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The Ladies Magazine

OR

ENTERTAINING COMPANION

for the

FAIR SEX,

appropriated solely to their

USE and AMUSEMENT.

Vol. XXXIV for the YEAR 1803.

LONDON,

Printed for G. and J. ROBINSON,

No. 25, Paternoster Row.

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Printed for G. and J. ROBINSON, No. 25, Pater-noster-Row;

Where Favours from Correspondents continue to be received.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

T. T's Epithalamium requires revision, especially with respect to the mythology: the verses that accompany it are somewhat incorrect in many places, but both have several good lines.

We should be obliged to the contributor of Count Schweitzer for a continuation of his romance; at any rate we should be glad to receive a line from him on the subject.

We should be happy to hear again from R. A. C.

Arabella's hint shall be attended to, as far as may be found practicable.

The Remarks on the luxury of ancient times, compared with the modern, shall have a place.

The Ode to Robin—Advice to Strephon—An Extempore addressed to Miss R. B.—Inscription for a fountain, are received, and under consideration.

ADDRESS TO THE PUBLIC.

THE commencement of another year again requires that we should express the gratitude with which the favourable reception this Miscellany has been and still continues to be honoured with, by the public in general, and our fair patronesses in particular, naturally inspires us: our exertions to contribute to the entertainment and instruction of our readers have met with the most flattering proof of approbation, and such as must encourage us not to relax in their continuation.

The LADY'S MAGAZINE has uniformly been conducted on the same plan on which it was originally established. It was intended to form a repository for such productions of genius—especially female genius—as might otherwise have been neglected and lost; and also for such selections from the most esteemed publications of the times as appeared most suitable to the delicacy and refined taste of the Fair Sex. In the execution of this design we have endeavoured equally to avoid what might be found too formal and heavy, and what might be censured as too light and frivolous; we need not add that we have likewise carefully rejected whatever has the slightest tendency to licentiousness and immorality; for we trust we can never be supposed capable of offering to our Fair Readers so gross an insult.

With political opinions and disputes we have never intermeddled. The return of Peace has happily allayed the storm which had so long desolated Europe, and in a great measure calmed those animosities which rankled in the breasts even of worthy persons of different parties; because, though both had the best intentions, each surveyed the objects before him in a different point of view; yet we trust that, on no occasion, either in our selections or observations, have we failed to show ourselves the steady friends of the liberties, the true interests, and the honour of our country.

To our Correspondents, many and most grateful acknowledgments are due. To them we are undoubtedly indebted for some of the most valuable pieces which enrich our publication. Among these have occasionally been some, which, from the inconstancy of their authors, have unfortunately been left unfinished fragments; but the number of these is very few compared with those the contributors of which have been more honourably faithful to their engagements. We shall certainly always exert our utmost care to prevent this impropriety; but, while we admit the original communications of correspondents, it will sometimes happen.

We now enter on the THIRTY-FOURTH VOLUME of the LADY'S MAGAZINE, fully persuaded that, by the arrangements we have made, and the contributions we are confident we shall receive, we shall still continue to obtain for our Miscellany the same flattering approbation with which it has been honoured for so long a series of years.

THE

LADY'S MAGAZINE,

For JANUARY, 1803.

THE TWINS;

A TALE.

A YOUNG prince of Germany, who had not long been married, presented to his youthful bride several of the children of the first families in his little principality, to serve her in quality of pages. Among these, the handsome Ernestus was especially distinguished by his mild and polished manners; he gained the commendation and esteem of every person who conversed with him; and the prince himself was so charmed with his behaviour, that he one day did his father the honour to repair to the old mansion in which he resided, to congratulate him on having so amiable a son. While he was conversing with him, he saw enter a young maiden of great beauty; but so exactly resembling Ernestus, that the prince could scarcely believe she was not his page in a female dress. She had his features, his eyes, his manner, and the very tone of his voice. She was in fact his twin-sister, the lovely Ernestina.

The great are as often the prey of sudden and violent passions as other men, and perhaps more frequently. The prince could not resist the beauty of Ernestina; and, when he left her residence, he carried the shaft of love deeply infixed in his breast. He made several more visits to her father, who soon perceived that this honour was not addressed to himself. His daughter, whose virtue was irreproachable, perceived the same; yet the prince repeated his visits, and the public began to interpret them in a manner not very favourable to the reputation of Ernestina. In this embarrassment, her father, acting in concert with his daughter, caused a report to be circulated that she was extremely ill, and, soon after, that she was dead.

He then repaired to court, but did not find the prince there, which gave him not a little pleasure, as his absence was particularly favourable to the project he had formed. He addressed himself to the princess, and discovered to her the passion of her husband.—'Madam,' said he, 'it is in your power to save the prince from an act of infidelity, and at the same time preserve the honour of my family. The tender maiden who is the cause of my fears is the twin-sister of Ernestus: she resembles him so perfectly, that even the affection of a father finds difficulty in distinguishing the one from the other. By an act of gene-

rosity you may render service to yourself, and bestow on me a favour which nothing can efface from my heart.'

At these words he stopped, shedding tears, and in the utmost agitation. The princess was not less disturbed and confused: she pressed him to explain himself, and he thus continued:—

'The request, which I would make on my knees, is this. Permit my daughter to assume the dress of her brother, and let me confide her to your virtue. She will deceive every eye: she will be Ernestus to every other person but yourself by her wonderful resemblance to him; she will be Ernestina only to you. I will send her brother away privately, to seek glory in the armies of the emperor. I can discover only this means, strange as it may appear, to preserve to you the fidelity of a husband you love, and to shield me and my family from an ignominy which will weigh me to the grave. These evils will certainly befal, if you do not comply with my earnest and respectful prayer; for, sooner or later, the prince must learn that Ernestina is not dead; and how will it be possible to resist so violent a passion in a man whose sovereign power frees him from every law but his will?

The good sense of the princess would not suffer her to listen to this proposal, without stating the almost unanswerable objections to which it was liable. She perceived how difficult it must be long to keep such a secret, which, should it be discovered, would only accelerate the danger it was intended to avoid. —'Besides,' added she, 'how can I prevent a page from seeing his comrades? and, though they should continually take your daughter for Ernestus—an oversight with which we certainly ought not to flatter ourselves—can we be perfecly sure that a young girl of her age will not conceive a partiality for one of these young men, especially in the midst of the liberty, and perhaps licentiousness, in which they live?'

The father of Ernestina did not attempt to answer these objections, except by his tears, which he shed copiously, holding his hands before his eyes. The princess was greatly moved, and, consulting only her heart, said to him—

'Respectable old man, I will not afflict your silver hairs: your reasons have not persuaded me, but your virtuous grief compels me. I will receive Ernestina, and I will watch over her as if she were my own daughter. I will do all that is in my power, and leave the rest to heaven.'

These consoling words restored new life to the aged parent of Ernestina, who could find no language to express his gratitude. Ernestus was called. He came, and the plan which had been adopted was imparted to him. He acquiesced in what was proposed, and set out with his father, telling his companions that he would return the next day.

Scarcely had he arrived at his father's house, when the worthy man, fondly embracing him, addressed him thus:—'Go, my son, seek glory in your country's cause: you cannot fail to find it, since you enter on your career to save the virtue of your sister. But never forget that you still have an affectionate father; and be careful of your life, that you may return to close his eyes.' His sister threw herself, at the same time, into the arms of her amiable brother, and soon after he departed.

The next day the modest Ernestina arrived at the court of the

prince, dressed as a page, much fatigued, and greatly embarrassed. She was taken for Ernestus, whose appearance of trouble and melancholy was attributed to grief for the death of his sister. But how might she answer to all the questions of her companions? She had never seen them; she did not even know their names. The recollection of this circumstance, which had never before occurred to her, made a very forcible impression on her, and not without reason. Each of these youths reminded her of different incidents. She knew not what they referred to, and could only answer by her confusion and tears. All were convinced that the grief of Ernestus was poignant in the extreme, since even his memory had been impaired by it. Happily for the timid beauty, the princess, having been informed of her arrival, sent for her. But her embarrassment was much greater when she appeared before her highness in the dress of a man: she, however, only received greater proofs of favour and regard from her protectress, who led her into her closet, and embraced her as her daughter.

Virtue is ingenious: the princess, with great prudence, availed herself of the confusion and grief of Ernestina to deliver her, in a great degree, from her embarrassment. She told the governor of the pages that their mirth was too boisterous for the sorrow of Ernestus, and requested that a chamber might be assigned him at a distance from them. A lady of honour, of an advanced age, and whom the princess had previously made her confidante, proposed a small closet, near her own apartment, which she undertook—since, as she said, Ernestus was her relation—to take care should be immediately provided with every thing necessary. This arrangement, which had nothing so peculiar in it as to excite a suspicious attention, secured Ernestina from all communication with the pages; and it also more removed her, for some time, from the sight of the prince, who, besides, was very frequently absent. When the princess did not fear to be surprised, she caused Ernestina to be brought into her chamber by the old lady of honour, where she treated her with the warmest friendship. She was delighted with her mildness, her politeness, and her pure and grateful heart. When the prince made longer journeys, which detained him several days, she would make her sleep in her chamber, and even in her bed.

But at length the pages began to be greatly surprised that they no longer saw Ernestus among them, and they talked in various ways of a conduct so extraordinary. They could no longer believe in so protracted a grief for the death of a sister. Some said, laughing, that perhaps the old lady of honour had fallen in love with him; others, that he was perhaps himself enamoured of some younger beauty. The princess, being informed of these little scandals, thought to silence them by producing Ernestina as a page; but, as it was not the turn of Ernestus, the rest murmured at seeing him so soon raised to the rank of gentleman to the prince, and envy succeeded their gross jokes. The princess, however, had contracted such a friendship and affection for Ernestina, that she could not refrain from passing with her, in all the security of innocence, every moment in which she was at liberty, by day or by night.

It chanced that, one night, the first page, who was older than Ernestus, and always jealous of the

preference which had been given to the latter, was dispatched by the prince with a letter for the princess, which he was charged to deliver only into her hands, even if she had retired to rest, which then she had. In consequence of these orders, he was introduced to her, and, when he gave her the letter, he perceived she had a companion in bed with her, and recognised the features of Ernestus. Impelled by the demon of envy, the page flew to his master, and told him that he had seen Ernestus in bed with the princess.

The violation of conjugal honour is the most cruel of injuries. The prince became furious. He immediately set out to exterminate the perfidious pair, and arrived the following night. The princess, who did not expect him for three days, was sleeping tranquilly by the side of the virtuous Ernestina. The air of modesty impressed on their features arrested for a moment the arm raised to destroy them. Providence, the protector of innocence, caused the princess to awake, and dictated to her the following words:

'Stop, rash man! you believe you are about to take vengeance on guilt, but it is virtue you are going to assassinate. You have been able to suspect me without cause; but I will make you blush. Behold, in me, the protectress of that innocence which you wished to violate, in contempt of the fidelity which you owe to me. Criminal lover of the sister of Ernestus! it is in your own bed that I have sheltered her purity from your violence. It is Ernestina whom you see in your place. Kill me now if you dare; but respect the virtue I protect.'

These words stunned like a thunder-bolt the humiliated prince—The sword dropped from his hand; he sank on his knees before his insulted wife; and left the chamber overwhelmed with shame, and with every indication of repentance.

The princess now rang her bell. The trembling Ernestina had fainted at sight of the sword suspended over her head, and was with difficulty recovered. The princess caused her to resume her female habit, and, when she was herself dressed, directed that her husband should be called. He came with grief and regret pictured in his countenance. He acknowledged and detested his error. The princess was in his eyes a sublime and adorable woman; but Ernestina a celestial angel, whom he dared not to look on. He drove from him, without pity, the envious page, who had calumniated two such exalted women. He sincerely returned to the fidelity which he owed the princess, and of which he found her so transcendently worthy. She soon after brought him a son. He then repaired to the father of Ernestina, and said to him—'Since you possess so much honour, let me request you to communicate the germ of it to the heir to my states. You must undertake his tuition.' The old man endeavoured to excuse himself from accepting such an employment on account of his age; but the prince replied—'You will be assisted not only by your excellent daughter, from whom the princess will not suffer herself to be separated, but likewise by your son, who will soon return from the army. I will take care of the fortune of both; formed to virtue by you, they will instil the love of it into my child.'

A MORNING's WALK *in* JANUARY.

EVER since I was capable of relishing the beauties of nature, I have been extremely partial to morning walks. Oft, when Youth and Health danced hand in hand, I have shook off Sleep's downy fetters, bade adieu to my pillow, and pursued my early excursion. Blooming flowers decorated my path; the melodious symphonies of untutored songsters saluted mine ears; sportive Zephyrs regaled me with fragrancy, and fanned me with their silken pinions.

With walking tired, I have rested on a mossy bank, and from my pocket drawn thy 'Seasons,' Thomson! Sweet entertaining page! delightful work! rich in descriptive beauty!

'Hail, Nature's poet! whom she taught alone
To sing her works, in numbers like her own:
Sweet as the thrush that warbles in the dale,
And soft as Philomela's tender tale.'

But where are now those flowery scenes and enchanting landscapes that filled my mind with agreeable emotions? They are all vanished. January, frigid January! holds his icy reign, and Nature is divested of all her attractive ornaments. To walk forth, and mark the progress of tyrant Winter, be my present employment.

'By gloomy twilight, half reveal'd,
With sighs I view the hoary hill,
The leafless tree, the naked field,
The snow-topp'd cot, the frozen rill.'
Dr. JOHNSON.

Where are the flowers that painted yonder mead? Where are your songs, ye feathered sons of music? The savage season has blasted each floweret, and silenced each pipe.

'No mark of vegetable life is seen;
No bird to bird repeats its tuneful call:
Save the dark leaves of some rude evergreen;
Save the lone redbreast on the moss-grown wall.' SCOTT.

Poor Robin, I pity thy forlorn condition! condemned by this severe period of the year to suffer the extremity of hunger and cold.—Well may thy plumes be ruffled, and thy songs unharmonious. Seek my cot: thou shalt find an hospitable shelter there. I will leave a broken pane for thy entrance.—Grimalkin is dead: the determined foe of all thy feathery tribe is no more. There thou mayest hop in safety, and feast on crumbs. My little ones will never injure thee; but will cherish, with fondest care, their plumy inmate.

During the vernal months, surrounded by the blossoms of Spring, I loitered in my path, to enjoy the engaging scene. Now, regardless of all around, I hasten to terminate my early jaunt.

How keen the breeze! how unpleasant the morning ramble, while visited by

'The bleak affliction of the peevish East!'

Dark clouds shroud Nature's golden eye; the bubbling rill lies bound in icy fetters; the blackbird is mute; and Philomela has emigrated from this inclement clime, to sing in more propitious groves.

'How sicklied over is the face of things!
Where is the spice-kiss of the southern gale?
Where the wild rose that smil'd upon the thorn,—
The mountain-flower, and lily-of-the-vale?

'Father of heaven and earth! this change is thine.
By Thee the seasons in gradation roll,
Thou great omniscient Ruler of the world!
Thou Alpha and Omega of the whole!

''Tis ours to bow to Thee the humble knee:
'Tis ours the voice of gratitude to raise:
'Tis thine to shower Thy blessings o'er the land;
'Tis thine t'accept the incense of our praise.'
WOTY.

Haverhill. JOHN WEBB.

Characteristic and critical REMARKS *on* FEMALES.

'To dread no eye, and to suspect no tongue, is the great prerogative of innocence; an exemption granted only to invariable virtue.' JOHNSON.

NEITHER age, beauty, nor exalted merit, can escape the malignant animadversions of the world; for, howsoever we may be adorned with external attractions, or possessed of intellectual powers, or how pure and exemplary soever all our actions are, yet some will endeavour to lessen our distinction by indirect and petty calumniation. Upon a general survey of the public manners, we perceive, with regret, that eminent women are more obnoxious to detraction than eminent men. Women of extraordinary beauty are sometimes considered as splendid meteors; but women of conspicuous intellects are beheld as dazzling constellations. Hence both are regarded with invidious eyes, and censure is denounced to obscure their brightness; for censure is willingly indulged, because for a while it implies a superiority in the censor. But, as the liberal thinker may inquire whence this censoriousness arises, we answer, in brief, that it arises from the impenetrable darkness and incurable ignorance of the uneducated mind. All intellects at the dawn of reason are improveable; but if the period allotted by nature—and by an over-ruling Providence, which influences the active operations of the soul—elapses unregarded, then the powers of the mind relax, recede, and become torpid; whilst the soul, then incapable of advancing into the regions of science, becomes in subjection to ignorance; and, sensible of its own imbecility, cherishes envy and hatred of all mental excellence in others.

Having thus observed, it behoves us to remark, that—perceiving how willingly blame is bestowed, and how reluctantly praise is given—we have assumed the privilege of examining the mental and corporeal accomplishments of females; and, instead of repressing their influence, we intend to ascribe to them such praise as may, in our estimation, be considered to be the real tributes of merit. Convinced of the liberality of our researches, and inflexibly dependent on the candour and accuracy of our discrimination, we are fearless of severe criticism from the liberal and candid reader; and critical observations from all others we regard with contempt. In the course of our investigation, the rigid moralist must not expect that we mean to discover faults as well as virtues: it is not within our sphere, but is a prerogative which belongs to superior power.

Lucretia is, like an early flower in spring, the emblem of artless innocence. She is young. Her mind is uncontaminated by pride, and therefore is suffered to expand its powers, and is not contracted. Pride is the first vice which is discoverable after childhood: it is in its consequences the most malignant of all spiritual evils. Its operation on the mind is like the action of an inveterate corrosive sublimate on the body—it is adverse to all that is actively beneficial. It soothes the mind into indolence, by gentle whisperings that it is sufficiently enlightened—an indolence which, like that indulged by the cold-pierced traveller, occasions a fatal stupefaction. The mind, being adorned with purity and consequent freedom, is now upon the eve of blossoming into celebrity: it is now capable of the highest improvement, and must be self-taught, if Lucretia is desirous to acquire a dignified superiority and irresistible captivating influence. Her conversation is modest, and not inelegant; and her remarks, we think, indicate the

basis of correct discrimination. The conciliating brilliancy of her eyes, when engaged in conversation, and their fixed situation during attention, demonstrate to us that she is quick and contemplative; and she is capable of becoming a celebrated and a severe critic, if she can persuade herself to disregard the self-pleasing effects of her beauty, read little, and think much. History and natural philosophy we recommend to her attention. Although Lucretia may smile at our proposition, yet we assert that beauty in a lady of quick apprehension is a deplorable calamity. She is passionate, not resentful; and hence she exhibits sensibility and strength of memory. Her voice is melodiously soft, and has the remarkable property of ameliorating the rigid asperity of our nature. Upon the whole, from the most exact and deliberate consideration, we think her sensible, retentive, intelligent, contemplative, critical, penetrating, amiable, and exemplary.

But even Lucretia, whose amiable qualities deserve our most exuberant panegyric, may at some future period become the subject of calumniating insinuation: it is a cloud which all great and glorious characters must expect to pass over them; but let her be consoled when we inform her that this will be the criterion of her excellence. And we shall desist from our remarks, with these admonitions to her—Continue in your present purity and excellence. Never cease to improve and exercise the latent powers of your intellect. Your understanding is bright—do not suffer its lustre to be obscured by negligence, or by too intemperate a desire to amaze people by your natural attractions. And, lastly, we wish you to preserve your native good humour; for our best moral writer observes, that, 'without good-humour, virtue may awe by its dignity, and amaze by its brightness, but will never gain a friend or attract an imitator.'

Waltingford. S.

(To be continued.)

Account *of the* Life *and* Writings *of* Petrarch.

PETRARCH was a native of Florence, and is considered as the second constellation in the Tuscan hemisphere. His admirers, and the honours they have bestowed on him, have been numerous; and their adoration of him would have been very rational, if it had been within any bounds. He was the first author that gave to Italian poetry a rich and inimitable harmony, and the elegance and softness of his numbers are universally acknowledged. He added a fourth grace—modesty. In all his works there is not a single instance which can give the least alarm to chastity; and the judicious author of an ecclesiastical history (Fleury) has either been inattentive to Petrarch's merit, or is outrageous in the cause of prudery, when he supposes him dangerous to virtue. In contradiction to the authority of twenty such historians, a tender and honest sensibility of heart can never be considered as one of the snares of sin; nor verses, traced with a virgin's pen, as destructive of morality. Petrarch might perhaps be put with safety into any hands, if his thoughts had been more simple or natural, and his taste more correct; for, as was observed of Seneca, 'those things, which are well said, do not do so much good to youth, as those, which are bad, do harm.'—Yet this objection goes merely to his style.

Many of his critics have reproached him with monotony, and they have reason on their side. A me-

taphysical passion does not appear to be a proper subject for poetry; and Petrarch, in all probability, would have resembled the ancients more, if he had loved like them, and borrowed their pencil to paint his mistress.

Lesbia, Delia, Cynthia, Corinna, Hypsipile, Glycera, and Nemesis, inconstant, avaricious, and libertine as they were, still interest us; while Petrarch's divine Laura makes but a feeble impression on the reader who looks into her history. Some persons have supposed her only an allegorical personage—an Iris in the clouds, to whom the poet has given a name, in order to exercise his muse. This great problem was long disputed; and, after many treatises and various dissertations, the allegorical sense has generally prevailed, though what was intended by it even the advocates for the construction have not settled. One has imagined it to be the Christian religion; a second, poetry; a third, the soul; a fourth, philosophy; and others, penitence, virtue, and the Holy Virgin. The enigma afforded amusement to various scholars; and the famous Ælia, Lælia, Crispis, did not occasion more embarrassment to any Œdipus of the last century. Laura, however, existed in reality: her maiden-name was Denoves, and she married Hugh de Sade, a gentleman of Avignon. Worn out with bringing into the world a very numerous family, she lost at an early hour her celebrated beauty, and died of the plague in 1348. Petrarch only became acquainted with her when an indissoluble knot had put a fatal bar to any nearer connexion; and she inspired him with a passion both real, and, in some measure, the most extraordinary. The emblematic object of her name—the object the most common, and almost hourly before his eyes—affected him with the most lively and violent emotions, with a weakness bordering on insanity; every laurel (frivolous resemblance in the name!) appeared an image of his Laura; and he scarcely ever saw it without those sighs, shiverings, and palpitations, that he experienced in the presence of his divine beauty.

Doubts have been entertained of the reality of Petrarch's passion; or, at least, it has been suggested, that it has been exaggerated. His idea, that 'he who is deeply in love cannot easily describe,' has been cited in support of the opinion; but great passions are sometimes silent. If, in one sense, they rouse the mind; in another they soften, and render it weak and languid. While they affect the nervous system in accelerating its action, in the end they cause a stupor, which deadens the imagination, and destroys its vivacity and vigour.

Infidels of another kind have not feared to doubt of Laura's rigour, of which the poet in her life complained so bitterly, and after her death remembered with satisfaction and with gratitude. Contemplating their history without prejudice or partiality, we shall see Petrarch beloved by a virtuous woman, who conceals her attachment for him, from the apprehension that his knowledge of it might be productive of ill consequences. To preserve her honour, and to retain her lover, was what she wished. By that little species of coquetry which dismisses a lover always without enjoyment, though never in despair,—a practice which is yet in vogue,—and by the management of some little favours of no great moment, and some little cruelty which gave no great concern,—a woman of tenderness and sensibility amused for twenty years the greatest genius of the age, without a real speck upon her character. The constancy of Petrarch is matter of astonishment, as his whole life

appears to have been one continued series of pets and quarrels. The ardour of his natural disposition, and the adust blood which circulated within his veins, as well as his own vivacity, are equally repugnant to his tedious metaphysical passion; though he consoled himself with less rigid mistresses, by whom he left two children. At the age of sixty, he writes to a friend nearly in the following manner:—

'My health and constitution are good; and neither age, nor business, nor abstinence, nor discipline, has been yet able to subdue my rebellious passions. As the spring approaches, I must be again under arms; and even at present I am at war with myself. But grace is my resource, and through its assistance I trust I shall succeed in mastering myself.'

To recollect Petrarch is to recollect the fountain of Valclusa, so celebrated, and of which there have been so many erroneous ideas. The world has weakly imagined that Petrarch and Laura passed their days in love and oblivion of the universe, on the margin of its pellucid stream, under branches of myrtle filled with turtles, from whom they received lessons of love and constancy. The peasants still show to the credulous traveller garrets, which they say were once inhabited by Petrarch; and they assure him that Laura's house was opposite, and connected by a subterraneous passage now filled up with ruins. These are vulgar and foolish tales, without the least foundation. Far from sharing or multiplying the beauties of this solitude, madame de Sade never saw it in Petrarch's company; never did she animate and ornament with her living graces the wild and simple beauties of the place. Petrarch also repeats, in twenty different passages, that he had retired to this romantic desert for the purpose of flying from Avignon and from Laura.

It is the fate of genius and of beauty to immortalise every thing connected with them. Independent of Valclusa, the hermitage near Belford, of the countess de la Suze, one of the graces of the court of France, as beautiful as tender, has been consecrated to sensibility and love. To this sequestered retreat, sheltered by a solitary rock, she came, conducted by the elegiac Muse, and breathed in sighs her passion, her misfortunes, and her melancholy. This desert, where the grand-daughter of Coligny retired—where, plaintive and alone, she mingled her tears with the gurgling streams that trickled down; where she reflected with tenderness on the count de Flamarin, her lover; and where she relieved her throbbing heart by tears and verses—is still called, with the stream that washes it, the fountain de la Suze.

To return to Petrarch.—The collection of his Italian works contains sonnets, symphonies, canzoni, madrigals, and ballads. Of the madrigals, delicacy forms the charm, which insipidity destroys. The learned Menage, or rather his editor, says—

'*La ballade, à mon gout, est un chose fade* *:'

and those of Petrarch will not alter the opinion. In number, happily, they are few. The symphonies are in a vitiated taste; where the poet fetters himself with chains, and sacrifices sense to sound. Neither Greece nor Rome disgraced herself with such productions, and their harmonious language was never crippled with those trifling restrictions. Petrarch attached himself principally to his sonnets and canzoni, and he excelled in both. He there displays every elegance and

* 'The ballad, to my taste, is somewhat insipid.'

harmony of which the language is susceptible. The sonnets amount to upwards of three hundred; and there is not one in which some ingenious thought, some beautiful sentiment, some flash of genius, is not to be found. Unfortunately, these little pieces lose their spirit and their beauty as they extend. Elegantly as they begin, the conclusion is often faulty.

The verses of Petrarch are the verses of a poet; his canzoni are the verses of a great poet. Of the whole collection, the most distinguished is what he sent to the younger Stefano Colonna, and not, as has been idly told, to that sublime fool of Rienzi, who attempted the restoration of the Roman republic, and, with a grain of folly less, might have succeeded. The three canzoni of 'The Eyes' are also master-pieces. By the Italians they are styled the 'Three Graces' and 'The Divine,' and they are never spoken of but with transport and with rapture.—These little odes, where genius and the heart seem to dispute which has the largest share, deserve our admiration; they include every thing the most tender and the most delicate that fell from Petrarch; they are the most gallant of all his poetry, and the quintessence and elixir of love, though they have their faults.

Petrarch has perhaps never been well translated, and it may never happen to him. To understand him perfectly requires a long and intimate acquaintance with him. His beauties are fruits that we must gather from the tree ourselves, to taste them in their highest flavour. His sentiments and thoughts are as volatile perfume, which escapes when attempted to be conveyed into another viol. Notwithstanding his translators may have been of the first abilities, the lovely butterfly, in passing through their hands, has left a part of the powder of its wings, and the little that remains is deadened and has lost its gloss.

Voltaire hath indeed transfused the spirit of two of the canzoni into his imitations of them, which equal the originals; and the French might be satisfied with seeing Petrarch in their language, if the whole were as happily executed as the specimen of one or two pieces by an anonymous writer. One inconvenience has attended Petrarch, which he could not foresee nor prevent; and that is, an innumerable crowd of execrable imitators. They are thick clouds of starlings rising from the ashes of the phœnix. The limits within which Petrarch confined himself, who had more delicacy than genius, they have prescribed to this species of poetry itself; and they have thought that their mistress, and their mistress only, was to be sung, and sung exactly in his manner. The same images were introduced, the same forms of expression used. The eye was as luminous as the sun; the heart was a volcano, or 'Monte Ghibello;' but these trifles at last ceased to be in fashion. Cold as the snow of Nova Zembla is, it is not comparable to these copies of an original, whose greatest merit consists in purity, elegance, and grace. 'Eat, lord,' said the Persian magicians to their deity, when they threw into their sacred fire the incense, the myrrh, and the faggots, which were to feed the flames. The same compliment may be properly bestowed on the immense mass of the canzoni, with which Italy has been pestered. Petrarch, as he advanced in life, blushed at having been the author of so many Italian verses, which he calls 'Nugellas Vulgares,'

Vulgar Trifles; yet to these trifles he is indebted for his fame.

We have many of his Latin poems, which are never read; and an epic poem with the title of 'Africa'—a tedious and prosaïc relation of the second Punic war. Silvius Italicus has treated nearly the same subject; and Silvius Italicus, who then slept in the dust of Swisserland, is Virgil in comparison to Petrarch.

Petrarch has also made use of the Latin in many prose compositions, and he was both much attached to it and considered it as his mother tongue. He did not indeed foresee a long existence of the Tuscan idiom, in his opinion a bunch of straw, that is extinguished as easily as it is set on fire. His Latinity was unequal and incorrect; or, speaking more exactly, he had not any Latin style of his own. Every where the 'disjecta membra' are to be seen—a motley assemblage of phrases from Cicero and Seneca, and scraps from St. Augustine, and his other favourites. Yet his treatise 'De sui ipsius et aliorum ignorantia,' on his own ignorance and that of others, will repay the reader for his trouble.

If an idea is formed of Petrarch as a frivolous person, who passed his life at the feet of his mistress, his lyre in his hand, and tears in his eyes, it will be an erroneous one. Neither love, nor poetry, nor even study, had so absorbed his faculties as to leave him no spare moments for more active duties. He was a statesman, an able negotiator, a profound politician; but his lyre and his love have alone immortalised him. It would be useless to repeat what all the world knows—his solemn coronation as a poet in the Capitol: the form is, notwithstanding, curious, and resembles the pompous bulls of many universities.

This honour, which at present would be ridiculous, was then of great importance, and in high estimation; and, consequently, it was the object of Petrarch's wishes. Experience convinced him of his vanity and folly, and he lived to think very sensibly of the matter. What, perhaps, displeased him more than the absurdity inseparable from 'the permission of making by authority verses that should last for ever,' was the necessity he was reduced to of sharing the honour of the laurel with his countryman, Zanobi de Strata, crowned by the emperor Charles IV. in person, with those evergreens which fluttered round his temples without bearing any fruit.—Zanobi had merit, though he is not to be ranked with Petrarch. Some of his works are in the public library of his native city, and among them a poem on the sphere, which has never been thought worthy of being printed. Of such a rival, Petrarch had no reason to be jealous; but he could not conceal his sentiments.

The Story *of* Eponina.

THE following little history has in it something so peculiarly interesting and affecting, that it can scarcely be read without the most lively emotion.

During the struggles of Otho, Vitellius, and Vespasian, for the sovereignty of Rome, and in the unsettled state of the empire, Sabinus, a native of Langres, an ambitious and wealthy man, of high quality, put in his claim, among others, to the possession of the throne. Encouraged by his countrymen to this bold undertaking, he

pretended, by casting an imputation on the chastity of his grand-mother, to trace his lineage from Julius Cæsar. Having revolted against the Romans, he caused himself, by his followers, to be saluted emperor.

But his temerity and presumption quickly received a check: his troops, who were defeated and scattered in all directions, betook themselves to flight; while, of those who fell into the hands of the pursuers, not one was spared. In the heart of Gaul, Sabinus might have found safety, had his tenderness for his wife permitted him to seek it. Espoused to Eponina, a lady of admirable beauty and accomplishments, from whom he could not prevail upon himself to live at a distance, he retired from the field of battle to his country-house. Having here called together his servants, and the remnant of his people, he informed them of his disaster, and of the miscarriage of his enterprise; while he declared to them his resolution of putting a voluntary period to his existence, to escape the tortures prepared for him by the victors, and avoid the fate of his unfortunate companions. He proceeded to thank them for their services, after which he gave them a solemn discharge: he then ordered fire to be set to his mansion, in which he shut himself up; and, of this stately edifice, in a few hours nothing remained but a heap of ashes and ruins.

The news of the melancholy catastrophe, being spread abroad, reached the ears of Eponina, who, during the preceding events, had remained at Rome. Her grief and despair on learning the fate of a husband whom she dearly loved, and who had fallen a victim to his tenderness for her, were too poignant to be long supported. In vain her friends and acquaintance offered her consolation; their efforts to reconcile her to her loss served but to aggravate her distress. She determined to abstain from nourishment, and to re-unite herself in the grave to him without whom she felt existence to be an intolerable burthen.

For three days she persevered in her resolution. On the fourth, Martial, a freedman, who had been a favourite domestic in the service of her husband, desired to be admitted by his mistress to a private conference, on affairs of the utmost importance.

In this interview, Eponina learned, with an emotion that had nearly shaken to annihilation her languid and debilitated frame, that Sabinus, whom she so bitterly lamented, was still living, and concealed in a subterraneous cavern under the ruins of his house, where he waited with impatience to receive and embrace his beloved and faithful wife. This scheme had been concerted in confidence with two of his domestics, in whose attachment Sabinus entirely confided. It had been hitherto concealed from Eponina, that, through her unaffected grief on the supposed death of her husband, greater credit might be given to a report on which his preservation entirely depended. To these welcome tidings Martial presumed to add his advice, that his lady should still preserve the external marks of sorrow, and conduct herself with the utmost art and precaution.

Eponina promised, with transport, to observe all that was required of her, however difficult might be the task of dissimulation: and to endure yet a short delay, lest suspicion should be awakened, of the meeting which she anticipated with so much tenderness and joy.

At length, devoured by a mutual anxiety, this affectionate pair could no longer sustain a separation. By the management of the faithful freedman, Eponina was conveyed in the darkness of the night to the retreat of her husband, and brought back, with equal secrecy, to her own house, before the dawning of the ensuing day. These visits were repeated with the same precautions, and with great peril, during seven months, till it was at last determined, as a plan which would be attended with less inconvenience, and even with less danger, that Sabinus should be conveyed by night to his own house, and kept concealed in a remote and private apartment. But this project, in its execution, was found to abound in unforeseen difficulties: the extensive household and numerous visitants of Eponina, who feared to change her manner of life, kept her in a continual terror of a discovery, and harassed her mind with insupportable inquietude. Sabinus was therefore again removed to his subterranean abode, whose darkness love illumined.

The intercourse between the husband and wife thus continued for nine years, during which interval the pregnancy of Eponina afforded them at one time the most cruel alarm. But this interesting and amiable woman, by a painful but ingenious stratagem, contrived to elude suspicion and satisfy inquiry. She prepared an ointment, which, by its external application, produced a swelling of the limbs, and dropsical symptoms, and thus accounted for the enlargement of her shape. As the hour of her delivery drew near, she shut herself, under pretence of a visit to a distant province, in the cavern of her husband; where, without assistance, and suppressing her groans, she gave birth to twin sons, whom she nurtured and reared in this gloomy retreat.

Conjugal and maternal affection, thus united, while time and impunity had in some measure allayed her fears, drew her more frequently to the place which contained the objects of her cares, till her absences gave rise to curiosity and suspicion. She was at length traced to the cavern of the ill-fated Sabinus, who, being seized and loaded with irons, was, with his wife and children, conveyed to Rome.

Eponina, distracted at the consequence of her imprudence, rushed into the presence of the emperor Vespasian, and, presenting to him her children, prostrated herself at his feet. With the eloquence of a wife and a mother, she pleaded the cause of her husband, and, after having extenuated his fault, as proceeding from the disorders of the times rather than from personal ambition, from the calamities of civil war, and the evils of oppression, she thus proceeded to address the emperor: 'But we have waited, sire, till these boys shall be able to join to those of their mother their sighs and tears, in the hope of disarming your wrath by our united supplications. They come forth, as from a sepulchre, to implore your mercy, on the first day in which they have ever beheld the light. Let our sorrow, our misfortunes, and the sufferings we have already undergone, move you to compassion, and obtain from you the life of a husband and a father.' The spectators melted into tenderness and pity at the affecting spectacle; every heart was moved, every eye was moist, but that of a pitiless tyrant, deaf to the voice of Nature, and inaccessible to her claims.

In vain did this heroic and ad-

mirable woman humble herself before a monster, whose heart ambition had seared, inexorable in cruelty, and stern in his resolves. To political security the rights of humanity were sacrificed and the husband and the father coldly doomed to death.

Eponina, determined to share the fate of her husband, wiped away her tears, and, assuming an air of intrepidity, thus addressed the emperor: 'Be assured,' said she, in a firm and dignified tone, 'that I know how to contemn life. With Sabinus I have existed nine years in the bowels of the earth, with a delight and tranquillity untasted by tyrants amidst the splendors of a throne; and with him I am ready to unite myself, in death, with no less cheerfulness and fortitude.'

This act of ill-timed severity threw a stain upon the character and memory of Vespasian, whose temper in other respects had not been accounted sanguinary. The generous affection and heroism of Eponina were consecrated in the admiration of future ages.

Account of Curiosities in Constantinople and its Environs.

[*From Travels in the Crimea—a History of the Embassy from Petersburg to Constantinople, lately published.*]

THE winter was become so severe by the beginning of December, that I was obliged to have recourse to a chafing-dish to heat my chamber, instead of a stove, a thing rarely to be met with in the houses at Constantinople. This rigour of the season made me for a moment apprehensive that I should not be able to execute my project; but towards the middle of this month the weather became so fine, that I determined to take advantage of so fortunate a circumstance, and to employ the few days I was to remain in this capital in a pursuit the most agreeable to my feelings.

I set out in a fine morning about nine o'clock, accompanied by four persons belonging to the embassy. As we proposed making our first visit to Scutari, we embarked in a caïque, and went on shore in the island which contains Leander's Tower, directly off the coast of Asia. Two bostangis, charged with the care of this tower, conducted us to the highest part of it. The view of the sea, of the seraglio, of the city itself, and of the Dardanelles, forms a most singular and ravishing spectacle; but it is a pleasure which has already cost dear to a number of mussulmans. This tower is less celebrated for its antiquity and elevation than for the object to which it is destined. It is here that the grand-signior holds in confinement the kislar-agas who have had the misfortune to incur his displeasure. Their fate in this exile is soon decided. They oftener receive the intelligence of being condemned to death than that of being pardoned. Very near this tower, which is of an immeasurable height, as well as the greatest part of the Turkish edifices, is another of much smaller size, called the light-house, and which, in fact, serves to contain the fires that are constantly kept during the night, for the purpose of lighting the ships which float in these parts. The highest part of the inclosure is constructed with squares of glass, so that the fire which is every evening made in it, on a column of stone, is visible on all sides, and serves to indicate the situation of the port to the ships which arrive from the Black Sea.

We were scarcely re-embarked in our caïques, in order to continue our researches, before we perceived on the surface of the water a prodigious quantity of dolphins, whose number and incessant motion announced an approaching change of weather. In fact, we had no sooner arrived at Scutari, than a very heavy rain fell, and continued for some hours. The narrow streets and niggardly appearance of the houses in this town were very little alluring; and we soon reached its extremity, where we found a beautiful cypress wood, which serves for a burying ground to the Turks. We remarked several tombs of rather distinguished appearance, the inscriptions of which afforded me the following information: when the Turks made themselves masters of the Greek empire, they did not content themselves with merely destroying every monument of the arts, and of architecture, but they seized and carried off a large part of the wrecks, and transported them to Asia, where they used them for ornamenting their tombs. This is the origin of the great number of fine mausoleums which are seen at Scutari, decorated with marble columns, which are the labour of the Greeks.

In general, the Turks regard Asia as their original country, and prefer it to all their possessions in Europe. This is also the reason why the greatest part of them, after their death, are transported to Scutari. On their death-bed they consider it as a privilege, and a motive of consolation, to carry out of the world with them the certainty that they shall be buried in the country of their ancestors. At some distance from this wood we remarked the ruins of an ancient palace, almost half a league in circumference, and which before the taking of Constantinople sometimes served for the residence of the Ottoman emperors. Nothing more of the ancient magnificence of this edifice is remaining than some columns, statues, and foundations of walls. At half a league from thence we reached the Cape of Chalcedon, and a village of the same name situated near the sea. We here rested ourselves during a short time, in hopes that the rain would cease; but, seeing that it rather increased, we resolved on returning in the same track by which we came.

After a few days, however, we had again fine weather. The verdure, which on all sides embellished the fields and neighbouring meadows, though we were now only in the middle of December, encouraging the desire I felt to make new excursions, I embarked with some of my companions, and pursued a direction along the Bosphorus, to enjoy the delightful view presented by the coasts of these straits, on which are situated a number of handsome country-houses. In particular, we remarked a palace destined for a country residence for Selim, and which was now building. Further on we perceived the country-house that the capitan-pacha owns, in right of his wife, niece to the grand-signior, as I have already remarked. These straits are broader and narrower in different places; the water which is compressed in one of these narrow passages is called the Devil's Current, and runs with such rapidity, that at a certain distance from thence we were obliged to take in our sail, and have our vessel drawn with cords. In another passage of the straits, you see on one side the Rumeli Hissar, (Fort, or Castle, of Europe;) and on the other the Andoli Hissar, (Strong Castle of Asia Minor.) Both the one and the other are defended by a great num-

ber of old towers, and batteries of sufficient strength to hinder the most powerful fleet from entering the Bosphorus.

On leaving this place the prospect becomes still finer and more extensive, and is increased by the country-houses of the foreign ambassadors, built at a small distance from the shore, the grandeur and beauty of which exhibit the most varied and agreeable picture. That of the Russian ambassador is one of the handsomest and most considerable. Leaving the straits, we perceived at a distance two other castles which protect the entrance of the Bosphorus; and at the extremity of the horizon we discovered the waters of the Black Sea. Several large ships in full sail before the wind added still more to the beauty of this magnificent spectacle.

Towards noon we landed, and, having taken a guide, advanced on foot towards Belgrade, where the foreign ambassadors formerly resided during the summer. After walking half an hour, we met with a large aqueduct, composed of pretty high walls, and supported by several arcades. It was constructed about sixty years ago by a grand-visir, who was beheaded for incurring too much expense in building this edifice. As night was advancing, and we were still far from Belgrade, we were obliged to renounce the project we had formed of visiting this town. We therefore returned to our abode by the way we came, enchanted with our little excursion, and with the tranquillity we had not for a moment ceased to enjoy.

In the course of my rambles, I have had frequent occasions of experiencing the politeness of the Turks, which proves to me that this nation is extremely well disposed and inclined to oblige, and that the climate alone is the cause of the idleness and indifference with which they are reproached. The Turk, when offended, or provoked to jealousy, becomes terrible, and nothing but the blood of his adversary can calm the passion which transports him. During my excursions in the environs of Constantinople I was frequently a witness of the obliging and hospitable propensities of this people. The first Turk I applied to when I wanted directions in regard to the road I was to take, always offered himself as a guide, and with the same readiness presented to me a part of his food or refreshments.

When we had examined the greatest part of the curiosities in the neighbourhood of Constantinople, our next object was to discover those which remained to be seen of the town itself. With this view we profited of an excellent occasion that presented itself for gratifying our wishes. The grand-signior having granted to the Russian embassy a written permission to examine minuely whatever might be interesting in this capital, the most curious amateurs of our suite assembled at the ambassador's, and on the morning of the $\frac{2}{2}\frac{3}{4}$th of December we advanced towards what is properly called Constantinople, escorted by the Turks, who had received an order to accompany us, and by a great number of foreigners, who were eager to take advantage of so singular and fortunate an occasion.

The church of St. Sophia, or rather the mosque of that name, situated at the entrance of the seraglio, was the first object which attracted our curiosity. Arrived at the doors of it, we were each of us presented with a pair of yellow slippers, which we were to put on be-

fore entering the interior of the temple, which is of a prodigious size. The quantity of steeples belonging to it give it an air of magnificence, which excites equal respect and admiration. This edifice was built in the sixth century, under the emperor Justinian, by the two architects Antennicus and Isidorus. It is built entirely of marble, and decorated with an infinite number of large columns skilfully laboured; is two hundred and seventy feet long, and two hundred and forty wide. It is pretended that it has a subterranean communication with the sea, which allows of small vessels advancing as far as the mosque. The arches, as well as the walls, are covered with mosaic productions of perfect workmanship, and with paintings which represent the twelve apostles. The first are falling to decay, and the pieces which detach themselves are carefully collected by the Turks, and sold to foreigners.

We next directed our course towards the mosque of Achmet. On the road we perceived the column of Theodosius the Great, now become black with age, and already half in ruins. There still exists on some of the remaining portions an account of the victories of this emperor. The pyramid, sixty feet in height, which, as well as the mosque, is situated in the Atmeidan, was brought from Egypt by order of Theodosius. This monument did not escape our attention. The mosque, having been built more recently, is in a more modern taste than the temple of St. Sophia; but it wants the respectable impression from the hand of time with which the first of these monuments is distinguished, and which is not its least considerable ornament.

The mosque of Soliman, which we next visited, is at a considerable distance from that of Achmet; and is infinitely handsomer, and in a much more agreeable situation. This mosque commands the whole port, and a part of the coast of Asia.

We entered it at a time when an iman was preaching in a loud and articulate voice. He was surrounded by a certain number of auditors on their knees, and with their faces turned towards the east. We were quite astonished on finding, by our interpreter, that the preacher had all at once dismissed the subject of his discourse, and was now treating of the strangers who had just entered. He had been kind enough to exclude us without mercy from eternal happiness, in the picture he drew of us to his auditors, and which appeared to captivate all their attention. This idea, which was not very flattering or consoling to us, was fortunately soon succeeded by other objects, which, by degrees, destroyed the impression of such an apostrophe. Our conductor having led us into a very handsome chapel, by the side of the mosque, informed us that the grand sultans were interred there. In fact, we saw a great number of mausoleums, decorated with turbans, and covered with mother of pearl. We were on this occasion told, that the imans or priests often express themselves, even in the presence of the grand-signior, with great boldness and freedom on the corruption of the manners of the court, and the abuses that were insinuating themselves into the government; and that the freedom of speech they use, and which occurs rarely in a state so subjected to despotism, has more than once produced the happiest effects on the mind of the sultan and of the great officers of state.

The Turkish mosques contain

many interesting and curious objects for the lovers of antiquities: among others, many vases from ancient Egypt, from Athens, and from what is properly called Greece. We saw in the mosque of Soliman four columns, which we were told had been brought from Troy. Satiated, as it were, with the numberless curiosities we had met with on this day, we retired to our abodes, and consecrated its remaining portion to reflecting on the vicissitudes of fortune, and on the past grandeur of the nations whom these different monuments had recalled to our remembrance.

Some time after we formed the project of making an excursion on the water in the environs of Constantinople, and of profiting of the same opportunity for seeing, at least, the exterior of the seraglio, and the castle of the Seven Towers. On Friday the $\frac{17}{18}$th of February, the weather being very fine, I determined to put my plan into execution. About eight o'clock in the morning I joined several friends; and, after going through a part of Pera and Galata, we proceeded to the quay, where we embarked. As the sea was very calm, we were soon at a distance from the town, and within view of the high mountains which border the coasts of Asia, which at this time were still partly covered with snow. A great number of edifices appearing on the two shores, and Leander's Tower, built on a rock in the middle of the sea, were the objects which first presented themselves to our view.

The port was filled with ships of all dimensions; and the eagerness and activity which prevailed, together with the majestic view of Constantinople, and the high walls which surround it, irresistibly attracted our notice, and fixed our observation. When we were near the seraglio, we ordered the boatmen, who conducted our caïque, to take a direction nearer to the shore, as we wanted to see the port more at our leisure, as well as the country-houses of the sultan, which are built in the Chinese taste. The seraglio is concealed by a thick wood, and a great number of batteries, which defend the approach to it. Along the walls, which are very high, is a narrow path on the banks of the sea: but it is not permitted to a single mortal to enter it. These walls, with which the seraglio is environed, are supported by marble columns taken from the old Greek edifices. After losing sight of this palace, we discovered at the extremity of the town the castle of the Seven Towers, called in the Turkish language Edikul.

We quitted our caïque in this place to proceed on foot to the fort. In the narrow streets of the town through which we passed we saw some remains of ancient Greek edifices, of which only the walls are now existing. Our course having conducted us near several weaving manufactories, we entered one of them to examine the manner in which the Turks fabricate this celebrated stuff, half-silk, and known by the name of Schari de Stamboul; the beauty of which we greatly admired.

A short time after, we arrived at the foot of the castle of the Seven Towers. This fort is built near the sea, and is defended by high walls and towers, which prevent the view of any thing that passes within. We very much wished to penetrate as far as the first gate: but we did not dare to make an attempt of this sort, being acquainted with the rigorous orders given on this subject, and the little lenity shown by the Turks towards those

who ventured to infringe them. Having gained one of the gates of the town, we thought it advisable for our greater security to pass for Frenchmen; which enabled us to examine with greater facility the outside of this place. It is environed in the spot where we were by a ditch, and a triple wall, both of which are remains of the times of the Greeks, and which immediately brought to our recollection that the ancient Byzantium was a town of great strength; but all the outworks which defended it are fallen to decay, and the ditches replaced by gardens and fruit-trees of every kind. We found along these ditches a wide paved road, which conducted us to a large opening made in the wall. We were told that this was the breach by which Mahomet II. had made his second entrance into Byzantium, which occasioned the loss of so much blood. A large stone, on which are still existing some Turkish characters, confirmed us in this belief. This wall continues a little further, and then terminates in the place where the fresh water communicates with the strait. As we had already visited the port in the morning, we returned on foot, and about four o'clock regained the suburb of Pera.

Ladies' Dresses *on Her* Majesty's Birth-day, 1803.

Her Majesty. The dress consisted of a rich petticoat of white satin, over which were draperies of dark slate-coloured crape, striped with broad silver net, edged with silver ribband, rich fancy fringe, and balloon ornaments, cords, tassels, &c. The mantle of slate-coloured velvet, with large silver spots, fringe, and silver ornaments. The whole had a most splendid appearance.

Head-dress of slate-coloured crape, most richly embroidered with silver, with a profusion of diamonds.

Princess of Wales. Petticoat of lilac velvet, covered with a rich silver net, border of vine-leaves, and bunches of grapes: the vine-leaves black velvet, veined with silver, and surrounded with rich stones; the bunches of grapes in topazes and emeralds; drapery and train Etruscan shape. A rich border of vine-leaves and grapes, in topazes and various other stones; the train and drapery all in one; the trimming continued all round—a beautiful stone fringe surrounding the whole; sleeves, a silver net of rich tassels. This drapery was far superior to any we have seen; it was really most elegant and superb, and displayed her royal highness's usual taste.

Princess Elizabeth. A puce satin petticoat, richly embroidered in gold sprays; a puce velvet drapery, embroidered in broken waves of gold spangles, and bordered with a rich pattern of gold and puce, from the olive's shape, intermixed with large drooping bunches of gold foil, laurel leaves, an upper drapery of puce velvet, in stripes of gold foil shells united together by rich gold cords and tassels: on the left side, a drapery in broken waves of gold spangles, and drooping bunches of foil and laurel leaves; puce velvet sashes, embroidered in close stripes of gold spangles, were brought from under the rich draperies to fall to the bottom of the petticoat, which gave a striking and peculiarly elegant effect; train puce velvet, and gold tissue. The rich tassels and fringes which ornamented this dress completed the elegant and majestic ap-

pearance of the whole. It was such as always distinguishes the taste of her royal highness's dress.

A most superb and rich head-dress of entire gold, with a great number of beautiful ostrich feathers, diamonds, &c.

Princess Mary. A rose-coloured satin petticoat, embroidered in waves of silver spangles; a black velvet drapery of conspicuous shapes, forming three distinct corners, each corner filled with a clump of silver foil shells, and bows of silver cords; from each corner proceeded a rich stripe of rose colour and silver, bordered with deep points, alternately, of rose satin and silver foil, with brilliant wreaths of silver stars; on the left side, a drapery of black velvet, with silver spangles, and border of rose colour and silver, with rich tassels and fringe; the bottom of the petticoat a black velvet and silver chain, rich silver fringes, cords, and tassels; train rose-coloured, silver and black velvet tissue.

Princess Amelia. Body and train of rose-coloured figured velvet; petticoat of rose-coloured satin, richly embroidered in waves of silver; the drapery black velvet, most beautifully embroidered with silver and rose-coloured satin, and trimmed with tassel fringe. Her highness's dress was a further display of her usual taste.

Duchess of York. Petticoat of gold tissue, trimmed with a deep gold fringe; draperies real sable, gold tissue, large gold bullion, with beautiful tassels; elegant Indian shawl of gold tissue, dressed with sable; train white satin, inlaid with gold, trimmed with sable. This dress was extremely magnificent.

Princess Sophia of Gloucester wore a beautiful lilac satin petticoat, superbly embroidered with silver, in rich stripes, bordered with black velvet, richly spangled; the drapery raised embroidered sprigs; an elegant wreath of black velvet and silver leaves across the petticoat, fastened with a black velvet knot, spangled; the train black velvet, striped with silver lilac satin front, and sleeves beautifully spangled, to correspond; the whole superbly trimmed with silver.

Princess Castelcicala. A brown crape petticoat, ornamented with gold; brown crape drapery, embroidered with borders of gold foil, scollops, and twills of gold cord; train brown satin and gold.

Marchioness of Headfort. Petticoat of white crape, richly embroidered in gold stripes, drawn up on the left side with rich cords and tassels; the body and train of puce velvet.

Marchioness of Sligo. Petticoat of white crape, ornamented with white stripes of velvet applique, intermixed with silver, and trimmed with silver fringe.

Countess of Cardigan. Body and train of black velvet, petticoat of amber satin, with velvet stripes, richly embroidered with silver; the drapery of black velvet, richly embroidered with silver and amber tulips tied up with cords and tassels. A black velvet head-dress, embroidered with silver, and fine yellow feathers, diamonds, &c.

Countess of Macclesfield. Body and train of purple velvet, ornamented with gold; petticoat of rich purple satin, superbly embroidered with gold; the drapery of purple velvet, most elegantly ornamented with gold. The *tout ensemble* of this dress was one of the most elegant we witnessed, and did infinite credit to her ladyship's taste, as well as to that of the *marchande des modes* who prepared it.

Countess of Talbot. A black velvet and violet-coloured crape petticoat, richly embroidered with silver spangles and pearl; silver net drapery, looped up with silver rope and tassels; body and train of black velvet, and violet crape embroidered with silver; head-dress violet feathers and diamonds.

Countess of Clonmel. White crape petticoat embroidered with gold, and trimmed with rich ermine and rows of gold beads; the drapery shaded orange embroidered ribband, looped up with gold bullion rope and tassels; the body and train black velvet embroidered with gold; head-drees black velvet and embroidered ribband, and orange feathers and diamonds.

Countess of Jersey. An elegant and splendid dress: the petticoat of purple crape, tufted with silver. The sash of purple crape, crossed with embroidered bands of foil-stone and silver, on black velvet, tufted in variegated stripes, to correspond with the petticoat; the whole fastened up with elegant silver rollio and tassels. The train of black velvet, richly bordered with foil-stone and silver, tops of sleeves of silver tufted crape, tastefully fastened up with silver cord and tassels. The head-dress composed of black velvet, a profusion of diamonds, a plume of fine feathers, with a real heron. Her ladyship looked beautiful, and her dress was certainly one of the most brilliant at court, producing a striking and novel effect.

Viscountess Castlereagh. A buff satin petticoat, with rich border of purple velvet, tufted with silver and chain; two draperies on the right of superb black lace, edged with silver; on the left, a handkerchief; drapery of black lace, edged with broad silver fringe, silver pocket-holes, and a rich display of silver rollio, and tassels. The train purple velvet, edged with silver; body and sleeves richly embroidered in silver, the old English slash sleeve, with under ditto, of buff satin, drawn through. Head-dress, a plume of buff and black feathers, velvet, and diamonds.

Lady Mary Taylor. White crape petticoat, richly embroidered in waves; over the petticoat a drapery, beautifully ornamented with crescents and stars, composed of coquelicot and silver, drawn up on the left side with rich fringe and tassels: train of coquelicot satin, richly embroidered with silver, the sleeves of white satin. This dress was one of the most tasteful at court.

Lady Honora Lambert. A superbly rich and remarkably elegant dress. The petticoat white, beautifully embroidered in silver, with a deep silver fringe, the drapery embroidered to correspond, and tastefully interspersed with a light laurel trimming of silver, finishing with cord and tassels; the train white velvet, very richly embossed with silver, and trimmed to match the petticoat. The whole of this dress looked uncommonly elegant.

The Lady Mayoress was dressed in a most magnificent and elegant style; her ladyship's dress consisted of a white satin petticoat, richly embroidered with gold spangles, in large sprigs round the bottom; white crape drapery, embroidered with gold in mosaic pattern, and edged with loose gold tassels; a sash of ditto embroidery, fastened with a bow, and end trimmed with broad gold fringe, and edged with tassels to correspond with the drapery; the whole ornamented and fastened with rich gold rope and tassels. Head-dress embroidered in gold, and a plume of beautiful

ostrich feathers, and diamond sprays. This dress was very superb, and one of the handsomest at court.

Lady Lucas. Crape petticoat, fringed with gold and rich gold applique; the drapery of the same, festooned with green velvet wreaths, gold fringe, cord, and tassels; train, green velvet, fringed with gold, half sleeves, striped with gold net, suit fine blond. Cap white crape and green velvet, richly spangled gold ornaments, and white ostrich plume.

Lady Nichols. A white satin petticoat, with a double row of swandown round the bottom; white crape drapery appliqued in white satin, and full trimmed with fine broad blond, and a net-work of Roman pearl fringe, fastened with chains and tassels of Roman pearl; a white satin train trimmed with swandown; body and sleeves ornamented to correspond; a white crape cap, richly embroidered in gold; a plume of ostrich feathers. The elegance and taste of this dress were extremely admired.

Lady Elizabeth Villiers. A white crape petticoat, richly spangled with silver, the bottom ornamented with white and silver; an elegant sash of crape, with alternate stripes of crimson and silver, crossed the petticoat, and returned with square end, tastefully embroidered in rich crimson and silver, trimmed with broad silver fringe; an elegant loop of silver supported the centre of the sash, and fastened up to the corner with rich silver tassels; the train white satin, edged with crimson and silver, tops of sleeves crimson and silver embroidery: the head-dress crimson and black velvet, with superb diamonds, and handsome plume of feathers.

Lady Louisa Corry was extremely well dressed in a petticoat of rich pink satin, elegant border of black velvet, tufted with silver; the draperies formed of black lace, of a very elegant and novel pattern, edged with silver fringe and rollio, supported with rich silver cord and tassels; the train of black velvet, edged with silver net; body, and slash sleeves, richly spangled in silver; pink under sleeves, drawn through the tops. The head-dress, a handsome plume of pink feathers, and a profusion of diamonds. Both the wearer and dress were particularly beautiful.

Mrs. Robert Williams. Petticoat of white crape, ornamented richly with gold; drapery of ditto, on right side, with a deep gold fringe, a sash of crape crossing ditto, twisted with large gold rolleaus; a shawl drapery on left side, trimmed with deep gold fringe, and tied up with large gold and tassels; bottom and pocket-holes elegantly finished and trimmed with gold; train of rich white satin, ornamented with gold fringe. Head-dress composed of embroidered crape, feathers and pearls.

Miss Townshend. Purple satin petticoat, bordered with black velvet points, embroidered with gold; black velvet and gold points, with purple satin, formed an elegant double drapery; purple satin robe, embroidered round with black velvet, and gold points. This was a very striking elegant dress.

New Fashions.

These were not very striking. The waists remain the same, and all other parts of the dress, except that the hoops are happily diminishing in size, to the great comfort of the crowd. The prevailing colours were black, orange, purple, and brown, but above all black, particularly black velvet. Diamonds were worn in greater profusion

than ever; stones of all colours were also worn. Feathers were much worn, and many of them in a reclining position. Few artificial flowers appeared; but many were in embroidery. Nothing very new appeared in the style of dressing the hair: but we were happy to see that no one introduced the French fashion of antique dripping locks. The head-dresses were chiefly composed of spangled crape, feathers, and diamonds. The shoes, as usual, were made to correspond with the dresses.

The STORY *of* CLARA FARNESE.

CLARA Farnese was sister to pope Paul III., and the person to whom he owed his cardinal's hat, and consequently all that followed upon it, though he rewarded her ill for it; for he poisoned both her and her mother, that he might have all their wealth. Their father was a poor man, who went about selling sausages, like Horace's Salsamentarius. Clara was married young, and was soon a widow; she was a most agreeable woman, but no great beauty: her brother was bred to letters, and was one of those poor churchmen who was looking about on all hands where he might find a patron; when, on a sudden, his sister's charms, and her artifices together, raised him to a height to which he was far enough from pretending at that time. At some public ceremony, Clara Farnese was so near pope Alexander VI. and was so much in his eye and in his thoughts, that he ordered one of his attendants to inquire who she was, and where she lived. Instruments, on such occasions, are never wanting to great persons; and, notwithstanding the pope's great age, yet his vices still hung so close to him, that he could have no quiet till Clara Farnese was brought to him. She resolved to manage herself on this occasion, and to raise her price as high as possible; so a cardinal's hat for her brother was asked and granted; a promise of it was made at least; upon which she attended on the old lewd pope: yet, when the next promotion came to be in agitation, the proposition for abbot Farnese was rejected by Cæsar Borgia with scorn: he had never been a slave to his word, and he had no mind that his father should observe it on this occasion.

The method of promotion is this: the pope settles the list of the cardinals, and writes down all their names on a paper, with his own hand; and in a consistory, when all other business is ended, he throws down the paper on the table, and says to the cardinals, 'You have now some brethren.' Upon that, one of the secretaries takes up the paper, and reads the names aloud; the sbiri [the popes's guard], are at the door, and, as soon as one is named, they run for it, to see who shall be able to carry the first news to the party concerned.

On this occasion, the pope, after he had concerted the promotion with his son, wrote down all the names. Clara Farnese was in great apprehensions for her brother: she, being to pass that night with the pope, rose when the old man was asleep, searched his pockets, and found the paper, but her brother's name was not in it; so she set herself, with great care, to counterfeit the pope's hand, and wrote her brother's name the first in the list. Next morning she kept the pope in bed as long as possible, till word was brought him that the consistory was set, and the cardinals were all come; for she reckoned

that, the less time the pope had for being dressed, there was the less danger of his looking into the paper. Accordingly, without ever opening it, he went into the consistory, and, as usual, threw down the list on the table; but, to the great surprise of him, and all his confidents, the first name that was read was that of abbot Farnese. However, the pope thought it better to let the matter pass than to suffer the true secret to be known. It is well that the doctrine of the intention does not belong to the creation of cardinals; otherwise here was a nullity with a witness. Thus began the long course of pope Paul III's greatness, for he lived above fifty years after this, and laid the foundation of the family of Parma, which he saw quite overthrown, his son being assassinated in his own time, and both his grand-children having revolted against him, which, as was believed, hastened his death, though he was then fourscore. From him are descended the present king of Spain, and the duke of Parma (Don Philip), by their mother, Elizabeth Farnese. There are several pictures of Clara Farnese in the Palestrina.

ROBERT M'KENZIE;

OR, THE

ADVENTURES OF A SCOTSMAN.

[*Written by himself, and edited by R. Ferrie—Glasgow.*]

CHAP. I.

IN the latter end of the year 17— honest farmer M'Kenzie was returning from the city of Glasgow, in North-Britain, where he had been disposing of the product of his farm. In that opulent city he had met with some old friends, who had tempted him to taste more real whiskey than he was accustomed to. In this agreeable amusement the hours passed unheeded by, and, before our honest gentleman could get quit of the city, the hour of ten had struck.

As he jogged leisurely on his road homewards, he began to calculate his profits, and a violent perspiration bedewed his brow when he reflected that he had more than twenty miles to travel over a road noted for robberies, and that in a moment he might be deprived of a whole year's savings. When these thoughts agitated his mind, he was almost tempted to turn his horse's head, and make the best of his way to the city he had left; and would have done so, had he not reflected that now there was more danger in returning than going forward.

In order to get rid of these gloomy thoughts, he pressed his horse forward to its utmost swiftness, when, on a sudden, his suspicions seemed to be verified by a loud whistle that sounded close by his side. He had hardly time to recommend himself to heaven, and brandish his trusty oaken cudgel in the air, when three men jumped from behind a thick hedge, and, in a tremendous tone, ordered the farmer to stop; at the same time assuring him no harm was intended him. Their rhetoric would have been little heeded by M'Kenzie, who did not seem inclined to wait the conclusion of their apostrophe; but a pistol, glittering within a foot of his head, rooted him to the spot. One of the men, who appeared the superior of the rest, and who had a little boy in his hand, who cried bitterly, then addressed the farmer in these words:

'Do you stand in need of money?'

Answer (in a tremulous tone) 'Alas! yes!'

'Have you a wife and children?

'Yes.'

'Will you take this boy, and bring him up as your own son, if you are well paid for doing so?'

The farmer, who had recovered his spirits a little, ventured to demand the *quantum* that would be given as a premium with the boy. The speaker made no other answer than drawing a bag from below his surtout, which he said contained a thousand pounds, and which would be given along with the boy, on this condition, that the farmer would swear he never would reveal to his neighbours how the child came into his possession, but would say he was the offspring of some relation or other, whom he was taking charge of; and, if possible, would obliterate from the mind of the boy the mysterious manner he came into his possession.

After revolving the terms for some time in his mind, the farmer agreed to the bargain, upon condition his wife was apprised of the secret. After some demur the stranger agreed to this, and the oath being taken, with that exception, the boy was delivered into M'Kenzie's hands, along with the bag that induced him to accept of such a strange gift; when the strangers immediately disappeared.

The young fellow, by threats, having been stopped from crying, was taken up by M'Kenzie, and placed before him, who now proceeded at a great rate, praying fervently he might not be intercepted with the load he carried; and, after he had got within a few miles of his house, his anxiety became extreme how to prevent his friends and neighbours from discovering the addition he had made to his fortune, and to induce his wife to submit to the addition he had made to his family. Of her pacification he was certain when she saw the bag of weighty argument she carried under his arm; and to his children and neighbours he determined to say the boy was his nephew, whom a dying brother had committed to his charge. These thoughts had brought him to his stable door, when he was awakened from his reverie by his horse stopping at the well-known place: then lifting his protégé gently down, who had been during this period enjoying a sound repose, he secured his horse, and, taking the boy in his arms, carried him into the house, where we will leave them for the night.

CHAP. II.

The reader perhaps will have anticipated that the boy so mysteriously introduced to their knowledge was no other than the hero of the subsequent pages. Thus far they are right, and I have now been relating to them the narrative of what I may call my *début* in life, which I learned many years afterwards. At this time I was about five years of age, very tall and stout, and already I had begun to be noted for a certain stubbornness, which eminently distinguished me in the after-period of my eventful life; all that I now remember, previous to my introduction to the reader, is a very confused recollection of having lived in a good house, where I was made much of by a man and woman, who seemed earnestly interested in my welfare. The family of which I now made a part consisted of the farmer, his wife, two sons, and a daughter. To attempt to do proper justice to their characters would require the pen of a Smollet or a Fielding. The farmer was noted for an honest

roughness, congenial to the clime where he first drew his breath; his rib was a compound of avarice, vanity, and superstition; the daughter was the exact counterpart of her mother, but the sons were noted for candour and honesty. Such appeared to me to be the leading features of their characters, when age had enabled me to make the observation. To this family (the younger branches of which were not much older than myself) I was introduced, the morning after my arrival, as the nephew of the farmer, and was received in a very flattering manner. The money, which remained a secret with my new uncle and aunt, made them notice me with such gracious smiles as evidently induced the rest of the family to pay me more attention than they would otherwise have done. The childish routine of my boyish days can be of no interest to the reader; I shall therefore slightly pass over what happened to me during that period, till the time when I dearly purchased a small knowledge of men and manners.

I must, however, do this justice to my country, as to say, that none could receive a better education upon less expense; a schoolmaster taught within one mile of my residence, and from him I learned every thing worthy of attention. To a knowledge of the Latin language this worthy man added that of Greek, French, and Italian, which he taught for a trifle that would astonish my readers. Finding in me a peculiar aptness for literature, this gentleman paid every attention in his power to perfect my education; and, from the small library which his humble fortune enabled him to procure, supplied me with such books as appeared to him best adapted for enlightening the mind and improving the heart. In a word, I can boast, that in the deep wilds of Scotland I acquired an education which the most polished seminary in the metropolis could not improve. Nor even were the lighter sciences wanting: a dancing and fencing master regularly made their appearance from Glasgow at the neighbouring village for some months during the summer, and from them I acquired the name of an expert fencer and a genteel dancer.

In these studies the time flew quickly on, and I had now arrived at the age of sixteen without any thing material having occurred worthy of a place in these my true and authentic memoirs. No inquiry had ever been made concerning me, and I had entirely forgot that I was any thing else than what I appeared. I had always been treated with uniform kindness and benevolence by the honest farmer, who had now arrived to a considerable degree of opulence, and none of his children had any idea but that I was in reality their cousin. At this time, as my ideas began to unfold, I shall endeavour to give my readers an impartial sketch of my person and character. I was about five foot high, well limbed, and of a ruddy and sanguine complexion. I was early remarked for a firmness, inclining to obstinacy; born with ardent passions, that kindled like tinder, to the utmost susceptibility of tenderness I added a great degree of pride and stubborn courage, insomuch, that, from my earliest years, I was certain to be found the chief ringleader in every skirmish or petty broil, so frequent at that time in Scotland; and in these encounters it was remarked, that an obstinate degree of courage never failed me, either in making an attack or skilfully conducting a retreat.

From the nature of the books which had been put into my hands in my early years, which greatly turned upon warlike achievements, I had early embraced the determination of following a military career. The lives of sir William Wallace and Robert Bruce poured a flood of Scottish prejudices into my mind, which no new scenes or countries can ever eradicate. At this period it was destined than an unfortunate occurrence should drive me from these tranquil scenes, and launch me unexperienced on the busy haunts of men.

CHAP. III.

If the secret motives of the actions of men, from the beginning of time to this day, were thoroughly known, I am confident it would be found that love, or a communication between the two sexes, has been, and still is, the main spring upon which the fortune of man generally hinges. Such has been my case, and such has been the case of thousands.

Near the residence of my foster-father there dwelt a widow, whose sole comfort and subsistence rested on a daughter, whose bright eyes, while I write these lines, seem to beam before me. In a word, this daughter was a first-rate rustic beauty, and held the pre-eminence over all the *belles* of the neighbouring village, while I, on my part, shone conspicuous as a first-rate *beau*. Placed in these relative situations, we fell to be matched in every scene of revelry, which, at certain fairs, and other periods of the year, were held in the place.

As this peerless damsel appeared to be nearly of the same age with myself, we had long noticed each other with the most tender friendship; but, shortly after we had seen our third *lustrum*, the reader will not be surprised to hear that our friendship ripened apace into a more ardent affection.

Upon one unfortunate night (the consequences of which the reader will have to judge of in the subsequent pages), a periodical merry-making had called upon me to join in an entertainment given at the village, which was to conclude with a ball, for which I had previously secured the hand of my inamorata. After having enjoyed *la danse* till Aurora warned us of the approach of day, I was entrusted with the care of Mary Smellie (so was this girl named), who, from the proximity of her habitation to my own, was naturally placed under my protection, and, after I had seen her home, I was as naturally, on her part, invited in. Her mother was in bed, fast asleep; the house was solitary; my passions were heightened with the scenes of the night in which we had been engaged, and in which a liberal sacrifice had been made to Bacchus. Let me here draw a veil, and desist from any further relation.

Before I proceed further, it will be proper to apologise to my readers for introducing them to such company. This apology will be at once accepted when they reflect that this is a true history, and that the veracity so becoming in a historian compels me to mention events which otherwise I would be the last to take notice of.

After having spent several hours with this girl, I returned to my home, with a heart alternately agitated with joy and torn with remorse. A few interviews, however, completely removed the latter sensation, when I saw that no evil consequences resulted from the meeting.

In this delicious intercourse days and weeks flew unheeded by, till I

was suddenly roused from the lethargy into which I had sunk by the information of Mary Smellie's pregnancy. Then only did I feel the bad effects arising from a meretricious intercourse, which at that time appeared to me as an ample penance for the crime; for I experienced a degree of agony which cannot be described when I reflected that my boiling passions had plunged two innocent beings into the horrid vortex of ruin and shame; nor was the poignancy of my grief any way abated with the reflexion (which I had never before made) that I was poor, friendless, and guilty, and that I had no funds wherewith I could support the innocent fruit of my crime. Never let my greatest enemy be conscious of one half of the torture I felt on these reflexions, and when the swollen eyes of Mary, in whose countenance grief was wrote in legible characters, told me that she was ruined, abandoned, and undone. This must be accounted for by the severe laws of North-Britain in these cases, where the unhappy culprits must undergo the disgrace of a stern rebuke, from a rigid presbyterian, in the face of a whole congregation. This had often come under my inspection; and, at the time, I sympathised with the sufferers, little thinking that it would soon come to be my own case.

The time now nearly approached when I knew that Mary's pregnancy no longer could be concealed; and the more I reflected upon the train of evils that a discovery would throw upon me, the less resolution I felt to withstand it; and at last I determined upon an instant elopement, as I was conscious that, if I absented myself, my uncle would not allow the child to be maltreated; and, previous to my departure, I determined to make a declaration in writing to him of my guilt, and of my earnest wish that he would comply with my desire, in protecting my child. Little preparations were necessary to fit me for my departure. The funds which I had to depend upon for a subsistence, in the peregrinations which my luckless stars had condemned me to, were only three guineas, a late gift of my uncle's, which I had thrown aside as useless. With this money, and a single change of linen, I determined to take my departure from the almost paternal roof which had hitherto sheltered me. Having determined upon that night as the time for putting my purpose in execution, I previously wrote the following letter to the honest farmer, whom, at that time, I considered in the light of my uncle:—

'My dear uncle,

'You will throw your eyes on these lines, and you will be astonished when I confess that I am a rascal. You tremble: the letter falls from your grasp: lift it up, for it is true. In one word, I am a deceitful villain: the innocent Mary Smellie has fallen a victim to my passion, and is at this moment six months advanced in her pregnancy, of which I am the author. After this confession, I need hardly add, you will never see me more. Protect the mother, be a father to the child, and may heaven's everlasting blessings light upon you and yours, prays 'R. M'Kenzie.'

After having finished this incoherent epistle, I went over to the beautiful cause of my distress, with a mind which devils need not have envied.

The extreme grief which was so evidently depicted on her countenance rent my very soul, and the address which her mother made me served very little to heal my wounded

bosom; for, knowing the friendship which subsisted between her daughter and myself, she earnestly entreated me to inform her if I knew the cause of her daughter's sorrow, continuing in these words—'Formerly, my Mary was blithe as a lavrock, the greatest pride o' aw her freends; of late her spirits have entirely sunk, and she seems totally absorbed in the most profound distress. Conjure her, Robert, to have mercy on her aged mither, and disclose the cause of her grief.' This pathetic remonstrance totally unmanned me; and, in a paroxysm of the deepest agony, I rushed from the cottage, and cursed the hour of my birth, determined instantly to put my intended flight in execution. Rushing homewards, I seized my money and the linen I had formerly wrapped up, threw the letter for my uncle on a table, and ran many miles without once knowing or reflecting whither I was going, or what were my intentions.

(To be continued.)

The MORAL ZOOLOGIST.

(Continued from Vol. XXXIII. p. 691.)

PART II.—*BIRDS.*

LETTER I.

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

AFTER having taken a moral survey of the different tribes of quadrupeds, their conformation, various instincts, and manners of life, which have afforded us such ample matter for admiration of the power and wisdom of the great Author of Nature, I shall now proceed to invite your ladyship's attention to the feathered inhabitants of air,—a pleasing race of animals, which contribute much to the solace and entertainment of man, and scarcely in any instance are to him the cause of fear or alarm.

The bodily structure of birds appears to be peculiarly adapted to flight and swiftness; all their parts are proportionably light, and a large surface is expanded without solidity. The shape of the body is sharp before, to pierce and make way through the air; it rises gradually to its bulk, and declines into an expansive tail, by the aid of which it floats in the air. They have, in consequence, frequently been compared to a ship making its way through water; the trunk of the body answers to the hold, the head to the prow, the tail to the rudder, and the wings to the oars.

The wings of birds are usually placed at that part of the body which serves to poise the whole, and support it in a fluid that at first seems so much lighter than itself. They answer to the fore-legs of quadrupeds. These instruments of flight are furnished with quills, which differ from the common feathers only in their size. To enable birds to move their wings with sufficient force to raise themselves by the resistance of the air, they are furnished with two very strong pectoral muscles, situated on each side of the breast-bone. The pectoral muscles of quadrupeds are very feeble in comparison with those of birds. In quadrupeds, and also in man, the muscles by the action of which motion is communicated to the thighs and hinder parts of the body are much the strongest, while those of the arms are comparatively weak: in birds, on the contrary, the pectoral muscles that move the wings or arms are of prodigious strength, while those of the thighs are extremely weak. Birds can therefore move their wings with a degree of force which, when we merely consider the size of the animal, must

appear incredible. The flap of a swan's wing will break a man's leg; and a similar blow from an eagle has been known, it is said, to deprive a man of life.

In fine, the whole conformation of birds conspires to the rapidity of their motion. Their feathers are very light, have a broad surface, and hollow shafts; the wings are convex above, and concave below; they are firm, and spread wide. The body is likewise extremely light; for the flat bones are thinner than in quadrupeds, and have much larger cavities in proportion to their size. Buffon observes that, according to the anatomists of the French Academy, 'the skeleton of the pelican is extremely light, not weighing more than twenty-three ounces, though it is of considerable bulk.'

This power of swift motion some birds exert in a remarkable degree. Many species scarcely rest a single moment; and the rapacious tribes pursue their prey without stopping or turning aside, while quadrupeds require to be frequently recruited. An eagle, says Buffon, will rise out of sight in less than three minutes; and therefore must fly more than three thousand five hundred yards in one minute, or twenty leagues in an hour. A bird might, therefore, perform with ease a journey of two hundred leagues in a day, since ten hours would be sufficient, which would allow time for frequent intermissions of rest, and a whole night for repose. The swallows of our climates, and other migratory birds, might thus reach the equator in seven or eight days. Adanson saw, on the coast of Senegal, swallows that had arrived on the ninth of October, that is, in eight or nine days after their departure from Europe. The old Italian traveller, Pietro della Valle, says, that in Persia the carrier-pigeon travels as far in a single day as a man can go, on foot, in six days. It is a well-known story that a falcon of Henry II. which flew after a bustard at Fontainbleau, was caught the next morning at Malta, and recognised by a ring which had been fastened to it. A Canary falcon, sent to the duke of Lerma, returned in sixteen hours from Andalusia to the island of Teneriffe, a distance of two hundred and fifty leagues; and sir Hans Sloane assures us that at Barbadoes the gulls make excursions in flocks to the distance of more than two hundred miles, and return the same day.

Birds appear to possess several senses in greater perfection than either quadrupeds or men. They have in general, and birds of prey especially, a very piercing sight. A hawk will perceive a lark at a distance at which it could not be discovered by either men or dogs; and a kite, from an almost imperceptible height in the clouds, darts down on its prey with most unerring aim. That the hearing of birds is extremely delicate and accurate, is manifest from the readiness with which many of them learn tunes, repeat words, or imitate other sounds with the greatest exactness. Their sense of smelling seems to be equally vivid in the generality of birds. Many of them scent their prey at a vast distance, and others are preserved by this sense from their merciless pursuers. In decoys, where ducks are caught, the men who attend them always keep a piece of turf burning near their mouths, on which they breathe, lest the fowl should smell them and fly away. As the practice is general, there seems little reason to doubt that it is necessary, and certainly must be admitted as a proof of the acuteness of the sense of smelling in at least this species of the feathered tribes.

But the instincts observable in

birds are more particularly worthy the attention of the moral naturalist, as they evince the wisdom of the great Creator, and his care for the preservation of his works, to all of which he widely extends his tender mercies. The nests framed by the various species of birds are remarkably adapted to the climate in which they are found, their habits of living, and the dangers to which they are exposed from their natural enemies and pursuers. In the construction of these nests almost every species has a peculiar architecture of its own, adapted to the number of eggs, the temperature of the climate, or the respective heat of the little animal's own body. When the eggs are many, it is requisite that the nest should be warm, that all may receive an equal portion of the animal heat. The wren, and all the small birds, therefore, make the nest very warm, because their eggs are numerous; while, on the contrary, the plover (that has but two eggs), the eagle, and the crow, are less solicitous in this respect; since, their eggs being few, and their bodies large, they can with certainty communicate heat to them by sitting on them. With respect to climate, it may be observed that water-fowl, in warmer countries, are very careless in making their nests; but, in the colder, take every precaution to render them warm; and some species will even strip the soft down from their breasts, to line and defend them against the cold.

Every species of the feathered creation, however, in general, when about to make its nest and hatch its young, resorts to those places where the climate is sufficiently favourable, and food found in the greatest abundance. The larger birds, as also those of the aquatic kinds, choose places as remote as possible from the observation of man. Some birds, who are in danger principally from the serpent, hang their nests on the end of a small bough, and form the entrance from below, by which means they are secured both from the serpent and the monkey tribes. But all the smaller birds, which feed upon fruits and corn, and consequently frequently devour the produce of the labour of the husbandman, seem to take every precaution to conceal themselves; while the larger kinds, which lead their lives at a distance from the abodes of men, appear to be merely intent on guarding against wild beasts and vermin.

The patience and perseverance of birds, while hatching their eggs and attending their young, is extreme. They cannot be driven from the nest, either by hunger or the dread of danger. The female is frequently fat when she begins to sit, but wasted and almost starved before her young are fledged. Some of the larger birds bring the female food while she is sitting, and that in considerable abundance; but, among the smaller tribes, the male only sits near her on some tree, and soothes her by his singing: when she is tired, he will sometimes take her place; and, while she flies abroad, patiently wait her return. When the young are hatched, the old birds are employed in the most indefatigable manner in supplying them with food. The rapacious kinds now become more than usually fierce and active. They carry their prey, yet warm with life, to the nest, and early accustom their young to seize and rend it. The smaller birds discontinue their singing, and give their whole attention to the providing of sustenance for their offspring. They take care to procure them a regular supply; and feed them in their turns, that one may not engross all to himself, and deprive the rest of nourishment. When the whole family is fully

plumed, and capable of avoiding danger by flight, they are led forth by their parents, and initiated in the art of providing for their own subsistence. They are shown the places which their prey haunts, or where their food is generally found in greatest abundance; they are taught the methods of discovering and carrying it away; till at length, when they are sufficiently able to take care of themselves, the old ones finally leave them, and all connexion between them ceases for ever.

Though birds are so perfectly formed for a wandering life, and so well fitted for changing place with ease and rapidity, we yet find them in general addicted to remain in the places where they have been bred. The rook does not desire, unless she be disturbed, to leave her native grove; the blackbird frequents the hedge to which she has been accustomed; and the redbreast continues in one certain district, from which he seldom removes, but seems to claim as his own, by driving out every intruder of the same species. They appear to be excited to migration only by the change of the seasons, by hunger, or by fear. Actuated by one of these powerful motives, the birds usually called birds of passage forsake us every year for a certain period, and make their regular and expected returns.

These annual emigrations have afforded much employment to the curiosity of mankind, yet are there few subjects concerning which less has been discovered. It is generally believed that the cause of their retreat from the places they frequent is either the scarcity of food, or the want of a convenient situation for producing and nurturing their young. Thus the starling, in Sweden, at the approach of winter, passes every year into Germany, and the hen-chaffinches of the same country are seen every year to fly through Holland in large flocks, in quest, no doubt, of a warmer climate. Others make journeys of much greater length. The quails, in spring, quit the burning heats of Africa for the milder temperature of Europe; and, when the summer is over, return to enjoy in Egypt a winter which has none of the rigours of that season. These journeys are made by them in such a manner that they appear a preconcerted undertaking. They meet in some open place for several days before their departure, and seem to discuss the mode in which they shall proceed, by an odd kind of chattering. When their plan is settled, they all take flight together, and often are met with in such numbers that they seem to mariners at sea like a cloud resting on the horizon. The strongest and boldest, and by much the greatest number, arrive safely at the place of their destination; but many grow weary by the way, and, overpowered with fatigue, drop down into the sea, and sometimes upon the decks of ships, where they become an easy prey to the sailors.

Of the prodigious number of water-fowl that frequent our shores, it is astonishing how few are known to breed here. These seem to be induced to their migrations not so much by the want of food as by the desire to find a secure place of retreat. They are too shy and timid to be at their ease in so populous a country; while it was less so, and when many parts of it were a mere waste and uncultivated tract of woods and marshes, several species of birds, which now migrate, remained with us through the year. The great heron and the crane formerly bred in the marshes of this country, though they now annually forsake them. Their nests, like those of most cloven-footed water-fowl, were

built on the ground, and exposed to every invader. But, as cultivation increased, these birds became more and more disturbed, till at length they have been obliged to seek, during the summer, a more lonely retreat, where they may be secure from the intrusion of the labourer and the attacks of their pursuers.

Among the numerous tribes of the duck kind, there are only five species that breed here; the tame swan, the tame goose, the sheldrake, the eider duck, and a few of the wild ducks. The rest make a part of that astonishing multitude of water-fowl, which annually repair to the dreary lakes and deserts of Lapland from the more southern countries of Europe. They there can rear their young in undisturbed security; they find plenty of food, and can feed at their ease. So immense are their numbers, that Linnæus observed the surface of the river Calix covered with them, in their progress, for eight whole days and nights. When they fly, many of these species generally arrange themselves in a long line, or sometimes angularly in two lines, meeting in a point like the letter V reversed. The bird which leads at the point seems posted there to cleave the air, and facilitate the passage of those which are to follow. When fatigued with his exertions in this laborious station, he falls back into one of the wings of the file, while another succeeds to his place. In general these birds return to our warmer climate about the beginning of October; but many of the hardier kinds of the web-footed fowl remain in the northern countries during the whole winter, except when it proves more than ordinarily severe, and compels them to seek a milder region.

The migration of swallows is attended with circumstances which render it difficult to form a decided opinion concerning it. It is admitted that they pass, in great numbers, into warmer climates at the approach of our winter, and return about the beginning of summer; but it is also asserted that numbers of them continue here, during winter, in a torpid state, making their retreat, like bats, into old walls or hollow trees; and, according to accounts so well attested that it seems impossible to refuse belief to them, they have been drawn up in clusters from the bottoms of rivers and ponds, and revived on being brought into a warm place.

I need not remind your ladyship in how striking a manner the structure and various instincts of the feathered tribes evince the power and wisdom of the great Creator; the facts need only to be recited, and the comment will present itself to the dullest apprehension. I shall conclude this letter, therefore, with assuring your ladyship that I remain, with the utmost esteem and affection, your faithful EUGENIA.

(To be continued.)

SIGNE AND HABOR;
OR,
LOVE STRONGER THAN DEATH:
A GOTHIC ROMANCE.

[*From the Danish of M. Suhm.*]

'Ah! te meæ si partem animæ rapit
Maturior vis, quid moror alteram?
.....Non ego perfidum
Dixi sacramentum. Ibimus, ibimus,
Utcunque præcedes, supremum
Carpere iter comites parati.'

KING Sigar * dwelt in Sigerstedt, and reigned over the southern part

* Sigar, according to Saxo Grammaticus, was the 34th king of Denmark. The story of the love-adventure of his daughter Signe with Hagbarth (the son of Hamund, a king of Norway), and their deaths, as related by the above-mentioned fabulous historian, has furnished the subject of M. Suhm's romance.

of Zealand. Bera, princess of Upsal, was his queen. By her he became father of Syvald, Alf, and Alger—brave warriors. Signe, his only daughter, was as renowned for beauty and understanding as her brothers were for courage and martial prowess. To these she added a firmness and constancy in her resolutions rarely to be found in her sex, a truth and sincerity which were admired even in those early ages, and a magnanimity which rendered her worthy of the sceptre. She declared her intention publicly to make a vow, in the temple of Freya*, that no man should loose her virgin zone, unless he should first have overcome her two brothers, Alf and Alger, in fight, and compelled them to sue for a truce. Her eldest brother Syvald, widely as the fame of his heroism was spread, she too fondly loved to expose to any danger. 'The warlike deeds of my brothers,' said she, 'are known on the Frisic, the British, and the Francic shores. There have they furnished food to the raven †; there the bird of Odin screams over the bodies of the slain.'

The Danish people crowded in multitudes to be present when Signe took this vow. She walked in solemn state to the altar, took from her head the garland she wore, and, holding it before the statue of the goddess—'I swear,' said she, 'by thee, O Freya! who governest the night, and inclinest all hearts to love, that I never will take from my head this virgin crown' (and, thus saying, she replaced it on her head) 'till a warrior shall woo me who shall prove himself the bravest of men.' She now took a horn filled with mare's blood, and poured it on the image of the goddess, on the chariot, and the figures of the animals attached to it. Her yellow hair, which outshone the flaming gold, floated on her snow-white shoulders, and was bound with a crimson ribband. Her large blue eyes beamed with the exalted and generous sentiments of her soul, and resembled the eyes of Odin when he glances them on his victorious warriors. The whole assembly raised a shout of joy, and struck their swords upon their shields with so loud a clangour, that the birds, as they flew over, fell down with fear. With one voice exclaimed the multitude—'The vow becomes the daughter of Denmark. Signe is an heroic Dane.' Some venerable matrons alone wept and said—'Signe must for ever remain a virgin; never will she know the joys which Freya bestows on other mortals, for her brothers are invincible.'—'Even then,' replied Signe, 'the race of my royal house will not fail.'—'See,' said the matrons, 'the moon is veiled in clouds: Freya mourns that her beloved daughter has proved faithless to her.'—'No; Freya mourns for Oddur *, and is willing that my love should resemble her own.'

Sigar now arose; he took in his hand his sceptre, which was sacred and venerable, not on account of the value of its materials or decorations, but from its antiquity and the heroes by which it had been borne. It was merely a knotty staff of ash, from which all the branches had been cut. Sigar waved it and said—'I swear by this sacred sceptre, borne by my great ancestors, and which was cut from the tree by the

* Freya was the Venus of the northern mythology. She was represented sitting in a chariot drawn by cats.

† The standard of the ancient Danes bore the figure of a raven.

* Oddur was the husband of Freya. According to the northern mythology, he had left her, and she continually wept his absence.

heroic chieftain Dan*, with his own royal hands, that this oath of my daughter shall be observed inviolably, and that I will give her to no one but to him who shall excel all others in courage and martial achievements. I will defend her with the whole force of my kingdom against all violence, and every daring attempt.' The whole assembly now exclaimed—'Sigar is worthy of Signe, and Signe is worthy of her race.'

At that time lived in Norway, in the district of Drontheim, a king named Hamund. He had four valiant sons, Hakon, Habor, Helvin, and Hamund. They had all obtained renown by long sea-excursions and great victories; Hakon especially, for he had conquered the Swedish king Hugleik, the brother of queen Bera, and placed himself on the throne of Upsal. One day, Habor came to his father Hamund, and said to him—'Father, I envy not my brother the great name he has acquired; may his fame spread to the ends of the earth! But I will not consent that mine shall be less than his: I too will merit to sit with Odin.' The old king embraced his son, and a tear flowed down his cheek—the first he had shed since he had wept over the grave of his beloved queen Alvilda. —'I know,' said he, 'the valour of the Normans; thus must a Norwegian think I cannot sufficiently thank thee, great father Odin, that the sons thou hast given me resemble me. My ships, my warriors, my swords, my shields, my darts, are ready: choose the best of them; choose as many as thou wilt, and carry the glory of Norway through the world. But, tell me, whom wilt thou attack, that thy renown may equal that of thy brother?

Habor was long silent: his cheeks glowed with an anxious flame: at length he said—'The Danish Freya, Signe, the daughter of Sigar, has made a vow that she will marry the warrior who shall be able to overcome her brothers in fight. She means to continue for ever a virgin, and defies us with the scornful pride of her race, with Danish pride. But this hand shall combat, conquer, and obtain the prize.'

The aged Norman turned pale.—'Rash youth,' said he, 'thou rushest upon certain death. But this I reck not: for, though thou shouldst fall without victory, thou wilt not without glory. Yet thou riskest the honour of Norway. The Danish heroes are fierce as bears robbed of their young. They know not flight. How often have I seen their furious valour in the martial encounter! They fought by my side, but never yet against me; for much more do I wish the Danes to be my friends than my enemies. Desist from your purpose, my Habor, and contend not in vain against the sons of war.'

'Signe is the prize,' exclaimed Habor, while his eyes sparkled with redoubled fire. 'Fame vaunts her virtues and her beauty. Norway cannot lose her honour, though I should fall. It is honourable to fall by Alf and Alger; and Norway has a thousand warriors, as brave as I, who will avenge my death. I will fight, though more than mortal force opposed me: Signe is the prize!'

'I recognise the Norman,' replied the king, 'I recognise my son. Immoveable in his resolution, he defies danger, terror, death, and fate. Go, my son, thy valour be thy conductor. Living or dead, thou wilt do me honour. Thou art

* The founder, according to the northern traditions, of the kingdom of Denmark.

the image of thy mother Alvilda: thou hast her beauty heightened by manly vigour and martial courage.' —The old man embraced him.—'May fortune follow thee,' said he, 'and Odin and the Fates be thy guides!'—Habor withdrew from the arms of his father, hastily retired, and said to himself when he was alone—'Whether living or dead, I will be worthy of Hamund.'

A fleet was now fitted out with all expedition, and in a short time a hundred well-appointed vessels were assembled at the mouth of the Nidelbe. They were manned with brave and chosen warriors; the youth of Norway flocked to them from every part, for all were anxious to share in this heroic enterprise, and derive honour from the conquest of a hitherto invincible people. The Telleboans came with their bows, the inhabitants of Hordeland with their two-edged axes, and those of Drontheim with their broad swords. The sails of the ship which carried Habor were of silk of a deep gold colour, to signify the fire that blazed in his breast, as also the courage with which he would brave every danger. His shield was white, with a golden border. On it was represented a bear conflicting with a wild boar. The wind was favourable, and in eleven days they reached the Belt, and the next day the river which flowed up to Sigerstedt. There Habor landed with twelve of his bravest attendants.

When he approached the city, a sentinel called to him, and demanded wherefore he was come.—'My name,' said he, 'is Habor; I seek Sigar, and propose to win his daughter in combat.'—The sentinel laughed aloud:—'Friend,' said he, 'you would attempt what is impossible. The force of Alf and Alger is like the thunderbolt. But wait a short time: I will inform the king. He will not be offended at your rash and absurd wish to fall by the hands of his sons.'

The sentinel hastened to his sovereign.—'Hail!' said he, 'king Sigar. Without are thirteen valiant Normans. Their aspect is fierce, and fire sparkles in their eyes. Their leader, Habor, demands Signe or death. Bera, the queen, burst into a contemptuous laugh—'Now,' said she, 'shall I be revenged, if not of Hakon, at least of Hakon's brother. Hakon drove my brother Hugleik from his throne, on which he sits, arrayed in the splendor purchased with his treasures, and, with my brother's silver horn in his hand, devotes the name of Hugleik to the scorn of his insulting court. But by Alf and Alger shall Habor fall; the ravens shall drink his blood, and afterwards shall the turn of Hakon arrive.'

Thus proudly spoke the queen; but Sigar turned pale, for he was no warrior. He had made some naval expeditions in his youth, but more from compliance with the custom of the age than from martial inclination. He therefore said—'I could not have expected this challenge. The Danes and Norwegians are both brave, and from time immemorial have been friends to each other. Great is the prowess of Alf and Alger; but the valour of Habor is also known through all the regions of the north. The vow, however, shall be fulfilled; and I trust that Odin will still continue to extend his favour and protection to Denmark.'

'This is spoken as becomes a king,' rejoined Bera. 'Habor rushes on certain death. Shall not the Danish and Swedish royal blood, which flows in the veins of my sons, animate them to vanquish a wretched Norwegian freebooter?'

Nothing more was now said.

The sentinel received orders to admit the strangers, and Habor entered the palace of Sigar with the air of Balder *, when he walks in Valhalla †. Sigar and all his warriors arose to salute him. A kind of shuddering seized Sigar, and Bera herself felt a tremor. Sigar extended to him his hand.

'Welcome,' said he, 'great northern hero—hero from a friendly country—be seated by my side. We will spare neither beer nor mead while thou shalt remain at my court: thou art worthy to be our guest.'

'King of the Danes,' answered Habor, 'I hate idleness; my soul cannot remain inactive, and victory follows my banners. You know my purpose: your warrior must have told it to you.'

'I know it,' said the king, with a half-stifled sigh; 'but Alf and Alger are now not with us. For a short time they are employed in an expedition to the Wendean shores, where they bathe themselves in the blood of robbers. Remain, however, here: my daughter shall bring you a horn full of mead.'

Habor now sat in silence, while all admired the countenance and demeanour of the hero. Sigar looked on him with fear and anxiety, Bera with hatred and malignant hope of revenge, and the chiefs assembled at the court with reverence. Habor turned his eyes on the white shields, the shining swords, and blood-besprinkled banners. Fancy pictured to him Signe; the Norwegians hastening to welcome him with shouts of victory; and Alf and Alger extended at his feet. In his réverie, he thought he saw blood dropping from the swords and shields.—'A happy omen!' exclaimed he, transported beyond himself, and with a voice like thunder. The knees of Sigar smote together; and Bera could scarcely breathe.

Signe now entered with the silver-tipped horn in her snow-white hand. She approached Habor: two female attendants bore up her train. In it, and in her vest, were embroidered in gold, by her own hands, the heroic acts of her brothers.

'Habor, brother of Hakon,' said the queen in an angry voice, and with eyes sparkling with hatred,—'Signe brings thee the fatal draught, the prelude of thy death.' Habor started, and would have answered the queen, had not his whole soul been enchained to Signe the moment he gazed on her beauty. He took the horn, pressed her hand, and, with the liquor, drank in love. She inclined her head with indescribable grace when she gave him the horn, and said, with downcast eyes,—'Healthful be your draught!'—'Poisonous!' exclaimed the queen with violence.'—'A guest,' said Signe, 'demands our hospitality and respect.'

Love and courage now filled the heart of Habor. 'Signe,' said he to himself, 'thou art worthy of the bravest hero, and thou shalt be mine.' Signe departed with light and graceful steps: and Habor followed her with his eyes, enraptured. He sighed for the first time in his life.—'Perhaps,' said he, 'I shall fall, and Signe shall not be mine!' But immediately his manly courage revived.—'I will not fear,' exclaimed he: 'inspired as I am with the love of glory and of Signe, victory is certain!'

(To be continued.)

* The son of Odin, one of the most beautiful of the gods, corresponding to the Apollo of the Greeks.

† The abode of the souls of heroes after death; the Elysium of the northern mythology.

PARISIAN FASHIONS.

(With an Engraving elegantly coloured.)

THE hair is dressed in twists, covering the forehead, instead of the tuft *à l'Angloise*; the hair gathered behind in silk or gold stuff, or striped silver gauze. It is likewise dressed in twists, with fronts of black or poppy velvet, forming a band over the temple, and fastening the hair, which passes in twisted curls over the top of the head: this latter head-dress is executed in crape, which rises in small puffs in the front. Embroidered kerchiefs, tied under the chin, are still prevalent. The rose has returned to favour with the *modistes*. Orange colour is also frequently worn. Lilac is quite discarded. Capotes of white satin are also much in fashion, and velvet ribbands in squares of zig-zags. Coloured feathers are also worn; and three white plumes, one above the other, appear sometimes in white velvet hats. Flowers are worn only in the hair. The metal arch, which encircles the combs, is no longer in the same direction with the teeth; but, when the comb is placed in the head, the arch or diadem appears perpendicular. *Long shawls embroidered with gold are most prevalent.*

Some young persons wear riding coats *à l'Ecuyere*, with small lappels, faced with velvet, the same as the collars: nut-brown is the most fashionable, and gaiters are as much worn as boots.

Within these last few days, some women of fashion have begun to dress their hair in that mode which is called *à la Ninon*. It divides the hair on the middle of the forehead, leaving it very low from the brow to the crown of the head. On the very front is a single curl. A large love-lock falls down on each side to the shoulders. On the neck, behind, the hair is partly in plaits, partly in loose curled locks. In those dresses which are the most common, the hair is in many curls over the brow, but in plaits on the neck. Flowers are no longer in fashion. The velvet caps have been lately of a dark-green colour. The hats are still turned up behind. The *toque*-caps are of three or four folds over the brow, with a plain feather. They are often all of one piece, particularly those of white satin. In both caps and hats, the satin and velvet are flesh-coloured, rose, orange, or crimson; many feathers are worn, and few or no flowers. Diamonds are much worn,—in garlands, crosses, egrets, or sultanas. Chains of pearls on links of gold suspend the medallions from the necklaces.

The hair is now dressed in curls, which proceed half over the hinder part of the head, leaving only two inches of the nape of the neck visible. This head-dress is called a *demi-Titus*. Under the temples the hair still plays in waving locks. Diamonds, or steel spangles for the hair, are set on black velvet. The turbans still go so low as to the neck. Within these few days, some ladies have been observed to wear on the turban an *esprit*, in a transverse direction. Most of these turbans are of satin and velvet, of two colours. They are somewhat of a cap form. The colours of the velvet are amarant, crimson, and orange; the satin is white or tawney. Except in that which is called an undress, shawl turbans are rarely worn. The back part of the hat is still turned up; and the edge of the turn-up is pressed into a wolf's-throat form. The very top of the hat is often in the form of a dome. Its compartments are formed of bands of satin on a ground

Engraved for the Ladies Magazine Janr.1803.

PARIS DRESS.

of velvet, or of loops of velvet on a satin ground. The hats are of a flesh-colour and a black, of a flesh and rose, or of a black and rose. Some ladies cover them with a puffed crape, the ground colour of which is violet, flesh, or rose. Grey beaver hats have gone out, and black beavers are coming again in fashion. On these is worn a small gold string, tied behind, and ending in glandular tassels. Hats made of velvet solely are either flesh-coloured, black, or orange. Coloured feathers are entirely out of fashion. The tuft of curls over the front becomes continually larger; and hence the veils, Savoy handkerchiefs, and cornet-caps, are worn so much backward as not to occupy more than half the same space as formerly. The longest of the robes falls not lower than the middle of the leg, or the tip of the ancle: its waist is long, its sleeves are wide and plaited. The petticoats are short.—Some of the young men of fashion wear spencers of the same colour with their coats.

There is no fashion more prevalent than mob caps of amaranthine or flesh-colour. The hat is worn turned up with deep plaits or wolf's teeth upon the leaf. Ringlets of hair are gathered upon the forehead or top of the head. The mobs are of velvet, and hats of satin or flesh-coloured velvet: they are decorated with flat feathers: the ends of the ribbands are not cut in points, but are rounded. Some of our *élégantes* make a practice at the theatre of laying aside their hats or mob caps, as they would their tippets or shawls; the head then appears about three parts cropped. The head-dresses are constantly formed of long ringlets, and not unfrequently ornamented with tufts of flowers, with gold foil *guipées*. Some of our fancy flower-workers make bandeaus and arrows, which they edge with pearls; and at a certain distance they rival the diadems and arrows of the jewellers. Velvet ribbands striped are most fashionable. Some of our *modistes* apply narrow stripes of black velvet on rose satin, or jonquil, and flesh-coloured ribbands; others apply spangles and tinsel on velvet. Pointed capotes, *à l'Anglaise*, are still the fashion: those most in repute are of silk. The small lace cornettes and lace handkerchiefs are worn entirely back, to display the ringlets in front, which seem to be the most favourite style of dress.

[*From a Paris Correspondent.*]

Amidst all the remarkable changes consecrated by fashion in the new dress of the ladies, we must remark the absence of rouge, which was once the chief attribute of the *grande toilette*. In fact, formerly they could not go to a ball, to a theatre, nor even to the smallest circle, without rouge; and a lady without *fard* was a neglected fair-one. Now, however, paleness is the fashion. Pale countenances are not so striking, but they breathe more candour, and inspire more interest. Some persons assure us, that this fashion is to be attributed to the fine picture of *Psyche* by Gerard. Our *élégantes* have found something so mild, so gracious, so attractive, in the *demi-tint* which the painter had given to his picture—the young female had an air of such innocence—that our *belles* wished to resemble her, at least in colour. Hence, when we see a lady at a ball without rouge, we call her a *figure à la Psyche*. Perhaps the origin of this mode is due to caprice, the source of so many others. It appears, however, to have become so general, that eti-

quette will banish rouge; and a lady with *fard* will no longer be able to appear in a public assembly. Yet we do not so soon return to simple nature, for white is still permitted. Thus, to speak more properly, we do not say that the sex has quitted rouge, but that it has passed from rouge to white. But in fact nothing is lost in the world; the one quits what the others take up; and, from our *élégantes*, *fard* has passed to our *petits-maîtres*; and that *Titus*, who affects a great simplicity, who has left off powder, scents, and silk stockings, whom you would take for a quaker by his boots, and for a Roman by his hair—that Titus has preserved all that the ancient mode had most effeminate and degrading. Those brilliant colours, that fresh tint, which form so agreeable a contrast with his black locks—nothing of all this is his own; and often, before he goes out, a *petit-maître*, in order to enjoy freshness and youth, has himself most carefully painted.

LONDON FASHIONS.

ROBE of blue satin, with a drapery of white lace, which is fastened on the right side, and passes round the front. The body quite plain. A full piece of lace, joining the drapery, is fastened to the left shoulder, whence it is drawn across the bosom. White sleeves made full. A round and full turban of white lace, ornamented with ostrich feathers.

Opera dress of scarlet velvet, trimmed round with swan's-down; turban sleeve of white satin. Cap of scarlet velvet, with a plume of ostrich feathers in front.

Dress hat of scarlet velvet, ornamented with ostrich feathers. A Parisian shawl, placed so as to show the most fashionable manner of wearing it.

Cap made of a half-handkerchief of lace, and ornamented with a wreath of flowers; the ends of the handkerchief tied under the chin. A short robe of muslin, with a lace tucker drawn round the bosom.

Turban of white muslin, finished with a bow, and a long end on the right side, and ornamented with a white flower in front. White muslin dress, with a drapery of fine kerseymere. Silver bear muff.

Pélisse of dark silk, made with a high collar and lined with crimson. White waistcoat buttoned close over the bosom. Bonnet of velvet and ribband, with scarlet and black feathers in front. Bear muff.

Lebrun's new hat of velvet, and straw beads. Short cloak of kerseymere, embroidered with Egyptian brown.

General observations.—The prevailing colours are Egyptian brown, green, crimson, and amber. Caps, or turbans, are at this time universally adopted; the latter ornamented with plumes of white or mixed feathers. In pélisses, silk has given place to kerseymeres. Straw hats are still worn, lined with velvet.

Remarks on the Dresses on the Birthday.

Although the dresses of the ladies were not so profusely brilliant as they have sometimes been on similar occasions, the youthful part of the courtly visitors never looked more lovely. Jewels were not so generally worn as on most of the gala days of last year.

The head-dress has undergone little variation; a less display of diamonds than in preceding times.

Bows of hair, and ostrich plumes fancifully disposed, were generally

adopted, and had a very light and pleasing effect; every thing tending to produce the contrary being universally exploded.

Such has been the progress of good taste among our leading belles of fashion, that all heavy appendages of dress, which used to encumber rather than to adorn, have been judiciously relinquished for decorations more delicate and appropriate. This was particularly apparent in the splendid assemblage on the birth-day.

White satin, gauze, and muslin, were the chief articles of which the prevailing dresses were formed.

In the trains and petticoats a fashion was generally displayed, which has been often relinquished, and as often re-assumed, and never fails to please—the Vandyke trimmings—which were attached to the dresses of the most celebrated beauties; a species of decoration which is calculated as well for the display of the most simple as of the most splendid robe.

Stars, spangles, sprigs, gold fringes, and light tassels, were abundantly used.

Point lace also appeared in much request.

The *tout ensemble* of female taste has seldom, if ever, been more felicitous; and although court dresses are generally too uniform to attract by the variegated charms of individual objects, yet it must be allowed that the drawing-room on the birth-day presented an amplitude of variety, with very few instances of that cumbersome appearance which too often characterises the attire prepared for such occasions.

It would be, perhaps, in some degree invidious, certainly not a little difficult, distinctly to enumerate the dresses which more particularly displayed an exquisite taste and judgment. We may, however, without danger of impropriety, mention that of the princesses as the most rich and beautiful that ever graced a court, evincing their accustomed fancy, which always exhibits a happy union of royal splendor and simple elegance:—It would indicate a want of taste in ourselves not to mention the dress of the lady mayoress as exceedingly magnificent and becoming.

Buttons, of a rich gold colour, elegantly diversified in damask shades, were generally worn.

The Antiquity *of* Ladies' Trains.

Ladies' trains are of considerable antiquity in the British islands. They were introduced by Richard the Second's queen, and then thought so improper and unchristian like, that a morose old-fashioned divine wrote a tract—'*Contra Caudas Dominarum!*'—'Against ladies' tails!' Scotland soon became infected with this dress; and there it was also most ungallantly attacked. A statute passed, A. D. 1460, 'to prohibit the enormous excrescence of female tails!' In Germany, the ladies were not less persecuted for this innocent whimsey. A pope's legate issued a mandate, in the 14th century, in which it was declared—'that the apparel of women, which ought to be consistent with modesty, but now through their foolishness is degenerated into wantonness and extravagance—more particularly the immoderate length of their petticoats (*immoderato longitudo superpelliciorum*), with which they sweep the ground—be restrained to a moderate fashion, agreeably to the decency of their sex, under pain of excommunication. A Scotch poet of this time observes—

'They waist more claith within few yeires
Than wald claith fyttie score of freris'

POETICAL ESSAYS.

ON A COMING STORM.

THE storm draws near—the day's o'ercast;
The whistling of the wind I hear:
Chill is the nature of the blast,
And ev'ry robin tells its fear.
—Lately a gleam of vivid light
Enchanted ev'ry heart with joy:
It was a prelude of the night,
Which soon shall ev'ry heart annoy.
In the deep forest's inmost dell,
When not an air was heard abroad,
Seem'd a low breeze to passing swell,
And the pines bent, as with a load.
High, from the north, with fearful scream,
Did, in a line, the wild geese pour:
Dark was the wave of ocean's stream,
And hollow did it mount the shore.
Nature, revolving ought of change,
To tune her song prophetic deigns;
And seldom, *vainly*, can we range
To mark her purpose where she reigns.
—Soon shall the thick'ning haze close down,
Soon to the sight each object cease:
O'er the poor flock the snow be blown,
And its gay bleatings hushed in peace.
—It *may* be, as he seeks his home,
The wearied rustic's heart shall fail;
And that he could not onward roam,
Shall be the morning's earliest tale.
It *may* be, that the tale, when told,
Shall wither all his partner's soul;
And drop her, on the hearth, as cold
As him, attached from every pole.
—It *may* be, that the bounteous lord,
Who lives *secure* beneath the hill,
Shall hear—and, from his plenteous hoard,
Shall take *sufficient* for *his will*;
And to the cot, with eager haste,
Shall bend his charitable feet;
To check, of grief, the needless waste,
And as a friend the orphans meet.
—And *haply, e'en a night so dire*,
May truly bless the lowly brood;
That *Heaven* may *visit not* in *ire*,
But *by misfortune work their good*,
Haply, their orphan sad estate,
Produc'd by such a sudden blow,
May int'rest him who mourn'd their fate
A future friendship to bestow.
And if on Fancy's wing we soar,
The *chances* of their *lives* to view,
There we may *scenes* of *joy* explore,
And with their *cause* this *night* renew.
—'Tis possible, the wildest storm,
Almighty Power! thou send'st abroad;
Though to the brightest scenes deform,
May be a blessing—not a rod.
And human hearts, thou form'st to know
Thy goodness, too, as well as power,
Should to their Author bend them low,
And fret not at the *darkest* hour.
—To pity, when the murky night,
Or whirling snows around descend;
Oh ye! whose fate has been to light
Within the sphere which *nerves* a friend,
To pity yield—be want supplied.
The storm, all merciless, may raise:
Remember who has not denied,
And, with thy actions, render praise.

THE VIRGIN'S CONSOLATION.

STREPHON ask'd me but once, and I gave him denial,
Intending to snap him the very next trial:
But, alas! he's determin'd to ask me no more,
And now makes his court to the fair Leonore.

But I'll comfort myself, since I'm full well assur'd,
He ne'er wou'd have taken a maid at her word:
Had he been worth the keeping, if great were his pain,
I know he'd have ask'd me again and again.

December 27, 1802. ****.

SONG.

FLY from the world, oh! Bessy, to me,
Thou'lt never find any sincerer;
I'll give up the world, oh! Bessy, for thee,
I can never meet any that's dearer!
Then tell me no more, with a tear and a sigh,
That our loves will be censur'd by many:
All, all have their follies, and who will deny
That ours is the sweetest of any?

When your lip has met mine, in abandonment sweet,
Have we felt as if virtue forbid it?
Have we felt as if Heaven denied them to meet?
No; rather 'twas Heaven that did it!
So innocent, love, is the pleasures we sip,
So little of guilt is there in it,
That I wish all my errors were lodg'd on your lip,
And I'd kiss them away in a minute!

Then come to your lover, oh! fly to his shed,
From a world which I know thou despisest;
And slumber will hover as light on our bed
As e'er on the couch of the wisest!
And when o'er our pillow the tempest is driven,
And thou, pretty innocent, fearest,
I'll tell thee, it is not the chiding of Heaven,
'Tis only our lullaby, dearest!

And oh! when we lie on our death-bed, my love!
Looking back on the scene of our errors;
A sigh from my Bessy shall plead then above,
And Death be disarm'd of his terrors!
And each to the other, embracing, will say,
'Farewell!—let us hope we're forgiven!'
Thy last fading glance will illumine the way,
And a kiss be our passport to Heaven!

LOVE IN A STORM.

LOUD sung the wind in the ruins above,
Which murmur'd the warning of Time o'er our head;
While fearless we offer'd devotions to love,— [es our bed.
The rude rock our pillow, the rush-
Damp was the chill of the wintery air,
But it made us cling closer and warmly unite;
Dread was the lightning and horrid its glare, [delight.
But it show'd me my Julia in languid
To my bosom she nestled, and felt not a fear,
Though the shower did beat, and the tempest did frown;
Her sighs were as sweet, and her murmurs as dear, [down.
As if she lay lull'd on a pillow of

ODE TO FORTUNE.

NOT pining Love, but wan-ey'd Care,
Now preys upon my bloom;
Untimely nips the roses there,
And sheds them o'er my tomb.

In this lone solitude confin'd,
To Discontent a prey;
With thoughtful brow, and anxious mind,
I count the tedious day.

Remote from all society,
Amidst a sordid race,
My dwelling stands; where Honesty
Scarce ever shows her face.

Fair Peace, Content, nor smiling Joy,
E'er set their footsteps here:
Domestic jars do life annoy,
And constant scenes of care.

Say, Fortune, cruel goddess! say
Why this hard lot assign'd;
Unmix'd with any soft allay,
Or aught to cheer the mind?

Ah! why thus blindly dost thou deal?
Why on the worthless smile?
Whilst Merit does too often feel
Thy frowns in sad exile?

On me no longer wreak thy spite,
Who ill thy frowns can bear;
But, by some pleasing turn, delight,
And snatch me from despair.

EUDOCIA.

ODE FOR THE NEW YEAR, 1803.

BY H. J. PYE, ESQ. POET-LAUREAT.

I.

THOUGH the tempestuous winds no more
The main with angry pinion sweep,
Though raging 'gainst the sounding shore
No longer howl th' impetuous seas;
But, sooth'd to rest, the billows sleep,
Save where soft Zephyr's tepid breeze
Fans with its silken wing the rippling deep:
Yet still with unremitting eye
The pilot marks th'uncertain sky;
The seaman watches still the gale,
Prompt or to spread or furl the sail;
Mindful of many a danger past,
Toss'd by the turbid wave, check'd by the adverse blast.

II.

Not keen Suspicion's jealous glance,
Not fierce Contention's fev'rish rage,
Shall bid Britannia point the lance
New realms to grasp, new wars to wage.
In conscious rectitude elate,
In conscious power securely great,
While she beholds the dang'rous tide
Of battle's crimson wave subside,—
Though firm she stands in act to dare
The storms of renovated war,—
Her ready sword, her lifted shield,
Provoke not the ensanguin'd field,
More than the wary pilot's cautions urge
The wind's tempestuous strife, or swell the foaming surge.

III.

Oh! from our shores be exil'd far
Ambition's wild and restless crew,
Who, through the bleeding paths of war,
False Glory's dæmon-form pursue;
Whose burning thirst, still unsubdu'd
By deluges of guiltless blood,
Glares on the regions round with fiend-like eyes,
While scarce a vanquish'd world its wish supplies;
Yet ne'er may Sloth's inglorious charm
Unnerve the Briton's manly arm,
Nor Sophistry's insidious art
E'er lull the manly Briton's heart.
May Peace, with Plenty by her side,
Long, long o'er Albion's fields preside;
Long may her breath, with placid gale
Of Commerce, swell the happy sail:
But, rous'd in Justice' sacred cause,
Insulted rights or violated laws,
Still may her sons, with fierce delight,
Flame in the gleamy van of fight;
Spread o'er the tented plain, or brave
With warlike prow the hostile wave;
And on each firm ingenuous breast
Be this eternal truth impress'd:—
Peace only sheds perennial joys on those
Who guard with dauntless arm the blessings Peace bestows.

CELIA'S RESOLUTION.

BY A YOUNG LADY.

LET foes envenom'd arrows fling,
And welcome—lovely Celia said;—
Not Envy's self can dart a sting
That shall disturb a harmless maid.
Contented with my little store,
I envy none their gaudy pride;
And of kind Heaven ask no more,
Than my just wants to be supply'd.
No gold, no jewels, charm my eye:
No fop shall ever gain my heart;
For grandeur I will never sigh,
Nor from fair Virtue e'er depart.

December 27, 1802. ****.

THE ADVICE.

EXCUSE me, Celia, if I dare
Your conduct disapprove:
The gods have made you wond'rous fair,
Not to disdain, but love.
Those nice pernicious forms despise,
That cheat you of your bliss:
Let Love instruct you to be wise,
While *youth* and *beauty* is.
Whene'er those charms shall once decay,
And lovers disappear,
Despair and *Envy* will repay
Your being now severe.

December 27, 1802. O.

FOREIGN NEWS.

Constantinople, Nov. 25.

ENGLAND is said to have signified its readiness to deny its aid to the rebellious beys in Egypt, on condition that the Porte shall agree to an alliance for the express purpose of effectually protecting Egypt against all foreign invasion. The grand signior has hitherto declined giving his assent to such a treaty. But as Russia will most probably accede to it, we do not suppose that the Porte will, after that, steadily refuse the alliance.

The Porte has made public the last news from Egypt. The beys twice attempted to force their way to Alexandria, through the Turkish lines, by which they were divided from it. The pacha of Cairo twice frustrated their enterprise.

Colonel Sebastiani takes the title of envoy-extraordinary from the French republic to the whole Levant.

Dec. 8. The disastrous news of the defeat of the Ottoman army, in Egypt, is confirmed; a part were made prisoners, another cut in pieces, and the small number that escaped the enemy owed their safety to the garrison of Cairo, which made a sortie as soon as it was informed of the disaster. The ammunition and provisions have fallen into the hands of the beys, who suspended their pursuit only at the solicitation of the English.

The reis-effendi has had two conferences this week with the English ambassador; it is generally believed they related to the evacuation of Egypt by the English troops; but before that measure takes place, Great-Britain requires to be reimbursed the expense of re-conquering Egypt, which she estimates at thirty-six millions of piastres. From these and other circumstances, it is obvious that, in the present conjuncture, the English will not abandon Egypt so soon; they behave there very well, do not meddle in the affairs of government, and observe the strictest neutrality.---Sebastiani, after having qualified himself at Cairo, as minister plenipotentiary for the whole Levant, *is gone to Suez.*

Citizen Ruffin, *charge d'affaires* of the French republic, has complained to the reis-effendi, of the Porte having given a mark of deference to the English, relative to the navigation of the Black Sea.

Genoa, Dec. 11. Political tranquillity is not yet fully re-established in the republic of the Seven Isles. The Russian admiral on that station was lately obliged to employ both a land and a naval force against the enemies of good order.

We are informed that great preparations are making for war along the Barbary coast, and that, on the 9th of November, five ships of war sailed from the harbour of Tunis. One of them was wrecked near Vado. The crew, consisting of eighty-six men, were made prisoners by the Etrurian troops, and conveyed to Leghorn, after a slight resistance. The English frigate the *Provoyante* arrived at Porto-Rhe on the 20th of November. She had sailed from Malta eight days before. The captain states that an English fleet was cruising off the island of Corsica, and that within the last month several English ships of war and transports had entered the Mediterranean.

Ratisbon, Dec. 17. The deliberations of the diet on the *Reces* of the deputation will be opened on the 7th of January. The deputation was on the point of adjourning, in consequence of the stagnation of the business entrusted to its charge; but, as

it expects every day to receive some important communication, it has resolved to assemble whenever it shall have matter to deliberate upon.

Hamburg, Dec. 17. We are assured that England has made insinuations at Petersburg and Vienna, with a view to a treaty of alliance; but the latter cabinet is decidedly averse to an alliance which would give umbrage to the government of the French republic, of which it has no reason to complain, all the difficulties relative to the plan of indemnities having been settled, and the plan having been modified in a manner satisfactory to Austria. The archduke Charles has had a large share in promoting this decision.

Stockholm, Dec. 17. Mr. Arbuthnot, the English ambassador, gave, last night, a grand entertainment in honour of the birth of the prince of Finland, at which were present prince William of Gloucester, and two hundred other persons of rank and fashion.

The exports of last year, from the ports of Stockholm, were 848,332 *cwt.* of iron; 62,826 *cwt.* of manufactured goods; exceeding the same exports for last year by about 150,000 *cwt.* of iron, and 10,000 *cwt.* of manufactures.

The provinces of this kingdom have sent deputies to Paris to offer their addresses of thanks to his majesty for his late realisation of the state paper money.

Vienna, Dec. 18. The duchess dowager of Parma arrived here on the 15th instant.

Privy counsellor of state, count Patochi, went last night to bed with a wax light burning on a table beside him; the light by some accident fell upon his hair and bed-clothes. He was in a short space of time so much burnt, that he expired in a few minutes after the countess and her chamber-maid had succeeded in extinguishing the flames.

Coffee, to the value of twenty-eight millions of guilders, was, last year, imported into the Austrian dominions.

Basle, Dec. 20. Citizen Hoepffner, editor of a German gazette at Berne, has been again arrested, for inserting in his journal a satire against the minister and general in chief Ney.

Brussels, Dec. 21. We hear from the Hague, that the Dutch ships of war which are to transport the French troops to Louisiana, and to protect them on their passage, are completely armed and equipped, and are now ready to sail from Helvoetsluys. General Victor and his staff-officers will take their passage on board the admiral's ship. The other officers, civil and military, will have their accommodation for the voyage on board others of the ships of war. The troops, consisting of six battalions of infantry, several detachments of dragoons, and one detachment of artillery, will sail in the transports. General Victor is said to have given public notice at the Hague of his intention to sail within a few days. The French troops have not yet entered the Hague. New orders are expected from Paris, in regard to this movement.

Berne, Dec. 23. The letter of the first consul, containing the basis of our future constitution, has produced here an extraordinary sensation, such as was never experienced at any period of the revolution. In general, federalism appears to have many partizans, but we are still ignorant whether the canton of Berne will preserve its ancient limits. In the contrary event, the system of unity would be preferred, because then Berne would be the chief place of the republic, and the residence of the government.

Gothenburg, Dec. 23. The fire which broke out here on the morning of the 20th instant, with irresistible fury, was not entirely got under till ten last night. All the buildings between the great South-haven-street and East and West-haven-streets, and Wall-street, together with the Gymnasium and School, have become a prey to the flames, which have destroyed the best-built quarters of the city. The magnificent cathedral, the episcopal palace, the post-house, the town printing-office, are all laid in ashes. Among all the fires which this town has suffered for many years, this has been the most destructive.

Frankfort, Jan. 1. By letters from Vienna, we have the important news, that the emperor of Russia has ordered a very strong note to be presented to the Austrian ministers, by his ambassador count Rasoumowsky. He, in that note, demands of the court of Vienna to renounce its pretensions upon the bishopric of Passau, or any part of the Bavarian dominions. Count Rasoumousky, after presenting this note, had a long conference with count Cobentzel, in which the interests of Bavaria are said to have been discussed. Austria has communicated to the ambassador a counter note, declaring that she will evacuate Passau, and relinquish it to the elector of Bavaria, as soon as the grand duke of Tuscany shall be in possession of the indemnities secured to him by the convention of Paris.

Hague, Jan. 3. General Victor, who some days since went to Helvoetsluys to inspect the expedition preparing there, has returned with general Berthier to this place. The legislative body has approved the propcsal of the directory, for the observation of a day of general thanksgiving and prayer. The day appointed by the directory is the 2d of March ensuing. ---The government has passed a decree, authorising the officers of the Batavian brigades to complete their corps with the Dutch emigrants who composed the corps formerly in the service of the prince of Orange, and in the pay of England.---We are again assured that the prince of Orange has promised many of these emigrants, that he will procure them to be incorporated in the corps which he is raising in Germany, in the states allotted to him as indemnities.

Brussels, Jan. 7. It is certain that the first consul will, very soon, make a journey through the nine Belgic departments of the French republic. General Belliard, who has the command of the 24th military division, and was one of Bonaparte's comrades in arms in the famous campaigns of Italy and Egypt, having gone to Paris, has received orders to form, near Brussels, a camp of ten or twelve thousand men.

Paris, Jan. 9. The account received a few days ago from America, of the death of general Leclerc, at St. Domingo, is confirmed. He died on the 1st of November, after ten days severe illness. In his last moments he gave directions with respect to the civil and military government of St. Domingo, and appointed general Rochambeau to succeed him as captain-general and commander-in-chief. His body was embalmed and sent to France, in the Swiftsure, which is arrived at Toulon.---Madame Leclerc came home in the same ship. The chief consul went into mourning on the 10th instant, and was to continue in mourning for ten days. He has received compliments of condolence from all the constituted authorities, and from the foreign ambassadors.

The news from St. Domingo, which comes down to the 9th of November, is extremely disastrous. The blacks took advantage of the hot weather, and rose. In the south, the insurrections were partial; but the north is described to be in the most dreadful state. Dessalines, Christophe, and Clervaux, have abandoned the French, and joined the insurgents. As soon as they received an account of general Leclerc's death, they advanced with horrible yells, but were checked by general Clausel. The situation of affairs growing more critical daily, the generals resolved not to wait the arrival of Rochambeau, but to make a general attack. It took place on the 6th of November, and the enemy were forced to evacuate the plain. The expected reinforcements had not arrived, and disease had made tremendous ravages. General Dugua's name is to be added to the list of the generals that have fallen victims to the climate. When the dispatches were sent off, the fury of the yellow fever had begun to abate; but the season had been considerably delayed, and less rain had fallen than was wished and expected.

HOME NEWS.

London, Dec. 31.

THE dangerous practice of forcing little chimney-sweeps to climb up a nich on the outside of St. George's church, Hanover square, still continues, notwithstanding the very humane suggestions of Mr. Mainwaring, at the last Westminster sessions, who threatened to send the first person he found offending in that way to the house of correction. A dirty brute, for he cannot be called a man, was yesterday employed for near two hours in forcing a child, at the risk of his life, to climb up the place alluded to; sometimes by sending another lad to poke him up, by putting his head underneath him, and at others by pricking him with a pin fastened to the end of a stick. The poor child, in the struggles to keep himself from falling, had rubbed the skin from his knees and elbows, while the perspiration arising from fear and exertion covered his face and breast as if water had been thrown upon him. The humanity, however, of some by-standers rescued the boy from his situation, and treated the master with considerable roughness.

Tuesday a young woman, under twenty years of age, went to visit her mother in St. John's lane, Clerkenwell, when a disagreement arose; soon after which the daughter insisting on treating her mother with a dram, went out as if to purchase some liquor; but, on her return, presented to her a tea-cup, containing some *aqua-fortis*, which the old woman raised to her head, and was about to swallow, but fortunately was prevented by the effervescence and nauseous effluvia of the deleterious liquid. We have not heard that this unnatural wretch is in custody.

Portsmouth, Jan. 1. Last Sunday morning, at half past one o'clock, a shocking fire broke out in a house in Frederick-street, Portsea, inhabited by Messrs. Mayne, and Newberry, shipwrights. It is very extraordinary that no conjecture can be formed of its origin. The family, it seems, went to bed at ten o'clock, and must inevitably have perished, had it not been for the incessant mewing and noise of a cat, which disturbed their rest, and timely warned them of their danger. The whole of the furniture was destroyed: but what we have mostly to lament is, a girl about four years of age was burnt to death. Her uncle had made his way down stairs, as far as the street-door, when, on being asked after the child by its father, he immediately returned, and had actually placed the child on a table while he turned himself to open the garret-window to escape; but, dreadful to relate, when he again looked round, the child had fallen from the table and through the flaming floor. He then effected his escape, by leaping from the window into the street; and, though much hurt, ran instantly to the dock-yard for assistance, when two engines momentarily set out from thence, and another from Portsmouth; but, the tide being at ebb, a sufficiency of water could not be procured; therefore recourse was had to pull down the house to smother the fire, which prevented its spreading further.

A very liberal subscription has been made in money, linen, &c. by the opulent inhabitants of Portsea, and the shipwrights in that yard, for the sufferers. Some of the bones of the girl have been found, and collected for interment. On Monday a coroner's inquest sat on them. Verdict—Accidental death.

2. On Monday the new bason, in

the dock-yard, was opened. It is an extremely beautiful and grand work, being capable of floating several line-of-battle ships, and to receive them at any time of the tide. At high tide the depth of water in the bason is twenty-two feet. The Russell went out, completely repaired, and the Ajax went in to repair.

Edinburgh, Jan. 3. The trial of John Miller and Alexander Mitchell, accused of murder, came on this day before the court of sessions. The parties, together with Stephens and Shearer, who were admitted as evidence for the crown, were charged with culpable homicide, in killing and slaying Mr. Hutchinson, writer, on the 5th of September last. These four persons had been drinking together on the day named, and were standing near the Cannongate, when Mr. Hutchinson and a Mr. Black passed, with a dog following them; one of the party struck the dog with a cane; a scuffle ensued for a long time, till at length the deceased and Mr. Black were put to flight, when a large stone was thrown, which hit the deceased on the temple; in consequence of which he languished from that night till the following Tuesday, when he died. Mitchell was apprehended at Newcastle, and brought back.

This trial occupied the whole of the day.—The lord-justice Clerk summed up the evidence with great perspicuity, and the jury found the parties guilty, art and part, of culpable homicide; and they were sentenced to be imprisoned five weeks, and to be banished from Scotland for the term of five years.

Dublin, Jan. 4. On Saturday last the bodies of nine persons, driven on shore at Kilbarrack the day before, were interred in the church-yard there. They had all belonged to the brig Frederick, from Cork to this port, which had been unfortunately wrecked on the North Bull, and of the entire crew one only was saved. A boat, laden with potatoes, for Dublin, was also lost on the same night, and all hands perished.

Tuesday se'nnight, Mr. White, of Williamstown, near Castle-Bellingham, county Louth, was attacked at his stable door, after dismounting from his horse, by six armed villains, who robbed him of bank notes to a large amount, and violently abused him; they afterwards entered his house, and plundered it of several articles of value. This robbery was committed a little after four o'clock in the evening.

Detachments of the 3d dragoons were stationed, on Thursday last, in Drogheda, and the neighbouring towns, for the protection of his majesty's mails.

Portsmouth, Jan. 6. The following intelligence was brought by the Hound sloop of war from Gibraltar. Some time ago a squadron of four sail of the line—the Gibraltar, of 84 guns, Superb, Dragon, and Triumph—sailed from Gibraltar for Malta. Soon after they had left the Rock, the crew of the Gibraltar mutinied, took possession of her, and run her up under the sterns of the other ships, cheering as a signal; but the crews of those ships remained faithful to their king and country, and steady in that discipline and obedience which, equally with the skill and courage of our sailors, have raised our navy to such a height of envied pre-eminence and power. The mutineers, unable to produce any effect upon those ships, became panic-struck, and were easily subdued by their officers, who behaved with great gallantry. The ringleaders were immediately secured, and three of them have been tried and executed.

London, Dec. 8. M. Andreossi has been able, through the assistance of our police, to discover in this country a forgery of French bank-notes and government paper to an enormous amount. The persons engaged in it are all Frenchmen. Having received information of the plan, and the names of some of the ruffians engaged in the plot, he communicated the facts to our ministers, who exerted all the powers of the police to assist him in the discovery. Sir Richard Ford was on Friday and Saturday employed in the examination of the delinquents. They have been taken

with all their apparatus, and with the proofs of their guilt. They will be delivered up to the French government, there to be brought to trial for the offence. The alacrity which ministers have shown on the occasion, to assist in the discovery of this diabolical plan of mischief, is a seasonable reproof of the splenetic insinuations against their honour, with which the French journals are incessantly filled.

9. His royal highness the prince of Wales, on his arrival in town from Brighton, had an interview with Mr. Addington; and we understand that his claims as duke of Cornwall are in a train of settlement. His royal highness is to have an establishment of clear 75,000*l.* a year, for which a message from his majesty will be brought down to the two houses of parliament on their meeting.

Deal, Jan. 15. The following singular circumstance has occurred here. A person, who has kept a public house in the neighbourhood of Deal with much respectability for some years, was disputing with another person in Deal: high words arose, and a soldier belonging to the regiment in barracks there came up, and inquired what was the matter. After the altercation had subsided, the soldier said to the publican, that he was sure he was a Lincolnshire man by his voice and dialect; the publican said he was, but that he had not been there for some years. The soldier soon after called on one of the magistrates of Deal, and informed him, that a murder was committed about twelve years ago in Lincolnshire, by three men; that two were taken and executed, but that the third, though frequently advertised for, was never found, and that he suspected the publican was the man. The magistrate sent a statement of the circumstance, and a description of the publican's person, to the place where the murder was stated to have been committed, and received for answer that the statement made by the soldier was correct, and that the description of the publican answered, in a great measure, that of the murderer who had made his escape; but that, if it was the same person, he had a gun-shot wound in one of his legs. The publican was taken up, and on his legs being inspected by a surgeon, he pronounced that a wound appearing on one of the legs was a gun-shot wound: in consequence of which the publican has been committed to Deal-gaol, in order to be sent to the county where the murder was committed to take his trial.

London, Jan. 17. Yesterday, as a party of lads were sliding on the ice in the pond in Lock's-fields, as they were pressing pretty close on each other, the ice suddenly gave way, and two of them plunged into the water; a man, seeing this circumstance, rushed in, and, at the hazard of his own life, rescued one of them; but the other could not be taken out till further assistance was procured, when the unfortunate youth was quite dead.

20. Yesterday Edward Marcus Despard, James Sedgwick Wrattan, William Lander, Arthur Graham, Samuel Smith, John Macnamara, and Thomas Broughton, charged with high treason, were removed from Newgate to the New Gaol, Surry.

At eleven o'clock this morning, the following judges, appointed on this special commission, proceeded to the court-house in the Borough:—Edward, lord Ellenborough, chief-justice of England; sir Alexander Thomson, knight, one of the barons of the exchequer; sir Simon le Blanc, knight, one of the justices of the court of King's Bench; and sir Alan Chambre, one of the justices of the court of Common Pleas.

As soon as the court had met, the grand jury were called over, when lord Ellenborough addressed them in a charge suitable to the occasion, after which they withdrew; and, about half after seven o'clock in the evening, returned a true bill for high treason against E. M. Despard and twelve others. The prisoners were then put to the bar, and informed of the finding of the bill, as also that they would be arraigned on Saturday, the 5th of February, and that their trials would probably commence on Monday, the 7th of February.

Mr. Despard has chosen for his council Mr. serjeant Best and Mr. Gurney.

BIRTHS.

December 19. At Broomfield-house, Clapham-common, the lady of William Wilberforce, esq. M. P. of a son.

28. At his house, Bedford-square, the lady of Peter Pole, esq. of a son.

29. At Bath, the lady of colonel Monro, of a daughter.

At Belmont, Hants, the countess of Clanricarde, of a son.

At his house, in York-street, Portman-square, the lady of Montagu John Wynyard, esq. of the Coldstream regiment of guards, of a son.

January 2. The lady of Charles Thellusson, esq. of a daughter.

3. At Cheltenham, the lady of col. Campbell, 6th regiment, of a daughter.

At Bangor-castle, the lady of the right hon. Robert Ward, of a son.

6. At St. James's-place, Mrs. H. W. Brown, of a daughter.

8. At Blackheath-hill, the lady of captain C. Caldwell, of a son.

At Bath, the lady of Dr. William Robertson, of a son.

11. The marchioness of Bute, of her first son, at the marquis's house, in South Audley-street.

12. The lady of Francis Freeling, esq. of the General Post-office, of a daughter.

16. At Walton-on-Thames, the lady of Richard North, esq. of a son.

17. In Mansfield-street, the lady of the earl of Limerick, of a daughter.

At Limehouse, the lady of Charles Hampton Turner, esq. of a son.

At Stone-hall, Surry, Mrs. Clayton, of a son.

The wife of J. Woodward, labourer, of St. Helen's, Lancaster, of three girls, who, with the mother, are likely to do well: the mother is now in her 50th year, and the father upwards of 65.

MARRIAGES.

December 19. Richard Catton, esq. of Fakenham, to miss Eleanor Turner, of Tavistock-place, one of the daughters of the late George Turner, esq. of Barban, in Westmoreland.

21. Robert Foote, esq. of Charlton-place, near Canterbury, to miss Keppel, youngest daughter to the honourable Mrs. Keppel.

John Pearson, esq. of Tettenhall, Staffordshire, to miss Hooke, eldest daughter of the late George Philip Hooke, esq. lieutenant-colonel of the 17th regiment of foot.

23 Dr. Fearon, to miss Rose, daughter of the rev. Wm. Rose, rector of Beckenham, Kent.

Mr. Robert Baker, surgeon, of Frith-street, Soho-square, to miss Scott, of St. Martin's-lane.

28. Charles Watkins, esq. of the Middle Temple, London, to miss Mary Williams, second daughter of the rev. Thomas Williams, vicar of Alfriston, in Sussex.

29 At St. George's, Hanover-square, Aubone Surtees, esq. to miss Honeywood, eldest daughter of sir John Honeywood, bart.

Jan. 1. William Hale, esq. son of gen. Hale, to miss Webster, daughter of Rowland Webster, esq of Stockton.

2. At Plymouth, lieut. Thompson, of the Aggressor gun-vessel, to miss H. Price, second daughter of John Price, esq. of the royal navy.

4. The rev. J. Davies, Twickenham, to the youngest daughter of John Hughes, esq. of Morva, South-Wales.

At St. Pancras church, Mr. Vincent Gahagan, of Tichfield-street, Mary-labonne, to miss Elizabeth Agnes Kay.

6. Mr. Bury, druggist, of Leadenhall-street, to miss Talbot, of Durweston-street, Portman-square.

8. Henry John Lamette, esq. of Great Ormond-street, to miss Matilda Raynes, of New Buckingham, Norfolk.

10. At Blockley, near Northwich-park, the hon. and rev. George Rushout, son of lady Northwick, to lady Caroline Stewart, daughter of the earl of Galloway.

Joseph Farror, jun esq. of London, to miss Eliz. Black, of Portsea, Hants.

11. Jacob Wood, esq. of Bensom-house, Croydon, to miss Jane Watson, daughter of J. Watson, esq. of Preston.

13. The rev. J. J. Watson, vicar of Hackney, to miss Caroline Powell.

Jos. Goodhart, esq. of Limehouse, to miss Woide, eldest daughter of the rev. Dr. Woide, of the Museum, deceased.

14. At Ardfry, county Galway, lord Clonbrock, to the hon. miss Blake,

only child and heiress of the right hon. lord Wallscourt, and grand-daughter of the late earl of Louth.

At Earsdon-church, Northumberland, the right hon. lord Delaval, to miss Knight.

15. O. Anburey, esq. of Thornbury, in Gloucestershire, to miss E. Douglas, sister to W. Douglas, esq. Newman-street.

John F. H. Rawlins, esq. to miss Baker, eldest daughter of Wm. Baker, esq. of Bayfordbury, in the county of Hertford, and grand-daughter of the late right hon. lady Juliana Penn.

Mr. Benj. Rooke, jun. attorney, of Hertford, to miss Kinder, only daughter of W. Kinder, esq. of St. Alban's.

John Atkinson, esq. of the East-India House, to miss C. Haines.

18. The rev. William Digby, of Offenham, Worcestershire, to the hon. miss Charlotte Elizabeth Digby, maid of honour to her majesty.

DEATHS.

December 19. At his house, at Acton, Samuel Wegg, esq. senior bencher of the hon. society of Gray's-inn, a vice-president of the Royal Society, and one of his majesty's justices of the peace for the counties of Middlesex and Essex, in the 80th year of his age.

21. At her house, in Argyle-street, viscountess Bateman.

At her house, in Bedford-row, Mrs. A. Brettell, widow of the late col. Brettell, and niece to the late lord Hawley.

22. At her house, in John-street, Berkeley-square, Mrs. Frances Tilson, sister to the late John Tilson, esq. of Watlington-park, Oxfordshire.

25. Lady Bowyer, widow and relict of sir W. Bowyer, bart. late of Denham, in the county of Bucks.

28. At Cheltenham, Tho. Crowder, esq. late of the Enniskillen dragoons.

At Edinburgh, Mrs. Monro, relict of Dr. George Monro, late of Auchinbuoy, Stirlingshire.

At Ividesley-bank, Alice Marland, aged 102; and at Winbury, Cheshire, Ann Edgeley, aged 105.

At Glasgow, lieut. Tho. Burbridge, of the 14th regiment of foot.

T. C. Sharp, esq. at Great St. Helen's.

At his brother's house, in London, Azariah Pinney, esq. of Somerton-Erly, in the county of Somerset.

January 2. At his house, at Twickenham, sir Richard Perryn, knight, late one of the barons of the exchequer.

3. At Staverton, near Daventry, in Northamptonshire, Mrs. Ann Downes.

4. In Ireland, Mrs. Hawkins, lady of the lord bishop of Raphoe.

5. Mrs. Russell, wife of Geo. Russell, esq. of Old Barge-house, Christchurch, Surry.

At her house, in Baker-street, Portman-square, Mrs. Beckford, relict of the late Frs. Beckford, esq.

At Clapham, Abraham Wilkinson, esq. aged 63, of Dublin, one of the directors of the bank of Ireland.

Mrs. Hake, wife of the rev. A. D. Hake, of Peterborough, and niece of the late general Philipson.

7. At Greenwich, Mrs. Maule, wife of Stephen John Maule, esq.

In Charlotte-street, Portland-place, Mrs. Barry, wife of Mr. Barry, painter.

J. Leslie, esq. of Buckingham-street.

8. Mrs. Mary Johnston, wife of captain Johnston, of High Holborn.

At Counde-hall, in the county of Salop, Henry Creper Pelham, esq.

In Kilmainham-gaol, near Dublin, where he had been confined since his arrest at Oliver Bond's, in March, 1798, Mr. Laurence Griffin, the last and only remaining of the Irish state-prisoners.

9. Peter Le Mesurier, esq. governor of the island of Alderney.

11. Mrs. Stainforth, many years housekeeper at Buckingham-house.

Mrs. Radcliffe, wife of Benjamin Radcliffe, esq. of the Stamp-office, Somerset-place.

14. Mrs. Billings, of Southampton-row, Bloomsbury, widow of the late John Billings, esq. of Gower-street.

15. Mrs. Jane Innes, wife of Mr. William Innes, engraver, of Grace-church-street.

At Bath, miss Randell, daughter of the late J. Randell, esq. of Queenhithe.

At Brompton, aged 85, Mrs. Meysey, relict of the rev. Thomas Meysey, of Pirton, in the county of Worcester.

16. At Smyth's-hall, in Essex, C. A. Crickett, esq. M. P. for Ipswich.

18. In Wimpole-street, lady Parker, wife of admiral sir Peter Parker.

19. Mrs. Levy, of Albemarle-street.

At Clifton, Bristol, T. Vernon Dolphin, esq. of Eyford, in Gloucestershire.