

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

APPROPRIATED
 SOLELY TO THEIR USE AND AMUSEMENT.

FOR APRIL, 1803.

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This Number is embellished with the following Copper-plates:

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2. FOR THE MORAL ZOOLOGIST—THE CUCKOO.
3. AN ELEGANTLY-COLOURED PARIS DRESS.
4. A NEW AND ELEGANT PATTERN FOR A VEIL, &c.
5. MUSIC—ON THE BEGINNING OF SPRING. The Words by King James I. The Music by W. Barre.

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TO CORRESPONDENTS.

WE should be glad to hear again from the contributor of *Robert M. Kenzie*.

The Essay entitled *Political Arithmetic* is unavoidably deferred, but shall certainly appear in our next.

Lucinda's communication is not forgotten.

The Castle on the Wold is only deferred on account of its length.

Dip's Acrostic requires revision and correction. We are unwillingly obliged to say the same of *Angelina*—Verses from a Young Lady to her Dog on seeing him beg—and Stanzas written after dancing with a Young Lady.

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Engrav'd for the Lady's Magazine.



The Captive Released.

THE
LADY'S MAGAZINE,

For APRIL, 1803.

THE CAPTIVE RELEASED;

A TALE.

(With an elegant Engraving.)

ABOUT the middle of the twelfth century, Rodolph, count of Ravensberg, in Westphalia, exercised a despotic tyranny over his own subjects, and frequently committed unprovoked and lawless ravages on the territories of the neighbouring barons and counts. He resided in an ancient castle, which was built on an almost inaccessible eminence; and which, besides the natural strength of its situation, was strongly fortified with all the art of those times. He here maintained a chosen body of armed followers, trained in the strictest discipline, and inured to war and plunder. Their courage, or rather their ferocity, could not be resisted by the feeble and unwarlike vassals of the feudal lords, whose domains adjoined to his territory; and, on the slightest pretext, he either laid them under contribution, or seized their lands and annexed them to his own sovereignty.

Conrad, count of Ritberg, had incurred the displeasure of Rodolph; or more probably the fertility of his fields, improved by industrious cultivation, excited his greediness. He drew out his troops, or rather his banditti, to enforce submission to his pretended claims; but Conrad resolved to oppose force by force, and, arming his numerous vassals and dependants, gave the command of them to his nephew Ernest,

who, having served for a time in the armies of the emperor, added to native courage a considerable knowledge of the military art. By the skilful dispositions of Ernest, his soldiers, if the peasants he led could deserve to be called by that name, were so successful in their first encounter, that Rodolph, who had too much despised his enemy, was compelled to retire to his castle with the loss of many of his most resolute men. He, however, soon afterwards again took the field, and proceeding with more caution, entirely routed the raw troops of Ernest, who now fled panic-struck at the first charge: their leader, who disdained to fly with them, was taken prisoner while endeavouring to rally them. Rodolph then overran and ravaged all the territory of count Conrad, who was compelled to take refuge at the court of Albert duke of Saxony.

Rodolph, having Ernest in his power, and being enraged and mortified at the defeat he had suffered by his means, and the loss of so many of his bravest men, meanly wreaked his revenge on his prisoner. He confined him in a dungeon in his castle, where he caused him to be chained to the wall, and allowed him for his subsistence only a scanty portion of bread and water, which was brought him only once in the day.

Even the most ferocious of the soldiers employed by Rodolph in the defence of his depredations and numerous acts of injustice, condemned his dishonourable cruelty towards his prisoner, Ernest; but not one of them dared to encounter his wrath by making any remonstrance. They murmured secretly, but they obeyed their tyrant. Emma, his daughter, however, whose disposition was as gentle and amiable as that of her father was arrogant and hateful, found means, by using her influence with his keepers, to gain admission into his dungeon, to carry him supplies of provisions and wine, and comfort him with promises that she would avail herself of every opportunity to prevail on her father no longer to disgrace himself with such unsoldierlike feverities. She kept her word, and so earnestly pleaded his cause with the haughty Rodolph, who, notwithstanding his natural ferocity, fondly loved his daughter, and would hear her when he would listen to no one else, that he consented to liberate him from his chains, and treat him with more humanity. At the same time that he gave orders for his release, Rodolph commanded that he should be brought into his presence, and thus addressed him:—‘I release you from the chains with which, in the heat of my passion, I had perhaps unjustly loaded you, at the intercession of my daughter, whose favour you seem to have obtained, I know not by what means. Having proceeded thus far, I must now restore you entirely to liberty, lest that pity and friendship which you have excited in her breast should ripen into a more tender passion, which I do not wish her to feel. You are free: be gone instantly, and let me see you no more.’ Ernest immediately obeyed the injunctions

without hesitation, and without reply.

In the mean time Albert of Saxony, who had taken the expelled count of Ritberg under his protection, raised a body of troops to force Rodolph to do him justice. When they were ready to march, Ernest arrived, and was invited to accompany them; but he declined bearing arms against the father of her who had treated him with such compassion and kindness, and procured him his liberty. Albert and Conrad set out on their expedition, and Rodolph refusing to listen to their propositions, the troops engaged, and Rodolph was defeated and slain in the battle. Emma immediately surrendered the castle to Albert and Conrad, who told her that they meant not to deprive her of her rights on account of the injustice of her father; they would only take what he had wrongfully obtained, and leave her in full possession of that territory to which she was heiress. ‘And as,’ added Albert, ‘you will need the protection of a husband, I have a son, a gallant youth, who will succeed to my domains and my wealth; and who, I am certain, will be proud to receive the hand of a lady so beautiful, and of a disposition so truly amiable.’

‘I am sensible,’ replied Emma, somewhat hastily, ‘of the value of the offer you have made me, and how much it demands my gratitude; but if I marry, he shall be my husband, whose delicacy, and perhaps affection for me, caused him to refuse to bear arms against my father, lest he should give me pain.’

Ernest was soon made acquainted with this frank declaration. He flew with rapturous eagerness to meet this fair deliverer: they were married, and their descendants possessed the county of Ravensberg for several centuries.

ACCOUNT of the NEW COMEDY, entitled 'THE MARRIAGE PROMISE,' performed for the first Time at the Theatre-Royal, Drury Lane, on Saturday, April 16.

The Characters were thus represented.

Charles Merton,	-	Mr. C. Kemble.
Sidney,	-	Mr. Dwyer.
Tandem,	-	Mr. Bannister, jun.
Consols,	-	Mr. Dowton.
George Howard,	-	Mr. Pope.
Farmer Woodland,	-	Mr. Palmer.
Policy,	-	Mr. Hollingworth.
Jefferies,	-	Mr. Powell.
Mrs Howard,	-	Mrs. Powell.
Mrs. Harvey,	-	Mrs. Sparks.
Emma Harvey,	-	Mrs. Jordan.
Mary Woodland,	-	Miss Mellon.

FABLE.

THE scene lies at a village near London, and the play opens with the expected arrival of Charles Merton, who, on the death of his father, enters into a fortune of ten thousand a-year. He is accompanied by Sidney, a fashionable spendthrift, who plans a drinking match, in which Merton is so much intoxicated that, though a most excellent and honourable young man, he attempts improper liberties with Mary, the daughter of farmer Woodland. She is rescued from his violence by George Howard, another farmer in the neighbourhood who is attached to Mary, and who demands the most submissive apology from Merton, in such menacing language, that the latter, however eager to atone for his improper conduct, rather consents to hazard the issue of a duel. Previous, however, to the interview between Merton and Howard, the former, in expiation of his error, had sent a letter to farmer Woodland, offering his hand to Mary, and this is *The Marriage Promise*, which gives the play its title. Soon

after this letter had been dispatched, Emma Harvey waits on Merton to solicit the renewal of a lease, that had expired that day, of a cottage, in which she and her mother had long resided. Merton is so much struck with the beauty, elegance, and simplicity, of Emma, that he soon repents of his *Marriage Promise*, and is inclined to give himself, as well as the renewed lease, to the fair suppliant. Tandem, a pert, silly, meddling, steward to Merton, having heard of the quarrel between his master and Howard, employs a couple of men to seize the latter upon his arrival on the ground appointed for the duel. Howard imputes the interruption to the cowardice of his antagonist. Before Merton goes to the field he opens a box, left sealed by his father, which contains a paper, signifying that the latter had been married previous to his union with Charles's mother, and that his first wife is still alive, but had solemnly engaged never to reveal the secret. This secret is also known to Jefferies, a faithful old servant in the family. Merton determines to renounce the fortune he had obtained, in behalf of the heir by the former marriage, but cannot wrest from Jefferies a discovery of the party. At length, the awful meeting between Merton and Howard takes place, and just as they are going to fire, Jefferies rushes in, and, struck by their mutual danger, informs them they are brothers, that Mrs. Howard was the first wife of the late Mr. Merton, and that her son George is the issue of the marriage. Mrs. Howard proves to be the daughter of old Consols, a rich stock-broker, from whom she had eloped five-and-twenty years before, and from whom she had studiously concealed herself during the whole of that time. The discovery is effected by the accidental

entry of Consols into Howard's cottage, where he receives the most charitable attention, upon the notion of his being in distress, while he is in reality in search of proper objects for patronage and bounty. It appears that there is a strong attachment between Howard and Mary; therefore Merton is easily released from his *Marriage Promise*, and enabled to offer his hand to Emma, and hence, with the prospect of a double marriage, the piece concludes. There is an underplot arising from the desire of Tandem, the vain officious steward, to be married to Mary, and his attempts to get her father into gaol for arrears of rent, because he will not cross his daughter's inclination.

This piece is the production of Mr. Allingham, the author of '*Fortune's Frolic*.' It is confined to three acts, but it is sufficiently long. If it does not exhibit any high pretensions to dramatic fame, it is a piece of considerable merit, and very well calculated to excite a strong interest, and to afford much amusement: there is a liveliness and humour in the dialogue, and the plot is worked up in such a manner as to take a strong hold on the feelings.

The sentiments, in general, if not new, are moral, striking, and impressive; and are conveyed with energy, and sometimes with elegance.

The characters of Consols and Tandem have the chief claims to novelty. Whether the former, after labouring to acquire great wealth, and being still alive to acquisition, would be so ready to engage in a career of Quixotic benevolence to get rid of it, may be questioned. However, the part is sufficiently probable for dramatic purposes, and that is enough.

The same can hardly be said respecting the long concealment of

Mrs. Howard, as she is a very excellent woman, as she was actually married, and as she, for no adequate reason, secludes herself five-and-twenty years from an affectionate father. Nor does it seem quite probable, notwithstanding so great a length a length of time has elapsed, that the father and daughter should discover no traces of each other, since the latter must have been a full-grown girl when she ran away with a gallant. We conceive it to be strange that farmer Woodland should be ignorant of the affection that existed between his daughter Emma and Howard, as he is a fond parent, as the parties had no reason to conceal their regard, and might very suitably be united.

There is the same inconsistency in this play as in the '*Iron Chest*;'—a man records an account of an action dishonourable to himself, which he wishes to bury in eternal oblivion: If old Merton did not wish that his property should descend to the issue of his first marriage, for what purpose did he leave a paper disclosing the secret to his son by the second, particularly as he is anxious to have his memory remain untainted? Surely he would wish to have his memory as much revered by his own son, as by the world in general. These are certainly reasonable objections, yet they weigh but little against the general merit of the piece.

The acting throughout deserved high praise: Charles Kemble hardly ever appeared before to so much advantage. There was an ingenious spirit, a sense of honour and feeling, that gave strong effect to the part of Merton. Dwyer was spirited. Dowton was excellent in Consols. Pope gave a noble vigour to George Howard. Mrs. Jordan had all her spirit, with an interesting mixture of sentiment, in Emma: she

sung two airs, in the first of which she was encored: they are both pleasing compositions, but the second does not suit her voice. Kelly is the composer. Mrs. Powell was very natural and very interesting in Mrs. Howard. Mr. Powell displayed his usual good sense and feeling in Jefferies; and Palmer gave a good portrait of rustic humour and parental affection in farmer Woodland. Miss Mellon also deserves a very commendatory notice for her tenderness in Mary. Bannister was truly ludicrous and diverting in Tandem, which may be classed with his most whimsical performances.

The prologue, which was an allusion to the title of the play, appeared to be written with poetical spirit. Miss Mellon spoke an epilogue which turned on an author's hitting the taste of all parties like a cook.

The play was extremely well received throughout, and it is probable will become a favourite.

ON TASTE IN GOOD EATING.

[From the French.]

THERE is a wide difference between mere voracious gluttony and the taste of a connoisseur in good eating. An Œstiak, overgorged with fish-oil, may die of the surfeit; and a citizen of Paris may, in all decency, die of indigestion: but the pride of the glutton of taste is to die, like Apicius, stuffed to the chin with the most refined productions of cookery.

Good eating has been sometimes a subject of censure with men of austere virtue, but those were certainly not blessed with a good digestion. When we talk of moderation in our pleasures, we naturally blame the most those excesses which we are ourselves no longer able to commit.

Seneca is so severe upon gluttons, that we may easily believe the vigour of his own stomach to have been worn out. Livy speaks in the same tone, but it is very well known that historians have no good digestion. Juvenal, in his Satire on Parasites, belches out thunder and lightning against it, according to his usual way. Terence makes it a subject of sport in his *Adelphi*. Pliny distinguishes Apicius as the most thrifless of all spendthrifts.

Apicius, we know, kept an academy for teaching skill in good eating; expended two hundred and fifty thousand pounds, in the purchase of Sicilian lampreys, Venafran oil, wines, &c. &c.; and when he saw his fortune reduced to the small sum of five-and-twenty thousand pounds, prudently put an end to his life with his own hand, lest otherwise he should have lived to die of hunger.

The Greeks, likewise, cultivated the science of good eating with extraordinary attention. They had many highly-valued books on this subject. Such were those of Numerius of Heraclea, Hegemon of Thafos, Philoxenes of Leucada, Astides of Chio, Tyndaricus of Sicyon, Archestratus, and others. And we — what have we to compare with those, but such humble productions as 'The French Cook,' 'The Royal Cook,' 'The Modern Cook,' 'The Gifts of Comus,' 'The City Cook,' 'The School for the Officers of the Mouth,' and some other works, not less humble?

At Rome, a cook had four talents, or nineteen thousand livres, a-year. What a poet had then I know not; but, by all that I can see, neither our poets nor our cooks would have been greatly the objects of favour at Rome.

J. J. Rousseau would persuade us that no people ever become fastidiously nice in good eating, but such as have previously lost all the deli-

cacy of moral sensibility;—that a people supremely skilled in good eating must have sunk to a brutal fordidness of character, such as demands only fine actresses, dull pantomimes, singers, and rhubarb.

Good cookery had its origin in Asia. The Persians taught it to the Greeks: the Sicilians became distinguished masters in the art: it found its way thence to Rome: from the Romans it was taken up by the French. We have now our Antiochus Epiphanes, our Vitellius, our Apicius, our Antony, our Curtilius, who live only to eat, and eat with expence and taste. A single dish comes not on their tables, but at an expence for which whole families might be entertained. The Nandets, the Verys, the Roberts, and the masters of our other fashionable eating-houses, derive from this their fame and fortune. Our dancers and singers are famous; our cooks much more famous.

While writing this, I have just received a new book, named 'The Glutton's Almanac.' What a charming publication! It is the very *esprit des loix* of cookery! He tells, among other things, how a *potage* may be made, for two persons only, that shall cost ninety livres. Whether is the gratitude of the public due more to the inventor of this soup or to count Rumford? I could wish this 'Glutton's Almanac' to have had for a frontispiece, a child in an empty barn, with broken windows, half-filled up with snow, gnashing its teeth and clapping its hands in despair, after saying to its unfortunate mother, who had no bread to give—'Must I, then, mother, eat the stool I sit on?'

VILLETERQUE.

THE FATAL LETTER.

WE often hear of dean Swift directing a love-letter to a bishop, and that intended for the bishop to his mistress. The following similar mistake happened in the time of James I. When this monarch's daughter married the palatine, many soldiers of fortune followed her, among whom was one Duncomb, an officer in the earl of Oxford's company: he left a beautiful mistress behind him in England, to whom he was passionately attached, and had promised to marry. Her fortune being small, his father threatened to disinherit him. To alienate his affections from this lady, he sent him to the palatinate. He charged him, at his departure, never to think of her more, if he wished to be remembered by him. The lover had been absent some time, and his heart beat with undiminished affection. He resolved to give way to his affection, and wrote to his mistress, assuring her, that no threats or anger of his unfeeling parents should ever banish the tender recollection of their reciprocal passion. Having occasion to write to his father, he addressed his father's letter to his mistress, in which he renounces his mistress for ever. The father, with cruel indignation, sent to his son a letter of the most unkind nature. Whether it was this letter, or a sense of shame for the mistake that had happened, that she should see he had renounced her, the lover, alive to the finest sensibilities, run himself on his sword, and his death was sincerely lamented by all the English in the palatinate.

AUGUSTA AND EMILY;

A TALE.

[BY MISS C. B. YEAMES.]

AT Ashton-grove, the seat of his ancestors, resided Horatio Harcourt, a gentleman not more respected for his immense wealth than his amiable and gentle manners. With a heart tenderly alive to the misfortunes of his fellow-creatures, he gained the love and esteem of all who knew him; for not one was there to be found who would not risk his life for the preservation of that of the good squire. Yet had he, though apparently the happiest man in the world, an alloy to that greatness of soul which was the leading spring of all his actions, and which spread a gloom over the hilarity that used to distinguish the once gay Horatio. A wife, more beautiful than Helena, but more cruel, treacherous, and resentful, than Megæra, embittered those hours which ought to have been devoted to the love of her alone with peevish jealousies and insatiate broils. Still he bore it all: for the manly Horatio scorned to use a husband's power towards her; and only by soft rebukes was the giddy wife informed of his poignant sufferings by her blameable conduct, which made not the least impression on her adamant heart.

To the Hermitage of Hope—

'A paradise, by nature sweet,
Where the wood's brown branches meet,
Nigh where the haunted waters play,
Rapt in airy vision sweet'—

would Horatio retire from the harsh taunts of Mrs. Harcourt; and, trusting that time might work a change in her he so truly loved, he continued to meet with a pensive smile the destroyer of his repose.

Horatio's only offspring was a daughter; a child of four years old. In beauty of person she resembled

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her mother, it is true; but far different were their dispositions: for if at that tender age her temper could be judged of, Augusta Harcourt was the most perfect of nature's children in that inestimable gift—good-nature.

The darling of her fond father, and the willing attendant on her capricious mother, Augusta entered her sixteenth year; an age in which our passions are at war with each other, and when we vainly view the actions of men in the fairest light, trusting too oft in the flowery speeches of their subtle tongues. Alas! guileless ourselves, artless and sincere, we expect to find all equally to steer by the pure compass of virtue: but soon the delusive mask is withdrawn; and human nature, with her numerous frailties, stands disclosed before us. At that moment the modern refinements of art appear fascinating, the shining paths of pleasure alluring, and the gaudy attractions of show and equipage present themselves too forcibly to be withstood. Then it is that so many amiable fair-ones throw aside the captivating blush of simplicity, for the more studied simper of fashion.

Augusta now was all the most fastidious could wish; lovely, amiable, sincere, and generous, she out-rivalled every belle, when gaily tripping up the luxuriant ball-room of Mrs. Harcourt.

At one of those routes which were weekly held by her beautiful mother at Ashton-grove, Augusta beheld lord William Agincourt, son to the earl of Cuthbert. His lordship was just returned from making his three years' tour on the continent; not a *petit-maître*, but a graceful, accomplished youth, fit to adorn the high rank he held in society. To enumerate the many brilliant perfections which Fortune had bestowed on her favourite pupil requires a much more able pen; suffice it, that he beheld the blooming

miss Harcourt with partial fondness; in his breast glowed an honourable passion, and he sighed to disclose it to the charmer of his soul.

A reciprocal affection took possession of the throbbing bosom of the lovely Augusta; and, when the long wished for hour arrived in which the noble lover declared his sentiments, that moment was the most blissful of her existence. Miss Harcourt's extreme youth soared her above disguise:—she adored the all-graceful Agincourt, and, trembling, said—

‘Although you possess my warmest affections, dear lord William! I must refer thee to my father: his counsels I will follow, and never swerve from the duty of an affectionate and obedient child;—a character which is ever attended, through the weary walks of life, by a guardian angel to protect it from harm.’

‘Lovely maid!’ softly returned he, ‘if, in the station of wife, you are guided by the same precepts of honour and humanity, the man who possesses thee will be supremely blessed, and seraphs might look down with envy on his bliss.’

Sweetly smiling, Augusta escaped from his embraces, and glided to the Hermitage: his lordship followed; and, arm-in-arm, they entered the charming abode of Hope, where was seated Mr. Harcourt. Agincourt was eloquent in his cause, and Augusta's vermilion blushes discovered to her father that she was not uninterested in his verdict.

Horatio's composure was ruffled by the trying scene now before him, and a gentle smothered sigh burst from its confined boundaries as he gazed on the suffused eye of Augusta. Distracted visions arose to his tortured imagination, and pictured this moment as the epoch of his child's misery or happiness for her future life. The thought would

not bear inspection. A solemn pause ensued; and Horatio, fainting, fell in the extended arms of Agincourt.

He soon recovered, to the great relief of the weeping girl, who was scarcely in a better situation than her father. Lord William would have left them, and returned to the grove for Mrs. Harcourt, fearing (ignorant of the cause) that his indisposition might increase; but the mild parent prevented him.

‘No,’ faintly said he, ‘go not for the disturber of my repose: that fiend which racks my frame to agony go not for.’—He raised his eyes to heaven, wiped the descending tear from his pale cheek, and continued:—‘My child! my Augusta! only soother of my misery! look not so sad: for the wild sensation of the brain has fled; and now I wait to catch that sweet smile which adorns thy beauteous countenance, to throw a shade of illumination over mine own.’

Augusta threw her ivory arms around his neck, and embraced him with transport, saying—‘Now I am again happy: the current of my father's spirits is returned; and peace cheers this panting heart, which beats so quick for you, my beloved parent.’

His lordship gazed on the interesting girl, now more truly bewitching by the dutiful accents which flowed from her guileless breast; and, gracefully bending his knee to Mr. Harcourt, implored him to give a favourable reply, and not to crush the hopes his sanguine fancy had raised.

‘Lord William,’ solemnly replied he, ‘weigh well what thou art about to request; and reflect whether it is a passion founded on a basis firm and lasting, or the transitory impulse of an hour, which induces you to request my sanction for addressing miss Harcourt. If the former, Agincourt is

noble; but if the latter, an assassin is to be preferred to him who would swear at the sacred altar to protect an unsuspecting female through life, when only the caprice of his volatility urged him to unite himself to her, and thus commit an action which common humanity would shudder at.

'Heaven is my witness,' replied his lordship, firmly, 'that this heart pays sincere and ardent homage to the beauty and virtues of Augusta Harcourt. And never will those sentiments be estranged from my soul till death overtakes me, and ends my cares in the bed of rest.'

Satisfied by the answer of lord William, Horatio gave his entire approbation to his looking on Augusta as the sole object of his affections, and future bride, provided it was equally consonant to the wishes of earl Cuthbert.

In raptures at the condescension of Mr. Harcourt, his lordship pressed the taper fingers of Augusta to his lips, and departed for Henly-house, the country residence of his maternal aunt, lady Anna Beauclerk. Miss Harcourt lightly retraced back the flowery path to the grove, and hastened up to her dressing-room, to write epigrams, and instruct the dress-maker how to fix the costly ornaments on a new gold-muslin robe of her mother's, which that still lovely woman was to make her *entrée* in at a private theatrical of her friend Christina Strangeways.

All now was hilarity and happiness at Ashton-grove; for shortly the nuptials of the youthful heirs were to be celebrated with true eastern pomp and magnificence.

Earl Cuthbert, accompanied by his daughter, lady Mary, had already arrived at the Grove; and Augusta fondly clasped to her breast that amiable young lady, when introduced by her admirer Agincourt.

The evening before that morn-

which was to give Augusta to lord William, the pensive lady Mary strolled, with her intended sister, around the delightful environs of the Grove. The sun had already crimsoned the western sky, and the nightingale had begun her melodious strain, when they found themselves yet two miles distant from home. Augusta smiled at the vain fears of the trembling lady Mary, and reassured her, by saying—'It was most probable Agincourt would come in quest of the runaways.'

The humble cottage of the widow Maitland now reared its lowly roof from behind a thickset hedge, when her ladyship stopped, and declared, half fainting, she could walk no further; and earnestly begged of Augusta to ask for their admission at the cottage, till notice could be sent to the Grove of their situation.—Augusta assented, with an encouraging smile, at the same time unclosing the little white paling which separated them from the dwelling; and, after giving a gentle rap at the door, the two fair friends entered. Oh, Heavens! what did they behold! (a sight which appalled their humane hearts with horror!)—Mrs. Maitland, weeping in agony by the side of her dying daughter, met the distracted eye of Mary and Augusta. On a neat white bed rested the poor Jessy. Her senses returned at intervals; and then would she press her mother's hand, and pray to Heaven to forgive her the crime of which she had been guilty, in deviating from the duties of a virtuous daughter. At the time when Augusta and lady Mary intruded on the private woes of the good widow, Jessy's reason for a short moment had reassumed its sway: she looked around the humble abode that sheltered her; then at her mother; then at the weeping lady Mary; and, lastly, her sunken eyes rested on the agitated Augusta.

‘Oh, miss Harcourt!’ she exclaimed,—now faint, and then with an enthusiasm that brightened up her once-lovely dark eyes, and caused the returning blush to kiss her snowy cheek,—‘take warning by my hapless fate, and never trust to man. Perfidious man! that caused me to outstep the paths of innocence, and forget my Creator. But, no; your guileless bosom knows no harm. Dearest madam, excuse the artless language of a simple girl, in daring thus to warn you against errors which are, which can be, only mine!’ continued the fainting Jessy, while strong convulsions shook her frame. A cordial was administered to the distressed sufferer; who, taking the hand of Augusta, added—‘How often has your good father instilled into my mind the purest lessons of virtue. “This you owe to yourself, Jessy,” he would say: “but, most of all, think of your Almighty Father!” But I was wicked; forgot his worthy precepts, and fell, bringing my dear mother with sorrow to the grave.’

Mrs. Maitland rushed into her daughter’s arms, while Augusta knelt by her side. The trembling lady Mary walked to the window to conceal her swollen eyes from the attention of Jessy, while stifled sobs ruffled her fragile form.

‘Can you forgive me, mother?’ poor Maitland slowly uttered.—

‘Can you pardon the faulty child of your affections?’

‘My beloved Jessy,’ replied Mrs. Maitland, ‘revive; and live clasped in my bosom! for now thou art again my child, and more dear to my heart than ever.’

‘It is well; and I shall die in peace! Now, beloved mother, farewell!—Kind stranger! beloved miss Harcourt! remember the unfortunate Jessy, and sometimes think kindly of her! Farewell! farewell for ever!’

Her cold icy hand grasped Augusta’s, her eyes glared in their throbbing sockets, her pale lips fevered, and a convulsive fit shook her frame: it ceased; her countenance assumed the serenity of a sweet sleep; and, with a short sigh, Jessy Maitland expired.

Man, dissembling creature! thou base betrayer of our sex! the serpent which stings us with his delusive tongue, wrecks our repose, and blasts the tender flower ere it blooms! Poor Jessy! how many, like you, have fallen victims to the insidious arts of man! But, surely, never was a fairer rose tarnished by its rude destroyer! for thou wast all a fond parent could wish. Not a lass that sported on the green was thy equal; for thou wast their rustic queen, happy and beloved by all, till **** stepped in, and, with his cruelty, crushed thee down for ever!

Peace to thy memory, thou beautiful victim of a guilty passion!—And when chance leads the forlorn traveller to thy mossy grave, let him, like me, shed a tear over the evergreens that surround thee, and cry—‘Heaven help thee! mistaken, lovely Jessy!’

(To be continued.)

To the EDITOR of the LADY’S
MAGAZINE.

SIR,

IT will be the means of saving a young head from almost total baldness, if any one of your medical readers or correspondents can prescribe for me a safe, easy, and effectual preventive against the falling off of the hair of the head; and also, a safe, easy, and effectual recipe for restoring lost hair, which did not fall off through any known cause, or visible illness. I am, sir,

Yours, &c.

ELIZA CLARKE.

F——, Feb. 18, 1803.

THE SLAVES;

AN EASTERN TALE.

ALZEMIA, the pride of beauty, the descendant of Heros, in whose veins flowed the blood of princes, first gazed on the light of heaven beneath the shadows of the wide-spreading banana. The victim of European oppression, the earliest lesson of her youth was sorrow. Reared in the lap of slavery, the chill hand of tyranny repressed the glowing emotions of her heart, and withered in their bloom the expanding blossoms of her mind; yet her form was comely as the mountain pine, and her polished limbs moved graceful as the waving cedar. From her eyes beamed the soft suffusion of love, and her coral lips dispensed the perfumes of Hadramut. But the loud lash of the tyrant's scourge awoke her to daily labour, and the fierce beams of a torrid sun scorched her veins as she toiled amidst the proud possessions of luxurious idleness. Oft has she listened through the shades of night to the soft murmurs of the rippling stream, where her sad heart has sighed with the keen pangs of disappointment. Here often would she exclaim:—'Why are my hopes withered beneath the blasting influence of injustice?—why does the phantom, happiness, which I vainly seek, elude my grasp?—am I destined to perpetual misery?

The shrill yell of the tyger could not appal the beautiful Alzemia, and to the dreadful note of the cruel hyæna she would listen with profound attention: its solitary tone seemed to accord with the despair of her soul. Man alone, intelligent man, awakened her fears, and robbed her bosom of tranquillity. The fierce tenants of the desert, urged by the calls of nature, roam for prey, and eagerly fate their hungry

appetites with their destined victims. Yet the loud roar of the lion proclaims his approach, and the sharp hiss of the serpent warns the traveller to avoid his path. But man smiles when he would destroy; and, with the blandishments of courtesy, and the language of love, plunges the hapless objects of his unsated avarice in misery and despair.

Alzemia's heart owned the virtues of the lofty Molarcha, whose stubborn soul never bent beneath the scourge of oppression. Firm were his limbs as the root of the broad plantain; and, from his nervous arm, the unerring javelin had often pierced the shaggy boar. The fierce beams of passion darted from his eye as he toiled through the sultry day by the side of Alzemia: he scorned the lash of the tyrant, and the oppressive heat of noon shrunk not his vigour. His task of labour love rendered light, and his fond heart beat with rapturous emotion if in secret he could lift the burthen that pressed the gentle arms of the hapless maid. But his midnight groans echoed through his narrow hut, and the heavy dew of despair rested on his brow.

'Shall the proud Molarcha,' he cried, 'who once reigned lord of earthly power, yield to the imperious dictates of passion? shall he, at whose command a thousand damsels sported in the sprightly dance, whose subjects kissed the ground, and hailed him as the mighty warrior, clasp the rose of beauty to his breast only to give being to slaves?—No; the great Molarcha, whose heart is a stranger to fear, who never shrunk from the brandished lance of his enemy, will reign despotic over his own soul.'

Sad were the days of Alzemia, and deep the sorrow of her heart; but she looked forward to the land of her fathers as the place of rest, the

fought death as the end of her slavery, and longed to be folded in his cold embrace. Pining anguish had already begun to blast the fair form of beauty, when the proud lord whom she obeyed commanded his slaves to prepare the feast. Loud beat the timbrels at the gate, and the sound of music echoed through his hall; while the gayest of the throng led up the dance. But Alzemia gazed with stupid sorrow on the voluptuous scene. Yet her pensive face, as she languidly reclined where the cool air fanned her glowing cheek, caught the eye of a stranger guest, and passion fired his veins: he demanded the beautiful maid as the partner of his bed, and the reluctant victim was led to grace his luxurious couch. But the heart of Alzemia shrunk from dishonour, though her hand trembled as she pointed the dagger to her bosom:—‘Great Alla,’ she cried, ‘forgive thy hapless daughter for daring to rush unbidden into thy presence; death, alas! is the only refuge of virgin love.’ The blood streamed from her side; and, with her eyes raised to heaven, she expired. Shuddering as he beheld the lifeless corpse, the cold-hearted dealer in human flesh turned with horror from the sight, while compunction rioted in his bosom, and his heart sickened at the mischief he had created. Molarcha had beheld, with indignant anguish, the object of his secret sighs torn from his side, and urged to frenzy as he cast a last lingering look on him, he caught a deadly weapon and aimed a blow at his tyrant. Alarm filled the sumptuous dwelling, and the haughty lord trembled with the dread of retribution. But all was soon hushed in silence; the daring slave was dragged, foaming with rage, to his dungeon, where, loaded with chains, he was left to groan out

the night. The feast and the dance continued, nor could the sighs of misery, or the visitation of death, interrupt the festive scene. The stormy passions of Molarcha were all inflamed: he cursed this tyrant that oppressed him, and blasphemed the mighty power that governs and sustains the world. Vainly he sought to relieve the fury of his soul by the deep wounds he inflicted on his body; the raging of his mind rendered his flesh insensible to pain. Hour after hour passed in this state of intolerable anguish, when suddenly his rage was suspended, and every feeling lost in wonder and awe. A noise, like the roar of the mighty ocean when the storm rises high, filled the air, the earth shook beneath his feet, while a light more bright than the sun-beams at noon shone through the deep gloom of his dungeon, and a figure, in whose face beamed love and benevolence, stood before him.

‘Thy sorrows, Molarcha,’ cried the genius, ‘have ascended to the throne of the beneficent Alla, who pardons thy presumption and pities thy affliction, who has sent his servant to teach thee wisdom to calm the swelling rage of thy bosom. I will shew thee the heart of thine oppressor: thou shalt behold it torn with remorse, and gnawed by the fiend of avarice. Thou shalt see him as he tosses on his bed of down, while the dæmons of fear torment him; and thou thyself shalt own, that vice needs no other flames to punish than the hell which it enkindles within the bosom of the vicious.’

So saying, he spread his garment over the astonished Molarcha, and they mounted together through the regions of the air. As they hovered over the perfumed chamber, where luxury reposed, the eyes of the slave were enlightened, and he beheld the lord of the East, at whose nod a

thousand wretches bowed the knee, writhing beneath the tortures of a guilty mind. Every breeze that played through the apartment startled his soul; he groaned with anguish while he anticipated a dreadful retaliation.

‘My slaves are come!’ cried he, in broken slumbers; ‘already they destroy my costly palace; fearful will be their vengeance; how shall I support their cruel tortures?’ Fear at length subsided, and remorse, even more agonising, usurped its place.

Molarcha bowed before the genius; his spirit was humbled to the dust. ‘I am as a worm in the hands of the mighty Alla,’ cried he, ‘who has deigned to enlighten my understanding—Virtue alone gives happiness to man. I will follow her paths, and adore the beneficent Ruler of the world.’

Again they bounded through the wide regions of the air with such impetuous velocity, that Molarcha lost all consciousness, and every idea was suspended, till at length he opened his eyes on a new world. His faculties were now awakened to fresh vigour; he felt keener sensations thrill through his frame, while he seemed to grasp a wider sphere of comprehension as he gazed on the objects around him. The sun shed a mild, but not oppressive, heat over fields of verdure and hedges of myrtle, and the modest dwellings that covered the plain charmed the eye by their uniform simplicity. He moved slowly forward, while groups of happy beings, who alternately scattered the grain through the field, or sported over the meadows, hailed his arrival. Here he beheld the proud European embracing the tawny negro, and confessing, with joy of heart, the superiority of those delights which flow from mild equality and reciprocal kindness. The cruel distinctions of master and slave were unknown

in this happy region, where love directed the inclinations and wisdom guided the actions of the inhabitants.

‘Almighty power, stupendous being!’ exclaimed Molarcha with rapture, ‘thou hast brought me to the land of felicity. I am no longer a slave; I breathe in freedom, and will worship for ever before thy throne in grateful adoration.’

‘Hold,’ cried the genius, sternly, ‘thou art not yet worthy to be an inhabitant of the land which I have shown thee; thou must return to the lower world, for thou yet wastest understanding. It is from the experience of evil, man learns to appreciate good: the pursuit of vice punishes the vicious, and in the school of adversity they are taught. The great source of light and life is above thy praise, and delighteth not in thy adoration; virtue alone is pleasing to him, and his delight is in the dealings of the just. Here every heart beats with love towards its fellow—for where all are equal, envy must vanish. In this happy society labour excites to rest, and rest refreshes for labour; plenty covers each board, but voluptuous luxury is unknown. Here knowledge opens her varied stores to the enquiring mind, and the secrets of nature are unfolded. To him who pursues the path of rectitude the road to the hill of wisdom is easy: but to him who brutalises his nature and sinks the slave of sensuality, the ascent is difficult, and rugged are the regions through which he must pass.’

The voice of the genius now sounded like thunder in the ears of Molarcha; his eyes were again closed, and his senses suspended; when, lo! the dawn glimmered through his dungeon, and he beheld himself a slave. He felt the heavy chains that galled his limbs, but his mind was calm, and he awaited his fate with fortitude.

C. W.

CRITICAL OBSERVATIONS on the
NOVEL of 'TOM JONES.'*In a Series of Letters from an Uncle to
his Niece.**(Continued from p. 140.)*

LETTER V.

DEAR NIECE,

I NOW proceed to the examination of the sixth book of 'The History of a Foundling.'

The introductory chapter to the sixth book treats on the power of love in the human breast, and of the difference between the delicate effusion of that passion and the turbulence of irregular desires. These observations form a very proper introduction to the subject matter of this book.

In the second chapter, the reader is brought acquainted with Mrs. Western; whose character, though highly charged, has nothing improbable in the imagery, if we form to ourselves the idea of a woman haughty and imperious by nature, and from education and habit rendered vain and ridiculous in her carriage: and who, having in her youth been disappointed in love, now, in the days of stale maidenhood, gives herself wholly to the study of politics. The books to which she had recourse for assistance in this study, as enumerated by Mr. Fielding, were, of all others, the most likely to tickle her pedantic thirst for this kind of reading; and which, as Mr. Fielding observes in another place, is worse in a woman than any of the affectations of an ape. How incongruous soever Mrs. Western's deportment may seem, when contrasted to that of the ladies of the present day, who prudently limit their ambition to feminine accomplishment, leaving political researches to the

fagacity of their husbands; there have formerly existed in our island women of Mrs. Western's description, and this is sufficient to justify Mr. Fielding in bringing her upon the stage. This lady will be found to act no inconsiderable part in the drama; and, whenever she appears, the same affectation of learning and political talents, the like haughtiness of demeanour, and rage for polemical and disputatious altercation, will be found to prevail throughout the piece, in which each individual speaks and acts on every occasion in the very manner which characterised such person on the first introduction to our notice. The dialogue which passes between the brother and sister, in this chapter, is laughable in the extreme.

The ruling principles of Mr. Allworthy and Mr. Western are placed in the most conspicuous point of view, on the 'squire's abrupt proposal of the match to Mr. Allworthy, in the third chapter. Mr. Fielding's definition of true wisdom, in the latter part of this chapter, forms one, among many, of those hints which abound in this work, and cannot fail to be highly beneficial to those young readers who will submit to listen to instruction administered, as all those of Mr. Fielding's are, with a smiling countenance.

The coldness and reserve of Blifil, when Allworthy communicates to him the nature of Western's visit, in the fourth chapter, flow spontaneously from his saturnine complexion: Mrs. Western, likewise, appears in her true character, when her brother informs her of Allworthy's message.

The discourse between Mrs. Western and her niece, the assumed importance of the old lady, and her self-gratulation at having made a discovery of the favourable opinion of Sophia towards Blifil; the equivocal language which Mrs. Western

makes use of on the occasion, so as in the end to draw from Sophia an acknowledgment of the passion she entertained for Jones, and the rage excited in Mrs. Western at the discovery, form the entertainment of the fifth chapter, the whole of which evinces the abilities of a master.

Every period in the sixth chapter teems with genuine wit and true humour. Mrs. Honour's address to her mistress, and her subsequent discourse, are delivered in the true spirit, and in the natural style, of a lady's woman. Sophia's rebuke at the mention of Jones's name, her determination to seek out Mr. Jones, under pretence of walking with her aunt in the grove, and fixing Mrs. Honour to her needle-work, mark the origin from whence they sprang.

The formal courtship of Mr. Bliffl; the favourable light in which he viewed the modest repulses of Sophia; the extravagant joy of the father; the fond caresses and warm protestations which, in consequence of Bliffl's report, he bestows on his daughter, and his sudden transition to a violent fit of rage upon his being undeceived by Sophia; his breaking from her, and dashing his face against the floor; and his sending Jones to plead for his rival; form the entertainment of the eighth chapter; which, while it develops the character of Mr. Western, gradually introduces to the reader's notice an occurrence of very interesting moment to the thread of the story, and which is related in the eighth chapter. Were the meeting between Jones and Sophia, described in this chapter, to be expressed by the pencil upon canvas, the picture would be a high treat to every man of science; and such readers who can truly relish the description so beautifully delineated by the pen of Mr. Fielding, may, through the aid of an imagination warmed by the subject, find

little difficulty in bringing each of the parties before their eyes.

The figurative expressions which introduce the 'quire to the lovers, in the ninth chapter, after having been informed of the whole secret by his sister, are perfectly well applied on the present occasion; and the several characters of Jones and Western are very properly discriminated, in the altercation which passes between them. The ductility of parson Supple is characteristic of some of the divines of those days, many of whom did not scruple to submit to the vilest indignities from their patron, in return for the convenience of his table.

The tenth chapter forms an introduction very material to the events afterwards to be related. It was upon the information given by Western to Mr. Allworthy, in this chapter, that the latter came to the resolution of discarding Jones from his protection, and abandoning him to his fate. The manner of Western's relation, in the broad Somersetshire dialect, of what had passed at his house, renders the interview truly humorous. The artful insinuations thrown out by Bliffl, after Western had taken his leave, show the dark malignity of his disposition, and probably operated more fatally towards alienating Mr. Allworthy's regard, and hastening the crisis of Jones's fate, than any circumstance which Western had before related; and these hints of Bliffl, having been strengthened by the evidence of Thwackum, confirmed the truth of the whole story in the mind of the good man, and brought on the dismal of the unfortunate youth, as related in the eleventh chapter. The sarcasms and reproaches vented on this occasion against Allworthy by the neighbouring gossips, are characteristic traits of low-bred and illiterate minds.

The purloining of the bank-bill, in the twelfth chapter, naturally excites our resentment against black George, though in other respects a friendly, good-natured, fellow: and, indeed, his subsequent conduct evinces the gamekeeper's attachment to the foundling, and that he would readily do him any services within his power, in return for the benefits conferred on him by our hero; and, so far as the articles of his creed extended, he would have scorned to have violated the precepts of morality. But the temptation overcame his integrity, which did not aspire to extend beyond the bare letter of the law. On this breach of trust in the gamekeeper will be found to rest a very considerable portion of the tale related in the following pages. The same narrow principles which had actuated George, in concealing the bank-bill, caused the hesitation which he expressed, when asked by Jones if he would do him the greatest favour in the world.

The thirteenth chapter opens with the sagacious lecture delivered by Mrs. Western to her niece, and the boisterous treatment of the 'squire. After which we are entertained with the dialogue between Sophia and her maid. The pert airs of a lady's woman in this, as in all the conversation of Mrs. Honour, are strongly marked; and her loquacity at the present juncture seems necessary to the thread of the story, as it conciliates her mistress to Jones, of whose sincerity she began to entertain some doubts. This sudden transition which Mrs. Honour's tale of Mr. Jones having been deserted by Allworthy occasions in the tender breast of Sophia, is strictly in nature. The conference between the conscience of black George and his avarice is laughable enough.

The last chapter of this book con-

tains a dialogue between Mr. and Mrs. Western, in language which betrays the ruling principle of each; and the consequence is, the enlargement of Sophia and her delivery into the hands of her aunt, a measure which seems necessary towards the introduction of the important matters contained in the seventh book.

In the introductory chapter to the seventh book, the comparison made so often of human life to the stage supplies the author with materials for compiling a most valuable essay; in which he considers the individuals which compose human nature as the audience at the representation of the drama, and not as the actors, as they have been generally held forth: this gives him an opportunity of commenting on the behaviour of black George in the last chapter, and of extenuating the offence he had been guilty of. The reasoning of our author upon this head manifests the clearness of his intellects and the purity of his heart. The different opinions entertained by the different ranks of society assembled at this drama, on the conduct of black George, are delivered in a style of great humour: in short, the candour recommended in this chapter ought to be carefully implanted on the memory of every young person; and this (if duly attended to) will in some measure enable them to resist that bias towards slander and detraction so powerfully impressed on the human mind, and enable them to take every occurrence by the right handle.

In the second chapter, the perusal of Blifil's letter determines the resolution of Jones, and he forthwith hires horses to proceed for Bristol, in order to seek his fortune at sea; a very natural expedient for a person, like him, bereft of every comfort on shore.

In the third chapter, we are con-

ducted to Mr. Western's, where a dialogue passes between Sophia and her aunt, in which the latter harangues, with great volubility of speech, on the obligations which young women lie under of assenting to any treaty of marriage which their parents may think proper to enter into on behalf of their children. The language made use of by Mrs. Western on this occasion is dictated by those prudential considerations by which parents are induced to sacrifice the comfort and happiness of their daughters to their own avarice and caprice, treating the idea of the young woman's consent as a matter of the slightest consequence, and enforcing the necessity of her submission from her own superior sagacity, backed by similes and authorities drawn from her favourite study of politics, the usual support of all her *ipsa dixit*. The entrance of 'squire Western, who had mistaken his sister's figurative expressions, and the discourse which passed between these two originals, are circumstances in which the author has displayed much true humour.

The wit and humour displayed by the author, in the third chapter, must be acknowledged genuine by every reader. In truth, the good 'squire never makes his appearance but his dialect and manner draw forth a smile from the reader. The interference of Sophia on behalf of her aunt, shows the mildness of her disposition, and the native goodness of her heart; and her seasonable observation respecting the distribution of her aunt Western's property, if she had died yesterday, awakens the sensation of avarice in the mind of her father, and he forthwith applies his endeavours to prevent the departure of his sister, by detaining her horses. The conversation which Mrs. Honour held with her mistress, when the latter had retired to her

chamber, tends to rivet the affections of Sophia yet more closely to her admirer.

In the fourth chapter Mr. Western's allusion to the supposed demerits of his deceased wife, which we are told was his usual resource when his temper was soured by any trifling vexation, and that the match between the 'squire and his lady had not been founded on the least tincture of reciprocal affection or regard, his conclusions, therefore, in favour of Blifil, were natural enough. The author's reflexions on jealousy proceed from a judicious train of reasoning on that baneful disease of the mind.

In the sixth chapter, a reconciliation takes place between the 'squire and his sister, and poor Sophia is made a sacrifice to this reconciliation. At the interview which, under the 'squire's directions, takes place between Blifil and Sophia, in this chapter, the awkward situation in which they are placed is well described. The impetuosity of Mr. Western, in breaking in upon Blifil and declaring his resolution to close with Allworthy that very afternoon, is characteristic. The observations of the author upon the conduct of Blifil, and the advantages which he derived from the instructions of Thwackum and Square, serve to impress in a forcible manner upon the mind of the reader those sentiments of dislike which he had conceived for these three personages upon their first introduction to his notice. The villainous intentions of Blifil are painted in their true colours to the reader, whilst they are concealed from Allworthy by equivocal answers to those questions which the good man thought fit to propose, by which the uncle is kept in ignorance of the true statement of the transaction. The facts related in this chapter naturally lead to

one of the most important events in the whole history; namely, the flight of Sophia, which takes place soon after.

The intelligence conveyed to Sophia by Mrs. Honour, in the seventh chapter, forms a good excuse for the resolution taken by the former of leaving her father's house. As she saw herself upon the point of being sacrificed to the man she detested, the most rigid casuist will find it difficult to resolve the step she was about to take into a breach of filial duty; and there seems great propriety in making Mrs. Honour the principal agent in this determination, so well calculated for the prying curiosity of a lady's woman. The manner in which she delivered the intelligence to her lady, and the fears she entertained, when requested to accompany Sophia in her flight; her yielding at last, in consequence of the reward held out by her mistress; are all of them lively representations, embellished with true humour. Sophia's determination to throw herself under the protection of a lady of quality is well conceived. The debate which passed in the imagination of Mrs. Honour, balancing the integrity which she owed to her mistress with the advantage likely to result to her upon betraying the whole secret to Mr. Western, proceeds naturally from the contracted ideas of a person of her inferior breeding and education; and the altercation which afterwards takes place between Mrs. Western's waiting-woman and herself, strongly marks the character and disposition of these two Abigails, and is related with infinite humour. The entrance of Mrs. Western at this critical juncture, very opportunely ripens the project which Mrs. Honour was desirous should result from this scolding match.

In the ninth chapter a very hu-

morous account is given of Mr. Western's demeanour in the character of a magistrate. His misconstruction of a speech of his daughter's, and the fond caresses he bestows on her, by which the resolution of Sophia was nearly overcome, and she was on the point of exerting the utmost filial obedience, by consenting to give her hand to Bliffl, mark the virtuous principles of our heroine, whom nothing but the prospect of utter ruin could have prevailed on to desert her father. And it should ever be remembered by the youthful female readers of this novel, that the conduct of Sophia, in leaving her father's house, ought not to be brought as an example to encourage other young women to imitate her conduct. Her situation was a singular one, and such as (though it may sometimes have taken place, which is sufficient to justify the plot of a romance) rarely, very rarely, happens in real life. The bank-bill which Mr. Western gave his daughter at this interview, will appear to be a very necessary agent in the sequel of the history.

The tenth chapter overflows with wit and humour. The conversation which Jones maintains with the countryman affords the author an opportunity of displaying his talents in this way. No terms could have been more appropriate to the bent of rustic curiosity, generally to be met with in the converse of the lower orders in the country, than the impertinent questions proposed to Jones by these boors; nor is the conversation between Jones and the quaker less characteristic. The curiosity of this man in his endeavours to fish out the business of Mr. Jones, and his officious relation of his own private concerns, the rage which this excited in Jones, his pushing the quaker out of the room, the sub-

sequent conversation between the latter and Robin, and the sudden transition in the mind of the quaker, upon being informed of the particulars which the landlord had learned from the information of the guide and the watch, so strictly maintained by the former, and his dread of being robbed, though he had nothing to lose; all these circumstances are calculated to excite mirth in the reader, and the language in which these actors severally express themselves is characteristic of each speaker. When it becomes necessary for Jones to depart from this house, the event is not related in a dull, languid, enumeration of plain matters of fact, but through the intervention of an accident, which at once supplies the young traveller with companions on the road, and determines him to relinquish his former project of going to sea. This dereliction, and the incidents which occur in the prosecution of his new plan, serve to connect the several parts of the history in the succeeding pages.

Never was an event related with more pleasantry and true humour than the arrival of a company of soldiers, in the eleventh chapter. Every line teems with wit, and the whole cannot fail to be a dainty treat to every reader of taste. The serjeant's introduction of the tippler to his commanding officer is expressed in very laughable terms.

In the twelfth chapter, a censure is passed on those in power for suffering men of real merit to grow grey in the service of their country, and to be under the command of boys. This conduct has at all times been complained of as a grievance attached to the navy, the army, and the church. The lieutenant's character, given in few words, serves to prepossess the reader in his favour.

The outlines of the birth and characters of the other officers, lead us to expect food for laughter at the table where the company is seated; and so indeed it turned out, notwithstanding the accident of the broken head.

The conversation between the lieutenant and the landlady, in the thirteenth chapter, furnishes a very humorous scene; but the sagacious observations of the doctor, uttered in a style of scientific jargon, which it was impossible for any person, not bred to the profession, to comprehend; the evasive answers which he returns to the lieutenant's questions, with his ductility of compliance to the landlady's request; are all of them brought forward with so much humour, as cannot fail to excite bursts of applauding laughter from every one who reads these several circumstances. The idea of the doctor's submitting to the landlady's recipe of chicken broth rather than lose the custom of the house, though perhaps it may not apply to many of the surgeons in these more enlightened times, must not therefore be condemned as unnatural; for, in the days when Mr. Fielding wrote, many individuals might be found to justify his satire. The discourse which the lieutenant maintains with Jones, shows the force of habit and education. This officer is represented as a worthy man and a good christian, yet he recommends Jones to take out the ensign as soon as possible; and when the latter objects to premeditated revenge, as being contrary to the precepts of the Gospel, the lieutenant acknowledges there is such a command, but refers it to a mistranslation. Such effect will the early habits, contracted by every man through the medium of his profession, have upon his future actions;

they will always leave a tinge upon the mind, with difficulty to be eradicated hereafter.

The fourteenth chapter abounds with humorous sketches throughout; specimens of which will appear in the dialogue that passes between Jones and the serjeant, and in the relation, given by the centinel, of the terrors which he felt at the appearance of Jones, whom his fears represented as a ghost. The sudden recollection of the serjeant, upon Jones's threats of acquainting the lieutenant with the deception he had endeavoured to pass on him respecting the price of the sword, is a good specimen of that presence of mind which is not unfrequently met with in persons of the lower ranks of life, and must be allowed to have been carved from that dish which Mr. Fielding, at the outset of the history, promised to regale his guests—human nature. The portrait which our author has drawn of Mr. Jones, when he proceeded in search of the ensign, is sketched in such lively tints as almost justify the terrors which shook the poor centinel. The doctrine of ghosts and hobgoblins is scarcely yet eradicated in many parts of the country; and, at the time when this book was published (more than half a century back) this fond credulity was in no want of advocates, even among those of more enlarged understanding. Whether the banishment of these ideas from the minds of the vulgar may not have introduced a more dangerous evil in its stead, I shall leave to the decision of the moralists: if I may be allowed to speak my honest sentiments on the occasion, these superstitious notions have not effected half the mischief in the world as those which have arisen from the cant and folly of enthusiasm. How rapidly the delusion of

supernatural agency has declined, may be gathered from a comparison of the present times with an event which took place about the year 1754, when a poor ignorant old woman, not thirty miles from the metropolis, was actually drowned by the populace on a charge of practising necromancy and witchcraft: nay, it is yet in the memory of many persons now living, that the good people in London were palsied with fear, during several weeks, through the delusion of some simple women; and many grave city divines were driven almost to declare their belief, that the noises they heard were occasioned by an invisible spirit, though it afterwards proved to be the artifice of a cunning set of females to extort charity. Well then might the serjeant be intimidated at the figure of Jones. The escape of Northington is necessary towards bringing forward other incidents which contribute to the main thread of the story.

The last chapter of this book accounts for the sudden flight of Northington; and the quarrel between the lieutenant and his colonel, in the twelfth chapter, appears now to have been properly introduced in that place, to explain the secret how the ensign becomes possessed of money sufficient to bribe the landlady: and as this adventure will hereafter be found a necessary agent towards introducing a lady of no inconsiderable figure to our notice, his escape from the hands of justice, by some means or another, was necessary to be effected, as a preparatory step to an incident which we shall find recorded in the next book; and whom could the author fix upon, as better adapted to the purpose, than this loquacious hostess, who, from the whole tenor of her character, as sketched in the next

book, seems favoured by nature for carrying into effect a project of this kind? and of this her declaration of the soldier's guilt, though she herself was conscious of his innocence, exhibited a striking instance. The argument between the drawer and chamber-maid, on their mistress directing them severally to attend Mr. Jones, and their afterwards marching up to his chamber together, is related with much humour.

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

(To be continued.)

*A MORNING'S WALK in
APRIL.*

'Behold, to the enraptur'd eye,
Fair Spring descends the southern sky!
A primrose wreath surrounds her hair;
Her green robe floats upon the air.
She waves her wanton wings, and round her
showers
Soft dews, and rich perfumes, and variegated
flowers.'

SCOTT.

'AN April morning,' as Sterne says, 'had opened its moist eye-lids,' when I began my monthly tour. The lark was up before me, and, elevated in æther, was tuning his early anthem; and, as if stimulated by his example, the feathered tribe were quitting their mossy dwellings to join the chorus of gratitude and praise. Soon the 'tuneful nations' were aroused, and all around was melody.

'The blackbird strove with emulation sweet,
While Echo answer'd from her close retreat:
The sporting white-throat, on some twig's-end
borne,
Pour'd hymns to freedom and the rising morn.
Stopt in her song, perchance, the starting
thrush
Shook a white shower from the black-thorn
bush;
Where dew-drops thick as early blossoms hung,
And trembled as the minstrel sweetly sung.'

BLOOMFIELD.

The weather was seasonable, perfectly Aprilian, sunshiny and showery; but with such a morning the early rambler is seldom satisfied, little thinking that without these fructifying showers Creation would not display her brilliant tints, nor charm us with the view of her golden-spotted robe: the birds would cease to make the groves resound with harmony, the flowers to regale us with their blossomed fragrancy, and the fruits of the earth to arrive at maturity.

From a neighbouring copse the wryneck exclaimed 'Pe-pe-pe!'—Unmusical songster! Herald of the cuckow! thy plain note pleases me more than the melodious strains of the accomplished chorister; for thou proclaimest that rosy spring (lovely season!) is commenced. Smiling period! that exhibits to the enraptured sight all that is charming to the ear, pleasing to the eye, or grateful to the sense.

The hedges began to array themselves in green attire, and the black-thorn to display its snowy blossoms. The songful tribes were all activity, fabricating their curious domes. Looking up a tree, I saw a chaffinch's nest thereon. What ingenious architects, who without any implements could rear so beautiful a structure! It would have put the art and ingenuity of sir Christopher Wren and Inigo Jones to the test to have erected, with such materials, so commodious an edifice.

'Pretty birds!' I exclaimed, 'may you quickly enjoy your new-built dwelling. No unfriendly act of mine shall mar your domestic felicity. I will not demolish your little home, plunder you of your eggs, nor rob you of your young. No, innocent warblers! I will not despoil you of your tender offspring. I am a parent—I can feel for you. What if some cruel tyrant was to bereave

me of my little ones! I shudder at the idea: but, if the bare supposition cause such poignant sensations, what would be the consequences of the reality?’

Towards the conclusion of my morning's walk, the following pleasing personification, written by an anonymous poet, occurred to my mind, which gives a just description of this changeful month.

Next came a blooming boy, in robe of green;

On his fair brow a flowery crown was seen,
Where the pale primrose with the cowslip vied,
And fragrant violets shone in purple pride.
Around the stripling flock'd the plamy throngs,

To hail him with their soft, harmonious, songs.
And now he smil'd with joy, and now apace
The crystal tears bedew'd his alter'd face:
Like the young fondling on his mother's breast,

Who cries for absent joys, and thinks them best;

Mid smiles, and tears, and frowns, he onward came,

With gentle pace—and *April* was his name.

Haverhill.

JOHN WEBB.

ANECDOTE.

ALMANSOR, king of Morocco, one day lost himself while hunting. A furious storm arose, and the earth was drenched with torrents of rain; and, as night approached, the darkness rendered the tempest still more dreadful. While the king sought a place of shelter, he met with a poor fisherman who was going to fish for eels in a neighbouring pond. Almanzor accosted him, and asked him which was the road to the king's palace.

‘You are ten miles from it,’ said the fisherman.

The king asked him to conduct him to it.

‘That I would not attempt,’ said he, ‘were you Almanzor himself; for in this dark night we might easily both be smothered in the marshes.’

‘What is Almanzor to you,’ said the king, ‘that you should mention his name?’

‘What is he to me?’ replied the fisherman: ‘a thousand lives such as yours or mine are not worth one of his least important days! No prince better deserves the affection of his subjects; and that I have for him is so great that I love him better than myself, and yet I love myself very well.’

‘You must have received some very considerable favours from him, or you would not talk thus.’

‘Indeed I have not: but, in fact, what more considerable favours can we receive from a good king than strict justice, and a wise and peaceable government? Under his protection, I enjoy in peace whatever it has pleased God to bestow on me: I go into my cottage and come out of it when I please, and no person dares to injure or disturb me.—Come, you shall be my guest to-night, and to-morrow I will shew your way wherever you please.’

The king followed the good man to his cottage, dried himself, supped with his family, and took his repose till the next day, when he soon found his courtiers and the company with whom he had been hunting. He amply rewarded the fisherman, giving him his castle of Cæsar Alcubir, which afterwards became one of the finest towns in Africa, distinguished for the arts and sciences and the cultivated manners of the inhabitants.

To the EDITOR of the LADY'S MAGAZINE.

SIR,

I SEND you the translation of a French play, entitled 'Matilda.' The subject is taken from Mrs. Inchbald's pleasing novel, 'A Simple Story,' though the author (M. Monvel, member of the national institute) has not mentioned her name in acknowledgment, but only that of M. Deschamps, the translator of the novel under the title of 'Simple Histoire.' The piece has been acted at Paris with much applause. Yours, &c.

Twickenham, March 25, 1803.

ELEANOR H—

MATILDA; A DRAMA

IN FIVE ACTS.

CHARACTERS.

Count d'ORLHEIM.

MATILDA, his daughter.

AMELIA WALSTEIN, the friend of the late countess d'Orlheim, and who had brought up Matilda.

ERNEST, nephew to count d'Orlheim.

M. HERMAN, chaplain to the count.

M. BLOUME, steward to the count.

Baron WODMAR.

LOUISA, chamber-maid to Matilda.

PHILIP, servant to the count, in love with Matilda.

CHARLES, another servant to the count.

Several other servants of the count and baron.

The Scene is a Saloon in the Castle of Orlheim.

ACT I.

SCENE I.

Louisa, Philip.

Philip.

WHAT do you say, my dear charming Louisa; will you always love me?

Louisa. Always, my dear Philip: I can promise without danger of breaking my word. I am of a family in which infidelity was never known.

Philip. Those families, my dear, are not very numerous. I should not be willing to swear as much for mine. But I shall be a pattern to my descendents.

Louisa. I hope you will, indeed. But count d'Orlheim comes here to-day, and you will inform him of our intentions, and ask his permission, will you not?

Philip. I shall give him two hours to take breath, for it is not a very short journey from Berlin to our castle; and when he has recovered a little from his fatigue, I will go to him, and, with the utmost polite-

ness, lay before him the state of our affairs, and our plan for future felicity. He will approve it; he will make us a handsome present: we shall marry, be happy, and soon enrich the world with another family of those good but scarce people who know not what infidelity is.

Louisa. I would not advise you to pronounce that word in his presence; it will not be the means of advancing our affairs.

Philip. Why so?

Louisa. I cannot tell: first, because it is a secret; secondly, because I do not know it.

Philip. Those are excellent reasons, certainly. But, perhaps, the count has suffered by this kind of infidelity?

Louisa (in a low voice, and significantly). I assure you it is whispered so.

Philip. It could not be by the poor late countess his wife; for whose death I have so often seen you shed tears?

Louisa (with the air of a person who

knows more than she is willing to tell):

Alas!—

Philip. It is said they lived separate more than ten years.

Louisa. That is a long time; especially if there should be no cause for it but mere suspicion.

Philip. I have been told, too, that when the countess was on her death-bed, the count remained obstinately shut up in his chamber, and would not even go to receive her last farewell.

Louisa. And what do you think of his expressly forbidding any person ever to mention her name in his hearing?

Philip. Or what is to be thought of his treatment of his daughter Matilda, who, since the death of her mother, has returned to this castle, where the poor girl lives as if her father were an absolute stranger to her?

Louisa. All this gives room for many conjectures.

Philip. If I had been longer in the service of the count, I will engage I should have known something more of this secret.—So the countess, whom you all believed to be so virtuous, was actually—

Louisa (bawily). I do not say that.

Philip. What, then, is it that you do say?

Louisa. Nothing at all: you have forced me to speak. Be assured that I know nothing with certainty; and that no person in the house, on this subject, knows more than myself; not even, perhaps, Mr. Herman, our chaplain, the intimate friend of the count; and if he does not know, certainly nobody else does.

Philip. Do you not think that madame Amelia Walstein, so long the friend of the countess d'Orlheim, and who never abandoned Matilda, knows something?

Louisa. Yes; if she would tell—I believe she does. But there is no getting a word out of her.

Philip. And young Mr. Ernest, the nephew of the count, whom he intends to make his heir, to the exclusion of his own daughter, what does he say to all this?

Louisa. Mr. Ernest? Since his long illness, that is, ever since the return of Matilda to the castle, his character has greatly altered. All his former vivacity and sprightliness are changed into melancholy and dejection. I am much mistaken if his amiable cousin has not made an impression on him.

Philip. Do you believe so?—There are in almost all families incomprehensible secrets of one kind or another. But, after all, this is no business of ours. I am sorry for the count, who is unhappy; and I am sorry for poor Matilda, who, if her mother was guilty, ought not to suffer for the crimes of another.

Louisa. Guilty!—Crimes!—Who said a word of any such thing?—Be on your guard not to talk to any body else as you do to me; for if you do, you may depend on it we shall not remain long at the castle.

Philip. Am I addicted to talking? Except yourself, I am dumb to all the world.—Here is Mr. Herman.

SCENE II.

Herman, Louisa, Philip.

Herman. How has Matilda passed the night?

Louisa. Very indifferently, sir.

Herman (aside). Poor child!—
(*Aloud.*) And how does madame Amelia?

Louisa. She does all she can to revive the spirits of my young lady.

Herman. Will they not come down this morning?

Louisa. Come down!—Good Heavens!—The count will be here to-day.

Herman. Yes, I know it; but it is as yet early, and the count, perhaps, will not be here till noon.

Louisa. His nephew, Mr. Ernest, is, I believe, just going to mount his horse to go to meet him.

Herman. His nephew will be well received; (*aside*) and his daughter obliged to hide herself. (*Aloud.*) Is the count's steward in the castle?

Philip. Mr. Bloume? Yes, sir, I have just come from him.

Herman. Request him to come to me—I have a word or two to say to him—I will wait for him here.

Philip. I will let him know immediately. [*Exit.*]

SCENE III.

Herman, Louisa.

Louisa. I am going up again to my lady and madame Amelia, have you any message to send to them?

Herman. No; I shall see them when they come down.

Louisa. Oh! I had forgot,—Mr. Ernest, who rose before it was daylight, met me a little while ago, and asked me if you were to be seen.

Herman. I am not very desirous to receive his visits.

Louisa. He is a very amiable young man.

Herman. Yes; his exterior appearance is very good.

Louisa. No person can have a more prepossessing countenance.

Herman. Men, in these days, can assume almost any countenance that suits their interest.

Louisa (aside). He does not love Mr. Ernest, and that, indeed, is the only fault he has. (*Aloud.*) If I meet him, then, I will tell him that you do not wish to see him.

Herman. No, by no means; I may think so; but it would be very rude to tell him so: he is the nephew of the count.—If he asks you, you may tell him that I am engaged—very much engaged.

Louisa. I will not fail. (*Aside—going.*) How is it possible not to love Mr. Ernest!—to me it is inconceivable.

SCENE IV.

Herman alone.

Mr. Ernest—Mr. Ernest, who takes advantages of the prejudices of an irritated father, who will gather the fruits of injustice, who will defraud the natural heir, and enrich himself with her spoils—Yes, certainly I hate him—or, at least, I endeavour all in my power to hate him—for I own I find it difficult. He has a certain air of sensibility, mildness, and candour, which must greatly interest in his favour all who do not know what cause there is to suspect him. But who can penetrate the secrets of the consciences of men!

SCENE V.

Herman, Bloume.

Bloume. Philip has told me, sir, that you wished to speak with me.

Herman. Yes, my dear Mr. Bloume. The count will be here in a few hours: have you disposed every thing in the castle according to the directions I gave you, by his orders?

Bloume. Alas! yes, sir. The iron grate has been put up, and the heavy door, to shut in the long gallery that separates the apartments of the count from those occupied by his amiable daughter, and madam Amelia Walfstein, her companion. Every thing is arranged as you directed.

Herman. That is sufficient.

Bloume. During four years that I have lived in the service of the count I have executed no orders that gave me so much pain.

Herman. I believe it.

Bloume. The amiable Matilda is, then, to be again a prisoner, as long as her father shall continue at the castle.

Herman (with a sigh). Prisoner, indeed; that is the true name for her situation.

Bloume. And by order of her father!

Herman. And, what must still more excite astonishment, by order of a man who is good, generous, beneficent, to all around him, and barbarous only to his daughter.

Bloume. But how is it possible he should hate her?

Herman. He adored her, Mr. Bloume. She is his only child.— For six whole years I knew him the most tender of parents. Matilda is the exact portrait of her mother; and no person is ignorant how tenderly count d'Orlheim loved his Caroline, his amiable and unhappy lady.

Bloume. But for a man to love his wife, yet banish her from him for ever, and refuse even to see her on her death-bed; to have a charming daughter, yet to make her a prisoner in his own house, never to consent to see her, and to threaten never to forgive those who shall even pronounce her name in his presence; surely, this is inexplicable extravagance.

Herman. Yet what are the contradictions which do not meet in the human mind and heart; where we find at once reason and folly, vice and virtue, vengeance and remorse! Such is man, my dear Bloume, and thus, with some trifling differences, are we all constituted. When we recollect this, we shall find no cause for pride.

Bloume. It is said that the young baron Wodmar, since the death of his father, has made offers to Matilda: why has the count refused them?

Herman. Wodmar will never obtain Matilda. The very name of this young man makes count d'Orlheim turn pale and shudder, and excites emotions of fury which all his reason cannot repress.

Bloume. Yet the count was the friend of his father.

Herman. Their intimacy was unequalled. Wodmar, though he was a widower and had a son, became a suitor for the hand of the beautiful and virtuous Caroline. But count d'Orlheim obtained the preference. The baron surmounted his passion, and became their most intimate friend. Six years were passed in the utmost harmony. A journey which the count made, an absence of fifteen months, and an unexpected return, divided the friends, separated the husband and wife, and spread discord and confusion through the family. The countess set out with her daughter in the middle of the night, and shut herself up in a solitary castle at a great distance from hence. Count d'Orlheim took refuge at Berlin. Baron Wodmar appeared no more, but left Prussia, travelled, and only returned to his native country to yield his last breath.

Bloume. All this seems to prove that a reasonable motive of jealousy—

Herman. Does jealousy then require a reasonable motive?

Bloume. But in fact the countess d'Orlheim—

Herman. Was a most respectable woman. She died the victim of a mystery which could never be penetrated.

Bloume. Here comes Mr. Ernest—

Herman (with dissatisfaction). He does. I cannot shun him. Go, my friend, I will see you again in a moment. Our conversation will not be long. I never find much to say to people I do not love.—
[Exit Bloume, who, as he passes Ernest, makes him an obeisance, which he politely returns.]

(To be continued.)

*Characteristic and critical REMARKS
on FEMALES.*

(Continued from p. 154.)

‘Base envy withers at another’s joy,
And hates the excellence it cannot reach.’
THOMSON.

It has been before observed, that women who are rendered conspicuous by qualities which adorn and dignify human nature, are oftentimes envied; and, that envy in one person manifests the existence of excellence in another: but, as all must acknowledge that to emulate another’s virtues is more commendable than to envy them, it is the province of the moralist to exert his utmost endeavours for the purpose of inducing persons to be emulous, instead of envious, by convincing them that a great and virtuous character is easily attainable, if its acquisition is earnestly desired. Young persons are sometimes inclined to be envious of another’s exalted reputation, from a doubtful consideration that their own can never, by any human exertion, resemble it; and, therefore, lest this consideration should influence the youthful mind of Selina, which we wish to perceive always regulated by the principles of prudence, we shall in this place presume to take a review of her conduct, and point out a track which cannot fail to lead her to celebrity, and thus we commune with her as her friendly and familiar monitors:

Selina, we are well pleased with that obedience to parental injunctions, which we have at all times beheld you as a daughter, strictly observe:—be assured that parental affection is strongly indicative of virtuous inclinations, and that, in proportion as it lessens, the mind becomes more exposed to evil. We admire the meekness of your tem-

per; so long as you preserve it you will not be friendless. Feminine meekness has a kindly operation on the mind of man, and infuses into his breast the virtue of general benevolence: it operates on the stronger passions as oil on a fluctuating lake, which, wheresoever it flows, smooths the surface, and pacifies the undulations, of the water. You are just arrived at the age of reason, and, in a few years, you will be introduced into public notice. Your mind is contemplative, and capable of distinguishing good from evil. You are surrounded with various temptations, and hence it will be incumbent on you to exercise your utmost vigilance and circumspection, lest you should listen to the captivating solicitations of fashion on one side, or be allured by the general prevalence of dissipation on the other. You must consider your character as the dearest earthly blessing of the free-born mind. We think we may safely entertain an exalted opinion of your rectitude amidst every temptation, although we too often perceive that vice steals on the human heart by imperceptible gradations. We have observed your behaviour to be uniformly prudent from earliest infancy, and hence we reasonably infer that it will continue so. You deserve applause for the sedulous attention which you give to the instructions recommended to you for your mental improvement: a continuance of the same attention will insure to you considerable literary attainments, which will make you respectable in public society. Your musical acquirements are to be esteemed, and we cannot pass by them without a comment. As a musician, you deserve the praise of ingenuity and skill—your ear is chaste, and your judgment correct. The knowledge of music we con-

sider as an elegant accomplishment, and it certainly has an immediate tendency to promote virtue; for, whilst the ear is soothed by harmonious sounds, the heart, by a secret sympathy, is capable of being improved. In a short time you may expect to be surrounded by sycophants; one will praise your sense, another your accomplishments, and others your beauty. Be guarded against the soft notes of flattery. Beauty unquestionably has an extensive power; but though it will attract admiration, it will not always secure it. A lady having beauty alone is like an elegant portrait, which can only be gazed at. For the most part, handsome ladies are ignorant, vain, and supercilious, and sometimes vicious: they are fond of flattery, and parasites at all times abound: they are praised till beauty fades, or till more enchanting beauties appear and supplant them, and then they sink into contempt or oblivion. But those ladies are only truly esteemed who are distinguished for their superior meekness and affability, virtue, and benevolence. The exemplariness of your character is at present unimpeachable: it rests with you to maintain it, and the longer it is preserved unspotted, the more valuable will be your acquaintance and friendship. If ladies in general would imitate your conduct, we are convinced that they would deserve greater commendation, attract more rational admiration, and be more beloved.

Wallingford.

(*To be concluded in our next.*)

S.

ACCOUNT of the LIFE and MUSICAL PRODUCTIONS of DOCTOR ARNOLD.

[From Dr. Rees's *New Cyclopædia*.]

MR. Samuel Arnold received his musical education at the Chapel

Royal, St. James's, partly under Mr. Gates, and partly under his successor, Dr. Nares. He manifested early indications of those talents by the cultivation and exercise of which he acquired celebrity in the science to which he was devoted; and his application, as well as subsequent attainments, fully justified the expectations which were formed concerning him both by his parents and preceptors. It is hardly necessary to mention that lively little air, 'If 'tis joy to wound a lover,' which first excited popular attention, as it was soon succeeded by various compositions of a superior kind, which evinced the genius and taste, and established the professional reputation, of Mr. Arnold.

About the year 1760, Mr. Beard, one of the managers of Covent-garden theatre, duly apprized of his extraordinary merit, introduced him to the notice of the public, as composer to that house; and, in the year 1776, he was engaged by Mr. George Colman, to conduct the musical department at the theatre in the Hay-market. The chief musical pieces that were produced for many years at this theatre, were composed by Mr. Arnold.

Having in early life enjoyed the benefit of Handel's direction and superintendance, and having derived from this sublime composer a taste for sacred music, he diverted his attention from those lighter pieces in which he had gained reputation, to the composition of oratorios; and his performances of this kind served to augment the fame which he had already acquired. In the year 1767 he made choice of the 'Cure of Saul,' written by the late rev. Dr. Brown, for the subject of his first effort in the higher style of musical composition. Such was his success, that this production is generally allowed to be the best in its kind since

the time of Handel. It was generously presented by the author to the society instituted for decayed musicians and their families; and to that society it proved a very valuable acquisition.

The approbation of the public encouraged Dr. Arnold to proceed; and the 'Cure of Saul' was soon followed by the oratorios of 'Abimelech,' the 'Resurrection,' and the 'Prodigal Son,' which was performed during several successive Lent's at the theatre-royal in the Hay-market, and Covent-garden theatre, under his own management and direction. About the time of his composing the 'Resurrection,' he published, in score, four sets of Vauxhall songs, most of which are singularly sweet in their melodies, and display in their accompaniments a thorough acquaintance with the characters and powers of the various instruments. 'Of all his oratorios,' says an anonymous writer, 'the "Prodigal Son" reflects the greatest honour on his talents and judgment.' So high, indeed, was the fame of this sacred drama, that, in 1773, it was performed, with his permission, at the instalment of the late lord North as chancellor of the university of Oxford. In consequence of his ready compliance with the request made to him for the purpose, he was offered an honorary degree in the theatre, but he preferred obtaining it in the academical mode; and, agreeably to the statutes of the university, he received it in the school-room, where he performed, as an exercise, Hughes's Poem on the Power of Music. On this occasion it is customary for the musical professor of the university to examine the exercise of the candidate; but Dr. Hayes, then professor of Oxford, returned Mr. Arnold's score unopened, saying to him, 'Sir, it is quite unnecessary to scrutinise the

exercise of the author of the Prodigal Son.'

In 1771 Mr. Arnold married a lady of good family and fortune; and about the same year he purchased Marybone-gardens, which were a much-frequented scene of gaiety and fashion. Here he provided for the entertainment of the public several excellent burlettas, which were very favourably received.

On the death of the late Dr. Nares, in 1783, Dr. Arnold was appointed his successor as organist and composer to his majesty's chapel at St. James's; and at the grand performance of the commemoration of Handel, in Westminster-abbey, the first of which took place in 1784, he was one of the sub-directors, and presented with a medal, which his majesty permitted the sub-directors always to wear as a testimony of his approbation of their conduct on that occasion. In 1786 Dr. Arnold projected the plan of publishing an uniform edition of all the works of Handel, and he proceeded, as far as 118th number, enriching his edition with beautiful engravings. He also published, about the same time, four volumes of cathedral music, intended as a continuation of Dr. Boyce's well-known work; three of the volumes are in score for the voices, and one for the organ. In 1789, the Academy of Ancient Music chose Dr. Arnold for the director and manager of this institution; and he conducted it with honour to himself, and with satisfaction to the academicians and subscribers. In 1796 he succeeded Dr. Hayes as conductor of the annual performances at St. Paul's for the feast of the sons of the clergy, and in this situation he uniformly maintained his distinguished character as a musical professor.

Dr. Arnold closed life, after a gradual decay, in the sixty-third year of his age, on the 22d of October, 1802; and his remains were interred, with every mark of respect, in Westminster-abbey. He had five children, of whom two daughters and one son survived him. His son, Mr. Samuel Arnold, is the author of several musical dramas which have been well received, and of a novel, entitled 'The Creole;' and he is now making rapid progress in the profession of a portrait-painter.

Of the abilities of Dr. Arnold, as a musical composer, it is needless to add any thing by way of eulogium; the public approbation has anticipated the tribute of applause which the biographer might be disposed to pay to his memory. His oratorios are not unworthy of the disciple of so great a master as Handel; and such was the versatility of his talents, that he not only acquitted himself with high credit in those solemn and august subjects which relate to our religious duties, but in those tender, playful, and humorous compositions which belong to the best of our public amusements. The 'Maid of the Mill,' the 'Agreeable Surprise,' 'Inkle and Yarico,' the 'Surrender of Calais,' the 'Shipwreck,' and 'Peeping Tom,' will continue to delight as long as a sense of harmony subsists. Arnold's 'Shunamite Woman,' one of his latest productions, possesses the genius of his earlier compositions, with that additional science which he had derived from study and experience.

It may be further mentioned, to the honour of Dr. Arnold's character and memory, that the exercise of his professional talents was not confined either to the amusement of the public, or to his own private emolument. Many charitable institutions have derived great benefit from his voluntary and gratuitous

assistance. Besides his professional excellences, and the general benevolence of his disposition, Dr. Arnold possessed many qualities which entitled him to the esteem of those who knew him. 'His genius and science,' says an anonymous writer, who seems to have known him well, and to have justly appreciated his merit, 'procured him a numerous circle of friends, and his social and amiable disposition constantly preserved them. His conversation was pleasant and unaffected; his heart was framed to feel for the distress of others; and his friendship was zealous and sincere.'

SIGNE AND HAVOR;
A GOTHIC ROMANCE.

(Continued from p. 152.)

IN the mean time, Alf and Alger collected an army. They assembled a hundred ships, and Habor as many. Both fleets carried the same number of mariners and soldiers. In resplendent ornaments the ships of Habor were excelled by those of the Danes. Some of them had their prows gilded; some were decorated with heads of dragons or lions, and all were painted red, blue, or yellow. The stern of the vessel which was to carry the princes was formed in the shape of a golden dragon's tail. Swords and spears glittered on the decks, and shields hung over the sides. Alf bore on his shield the figure of a warrior in complete armour piercing a bear, over which was inscribed the name of 'Habor.' He went to Signe, who was indisposed, and said to her—
'Thus shall it fare with Habor, and then Hildegisle shall be thine!—
'Yet, then, must he first overcome you, brother.—But if you

gain a victory over Habor, you certainly will be safe.'

'I believe,' answered Alf, 'that Bera is in the right, when she says you love that Norwegian: I believe you wish him to obtain the victory more than you wish that we should.'

Signe was silent for some time; at length she answered—'I leave it to Heaven to dispose of my fate; I am prepared for every event.'

An innumerable multitude followed the warriors to the ships. Sigar led the way. He took leave of Alf, Alger, and Habor. His knees trembled and knocked together. Bera appeared more courageous. She surveyed Habor with a revengeful eye.

'Go,' said she, in a low voice; 'go to certain death!'

'To certain victory,' retorted Habor, who overheard her.

She embraced her sons, saying—
'My good wishes go with you! I am certain that you will return the avengers of Hagleik, the conquerors of this proud Norwegian, who thinks that he alone is worthy of Signe.—Oh, ye gods! may Signe rather die a virgin! may I rather die without a surviving child to close my eyes, than this hated man,' pointing to Habor, 'boast of victory!'

Alf whispered her—'Do you, then, call on the gods?'

'In compliance with popular prejudice,' answered she.

Svanhild came next. She wore a white robe, on the breast of which was the portrait of Alger embroidered in gold by her own hands. She took from her head a crown of oak-leaves—

'This,' said she, 'will I place on your brow, dear Alger, when you return unhurt, and united in friendship with your antagonist.'

'That,' said the queen, in a whisper to her, is the voice of the friend

of Signe, not of the affianced bride of Alger.'

'He may be victorious, yet be united in friendship to his antagonist. His honour is above all things dear to me,' replied Svanhild.

Alger tenderly embraced her, then tore himself from her, and sprang into the ship. Svanhild dropped a tear; and all present manifested an anxious concern, except Bera, Alf, and Bolvise.

'How fondly Alger loves Svanhild!' said Bera.

'Who does not love the good and affectionate heart?' answered Syvald.

Habor and Syvald took leave of each other as became heroes, with resolution, yet with tenderness.—They embraced each other.

'May Heaven dispose every thing for the best!' said Syvald.

'Your friend I shall ever remain, let what will happen,' answered Habor. 'Bear to Signe my affectionate farewell. Tell her that I will fight bravely, yet will not forget that I am contending against her brothers.' He now broke a gold ring, and giving one half of it to Syvald,—'Carry,' said he, 'this to Signe: it shall be a pledge that I will be hers, living or dead. The other half I will bring her when I return crowned with victory.'

When the Danes went on board their ships, the assembled multitude wished them good fortune and a safe return: but when the Norwegians embarked they were silent; for though they admired and loved Habor, yet their Danish spirit did not suffer them to wish him good fortune and victory. Alver, the priest of Thor, offered a sacrifice on the bank of the river, and consulted the entrails of the beast. Fiercely he rolled his eyes, and wrinkled his forehead; frantic were his attitudes; frequently he unclosed his lips, as if about to speak, gnashed with his

teeth, stamped with his feet, while his whole body trembled, and at length said, in a fearful voice, and with broken exclamations,—‘Reconciliation—Death—Conflagration—Defeat—Joy—Lamentation—Speedily—Far-removed’—

A shuddering seized the multitude, who observed a profound silence. Svanhild fainted, and sunk in the arms of her female attendant, Gunwar. Bolvise alone laughed, and the queen said to him: ‘The prediction is ambiguous, as usual. The impostor wishes to persuade us that he knows something. He pronounces words of contrary meanings, and thus has his choice of two opposite events. But he lives by such deception.’

The ships now descended the river, their green, yellow, blue, and red flags waving in the wind. The sound of flutes and harps was heard on board. On the shore, youthful maidens and newly-married women danced to the sound of drums, cymbals, and conchs. They wished that Signe might obtain a husband she loved, and that the honour of Denmark might remain unfulfilled; yet at the same time they sighed, for they comprehended not how two things so opposite could be reconciled. The queen, however, wished only the defeat and destruction of Habor and the Norwegians; and these she believed were certain. Signe, thought she, will suffer herself to be persuaded to recal her vow when Habor is vanquished; and Freya will not be offended, for she knows nothing of it. But though Signe should refuse to be persuaded, what will be the consequence? she will perhaps die unmarried. Many maidens die unmarried. But I shall obtain my revenge. The blood of Hagleik yet smokes. Sweden and Denmark will be avenged. Signe may sorrow for a while; but time

will heal every sorrow. She is young; she is a maiden—a true maiden, or she would not so suddenly have loved this stranger. She may as suddenly love another.’

In the mean time Signe was a prey to the most tormenting anxiety. Her love of her brothers and of her country struggled in her heart with her affection for Habor. She dared not even ask herself what she really wished. Imagination now represented to her tender heart her brothers; her converse with them from her youth; the cheerful hours she had passed with them, and the tender cares she had felt for them; the caresses and joyful embraces they had mutually lavished on each other as often as they had returned crowned with victory. How should she now receive them?—Perhaps dead, wounded, or, to suppose the most favourable issue, vanquished.

‘Rash vow! and yet must it not be broken.’ Freya heard it. ‘Yet,’ said she, ‘it was this vow which gave to me Habor; but for it, he probably had never seen me. Habor! dear to me is the name. He who bears it is a hero, and I will love him as a heroine. Remember, Signe, thou art a princess; thou art a Dane. Habor may fall, Signe may die: but Habor, too, may conquer; and conquer in such a manner as to become the friend of my brothers. Alf and Alger must still be allowed to be brave warriors, though another should be found to excel them. Signe, show that thou art worthy of Habor. He cannot love one unworthy of him. He braves death to win thy hand, for thy heart is already his; and wilt thou fear to die for him? Live, dear Habor, live; live for Signe; Signe lives, and will die for thee. Arise, Signe, dry thy tears, and show thyself worthy of Habor.’

She left her chamber with a firm

step; her tears no longer flowed, she lifted to Heaven her eyes, which beamed with animation and hope. Before she reached the hall of her father, she met the queen, her mother.

‘What, so calm and so unruffled, Signe,’ said Bera, ‘while on your account your brothers are gone to engage in the deadly conflict!’

‘I trust the gods will protect them,’ said Signe; ‘I leave them and my fate in the hands of the gods.’

‘Yes,’ said Bera contemptuously, ‘the gods will, no doubt, descend from Heaven at your prayer.’

Signe answered only with a sigh.

‘Why do you sigh, Signe?’ said Bera.

‘Because my mother, on a subject of such importance, thinks otherwise than I do—otherwise than all.’

‘Alf and Bolvise think as I do.’

‘The latter deserves not to be mentioned; but Alf gives me much uneasiness.’

‘Alf has frequently returned victorious, though he believes not in the gods, but trusts in himself alone.’

‘We live not merely for this world, but for another.’

‘Of this world we are certain; of the other not. Frode sacrificed daily to the gods, yet was vanquished and slain.’

‘He died like a hero: we must all die. After death virtue will be rewarded. Heaven is the last dwelling of the virtuous.’

‘You hope to find Habor there?’

‘Him and all the virtuous.’

‘Poor Signe! you live for another and an uncertain world, and neglect the present, of which you are sure.’

Here they parted; Bera with looks of contemptuous pity, and Signe with eyes expressive of a gentle and affectionate compassion. Signe was calm, but not indifferent; she was

pensive and silent, and made no anxious enquiries, for she had prepared her mind for whatever might be her fate. Bera, with cruel jesting, frequently spoke of the joy she should feel when Habor’s head should be laid at her feet. Sigar was silent and sighed. Syvald said little, but signified that he trusted in the gods.

Bolvise said, ‘I hope our princes will not leave a Norwegian alive.’

‘And I,’ said Belvise, ‘earnestly entreat the gods that the issue of the contest may be for the general good of both Norwegians and Danes. Svanhild showed, in the whole of her behaviour, affection to her lover, and tenderness for her friend, the princess. Her attendant, Gunvor, when she was alone with her, would ask her, ‘How can you, child, wish well to him who would take the life of your lover?’

‘The princess Signe is my dearest friend: she loves him, and he is worthy her love.’

‘But he is gone to draw his sword against him who loves you and whom you love.’

‘Signe’s vow compels him, and he loves Signe.’

‘But do you not also love Alger?’

‘You know well what answer my heart must return. But Signe too is dear to me; and I love all whom she loves.’

‘But should Alger fall—should the hand of Habor —?’

‘Say no more, dear Gunvor; let us not render ourselves unhappy by anticipating misfortunes that may never assail us. I trust that the gods, who know the virtues of Alger, will protect him, and that he will return home in safety, and with unblemished honour. Yes, even though Habor should conquer. I know Alger, and that he will not return but as becomes a hero.’

The two fleets now descended the

river, and ploughed the sea with foaming prows. Ship was opposed to ship: they grappled fast each other, and the naval combat was changed into a fight on firm ground. The ships on each side were of equal size, and filled with an equal number of warriors, except that the vessel on board of which were the Danish princes was higher than that which carried Habor. Alf and Alger endeavoured to avail themselves of this advantage, to leap down into and board Habor's ship. They therefore poured upon it a shower of stones, darts, and other missile weapons. Habor ordered his men to kneel, and hold their shields over their heads.

'This storm,' said he, 'will soon be over, and do little damage. Let the Danes exhaust their strength in such ineffectual efforts.'

At length Alger ordered his men to rush impetuously forwards, and endeavour to break the strong phalanx of their enemies. But the Norwegians were immovable: they stood like a wall. When the attack of the Danes had failed, and their missiles were expended, the Norwegians started up, as they had been directed by Habor; and some of them climbing up on the shields of those in front, who still remained on their knees, gained the deck of the Danish ship. Habor entered it first, and was immediately followed by Asmund, Biorn, and Asgrim (for the names of these heroes ought to be immortalised). In an instant they threw their shields on their backs, and, furiously wielding their massy swords with both hands, drove back the opposing Danes, and defeated their attempts to surround them; till, in this manner, thirteen Norwegians had entered the Danish ship. The Danes were then reduced to act solely on the defensive, and fiercely did the battle rage. Loud was the clashing of swords and the

clang of battered armour. The blood flowed in torrents on the deck, and with difficulty could the warriors keep their feet. They fought man to man; and, when their swords were blunted with ineffectual blows, they seized each other with furious grips, and endeavoured to decide the contest by the difference of bodily strength, since their courage was equal.

'Redouble your efforts, brave Danish heroes!' exclaimed Alf: 'prove yourselves invincible, as you have always hitherto been deemed, by the defeat of Norway's bravest warriors!'

'Advance, brave Danes!' cried Alger: 'exert all your courage and all your strength, for you combat with Norwegians!'

'Oh, ye gods!' exclaimed Habor, 'give me strength, give me fortune, to vanquish those who otherwise will ever remain invincible! Signe!' exclaimed he again, and rushed with more than mortal force on Alger.

The Danish hero retreated one step backwards, and set his foot on a part of the deck which was slippery with blood. The ship sunk and rose with an undulating motion, for a Norwegian fell. Alger slipped, and Habor pressing on him with redoubled violence, he fell. Loud resounded his arms, and far was heard his fall amid the tumult of the battle. So thunder the wild waters of Sarpfen* in their headlong descent, or the furious waves that lash the Norwegian rocks.

Rage, indignation, and fear, filled the breasts of the Danes when their prince fell. Habor swooped over him, and said—

'Dearest friend! you have, I hope, received no dangerous hurt?'

Alger stretched out to him his

* The great cataract near Sarpfenburg, in the diocese of Christiania, in Norway. T.

hand, and said—'Thou hast conquered: with respect to me, Signe is thine.'

Habor raised him; they embraced each other, took their helmets from their heads, and sealed their reconciliation with the kiss of friendship.

During this scene the other warriors stood inactive spectators, and their swords ceased from the work of blood. But no sooner had Alger retired than Alf fiercely exclaimed—

'Here, Habor, here am I, the avenger of Alger, of Denmark, and of Signe!'

As a wolf, raging with hunger, espies and rushes on his prey, so rushed Alf on Habor. With one furious blow he cleaved his shield and gauntlet, and the cuirass and mantle of Signe alone preserved his life. The strength of Alf began to fail after this violent effort, and the Norwegians, by Habor's orders, pressed upon him, and endeavoured to make him a prisoner; for Habor was unwilling to ascend the bridal bed defiled with a brother's blood. But to effect this was impossible: furiously he wielded his terrible falchion, and hewed down many a warrior. Habor then took the ring of Signe.

'I swore,' said he, 'by this sacred jewel, that Signe should be mine, here or in heaven. For Signe I combat: never will I renounce the precious prize, though I should be forced to bathe my hands in a brother's blood.'

The warriors now closed:—so fight two furious lions: their eyes flash fire, they struggle with tremendous strength, and furious rage; while the beholder shudders with dismay. The rest of the warriors desisted from the battle, and viewed the terrible combatants with admiration and awe. Habor discharged a dreadful blow on the head of Alf, which split his helmet, and deeply

wounded him in the neck. More furious was the stroke of Alf; it severed in like manner the helm of Habor, and inflicted a deep wound in his cheek. The blood poured from the wound of Alf, and enfeebled he sank on his knee.

'You fall,' said Habor; 'yield, and let us be friends.'

'I will have no friendship,' said Alf; 'give me death!' and, raising his sword, aimed a blow at Habor, which he with difficulty avoided; and which, had it taken place, had ended his life.

Enraged and indignant, Habor rushed on him, and, cleaving at one blow his cuirass, buried his sword in his side. Alf sank senseless on the deck, while the blood streamed from his wounds.

'I have slain the brother of Signe!' exclaimed Habor, with a faltering voice; and, bursting into tears, threw himself on his body, and embraced him.

The red shield, the signal of battle, was now taken down from the mast, and the white shield, the token of peace, hoisted. The Danes on board the other ships had obtained some advantage, and a hundred and fifty Norwegians had fallen; but, the Danish princes being vanquished, the victory and Signe were adjudged to the latter. Habor took the tenderest care of Alf, caused him to be conveyed to his own bed, bound up his wounds, and, by the aid of reviving liquors, restored him to sense.

'My lord,' said Asmund to Habor, 'you are anxious for others, and forget yourself: your own wounds require your attention.'

'Let me,' replied Habor, 'be secure of the life of Alf; it will then be time enough to think of myself.'

He continued, therefore, to sit by the bed of Alf till the latter moved, and opened his eyes. He then left

him; 'for,' said he, 'my presence may disturb him.' Asmund then dressed the wound in Habor's cheek as well as he was able.

Alf continued long silent after he recovered his senses. At length he enquired for Habor, who came to him at his request.

'Habor,' said he, 'the laws of honour command that Signe shall be thine; but, in my heart, never can I be thy friend; for thou art the victor.'

'It grieves me much,' answered Habor, 'that the brother of my Signe should refuse to be my friend; but I and Signe will do all in our power, and may the gods prosper our endeavours, to conquer his aversion.'

'It is in vain,' replied Alf, eagerly, 'it is in vain that thou entertainest such a hope, for thou hast conquered; this offence my heart can never forgive. Let it suffice thee that Signe is thine.'

'Alf, too, shall be mine, that is, my friend. But speak no more, it may irritate your wounds.'

'I will say no more. To-morrow the ships will return; but leave me here; were I able I would not go to witness thy triumph.'

(To be continued.)

PARISIAN FASHIONS.

(With an Engraving, elegantly coloured.)

THE return of mild weather has produced great changes in all the concerns of the *toilette*. The satin *douillettes* are succeeded by light short robes. The spencer is now of a light cotton or linen stuff, richly trimmed with lace. Veils and parasols are again in use, and some dozens of crops have been seen. These have the hair as short as possi-

ble on the nape of the neck, and behind the ears. On the crown of the head the hair is long, and collected in a pyramidal form, or else laid over the brow. Hats are now much more common than turbans: the round are turned up in front, the oval are nearly of the figure of a bow net. Rose, lilac, jonquil, and barbel-blue, are the favourite colours. Some hats, of the last of these colours, have radiations of black velvet patched upon them. Hats of white straw, with rose ribbands, begin to be worn. Hats of yellow straw are not yet in general use: their brim is narrow, and they are worn with white ribbands. Cornets are still very much in fashion for undress. Coloured girdles are still worn, crossed on the back like the letter X. The sleeves of the white robes are long and white, but not puffed.

The women of fashion have in general cut their hair short; so that, except transparent cornets and veils fastened to the form of the head, few other novelties of head-dress have of late come into use. Yellow are preferred to white straw hats: the crown is high; the brim is narrow, and of one breadth all round; and over the hat is a half handkerchief of Florence. Lilac is the common colour for the handkerchief. Low waists for the gowns, and robes without a tail, are to be seen only in full dresses. The dresses are trimmed with a narrow frizzled lacing.

Though the number of turbans rather diminishes, the *cape turban*, such as represented in the plate, is still much worn. The fashion of striped ribbands appears to be commencing. They were called, last year, Scotch ribbands; they are now called ribbands *à-la-Pamela*. The three reigning colours for the *fiobus*, or neck-kerchiefs, are lilac, rose, or white: some of them

Engraved for the Ladies Magazine April 1803.



PARIS DRESS.

Yates & Co. Engravers.

are striped. The flowers worn are those at present in season, as the hyacinth, jonquil, and lilac. Among the more artificial ornaments we meet with ananas, or pine-apples, executed in the form of that fruit, but of a lilac colour, for lilac still continues the prevailing colour. It suits admirably a delicate complexion, but in the rage of fashion this property is never thought of. *Brunettes*, one would suppose, were fondest of it. Cropt heads are all the rage, with *Medusa* locks in tortuous twists about the face. What a composition of loveliness and ugliness does one of our *elegantes* present! eyes that would melt a heart of stone, and the head-dress of her would turn a heart into stone. Veils still hold their empire; and the little green parasol multiplies its number as the rays of the sun increase their fervour. The black and white lace shawls are of enormous size. Within these few days the *Bois de Boulogne* and *Longchamp* have been well attended. The petticoat transparencies just reach the calf of the leg, and display a fine ankle to great advantage. Nankeen gaiters and pantaloons, with dark-coloured coats, are in general use with our young men of fashion. The display of golden-backed combs is not so great as usual, yet the fashion still continues in force.

LONDON FASHIONS.

DRESS of blue muslin; the back made plain and very low; the fronts formed of a half square of the same muslin, which is fastened on each shoulder, drawn full across the bosom, and tied in a bow before; a full tucker of the same under it. The sleeves full, and drawn up in the middle with quilled or puffed ribband; the train very long, and

trimmed round the bottom with the same as the sleeves. The head ornamented with a silver net, open at the top to admit the hair in large curls. White shoes.

A white crape dress over a sarfnet slip, made very low over the bosom with a lace tucker; the sleeves drawn up with steel ornaments, and trimmed round the bottom with ribband and steel: the bottom of the train trimmed with the same as the sleeves. The hair dressed in the most fashionable manner, and ornamented with a gold band.

Dress of plain muslin. The head ornamented with a twist of muslin, fastened on the right side, one end falling over the right shoulder.

Evening dress of peach-coloured taffety; the sleeves of white satin, with full epaulets, the same as the dress, drawn up and trimmed with white ribband. Turban of satin, ornamented with blue feathers fastened on the left side, and falling over the right.

General Observations.

The most fashionable colours are blue, pink, and pea-green. Pelices are superseded by fur tippets or white cloaks. Straw hats of various shapes, with dome crowns, are becoming general. Ornaments of gold, silver, or steel, are universally worn in full dress.

The MORAL ZOOLOGIST.

PART II.

(Continued from p. 176.)

THE PONDICHERRY EAGLE.

THIS bird is the most beautiful of the rapacious tribe. The head, neck, and breast, are covered with exceedingly white feathers, longer than broad, the shaft and edge of which are of a fine jet black. The rest of the body is of a glossy

chestnut, lighter under the wings than above. The first six wing feathers are black from the middle to the tips. The cere is sky-coloured; the point of the bill yellow, verging on green: the feet are yellow, the talons black. It is of a diminutive size; on which account Buffon is of opinion that it ought to be excluded from the eagles, since it is not more than half the bulk of the smallest. It is found on the coast of Malabar, where the natives pay adoration to it as a kind of divinity. It occurs likewise in the kingdom of Visapoor, and the territory of the Great Mogul; but it appears to be, even in these countries, a rare bird. It is the *Falco Ponticiranius* of Linnæus.

THE WHITE-JOHN.

This bird, which is very common in France, received its name (*Jean le Blanc*) from the peasantry of that country, on account of the whiteness of its belly, the under-surface of its wings, its rump, and its tail. This is however only true of the male, the female being almost entirely grey. Buffon observes that the white-john is so different from the eagles that it scarcely ought to be classed with them, as it seems to have a considerable affinity to the kite and buzzard. Like the kite and other rapacious birds of the ignoble kind, its wings are short in proportion to the size of its body: this is particularly observable in the female, whose size is a third larger than that of the male.

The white-john commonly lays three eggs of a grey slate colour. The male provides largely for the subsistence of his mate during the time of incubation, and even while she is employed in watching and training her young. Hens, young turkeys, and ducks, are carried off; and where poultry fails, rabbits, partridges, quails, lizards, and frogs,

become the indiscriminate prey of these greedy invaders.

This bird is the *Falco Gallicus* of Linnæus, who appears to have applied to it that epithet because it is very common in France, but scarcely known in most other countries.

I have thus described the principal species of the eagle tribe, the most noble and generous of the feathered race: in my next I shall proceed to the vultures, a much more ignoble class, inactive, cowardly, and gluttonous; and whose characteristics, in general, form a contrast to the splendid qualities of the eagle. In the mean time, I remain your ladyship's most affectionate and faithful

EUGENIA.

LETTER IV.

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

THE vulture has been placed by Linnæus in the first rank among the rapacious kinds of birds, while the species of eagles are referred by him to the genus of the falcon. He has no doubt obtained this pre-eminence from his superior strength and size, for in courage and generosity he is far inferior to the eagle. The latter, unless pressed, will not feed on carrion, nor ever devours any thing but what he has himself taken; while the vulture, on the contrary, is indelicately voracious, and seldom attacks living animals when he can be supplied with the dead. The eagle meets and singly opposes his enemy; the vultures alone of all the predatory birds, when afraid of resistance, form combinations against a single enemy, and meanly overpower him by numbers. They are not nice in the choice of their food; rats, serpents, fish, and the flesh of dead animals, though half rotten, are equally acceptable; putrefaction, instead of deterring, seems to allure them. They unite the strength and

Engraved for the Lady's Magazine.



Vulture.

cruelty of the tiger with the cowardice and gluttony of the jackal, like which they assemble in flocks, devour carrion, and dig up the carcases of the dead: the eagle, on the contrary, in courage and magnanimity appears to resemble the lion.

Besides this difference of instinct, the vultures are sufficiently distinguished from the eagles by their external appearance. Their heads and necks are bare, or only covered with a very slight down, or a few straggling hairs. Their eyes are more prominent, while those of the eagle are sunk in the socket. The claws of the eagle are almost semicircular, as they seldom rest upon the ground, while those of the vulture are shorter and less curved. The posture of the vulture is not so erect and stately as that of the eagle, but inclines forward. Vultures may even be distinguished at a distance, as they are the only birds of prey that are found together in greater numbers than two or three. Their flight, too, is slow and laborious; they rise with difficulty from the ground, and make several efforts before they can mount.

Vultures, though rare in Europe, are numerous in Egypt, Arabia, and the islands of the Archipelago. In these countries their skins, which are as thick as that of a kid, form a valuable article of commerce. The dealers in them take off the large hard feathers, and, as it were, convert the inside down of the wing into a very warm and comfortable kind of fur, which is commonly sold in the Asiatic markets.

The eagle chafes by fight; but the scent of the vulture being far more acute, he appears to be guided principally by that sense. No sooner does any animal fall than the vultures assemble round it from every quarter, and from distances much too great for them to have been able to see their prey. The internal formation of the vulture differs considera-

bly from that of birds of the eagle or hawk kind. There is not only a craw, but a stomach, which, from the thickness of its lower part, may almost be considered as a gizzard; so that the vultures seem fitted, by their structure, not only to be carnivorous, but feed on grain, or indeed almost any thing else that may fall in their way.

THE FULVOUS, OR GOLDEN VULTURE.

This bird, the *Vultur Fulvus* of Linnæus, is one of the largest of the European species. It is in several particulars like the golden eagle, but larger in all its dimensions. From the tip of the bill to the end of the tail it measures four feet eight inches. The bill is about seven inches long; the tail two feet three inches; the legs are more than a foot in length, and the neck seven inches. The wings extend eight feet, and the largest feathers of the wing are about three feet in length. The head, throat, and upper part of the neck, are covered with a pale-red down; the back, rump, and coverts of the tail, are blackish. All the lower parts of the body, the breast, belly, and sides, are brown—deep towards the head of the bird, but yellowish as they approach nearer the tail. The eyes are level with the head, with large eye-lids, which are moveable, and furnished with lashes; the iris is of a beautiful orange colour; the bill long and hooked, black at each extremity, and blueish in the middle. The claws are blackish, but not so large or crooked as those of the eagle.

Buffon observes that the species of the fulvous vulture consists of two varieties; the first called by naturalists the *lawny vulture* (the *vautour fauve* of Brisson), and the second the *golden vulture*. The difference between these two birds, of which the

first is the fulvous vulture, is not so considerable as to constitute two distinct species, for both are of the same size, and nearly of the same colour: in both the tail is comparatively short, and the wings very long; and by this common character they are distinguished from the other vultures.' He adds, that he is even inclined to believe that 'the bird mentioned by Belon, under the name of the black vulture, is still of the same species with the golden and fulvous vultures; for it is of the same size, and its back and wings are of the same colour as in the golden vulture.' It should seem, however, that it is not very easy distinctly to discriminate the different species of vultures; for the same naturalist afterwards says—'It appears to me that the black vulture, which Belon says is common in Egypt, is one of the same species with the cinereous vulture, and that we ought not to separate them, as some naturalists have done; since Belon, who alone has mentioned them, does not distinguish them, and speaks of the cinereous and the black as composing the species of the great vulture.'

The European vultures of the larger kind may be reduced to four species: the fulvous vulture, the Alpine, the cinereous, and the crested or hare vulture. Of the small or ash-coloured vulture some enumerate three species: the brown vulture, the Egyptian vulture, and the white-headed vulture.

THE ALPINE VULTURE.

This bird (the *Vultur Percnopterus* of Linnæus) is ranked by Aristotle among the eagles; though he confesses that it is rather of the vulture kind, as it has all the bad qualities of the eagles without any of their virtues. It is so dastardly that it will suffer itself to be pursued and beaten by the crows; it is indolent in the chase,

and of sluggish flight; and continually uttering doleful cries of hunger while in quest of carrion. The wings are shorter, and the tail longer, than in the eagles; the head is of a bright-blue; the neck white and naked, or covered merely with a hoary down. At the lower part of the neck is a collar of small white hard feathers, resembling a ruff. The bill and the naked skin covering its base are black, the hook of the bill whitish. The lower part of the feet and legs are naked, and of a leaden colour. The claws are black, shorter and straighter than those of the eagle. This bird is remarkably distinguished by a brown spot upon its breast, immediately below the ruff, shaped like a heart, and edged with a straight white line.

The vulture of the Alps is in general of an ugly and ill-proportioned figure; and is even rendered disgusting, by the continual issuing of a kind of humour from its nostrils and two other apertures in the beak, which seem provided for the constant discharge of this matter. The craw is prominent, and when it is upon the ground the wings are always extended. This species is more rare than those of the other European vultures, as it is only found on the Alps, the Pyrenées, and the mountainous parts of Greece.

THE CINEREOUS VULTURE

is somewhat smaller than the fulvous vulture; and the neck is covered with a longer and thicker down, of the same colour with that of the feathers on the back. It has a sort of white collar which proceeds from both sides of the head, and extends in two branches to the bottom of the neck, bordering on each side a black space, under which is a narrow white ring. The legs are brown, and the feet yellow.

THE CRESTED, OR HARE VULTURE.

This bird, though inferior in size to the three former, is still sufficiently large to be ranked among the great vultures. Its wings, when expanded, extend near six feet: it has a long and straight tail, a blackish rusty plumage, and yellow feet. On the head are two tufts of feathers resembling horns, which it erects when sitting on the ground or perched, but which are not perceived when on the wing. It has a particular stride in walking, and will advance fifteen inches at each step. It preys on almost every kind of bird; it also catches hares (from which the Germans have given it the name of *Hafengeyer*—hare-vulture), rabbits, young foxes, small fawns, and even fish: its favourite food appears to be the entrails of animals, whether living or dead. It makes a great noise in its flight, which is more rapid than that of other vultures. It is so fierce that it cannot be tamed. It is extremely voracious, yet has been known to bear the want of food for fourteen days. It breeds in the most unfrequented parts of thick forests, on the top of the tallest trees. Gesner relates that two of these birds were caught in Alsace, in the month of January 1513; and, in the following year, others were found in a nest built in a lofty thick oak near the city of Misen.

The vultures of all these four species lay but few eggs, and breed only once a-year. Aristotle says that they have only one or two young. They generally build their nests in such lofty and inaccessible places that they are seldom discovered. Vultures seem more sensible of cold than eagles, and are most numerous in warm climates.

Of the smaller kinds of vultures three species are reckoned:—the white-headed vulture, the brown vulture, and the Egyptian vulture.

Of these, the first only is found in Europe.

THE WHITE HEADED VULTURE.

This is the *Vultur Leucocephalus* of Linnæus. The head and under-part of the neck are naked, and of a reddish colour. The large feathers of the wings are black; the rest of the plumage is white. It is supposed to be the little white vulture of the ancients. It is common in Greece and Germany, and has been found even in Norway, whence M. Buffon received a specimen. It is also frequent in Arabia and Egypt.

I shall now proceed to describe the species of vultures which are natives of America and Africa, beginning with

THE KING OF THE VULTURES.

This bird (the *Vultur Papa* of Linnæus) is undoubtedly the most beautiful of the genus. The head and neck are naked, which is the discriminating character of the vultures. It, however, is not large; the utmost length of the body not being more than two feet and two or three inches. The bill is thick and short; in some entirely red; in others only red at the tip, and black in the middle. The feathers on the breast, belly, thighs, legs, and under surface of the tail, are white, slightly tinged with yellow; those on the rump and the upper surface of the tail vary in different individuals, being in some white and in others black; the other feathers of the tail are always black, as are the great feathers of the wings, which are commonly edged with grey. The feet are sometimes of a dull white or yellowish, and the claws black; sometimes both feet and claws are of a reddish colour. The claws are very short, and but little curved.

But what this bird is principally remarkable for is the odd formation

of the skin of the head and neck, which are bare. This skin arises from the base of the bill, and is of an orange colour; from whence it stretches on each side to the head, and thence proceeds, like loose jagged comb, and falls on either side according to the motion of the head. The eyes are surrounded by a red skin, and the iris has the colour and lustre of pearl. The head and neck have no feathers; the crown of the head is covered with a flesh-coloured skin, which is of a lively red behind, but darker before. Below the hind part of the head rises a little tuft of black down, from which extends on each side, under the throat, a wrinkled skin of a brownish colour mixed with blue, and reddish towards the end. Under the naked part of the neck is a collar, or ruff, formed of rather long and soft feathers, of a deep ash colour. Into this collar the bird sometimes withdraws its whole neck, and sometimes a part of its head; so that it seems as if it had withdrawn its neck into its body. From the resemblance of this collar to a cowl, some naturalists have given to this bird the name of *the monk*.

This species of vulture is a native of South America, and not of the East Indies, as some authors have asserted. Mr. Edwards was informed by Perry, a dealer in foreign animals, that this bird comes only from America; and Navarette, speaking of birds, says: 'I saw, at Acapulco, the king of the *zopilotes*, or vultures; it is one of the most beautiful of birds.' It is common in Mexico and New Spain, and appears to be peculiar to the southern regions of the new continent, and not found in the old.

Notwithstanding the superior beauty by which the external appearance

of this bird is distinguished, it does not differ in its habits or instincts from the rest of the vulture tribe: it is, like them, sluggish and dastardly, attacking only the weaker animals; and preying on rats, lizards, and serpents, as also on carrion, and even excrement and every kind of filth.

(To be continued.)

MISCELLANEOUS THOUGHTS.

There are a class of persons whom we only allow to have merit, because we are weary of refusing it. They obtain their reputation, as the poor do alms, by their impotency.

Courage in our manner of thinking is much more rare than what is called bravery; yet in the first case the danger is only imaginary, and in the other real.

Money, in the hands of the covetous man, resembles those delicate viands which were formerly served up to the dead.

Who would believe it?—a woman without modesty resembles the sun without a cloud—Both hurt delicate eyes.

There is a talent, a gift, or an art, of imposing on others in conversation, independent of a superiority of mind or rank. This is sometimes the effect of a certain natural dignity which inspires respect, or great wisdom which inspires reserve. Often, however, it is no other than a vice: pride imposes on modesty; the fool will impose on the man of wit, provided he be only a man of wit.—Often, again, it is the ascendancy some naturally have over others; or the effect of an advantageous figure, air, manner, or tone of voice.

POETICAL ESSAYS.

STANZAS.

[From the French of Segur.]

BY MR. GEORGE DYER,

I.

THINK not, tho' gaily flows my lay,
 Too meanly of the tuneful art;
 Song claims the right to flirt and play,
 Nor less can act the moral part.
 Mirth, while it lightly trips along,
 The weightier truth shall lift to light;
 And hence I learn to rev'rence song,
 While still its milder charms delight.

II.

The Samian prince, that prince severe,
 His people rul'd with iron hand;
 Great was his power, and great their
 fear:
 None durst resist the dread command.
 Anacreon charm'd the tyrant down,
 Assuag'd his wrath, and wak'd desire;
 Such force have tender numbers shown,
 And hence I love the tender lyre.

III.

The rose, ere yet its leaves unfold,
 Requires the sun's enliv'ning ray;
 And, would you warm the heart, when
 cold?
 Go, try the love-inspiring lay.
 Ah! little aids the prose-told tale,
 Dress'd in no charms, nor wing'd with
 fire:
 But love, in verse, shall seldom fail;
 And therefore will I bless the lyre.

IV.

Behold the man of dauntless brow,
 Who knows no measure in his crimes!
 To stoic rules he scorns to bow;
 He dreads no censor of the times.
 But ridicule, if it reprove,
 Shall leave the long-remember'd
 smart:
 And hence I love the shafts of song;
 For they can reach the guilty heart.

V.

When griefs and cares perplex'd my
 breast,
 To books I ran, to seek relief:
 But Plato could not yield me rest,
 And Seneca brought no relief.

Anacreon, more one verse of thine
 Than seven old sages me shall please:
 Still then shall playful song be mine;
 For song the troubled heart shall ease.

VALENTINE EPISTLE TO A
YOUNG LADY.

DEAR GIRL,

WITHIN my constant breast,
 The fondest love for ever glows;
 There pure affection is impress'd,
 Nor change nor diminution knows.

Oh! then accept the artless strain
 Which true sincerity indites;
 And look with kindness on a swain,
 Who melts with fondness while he
 writes.

Hark! through each vocal wood and
 grove
 The feather'd warblers tune their
 throats;
 Their little hearts dilate with love,
 And love inspires the songsters' notes.

Each am'rous bird selects to-day
 Some fav'rite mate, sincere and true;
 And, oh! should I, as well as they,
 My Harriet find propitious too—

Would she on me her heart bestow,
 And all my tenderness requite,
 Then would my throbbing bosom glow
 With inexpressible delight.

Yes, dearest girl! my faithful soul
 To you alone for refuge turns;
 Nor can the pow'r of fate controul
 The fondness which within me burns.

In vain my fears obtrusive strive,
 With anxious thoughts my breast to
 fill;
 Hope keeps th' unchanging flame alive,
 And bids me love with ardour still.

And must a heart by fondness sway'd
 Be still denied its tender claims?
 Forbid it, dear enchanting maid!
 And deign to love your faithful

JAMES.

EPITAPH ON AN INFANT.

GRIM Death, with cruel, stern, relent-
less power, [flower;
Has laid in dust a beauteous human
And spoil'd each blooming grace and
rosy charm

By the dire stroke of his gigantic arm.

Though deep in earth the lovely blossom
fades, [less shades,
And wastes its fragrance in these cheer-
Yet this fair plant shall quit this tomb,
and rise

To grace the glittering scenes of Paradise.

Haverhill,

JOHN WEBB.

THE OLD MAID'S PETITION.

'But, earlier, happier is the rose distill'd,
Than that which, withering on the virgin
thorn,

Both lives and dies in single-blessedness.'

SHAKESPEARE.

PITY the sorrows of an antique maid,
Who mourns her single, sad, forlorn
estate:

Ye bachelors, attend to my complaint,
And let commiseration soothe my fate.

Hard is the lot of the unwedded dame,
To pass 'mid scorns and jeers her term
of life;

Who gladly would her liberty resign,
To gain that enviable title—wife.

From this pale cheek the crimson tints
are fled,

By cruel Time of every charm de-
flower'd;

Displeas'd with all, and with myself dis-
pleas'd,

I brood in silence—by the spleen de-
vour'd.

Oft-times, to speed the lazy-footed hour,
I sit and stroke, sweet puffs, thy tor-
toise brow;

Chirp to my linnet, or, with gentle hand,
'Bind the pink ribband round my dear
bow-wow.'

While disappointment preys upon my
mind,

And all fair wedlock's prospects round
me close,

Oh! blame not if, with care-dispelling
glafs,

I gain a short oblivion of my woes.

Once I knew happier days, when hal-
cyon mirth [hour:

Gilt the bright pinions of each joyous

Each golden morning wak'd me to new
bliss,
And fable eve to charm possess'd the
power.

Yes, eve had charms!—At ball, with
graceful ease,

I danc'd, in fashion's gayest trappings
dress'd:

What maid but view'd me with an en-
vious eye!

What youth but felt a palpitating
breast!

Beauty was mine—(forgive my fulsome
tale!)

Disporting Cupids frolick'd in my
hair:

Young Smiles and Graces play'd upon
my cheek;

Nay, Envy own'd the truth—that I
was fair.

Amid the suppliant crowd that own'd
my sway

Alexis bow'd—a dear, engaging youth;
Upon his brow fair Virtue sat enthron'd,

And his black eyes beam'd constancy
and truth.

Coquetish arts a while the swain de-
ceiv'd;

At length he saw I sported with his
pain:

To shun contempt he fought the hostile
scene,

And met his fate on India's torrid
plain.

But why should retrospection wound my
mind?

I long for innate peace, for present
rest:

Oh, for some friend—some tender-heart-
ed friend!

To fill the craving void within my
breast!

Oh! would he come, and proffer hand
and heart,

Glad I'd relinquish fav'rite dog and
cat;

Dicky should all my fond careffes lose,
And spirits yield to tea and social chat.

Pity, ye bachelors, her hapless lot,
Who sighs 'to love, to honour, and
obey';

Then Love shall shower his blessings on
your heads,

And gentle Hymen the kind deed re-
pay.

JOHN WEBB.

Haverhill, March 24, 1803.

TO THOMSON WEBB.

'How strong the tie that links the anxious fire
To the dear child that rattles round his fire.'

DEAR BOY,

THO' three annual seasons have not
Shed on thee their influence kind;
Tho' the cheerful morn of reason
Dawns not on thy infant mind:

Yet a father's partial fondness
Dedicates to thee this lay;
Blithesome, sprightly, playful sportling!
With a smile my love repay.

Tranquil is thy little bosom;
Care doth seldom it molest;
But soft peace, with downy pinion,
Hovers round thy gentle breast.

Little think'st thou what sharp trials
May await thy riper years;
What temptations may assault thee,
Trav'ling through this vale of tears.

Ne'er may sickness blast thy comforts—
Grant my wish, ye heav'nly powers!
But may Health, that rosy goddess,
Paint thy path with fairest flowers.

If inconstant, changeful, Fortune
Shower not her rich gifts on thee,
In some homely, straw-bound cottage,
Eat the bread of industry.

Tread the shining ways of Virtue,
Then Content will be thy guest;
Then true joy will fill thy bosom,
Though no star adorn thy breast.

Safely may'st thou cross time's ocean,
Weather all the storms of strife;
And when thy short voyage is over,
Anchor in the port of life.

JOHN WEBB.

Haverhill, January 29, 1803.

ODE ON SPRING.

WINTER is fled with all its gloom,
And Spring appears in lovely bloom,

And gilds fair Nature's face;
Her powers enliven every heart,
And sweet sensations do impart
To all the human race.

Nor to the human race alone,
But every creature in each zone
Feels its reviving power;

Each bird, each beast, and things that
creep,
The fish, and monsters of the deep,
And every plant and flower.

For, lo! fair Flora's tribe to view
Display their variegated hue,
Which gives the eye delight:—
The snow-drop and the primrose pale
Disclose their sweets in yonder vale,
With lilies rob'd in white:

The polyanthus and jonquil,
The daisy and the daffodil,
The jasmine and pea-flowers;
With pinks, and roses, and woodbine,
Whose tendrils round each branch en-
twine,
And deck the shady bowers.

And now, when breaks the infant day,
The sky-lark mounts th' aerial way,
And spreads the tidings round:
The cuckoo chaunts her simple lay,
While thrush and linnets on the spray
Make woods and dales resound.

The milk-maid quickly trips along,
And cheerful sings her rural song;
While in the grove and vale,
The sheep and lambs so sportive play,
Wantonly frisk, all blithe and gay,
And breathe the soft'ring gale.

The sower stalks along the plain;
With lib'ral hand commits the grain
Into the faithful soil:
While rains descend in copious showers,
Refresh the grafs, the plants, and flowers,
And bless the rustic's toil.

The river with fresh vigour glides;
While on its banks, fast by its sides,
The angler baits his hook;
With every wily art and care,
The senny tribe strives to ensnare,
That wantons in the brook.

While Nature shines in lovely hue,
The sky assumes a vivid blue;
While the bright orb of light
Through Aries takes his flaming way,
Diffusing far his vernal ray,
And equal day and night.

And now, while Spring illumines our isle,
And Peace and Plenty jointly smile,
Let every being raise
To Him who made, who governs, all,
Who form'd this vast stupendous ball,
A grateful song of praise!

PHILIP GOVE.

Fore-street-bill, Exeter.

TO A TUFT OF EARLY
VIOLETS.

SWEET flow'rs! that from your humble beds

Thus prematurely dare to rise,
And trust your unprotected heads
To cold Aquarius' wat'ry skies:

Retire, retire!—These tepid airs
Are not the genial brood of May;
That sun with light malignant glares,
And flatters only to betray.

Stern Winter's reign is not yet past;
Lo! while your buds prepare to blow,
On icy pinions comes the blast,
And nips your root and lays you low.

Alas, for such ungentle doom!
But I will shield you; and supply
A kindlier soil on which to bloom,
A nobler bed on which to die.

Come then—ere yet the morning ray
Has drunk the dew that gems your crest,

And drawn your balmiest sweets away,
O come, and grace my ——'s breast!

Ye droop, fond flow'rs; but did ye know
What worth, what goodness, there reside;

Your cups with liveliest tints would glow,
And spread their leaves with conscious pride.

For there has liberal Nature join'd
Her riches to the stores of art;
And added to the vigorous mind,
The soft, the sympathising, heart:

Come then—ere yet the morning ray
Has drunk the dew that gems your crest,

And drawn your balmy sweets away—
Oh come, and grace my ——'s breast!

Oh! I should think—that fragrant bed,
Might I but hope with you to share—
Years of anxiety repaid,
By one short hour of transport there.

More blest than me, thus shall ye live
Your little day; and when ye die,
Sweet flow'rs! the grateful Muse shall give

A verse; the sorrowing maid, a sigh.
While I, alas! no distant date,
Mix with the dust from whence I came;

Without a friend to weep my fate,
Without a stone to tell my name.

G.

SONNETS.

I. *Written March 8, 1801, descending a Mountain near Coimbra.*

YE fir-crown'd cliffs, as mournfully I
wind

Among your mossy crags, my pensive
ear

Elfrida's parting accent seems to hear:
'Tis but the cedar o'er yon rock reclin'd.

Her neck in sorrow droop'd beneath the
shade

Of her fine hair; and as she sigh'd
'farewel,'

Her dark-blue eyes were bath'd in
tears, that fell

On her fair bosom—mid the forest glade,
Where the dim convent's spiry turrets
frown,

Ting'd by the fading beam, the sisters
breathe

Their orisons; and hark! the woods
beneath

In echoes faint reply: my spirits own
Its influence, as the soft religious lay
Floats on the ev'ning breeze and dies
away. ERNEST.

II. *To Hope.*

FRIEND of the friendless! soother of
the mind!

Whose balmy gale can soften ev'ry
care!

From thee the wretched surest comfort
find;

By thee subdued the hagg'd fiend—
Despair.

The helpless wight by thousand ills oppress'd,

Who sinks beneath misfortune's gall-
ing yoke,

Bless'd with thy ray can calm his trou-
bled breast,

And soothe the anguish of a heart half
broke.

The trembling lover still on thee relies
(Though wan his visage and his look
profound),

Till at the last he gains the blooming
prize,

And finds with bland success his
wishes crown'd.

Then shed thine influence o'er my head
benign,

And make thy glowing raptures ever
mine. J. V.

April 2, 1803.

FOREIGN NEWS.

Paris, March 17.

THE volunteer cavalry, who are to compose the guard of honour to the first consul while he is at Brussels, are a corps of a hundred young men of fortune, and of very good personal appearance. They are to wear the old national dress of the times of Ferdinand and Isabella, for their uniform. Its expense will be 100*l.* sterling to each volunteer.

Mr. Forfait, formerly minister for naval affairs, now counsellor of state, arrived within these few days at Antwerp. He is said to have authority from the first consul to examine the means proposed for the execution of the plans laid before government, in order to render Antwerp at once a military and commercial port.

Preparations begin to be made at Ratibon, for a negotiation between citizen Laforet and Baron d'Albini, relative to the duties on the navigation of the Rhine. It is expected that sever-
eighths of the expence of collecting these duties may, by the new arrangement, be spared.

Stutgard, March 22. According to private letters from Paris, alluded to by the *Algemeine Zeitung*, the opinion is generally prevalent there, that a rupture with England is inevitable. It is asserted even, that the first consul said on the 13th, before several persons—

'We have made war for ten years—we will make it for ten years more.'

And upon another occasion he said to lord Whitworth, after having enquired with much affability about his health, and after having spoken of the approaching fine weather—

'In order that the hope of possessing you still among us at this period be realised, it will certainly be necessary that your government should change its conduct. What does this message mean? It is only to impress terror. Two great

powers, like France and England, cannot make each other afraid. The French people may be killed, but cannot be frightened. We are for peace; but we are also for the fulfilment of solemn treaties.'

The first consul then addressed himself to the Russian minister, who was near the English ambassador, and said to him in the most serious tone,

'If war be renewed, let all treaties be covered with crape. God and Europe will judge us.'

On the other hand, some persons pretend to have heard, from the mouth of the minister, that it was four to one in favour of peace; it is asserted even that a man was taken up on the Exchange at Paris, for having spread a report that war was certain.

Berlin, March 22. On the evening of the 20th ult. the French general Duroc arrived here from Paris, having been preceded, some hours before, by his adjutant, who had been dispatched as a courier by the marquis Lucchesini, to announce the departure of general Duroc from Paris, and the occasion of his mission. So sudden an appearance of general Duroc has excited here great attention. His mission has been occasioned by the sudden warlike preparations of England. He is said to have brought a proposal for the king of Prussia to act as a mediator to prevent a new breach between France and England. It is however fully determined that the king will not, himself, take the most distant participation in the affair.

General Duroc will only remain here five days, and then return with all speed to Paris. He is accompanied by major Segur and colonel Colberg, the latter of whom will proceed from thence to Petersburg. He will probably only remain here so long as may be sufficient to learn the issue of the proposals made

to our court, in order to regulate by it his proceedings at St. Peterburg.

Hague, March 25. A report is in circulation, that our government has applied to one of the first powers of the North, to obtain permission to preserve a state of neutrality, in case of a war between France and England.

Stutgard, March 25. According to letters from Basle, a great number of French troops are expected there from the interior of France, in order to proceed to Italy. The greater part of the French troops in Switzerland are intended for the same destination. The situation of affairs between France and England has, it is said, induced the first consul to assemble a considerable force in the southern parts of Italy.

The generals of division Klein, Pully, Chabat, and Verdier, as well as the generals of brigade Fiorelle, Quesnel, Milhaud, and Lesuisse, have joined the French army of Italy; other generals will repair thither also. We are still unacquainted with the nature of the differences which seem to exist between France and England, but it is certain that they are, and will be, absolutely foreign to Germany, which is of great importance for the repose of Europe.

Brussels, March 25. By letters from Flushing we have the news that merchant ships, which came in thirty hours from the coast of England, brought information that several English ships of war had already sailed to take a station in the North sea. The same letters state, that the arrival of a body of French troops is expected to augment the garrison of Flushing.

Between the 16th and 19th of this month there arrived at Calais an English state messenger and three couriers from London, with dispatches from the French ambassador, general Andreossi, addressed to the minister of foreign affairs. Two couriers and a state messenger on their way from Paris to London arrived at Calais at the same time. Both sets of couriers travelled with the utmost celerity. The same letters add, that several bodies of English troops, and even a numerous train of artillery, are on their march to Dover, and to the rest of the English coast opposite to the strait of Calais, and to the coast of

Picardy. It is observed that the English are returning home in alarm, in consequence of the dispositions which have taken place.

29. Several demi-brigades of infantry of the line and light infantry, some regiments of cavalry, with a sufficient body of artillery, are going to Holland to take a position along the coast. The Dutch Gazette of Haarlem states at 15,000 the number of the French troops destined for Holland.

Other Dutch papers announce that the Batavian government has had official information of the speedy approach of those forces, and has, in consequence, taken measures for their subsistence. We learn from other quarters, that all is in movement in the ports of Batavia. Preparations of all sorts are with the greatest activity forwarded. Several English ships of war have been already seen in the North sea. A camp of Dutch national troops will be formed next month above the Hague.

Hague, March 29. The French Gazette of Leyden gave, some days since, information that the march of the French troops to enter this republic had been for the present stopped. But the course of the negotiation now appears to have ordered matters as to that march in a manner expressly the reverse. The French ambassador received dispatches by a courier last night. Their contents have been communicated, in the following terms, to the Batavian government. The government will, in the beginning of the month of April, receive into its pay six battalions of French infantry and as many squadrons of French cavalry, with a large detachment of artillery with its field-pieces. General Montrichard will have the chief command of these troops, as well as the other French troops already in the territory of the republic. Generals Frere and Delaloi, whose arrival is daily expected, will command under him. General Osten remains in Zealand, and will there have the command of the 95th demi-brigade of the line.

Paris, March 31. It has been discovered at Hamburgh, that an order had been given to a manufactory of fire-arms at Thuringes for 30,000 muskets of the French model, and that 30,000 flo-

rins of the value had been paid in advance. The apparent and pretended purchase is the slave-trade. The fact that such a speculation has been made is ascertained, but its avowed purpose is evidently supposititious. It cannot be imagined that so considerable a quantity of arms can be employed in a branch of traffic, to which a great variety of merchandise and but a small quantity of the same articles are generally necessary. There is reason to believe, that the intention of the speculators was to furnish the means of defence and destruction to the revolted negroes of St. Domingo; and more than one circumstance renders it probable, that these speculators are 'Anglo-Americans.'

Last Wednesday a decree passed the legislative body, at Paris, for a gold and silver coinage. The silver pieces are to be quarter francs, half francs, three-quarter francs, two-franc pieces, and five-franc pieces. The franc is to contain five grammes, of which nine-tenths are to be pure silver, and one-tenth alloy. The gold coinage is to be of twenty and forty franc pieces, each having nine-tenths of gold, and one-tenth of alloy. The copper pieces will be those of two hundredths, three hundredths, and five hundredths of a franc. These coins are to bear on one side the head of the first consul, with the legend, 'Bonaparte, First Consul,' and on the other the value of each, surrounded by two branches of olive, with the legend, 'French Republic.' The five-franc pieces are to have the legend, 'God protects France.'

Brussels, April 1. A battalion of infantry of the garrison of Brussels, a battalion of the garrison of Mechlin, and corps from that of Louvain, set out on their march two days ago, in order to proceed towards the frontiers of the Batavian republic. We are assured that other corps of troops will immediately pursue the same direction. However, we learn by letters from Breda, that the head quarters of the French auxiliary troops in the pay of the Batavian republic, now in that place, expect to receive orders to proceed to some other place. These dispositions, however, will depend upon the result of the negotiations between the French and English

governments. No workmen can be found at Brussels; they are all employed either by the constituted authorities or by private individuals, on the preparations making with the utmost celerity for the reception of the first consul.

Amsterdam, April 3. Private letters from Paris contain the following intelligence: After the first consul had received, on the 29th of March, a courier from general Andreossi, an extraordinary council of state was held, and the important question of peace or war again debated. It is understood that the votes were not adverse to the maintenance of peace, and a courier was sent off to general Andreossi, at London, with the ultimatum of the French government. England, it is said, is to evacuate Malta, and a treaty of commerce to be negotiated between the two nations. Should war, however, ensue, it will not be declared by the chief consul; but a *senatus-consultum* will be passed, which will render it a national transaction. This document, it is said, is already prepared and printed.

Rotterdam, April 8. The Batavian government was, some days since, informed, that, in case of necessity, the town of Flushing would be declared to be in a state of siege. We are this morning assured, that the French generals have, in pursuance of that notice, actually declared that town to be in a state of siege. We have the same news from the Hague. We this day learn that general Montrichard has enjoined all officers, superior and subaltern, who are now at the seat of government, forthwith to repair to Breda, there to receive farther orders. All these incidents seem to indicate war. The trading interest of this city, and of Amsterdam, is now in the greatest uneasiness. We are in particular surprised, that a foreign power should, of its own authority, and by its own troops, have declared one of our towns in a state of siege, at a time when no assistance has been demanded from it, when we have no differences with the British government, and when we are not, as our great ally would persuade us, in the smallest danger of invasion from Britain.

HOME NEWS.

Rumford, (Essex.) April 2.

LAST Wednesday, being market-day, a farmer, who brought a fowling-piece with him, went into a house, and inquired for a person to do some repairs to it. He gave it to a person to look at it, who, not knowing that it was loaded, stood before the muzzle of the piece, when by some accident it took fire, and the whole contents lodged in his groin. Professional gentlemen were resorted to, who extracted part of the charge, and pieces of his clothes, which the shot forced into the wound, but they give very little hopes of his recovery.

London, April 7. A legacy, left by the late duke of Bridgewater, was brought to be stamped at the Stamp-office. The legacy was for 482,450*l.* and the stamp-duty came to 14,473*l.* 10*s.* being three *per cent.* on the legacy.

An instance of suicide occurred yesterday, of an extraordinary and a most lamentable kind.—Mr. Habgood, partner in the house of Habgood, Joyner, and Bloxam, wholesale haberdashers, in Rood-lane, Fenchurch-street, attempted to put a period to his existence, at his stock-broker's, Mr. Clerk's, in Prince's-street, close to the Bank. For several days it had been observed, that he was very melancholy, and a particular wildness about his eyes was noticed. Yesterday he rose suddenly from dinner, and went out to take a walk, it was supposed. He went to his stock-broker's, as above, where he conversed for some time with Mrs. Clerk; but while left alone, he went into a small apartment, taking from off the desk the clerk's pen-knife, with which he cut his throat in a most deliberate and determined manner, cutting and hacking it with a resolution that could arise only from insanity. He was heard to groan and make a noise, and on going to the closet he was found

standing, and blood streaming from his throat. This was about half past two o'clock. The fact transpired, and a concourse of people instantly assembled round the door. Two surgeons were sent for, who sewed up the wounds. He remained alive and sensible last night, but so weak, from loss of blood and a cut in the windpipe, that very little hopes were entertained of his recovery. It is supposed Mr. Habgood committed this deed in consequence of losses in the funds.

8. Yesterday being Maunday-Thurs-day, in commemoration of the Passover, his majesty's bounty to as many poor men and women as the king is years old, was distributed in Whitehall-chapel, by the rev. the dean of Westminster, sub-almoner to his majesty. The rev. prelate delivered a short explicit exordium on the royal beneficence. The poor were as usual regaled with a platter of fish, a ratio of beef, and four three-penny loaves; after which, in the afternoon, after evening service was performed by the rev. Dr. Moor, and an anthem by the choristers of the Chapel-royal, the rev. Dr. Vincent, in the body of the chapel, gave to every applicant who had a right to the benefaction cloth to each man for a coat and shirt, a pair of shoes and stockings; to each woman, cloth for a shift and cambler for a gown, with two little leather-bags, one containing a one-pound note, the other as many silver penny-pieces as the king is years old. After which, each person had given to them a small wooden bowl of wine, to drink the king's health—when they departed, well pleased with what they had received.

Yesterday morning, as colonel Montgomery and captain Macnamara of the royal navy were riding in Hyde-park, each followed by a large Newfoundland

dog, the dogs attacked each other, and each gentleman defending his respective dog, words of such import ensued, that a meeting was appointed. The place of rendezvous was agreed to be Primrose-hill; and about five o'clock, just in the valley under the hill, appeared colonel Montgomery, attended by major Keir, and captain Macnamara, accompanied by another gentleman. The ground measured was fourteen paces; they both fired together; colonel Montgomery received a ball in his right breast, and fell! Captain Macnamara was wounded in the groin, but able to walk to a coach which was in waiting for him.

At the report of the pistols, Mr. Harding, of St. James's-street, who accidentally happened to be there, ran to the spot, and, with great humanity, assisted in carrying the colonel to his coach, which drove to Chalk-farm, where Mr. Heavyside immediately, but too late, attended. Colonel Montgomery is dead, and falls a lamentable instance of that pernicious custom which renders an human life liable to be sacrificed in a personal quarrel.

Weymouth, April 11. A terrible affair happened on Saturday se'nnight.—A press-gang from a frigate, lying in Portland-roads, consisting of a captain and his lieutenant, with the lieutenant of marines, and twenty-seven marines, and about as many sailors, came on shore at Portland-castle, and proceeded to the first village, called Chefelton. They impressed Henry Wiggot and Richard Way, without any interruption whatever: the people of the island took the alarm, and fled to the village of Eason, which is situated about the centre of the island, where the people made a stand at the pond. The gang came up, and the captain took a man by the collar. The man pulled back, on which the captain fired his pistol, at which signal the lieutenant of marines ordered his men to fire, which being done, three men fell dead, being all shot through the head, viz. Richard Flann, aged 42 years; A. Andrews, 47 years; and Wm. Lano, 26 years: all married men, two of them quarry-men, and one a blacksmith.—One man was shot through the thigh, and a young woman in the back; the ball is still in her body, and but little hopes are entertained of her recovery. Poor Lano, the blacksmith, was at his shop-door, and

there fell dead. An inquisition has been held, and a verdict given of 'Willful Murder' against the whole, leaving the law to discriminate the ringleaders.

London, April 11. A lady, in Mount-street, Grosvenor-square, on retiring to her bed-chamber, between nine and ten o'clock on Friday evening, by some accident, unfortunately set fire to part of her dress; she was observed by a lady opposite to rush into the drawing-room in a perfect blaze, who caused an alarm, and was the means of a person in the same house hurrying over; he was the first who could give her the least assistance; from the carpet being encumbered with several heavy articles, it was some moments ere he could throw it over her, and not till she was most seriously burnt in the neck, shoulders, and face. Medical assistance was immediately procured, but in vain; she died on Saturday morning about six o'clock, another victim to the fashionable mode of dress.

On Friday evening last, about eight o'clock, a fire broke out at the house of Dr. Clarke, navy-surgeon, in Sion-gardens, Aldermanbury: it began in the kitchen, and the flames ascended to the second floor in a few minutes, but, by the skilful exertions of the firemen, was got under without farther damage.—The doctor's son, a child about three years old, was somewhat hurt, as was Mrs. Clarke, in her successful endeavours to save it. Mr. Clarke was absent, being on board his ship at Sheerness, and the property was not insured.

Lincoln, April 12. Lady Ingleby Amcotts had nearly experienced a dreadful accident, a few days since, at her seat at Harrington, near Spillby, in this county. Whilst her ladyship was stirring the fire, a coal fell on her gown, and the flames had already reached her handkerchief, which would, most probably, have proved fatal before the family could have rendered assistance, when her ladyship's great presence of mind induced her to roll herself in the carpet, by which she was providentially extricated from her dangerous situation.

London, April 13. On Monday, being Easter-Monday, there was a very hot press on the river, between London-bridge and Greenwich; when the press-galleys boarded most of the boats going down the river, and took a great many

young men who were going a holiday-making, and conducted them on board the tender. One boat, with six stout young men in it, resisted a press-galley, and a desperate contest ensued. One of the young men, seizing on the boat-hook, insisted that they should not take any one of them away, and the rest, with sticks, kept off the gang for the space of ten minutes; but another boat coming up, they were overpowered, and dragged on board the galley. Some of the young men were severely bruised, and the life of one of them is despaired of.

15. Yesterday, Mr. Heavyside, the surgeon, dressed the wound of captain Macnamara, at Blake's hotel. The captain is recovering: he is still in custody of some of the police-officers. As soon as Mr. Heavyside had dismissed his patient for the day, Mr. Townshend, one of the Bow-street officers, read to him (Mr. H.) a warrant from sir Richard Ford, and arrested him as a principal in the murder of colonel Montgomery. Such is the language of the law, which regards every one who is present as a principal in a duel, if previously privy to it. Mr. Heavyside attended on the field as captain Macnamara's surgeon. He was conveyed to Bow-street, where he underwent a private examination before sir Richard Ford. Several persons who were spectators of the duel were also examined privately, and bound over to appear. After the examination, Mr. Heavyside was fully committed to Newgate for trial, standing charged with aiding and assisting in the murder of colonel Montgomery. He went to Newgate in his own carriage, in the care of Townshend, accompanied by Mr. Holloway, his solicitor. Captain Macnamara, it is expected, will be also committed to Newgate for trial. The seconds have not yet been heard of.

16. Yesterday afternoon, about five o'clock, as Mr. Spencer Townshend, a gentleman who holds a high situation in the navy-office, Somerset-house, was returning from the office to his house in Cleveland court, St. James's, he was stopped within a few yards of his own door by a gentleman of the name of Grant, lately a merchant in Lawrence Pountney-lane, with a pistol in each hand, who approached, and thus addressed him: 'You d—d v—n, you are the cause of destroying the happiness of

my mind; take one of these pistols, and you shall shoot me, or I shall shoot you.' Mr. Townshend, perceiving Mr. Grant assuming an attitude which indicated a resolution to carry his desperate purpose into immediate execution, made an attempt to rush suddenly by and gain his own door; when Grant, who stood in his way, turning round as it were with intent to follow him, discharged one of the pistols at him. The pistol was loaded with swan-shot, but the parties were so close at the time of the fire, the charge probably passed him like a single ball, and Mr. Townshend fortunately escaped unhurt by it; Mr. Townshend, however, was not thus freed from danger, for, in the sudden spring to gain his own door, his foot slipped, and he fell upon the pavement; and Grant, seizing the opportunity, followed up his diabolical intent, by discharging the contents of the second pistol at him, while he lay prostrate upon the ground. The contents of the pistol passed through Mr. Townshend's coat, and slightly wounded one of his knees, and the wadding lodged in the skirt of his coat, and set fire to it. Mr. Townshend, however, made a sudden exertion, and recovered his feet.

Mr. Grant was secured, and immediately conveyed to Bow-street, where he underwent a long examination before Mr. Bond, and sir William Parsons; after which he was committed for further examination. Mr. Grant, we understand, appears to be insane, and the cause of his melancholy state, as well as of the crime which he attempted, is supposed to be this: Some time ago, he paid his addresses to a daughter of the late lord Dudley and Ward, who was bequeathed by the will of her father a sum of 4000*l*. Mr. Townshend was one of the trustees in the will, in whom the above sum was vested for the use of the young lady, in case she should marry with the consent of her friends. This consent Mr. Grant was unable to obtain; and Mr. Townshend, as a faithful trustee, adhered to the will. This disappointment is supposed to have preyed upon the mind of Mr. Grant, and to have produced that alienation of understanding, under the influence of which he made the above desperate attack.

21. Yesterday, the grand jury, at Clerkenwell, threw out the bill of in-

dictment against captain Macnamara and Mr. Heavifide for murder. Mr. Heavifide was accordingly discharged from Newgate.

22. Captain Macnamara was tried at the Old-Bailey, for man-slaughter, on the verdict of the coroner's jury, which sat on the body of colonel Montgomery, and acquitted.

BIRTHS.

March 26. At his house, in Duke-street, Westminster, the lady of William Lubbock, esq. of a son.

31. The lady of John Prinsep, esq. M. P. of a son.

April 2. The lady of Edward Dennison, of Castle-Bear, Ealing, esq. of a son.

At her father's house, College-street, Westminster, the lady of captain G. Murray, of the royal navy, of a son.

At his house, in Charlotte-street, Bloomsbury, the lady of sir Francis Vincent, bart. of a son and heir.

5. At his house, in Gloucester-place, the lady of the hon. major-general Forbes, of a son.

6. In Guildford-street, the lady of the hon. J. Abercromby, of a son.

8. At her house, in Tenterden-street, Hanover-square, Mrs. Doyle, of a son.

Mrs. Edward Orme, of New Bond-street, of a son.

9. The lady of James Adams, esq. M. P. for Harwich, at his house in Berkeley-square, of a son.

The lady of J. M. Raikes, esq. of a daughter.

11. At his house, in Upper-Berkeley-street, Portman-square, the lady of the rev. Mr. Beville, of a daughter.

In Holles-street, the lady of Gilbert Mathison, esq. of a son.

At her house, in Manchester-square, the right hon. lady Charlotte Drummond, of a son.

In Tavistock-place, Tavistock-square, the lady of R. Caton, esq. of a daughter.

12. In Cavendish-row, Dublin, lady Harriet St. George, of a daughter.

At her house, in Spring-gardens, the countess of Berkeley, of a daughter.

13. At Baldwins, Kent, the lady of sir John Harrington, of a daughter.

14. At his house, in Portland-place, the lady of J. Ellis, esq. of a daughter.

15. In Berners-street, the lady of Couitts Trotter, esq. of a daughter.

MARRIAGES.

March 30. Mr. George Rorauer, of Great Castle-street, Cavendish-square, to miss Hale Martin, of N^o 6, Queen Anne-street East.

J. M. Scott, esq. of Ballygannon, in the county of Wicklow, to the right hon. lady Arabella Brabazon.

April 2. Henry Perkins, esq. of Camberwell, to miss Latham, daughter of Thomas Latham, esq. of Champion-hill.

Thomas Thistlethwayte, esq. of Southwick-place, to miss Guitton, youngest daughter of the late John Guitton, esq. of Wickham, Hants.

At St. James's church, John Leach, esq. to miss Julia Rush, second daughter of sir W. Beaumaurice Rush.

At Lydeard St. Laurence, near Taunton, sir John Lester, to miss Russell.

4. William Nettlefold, esq. attorney-at-law, of Barnard's-inn, to miss Grace Gawler, of Lambeth.

At Hammermith, Thomas Bond, esq. eldest son of sir Jas. Bond, bart. to miss Read, youngest daughter of the late J. Read, esq. of Porchester-lodge, Hants.

7. Mr. Thomas Blizard, of America-square, surgeon, to miss Aston, daughter of Mr. Thomas Aston, of Billiter-lane.

Mr. Godby, of Lombard-street, to miss Eliza Layton, daughter of Thomas Layton, esq. of Kentish-town.

8. Mr. Saunders, to miss Jane Calkett, youngest daughter of Daniel Calkett, esq. of Ely-place, Holborn.

9. At Mary-la-bonne church, J. H. Budd, esq. to miss M. Reinagle.

12. Mr. Kelly, of Fareham, Hants, surgeon, to miss Leathes, of Stamford-street, Black-friars.

14. Mr. A. D. Welch, of Leadenhall-street, to miss Allen, of Walthamstow.

Launcelot Haslope, esq. of America-square, to miss H. Stock, daughter of T. Stock, esq. of Highbury-place, Ilington.

15. At Ipiwich, R. Wiltshire, esq. of New Bridge-street, to miss M. Bleden.

At Edinburgh, the hon. lord Polkammer, to miss Sinclair, daughter of the late George Sinclair, esq. of Ulbster.

Geo. Hollings, esq. of Mount-street, Berkeley-square, to miss Maria Barker, daughter of Richard Barker, esq. surgeon to the 2d regiment of life-guards.

18. Major Maxwell, eldest son of sir W. Maxwell, bart. to miss C. Fordyce.

DEATHS.

March 19. At Chertsey, Mrs. Hudson, in the 65th year of her age, wife of Sol. Hudson, late of Titchfield-street.

24. At her house in Thornhaugh-street, Bedford-square, aged 69, Mrs. Gaskell, relict of Peter Gaskell, esq. of the city of Bath, and only daughter of William Penn, late of Shannagarry, in the county of Cork, esq. the grandson and heir of William Penn, the founder and first proprietor of the city of Philadelphia and province of Pennsylvania, in America.

28. At her house, at Inverness, Mrs. Mary Hutchinson Fraser, widow of the late Simon Fraser, esq. of Fanellan.

30. In the 83d year of her age, Mrs. Reynolds, of Cleveland-row.

At Gaddefden Cottage, in the county of Hertford, in the 69th year of her age, Mrs. Noyes, relict of Thomas Herbert Noyes, esq. and sister to the late Thomas Halsey, esq. of Gaddefden-place, in the same county.

At his seat near Ealing, Middlesex, in the 79th year of his age, Thomas Devenish, esq. many years an eminent auctioneer.

31. At her father's house in Great Marlborough-street, of a decline, Miss Siddons, eldest daughter of Mrs. Siddons, of Drury-lane Theatre.

In Harley-street, Mrs. Clay.

Mrs. Godfrey, of Holland-street, Kensington.

At Bath, Mrs. Bogle French, the wife of Nathaniel Bogle French, esq. of Dulwich.

April 1. At Hatley St. George, in the county of Cambridge, Mrs. Quintin, wife of T. Quintin, esq. of that place.

2. At Brentford, Mrs. Trimmer, wife of Mr. James Trimmer, and daughter of the rev. William Cornwallis, of Wittersham, Kent.

At York, Mr. Thomas Sanderson, late sheriff of that city, and uncle to the late sir James Sanderson.

4. At Coltness-house, Edinburgh, Mrs. E. Stewart, daughter of sir J. Stewart, bart. of Goodtrees.

5. At her house in Wimpole-street, lady Frances Williams Wynn, in the 86th year of her age. She was relict of sir Warkin Williams Wynn.

6. At Broome-house, in Barham, lady Oxenden, lady of sir Heary Oxenden,

bart. and daughter and co-heiress of sir George Chadleigh, bart. of Devonshire.

At his house in Piccadilly, the right hon. sir W. Hamilton, knight of the bath, aged 78.

At Bath, Mr. William Newberry, of Croydon.

7. At Edinburgh, in the 77th year of his age, the earl of Dumfries, one of the sixteen peers of Scotland.

At St. Leonard's Hill, near Windsor, G. Birch, esq.

At his house in King-street, Portman-square, Joseph Chaplin Hankey, esq.

Mrs. Sarah Lawrence, relict of Mr. Thomas James Lawrence, of Cheapside, woollen-draper.

At his house in Gower-street, Godfrey Kettle, esq.

9. At his house in Jermyn-street, general de Banermeister, resident minister from the court of Hesse Cassel, in the 63d year of his age.

At her seat in Kent, the countess dowager of Chatham, mother of the right hon. William Pitt.

12. At his brother's house in Bishopsgate-street, the rev. Robert Wall, fellow of Merton-college, Oxford.

Of an apoplectic fit, Mr. Daniel Henwood, of Smithfield.

At her house in Charles-street, Berkeley-square, Miss Conyers, eldest daughter of the late John Conyers, esq. of Copped Hall, in the county of Essex.

14. At his house at Sonning, near Reading, after a short illness, admiral sir T. Rich, bart.

M. A. Horatio Beloe, the youngest daughter of the rev. W. Beloe.

In Wigmore-street, Mrs. Feake, daughter of the late governor Feake, of Durrington, in Essex, in her 82d year.

At her house in Wigmore-street, in her 63d year, Mrs. Emma Little, relict of the late Thomas Little, esq.

17. Mr. James Aickin, late of Drury-lane Theatre, in the 64th year of his age.

Suddenly, at the Deanry, Bristol, the rev. Dr. Layard, dean of Bristol, in the 54th year of his age.

18. At Stratford-house, in the county of Essex, the right hon. John lord Henniker, baron Henniker of Stratford-upon-Avon, of Stratford-house, and Newton-hall, both in the county of Essex; Great Bleaining's-hall, in the county of Suffolk; and St. Peter's, in the Isle of Thanet.