springs.

The kingdom is divided into five principal divisions, namely, Sweden proper, Gothland, Nordland, Lapland, and Finland; comprehending in all twenty-eight governments. These are reckoned to contain not more more than 105 towns, most of which are very small and thinly inhabited; which affords a presumption that the citizens, who have enriched themselves by commerce, leave the towns to purchase landed possessions. There are very few towns in the northern provinces, and in some governments not a single one.

Sweden possesses in the north of Germany, anterior Pomerania, as far as the river Pene, with the island of Rügen, the town of Weimar, and the bailiwick of Neucloster, situated in the dutchy of Mecklenburg. By that part of Pomerania that extends along the coast of the Baltic, the Swedish territories border on those of Mecklenburg and Prussia. Swedish Pomerania, together with the island of Rugen, form a territory of 1120 square miles in extent, with a population of from 100,000 to 110,000 souls. The climate is tolerably temperate, and the soil in general fertile. It produces all kinds of grain in abundance, and plenty of cattle; the geese of this country are remarkable for their uncommon size. The sea, as well as the rivers and lakes, are plentifully stocked with fish, and a considerable quantity of amber is found on the coasts. This dutchy contains many trading towns, which export merchandize to a very considerable amount; the revenue of the crown is stated to be upwards of 20,000 dollars.

The King of Sweden, in his quality as Duke of Pomerania, has a vote at the Diet of Ratis-

bon. The states of the country consist partly of the nobles who possess fiefs, and partly of the deputies of the towns. The governor, who is nominated by the King, and resides at Stralsund, presides over the regency. The university established at Greifswald has a valuable library, and several of its professors deservedly enjoy a high reputation in the literary world. The number of students is nearly one hundred. The principal causes of the university not being more frequented are, undoubtedly, its vicinity to other more celebrated universities, and its distance from the centre of Germany. It has, however, several Swedish students, and one of the professors is a native of that country.

Sweden has only one colony; namely, the Island of St. Bartholomew, one of the Antilles.

ON COMETS.

A Comet, vulgarly called a blazing star, on account of its appearance, is a very extraordinary sight; for though the number of them be great, yet, on account of the long period of their revolution, they but very seldom appear. They are supposed to consist of a very compact and durable substance, capable of the greatest degree of heat and cold without being subject to dissolution, and, like the planets, shining only by reflexion.

By the ancients, Comets were considered as vapours, or meteors; and of this opinion was Aristotle, the celebrated Greek philosopher.—These phenomena were therefore treated with neglect, until the time of Seneca, who observed two very remarkable ones, which he scrupled not to place amongst the celestial bodies, though he owns their motions to be governed by laws not then known.

Dr. Halley declares, that notwithstanding all his researches into the histories of Comets, he found nothing satisfactory; until a Constantinopolitan historian and astronomer, in the year A. D. 1337, pretty accurately described the paths of a Comet amongst the fixed stars. The next Comet which appeared, was in the year 1472, and was observed by Regiomantanus; it was the swiftest of any that have hitherto appeared, and the nearest to the earth. This Comet, so dreaded on account of the magnitude of its body and tail, moved at the rate of forty degrees of a great circle in the heavens, in the space of one day, and was the first of which we have any proper observations. In the year 1577, a remarkable Comet visited this earth, to the study of which Tycho Brahe sedulously applied himself. This great astronomer, after many faithful observations, found that it had no perceptible diurnal parallax; and consequently could not be an aërial vapour. Tycho was succeeded by the sagacious Kepler, who discovered the true physical system of this world.

At length came the prodigious Comet of 1680, which descending almost perpendicularly towards the sun, arose from him again with equal velocity, and was seen for four months together. Not long after, the illustrious Newton demonstrated not only what Kepler had found did necessarily obtain in the planetary system, but also that Comets observe the same law, moving in very long eclipses round the sun, and describing equal areas in equal times.

The revolutions of only two Comets (or the number of years necessary for performing a journey round the sun) are known with any certainty. The one is that which appeared in the years 1456, 1531, 1607, 1682, and 1759, and is ascertained to move round the sun in seventy-six years; it will therefore make its appearance in 1835. The other is the Comet seen in 1680, in 1106, in 531, and soon after the death of Julius Cæsar, about forty-four years before Christ. It is mentioned by many historians of those times, and by Pliny in his Natural History, where Augustus Cæsar says concerning it,—"In the very days of our games, a hairy star (Sydus Crinituni) was seen for seven days in that part of the heavens which is under the Septentriones; it arose about the eleventh hour of the day, and was clearly to be seen all over the world." The period of this Comet is therefore ascertained, to be about five hundred and seventy-five years.—Its next appearance will be in the year 2255.

The number of Comets belonging to our system is unknown, but it has been ascertained, that more than four hundred and fifty have been seen, but the number whose orbits are settled with sufficient accuracy for us to ascertain their identity on their re-appearance, is only about fifty-nine. The orbits of most of these are inclined to the plane of the ecliptic in large angles, and in their perihelion they come much nearer the sun than the earth does. Their motions in the heavens are also different from those of the

planets. When a Comet arrives within a certain distance of the sun, it emits a prodigious fume or vapour, called its tail. These tails seem largest and most splendid immediately after they return from the sun, because, being then hottest, they emit the greatest quantity of vapours, and are always opposite those parts which the body of the Comet leaves in its descent, which is agreeable to the nature of smoke and vapour. They also appear broader on their upper part than near the head of the Comet; like all vapours, the higher they rise the more they dilate themselves. The tails of Comets are extremely long, some of them having been computed to be not less than eighty millions of miles in length, and the tail of the Comet, which is now visible, is computed to be three hundred thousand miles long. The celebrated Comet of the year 1680 came so near the sun, that it was not a sixth part of the sun's diameter distant from its surface; and therefore its heat must then be two thousand times hotter than red hot iron. And from thence it took its course from the sun to the distance of above eleven thousand millions of miles, which is at least fourteen times farther than the orbit of Saturn.

At their first appearance, Comets are computed to be as near to us as Jupiter, and therefore considered to be less than that planet: the present one, (which has passed its perihelium) is supposed to be eight times larger than our globe, and to move with the amazing velocity of sixteen thousand miles a minute. The conjecture respecting Comets are various. The ancients believed they were harbingers of divine vengeance:—thus Homer—

"A fatal sign to armies on the plain,
"Or trembling sailors on the wat'ry main."

Some of the moderns, particularly Sir Isaac Newton, are of opinion, that they are ordained by Providence to supply the sun at stated periods, with matter peculiar to its nature; and to make up the deficiency which must arise from the continual emission of the particles of light.—These, however, are mere hypotheses. The same also may be said of every thing that can be advanced concerning their being inhabited worlds, for if animals can exist there, they must be creatures very far different from any of which we have the least conception. Some who have indulged themselves in visionary ideas, think they are appointed as the place of torment for the damned: that each Comet is, properly and literally speaking, a hell, from the intolerable and inconceivable heat and cold which alternately takes place in these bodies.

It is supposed by some, that Comets are the means appointed by the Almighty for the destruction of this world, and all the planetary system, by involving the globe of the planets in their atmosphere of water, in their return from the cold regions. Amongst those who have written upon this subject are, Mr. Whiston and the learned Dr. Halley. The former is of opinion, that this world will be destroyed by a general conflagration, occasioned by our globe being involved in the tail of some Comet, after it has been prodigiously heated in its passage from the sun. The latter declares, that it is possible for a Comet to produce some change in the situation and species of the earth's orbit, and in the length of the year, and says, "But may the great God avert a shock or contact of such great bodies, moving with such force, (which however is manifestly by no means impossible,) lest this most beautiful order of things be entirely destroyed, and reduced into its ancient chaos." Indeed, it has been shewn that the Comet of 1680, November 11th, at one o'clock in the afternoon, was at so small a distance from the earth's orbit, that had the earth been near that part of its orbit, God only knows what the consequence might have been! If then a Comet should encounter the earth at its return from the sun, it would undoubtedly consume the earth and all its inhabitants, as so many moths; it might convert the matter of the present earth into a different kind of substance, and render it an habitation fit for beings of a quite different nature from ours.

Yet some circumstances render it very improbable that such an event should happen at all, with regard to the definite time, though it is possible in nature, for the planes of all the Comets' orbits are raised above those of the planets, so that there is but one particular place in the orbit of a Comet where its tail can pass over the orbits of the planets; and it is so many chances to one, that a planet happen to be in that part of its orbit at that particular time. But should any of the Comets approach so near us as to be more attracted by the earth than the sun, we might indeed, by that means, acquire another moon, which would be a change to our advantage, rather than a subject of terror and dismay.

Dr. Halley is of opinion, that the great Comet of 1680, appeared near the time of the general deluge, and that it probably was the occasion of that catastrophe, which he therefore believes the Almighty caused to happen by a natural cause. If a Comet passed near the earth it might undoubtedly raise a very strong tide, the effects of which would be, that it would lay all places under water; and drown the inhabitants so far as it reached. For if so small a body as the moon, at the distance of sixty of the earth's semi-diameters, be able to raise a strong tide of twelve or fifteen feet in height; a Comet as big as the

earth, and coming very near it, would raise a prodigious tide, capable of overflowing all that part of the earth which was nearest to the Comet.

But it may be said, this could not drown all places at once, for at the quadratures there would be as great an ebb? But it may be answered, that by the earth's rotation, it would pass over all the countries of the world successively, and therefore in the space of twenty-four hours, the whole earth would be involved in water, and all animals as effectually destroyed as if the water had staid one hundred and fifty days upon the earth, which is the time mentioned by scripture; the natural effect of this would be, that by such a prodigious and rapid motion of this vast body of water round the earth in twenty-four hours, all trees must be torn up by the roots, and carried along with the current; all buildings demolished, the rocks, hills, and mountains, dashed in pieces and torn away; all the product of the sea, fishes, shells, teeth, bones, &c. carried along with the flood, thrown upon the earth, or even to the tops of mountains, promiscuously with other bodies; hardly any thing could be found strong enough to withstand its force. The like vast tide would also be raised in the atmosphere, attended with the most violent commotion of the whole body of air, the consequence whereof would be continual rain. In such a case as this it would be impossible for any ark to live at sea, or the strongest man of war that ever was built.

Those, therefore, who suppose the water to be over all the face of the earth at once, must attribute it to a supernatural cause, and not to a Comet, for it is impossible for a natural cause to produce such an effect. It is also necessary, that this flood of waters should be perfectly free from all storms and tempests: for if Noah's ark came to be tossed about in a raging sea, from its structure and magnitude it must inevitably perish, with all its cargo of animals; and if this was granted, it would still be equally difficult to account for another phenomenon, that is, how shells and marine bodies, should be thrown upon the land, or even to the tops of mountains, by such a still water, and many of them buried deep in the earth; this effect is not at all reconcilable with such a supposition. Therefore, it does not appear that both these hypotheses can be true—for the calm sea, necessary for preserving the ark, could move none of the shells; and the rough sea, necessary for transporting the shells, would destroy the ark. The reconciling these things is not easy, but we believe it would be a very difficult affair, to make out how such a great concourse of water should be so very quiet and still, so clear of winds, storms, and tempests, as is here required. Hence we conclude, that the ark and its contents were miraculously preserved from destruction by the power of Omnipotence.

SKETCH OF THE CITY OF COPENHAGEN,

AND OF THE MANNERS OF THE INHABITANTS.

The capital of the Danish monarchy contains within it every thing that we elsewhere find scattered through several cities: it has therefore been compared to a giant's head on the shoulders of a dwarf; to which may be added, that it appears to regard with indifference, and perhaps even with a kind of pride, the state of languor which afflicts the other parts of the body.

This city, which is of the third order, and situated on the shore of the Baltic, is 25,200 feet in circuit, within which space are contained more than 80,000 inhabitants; that is to say, the twenty-third part of the population of the state. Here the court and the government reside; here is the principal fortress of the country; the whole fleet, and the marine arsenals; the only university in Denmark and Norway; the bank; the seat of the sovereign tribunal; the principal academies; the only good theatre in Denmark; a superb library; a veterinary school; a school for cadets in the sea and land service; a museum, containing a variety of rare and curious objects; a number of superb edifices, statues, and monuments of every kind.

If Copenhagen is little known to foreigners, if its manners, customs, and amusements, have not yet sufficiently excited their curiosity to merit a particular description, this is not a subject of reproach to a nation, which is little desirous of acting a brilliant part above its strength. It possesses in its own language, as well as in German, several descriptions of the capital: and a topography of Copenhagen, equally learned and accurate, has lately been published by Mr. Professor Nyerup; while a portraiture of the manners of the times daily appears under the title of the Danish Spectator. It is from these authorities principally, as well as from our own private knowledge, that the present sketch is compiled.

It is on the side next the sea that this city presents itself in all its magnificence. It is perceived at the distance of several miles. When we ar-

rive by the passage of the Sound, nothing in the north can equal the prospect presented by the channel which leads to it, and which has Denmark on the right, Sweden on the left, and the capital almost in front. The gothic towers with which it abounds, and which from a distance have a most majestic appearance, and perhaps more attractive than the modern cupolas, engage and fix the attention of travellers by the height of their spires, as well as by the diversity of the brilliant ornaments with which they are decorated. We have perpetually before our eyes, on the coast of Denmark, a continued succession of rich plains, vast forests, meadows, superb mansions, neat villas, and pleasant gardens adorned with all the ornaments of art; while the Swedish shore presents corn-lands, pastures, a mountainous and picturesque coast, and at length the Isle of Hoeen, so celebrated for the observatory of Tycho Brahe. We leave behind us two towns of two different kingdoms, Helsingoer (or Elsineur), with the famous fortress of Cronenburg and Helsingburg, which appear to unite as the navigator proceeds. He seems to sail in the midst of a lake, but soon he discovers the sea, and distinguishes the whole extent of the plain of Copenhagen, its ports filled with vessels, and its environs more fertile in appearance than they are in reality, because the different monuments of art give them too great a relief.

Three objects especially (the late conflagrations having destroyed the others) attract the attention of the distant spectator. The first is the tower of the church of St. Saviour, which is ascended by a circular staircase on the outside, ornamented with a handsome balustrade of latten brass; the second, the astonishing height of the steeple of the church of our Lady; and the third, the singular form of the observatory, which perfectly resembles a colossal column.

When we arrive by land on the side of Roschild, we view the reverse of the medal. It is not possible to discover distinctly the city, which, with all its avenues, is hid by a hill, when we are only at the distance of a league and a half, though the tops of the towers had been already perceived at the distance of ten or twelve leagues. Were it not for the goodness of the road, which permits the horses to travel with expedition, it would here certainly be very irksome, as the object of our journey seems to remove from us in proportion as we advance. At length, however, we come suddenly, as it were, upon the city, the sight of which then makes a very forcible impression.

The entrance of London, Paris, Vienna, and many other great cities, promises but little; but here as soon as we have passed the first barrier, we perceive by a certain air of elegance, order, and good taste, that we are entering the capital; and though our surprise is not immediately excited by magnificent buildings, as in the Piazza del Popolo, at Rome, the pleasure we feel increases as we advance, and especially when we approach the New Town, situated at the other extremity, and composed of magnificent palaces; and Frederick Square, which is unique in its kind, from the perfect symmetry of the four palaces that form it, inclosing the beautiful statue placed in the centre, and separated by four broad streets, running in the direction of the four cardinal points.

The foreigner who has conceived but a moderate or mean idea of this metropolis, must be extremely surprised when arriving by sea, he first traverses the New Town, which is such in its kind, that it may be said to have no model. He finds broad straight streets, well paved with footways, kept in excellent condition; handsome edifices on each side, and every where the signs of wealth and magnificence; numerous equipages, elegant liveries, a number of servants, &c. but few foot-passengers, and no crowd or stoppage in this quarter, which seems the asylum of careless ease, without any of that bustle which is usually produced by the vicinity of the court and the custom-house. In short, it resembles in this quietness a square at the west end of London, which appears dull and solitary, compared with Cheapside and other streets in the heart of the city.

There are few cities which contain within them so many agreeable walks as Copenhagen. The rampart, and the boulevard which runs at the foot of it, are in several places planted with handsome trees. These surround the city, and present a prospect equally pleasing and varied. But the King's garden is much to be preferred from the regularity and elegance with which it is laid out, its fountains, statues, &c. Entrance to it is permitted at all hours, and the public find there a recreation beneficial to health.

But this is not the country of frivolous amusements. We find here no booths filled with performers of tricks of strength or dexterity, or exhibitors of wild beasts; no jugglers playing cups and balls, no players on hand-organs, or itinerant musicians. We may sometimes hear a fiddle scraped to assist the mirth of some servant maids and artizans; but the common people in general dance but little, or not at all. They have too much phlegm, or too little money to sacrifice to their pleasures. Their amusements seem all reserved for the festival of St. John, when they go to make merry in the Park, at the distance of two or three leagues from the city, whither flock, as the poet says of the Italian courts,

Donne e donzelle, e brute e belle.

"Women and maidens, homely and handsome."

In winter, the fashionable world assembles at the theatre, at concerts, balls, and clubs. In the summer the theatre is not open, nor are there either concerts or balls, and the city, which is never either very gay or very brilliant, becomes then a dreary solitude to the foreigner who arrives from Paris, or even from Hamburgh, which might indeed be expected, as all persons of fortune are then in the country.

The court, though not mean, is distinguished by a spirit of economy suitable to the moderate resources of the state, and displays no more luxurious splendour than is necessary to the support of its dignity, according to the rank it holds among the European powers.

The numerous clubs, which are not political societies, are frequented by the men as much in summer as in winter; some even have gardens without the city. In these clubs they read the news, make parties at play, converse, &c. Ladies are from time to time admitted, and concerts, balls, and entertainments given. These are an invaluable resource to strangers, who find it very easy to introduce themselves into one or more of these circles, where they find a select society, and the opportunity of making advantageous acquaintances. The entrance may be termed gratuitous to them during several months, as they only pay what they think proper to expend.

It may excite surprise, that the inhabitants of a city intersected with canals situated on the sea, possessing so fine a marine, and having so great a number of pleasant walks and handsome villas on its coasts, should very rarely make parties of pleasure on the water, and seem to have so little taste for this kind of amusement. But Copenhagen, in this respect, resembles several other cities, which despise an advantage with which their situation furnishes them, and which would save them a great expence in carriages. Even the establisment of sea-baths is not of an earlier date than about ten years since.

Though the dress-doll of Paris no longer makes the tour of the North, the fashions of Copenhagen are regulated by the modes of that city, as also by those of London and Berlin. Of these the German journals, embellished with engravings, are the conveyers. The Danish ladies appear half naked as soon as the Parisian *belles* think proper to disembarrass themselves of what they term the superfluity of dress, and again resume their garments as soon as the latter admit the necessity of keeping themselves somewhat warmer. Decency, however, if not rigidly, is at least very generally respected. We find here some courtezans who are rather licentious, a small number of kept women, who are known without being much noticed, and perhaps a dozen women of gallantry. But this is little in a capital which is the residence of a splendid and wealthy court, where there is a numerous body of the military, a great concourse of foreigners, and which is besides a considerable sea-port

Though the dress of the men has every where within these few years undergone a kind of metamorphosis, it has preserved here more traces of the ancient elegance than in most other great cities.

The police of Copenhagen is admirable both from the vigilance of its magistrates, and the prudence of its regulations. For its institution the city is in a great measure indebted to the influence of the famous Count Struensee, who, notwithstanding many defects, and even crimes, had the good sense to perceive all the importance of this part of the administration, and the courage to effect the changes necessary to bring it to perfection. It was requisite to rouse in some manner a nation lulled to sleep in the happy enjoyment of a long and profound peace, and which had been governed by two sovereigns, one of whom was certainly too much occupied by the interests of the church; and the other, from an effect of the goodness of his character (he was surnamed the affable *le debonnaire*) was perhaps too fearful of innovations.

The pavement is good, and kept in excellent condition; there are almost every where commodious foot-ways. The streets have their names written legibly at each corner; but they are badly lighted. All the houses are distinguished by conspicuous numbers. There are few signs to obstruct the view, or endanger the safety of passengers. Within the last twelve months a paper has been published weekly, which might serve as a model for all the great cities in Europe. It is called the Friend of the Police, (*l'Ami de la Police.*)

Copenhagen, till the year 1794, boasted one of the finest castles in Europe; it was, perhaps, after that of Caserta, the richest and most magnificent palace erected in modern times. This sumptuous edifice, which had already braved the attacks of half a century, became the prey of a conflagration, and was destroyed in a single night. Its mournful ruins are now visited by the curious, in the same manner as they go to admire those of the Colosseum at Rome: they are precious and sacred remains in the eyes of the artist, and even of the philosopher, who beholds in them the futility of human grandeur and human labours.

The spacious *Hall of the Knights*, in this castle, was astonishingly magnificent. Taste and the arts were exhausted in its decoration.

If the Dane of distinction and opulence regrets the only monument which he could oppose with advantage to those of other countries, and which will certainly never be restored to its an-

cient splendor; the citizen of lower rank laments with acuter feelings, the dreadful conflagration which began on the 5th of June 1795, and continued to the 7th, in despite of all the efforts of art, courage, and assiduity.

In all great calamities there is a certain influence of fatality which frequently escapes the most intelligent observers, and which yet, independent of the universal consternation such disasters produce, is one of their principal efficient causes. Without the application of this principle, it would be inconceivable that the means employed on this occasion to extinguish the fire, and which till then had always been found so effectual, should not have been sufficient to stop the progress of the flames.

When the palace was burned, the fire broke out in the fifth story, and soon gained the upper apartments and lofts, in which was a great quantity of timbers, planks, &c. of very dry wood, that had been brought thither to make a general repair of the edifice, and which served to feed the flames, and cause them to spread with extreme rapidity.

The great conflagration which began in the arsenal, a year before that of the castle, broke out in the midst of the most combustible matters, as wood, pit-coal, pitch, rosin, cordage, &c. A strong wind carried these flaming substances to the roofs of the houses already heated by the sun, and principally heaped them upon the steeple of St. Nicholas, the fall of which set fire to a whole quarter of the city, by scattering its burning ruins over it; thus affording an additional proof of the dangerous inconvenience of gothic towers. Thus was reduced to ashes almost a fourth part of the city, that is to say, 943 houses.

But as there is no happiness without alloy, so is there no evil without some indemnification. The new streets are in general broader, the new houses better built, and as the quarters which were burned were the least handsome, the city has so much improved in appearance, that in this respect we scarcely any where met with its equal. Immediately after the fire, such measures were taken with respect to the new buildings, as not only ensured their safety and convenience, but contributed to their embellishment. The city was a new phœnix arising more beautiful and brilliant from its ashes.

On the road to Copenhagen, coming from Hamburgh, two objects principally merit the attention of travellers; the first is the handsome little town of Christiansfeld, built between Haderslebeu and Coldingen by the Moravian brethren, and filled with manufactures; and the other, the mausolea of the Kings of Denmark, at Roschild, one post (eight leagues) from the capital; they are remains of the ancient magnificence.

The expences of the King's household, which amounted to 200,000 rix-dollars, (about 40,000l. sterling) per annum, are now reduced to almost the half, (several of the principal places have in consequence been several years vacant.) Those of the household of the Prince Royal, are still much less in proportion. The chapel, the music of which is extremely good, has appertaining to it nearly fifty individuals. The royal stables are reckoned to contain more than two hundred horses.

The garrison consists of six regiments of infantry, the foot-guard, the horse guard, a corps of artillery, two battalions of light infantry, a corps of marines, and a squadron of hussars, amounting in the whole to more than 10,000 men, when the corps are complete; to which are to be added the city militia, the chief officers of which are appointed by the King, and the colonels and captains rank among the officers of the army.

The fortress of Friedericstadt, supported on the other side by the batteries of the arsenal, defends the entrance of the harbour, where there is besides another battery, and where, in case of necessity, a number of armed flat-bottomed vessels are stationed for its protection. Strangers are not permitted to enter the two arsenals of the marine, without particular permission from the King; the inhabitants themselves are not admitted into them without leave from the commandant of the arsenal. The arsenals are situated at some distance from each other, and, according to the account of those who have seen them, they are superb. M. Ramdohr, in his travels, speaks thus of them, though he only treats of a part of these establishments. "We find a number of spacious edifices placed between the ships that are building, the magazines, cranes, bridges, batteries, and finished vessels. It is estimated that there are 1600 carpenters and joiners only; I was taken into a hall where the framings of ships were preparing. The length and breadth of this hall are equal to the dimensions of a ship of the line, (they exceed them) and there being nothing to obstruct the view, as on board a ship, the eye is struck with the vastness of the space. In fine," says the German traveller, after having spoken of the magnificent appearance of the harbour, and his passing along the canals, "after coming out of the arsenals and the magazines, if we would appreciate the human powers, and form an idea of the genius of man, we must go to Copenhagen, and survey the arsenals and the basins."

The sailors are lodged in barracks appropriated to them. These are small houses of one or two stories, forming several streets near the harbour. They contain about 6,000 sailors, together with their families, and some officers set over them to maintain order. The sailors are well paid, and

receive the principal part of their provisions in kind; while the soldiers only receive, including the money for their bread, six sous a day, French money (three pence;) and the grenadiers six sous and a liard. The pay of a commodore is 1848 rix-dollars, and that of a colonel only 1740. A lieutenant in the navy has 192 rix-dollars, and a lieutenant in the army 135.

The *Danish Minerva* has an observation with respect to the sailors, which appears to us founded on the strictest truth. "It is," says the author, "a fact generally acknowledged, or, at least easily proved, that there is no nation which has applied itself with more earnestness and success than ours to preserve the health of its sailors, and furnish them with good provisions. The English alone supply theirs with food as wholesome and in equal abundance; but no nation has been more minutely careful in the measures it has taken to maintain order and cleanliness on board its vessels. The same may be said relative to the arrangements made with respect to the sick and wounded. No where is so much care taken to provide them with the necessary clothing, and furnish them with it at a reasonable price. The sailors are not treated like prisoners, who cannot be suffered to go on shore. The list of the deaths that have taken place on board our ships during the last nine years, is a strong testimony in favour of the good treatment of the crews."

Copenhagen possesses a very considerable and richly endowed university; but it is an ancient establishment, which, notwithstanding various reformations and changes, still too evidently bears the marks, manners, and religion, of the age in which it was founded. It is composed of twenty-eight professors; viz. four of theology, five of jurisprudence, five of physic and surgery, the rest are professors of philosophy, in the vague acceptation of that word, for there is only one who gives a course of philosophy, properly so called, while another gives a complete course of French belles lettres. All the sciences are cultivated here, with the exception, perhaps of one or two, and all the professors have made themselves known by learned works; some have even acquired a reputation which has extended throughout Europe. The number of students is estimated to amount to 700, and in general we may affirm that they are well instructed. They undergo strict examinations on several subjects, which even in Germany are too much neglected, as the mathematics, astronomy, the learned languages, &c.

There are different establishments in which a considerable number of students are lodged gratis, and receive a small pension to enable them to prosecute their studies. On their arrival at the university, the scholars frequently bring with them a small sum of money, which has been reserved for them at the school, for the close of their studies. This is the produce of ancient legacies, of which there are others that furnish a fund to supply those students who have undergone the requisite examinations, with the means of improving themselves by travelling, and a residence in foreign universities. These usually, during the last year, go to London, or Paris, or even farther; but it is much to be regretted, that they rarely take their course towards Sweden and Russia, and that frequently they do not even visit Norway.

The library of the university is very voluminous, but it is not in fact of great utility. It contains few modern works, and many of the ancient are not complete. It seems to have been adopted as a principle which does not appear to be ill founded, that a library so complete as that of the King, and which may so easily be consulted, is sufficient for such a city as Copenhagen. But what is especially valuable in the library of the university, is a collection of Icelandic manuscripts, many of which have already been published.

The botanic garden contains about seven thousand plants, from every part of the globe. It is daily open to those who apply themselves to the study of that science, and plants are likewise distributed several times in the week to such students as wish to form collections.

The cabinet of natural history is well furnished, and contains many rare specimens; the collection of serpents especially is very considerable. A great number of insects have been presented by the society of Arabian travellers, Niebuhr, &c. The collection of minerals contains almost all the known species, and some others which have not been described. The whole is arranged according to the system of Werner. This cabinet is open to every person once a week.

The university has besides a chemical laboratory, and an anatomical amphitheatre.

The academy of surgery, composed of distinguished and celebrated professors, is independent of the university.

The veterinary school is equally respectable; but it is not yet required in Denmark, as in Austria and Saxony, that all apprenticed farriers shall indiscriminately go through a course of lectures in it: it has been judged sufficient to oblige every diocese to send to it a pupil. The number of scholars in it is usually about forty.

The principal literary societies are, the academy of sciences; the society for promoting the study of the history and languages of the North; the academy of belles lettres; the society of rural economy; the royal society of medicine; the genealogico-heraldic society, which is publish-

ing an historical account of the noble families of Denmark, with an engraving of their arms; the society of Icelandic literature, which has for its object the instruction, especially in economical knowledge, of the Icelanders, by publishing its memoirs in their language; the society of Scandinavian literature, established to unite the learned of Sweden, Denmark, and Norway, by alternately publishing their labours; and lastly, the new society of literature. All these societies publish works, propose prizes, and prosecuting with zeal and perseverance, their several objects, continually diffuse a variety of knowledge, which has already efficaciously contributed to the state of splendour which has been attained by a small country so little favoured by nature, and which has had to struggle against more than one powerful obstacle.

The superb library of the King is endowed with a fund of three thousand rix dollars per annum, for adding to it new and rare books, and has been enriched with two magnificent collections of prints. It may reasonably be presumed, that in a city containing so many men of learning, and in which the study of foreign languages is more cultivated than perhaps any where else, there must be many excellent private libraries, as also, circulating libraries, and reading societies, which subscribe for almost all the new works and journals published in Europe.

The cabinet of curiosities formerly enjoyed a very great reputation, which in fact it still deserves from the valuable things it contains. It therefore is frequently visited by strangers, and receives the encomiums of amateurs. There are also several private collections of curious objects, which there is reason to believe will soon be added to the cabinet of the King, to form a national museum. In fine, if we wish to have a general but precise idea of the present improved state of literature at Copenhagen, it will be sufficient to know, that there are now in that city seventeen or eighteen printers, nearly the same number of booksellers; and that there are published about twenty journals, and almost as many gazettes and periodical publications.

Notwithstanding all the efforts of the government to encourage the fine arts, notwithstanding the ancient and admirable establishment of the academy of painting and sculpture, it must be confessed, that with the exception of music, it is not at Copenhagen that we find the greatest number of amateurs and real connoisseurs. It appears that, in general, the less temperate climates of the north are unfavourable to the cultivation of painting and sculpture. From Dresden to Petersburgh these arts are reduced, it may be said, merely to vegetate. Sweden, indeed, boasts her Sergell; to whom Copenhagen, and likewise Petersburgh may oppose some celebrated artists; but these are phenomena which may be compared to planets surrounded by two or three satellites, which may be too easily confounded among the infinite number of common stars. It is, however, enjoined to all persons, whose profession requires a knowledge of drawing, to send regularly their pupils to take lessons at the academy. They cannot even obtain their freedom in these professions till they have submitted to the examination of the academy a drawing made from the work of some eminent master. The last public exhibition of pictures was in 1795. The private collections of paintings are much too insignificant to merit notice, though we sometimes find in them very interesting pictures, principally among the portraits, a taste for which is much the most general.

The King's library contains more than eighty thousand engravings, as also a superb collection of flowers and fruits, painted on vellum, forming four large volumes in folio, and one of a smaller size, monuments of the industry of the last age.

There are at Copenhagen two equestrian statues, one of which decorates the square of the new town, and represents Frederick V. It is a superb piece of sculpture, the work of Saly, who at the time of its erection, published the description of it in French. The writer of the present article saw this Colossus conveyed to the place where it is erected, and is convinced that it is necessary to have witnessed such a spectacle, to form an idea of what may be effected by the aid of machines, and the hands of men, directed by genius. It was a scene the most truly grand and majestic that can be imagined.

At a small distance from the city, is a very beautiful obelisk, erected in memory of the abolition of the feudal rights. One of the most curious edifices is the observatory, finished in 1656, after the plan of the celebrated Longomontanus. Its height is one hundred and fifty feet, and its diameter sixty. A winding ascent, gentle and almost insensible, without a single step, leads to the top, supported on one side by a column of stone, and on the other by the wall of the tower. It is of such a solid construction, and the declivity is so easy, that there are instances of its having been ascended in a carriage.

To give an idea of the commerce of Copenhagen it will be sufficient to say, that in the year 1798 there were three hundred and thirty-eight ships, carrying twenty-six thousand one hundred and eighty-three lasts, and navigating in every part of the globe. In 1745 there were only reckoned one hundred and three, but the number has been continually increasing progressively. In the year before last, five thousand nine hun-

dred and ninety-four ships entered the port of Copenhagen, of which two thousand and sixty-six were from different foreign ports, two thousand four hundred and ninety from Danish ports, four hundred and fourteen from Norway, nine hundred and twelve from the two duchies, and ninety-two from the East and West Indies.—From 1797 to 1799 more than forty vessels have been annually sent to Iceland. However advantageous to Denmark this commerce may appear, it would doubtless be more so were it not all concentered in the capital, which by attracting to itself every kind of industry prevents its exertion in the provinces, which are in consequence condemned to a languor fatal to the general prosperity.

As to the mechanical professions they do not here afford any subject for praise, nor do the abilities of our artisans merit any particular notice. The establishment of corporations forming a long and fatal chain, which extends from the extremity of the empire far into the north, incessantly presents obstacles to the progress of industry. At Copenhagen, indeed, the example has lately been given of the means which should be employed to destroy this monstrous production of the ages of ignorance, and the moment approaches, when, after considering and regulating the interests of the poor, attention will be seriously directed to the measures proper for favouring the developement and perfecting of talents. A particular society has undertaken to execute the plan which will lead to so desirable an object.

This city, within these ten years, may boast an establishment, the parallel of which is scarcely any where to be found except in some parts of Germany. This is a school for forming tutors for the country schools. The number of pupils which have been sent out or still remain in it amounts to one hundred and fifteen. These apprenticed preceptors are taught, boarded, &c. at a price extremely moderate. Another establishment is soon to be formed for the instruction of those who are to exercise the functions of masters in the Latin schools. The plan of this latter institution has been approved by the King.

As to society and visiting, we may refer to the testimony of Mr. Ramdohr. "In the choice of associates," says that judicious writer, "no regard is had to rank or birth. Every one chuses a circle at his pleasure, and without consulting any thing but his connections and inclinations. Companies are therefore so mixed that even in those which might be expected to consist only of courtiers, we find merchants, literary men, artists, and *vice versa*. The lines of demarkation between the different ranks are very indistinctly drawn. I have seen ministers in the same party with artists, and their ladies with the widow of an apothecary. The brother-in-law of a chamberlain is frequently only a common clerk, and the wife of a marshal of the court, has visited almost every day at the house of the minister of the parish."—But when we come out of Copenhagen we expect to find the environs full of small inns and ale-houses. They are indeed sufficiently numerous, but are neither wretched nor dirty; though they do not present the same cheerfulness nor convenience which we are accustomed to find in the neighbourhood of many other great cities. There are, however, a number of handsome country houses, in which strangers are the better received, as the inhabitants of Copenhagen, being generally able to speak several foreign languages, are extremely hospitable; and it is not necessary for a foreigner to speak the language of the country to be well received; it is sufficient to be able to explain himself in French or German.

Travellers, likewise, should not omit to visit Cronenburg, Elsineur, the manufactory of arms of Count Schimmelmann near Fredensburg, and the cannon foundery of the Prince of Hesse, which are superb and delightful situations.

If we would entirely vary the scene, and turn our view to a soil, manners, and customs absolutely different, we have only to go to the Isle of Amag, which communicates with the city by a bridge, and of which a small part is incorporated with the city itself. This island, which is several leagues in circuit, is perfectly level, and only embellished with two or three small copses, forming as it were one entire kitchen garden, which furnishes Copenhagen with vegetables, and some fine meadows which supply it with milk. The inhabitants of the Isle of Amag are descended from Batavians, who settled there at the beginning of the sixteenth century. Those of the country parts of the island, though they may be said to be at the gates of the city, have preserved their ancient dress, customs, and even, in some villages, considerable remains of their language; without, however, retaining either all the industry or all the economy for which their ancestors were so commendably distinguished.

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH OF THE LATE ARCHBISHOP OF YORK.

William Markham, LL. D. Archbishop of York, was born in Ireland, we believe, in the year 1718. He was the son of an officer, at that time with his regiment in Ireland, and who was of a Nottinghamshire family: he sent this his eldest son to Westminster school for education. From Westminster he removed to Christ Church, Oxford, where he took the degree of bachelor of arts in 1742, and that of master in 1745. At school and at college he was distinguished by the elegance of his exercises, and particularly of his Latin verses.

About the year 1750, Dr. Markham was appointed first master of Westminster school; and he continued to discharge the laborious duties of that useful and honourable employment until January 1764. During his being master of this school, we can truly assert, that none who preceded him was more truly beloved, or held in greater respect by the youth of that highly esteemed seminary of learning: indeed we have heard numbers of those who were under his care, and who are now in the first situations in the country, mention Dr. Markham with the utmost regard and veneration.

An able first master of Westminster is too prominent a person to be overlooked by those who have the disposal of perferment. We find accordingly that in 1759, Dr. Markham was promoted to the second stall in Durham cathedral, while he held the mastership, and in 1765, to the deanery of Rochester, after he had resigned it. Both promotions were most probably owing to patrons, to whom he had been recommended by his public services.

In 1767 he vacated the deanery of Rochester, and was created dean of Christ Church. The deanery of Christ Church is a dignity of very great importance and responsibility, involving the care both of a college and a cathedral.

In 1769 he was chosen to preach the *Concio ad Clerum* to the synod of the province of Canterbury. On this occasion he demonstrated, with great force of argument and elegance of language that whatever in human knowledge is vain and fanciful, has always been contrary to true religion; while it never opposed that learning which is conformable to reason and nature. He bestowed a just encomium on the character of Newton and his views in philosophy; and at the same time lashed, with deserved severity, the metaphysicians of the French school, who were then attempting to carry their designs into execution, by darkening and perplexing the human understanding, and bringing into contempt whatever had been esteemed sacred in religion, science, or government. The *Concio* was published, together with a Latin speech made on presenting Dr. Thomas as prolocutor to the higher house of convocation.

In January 1771, Dr. Markham was consecrated Bishop of Chester, and in the succeeding month was, in the first establishment for the education of the Prince of Wales, chosen preceptor to his Royal Highness. Dr. Cyril Jackson, the present Dean of Christ Church, was at the same time appointed sub-preceptor.

In June 1776, a new establishment was formed, when Dr. Markham was succeeded by Dr. Hurd, the present Bishop of Worcester, and Dr. Jackson by Dr. Arnold, tutor of St. John's College, Cambridge. Why Dr. Markham and Dr. Jackson were not allowed to complete the education of the Prince of Wales, is not generally known: their successors had been celebrated tutors at Cambridge, and they had been distinguished at Oxford. It seems, therfore, that it was intended to afford his Royal Highness the united advantages that might be expected from those who excelled in the different pursuits of the two universities.

This at least is known, that Dr. Markham, in the discharge of his duty, gave great satisfaction to the King, who personally superintended the education of his son, and that he has always retained a very enviable portion of the royal favour. The following anecdote may be mentioned in proof:—Mr. Pitt promised to a friend the deanery of York, when it should become vacant by the death of Dr. Fontayne; but he was obliged to revoke the promise, having found that the King, in consequence of an application from Dr. Markham, intended it for his second son, the Rev. George Markham, who now enjoys it.

On January 20, 1777, Dr. Markham was translated to the Archbishopric of York. His life, as it can be viewed by a distant observer, appears to have been an uninterrupted series of uncommon felicity. Distinguished at a great school and an eminent college, over both of which he was afterwards called to preside, and over the former at a very early period of life; advancing in preferments and reputation until he was promoted to a bishopric, and selected for an employment, with the due execution of which the future hap-

piness of his country was intimately connected; afterwards rewarded by the second dignity of the English Church, which he held nearly thirty-one years; the father of a numerous and prosperous family, and continued till within a year or two of his death, in an extreme but vigorous old age, able to feel all the happiness of his situation; what has he not enjoyed of those things which are supposed to constitute the splendid or the solid satisfaction of life? These satisfactions he did enjoy, and he enjoyed them worthily.

In his person the Archbishop of York was tall and graceful; in his manners and address, extremely dignified; and in his conversation, instructive, entertaining, and lively: our best encomiums, however, must fail in delineating his character; yet it is but justice to his memory to assert, that he passed an honourable life in the service of his King, his County, and the Church, with the additional lustre of every social and private virtue; and closed the scene, with a death worthy that high and sacred office which he had so long and deservedly filled.

ESSAY ON LEARNING.

"Perhaps in the same open basket laid,
Down to the street together be convey'd;
Where pepper, odours, frankincense are sold,
And all small wares in wretched rhimes unroll'd."

FRANCIS.

THE following Essay is written by the Rev. H. Kett, author of the celebrated work, entitled "Elements of General Knowledge."—It was written in the year 1786, and published in the Olla Podrida, a work orginating and published at Oxford.

IT is melancholy to reflect on the unhappy circumstances which have frequently attended the death of authors. If we turn over the pages of literary history, we shall find that although many have enjoyed the gratification of hearing their own praises, and some have basked in the sunshine of opulent patronage, yet their deaths have been often obscure, and sometimes disastrous. Cicero fell a victim to party-rage; Sidney expired in the field of battle; Crichton fell by assassination; and Otway perished by famine.

The fate of books is oftentimes similar to that of authors. The flattery of dedication, and the testimony of friends, are frequently interposed in vain to force them into popularity and applause. It is not the fashion of the present day to indulge the hangman with the amusement of committing books to the flames; yet they are in many instances condemned to a more ignoble destiny. The grocer, the chemist, and the tallow-chandler, with "ruthless and unhallowed hands," tear whole libraries in pieces, and feel as little compunction on the occasion, as the Thracian ladies did, when they dismembered Orpheus. The leaves are distributed among their customers with sundry articles of trade that have little connection with classical fragments, whilst the tradesman, like the Sibyl, cares not a farthing what becomes of them.

Nunquam deinde cavo volitantia prendere saxo
Nec revocare situs aut jungere carmina curat.

VIRGIL.

I was led into this train of thought by receiving a pound of sugar from my neighbour *Tim Tear-title*, the grocer, wrapt up in a sheet of letter-press. Tim deals so largely in books, that he has many more than are sufficient for his own use, with which he very bountifully obliges the literati in foreign parts. I remember, just before the American war broke out, my curiosity was excited to know what a large hogshead, which stood at the door contained. I found, on examination, that it was filled with old pamphlets, most of them on subjects of liberty, non-conformity, and whiggism, which Tim was going to ship off for a Yankee shopkeeper in New-England. Whatever sage politicians may have said to the contrary, it it not at all to be doubted, that the importation of this cargo spread the wild-fire of rebellion among the Bostonians, and was the sole cause of the late bloody and expensive war. Although my neighbour Tim is no scholar by profession, yet it is astonishing what a progress he has made in books. He has finished a complete set of the General Councils, and is now hard at work upon the *Ante-Nicene* Fathers, whom he cuts up with greater expedition than Dr. Priestley himself. Perhaps more logic and metaphysics have passed through his hands than Lord Monboddo ever saw. He would have been a long time dispatching a set of French Reviewers, had he not begun upon them when

the price of coffee was reduced. The other day some young sparks, who belong to a celebrated academy, where every thing is taught, brought him a parcel of Latin classics. He tore off the covers with as much *sang-froid* as a nymph of Billingsgate strips an oyster of its shell, and bought Horace and Virgil for three-halfpence per pound. He observed, with a sapient look, "That as for your *Virgilii's* translation into Latin, I reckon it no better than waste paper; but if it had been Mr. Dryden's history of the Trojan Horse, I should have kept it for my own reading."

I have been told by learned men, that it is a question much debated in the Universities, whether or no the place ought to agree with the thing placed. Now after all that serious meditation, which so abstruse a point requires, I am determined to decide in the affirmative. For who cannot see the propriety, or rather (as Parson Square would say) the fitness of things, in wrapping up a cheesecake in pastoral, sugar-candy in a dedication, or gun-powder in a sermon on the 5th of November?

There never was a time when learning forced itself so much into notice as it does at present. You can no more walk a hundred yards in the street, or go into any house, without seeing some display of it, than you can turn a corner in London without seeing a beggar, or hear a sailor talk without swearing. A man of fashion imperceptibly keeps up his acquaintance with his alphabet, by playing at the noble game of Tetotum, or risking his fortune at an E O table. Book-stalls furnish history; the walls of houses poetry; hand-bills medicine; fire-screens geography, and clocks morality. These are the channels which convey to the porter the knowledge of the constitution, to the apprentice the art of rhyming, to Members of Parliament an acquaintance with our India settlements, and to the fat alderman, wise sayings.

For my own part I am not satisfied with such vulgar means of growing learned, but love to follow literature into her more secret recesses. Fortunately chance has furnished me with the means of doing this, without being driven to the immense *bore* of poring over books, which would only produce the effects of a dose of opium. I have a trunk, which, like the dagger of Hudibras, may be applied to more purposes than one. It is lined with several sheets of the Royal Register, and of course contains much edifying information. During my travels, I watch my trunk with the same fond anxiety which Sancho used to feel for his beloved Dapple. On my arrival at an inn, after having studied the most curious manuscript in the house, the bill of fare, I unlock my magazine of linen, and feast upon delicious scraps of characters, until more substantial food is set on the table. When I travel in company, my associates complain of my taking an unreasonable time to equip myself. They are not aware, that frequently whilst they think I am fluctuating between boots and shoes, I am conjecturing what the initial letters of my fragment stand for, and that instead of changing my linen, I am shifting from the Duke of Marlborough to Lord Chatham.

To those who wish not to forget all that their school-masters taught them, this sort of light reading is to be recommended. It would be no bad plan if all genteel people would furnish their trunks, portmanteaus, caravans, and band-boxes with the beauties of some author that suits their taste. If the *beau monde* should be afraid of injuring their eyes, by these studies, Mademoiselle Abigail, or Monsieur Valet de Chambre, had better be deputed to read trunk-lectures to them. Hoyle on Whist will answer extremely well for old ladies; Tom Jones, or Joseph Andrews for boarding-school misses; Ecton's Thesaurus, or the Art of Shooting flying, for parsons; Paterson's Book of Roads, for lawyers on the circuit; and Phillidor on Chess, for the gentlemen of the army.

Pedants may object, that if the above plan should become general, the works of the learned will be no longer treasured up in the libraries of the great. But let them not be alarmed; for they may be certain, that whilst books are considered by a refined age as a species of ornamental furniture, and supply the place of the classics in wood, they will not be driven from their present posts. There is, it must be confessed, great reason to be alarmed at the destruction which threatens some branches of literature. Innumerable enemies are constantly on the watch, to annihilate insipid novels, scurrilous satires, party pamphlets, and indecent songs. If they chance to attract the public eye for a week or two, they cannot escape that destiny which their authors were too much dazzled with their own charming productions to foresee. As weeds by their decay fertilize the soil from which they sprung, so these flimsy and noxious publications do great service to society, by lighting a pipe, embracing a tallow-candle, or forming the basis of a minced pie.

Q.

WAR;—A DREAM.

I LIVED on the frontiers of a province, through which a hundred thousand men were passing: the regular order of their march, the animating voice of martial music, their obedience to the commands of their officers, and the fire of courage which kindled in their eyes, and glowed in their countenances, presented the most awful and interesting spectacle. I began to reflect on the motive which could have gathered so many thousand men together around the same standards. If they are led by virtue, if they strike the brow of the proud tyrants of the earth, I mentally exclaimed, of the lawless oppressors of nations, they deserve our respect and our love; they are the brave defenders of the sacred rights of humanity.

On a sudden this crowd of soldiers halted, and dispersed itself. Still warm with the ideas which their appearance had awakened in my mind, I followed them, and tried from their expressive gestures to guess the sentiments with which they were inspired. What was my astonishment, when I saw those men, children of the same country, and subject to the same power, drawing their swords against each other with relentless animosity. I ran towards one of them, but it was too late, he was tearing his blood stained weapon from the corpse of his friend. "Wretch!" I exclaimed, "do you not spare your companion, your brother?" "He really deserved that name," he answered with a careless accent; "he has fallen like a brave man." "But what harm had he done you, that you punished him so cruelly?" "None at all; he was newly enlisted, we quarrelled: it is our custom that every new comer should give a pledge of valour. He behaved very well, and has got no small honour by his conduct, and we are sorry he suffered himself to be slain. Had he better kept on his guard, he would have avoided the blow, and we should have lived good friends together." "Is it possible," I replied with grief and wonder; "what remorseless barbarity! But you are lost unless you hasten to escape; fly, his companions, his superiors will and must avenge his death." "Avenge his death! never. I have only followed their example, and whoever should refuse to fight would be looked upon as a coward. Glory teaches us not to fear death, and you must plainly perceive, that a man who should shrink from a single combat, cannot be expected to do his duty in a day of action. We call this a pattern of courage." "Yes; but is this courage useful to your country?"—"Oh! one death is nothing; look at those two companies that fight together, and cleverly too!" "What senseless ferocity! do they wear the same uniform only that they might murder each other?" "Not at all; their enmity proceeds from the colour of their facings, and the difference between their buttons." "But they serve beneath the same standard; they march against the same enemy." "Very true, but meanwhile they decide private quarrels. They abhor each other still more than they hate that enemy whom they are to meet; every officer is jealous of his superior; but soon we shall attack the ———, and then we shall have warm business."—"What, you are going to seek other victims? But if you continue your present conduct, you will be all destroyed before the day of battle comes." "What is that to us? we live upon death; one cannot make his way but on the corpse of his companion. That is all I know." "What an horrid employment is yours! why do you shed the blood of your friend? why feast upon carnage? Have you never felt the influence of pity? How many orphans, how many widows, will mourn your triumphs! Listen awhile to the dictates of your heart, they will condemn your cruelty." "This is very fine, but I do not understand it; here is the plain truth: I did nothing till I was five feet eight inches high; I was endowed with an ostrich's stomach, fit to devour every thing, and I found it difficult to supply it with food. One day a good-natured serjeant, with a well filled purse and a liberal heart, asked me to follow him to the public-house, and after drinking the health of the king, our country, and our friends, till my head began to feel giddy, spread twelve guineas upon the table, and told me they were mine if I would permit him to pin a cockade to my hat. Had my country herself fallen at my feet, and begged with tears my assistance, she would have produced less effect upon me. I shook his hand and was enlisted, and that day was the most pleasant I had ever spent. I had never been able to satisfy my appetite; but now, I feasted abundantly, was admired by all the girls in the neighbourhood, and made as much noise as I pleased. The tables were soon turned, and I experienced the whole weight of slavery: I deserted four times in seven years; defeat or victory were alike indifferent to me; any government suited me: I heard every potentate crying aloud, I will give you bread, provided you shed your blood for me when I shall call you to battle. I then determined to sell it as dear as I could.

"I shall not tell you how many painful and difficult marches we performed, sometimes in the

midst of winter, when cold and hunger oppressed us: how many times I have slept on the snowy ground, exposed to the biting north; yet, I must own, that I have met with many happy moments; I have tasted more than once the delightful joy of vengeance. One day, after spending two months in the midst of incessant dangers and fatigues, we stormed and forced the gates of a fortified town. Whilst breaking open every house, and pillaging the goods of the citizens, I perceived a lovely woman, who, with dishevelled hair, and holding a baby in her arms, attempted to conceal herself. My thirst for plunder immediately turned into a luxurious passion; every thing is allowed in the storming of a place; I killed two companions of mine who wished to seize her before me, stifled the child, whose screams importuned my ears, and, intoxicated with pleasure, set fire to the four corners of the house." "You make me shudder." "What, for that only? why, the human species is like the grass of the fields; it is no sooner cut down, than it grows again. Oh! we showed no mercy: it was forbidden us, we did not let one stone stand upon another. I say nothing of many other heroical deeds, so common among brave soldiers like us. I have twice run the gauntlet, and my own friends, forced to execute the sentence, have caused my blood to stream from my shoulders. But I have been avenged, and my officers, quiet spectators of the correction, have often praised the vigour of my arm. I have at last returned to my first colours, profiting by the amnesty granted to deserters, and hope to rise here quicker than before."—"How so?"—"How so? the war has just begun, and we will take care to keep it up as long as we can. Look at yonder regiment, newly raised, in a month there will not, perhaps, remain one in twenty of those fine soldiers; then you may be sure that I will volunteer into it, and get a bounty."—"What! is it possible that you should entertain such thoughts?"—"I am not the only one, my companions, my officers think the same, and you know we inherit only from the dead." I looked upon this man with terror, and left him, after advising him to be humane. This advice made him smile, and I hastily rushed away.

On the road I met with a whole company of soldiers, who loudly murmured; still deceived by the inspiration of my heart, I fancied they cursed the horrors of war. "Undoubtedly," I exclaimed, "humanity pleads the cause of those whom you are compelled to murder." "Not at all," one of them replied; "we are sent into a wretched country, where there is nothing else to plunder than the cottages of poor miserable peasants, whilst we leave a rich province, full of gentlemen's seats and opulent villages, which afforded us an inexhaustible source of pillage. But our colonel has incurred the minister's displeasure, and we all bear its weight."

I retired to my own house, and sought a relief in books from the painful ideas which saddened my soul. I chose the famous work of Grotius, and began to read it; but the cool way in which he describes the most cruel actions, and his long and useless definitions of the art of slaughtering our fellow creatures, filled me with disgust. Never was such an important subject so ill treated. What, must the surface of the earth be deluged with blood! and shall we prostitute our praise, by bestowing it upon the being who commits numerous murders in the face of day, because the voice of trumpets, and the thunder of cannons proclaim them aloud to the admiring world! whilst we hang the obscure robber, who stabs his victims whilst shrouded in midnight darkness. This author clads the hideous fiend of war with a mantle of purple, veils the horror that frowns in its features, and crowns its forehead with a diadem. Then, whilst the monster reddens with human gore, he prostrates himself, and hails it as the giver of glory and fame. Who, thought I, will dare to strip this idol of its ornaments, to reveal the terrific spectre, who tramples on the gasping corpse of children, maidens, and helpless aged men; who snuffs exulting the scent of slaughter and death, through the vast extent of empires, and hovers over the surface of the ravaged world? I then burned Grotius's book, hoping that this century would not roll over our heads without being honoured with a work of a directly opposite tendency.

Yielding to the melancholy ideas that stole upon me, I threw myself upon a couch; but scarcely had sleep closed my eyes, when I found I was transported into a foreign land, and stood in a wide extended plain. There more than eighty thousand men had spread their beds of straw beneath light and sheltering tents. Such an interesting spectacle had never struck my sight. Here they seemed to enjoy the pristine liberty of the antediluvian ages, far from the corrupted towns where vice and dissipation hold their court. I approached them; but what was my sorrow, when I perceived they were armed with murderous weapons, when I descried a battery of thirty cannons geometrically pointed, and, when looking at myself, I saw I was dressed in regimentals, a knapsack on my back, a long tube which dealt forth death loaded my hands, and the infernal bayonet hung by my side. On a sudden the drums were beaten; like Horace and Demosthenes, I philosophically threw down my arms, and attempted to run away: but I was as-

rested, the names of coward, treacherous mortal, astounded my ears; and I was reminded of the oaths I had taken the night before. "Yesterday," they told me, "whilst you were drunk you promised"——"I promised!—Alas! gentlemen, I must have been shamefully intoxicated when I promised to slay my fellow creatures." I was about to make a long speech to prove that I ought not to be compelled to fight, but they would not hear my reasons, and I was dragged away by the obedient crowd. The thunder of man, which in a day destroys more men than the thunder of Heaven does in ages, gave the signal for the battle. The sky was on a sudden wrapped in flames, then darkened with clouds of smoke. Hissing bullets flew around us; whilst our officers animated and impelled the obedient files of soldiers, who rushed forward to deluge with their blood the heaps of corpses which strewed the field. Compelled to fire my musket, like the rest of my companions, I shot the empty air, and preferred death to killing a fellow creature. Pale with horror, I was forced to proceed; and those who rallied at my fears attempted to drown theirs in strong and intoxicating liquors. What a dreadful scene was spread around me! the blasted abode of the damned could not present a more terrific spectacle. Mournful shrieks, the rattling peals of cannon, the bursting thunder of the bombs deafened our ears, and hardened every heart. Panting bodies lay in the midst of expiring horses; others half crushed beneath the merciless feet of men, dragged themselves along the ground, and, howling with anguish, called in vain for mercy. Here, wan and gory faces, with matted hair, lingered gasping in the expectation of death; and there, despair and suffering, and all the scenes of horror started up by war, all the wounds, the varied torments which it inflicts, burst upon the sight. Nature and humanity were incessantly outraged by sacrilegious hands; the birds of the air flew away struck with dismay; whilst a cloud of hungry ravens watched with screams of exultation each bloody carcase, each mangled limb that strewed the earth. I pursued my way over the heaps of the wounded, and the teeth of a dying wretch were fastening on my leg, when a man, more impetuous than the fiery courser which he rode, grasping the hair of my uncovered head, lifted high his murderous steel, but a burning cannon ball spared him the trouble of killing me, and scattered afar my lacerated limbs.

No one was ever so glad to be slain as I was at this moment. I soon lost sight of the field of battle, and of those senseless beings, who, led by a deceitful phantom of glory, slaughter each other. The earth assumed the appearance of a small point faintly lighted; whilst I waded rapidly through damp and thick darkness. Instead of the deafening thunders of war, a calm and universal silence reigned around me. Light sport of the winds, I began to feel anxious about my fate, when my feet touched a more solid ground. I then perceived I was become a skeleton of a dazzling whiteness, yet I was not displeased or disgusted with this sudden change. And in reality I cannot conceive why we shrink at the sight of fleshless bones, the timber frame of a building is equally deserving of our admiration as its outward ornaments.

My white skeleton soon found itself in company with other skeletons of the same nature, and equally naked. Our bones clashed together, and formed a loud and far-heard rattling noise, which filled me with an involuntary terror, and made me loath my abode. I viewed the surrounding crowd with anxiety and apprehension. All their motions were quick and rough, and though reduced to the most deplorable state, they held their heads proudly erect. Heavy clouds rolled over us, and darted the flaming arrows of lightning, which shed a red glare over the hovering gloom.

A mild and angelic voice stole upon my ear, and addressed me thus:—"Thou art now in one of the vales where justice tries the guilty mortals; it is called the *Valley of Murderers*." "O God of Heaven! is it possible! my heart is pure; my hands are spotless. I have been forced to join the crowd of the murderers, but I have committed no crime."—"Fear not," replied the voice, "many who are innocent are mixed with these barbarians; but I am sent to comfort them, and tell them, that they are placed here, in order when the last trumpet shall sound, to shame those who wished to drag them into guilt. Justice, the eldest daughter of the Supreme Being, visits this valley once every six thousand years, and five hundred more still remain unexpired." I expressed the impatience of my grief at this intelligence, and the voice thus replied:—"You fancy, perhaps, that ages, years, days, and hours, will roll as slowly as when you inhabited the earth; undeceive yourself, while I speak fifty years are already elapsed." At these words hope cheered my heart, and I observed more attentively the walking skeletons that moved around me. The hardness of their souls still pervaded their bones, and they struck each other as they passed. I then listened to a distant murmur, and distinguished the deep and awful roar of the rapid torrent of ages, which the hand of time poured into the motionless lake of eternity. On a sudden this torrent ceased to flow. Nature paused awhile; a hundred raging thunders burst from the clouds, and a rain of blood fell upon the

guilty. That blood was shed since the birth of the universe, and it deluged every murderer In a few minutes I perceived almost every skeleton covered with stains, which they vainly attempted to wipe away. "Fear none of these spots," said the voice of the comforting angel, "they will be seen on assassins alone; every drop is the blushing image of a murder. It terrifies and condemns them, it betokens grief, remorse, and despair. Behold their fate, the dreadful hour is come."

[*To be continued.*]

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FAMILIAR LECTURES ON USEFUL SCIENCES.

CULINARY RESEARCHES.

[*Continued from Page* 216.]

LADIES, who every where else form the charm of society, are misplaced at an epicure's dinner, where the attention must not be divided, but is wholly concentrated on the table, and not on what surrounds it. Also on these important occasions the most silly goose is a personage of more consequence than the most amiable woman. But when the bottle is removed, the fair sex resume their rights with renovated power.

The visit of digestion is a sacred duty which all men who understand good living, and who have not lost their appetite for another occasion, will never omit. The length of their visit in some countries is regulated according to the degree of excellence of the meal in question. I have heard of some that have lasted for three hours; but many amphitryons would willingly dispense with such marks of gratitude.

Servants should be very careful never to remove a course without having been ordered by their master; and he should never give this order until the guests have formally rejected every dish.

There exists in Paris a rule which is made use of in many families, namely, that those who accept an invitation to dinner, and do not come, are fined five hundred francs, and if the excuse be sent eight and forty hours previous to the appointment, the fine is reduced to three hundred.

This rule may appear frivolous, or too severe, to many people; but if we take the trouble of reflecting for a moment, we shall find that the absence of one guest who was anxiously expected, and for which the company had been suited, and the dishes combined, often paralizes a whole party. Young men, in particular, should pay great attention to this truth; as there are many who think themselves disengaged from an invitation by sending a note a few hours previous to the time appointed. But this is a gross and fatal error, into which no real epicure will ever fall.

A general invitation, without fixing any time, is an unmeaning politeness, and many would find themselves much duped if they were taken at their word. The only invitations fit to be accepted are those when the day is mentioned, and even it is better that it should be given in writing. This observation is very important, especially to those who are lately arrived from the country, as it has been the cause of many a squire meeting with a cool reception, and a bad dinner. Those who arrive in London for the first time should be very cautious with respect to invitations.

Dinner being to an epicure the most important action of the day, he cannot possibly pay too scrupulous an attention to every thing which relates to it.

In houses where there are not many servants kept, it is almost as uncivil to arrive too early as too late, where the lady perhaps is not yet prepared to receive her guests.

Late dinners are most comfortable and convenient, as the hurry of business being over, the whole mind may be concentrated on the plate, our reflections need not wander for a moment from what we are eating, and afterwards we may quietly retire to repose.

POETRY,

ORIGINAL AND SELECT.

THE FATAL CONSEQUENCE OF CONCEALED LOVE.

A TALE.

HAVE you heard of a damsel who dwelt in the vale,
In a cottage with jessamine bound;
As the shepherds with sorrow relate the sad tale,
Who inhabit the country around?

She was call'd fair Clarissa, the sweet village maid,
Of her beauty the cottagers boast;
'Tis no wonder such charms shepherds hearts should invade,
And secure of fond lovers a host.

On her cheek was depicted the blush of the rose,
'Mid the lily's unsullied fair hue,
And her soft panting bosom did beauties disclose,
Such as nature distributes to few!

Far and near 'mong the villages, hamlets, and plains,
Many miles round the country were seen,
Wealthy tradesmen, rich farmers, and poor low born swains,
With Clarissa to dance on the green.

When across the steep hills, or thro' vallies she stray'd,
Echo bore to Clarissa her name,
And as oft' with some straggling young lambkin she play'd,
A gay shepherd in quest of it came.

On the bark of the willow her name met her eye,
Where the streamlet in soft murmur flow'd;
And the friendly gale wafted each fond lover's sigh,
While her bosom with innocence glow'd.

Ere the high soaring lark carol'd first its shrill song,
And she heard with delight the sweet strain,
To her cottage the shepherds in numbers would throng,
Yet she treated the group with disdain.

One above all the rest strove the damsel to please,
'Twas young William, who dwelt near her cot;
But alas! cruel fate will enforce its decrees,
Disappointment was also his lot.

In the dance he was first, and the sports of the field
To select the fair maid, his fond choice;
'Twas not long ere the swain his affection reveal'd,
But she turn'd with contempt at the voice.

If alone by the rill, in the mead, or the grove
She had stray'd, or the gay flow'ry plain,
He continued to breathe the soft language of love,
And to urge his chaste wish—but in vain.

William's love was sincere, but she own'd not the flame,
The sweet passion seem'd not in her breast;
To her jessamine cottage he never more came,
Gloomy care from that time prov'd his guest.

In seclusion, a wretched existence awhile
Pass'd the dull ling'ring moments of life;
From his pale wither'd cheek fate had banish'd the smile
Of fond hope for the emblem of grief.

Thus oppress'd—nature yielded to care's killing pow'r,
Disappointment his intellect stole;
The lamented effect of th' unfortunate hour
The strong poison of love seiz'd his soul.

Of his senses bereft, hapless William was seen
Where the willow mourns o'er the deep brook;
'Neath its low pending branches in sorrow to lean,
And his cold wat'ry grave to o'erlook.

Fair Clarissa one day rambled early to view,
As the sun gently ting'd the grey morn,
And began to exhale from the meadows the dew,
And the clear glitt'ring drops from the thorn.

Then she stray'd to the brook, 'twas her fav'rite resort;
All was still! not a bird's cheering note:
When the first dismal object, her gazing eye caught,
Was the body of William afloat.

With despair she long dwelt on his pale stiffen'd corse,
And the air rent with heart-piercing sighs;
'Twas conviction of love that impell'd her remorse,
And th' effect of regard in disguise.

Now she wanders the groves, vales, and mountains forlorn,
By repentance her spirits are fled;
By reflection her bosom is constantly torn,
And the damp dismal cave forms her bed.

Poor Clarissa's deserted, the shepherds are fled,
The result of affection conceal'd;
Mark her fate, ye fair damsels! by nature be led,
Let your love be in season reveal'd!

Vale-Place, Oct. 1807. GOBBO.

THE SEVEN SISTERS,

Or the Solitude of Binnorie.

FROM WORDSWORTH'S POEMS.

Seven daughters had Lord Archibald,
All children of one mother:
I could not say in one short day
What love they bore each other,
A garland of seven lilies wrought!
Seven Sisters that together dwell;
But he, bold Knight as ever fought,
Their father, took of them no thought,
He loved the wars so well.
Sing, mournfully, oh! mournfully;
The solitude of Binnorie!

Fresh blows the wind, a western wind,
And from the shores of Erin,
Across the wave, a rover brave
To Binnorie is steering:
Right onward to the Scottish strand
The gallant ship is borne;
The warriors leap upon the land,
And hark! the leader of the band
Hath blown his bugle horn.
Sing, mournfully, oh! mournfully,
The solitude of Binnorie.

Beside a grotto of their own,
With boughs above them closing,
The Seven are laid, and in the shade
They lie like fawns reposing.
But now, upstarting with affright
At noise of man and steed,
Away they fly to left to right.—
Of your fair household, father Knight,
Methinks you take small heed!
Sing, mournfully, oh! mournfully.
The solitude of Binnorie.

Away the seven fair Campbells fly;
And, over hill and hollow,
With menace proud, and insult loud,
The youthful rovers follow.
Cried they, "Your father loves to roam:
Enough for him to find
The empty house when he comes home;
For us your yellow ringlets comb,
For us be fair and kind!"
Sing, mournfully, oh! mournfully,
The solitude of Binnorie.

Some close behind, some side by side,
Like clouds in stormy weather,
They run and cry, "Nay let us die,
And let us die together."
A lake was near; the shore was steep;
There never foot had been;
They ran, and with a desperate leap
Together plung'd into the deep,
Nor ever more were seen.
Sing, mournfully, oh! mournfully,
The solitude of Binnorie.

The stream that flows out of the lake,
As through the glen it rambles,
Repeats a moan o'er moss and stone,
For those seven lovely Campbells.
Seven little islands, green and bare,
Have risen from out the deep:
The fishers say, those Sisters fair
By fairies are all buried there,
And there together sleep.
Sing, mournfully, oh! mournfully,
The solitude of Binnorie.

ADVICE.

Ye wives and ye husbands who both wish to see
Your conjugal scenes from all skirmishes free;
In this doth the secret of harmony lie,
Ne'er begin a duet e'en a half note too high.

Ye ladies, tho' vex'd your mild spirits may be,
Yet kindly beware of a keen rapartee;
For peace's soft bosom those arrows must hit,
Which doubly are pointed with anger and wit.

Ye husbands, of argument chiefly beware,
The bane of good humour which frightens the fair;
Where reason's soft tones soon in passion are drown'd,
While happiness trembles, and flies from the sound.

O both have a care of all hasty replies,
On hearing whose discord the bachelor cries,
While snugly he smiles on himself and his cat,
"The sharp notes of marriage are worse than the flat."

In unison sweet let your voices agree,
While both are maintain'd in the natural key;
Thus love shall beat time with a conjugal kiss,
And your skirmish be only the skirmish of bliss.

H.

THE FIRST IDEA OF BEAUTY.

The babe, emerging from its liquid bed,
Now lifts in gelid air its nodding head;
The light's first dawn, with trembling eyelids hails,
With lungs untaught arrests the balmy gales;
Tries its new tongue in tones unknown, and hears
The strange vibration with unpractis'd ears;
Seeks with spread hands the bosom's velvet orbs,
With closing lips the milky fount absorbs;
And, as compress'd, the dulcet streams distil,
Drinks warmth and fragrance from the living rill;
Eyes with mute rapture every waving line,
Prints with its coral lips the Paphian shrine,
And learns, ere long, the perfect form conceit,
Ideal beauty, from it mother's breast.

THE NEWS.

FROM METASTASIO.

Oh! sacred to the God of Light,
On thee my angel's name I write;
Blest laurel, eager to impart
The lov'd impression on my heart.

As thou retain'st a changeless hue,
So keep my Chloris changeless too;
And ne'er may hopes so tender prove,
Like thee, unfruitful in my love.

Dear, happy tree! still proudly rise
With nascent verdure to the skies,
For on thy trunk my darling's name shall bloom.
Each Naiad sister, where she laves,
Shall quit her cool translucent waves;
E'en nymphs from mountain nooks, and pendent caves,
And rural godheads, shall combine,
Yearly, to greet thy shadowy shrine,
And mix, in antic dance, beneath thy gloom.

The woody natives of the plain,
Shall yield submissive to thy reign;
Nor firs alone, or climbing pine,
With knotty holm-oaks shall resign,
But Idumæa's palm, distinguish'd tree,
And oaks, in Alpine's wildness, bend to thee.

No leafy wreath but thine,
My ringlets shall entwine;
Be mine at noontide laid
To carol in thy shade;
Reveal the presents from my fair,
And trust love secrets to thy care;
Her chilling rigour thou shalt know,
And share my rapture and my woe.

For thee may April long remain,
And deck with clouds the sky;
May no harsh maid, or faithless swain,
Beneath thy umbrage lie.
No luckless bird of sable wing,
On thy green leaves shall rest;
Here Philomel alone shall sing,
And weave her sacred nest.

EPITAPH BY THE LATE DR. BEATTIE.

Escap'd the gloom of mortal life, a soul
Here leaves its mould'ring tenement of clay,
Safe where no cares their whelming billows roll,
No doubts bewilder, and no hopes betray.

Like thee I once have stemm'd the sea of life,
Like thee have languish'd after empty joys,
Like thee have labour'd in the stormy strife,
Been griev'd for trifles, and amus'd with toys.

Yet for awhile 'gainst Passion's threatful blast,
Let steady Reason urge the struggling oar;
Shot through the dreary gloom, the morn at last
Gives to thy longing eye the blissful shore.

Forget my frailties, thou art also frail;
Forgive my lapses, for thyself may'st fall;
Nor read unmoved my artless tender tale,
I was a friend, a man, to thee, to all.

THE ADMINISTRATION OF 1806.

A Song, to the Tune of the "Tight little Island."

A short time ago, as we all of us know,
Pitt was plac'd at the head of the nation;
But when he first went, the folks were content
With a terrible Administration.
Oh what an Administration,
There never was such in the nation;
They turn'd out all the good,
Got in *Whig-blocks* of wood,
To shew a *Whig* Administration.

The *broad-bottom'd* Lord, never hinted a word
To assist the *thick-headed* taxation;
And the charming Lord P-tty, who trips with Miss Betty,
Got up to the top of the nation.
What a head to an Administration!
A dinner's his grand relaxation;
And though *meat* may be *meet*,
Yet his conduct wasn't *meet*,
When *meeting* the Administration.

It in P-tty's head pops, as himself's fond of *hops*,
He'd tax all the beer in the nation;
But his tax soon fell dead, on the *bier* it was laid,
To be buried by Administration.
His *pig*-iron a *bore* to the nation:
This head to the Administration
May shine at a ball,
But *took no steps* at all
To *figure in* Administration.

Billy W-ndh-m turned coat, with the wind he changed note,
Nor bluster'd in sermonication;
Nay, they're all chang'd good lack, so that *Grey* turned to *black*,
How *wick*-ed an Administration.
Yet this was the Administration,
Hastied up for the use of the nation;
And Abb-tt look'd pleased,
While the country was teased
With this terrible Administration.

There was *Sammy* the *brewer*, he thought, to be sure,
A title he'd get for his wrath, Sir;
He fermented away, with his *charges* so gay,
But his *hog*'s-head gave nothing but *froth*, Sir.
What an error in Sam's calculations!
What a waste of his dregs and orations!
Like his porter, *all but*,
No more he need strut,
Nor *brew* for the Administration.

Then rubicund Sh-rry, so funny and merry,
Took Somerset-house recreation;
With his balls and his routs, how he laugh'd at
the *outs*,
When he'd got *in* the Administration.
No *Trotter* was he in the nation,
He *gallopped* away on his station;
For the playhouse was left,
Of its manager 'reft,
While he manag'd the Administration.

Cr-f-rd, Wh-t-ke, and M-rr-y, went out in a
hurry,
To get wealth and fame for the nation;
But some how or other, didn't do one or t'other,
But failed, like their Administration.

Hard battles they fought in their stations,
Took convents and fortifications:
From America beat,
They *beat* a retreat,
Turn'd out, like their Administration.

There was Er-sk-ne, got wot, by chance he had got
The noble Lord Chancellor's station;
And there were some more, a precious half score,
Who fool'd with the strength of the nation.
Now I have shewn you this Administration,
Without flattery or depreciation;
If you don't like the *sketch*,
Send it on to *Jack Ketch*
And he'll *hang up* this Administration.

PUBLIC AMUSEMENTS FOR NOVEMBER.

DRURY-LANE.

On Tuesday evening, October 27th, a new Comedy, called *Time's a Tell-Tale*, written by Mr. H. Siddons, was performed at this theatre.—The following are the

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Sir David Delmar	Mr. Raymond.
Sir Arthur Tessel	Mr. Russell.
Captain Blandford	Mr. Elliston.
Old Hardacre	Mr. Dowton.
Ned Query	Mr. Mathews.
Record	Mr. Palmer.
Philip Hardacre	Mr. De Camp.
Lady Delmar	Miss Mellon.
Zelida	Mrs. H. Siddons.
Olivia Windham	Miss Duncan.
Miss Venutia	Mrs. Sparks.

We are concerned that we cannot speak of this play with that commendation to which our kindness for its author has strongly disposed us. Mr. H. Siddons is a young man of no common endowments, and no less respectable as an actor than an author. If he has not succeeded therefore according to our expectations in this piece, we are convinced he will succeed better in his next.

The present comedy abounds with faults of the first magnitude, and is cast in a dramatic mould exceedingly vicious. The plot is a novel plot, and therefore defective. A romantic or poetical plot may sometimes be admitted. The castle may be built in the air; but it must nevertheless be constructed according to the just rules and proportions of regular architecture. Life may be carried into representations beyond probability, but it must still be governed, in its fairy land, by the same laws which restrained it in common nature. The romantic plot is the foundation of some of the most beautiful plays of Shakespeare; but if his wildness bursts beyond nature, it never exceeds reason.

The romantic plot, however, is very different from that chosen by Mr. H. Siddons, which in almost every circumstance, has been selected, and with little taste, from that circulating farrago which breaks forth from the novel shops in periodical abundance.

Fathers, who recover lost children; ladies who give away their fortunes without any probable reason; servants who lend their masters their wages; and masters who, ruined by prodigality, reform at the bare mention of a few commonplace maxims of œconomy; these are but the ordinary tools, and have long been the staple of the novel trade.

The purpose of comedy is to gather life fresh from the stalk; and, by the aid of agreeable fiction, to bring into action the beings of our common nature, and teach, by example, or some inference direct or indirect, an useful moral or lesson of life.

The novel plot always fails in this. It has no justness, no accuracy, no fidelity to nature.

With regard to character, which constitutes the main excellence of comedy, to which fable should always be subordinate, this play is miserably deficient. Fable to the dramatist is the canvass on which he paints; but it is not the picture. It is the field in which his characters

run; the great object which puts them in motion, but it is not the comedy itself. With respect to character, therefore, we mean such as is found in general nature, this piece can produce none. The modern drama, indeed, seems to have laid aside a rule, which our ancient writers, our Farquhar, our Congreve, and Vanburgh, justly considered as the basis of comedy,—that it should not only be an imitation of familiar life, but that such situations and characters should be selected, that though, still within the sphere of common life, the representation should have no less novelty than fidelity. They considered it equally fundamental in this species of writing, as in others, to observe the point where the trite and familiar, the natural and gross, become confounded. They possessed ease without inanity, and strength without coarseness.

If in fable and character this play be defective, it is no less wanting in the grace, ease, and sobriety of appropriate dialogue.

In the language of the stage there are two requisites: It should be a just imitation of that species of dialogue which belongs to the particular mode of character in which the speaker is found: and secondly, it should be selected from this mode of life, with that necessary abridgment and colouring which the effect of the stage demands. If a character, who belongs to one class, speaks in the language of another, we have an example of the first defect; if the redundant flippancy, the grossness, and unmeaning laxity of general conversation be copied, we have an example of the second. Such is the rule with respect to the diction of the stage. In this the present piece is equally deficient. The dialogue is either flippant and means nothing, as in the character of *Query*, or is overcharged and beyond the occasion, as in the parts of *Hardacre* and *Blandford*.

To improve the dialogue, recourse is had to the pitiful expedient of patriotic and moral claptraps. All this is wrong, because out of nature—no man talks so in common life—a little leaky patriotism, and unseasonable morals, may occasionally break out in a maiden speech in parliament, or in an election handbill; but such language in common life would be affected, and should not therefore be copied on the stage.

If the fable, character, and dialogue of this piece, therefore, be tried by the *Norma dramatica*, it will be impossible to withhold our censure from its wide deviation.—But if, in compliance, perhaps, with the popular taste, we establish a rule more suited to the greater part of our modern dramas, and examine it upon this principle, it will not perhaps be unjust to admit that this comedy is equal to any which have been lately produced. In the present state of the stage, therefore, it is some credit to have been the author of this piece; for as the tenderness due to a living writer compels us to estimate his merit by the standard of his cotemporaries, and not by comparison with other models, we are safe in asserting that Mr. H. Siddons's piece is fully equal to any that has lately been presented to the public.

COVENT-GARDEN.

After the tragedy of *Isabella*, on Thursday night, October 29th, a new piece was brought out, entitled *Too Friendly by Half*. The principal characters are—

Sir Mathew Meddle.....	Mr. MUNDEN.
Colonel Clairville	Mr. BRUNTON.
General Vanguard	Mr. BLANCHARD.
Tattle	Mr. FARLEY.
Lady Wrangle	Mrs. MATTOCKS.

This farce runs on a string of equivoques.—The part of *Sir Mathew Meddle* is not ill imagined; that of a man always giving his advice, and regulating every body's conduct by his own. The character of *Lady Wrangle* is copied from *Widow Blackacre*, in *The Plain Dealer*. But the defect of this piece is, that it wants humour.—The dialogue is terce, and somewhat elegant, but it is without point and jest. Nothing is so abominable as gravity in a farce; punning and buffoonery are at all times preferable to melancholy mirth. Comedy ought to represent nature as she really is; farce may be allowed to distort and overcharge, for the sake of humour. Dennis and Dacier were of opinion that comedy allows nothing grave, unless for the purpose of ridicule. This is but true in part.—Farce, however, has an unlimited range, and where we expect a laugh it is hard to be disappointed. The author of this piece is unknown; it has not succeeded sufficiently to induce him to break cover.

THE STAGE.

MR. EDITOR,

You must know that I have long thought to distinguish myself as a dramatic poet, and to that end, fancying myself brimful of matter, am incessantly scribling; and, indeed, flatter myself, had Shakespeare left room for originals, that I could treat some subjects—but no matter. What I here propose is a simple relation of facts, which occurred to me as follows:—

In the beginning of last year, my muse after labouring some months, brought forth the first fruits of her genius, a comic opera. Proud of my *coup d'essai*, as papa of the first fruits of connubial affection, I contemplated with rapturous

delight every grace and beauty with which (in my ideas) it abounded; read, or caused it to be read, at every opportunity among my friends and acquaintance, and was complimented profusely by all parties; insomuch, that I began already to think myself a great man; anticipated every advantage that might arise from its success on the stage; sat for my portrait without delay, fully persuaded that I should shortly have the satisfaction to see an engraving of me facing the title-page of *The Monthly Mirror*; but, alas!—However you shall know all.

My opera fell by chance into the hands of an eminent literary gentleman, who read it, and was pleased, without hesitation, to say, that the story was good; that it was neatly and humourously told; characters chastely drawn, and judiciously varied; incidents naturally diverting, songs charming, and introduced with much taste; advised me to present it to the theatre; adding, that if I thought of so doing, he would give me an introductory letter to the Manager. This from him, who (by the way) is a severe critic, gave me every reason to hope that I was now in a fair way to attain the very summit of my wishes. I gladly accepted his offer; and accordingly waited upon the manager, who read the letter, and appointed me to call again, which I did the week following; when he informed me with great coolness, that he had read my piece, and, to my no small mortification, without a single encomium upon it, observed, that it wanted stage-effect; but, provided Crotchet, the composer, thought it worth music, it should have a trial. Crotchet, in his turn, vouchsafed to pronounce it pretty; and, though in its present state not fit for representation, thought it a production of much promise; but the songs, which were by no means suitable to the taste of the day, must be altered. Here, I observed, that the songs of an opera ought, in my opinion, to be expressive of some passionate sentiment, naturally arising from the character, situation, &c. and upon that principle I had written mine. "Why, aye," rejoined Crotchet, "that formerly was the principle adhered to; but we find now that any little episodical ditty, opposite to the situation in which it is introduced, goes off much better than any thing absolutely connected with the business of the piece."—Yielding with deference to the judgment and experience of a professional gentleman, I promised my best endeavours to make them what he would like; and accordingly invoked the muse a second time: who, though very reluctantly, at last, furnished me with ballads for bravuras,—comic songs for quartettos, ditties for duettos, and for rondos, short couplets, garnished with fal, la, la,—ti, tum, ti, &c. &c.—all of which were approved.

The next persons to encounter were the actors, between whom, the following squabble ensued. *Celia*, the heroine, thought proper to demand a song from the part of *Delia*; upon which, the latter complained grievously, and urged that she was enviously robbed of the best part of the character allotted to her; however, with some address, matters were at length amicably settled between the ladies.

The first of the gentlemen comedians (though as vile a crosker as ever sung *Bobbing Joan* in a country alehouse), was much disconcerted that he had no song; for, added he, I am always well received in a lively duet with the Signora! How we apples swim! Sir, you shall have something —all right so far. Another objected to his part, because, forsooth, there was no breaking of shins over banisters, no lady's toupee to frizzle, no cant phrase, nor any of those chaste eccentricities which the gods admire, and which constitute so considerable a part of the modern drama.

What could I do here but appeal to the manager? who did not chuse to interfere, as Mr. Feignwell was, in his opinion, perfectly acquainted with John Bull, whose taste it was their particular interest to study; and desired therefore, that this gentleman be allowed to arrange the part he was to enact suitable to his own powers: whereupon, some of my best dialogue was to be omitted, and a Merry Andrew, Jew Pedlar, Sailor Jack, Tom Tinker, Tom the —; in short, any thing, as I at last understood, like grimace and buffoonery introduced.

By this time, the poor child of my brain was so mangled and disfigured, that it was with great difficulty, my patron on seeing it again, could recognize a single feature; who therefore, advised me to take it to my own protection, which I consented to do, rather than "turn it forth," as I must have done, "ashamed of my own work, and set no mark upon it."

Now, Sir, as the last consolation we can hope for in cases of this kind, is the commiseration of those who will indulge us with a hearing, I must beg you to excuse this trespass upon your patience; and if you can insert this in your *Fashionable Magazine*, as a word to my brother scribblers, it may prepare them for a similar ordeal; and perhaps in some measure, account for the contemptibly degenerate state, to which that once elegant and delightful species of amusement, called an Opera is reduced; which from a regular and forcefully harmonious composition of poetry and music, aided by the graces of the dance, and embellished with the beauties of art, is become a confused jumble of heterogeneous matter, scarcely worth representation in a booth at Bartholomew Fair —I am, Sir, &c. VAPID.