THE

LADY'S MAGAZINE,

OR

ENTERTAINING COMPANION

FOR

THE FAIR SEX;

APPROPRIATED

SOLELY TO THEIR USE AND AMUSEMENT.

FOR MAY, 1803.

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This Number is embellished with the following Copper-plates:

1 ENVY DISAPPOINTED.
2 For the MORAL ZOOLOGIST—SPARROWS, MALE AND FEMALE.
3 An elegantly-coloured PARIS DRESS.
4 A new and elegant PATTERN for a VEIL, &c.
5 MUSIC—A NEW SONG, Set to Music by Mr. BARRE.

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TO CORRESPONDENTS.

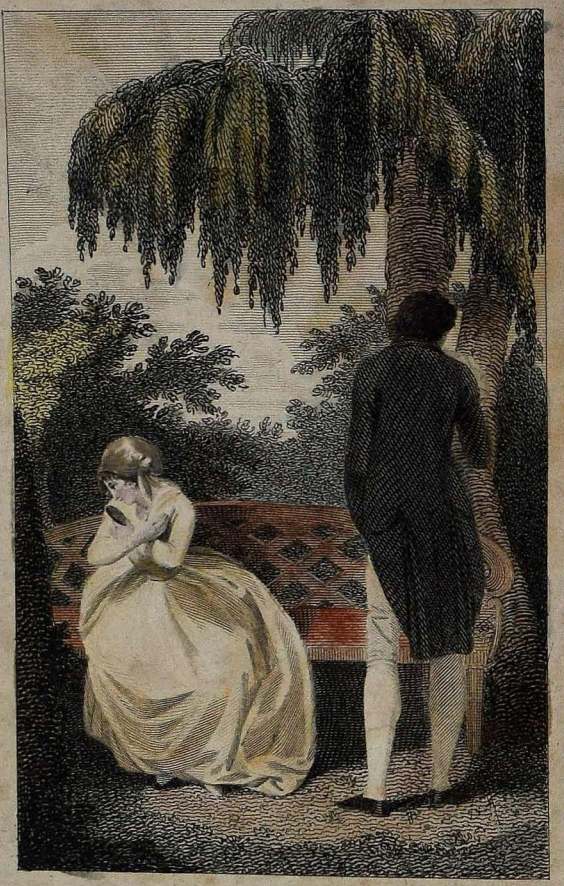
THE continuation of *Signe and Habor* is unavoidably deferred till our next.

The continuation of *The Monks and Robbers* ſhall likewiſe be given in our next.

The Eſſay entitled *Clementina* is received, and intended for inſertion.

The Lines addreſſed to a young Gentleman—Valentine Anſwer—Hope, a Fragment—Lines on the Proſpect of War—Acroſtic, by Henrietta—have been received.

Engraved for the Lady's Magazine.



Envy disappointed.

THE

LADY's MAGAZINE,

For MAY, 1803.

ENVY DISAPPOINTED;

A TALE.

(*With an elegant Engraving.*)

When the malignant paſſion of envy appears in all its odious forms, it can only excite our contempt, and, in ſome meaſure, our pity: its poiſon, when recogniſed, is its own antidote; but when diſſimulation veils it beneath a cheerful exterior, inſinuating manners, and a ſhow of friendſhip, in order to the attainment of its baſe purpoſes, it is far more vile and hateful, ſince it is doubly dangerous to the object it deſtines for its victim.

Miſs Eliza Laſcelles was a young lady of fortune, beauty, and elegant accompliſhments. She had gained the affections, and accepted the addreſſes, of Mr. Charles Pierrepoint, a young gentleman of genteel connexions and conſiderable expectations, whoſe engaging manners, good ſenſe, and manly frankneſs of character, continually won more and more on the heart of his Eliza. The friends of both had given their approbation to their intended union, which was only deferred by ſome circumſtances, which however it was very certain would occaſion no long delay.

Miſs Laſcelles was in habits of the moſt familiar intimacy and entertained the ſincereſt friendſhip for a miſs Vane, who was of a character, notwithſtanding the ſpecious appearance of the moſt amiable diſpoſition, entirely different from her own. Miſs Vane had great vivacity, was extremely artful, and capable of the moſt complete diſſimulation, by which ſhe concealed the utmoſt ſelfiſhneſs and vanity. Before Mr. Pierrepoint had ſeriouſly declared himſelf the ſuitor of miſs Laſcelles, miſs Vane had frequently endeavoured to attract his attention, conceiving that a marriage with him would be (what is commonly called) a very good match for her. But he preferred the ſenſibility and tenderneſs of miſs Laſcelles to the giddy flippancy of miſs Vane. The latter had indeed been frequently before diſappointed in advances of the ſame kind to others, for ſhe was ſeveral years older than miſs Laſcelles. Her love of ſelf and offended vanity ſoon produced a mean envy of the triumph of her companion; but ſhe was too well practiſed in diſſimulation to appear in any manner diſappointed or ruffled in her temper. Her heart, however, was ſecretly a prey to the moſt malignant and baneful of paſſions, and ſhe reſolved to employ the vileſt artifice to prevent the union and happineſs of two perſons who had in reality never given her the leaſt cauſe of offence.

To carry this baſe deſign into effect, ſhe expreſſed a warmer friendſhip than ever for miſs Laſcelles, and was almoſt inſeparable from her; ſhe appeared in the ſame manner friendly and familiar with Mr. Pierrepoint; and, in converſing with

each ſeverally, laviſhed the greateſt praiſes on the good and amiable qualities of the other.

But, on a ſudden, ſhe entirely changed her behaviour, in the latter reſpect, towards both miſs Laſcelles and Mr. Pierrepoint. To the former, when the converſation had any reference to her lover, ſhe expreſſed herſelf with ſatirical levity; ridiculing, in fact, though in a very cautious and covert manner, the warmth of her attachment to him, and throwing out obſcure intimations that ſhe could give her information that would ſurpriſe her, and perhaps cure her of her prepoſſeſſion for him, if ſhe thought it adviſeable to intermeddle in an affair ſo delicate. Mr. Pierrepoint, on the few occaſions when ſhe happened to be with him while miſs Laſcelles was abſent, ſhe rallied, with much vivacity, on his love-ſick condition; reminded him that Cupid was blind; and gave ſome very artful but diſtant hints, that he was by no means acquainted with all that paſſed in the mind, nor indeed with all the conduct, of the miſtreſs he ſo fondly adored.

She had thus, without venturing on any poſitive falſehood in matter of fact, and by that expoſing herſelf to detection and ſhame, inſtilled into the hearts of the two lovers a jealouſy which began to operate of itſelf to the furtherance of her views. She carefully fanned the flame ſhe had kindled with all the artful induſtry ſhe could exert, and coldneſs and diſtruſt were ſoon but too apparent in all their behaviour to each other.

She now pretended to obſerve this alteration in them with much ſurpriſe, and even undertook to mediate between them; but at the ſame time took care to infuſe into all her overtures for a reconciliation ſuch inſinuations as effectually tended to widen the breach between them. To miſs Laſcelles ſhe would ſay—'Believe me, my dear, you muſt give up theſe lofty expectations of perfection in the other ſex. You are, I believe, now abſolutely in love, which a woman certainly ſhould never be, at leaſt not before marriage; and when you are married you may perhaps ſee ſtill leſs reaſon for being ſo. Even ſuppoſe Mr. Pierrepoint's affairs ſhould be a little embarraſſed, and yours ſhould be particularly convenient to him at this time to repair them, you may ſee hundreds of women who were married from no ſublimer a motive, who yet live very happily with their huſbands.'

'Do you mean to ſay that you know or have heard any thing to that effect?' ſaid miſs Laſcelles.

'I certainly do not; for as to the idle ſcandals that were flying about at Mrs. Tattle's card-tables the other night, I know you would pay as little regard to them as I do.'

She talked to Mr. Pierrepoint in nearly the ſame ſtrain.—'You love-ſick ſwains,' ſaid ſhe, 'will never admit your miſtreſſes to be other than angels; you at laſt find them to be mere women, and complain bitterly of your fate. Even ſuppoſe that miſs Laſcelles ſhould have had in view ſome more affluent fortune, or the diſtinction of a title, ſhe will differ but little from the generality of her ſex; and I do not ſee why ſuch a circumſtance, when you have obtained her, ſhould diminiſh your happineſs. If all thoſe whoſe wives would have accepted a better match, had it been offered them, were on that account to make themſelves unhappy, the number of miſerable huſbands would be very much increaſed.'

'Have you a knowledge of her entertaining any views of this kind?' ſaid Mr. Pierrepoint, with great warmth.

'Not I, indeed,' replied miss Vane; 'nor, if she had, should I have been her confidante; she knows too well my friendship for you. But I feared that you might have heard some silly reports that have been circulated, which I am persuaded are without foundation; though, as I said before, I cannot expect to be in her confidence on such a subject.'

The entrance of a third person here interrupted the conversation, and saved miss Vane from the necessity of numerous prevarications, to which she would have been driven by the further enquiries which Mr. Pierrepoint would certainly have made, had he had an opportunity.

Mr. Pierrepoint now resolved to go to miss Lascelles, and take a final leave of her, unless he could obtain from her a satisfactory explanation of the alteration in her behaviour, and the mysterious insinuations of miss Vane. Eliza, who had likewise, in the mean time, been industriously practised on by her false friend, received him with particular coldness, which greatly heightened the perplexity and irritation that preyed on the heart of her lover. At length, unable longer to endure and disguise his feelings, Mr. Pierrepoint thus addressed her—

'I have for a long time, Eliza, observed a very visible alteration in your conduct towards me, and such as convinces me that I have obtained no place in your heart which may not more easily be obtained by another, who possesses what is more suitable to the gratification of female vanity than any thing I can boast. Nor do I say this from mere suspicion, for I have the strongest proofs (so jealousy will always call its trifles light as air). I say, I have the strongest proofs, that you have in view some other person who is esteemed my superior in fortune and rank, and this renders you so cold to me. I can bear it no longer: you must explain it. It is better that we should separate for ever than remain in this state of dissatisfaction and distrust.'

'I can explain nothing,' said miss Lascelles; 'you are the cause of all the dissatisfaction, and the distrust is yours.'

'Evasive answers, madam,' said Mr. Pierrepoint, 'are useless; if you persist in refusing to return any other, I shall consider them as a full proof that you wish to put an end to all further connection between us, and from this time I——'

At this moment miss Lascelles mother entered, and introduced to her daughter some ladies from a distant part of the country, who had come on a visit to the family. Mr. Pierrepoint, after a few cold compliments, with which he endeavoured to conceal his embarrassment and perturbation of mind, took leave with much more formality than usual, and went away.

The feelings of the two lovers, after this scene, are not easily to be described. Miss Lascelles found the presence of her visitors an insupportable burthen to her, and when she retired to rest she passed a sleepless night. Mr. Pierrepoint rambled about, he scarcely knew whither, and did not attempt to take rest at all. Sometimes he resolved to see her again, and, in a more gentle and submissive tone, intreat her candidly to put an end to his doubts, in compassion to his sufferings; at other times revolving in his mind all the artful suggestions of miss Vane, his jealousy rekindled, and the pains it inflicted increased till he almost determined to end uncertainty by despair, and utter some dreadful vow that he would never see or think of her more.

In the morning, miſs Laſcelles roſe early; and, as ſolitude agreed beſt with her diſturbed ſtate of mind, walked for ſome time alone in a park, at a little diſtance from her father's houſe. She at length ſat down on a bench, ſcarcely noticing any thing around her, her thoughts being wholly occupied on the ſubject moſt intereſting to the feelings of her heart.

Mr. Pierrepoint, at the ſame time, in the courſe of his wanderings, approached the ſame ſpot, and ſoon recogniſed his Eliza. He advanced without being perceived. Juſt as he came up, miſs Laſcelles took in her hand a miniature picture of her lover which ſhe had received from him as a preſent, and, ſurveying it, broke out into the following exclamations:—

'Oh, Charles! how frank, how generous, ſeems that countenance! what an affectionate confidence does it appear to diſplay! yet how have you treated me? My heart was affectionately, ſincerely, and wholly devoted to you; but yours——'

Mr. Pierrepoint had ſtopped for a moment, perceiving he was not ſeen, and heard this. He could reſtrain his feelings no longer; he threw himſelf at the feet of his Eliza, and, in the ſtate of mind in which the two lovers now were, an explanation ſoon took place, by which they diſcovered the treacherous practices of their pretended friend, but real enemy; and the tendereſt reconciliation took place, which was never afterwards diſturbed. Miſs Vane was in future ſhunned by them with equal averſion and contempt, and conſigned for puniſhment to the corrodings of her diſappointed envy; for the tortures inflicted by that wretched paſſion, as the ancient poet has juſtly obſerved, are fiercer than any that have been invented by the moſt cruel tyrants.

To the EDITOR *of the* LADY'S MAGAZINE.

SIR,

THE inſertion of the following tranſlation of an Eſſay on the ſubject of *Political Arithmetic*, publiſhed in the Gotha Almanack for the preſent year, will oblige an occaſional correſpondent, and, I preſume, convey ſome amuſing information to your readers.

Your's, &c.

Cheſter, Feb. 20, 1803. J. M.

POLITICAL ARITHMETIC.

IF we ſuppoſe the earth to be peopled with about a thouſand millions of ſouls, and reckon 33 years for a generation, there will die in that ſpace of time one thouſand millions of perſons—conſequently there will die—

Every year, - -	30 millions
Every day, - - -	82,000
Every hour - - -	3,400
Every minute, - - -	60
Every ſecond, - - - -	1

But as, on the other hand, the number of thoſe who die is to that of thoſe who are born as 10 to 12, there will be born—

Every year, - -	36 millions
Every day, - - -	98,400
Every hour, - - -	4,080
Every minute, - - -	68
Every ſecond, - - -	1

If men did not die, there would be at preſent about 173,000 millions of perſons on the earth. As the ſuperficial contents of the land amounts, at leaſt, to 1587 billions (thouſands of thouſands of millions) of ſquare feet, there would ſtill remain 9110 ſquare feet for each perſon.

If we reckon three generations to the century, and ſuppoſe the world to have exiſted only 5800 years, there will have been but 180 gener-

ations from the creation, 127 from the deluge, and 56 from the chriſtian æra to the preſent time; and, as there is no family which can trace its deſcent to the time of Charlemagne, it follows that the moſt ancient cannot reckon more than 33 generations—indeed very few can go ſo far back without manifeſt fiction; and the moſt illuſtrious, for a thouſand years of diſtinction have 4800 of obſcurity.

On an equal extent of ground, where

there lives in Iceland	1 perſon,
there live in Norway	3 perſons,
Sweden,	14
Turkey,	36
Poland,	52
Spain,	63
Ireland,	99
Germany,	127
England,	152
France,	153
Italy,	172
Naples,	192
Venice,	196
Holland,	224
Malta,	1,103

Iceland is, therefore, the part of the world, at leaſt of Europe, which is moſt thinly peopled, and Malta the moſt populous.

Of the whole of the inhabitants of a country one-quarter uſually live in the towns, and three-quarters in the villages.

Of a thouſand perſons, 28 are eſtimated to die every year.

The inhabitants of a country or a city are renewed nearly every thirty years; and in a century the human race is renewed $3\frac{1}{3}$ times.

Of 200 children, not more than one dies in child-birth.

Of 1000 children ſuckled by the mother, there do not die more than 300; but of 1000 children ſuckled by nurſes, 500 die.

The mortality of children has greatly increaſed in the preſent luxurious age. Convulſions and dentition carry off the greater part of them.

Among 115 deaths there is only one woman in child-birth; and among 400 only one who dies in the month after labour.

The ſmall-pox uſually carries off 8 out of 100 who are attacked by it.

It has been obſerved, that the ſmall-pox is more fatal to girls than boys.

Of 300 who are inoculated, not one dies.

From a calculation founded on bills of mortality, it appears, that among 3125 deaths there is only one perſon of 100 years of age.

It is confirmed by experience and the obſervations of phyſicians, that out of 100 perſons who live in great towns there will not be more than 20 ill during a month in the courſe of the year, or 24 during a fortnight.

There are more old perſons in elevated than in low places.

The proportion between the deaths of women and thoſe of men is as 100 to 108. The probable duration of the life of women is 60 years; but after that term it is more favourable to men.

Married women live longer than thoſe who remain unmarried.

By obſervations made during the courſe of 50 years, it appears that the greateſt number of deaths has always been in the month of March; the next greateſt in the months of Auguſt and September; and the leaſt in the months of November, December, and February.

Of 1000 deaths there are 250 in Winter, 290 in Spring, 225 in Summer, and 235 in Autumn.

More perſons, therefore, die in the Spring than in any other ſeaſon of the year. In great cities, however,

ſuch as Paris and London, the greateſt number of deaths are in Winter.

Half of thoſe who are born die before the age of 17; ſo that thoſe who ſurvive that period enjoy a happineſs denied to half the human race.

The number of old perſons who die in cold ſeaſons is to that of thoſe who die in warm ones as 7 to 4.

The firſt month, and eſpecially the firſt day, of life, are remarkable for the greateſt number of deaths. Of 2735 children who died very young, 1292 died the firſt day, and the remainder during the firſt month.

According to the obſervations of the great Boerhaave, the moſt healthy children are born in the months of January, February, and March.

The married women are to the whole ſex in a country as 1 to 3; and the married men to all the males as 3 to 5.

The greateſt number of births happen in the months of February and March.

The number of twins is to that of other children as 1 to 65, or 70; ſo that among 65 or 70 births twins are found but once.

The number of perſons living is uſually to that of children born in the year as 26, 27, or 28, to 1; according to the fecundity of marriages.

The number of marriages is to that of the inhabitants of a country as 175 to 1000.

In very populous countries, out of 50 or 54 perſons there is but one who marries.

In the whole extent of a country we can only reckon four children for each marriage, one with another: in cities and great towns we can only reckon 35 children for 10 marriages.

The men able to bear arms are a fourth part of the whole inhabitants of a country.

The number of widows is uſually to that of widowers as 3 to 1; but that of widows who marry again is to that of widowers who marry again as 100 to 120, or as 5 to 6.

The number of widowers in a country is to that of all the inhabitants as 1 to 51; that of widows to that of thoſe ſame inhabitants as 1 to 15.

The widowers and widows, taken together, are to the married couples of a country as 3 to 7.

Observation *on the* Month *of* April.

(From a French Journal.)

In this month the moſt celebrated miſtreſſes of the kings of France have breathed their laſt: Diana de Poitiers, Gabrielle d'Eſtrees, madame de Maintenon, and madame de Pompadour. This remark is connected with a more general obſervation, which is, that the greater part of celebrated women have died in the month of April.

Laura, the miſtreſs of the poet Petrarch, died on the 6th of April; Diana of Poitiers, on the 26th; Gabrielle d'Eſtrees, on the 9th; the ducheſs de Longueville, on the 15th; mademoiſelle de Montpenſier, on the 5th; madame de Sevigny, on the 14th; madame de Maintenon, on the 15th; madame de Caylus, on the 15th; mademoiſelle de Luſſan, on the 2d; madame de Pompadour, on the 15th; Judith, queen of France, on the 19th; Joan, of Navarre, on the 9th; Elizabeth, queen of England, on the 3d; Chriſtina, queen of Sweden, on the 19th.

We might hence be led to conclude, that of all the months in the year that of April is the moſt dangerous to women in general.

A MORNING'*s* WALK *in* MAY.

'Born in yon blaze of orient light,
Sweet May! thy radiant form unfold:
Uncloſe thy blue, voluptuous eye,
And wave thy ſhadowy locks of gold.
Warm with new life, the glittering throngs,
On quivering fin, and ruſtling wing,
Delighted, join their votive ſongs,
To hail thee, goddeſs of the ſpring.'

DARWIN.

BEFORE I began this agreeable morning ramble—

'Bright Phœbus, riſing from the ſhades of night,
With roſy keys unlock'd the gates of light.'

The weather was extremely fine, delightfully calm, and beautifully ſerene. Cheered by the influence of vivifying ſun-beams, the unnoticed daiſy reared its dewy head, and the blithe tenants of the bough chaunted their merry modulations. To an early walker this morning was particularly inviting.

'For April, with his childiſh eye,
Alike prepar'd to laugh or cry,
Had, unlamented, flown away,
And left the world to Love and May.'

Nature, like a fair bride, was arrayed in beauty, and the profuſion of bloſſoms which decked the apple-trees impregnated the air with aromatic fragrancy. Not one envious cloud intervened to rob creation of Sol's reſplendent rays. Aloft in æther the lark was praiſing his Maker, and a cheerful blackbird on an adjacent ſpray was offering up his early gratulations.

'Sweet, O ſweet, the warbling throng,
On the white-embloſſomed ſpray,
Nature's univerſal ſong
Echoes to the riſing day.'

CUNNINGHAM.

Amid the general choir of plumy performers, the voice of the cuckow was heard; whoſe ſimple plaintive note is ever grateful to the contemplative philoſopher, and to the truant ſchool-boy,—

'Who ſtarts the curious ſound to hear,
And imitates the lay.'

Creation ſmiled, dreſſed in her many-coloured robe; the trees, whoſe naked limbs were ſhook by the breath of Boreas, now clothed in eye-cheering green, waved their verdant ornaments; and the meadows, which a few weeks before appeared criſped by froſts, or mantled by ſnow, were enamelled with gold cups and ſprinkled with 'daiſy flowers.'—How exhilarating to my ſpirits was this lovely change! What an heart-delighting metamorphoſis!

'Stern Winter now, by Spring repreſs'd,
Forbears the long-continued ſtrife;
And Nature, on her verdant breaſt,
Delights to catch the gales of life.
'Now o'er the rural kingdom roves
Soft Pleaſure, with her laughing train:
Love warbles in the vocal groves,
And vegetation plants the plain.'

DR. JOHNSON.

In the courſe of my walk, I called at a rural cottage, ſurveyed its little garden, and ſeated myſelf in a leafy arbour. Being alone, I took a retroſpective view of paſt times, and reflection produced the following apoſtrophe.

'Shady receſs! oft in the jocund ſeaſon of youth—the May of human life—with gay companions did I viſit thee, and ſpent ſome bliſs-tipt moments in amuſing converſation beneath thy verdant canopy. Calm retreat! dearer to me than the proud alcove! within thy green abode, with the maiden of my choice, in "courtſhip's blooming hour," I've ſat.

"Crown'd with delight, the minutes flew along,
And ſcatter'd bleſſings from their balmy wings."

When I was about terminating my walk, I eſpied a wren's neſt:

I will not attempt to deſcribe it; but will quote a beautiful deſcription from Hervey's 'Theron and Aſpaſio.'

'The wren makes up by contrivance, what is deficient in her bulk. Small as ſhe is, ſhe intends to bring forth, and will be obliged to nurſe up a numerous iſſue. Therefore with the correcteſt judgment ſhe deſigns, and with indefatigable induſtry finiſhes, a neſt proper for that purpoſe. It is a neat rotund, lengthened into an oval, bottomed and vaulted into a regular concave.—To preſerve it from the rain, it has ſeveral coatings of moſs; to defend it from cold, it has but one window, and only a ſingle door, or rather the window and door are the ſame; to render it both elegant and comfortable, it has carpets and hangings of the fineſt, ſofteſt, down. By the help of this curious manſion, our little lady becomes the mother of multitudes; and the vivifying heat of her body is, during the time of incubation, exceedingly augmented. Her houſe is like an oven, and greatly aſſiſts in hatching her young; which no ſooner burſt from the ſhell than they find themſelves ſcreened from the annoyance of the weather, and moſt agreeably repoſed amid the ornaments of a palace, and the warmth of a bagnio.'

Haverhill. JOHN WEBB.

LETTER *from Mr.* GARRICK *to the* SECRETARY *of the* CUSTOMS.

DEAR SIR,

NOT Rachael weeping for her children could ſhew more ſorrow than Mrs. Garrick—not weeping for children—ſhe has none—nor indeed for her huſband; thanks be to the humour of the times, ſhe can be as philoſophical upon that ſubject as her betters. What does ſhe weep for then? Shall I dare tell you? It is—it is for the loſs of a chintz bed and curtains. The tale is ſhort, and is as follows: I have taken ſome pains to oblige the gentlemen of Calcutta, by ſending them plays, ſcenes, and other ſervices in my way; in return they have ſent me Madeira, and poor Rachael the unfortunate chintz. She has had it four years, and upon making ſome alterations in our little place at Hampton, ſhe intended to ſhew away with her prohibited preſent. She had prepared paper, chairs, &c. for this favourite token of Indian gratitude. But, alas! all human felicity is frail. No care having been taken on my wife's part, and ſome treachery being exerted againſt her, it was ſeized, 'the very bed, 'by the coarſe hands of filthy dungeon villains, and thrown among the common lumber.'

If you have the leaſt pity for a diſtreſſed female, any regard for her huſband (for he has had a bad time of it), or any wiſhes the environs of Buſhy-park be made tolerably neat and clean, you may put your finger and thumb to the buſineſs, and take the thorn out of Rachael's ſide.

I am, dear ſir, your's,

D. GARRICK.

TEXT.

'For earthly power doth then look likeſt God's,
When mercy ſeaſons juſtice.'

SHAKSPEARE'S *Merchant of Venice.*

PETITION.

O Stanley, give ear to a huſband's petition,
Whoſe wife well deſerves her diſtreſsful condition,
Regardleſs of his and the law's prohibition.
If you knew what I ſuffer ſince ſhe has been caught,
(On the huſband's poor head ever falls the wife's fault,)
You would lend a kind hand to the contraband jade,
And ſcreen her, for once, in her illicit trade.

For true, as 'tis ſaid, ſince the firſt Eve undid 'em,
Frail woman will long for the fruit that's forbidden;
And huſbands are taught, now-a-days, ſpite of ſtruggles,
Politely to pardon a wife, though ſhe ſmuggles.
If your honours, or you, when the ſex go aſtray,
Have ſometimes inclin'd to go with them that way,
We hope to her wiſhes you will not ſay Nay.
'Tis ſaid that all judges this maxim do keep,
Not their juſtice to tire, but at times let it ſleep.
If more by the Scriptures their honours are mov'd,
The over-much righteous are there diſapprov'd.
Thus, true to the Goſpel, and kind as they're wiſe,
Let their mercy reſtore what their juſtice denies.

Reflexions *on* Happiness, *and the* Pleasures *of the* Imagination.

Hope, deceitful as it is, ſays the judicious La Rochefoucault, ſerves at leaſt to conduct us to the end of life by an agreeable road. But that it may poſſeſs this advantage, it muſt be rational and ſuited to our condition. If it is more chimerical than probable, it can only be conſidered as the extravagance of a heated imagination. To hope with ſome foundation is reaſon; to hope contrary to hope itſelf is madneſs. Good ſenſe muſt ſupport the illuſion.

Though hope frequently deceives us, it, nevertheleſs, has its utility. The innocent pleaſure it gives invigorates us to act. Hope well conceived diffuſes a calm through the ſoul, and tranquilliſes the mind. It is a balm which promotes health, and agreeably prolongs life, to which it attaches us by a ſecret charm.

We are only happy from our deſires. It ſeems that our eagerneſs to purſue any object beſtows on it a value. The imagination embelliſhes, magnifies, and forms, at its pleaſure, the ſubjects which excite it to act: they are roſes which it diveſts of their thorns before it preſents them to us.

Enjoyment is the touchſtone of happineſs and pleaſures, which diſcovers what is falſe, or of the nature of alloy, in them. Our ſatisfaction is never perfect: the enjoyment of happineſs always detracts ſomething from happineſs itſelf. When pleaſure paſſes from the imagination to reality, it loſes much of its value in the paſſage, becauſe it arrives either too late, or in circumſtances which prevent our taſting all its ſweets.

Happineſs never comes up to the idea we had formed of it. Something is always wanting when we have obtained poſſeſſion. We reſemble that Sybarite, who, when laid on a bed of roſes, could not ſleep the whole night, becauſe a leaf of one of them was doubled under him. Such is man: he deſires, he ſighs for an object; and when he poſſeſſes it, he is not content, he ſtill complains. Why? Becauſe he enjoys.

To believe ourſelves happy is to be ſo; but, in order to this belief, the chimerical idea we embrace muſt have all the appearances of reality, or at leaſt the poſſibility of real exiſtence. When theſe conditions are wanting, ſuch an imagination is only the delirium of a man in a fever.

The pleaſures of imagination are lively, becauſe nothing blunts their edge, and it preſents them to us without any foreign mixture; they are pure, becauſe the ſoul taſtes them independently of the ſenſes. They are not corrupted by fear; they are not followed by diſguſt: they are all pleaſure.

The degree of ambition makes the difference of fortunes. Without forming deſires which can never be gratified, let us profit by the advantages we poſſeſs, and we ſhall avoid many diſappointments. Let us con-

ſider as uſeleſs whatever we have not, and what we have as ſufficient for our happineſs; let us weigh every thing in the balance of reaſon; let us eſtimate it according to its true value; and this eſtimation will enable us to diſregard whatever is wanting to us. The leſs we poſſeſs, the more we are free; our poſſeſſions, in fact, render us dependent. The imagination is the moſt valuable gift that nature has beſtowed upon us: it is an infallible reſource for all our wants. Let us uſe it moderately, leſt the frequent illuſion ſhould become habit, and ceaſe to have its due effect on us.

Discussion *of the* Question *whether* Women *have more* Wit *than* Men.

[*By a French Writer.*]

This queſtion has been examined by the late La Beaumelle, and he has not heſitated to aſſign the ſuperiority in wit to the ſex which ſo evidently poſſeſſes the ſuperiority in the graces. It is not merely to gallantry that we are to attribute the pre-eminence he has thus allowed to women; he eſtabliſhes it on their exterior and their natural diſpoſitions. He ſupports his opinion by the authority of a philoſopher who was nothing leſs than gallant. Diogenes the Cynic ſaid, on his return from Sparta into Attica, that he came from the apartment of the men into that of the women.

Women, adds La Beaumelle, unite in themſelves a thouſand charms; and ſhall wit be the only one which is wanting to them? Shall Nature, ſo conſtant, ſo regular, ſo uniform in her works, fail to be ſo in this ſingle inſtance? After having laviſhed on woman the moſt brilliant gifts, ſhall ſhe have withheld from her that which was moſt eſſential to give them effect?

The part of man in ſociety is that of a thinking, of woman, that of an agreeable, being. The former governs the world by reaſon, the latter by charms and ſoothing delicacy. To the one, heaven has given vigour of body and ſolid ſenſe; to the other, beauty and the graces: can we ſuppoſe that wit has been denied her?

Formed to pleaſe; born, ſo to ſpeak, with that deſign; living only to execute it, growing old with regret at not having ſufficiently pleaſed; dying with chagrin at not being able longer to pleaſe, and with the deſire of ſtill pleaſing; muſt not woman have received from heaven that quality which may beſt enable her to attain the object to which ſhe tends as if by inſtinct; that perfection which is moſt proper to maintain the equilibrium between the two ſexes, to correct the imperious powers of the one and to give full effect to all the brilliant charms of the other?

In fine, experience comes to our aid, to prove the truth of this conjectural theory, and atteſt the ſuperiority of woman. Where, let me aſk, do we find men who expreſs themſelves with that facility, who think with that delicacy, who ſpeak with that elegance, which we ſo much admire in almoſt all well-educated women? To them alone it appertains to adorn their ideas with the lively colours which have been tempered by the hands of the Graces themſelves.

We do not find in their converſation or their writings thoſe far-fetched alluſions, thoſe preciſe phraſes, thoſe forced antitheſes, thoſe harſh figures, which are at preſent ſo much in faſhion; but in return, they deſcribe with vivacity, they delineate, they paint. Every thing in their productions is grace or ſentiment, and often both combined.

DIALOGUE *on* DUELLING.

(*By Dr. Brown, of Trinity College, Dublin.*)

Philemon.

IT much ſurpriſed me to hear, Eugenio, that you, a religious man, and a firm believer, have lately been on the point of fighting a duel, and even ſeem to court it.

Eugenio. I own myſelf wrong, Philemon, and will neither juſtify it, nor endeavour to palliate it by the excuſe of paſſion; yet give me leave to ſay that I do not think that ſubject is ever fairly handled, nor the arguments for duelling allowed their full weight.

Philemon. Why, have you any doubt that duelling is indefenſible?

Eugenio. Not the leaſt: all I mean to ſay is, that its condemners, before they cenſure its ſupporters, ſhould maturely conſider all the latter have to ſay.

Philemon. Surely they are ſatisfactorily and perpetually confuted in the pulpit, and by the clergy every day.

Eugenio. As to the clergy, permit me to ſay, they have often appeared to me its beſt defenders.

Philemon. That is a paradox, indeed!—How ſo?

Eugenio. By ſpeaking in converſation with as much contempt and reprobation of men who do not wiſh or decline to fight duels as any other men do; but with infinitely more force, on account of their order: ſo that the clergy, like the ladies, while, ſpeaking in formal language, they abuſe duelling, give by theſe bye hints the ſtrongeſt inducements to it. I have heard a clergyman, after deſcending from the pulpit, where he had preached againſt this practice, talk with contempt of a man for not fighting.

Philemon. Believe me, Eugenio, you ſee the matter in a falſe light: the clergy, like all other perſons, deſpiſe cowardice, and while they think that ſuch conduct proceeds merely from timidity, juſtly deride it; but if they thought it proceeded from conſcience, they would not call it cowardice. I dare ſay, in the inſtances to which you allude, there could be no reaſon to think that this averſion to combat proceeded from conſcience.

Eugenio. Upon reflection, I believe you are right; and acquit them, except of want of caution and diſcrimination. I did know a young and very ſpirited man, who declared, very early in life, that he never would fight a duel, and was honoured for it. I wiſh I had done the ſame; but then I wiſh I could have been lucky enough to ſignaliſe myſelf in the cauſe of my country, or to prove my courage in ſome really juſtifiable way.—But I am loſing ſight of my original intention.

Philemon. Proceed then to ſay what can be plauſibly urged in defence of this horrid cuſtom.

Eugenio. I decline the commonplace topic of the difficulty of warring with general opinion; I reduce the arguments for it to two—ſelf-defence, and the ſupport of rectitude.

Philemon. I ſhall be glad to hear how you make them out. How are you driven to ſelf-defence when you have the laws to defend you?

Eugenio. A bully or a bravo may do me irreparable injury, where the laws cannot help me. Suppoſe him my rival in a liberal profeſſion, where my income depends upon popular opinion; ſuppoſe him determined to ſilence or expoſe me to the public eye; and by thus reducing me to contempt, to deprive me of my income, and my wife and family of ſubſiſtence. You will not deny that ſuch things are poſſible; and that a man who would bear inſults

tamely would not, for inſtance at the bar, get buſineſs. Does he not attack me, in the eyes of common ſenſe, at the point of the ſword, as much as the robber who aſſails me on the highway? nay more, for the robber would take but a few guineas, but this man reduces me to beggary, and my ſtarving infants upbraid my dereliction. How could an indictment for a challenge remedy theſe evils? Surely there may be an implied ſelf-defence as ſtrong as a literal one.

Philemon. What a ſtring of ſophiſms does the man impoſe upon himſelf, who argues according to his wiſhes! you have formerly wiſhed to convince yourſelf that duelling was compatible with religion, and were willingly deceived. Not to dwell on the greater probability that, by fighting and loſing your life, you may inſtantly reduce your family to that diſtreſs you ſo much ſeem to dread, let me obſerve that you have been perpetually begging the queſtion; you have not ſhown that the decay of buſineſs is a neceſſary conſequence of the decline of the challenge, and that clients will be ſo abſurd as not to apply for aid to the man who has ſuperior knowledge of the laws, becauſe he does not make a trade of fighting; their own intereſt will carry them to the beſt ſhop, though it were kept by a quaker. Show me an inſtance of a man of virtue, religion, real honour, and knowledge, ruined becauſe he would not fight a duel; let the experiment be tried, if it has not been. But ſuppoſe me miſtaken, is this an argument for you, Eugenio? 'I will diſobey God, and fly in the face of heaven for my own intereſt!' Is that the genius of the Chriſtian religion? Take up your croſs and follow him, and do not deceive yourſelf with the idea that you may diſobey religion when it counteracts intereſt: as well might you argue that you had a right to ſteal, becauſe your family was in danger of ſtarving; or, if ſome writers on law have juſtified that, to murder the man to whom you are next heir. But be convinced there is no neceſſity of making ſo hard a ſtruggle; nor is there any real danger of your being prejudiced, even in this life. Heaven will, very probably, reward you even here; for I am convinced, that even worldly proſperity is made by Heaven to follow religious conduct in this life, much more than either the railers againſt, or defenders of, Providence ſeem willing to allow.

Eugenio. Well, I will ſay, in college language, *conceditur* (granted). But what would you ſay if an actual attack was made on your perſon? Men have been often kicked and beaten.

Philemon. Then ſelf-defence would come in. I would go armed and repel the aſſailant.

Eugenio. Allow me to be ſometimes right: that would not do: I aſſure you the caſe has happened, the aſſailant was killed. It was proved that the ſelf-defender had never been known to go armed until a fortnight before. Malicious intention was from thence argued: he had been attacked only by the fiſt, but by a very ſtrong man, and he was a very weak one: he had powerful enemies, falſe evidence was given of his making the firſt aſſault, and he very narrowly eſcaped being hanged.

Philemon. You put a caſe that is very ſpecial; too much ſo to draw general concluſions from. Every man does not encounter powerful enemies and falſe evidence. But what have all theſe things, for inſtance, to do with your caſe? *You* were in a public aſſembly, in no danger of

perſonal violence; and, as to defence of income, ſurely you were in more danger of loſing the beſt and ſureſt part of your livelihood if ever you did fight, and yet you quarrelled with a very good-natured man to whom you wiſhed well.

Eugenio. There I recur to the poſition of its being in defence of rectitude.

Philemon. Pray tell me how?

Eugenio. I had conceived at the time that a ſyſtem ſeemed to be formed to bear down liberty of ſpeech, and prevent, by intimidation, right from being ſupported. It appeared to me at the time, that ſo far from a breach of religious duty, I was fulfilling a moral obligation, in endeavouring to do juſtice to my country (which cannot be done without liberty of ſpeech), even at the expence of my life, and that I had a right to lay down my life in ſuch a cauſe as much as in the field. I do not ſay I was right, or that I might not be miſtaken, as to ſuch an intention; in this particular gentleman I am ſure I was. Caſes are poſſible. Suppoſe a man were to threaten the defenders of the Chriſtian religion, or to endeavour to prevent their ſpeaking its truths by the ſword; might they not repel ſuch violence?

Philemon. Your laſt inſtance is really too ludicrous: that a man ſhould think himſelf juſtified in defending the Chriſtian religion by a direct breach of it, you cannot ſeriouſly maintain; and ſee whether this does not illuſtrate the former. Heaven intended that you ſhould ſupport the rights of your country; but not by a breach of God's laws: there is no ſuch demand upon you. A firm and ſteady, but cool and deliberate, manner of delivering your ſentiments, if they contain any real weight, will always inſure reſpect and attention; and it is always free for you, if you have ability ſufficient, to encounter invective by argument, and, if you have dignity of character, to oppoſe to unprovoked attack the feelings of all the rational and reſpected part of mankind.

Eugenio. Well, I am ſure you are right; but you will own the taſk is a very difficult and delicate one.

Philemon. I will own it; but that is no excuſe for a breach of duty.

Critical Obſervations *on the* Novel *of* 'Tom Jones.'

In a Series of Letters from an Uncle to his Niece.

(Continued from p. 191.)

LETTER VI.

DEAR NIECE,

I now reſume my obſervations on the novel of 'Tom Jones.' The introductory chapter to the eighth book is a well-written eſſay, deſigned to ridicule the idea of calling in ghoſts, or other aerial ſpirits, as agents in a romance. The author's reaſoning on the ſubject is very juſt, and will be acknowledged to be ſo by every reader who attends to the arguments he makes uſe of on the occaſion. The juſtice of his remark on the tale related by lord Clarendon in his 'Hiſtory of the Rebellion' will be readily aſſented to. The method taken by Mr. Fielding of illuſtrating what he has ſaid of the marvellous and the incredible by referring to the acts, as tranſmitted to us by hiſtory, of the four Roman emperors, Trajan and Antonine, and Nero and Caligula; the good deeds of the two former, which formed ſtriking contraſts to the ſhameleſs barbarities of the other two; introduces a ſtory of mo-

dern date, and which had then been recently perpetrated. The villanies of Fiſher, our author obſerves, will obtain eaſy credit with poſterity, whilſt the relation of acts of beneficence and humanity will with more difficulty find belief. The ſketches of a benevolent mind, which were intended for the late Mr. Allen, are drawn by the hand of a maſter. The diſtich alluded to is taken from Mr. Pope, and is as follows:

'Let humble Allen, with an awkward ſhame,
Do good by ſtealth, and bluſh to find it fame.'

Mr. Fielding's own works are a good comment upon what he ſays on conſervation of character. On this head I have before taken occaſion to ſpeak, and ſhall probably find an opportunity of pointing out to you ſeveral other inſtances of the ſame in the courſe of this our literary converſation.

The ſecond chapter of this book opens with the converſation between the landlady and our hero. The artful diſcourſe of the former, by which ſhe draws from him the ſecret of his attachment to Sophia, and a part of his own hiſtory, for the hearing of which her curioſity was wound up to the higheſt pitch of expectation by the feeble hints which ſhe had gleaned from the poſt-boy; all theſe circumſtances, I ſay, denote the propenſity to idle curioſity in the minds of the female mob, and which are falſely imputed as characteriſtic traits attached to women in general. The artifice of the ſagacious dame, and the ſudden departure of her civility on view of the expiring purſe, by which her whole frame was in a manner palſied and her ſtrained complaiſance turned into contempt, mark the ſordid avarice of an inn-holder, which, as Mr. Fielding obſerves of the poſtillions in another part of this novel, is pretty much the ſame all the world over. How far this behaviour in our inquiſitive landlady accords with the idea we had an expectation of finding in her from her primary introduction, muſt be obvious.

The doctor, at his ſecond viſit, turns out to be the ſame prating coxcomb as before; and the hints which the landlady throws out, with the ſurgeon's reply, are characteriſtical of both theſe perſonages.

I have obſerved, in a former letter, that the adventure of Jones with the company of officers, where the broken head occurred, would lead to the introduction of a perſon who was to act a very diſtinguiſhed part in this hiſtory. This perſon makes his appearance in the fourth chapter: and here give me leave to intreat your attention to the addreſs of the author, in adapting every paſſage of his book to the incidents which occur in real life. Here we often perceive the moſt material incidents which occur in our commerce with mankind to ariſe from ſuch ſlender accidents that we are ſcarcely able to trace them from their ſources, and often the moſt unfortunate iſſues ſpring from thoſe occurrences which at the time ſeemed to hold out the moſt flattering preſages; and ſo, on the other hand, thoſe events have frequently turned out the moſt proſperous and happy that have owed their birth to incidents which, at the outſet, appeared the moſt untoward. Thus Louis XVI. ended his life on a ſcaffold, from having entered into a league with the trans-atlantic republicans, by which he gave his ſubjects an idea of freedom and independence. So in this tranſcript of the events of human life, an accident which, at the time, was likely to prove fatal in its conſequences to

poor Jones, turned out to his advantage by introducing him to the acquaintance of a man, without whom his future reconciliation with Mr. Allworthy could not ſo eaſily have been brought about, I mean little Benjamin the barber.

The dialogue between Jones and little Benjamin, in the fifth chapter, abounds with humour. The pedantic quotations of the barber will be in a peculiar manner reliſhed by thoſe who have enjoyed a claſſical education. The remark of Mr. Fielding upon the partial manner in which Jones relates his hiſtory, and that this will always happen to every perſon in the like predicament, and that his vices will come purified through his lips; the juſtice of this obſervation will, I ſay, be generally acknowledged. The catalogue of books in Benjamin's library is characteriſtic.

The arrival of Benjamin, under the character of a ſurgeon, in the ſixth chapter, furniſhes an opportunity to Mr. Fielding of diſplaying thoſe talents for true humour of which he had ſo great a ſhare. The aſſumed gravity and ſelf-importance of little Benjamin when he had taken upon him this new profeſſion, is a good ſatire on thoſe ſurgeons who ſuppoſe they derive a conſequence from a haughty carriage and ſupercilious demeanour. The diſcovery of Partridge, the ſchool-maſter, under the diſguiſe of little Benjamin, and his reſolution to attend Jones in his travels, not only accommodates that young man with a facetious companion on the road, but turns out, in the ſequel, to be a neceſſary character among the comic actors of the novel.

In the ſeventh chapter much humour is diſplayed in the dialogue which takes place between the landlord and his wife, reſpecting Jones, in which each of them adheres cloſely to the characters given of them—the huſband a worn-out fox-hunter, and the dame a petulant and imperious ſcold. The obſervations upon inn-keepers, at the cloſe of this chapter, may be applied to the major part of that claſs.

The arrival of Jones and his companion at the Bell, in Glouceſter; the deſcription of the perſonages aſſembled at table (one of whom will be hereafter brought forward as a neceſſary actor in the ſcene); the officious impertinence of the pettifogger, and the loquacity of Partridge, in the kitchen; are related with much humour, at the ſame time that they are a freſh proof of our author's happy talent in bringing forward incidents which, ripening by degrees, contribute to the main deſign of the piece, whilſt they adminiſter preſent delight to the reader. The compliment paid to Mrs. Whitfield, in this chapter, is a freſh indication of the beneficence of the author's heart.

The travels of Mr. Jones and his companion, with the flight of Sophia, accompanied by her maid, together with the ſeveral epiſodes which accompany the relation in the remainder of this and the three ſucceeding books, have always appeared to me to conſtitute the moſt intereſting part of the tale.

The converſation between Jones and Partridge, in the ninth chapter; the reluctance expreſſed by the latter of becoming a volunteer againſt the rebels, and his accommodating temper to the principles of his maſter, when he had diſcovered the error he had committed in the miſapprehenſion of Jones's reſolve to join the royal army; are all of them characteriſtical oddities in the pedant's character, and muſt excite riſibility in every reader.

The tenth chapter opens upon us with a very extraordinary incident

in a moſt beautiful epiſode, wherein is related the ſtory of the man of the hill. The puſillanimity of the ſchool-maſter again breaks out upon his approach to the old man's reſidence. The relation which the houſe-keeper gives of the manner in which her maſter paſſes his time, and of the habit in which he is uſually equipped, again recal the terrors of Partridge. The ſhrieks of the old man at being attacked by the robbers at the gate, affords the author an opportunity of introducing this tale in the moſt natural manner, ſince it impoſes upon the old gentleman a kind of neceſſity of gratifying the curioſity of Jones, to whom he had laid himſelf under the higheſt obligation, Jones having juſt before been reſcued by him from the moſt imminent danger: whereas it would have demanded no ſmall portion of credulity in the reader, to have ſuppoſed that a perſon who had lived ſo many years in retirement would have condeſcended to lay open the circumſtances of his life to a ſtranger who had broken in upon him ſo abruptly. Not only gratitude for his deliverance, but the queſtions propoſed by the man of the hill to Mr. Jones, are a ſufficient juſtification to the latter for his requeſt. The miſanthropic reflections to which the old man gives vent, at the cloſe of this chapter, appear to have been the natural reſult of thoſe misfortunes which he had undergone, and cannot on any other reaſoning be juſtified. The ſtory of the man of the hill is delivered in very appropriate terms, and the ſources whence all his misfortunes originate, may ſerve as a beacon for young men to avoid that baneful rock on which he was ſhipwrecked: namely, an aſſociation with idle companions of either ſex; but particularly it ſhould teach them to ſhun the ſociety of abandoned females, by an immoderate attachment to whom he was tempted to the perpetration of a crime which had well high brought him to an ignominious end. The ſtory, related by Partridge, of the white-faced calf, is not only laughable in itſelf, but ſerves as a juſt ſatire on thoſe perſons who are weak enough to yield aſſent to the ſuperſtitious doctrine of ghoſts and ſpirits.

The picture of a gaming table, in the twelfth chapter, is well drawn; and, from the effects here related which theſe aſſociations had on thoſe who frequented them, the youthful readers of this beautiful tale may, it is to be hoped, be induced to avoid theſe vicious ſcenes, where the unſuſpecting youth rarely eſcapes with impunity, and is not ſeldom completely ruined by the experienced ſharper.

In the thirteenth chapter, the precarious ſituation of a gambler, and the want and miſery to which he is occaſionally reduced, are ſet forth in the moſt impreſſive language. The manner in which the man of the hill is reclaimed by an accidental meeting with his father, who had fallen into the hands of ruffians, is perfectly conſonant to reaſon and probability, and opens a way for his eſcape from that horde of robbers in whoſe ſociety he was initiated, and from whom it might have been difficult for him to have eſcaped without this caſual interference. The compliment paid to the doctor forms a delicate eulogium (as I conceive) on Mr. Rankin, king's ſurgeon to George the ſecond, at the time when this novel was written. This anachroniſm may be juſtified by the practice of the beſt writers among the ancients. The recognition between the father and ſon is expreſſed in terms the moſt affecting. The reformation in the manners of the latter, on this occaſion, his return to his father's houſe, and his cloſe application to the ſtudy of

philoſophy and religion, hold out a ſalutary leſſon to ſuch youths who may have been led aſtray through the influence of bad example. The juſt tribute of praiſe which Mr. Fielding offers to the ſacred writings, when contraſted to the moſt admired moral authors of antiquity, is a convincing teſtimony of the author's piety and rectitude of heart. The character drawn of the old man's brother is a true portrait of a mere country fox-hunter. The kindneſs of the man of the hill towards Mr. Watſon, whom he met with ſeveral years after at Bath, and whoſe life he preſerved at the time when he had plunged himſelf into the Avon; his tender ſolicitude afterwards towards this abandoned character, and the pecuniary relief which he generouſly afforded him in his neceſſity; muſt awaken a tender ſenſation in every breaſt ſympathiſing in acts of true benevolence and friendſhip: and the ſubſequent behaviour of Mr. Watſon, in betraying his friend to the ſoldiers, muſt excite deteſtation againſt the wretch who could act with ſuch black ingratitude. The ſurpriſe expreſſed by the old man, in the ſixteenth ſection of the fourteenth chapter, at Jones's recapitulation of ſome hiſtorical events of public notoriety, may ſeem to bear marks of improbability, it being unlikely for any man to paſs a life ſo very recluſe as to be ignorant of the convulſions which had twice agitated his own country within a courſe of ſixty years; in which period the two rebellions of 1715 and 1745 had taken place, and the latter was then raging in the heart of the kingdom. This objection was not overlooked by Mr. Fielding, as appears by the queſtion which Jones put to the man of the hill. If we attend to the eccentricities of this ſingular character, his ignorance of the foregoing extraordinary facts will ceaſe to appear improbable; and, though ſuch as are not to be met with in our daily commerce with the world, is perfectly reconcileable to thoſe precepts which our author has, in another place, laid down as being indiſpenſably neceſſary to writers of this claſs *.

The hiſtorical remarks made by the man of the hill, in his tour through Europe, which he relates to Jones in the fifteenth chapter, furniſh a curious ſpecimen of his miſanthropic turn of mind, and are truly characteriſtic; at the ſame time that they may be conſidered as a juſt criticiſm on the generality of modern travels, in which the authors uſually ſpin out huge volumes with the recital of much unintereſting matter, and which may probably contribute to the pecuniary exigencies of the writer, but can be of ſmall avail towards the inſtruction of the reader. From an attentive peruſal of this beautiful epiſode, it may be learnt that ſolitude was never deſigned for man. This miſanthrope, however he might affect to think otherwiſe, was nevertheleſs a malecontent at bottom; and of this a more convincing proof could not be given than thoſe perpetual railings againſt his fellow-creatures. Every perſon who ſequeſters himſelf from the commerce of the world does, in ſome meaſure, become the ſame ungracious cynic with this man of the hill. Such people, having immured themſelves within the ſmall circuit of a village, in which perhaps they keep up only a trifling aſſociation with their neighbours, the temper becomes peeviſh; their notions contracted; their manners clowniſh; and, when the infirmities of age overtake them, they find themſelves, like a drone in the midſt of a hive of bees, deſerted by thoſe who have been wiſe enough to mix with ſociety, and to adopt thoſe various modes of

* See the introductory chapter to the 8th book.

life which are perpetually on the change. Not only the habit, but the phrases and common-place discourse, become so varied, in the revolution only of ten or fifteen years, that what was esteemed as the most graceful in one period, would be considered as truly ridiculous in the other; and the person who should adhere invariably to old customs and antiquated phrases, will find his language and his wardrobe equally obsolete, and to the other part of the world will appear scarcely less ridiculous than the man of the hill, when he was first seen by the affrighted Partridge in his long beard and ill-formed tunic. As in the walks of real life, so in this mirror of human agency, the most trivial occurrences frequently lead to great events. Of this I have had many occasions to remark. The which Partridge takes, at the close of this chapter, is of this kind; which (however trifling in itself) is, in its consequences, productive of events the most important to the ensuing part of this history. I am, &c.

LETTER VII.

DEAR NIECE,

THE introductory chapter to the ninth book forms a just criticism on the general run of novel writers; the composition of which, as Mr. Fielding wittily observes, in the opinion of those authors, requires neither learning nor knowledge, but paper, pens, and ink, with the manual capacity of using them. The several good qualites enumerated by Mr. Fielding as necessary to constitute a comic historian or writer of novels, will totally exclude that quiver of male and female pens, who have at various times, in and since the days of our author, attempted to scribble in this department of literature. The compliment paid to Mr. Garrick, Mrs. Cibber, and Mrs. Clive, is most delicately expressed; and those who are old enough to recollect the inimitable excellencies of those three performers, cannot fail to acknowledge the justice of the panegyric.

The intelligence contained in the second chapter of this book is a necessary prelude to those circumstances which lead to the catastrophe of the whole. The accidental rencontre between Jones and Northerton, and the revenge taken by the former on that adventurer, fall in naturally with the thread of the story. All the incidents here related do not exceed the strictest limits of probability. How necessary the appearance of the lady was at this time will appear hereafter. This chapter, as you will perceive, is embellished with many witty strokes.

The rich vein of humour which displays itself through the third chapter, proclaims the inimitable hand of Henry Fielding, and reminds one of what Scaliger, the famous hypercritic, says of the greatest wit among the ancients. How far the admirers of 'Tom Jones' may claim a right of placing Fielding on a par with Horace, in point of wit, I will not determine: for my own part, without infringing on the laws of Parnassus, I shall not hesitate to declare, that the novel writer has far exceeded the old lyric poet in humour.—'That in felicity of invention, chastity of style, and in the novelty and variety of expression, his writings are not barely faultless, but above all praise.'

The relation of the Upton fray cannot but provoke bursts of laughter from the most prudish reader. The description here drawn of Susan Chamber-maid, brings to our recollection the celebrated Maritornes. Indeed the sententious manner in which this battle is rehearsed bears a great resemblance to the serio-comic writings of Cervantes; and both the Spanish and the English histories will

be read with delight, ſo long as any reliſh ſhall be left for true and genuine Attic wit and humour. The addreſs of the ſerjeant to Mrs. Waters; and the apology of the hoſteſs, when ſhe had learned the quality of her female gueſt, whom ſhe had hitherto treated with ſuch rudeneſs and indignity; are truly characteriſtical. The libations offered by the ſeveral parties on their reconciliation, muſt again incline us to extol the talents of our author.

The fifth chapter exhibits a further inſtance of our author's talents at the mock-heroic, the beauties of which cannot fail to be reliſhed by every claſſical reader.

The converſation in the kitchen, between the ſerjeant, Mr. Partridge, and the coachman, related in the ſixth chapter, abounds with humour. The diſpute between the ſerjeant and the landlady, reſpecting Mrs. Waters, is maintained in very appropriate terms; and ſo, likewiſe, is the converſation between the landlord and his wife. The loquacity and pedantic quotations of Partridge, and the inquiſitive temper of the landlady, are diſtinguiſhing traits in the character of each. The altercation between the landlord and the ſerjeant; the miſapprehenſion in the former, of a phraſe uttered by Partridge; and the battle between the ſerjeant and the coachman; are incidents all managed with infinite humour.

In the ſeventh chapter is given an hiſtorical account of Mrs. Waters, ſo far as was neceſſary to unfold the myſtery of her having been found in company with enſign Northerton; and this is one proof, among many others to be met with in this moſt pleaſing novel, how far plain narrative may derive embelliſhment under the management of a ſkilful and ingenious writer. I am, dear niece,

Your affectionate uncle, &c.

(To be continued.)

AUGUSTA AND EMILY;

A TALE.

[BY MISS C. B. YEAMES.]

(*Continued from p.* 180.)

'AND art thou gone for ever from me!' exclaimed, frantically, the poor widow, when ſhe beheld the cold dew of death on the pale cheek of the late blooming Jeſſy. 'Art thou gone to reſt?—to ſeek that repoſe in a kinder region, which thy ill-ſtarred fate denied thee in this!'

Mrs. Maitland could no more. Tears drowned her feeble voice into a faint-like prayer for the poor departed, in which ſhe acquired a degree of painful eaſe—eaſe that reſembled the welcome calm after a boiſterous tempeſt. Lady Mary and Auguſta were totally unable to ſupport the awful ſcene: their boſoms heaved with pitying anguiſh, and large pearly drops gently deſcended to abate the depreſſing grief which ſwelled their humane hearts.

Mr. Harcourt's chariot now rolled up to the humble gateway, and from it alighted the handſome Agincourt, with pleaſure ſparkling in his fine expreſſive eye, and expectation glowing in his virtuous breaſt. He repeatedly embraced the agitated girls, and ſomewhat cheered the aged mourner by giving her ſtrong aſſurances of his future favour and protection.

When ſeated in the carriage, with her ſlender form repoſing for relief in the boſom of Auguſta, lady Mary heaved a bitter ſigh and fainted; miſs Harcourt ſhrieked aloud, and Agincourt was not a little alarmed at the indiſpoſition of his amiable Mary. The fair invalid, however, ſhortly recovered, to re-animate the ſpirits of the depreſſed lover; and the broad walk, which was the entrance to Aſhton-grove, now appearing, lord William and miſs Harcourt were all themſelves.

Lady Paul's indiſpoſition increaſed, and the venerable earl Cuthbert felt all the father ruſhing to his heart on ſeeing his beloved girl in ſuch an alarming ſtate. The feeling Horatio exhorted him to comfort; while his unamiable ſpouſe ſat deep in meditation, ſtudying the part of Alicia, in Rowe's pathetic tragedy of 'Jane Shore,' to pleaſe her moſt charming friend, the honourable Chriſtina Strangeways. Her huſband was ſupported by Auguſta and the lady of the manſion, and Mrs. Harcourt did for once condeſcend to ſlip from her fingers the part of Alicia, to conduct the emaciated Paul to her chamber: Horatio thanked her with a penſive ſmile, and the ſubtle wife preſſed his hand to her lips with ſeeming pleaſure.

The marriage of Auguſta was now poſtponed till the recovery of Paul; and Aſhton-grove, lately the abode of happineſs, was changed to a ſcene of dark deſpair. It would have continued ſo for ever, had not the bluſhing roſe again returned to replace the lily in the pleaſing face of Mary. Earl Cuthbert again grew young, with her return of health; and miſs Harcourt, if poſſible, was too happy at the recovery of her delicate friend.

As the family were one morning ſeated in the breakfaſt-parlour, a ſervant came to Mr. Harcourt with the meſſage, that 'Two ladies wiſhed to ſpeak with him in private.'

'In private!' retorted Mrs. Harcourt, her face inſtantaneouſly growing red with rage. 'In private!' ſhe again repeated; and, taking the hand of Horatio as he was walking to the door, forcibly detained him. Mr. Harcourt ſpoke not, but the ſtrong emotion which preſſed hard to his ſoul was too viſible for the timid Auguſta not to notice it.

'Dear, dear mamma!' ſhe ſoftly exclaimed, kiſſing her burning cheek, and preſſing the hand which ſtill confined the paſſive Harcourt by her ſide;—'let my kind reſpected papa be at liberty to hear the account that thoſe fair ladies have, perhaps, brought him. Pray do!' ſhe faintly added; 'Pray do!'

Mrs. Harcourt deigned not to beſtow an anſwer on ſuch a 'forward miſs,' as ſhe uſually ſtyled her; but, with a look of ſavage fierceneſs, ordered her again to her ſeat.

'That being who can reſiſt ſo ſweet a pleader as Auguſta Harcourt,' ſternly replied Horatio, 'muſt be dead to all feelings of compaſſion—dead to all ſenſe of honour and humanity!' and for once he darted a look not very kind on his turbulent partner.

The company was all confuſion; now fear, then hope, aſſailed them, at what might follow from the enraged Mrs. Harcourt. Lady Mary's ſpirits already began to be too much affected, and, making a low curtſey to Mrs. Harcourt, and caſting a lingering look of regret on Auguſta, ſhe ſuffered the earl, her father, to lead her to the garden, leaving her brother to take care of and conſole his adored miſtreſs.

The footman now returned with a ſecond ſummons for Mr. Harcourt, ſaying 'That the patience of the ladies was totally exhauſted; and that if he (Horatio) was not at liberty to receive them, they would inſtantly depart from the Grove.'

'Am I doomed to be for ever your ſlave?' exclaimed Horatio to his wife.

'Oh, no!' returned ſhe; 'I would not that you ſhould wait on me in that occupation:' and, raiſing her ſnowy ſtreamer to her eyes, ſhe walked majeſtically to the further end of the room.

'In bondage to you, madam,'

continued he, 'I have long been held; but, for the ſake of my darling Auguſta, have refrained from conteſting your uſurped power. But know that your ill-treated captive now burſts aſunder his galling chains, to taſte the ſweets of liberty, as once he did before he beheld Agatha! the cruel wife, and unkind mother! the hard-hearted miſtreſs! and the ſlow aſſaſſin to this bleeding heart!'

'Dare you to treat me thus?' returned ſhe haughtily. 'Dare you thus to triumph over the wretch your wife?'

'I dare do all within the roomy bounds of honour; and now am not your infatuated lover, but your huſband!' replied the noble Harcourt.

Mrs. Harcourt began, like a maddened fury, by tearing handfuls of her luxuriant golden hair, and demoliſhing the fragrant china vaſes which lined the apartment, to the inexpreſſible grief of her daughter, who ſat weeping by the ſide of lord William.

Horatio, however, heeded not the furious Agatha; but, kiſſing the ambroſial lips of his Auguſta, departed to meet his viſitors. As he approached the library, his heart palpitated, he knew not why. He gently opened the door, and two elegant females rivetted his attention to the ſpot. The elder of the two appeared about thirty years of age; tall, ſlender, and majeſtic, ſhe commanded awe; while her faſcinating features inſpired the love of every beholder, who poſſeſſed not that apathy of ſoul to gaze on a beautiful woman without admiring and owning the abſolute power ſhe muſt always command over the human faculties. They were both habited in ſable robes, and the youngeſt might certainly be allowed to be pretty; if not ſo ſtrikingly beautiful as her companion, at leaſt the whole contour of her countenance exhibited a heart ſo feeling, a ſoul ſo generous, and ſenſibility ſhone with ſo much animation in her full azure eye, that Horatio ſecretly felt a parental affection in her favour.

'Madam, may I aſk your commands?' he faintly uttered, addreſſing the elder lady; while his eyes were conſtantly fixed on the bewitching graces of her companion.

A heavy ſigh was the only anſwer ſhe was capable of making him, till the firſt ſtruggle of her feelings was over: ſhe then ſaid—'Sir, you once had a ſiſter, who, if remembrance is ſtill dear to you, loved you with the fondeſt affection.'

Harcourt trembled, turned pale, and caught hold of a chair for ſupport. 'Go on, madam! go on!' pioufly ejaculated he, taking his eyes from the young ſtranger to raiſe them to heaven.

She continued—'A few months back your ſiſter, the ſpotleſs Emily, breathed her laſt in my feeble arms, intruſting to my care her only treaſure; with ſtrict injunctions, ſix months after her deceaſe, if you were ſtill living, to deliver her from mine into your hands; and, if not, the innocent Emily would have been for ever ſheltered in my humble cot. With the aſſurance that you would fondly protect her deſtitute orphan, the anxious mother ſunk into a profound ſleep never more to awake. Behold, in this beauteous girl, the image of the departed Emily,' continued ſhe, leading forth the agitated maid to her enraptured uncle.

'And is this the daughter of my Emily? my beſt beloved and unfortunate ſiſter!' exclaimed he, glowing with enthuſiaſtic fondneſs, and ſaluting her with rapture.

'It is,' replied his niece; 'and thus humbly does your devoted Emily kneel for protection to the only relation ſhe poſſeſſes in this world!'

He raiſed the weeping Emily, and

preſſed her to his heart, ſaying—'All the love I bore to my angelic ſiſter I transfer to her Emily.'

Madame de Perpignon, for that was the lady's name, thus continued, taking from her boſom a ſmall packet of papers—'This, likewiſe, my dear ſir, I was to preſent. It is a narrative of the ſeries of misfortunes my unhappy friend encountered;' and madame de Perpignon wiped aſide the trickling tear.

'Whence do you come?' fondly enquired Horatio.

'In a ſmall cottage, near Paris, I dwell; and there I firſt and laſt beheld the ſainted Mrs. Lewis,' replied madame de Perpignon. 'And, in a few days,' continued ſhe, preſſing the white hand of Emily, 'I muſt leave my darling young friend under a more worthy guardian.'

Miſs Lewis wept, and the amiable de Perpignon was not leſs affected.

'My beloved girl!' exclaimed Mr. Harcourt, 'you ſhall have no reaſon, I hope, to regret leaving France for England, except the dear delight of reſiding with your reſpected friend, and viſiting thoſe favourite haunts which were once your mother's.'

'Sir,' returned Emily, 'I would not wiſh to be thought ungrateful; but'—Here ſobs choaked her utterance, and madame de Perpignon concluded the broken ſentence.

'Scenes of bliſsful childhood, ſcenes of roſy pleaſures, and ſcenes where a dutiful child can fancy to herſelf ſhe beholds her beatified mother, are too dear to be left without a ſigh.'

Emily could not expreſs her gratitude to her friend, but by flinging herſelf into her arms: ſhe repoſed for relief on the ruffled boſom of de Perpignon.

Mr. Harcourt now ſummoned Auguſta to his preſence, and the beautiful girl eagerly flew to learn the requeſt of her father. Horatio preſented Emily; and, in an impreſſive tone, bade her conſider her in future as her ſiſter. Auguſta embraced the weeping Emily, and led her forward to lady Mary and Agincourt. Horatio followed, ſupporting madame de Perpignon, and introduced to the now appeaſed Agatha and his worthy friends his beauteous niece, whom he ſaid for the future he ſhould conſider as co-heireſs with his Auguſta to his fortune and affection.

(To be continued.)

MATILDA; *a* DRAMA.

(Continued from p. 196.)

SCENE VI.

Herman, Erneſt.

Erneſt.

PERHAPS, ſir, I diſturb you?

Herman (ſitting at a table ſcattered over with papers). It is certain, ſir, that, at the moment when your uncle is expected, I have a thouſand things to attend to.

Erneſt. I will not detain you long. I was told this morning that the amiable Matilda is indiſpoſed.

Herman. The melancholy proſpect ſhe has before her; the continual renewal of trouble and ſorrow——

Erneſt. Oh, I ſhare all her ſorrow!

Herman (with an ironical ſmile). You, ſir!

Erneſt. Much more than you may believe. My uncle, it is ſaid, has given ſome orders relative to the counteſs.

Herman (riſing, with an air of ſuppreſſed indignation). Very rigorous orders. I ſhould be ſurpriſed to find that you are ignorant of their purport.

Erneſt (with mildneſs and concern). That is to ſay, you accuſe me of having prompted them.

Herman. I have the misfortune not to know how to diſſemble.

Erneſt. How! Do I hear this from you, who were once ſo much my friend?

Herman. Matilda was then in the arms of her father; ſhe was not rejected from the boſom of her family; ſhe had not been ſacrificed to him—who has not, nor can have, any right to be preferred to her.

Erneſt (with eagerneſs). You ſay truly, Mr. Herman; he has no right. He was an orphan, unfortunate, deſerted from his cradle, and reduced by a concurrence of diſaſtrous events to languiſh in obſcurity, in poverty. He owes his preſervation and his happineſs to the mother of the unfortunate Matilda. But nothing has abated his gratitude; he has ever acknowledged his benefactreſs, and reſpected the rights of Matilda, whoſe ſlighteſt uneaſineſs is a torture to his heart. He, I call Heaven to witneſs, cannot reproach himſelf with having ever contributed to the misfortunes of any perſon.

Herman. I wiſh he may not, for his own ſake.

Erneſt (with a deep ſigh). And what muſt I not ſuffer, if my couſin has conceived the ſame harſh opinion of me which you appear to entertain?

Herman (with vivacity). You enjoy advantages to which ſhe is entitled by birth: you will inherit her fortune.—*(Checking himſelf, but ſtill with firmneſs).*—Compare her rights and her ſituation with yours—and then decide.

Erneſt (with great warmth). I take from her her fortune! ——I!

Herman (with a ſarcaſtic ſmile). You know the count has planned for you a great marriage.

Erneſt (firmly). It has not taken place.

Herman (with an ironical ſmile). But it will take place, and the great wealth which ought one day to become Matilda's——

Erneſt (with firmneſs). Will never be mine.—*(He fixes his eyes on Herman, endeavouring to diſcover his thoughts).*—It will go to Mr. Wodmar, who, ſince his father's death, has not concealed his views on Matilda.

Herman (vaguely). He has been here ſeveral times.

Erneſt (with a timid curioſity). He ſeems—is, I ſuppoſe, favourably received?

Herman. That ſecret remains with your couſin.

Erneſt. And ſhould my uncle approve of this match——

Herman (ſomewhat haſtily). That I think he never will.

Erneſt (with a ſudden emotion of joy, which he inſtantly repreſſes). Oh!—Time will juſtify me, Mr. Herman; time will reſtore to me your eſteem and friendſhip.—But ſome one is coming.—I muſt leave you.—Heavens!—It is Matilda!

Scene VII.

Matilda, Amelia Walſtein, Erneſt, Herman.

Matilda (with ſurpriſe at ſeeing Erneſt). Ah! my dear Amelia! Herman was not alone!

Erneſt (approaching her reſpectfully). Excuſe me, madam; I ſhould be moſt unhappy if I thought I gave you a moment's uneaſineſs. If my preſence is improper, I will withdraw immediately.

Matilda (embarraſſed and timidly). I expected to find Mr. Herman alone—But there is nothing in your appearance, ſir, which can give me uneaſineſs.

Erneſt. Pardon me—I had feared—Such harſh opinions are entertained of me—You turn pale, dearеſt couſin!—Louiſa told me this morning that you were indiſpoſed—

Matilda (with a deep ſigh). I am not happy; and the pains of the mind have a great influence on the body.

Erneſt (*with a ſtrong expreſſion of concern and tenderneſs*). You are not happy!—For whom then was happineſs intended?

Matilda (*with an expreſſion of ſorrow, but without harſhneſs*). It appears, not for me, and that you know better than any perſon.

Erneſt (*ſighing*). I know—that I do not deſerve your hatred.

Matilda. To ſigh for the happineſs you enjoy is not to hate you. Hatred is too painful a ſentiment, and I will not add it to my other ſufferings.

Amelia (*as if impatient of a converſation which had continued too long, but without unpoliteneſs*). Matilda, we have no time to loſe: your intention was to take a ſhort walk before the arrival of your father—and if Mr. Erneſt will permit——

Erneſt. I obey, and retire. Erneſt will never, willingly at leaſt, be an obſtacle to the ſlighteſt deſire of his amiable couſin (*with expreſſive mildneſs*). All appearances are indeed againſt me, and I have nothing for me but the teſtimony of my heart. [*He offers to go, but ſtops when he ſees Louiſa.*]

SCENE VIII.

Matilda, Amelia Walſtein, Erneſt, Herman, Louiſa.

Louiſa. The gate was open, and no perſon but myſelf in the avenue. It was to no purpoſe that I told Mr. Wodmar that you could not be ſeen, and that you was at home to nobody; he would hear nothing I ſaid. He would follow me, and you will ſee him in a moment.

Matilda. Indeed! My deareſt Amelia, let us be gone this inſtant.

Erneſt (*at the bottom of the ſtage, aſide, and with eager joy*). She refuſes to ſee him!

Amelia. Mr. Herman, you will diſmiſs him as ſoon as poſſible.

Matilda. Do not delay; we ſhall not be gone before he comes.—

[*Exeunt.*

Erneſt (*aſide*). Would ſhe fly him, if her heart felt a prepoſſeſſion in his favour?

Louiſa. Here is Mr. Wodmar.

SCENE IX.

Wodmar, Erneſt, Herman, Louiſa.

Wodmar. I did not hope to have the pleaſure of meeting you here, ſir; I ſuppoſed your impatience to ſee again an uncle who muſt be ſo dear to you——

Erneſt (*coldly*). I ſhall not delay, ſir, to fulfil my duty.

Wodmar. He will, I think, arrive this morning.

Erneſt (*with cold politeneſs*). We expect him. Permit me to leave you [*They bow. Exit Erneſt.*

Wodmar (*politely ſaluting Herman*). I aſk your pardon, ſir; I did not ſee you.

Herman Sir!

Wodmar (*to Louiſa*). May I be permitted to pay my reſpects to the lovely Matilda?

Louiſa. She is not at home, ſir, at preſent.

Wodmar. I was told that I ſhould find her in this ſaloon. Is ſhe in the garden?

Louiſa. She may be; but I am not certain. I will go and look for my miſtreſs: (*aſide*) and I will anſwer for it that I do not find her. [*Exit.*

SCENE X.

Herman, Wodmar.

Herman. I do not think, ſir, that you can ſpeak to her to-day. The count, her father, is expected here every hour.

Wodmar. This is preciſely the circumſtance which cauſes me ſo earneſtly to ſolicit the favour I requeſt. Join your entreaties to mine, Mr. Herman, and endeavour to prevail on madam Walſtein and her amiable friend not to refuſe me a favour on which depends, perhaps, our common happineſs.

Herman. I cannot promiſe you

ſucceſs; I can only anſwer for my own zeal. [*Exit.*

SCENE XI.

Wodmar alone.

Erneſt has always ſeemed to obſerve me with an anxious and miſtruſtful eye. Does he love Matilda? This is not the firſt time I have entertained that ſuſpicion. Is he beloved? No, certainly; he muſt appear too culpable. But, alas! I am ſo, in fact, much more than he!—One word, one ſingle word, and Matilda would be happy. But this deciſive word, honour, or at leaſt what is miſtaken for honour, a cruel prejudice, forbids me to pronounce. Oh! my father! what a crime was yours!

SCENE XII.

Wodmar, Charles.

Charles. I am glad I have met with you, ſir; I wanted to ſee you.

Wodmar. Did you, Charles?—What intelligence do you bring me?

Charles (looking round him, ſuſpiciouſly). Nobody is coming, I hope. We ought not to be ſeen together. You are waiting here to ſee the counteſs Matilda?

Wodmar. Yes.

Charles. You will not ſee her, then. As I paſſed along the farther end of the garden, I heard madam Walſtein and the counteſs Matilda talking together. I was behind a hedge, ſo that they did not ſee me. From what they ſaid, I underſtood that they were ſeeking ſome retired place, to avoid being ſeen by you.

Wodmar. What have I done that they ſhould be ſo anxious to avoid me?

Charles. I do not know. But we muſt be very careful to prevent any ſuſpicion that we have a communication with each other. The utmoſt confidence is placed in me here, and I deſerve it: for if my young miſtreſs were more happy; if I knew that my maſter would one day reſtore her to his affections; in fine, if marriage were not your object; do not believe that for all the treaſures in the world I could be capable of acting treacherouſly towards the count, in whoſe family I was born, and who has always treated me with the greateſt kindneſs; or his amiable daughter whom, when little, I have frequently carried in theſe arms.

Wodmar (offering him a purſe). I know very well you are a worthy fellow, and I can never ſufficiently recompenſe your ſervices.

Charles. No, ſir, no! Keep your money: that is not neceſſary to induce me to ſerve you with all my heart. My aim, in aſſiſting you in your deſigns, is to give happineſs to Matilda. Make her happy, and I am ſufficiently rewarded. But (be not offended at what I am going to ſay) you are not the object of her affection: you may become ſo in time; but you certainly are not at this moment. This Matilda has frequently declared to madam Walſtein. I have myſelf heard her. If, therefore, you preſs her for an anſwer to your avowal of your paſſion for her, you will not, at preſent, obtain one in your favour.

Wodmar. I am afraid I ſhall not, indeed.

Charles. I am ſure you will not. You will, therefore, conſider what is to be done.

Wodmar. To have recourſe to the means we have before talked of would be to proceed to a dreadful extremity.

Charles. It would, moſt certainly.

Wodmar. My heart revolts at the thought of carrying her off by force.

Charles. So does mine—I cannot deny it.

Wodmar. It is impoſſible that I can conſent to employ ſuch violent means, till I have loſt all other hope.

Charles. Alas! I am much afraid that before the day is over——At all

events, there is a key of the little gate of the park. I have procured it without the knowledge of any perſon. You will ſend her, in the morning, ſuch of your domeſtics as you place moſt confidence in. They may let themſelves in with this key. I will wait for them between the wall and the hedge; and we will concert together ſuch meaſures as ſhall remove all difficulty, in caſe of any urgent neceſſity.

Wodmar. I wiſh to ſee Matilda once more, and to ſpeak to her father: let us, at leaſt, have nothing to reproach ourſelves with.

Charles. That is acting like a man of honour. But, above every thing, endeavour to engage Louiſa in your intereſt. She is the handſome chamber-maid of our young lady, and in an affair of this kind a chamber-maid is a very neceſſary aſſiſtant. I believe there is a particularly good underſtanding between her and my companion Philip, a worthy lad, much attached to Mr. Erneſt. You will lament to her your hard fate, ſigh, and move her tender feelings. Amorous young ladies, like her, are always compaſſionate. If you meet with her, do not loſe a moment. Go directly into the garden. They know you are here, and will not return, I am certain. At the bottom of the broad walk, behind the caſcade, you will find a thick grove. At the farther end of that is a grotto. There they are concealed.

Wodmar. Which way muſt I go?

Charles. On this ſide. You will turn to the right. Yes, that way. But the key—you have forgotten the key. Your ſervants—remember,—in the morning. A little addreſs, diſpatch, and courage, and we ſhall be ſure to ſucceed.

[*Exeunt at different doors.*

END OF THE FIRST ACT.

(To be continued.)

ANSWERS *to a former* QUERY.

To the EDITOR *of the* LADY'S MAGAZINE.

SIR,

In anſwer to the query of Eliza Clarke, in your Magazine for April, p. 180, I tranſmit the following extract, from Dr. Turnbull, for her peruſal, which I by chance, a few days back, happened to read in your agreeable miſcellany for the year 1784.

'With regard to the falling of the hair off the head,' ſays the doctor, 'I know of no better method than to cut away all the hair, ſhave the head, and rub it for three or four weeks with honey and rum.—Or, Take a handful of box leaves, and boil them in a quart or more of water, to the one-half conſumption; ſtrain the decoction, and rub the head all over, every morning, for a month or more, with the decoction.

'As it is a very ſerious affair for a young lady to want her hair, the above method may be tried before ſhe parts with it; and I adviſe her to lay aſide, as much as poſſible, the uſe of the hot curling tongs.'

That the fair Eliza may gain benefit by this, I ſincerely hope.

And am, ſir,

Your humble ſervant,

CATHERINE BREMEN YEAMES.

Harwich, May 4, 1803.

To the EDITOR *of the* LADY'S MAGAZINE.

SIR,

In anſwer to the query of Eliza Clarke, I would recommend her to get her hair ſhaved off, and bathe her head with brandy three or four times a-day: not but at the preſent time the loſs of her own hair can be of little conſequence, ſince the deficiency may be ſo eaſily remedied by the art of a peruke-maker. And, as ſhe may chance to diſlike the colour of

her own hair, ſhe has the advantage of chooſing whatever ſhade ſhe pleaſes; which will, excluſive of adding an air of ſmartneſs to her perſon, render her entirely in the faſhion. I am, ſir,

Your humble ſervant,

ELIZ. YEAMES.

Harwich, May 3, 1803.

Characteriſtic and critical REMARKS *on* FEMALES.

(*Concluded from page* 198.)

THE love of pleaſure is inſeparable from human nature; and therefore every thing which is conducive to ſublunary happineſs is ſought after by the majority of mankind with unceaſing avidity; but as the diſpoſition of the mind materially varies in different individuals, and, as it is an acknowledged truth, that the ſame thing which pleaſes one perſon will not pleaſe all, it is neceſſary that pleaſure ſhould be capable of being derived from a great variety of cauſes, in order that it might be adapted to each diſtinct inclination. No propoſition admits of ſo little equivocation as this; namely, that the ſame incident which gives pleaſure to one, ſometimes conduces to the miſery or uneaſineſs of another, and hence that cauſe is univerſally confeſſed to be the moſt excellent, and conſidered as the beſt ſtandard of admiration, which promotes the felicity of the greateſt number of perſons, whether it be a mental exertion or a mechanical performance, or whether its effects are perceptible by its operation on the intellectual or corporeal ſenſes. Now amongſt many excellent properties which we ſometimes diſcover in women, we do not find any one more extenſive in its influence, beneficial in its operation, or more congenial to the ſoul, than vivacity: it checks the corroſions of care, diſſipates the torpitude of melancholy, corrects the liſtleſſneſs of indolence, exhilirates, harmoniſes, and enlarges the heart, and induces benevolence.

Theſe preliminary obſervations lead us to conſider the endowments of Velera, whoſe diſtinguiſhing characteriſtic is vivacity; but her ſprightlineſs alone would not render her conſpicuous among her ſex, were it not reſtrained and regulated by an accurate and diſcriminating judgment—a judgment ſtrengthened on one ſide by nature, and refined on the other by a claſſical education. With theſe qualities, in converſation ſhe delights the ear, her wit excites mirth, and her ſenſe inſpires reſpect. Notwithſtanding this, Velera is oftentimes governed by two principles, which have been repreſented by the cenſorious as imperfections in her general character; one of them being an ambition to be ſignaliſed in matters of opinion, and the other an irritability of temper. As an apologetic anſwer to the firſt of theſe objections, we obſerve, that ambition, or rather emulation, of this nature, is the neceſſary and unavoidable conſequence of education; it is the well-grounded evidence of a ſuperior energy of mind, a prerogative which excluſively belongs to every lady who has been unremittingly aſſiduous to improve her underſtanding. As to the ſecond, we know that irritability of temper in ſome perſons is a dangerous failing, and accompanied with malignity; in others it is neither dangerous nor malignant, but is merely indicative of acute ſenſibility and quick apprehenſion. We lament that ignorant people, who are always ſtrangers to abſtracted thinking, ſhould ever preſume to point out errors and propoſe amendments in

others who act in a more difficult and enlightened ſphere, ſolely becauſe their ideas of external rectitude do not exactly coincide. Theſe perſons intermingle different objects, things, and conſequences, altogether; and then from the incongruous maſs educe an inference, which they obtrude on others in the form of an opinion. Surely this is abſurd, and muſt be, as the learned and exemplary Dr. Johnſon obſerves, 'one of the many inconſiſtencies which folly produces, or infirmity ſuffers, in the human mind.'

Admitting therefore that ambition and irritability are imperfections exiſting in Velera, they reſemble ſpots on the ſun's diſk, which can only be ſeen by obſerving that luminary through a darkened medium; or, to be more intelligible, her imperfections can only be ſeen by perſons whoſe narrow and contracted mental viſion is obſcured and darkened by envy, ill-nature, affectation, or ignorance. Women of vivacious diſpoſitions are commonly paſſionate, though their paſſion is ſeldom connected with any miſchievous propenſity, and therefore may be defined to be an irritation, or a colliſion of ideas produced in the mind by ſome ſudden fortuitous circumſtance, cauſing an unpleaſant emotion which cannot be ſuppreſſed, and which terminates in immediate diſapprobation or reſentment.

We ſeldom find a lady whoſe external appearance is lovely poſſeſſed of an improved underſtanding: this is not the conſequence of a deficient capacity, becauſe beautiful and unhandſome women are alike endued with improvable powers and ſtrength of mind; but it is the conſequence of ſomething more obvious. Beautiful women are admired and flattered, and reiterated flattery gradually induces a ſelf-importance, and an irreſiſtible ambition to be celebrated only for beauty. All things therefore which tend to beautify the mind are diſregarded. An underſtanding tutored into elegance can only charm a few intimate acquaintance; but beauty has a more extenſive influence, and faſcinates all beholders; the female experiences this, and lives ſtudious only of outward embelliſhments, until advanced age, decayed beauty, diſappointment, and neglect, convince her of her error. Velera is an exception to the general remark which we thus have made: ſhe has ſeen the propriety of uniting elegance of mind with the elegance of nature. Being unmindful of her own perſonal attractions, ſhe has evinced how eaſy it is for a lady to pleaſe, as well thoſe who are capable of diſcriminating real excellence, as the ſuperficial obſervers who know or feel ſcarcely any thing beſides that which operates immediately upon their eye-ſight. It is pleaſing to behold a lady, the ſplendour of whoſe perſonal qualities is heightened by candour, parental affection, and attention to domeſtic duties. Such we conſider Velera; and, comparing her with many others, eſteem her a ſuperior among her ſex, to adopt the ſimile of Horace, as the moon amongſt the leſſer luminaries,—'*Velut inter ignes luna minores.*'

Since we have attempted to ſhow the fairer ſide of the female character, we have been cenſured for being too exuberant in our praiſe, as tending to create vanity. Now with unaffected deference to ſuperior diſcernment, we remark, that as human judgment is liable to error, we might have been miſtaken in ſome particulars of our delineations; but we preſumed that this miſtake would act beneficially, inaſmuch as the lady who felt her merit too highly rated would, we

conceived, inſtead of being vain, exert her future endeavours to deſerve and corroborate that opinion which we had given. In our deſcription of characters we have endeavoured to confine our opinions to the unerring principles of truth: and we diſregard any inſinuation that our ſentiments have partaken of mere adulation, ſince we wiſhed to diſtinguiſh rightly; and where any one's conduct deſerved our praiſe we were deſirous to beſtow it as a tribute of reſpect and approbation; and we were ſtimulated to expreſs impartial ſentiments from a conviction that we were wholly independent of the favour of thoſe whom we attempted to characteriſe: and laſtly we were unconcerned whether our exertions incurred approbation or diſlike, if ſuch approbation or diſlike reſulted from partiality, ſelf-love, envy, ill-nature, peeviſhneſs, or contempt, or from any other cauſe than juſt and diſpaſſionate criticiſm. SCOOLT.

Wallingford, May 7, 1803.

On the FEMALE CHARACTER.

(By Mr. Gisborne.)

IN different countries and at different periods female excellence has been eſtimated by very different ſtandards. At almoſt every period it has been rated among nations deeply immerſed in barbariſm, by the ſcale of ſervile fear and capacity for toil. Examine the domeſtic proceedings of ſavage tribes in the old world and in the new, and aſk who is the beſt daughter and the beſt wife. The anſwer is uniform. She who bears with ſuperior patience and perſeverance the viciſſitudes of ſeaſons, the fervour of the ſun, the dews of night. She who, after a march through woods and ſwamps, from morn to eve, is the firſt to bring on her ſhoulders a burden of fuel, and foremoſt in erecting the family wigwam, while the men ſtand around in liſtleſs unconcern: ſhe who ſearches with the greateſt activity for roots in the foreſt, prowls with the moſt ſucceſs along the ſhore for limpets, and dives with unequalled fortitude for eggs in the creek: ſhe who ſtands dripping and famiſhed before her huſband, while he devours, ſtretched at eaſe, the produce of her exertions, waits his tardy permiſſion without a word or a look of impatience, and feeds, with the humbleſt gratitude and ſhorteſt intermiſſion of labour, on the ſcraps and offals which he diſdains: ſhe, in a word, who is the moſt tolerant of hardſhip and of unkindneſs. When nations begin to emerge from groſs barbariſm, every new ſtep which they take toward refinement is commonly marked by a gentler treatment and a more reaſonable eſtimation of women; and every improvement in their opinions and conduct reſpecting the female ſex prepares the way for additional progreſs in civilization. It is not, however, in the rudeneſs of uncivilized life that female worth can either be fitly apprehended, or be diſplayed in its genuine colours. And we ſhall be the leſs inclined to wonder at the perverſion of ideas which has been exemplified on this ſubject, amid ignorance and neceſſity, among Hottentots and Indians, when we conſider the erroneous opinions on the ſame topic which have obtained more or leſs currency in our country, and even in modern times. It would perhaps be no unfair repreſentation of the ſentiment which prevailed in the laſt age to affirm that ſhe was completely verſed in the ſciences of pickling and preſerving, and in the myſtery of croſs-ſtitch and embroidery: ſhe

who was thoroughly miſtreſs of the family receipt-book and of her needle, was deemed, in point of ſolid attainments, to have reached the meaſure of female perfection. Since that period, however, it has been univerſally acknowledged, that the intellectual powers of women are not reſtricted to the arts of the houſe-keeper and the ſempſtreſs. Genius, taſte, and learning itſelf, have appeared in the number of female endowments and acquiſitions. And we have heard, from time to time, ſome bold aſſertions of the rights of the weaker ſex, ſtigmatiſing in terms of indignant complaint the monopoliſing injuſtice of the other; laying claim on behalf of their clients to co-ordinate authority in every department of ſcience and erudition; and upholding the perfect equality of injured woman and uſurping man in language ſo little guarded, as ſcarcely to permit the latter to conſider the labours of the camp and of the ſenate as excluſively pertaining to himſelf.

The Power who called the human race into being has, with infinite wiſdom, regarded, in the ſtructure of the corporeal frame, the taſks which the different ſexes were reſpectively deſtined to fulfil. To man, on whom the culture of the ſoil, the erection of dwellings, and, in general, thoſe operations of induſtry and thoſe meaſures of defence which include difficult and dangerous exertions, were ultimately to devolve, he has imparted the ſtrength of limb, and the robuſtneſs of conſtitution, requiſite for the perſevering endurance of toil. The female form, not commonly doomed, in countries where civilization is far advanced, to labours more ſevere than the offices of domeſtic life, he has caſt in a ſmaller mould, and bound together by a looſer texture. But, to protect weakneſs from the oppreſſion of domineering ſuperiority, thoſe whom he has not qualified to contend he has enabled to faſcinate; and has amply compenſated the defect of muſcular vigour by ſymmetry and expreſſion, by elegance and grace. To me it appears that he has adopted, and that he has adopted with the moſt conſpicuous wiſdom, a correſponding plan of diſcriminating between the mental powers and diſpoſitions of the two ſexes. The ſcience of legiſlation, of juriſprudence, of political œconomy, the conduct of government in all its executive functions, the abſtruſe reſearches of erudition, the inexhauſtible depths of philoſophy, the acquirements ſubordinate to navigation, the knowledge indiſpenſable in the wide field of commercial enterpriſe, the arts of defence and of attack by land and by ſea which the violence or fraud of unprincipled aſſailants render needful; theſe, and other ſtudies, purſuits, and occupations, aſſigned chiefly or entirely to men, demand the efforts of a mind endued with the power of cloſe and comprehenſive reaſoning, and of intenſe and continued application, in a degree in which they are not requiſite for the diſcharge of the cuſtomary offices of female duty. It would therefore ſeem natural to expect, and experience, I think, confirms the juſtice of the expectation, that the Giver of all good, after beſtowing thoſe powers on men, with a liberality proportioned to the ſubſiſting neceſſity, would impart them to the female mind with a more ſparing hand. It was equally natural to expect, that in the diſpenſation of other qualities and talents, uſeful and important to both ſexes, but particularly ſuited to the ſphere in which women were intended to move, he would confer the larger portion of his bounty on thoſe who

needed it the moſt. It is accordingly manifeſt, that in ſprightlineſs and vivacity, in quickneſs of perception, in fertility of invention, in powers adapted to unbend the brow of the learned, to refreſh the overlaboured faculties of the wiſe, and to diffuſe, throughout the family circle, the enlivening and endearing ſmile of cheerfulneſs, the ſuperiority of the female mind is unrivalled. Does man, vain of his pre-eminence in the track of profound inveſtigation, boaſt that the reſult of the enquiry is in his favour? Let him check the premature triumph; and liſten to the ſtatement of another article in the account, which, in the judgment of prejudice itſelf, will be found to reſtore the balance. As yet the native worth of the female character has been imperfectly developed. To eſtimate it fairly, the view muſt be extended from the compaſs and ſhades of intellect, to the diſpoſitions and feelings of the heart. Were we called upon to produce examples of the moſt amiable tendencies and affections implanted in human nature, of modeſty, of delicacy, of ſympathiſing ſenſibility, of prompt and active benevolence, of warmth and tenderneſs of attachment, whither ſhould we at once turn our eyes?—To the ſiſter, to the daughter, to the wife. Theſe endowments form the glory of the female ſex: they ſhine amid the darkneſs of uncultivated barbariſm; they give to civiliſed ſociety its brighteſt and moſt attractive luſtre. The priority of female excellence in the points now under conſideration man is ſeldom undiſcerning enough to deny. But he not unfrequently endeavours to aggrandize his own merits, by repreſenting himſelf as characteriſed in return, by ſuperior fortitude.—In the firſt place, however, the reality of the fact alleged is extremely problematical. Fortitude is not to be ſought merely on the rampart, on the deck, or the field of battle. Its place is no leſs in the chamber of ſickneſs and pain, in the retirements of anxiety, of grief, and of diſappointment. The reſolution which is diſplayed in braving the perils of war is, in moſt men, in a very conſiderable degree, the effect of habit and of other extraneous cauſes. Courage is eſteemed the commoneſt qualification of a ſoldier: and why is it thus common? Not ſo much becauſe the ſtock of native reſolution, beſtowed on the generality of men, is very large; as becauſe that ſtock is capable of being increaſed by diſcipline, by habit, by ſympathy, by encouragement, by the dread of ſhame, by the thirſt of credit and renown, almoſt to an unlimited extent. But the influence of theſe cauſes is not reſtricted to men. In towns which have long ſuſtained the horrors of a ſiege, the deſcending bomb has been found, in numberleſs inſtances, ſcarcely to excite more alarm in the female part of the families of private citizens than among their brothers and huſbands. In bearing viciſſitudes of fortune, in exchanging wealth for penury, ſplendour for diſgrace, women ſeem, as far as experience has decided the queſtion, to have ſhown themſelves little inferior to men. With reſpect to ſupporting the languor and the acuteneſs of diſeaſe, the weight of teſtimony is wholly on the ſide of the weaker ſex. Aſk the profeſſors of the medical art what deſcription of the perſons whom they attend exhibits the higheſt pattern of firmneſs, compoſure, and reſignation, under tedious and painful trials, and they name at once their female patients. It has, indeed, been aſſerted, that women, in conſequence of the ſlighter texture of their frame, do not

undergo, in the amputation of a limb, and in other caſes of corporeal ſuffering, the ſame degree of anguiſh which is endured by the rigid muſcles and ſtubborn ſinews of perſons of the other ſex under ſimilar circumſtances; and that a ſmaller portion of fortitude is ſufficient to enable the former to bear the trial equally well with the latter. The aſſertion, however, appears to have been advanced not only without proof, but without the capability of proof. Who knows that the nerves are not as keenly ſenſible in a finer texture as in one more robuſt?—Who knows that they are not more keenly ſenſible in the firſt than in the ſecond?—Who can eſtimate the degree of pain, whether of body or of mind, endured by any individual except himſelf?—How can any perſon inſtitute a compariſon, when of neceſſity he is wholly ignorant of one of the points to be compared?—If, in the external indications of mental reſolution, women are not inferior to men, is a theory which admits not of experimental confirmation a reaſonable ground for pronouncing them inferior in reality?—Nor let it be deemed wonderful that Providence ſhould have conferred on women in general a portion of original fortitude, not much inferior, to ſpeak of it in the loweſt terms compatible with truth, to that commonly implanted in perſons of the other ſex, on whom many more ſcenes of danger and of ſtrenuous exertion are devolved. If the natural tenderneſs of the female mind, cheriſhed, too, as that tenderneſs is in civiliſed nations, by the eſtabliſhed modes of eaſe, indulgence, and refinement, were not balanced by an ample ſhare of latent reſolution; how would it be capable of enduring the ſhocks and the ſorrows to which, amid the uncertainties of life, it muſt be expoſed?—Finally, whatever may be the opinion adopted as to the preciſe amount of female fortitude, when compared with that of men, the former, I think, muſt at leaſt be allowed this relative praiſe: that it is leſs derived from the mechanical influence of habit and example than the latter, leſs tinctured with ambition, leſs blended with inſenſibility, and more frequently drawn from the only ſource of genuine ſtrength of mind, firm and active principles of religion.

The reader will have been aware that the ſketch which I have endeavoured to trace in the preceding outlines, is that of the female character under its cuſtomary form; not under thoſe deviations from its uſual appearance which are known ſometimes to occur. It is our firſt buſineſs to ſettle the general rule, not to particulariſe the exception. But amid the endleſs diverſity of nature; amid the innumerable multitudes of contemporary individuals, diſtinguiſhed each from the other in their minds no leſs than in their countenances, by ſtronger or fainter lines of difference, and thrown into a variety of ſituations and circumſtances, ſeverally calculated to call forth and improve particular talents and encourage particular purſuits, exceptions will be frequent. Hence many inſtances might be produced from each ſex, of perſons who have poſſeſſed a more than common ſhare of the qualities and diſpoſitions which in ordinary caſes are found moſt conſpicuous in the other. It might even be poſſible to ſtate ſome examples of women who have ſcarcely been ſurpaſſed by the moſt eminent men in depth and comprehenſiveneſs of intellect; and of men who have nearly equalled their rivals of the other ſex in quickneſs of fancy, in delicacy of ſentiment, and in warmth of affection. There are alſo

perſons of each ſex who are greatly deficient in thoſe qualifications by which it was natural to expect that they would have been diſtinguiſhed. But all theſe caſes are variations from the general courſe of things, and variations on which, at preſent, it would be uſeleſs to enlarge.

Of the errors and vices which infeſt human nature, ſome are equally prevalent in the two ſexes; while others, in conſequence of the peculiarities by which the character of the one ſex is diſcriminated from that of the other, peculiarities which gain additional ſtrength from the diverſity in the offices of life reſpectively aſſigned to each, do not exerciſe an equal power over both. Thus, among women in whom feminine delicacy and feeling have not been almoſt obliterated (I am not, at preſent, taking religious principle into the account), intemperance in wine, and the uſe of profane language, are unknown; and ſhe who ſhould be guilty of either crime would be generally regarded as having debaſed herſelf to the level of a brute. On the other hand, there are failings and temptations to which the female mind is particularly expoſed by its native ſtructure and diſpoſitions. On theſe treacherous underminers, theſe inbred aſſailants of female peace and excellence, the ſuperintending eye of education is ſteadily fixed. The remains of their unſubdued hoſtility will be among the circumſtances which will exerciſe even to the cloſe of life the moſt vigilant labours of conſcience. It is neceſſary, therefore, to be explicit on the ſubject.

The gay vivacity and quickneſs of imagination, ſo conſpicuous among the qualities in which the ſuperiority of women is acknowledged, have a tendency to lead to unſteadineſs of mind; to fondneſs of novelty; to habits of frivolouſneſs, and trifling employment; to diſlike of ſober application; to repugnance to graver ſtudies, and a too low eſtimation of their worth; to an unreaſonable regard for wit and ſhining accompliſhments; to a thirſt for admiration and applauſe; to vanity and affectation. They contribute, likewiſe, in conjunction with the acute ſenſibility peculiar to women, to endanger the compoſure and mildneſs of the temper, and to render the diſpoſition fickle through caprice, and uncertain through irritability. And ſenſibility itſelf, ſingularly engaging and amiable as it is, ſhares the common lot of earthly bleſſings, and comes not without its diſadvantages. It is liable to ſudden exceſſes; it nurtures unmerited attachments; it is occaſionally the ſource of ſuſpicion, fretfulneſs, and groundleſs diſcontent; it ſometimes degenerates into weakneſs and puſillanimity, and prides itſelf in the feebleneſs of character which it has occaſioned. And if, in common, it fills the heart with placability and benevolence; it is known at other times to feel even a ſlight injury with ſo much keenneſs as thenceforth to harbour prejudices ſcarcely to be ſhaken, and averſion ſcarcely to be mollified.

There is alſo another ſource of female errors and temptations which has not yet been noticed, becauſe it ſprings not from mental peculiarities; namely, the conſciouſneſs of being diſtinguiſhed by perſonal attractions. The effects of this conſciouſneſs on the female character, if conſidered by themſelves, are extremely ſtriking, and in many caſes are ultimately combined with thoſe which reſult from the qualities and diſpoſitions already ſpecified.

PARISIAN FASHIONS.

(With an Engraving elegantly coloured.)

THE ſucceſſion of the ſpring-faſhions has been interrupted by the return of cold weather. The Jewiſh coats (or *Joſephs*), of ſilk, are again in uſe; they are edged with black lace. *Capotes* of dark-green taffety, or of ſtraw and ſilk tiſſue, are very much worn. The ladies who wear their hair ſhort cover the head with a cornet, or ſimply with a veil. The ſhawls, which were lately gathered on the neck in the faſhion of a cravat, are now ſpread out on the ſhoulders. Almoſt all the ſtraw hats are bound with a violet ſilk handkerchief. Violet and roſe are the prevailing colours. The neweſt ribbands are radiated and clouded with different ſhades of green. Long hair is worn ſmooth and unfrizzled, with a necklace round it as a band, and with a comb to faſten it up. Handkerchiefs are worn on the head, in ſeveral different faſhions, inſtead of bonnets.

The *capotes* of the neweſt ſtyle have round crowns, and have ſmall pecked ornaments. The prevailing colours, next to black, are Florence roſe-lilac, and jonquil and green. A great number of Jewiſh tunics are ſtill made, as are alſo gimp kerchiefs. Theſe tunics have ſometimes endive trimmings, and ſometimes have ſerrated feſtoons of muſlin. The reign of the *canezons* is paſſed; but the Savoyard kerchiefs, caps and mob-caps of figured muſlin, ſtill keep their ground. *Cornettes* are now, for the moſt part, ſubſtituted for *toquets*. The moſt faſhionable ribband is lilac and orange-coloured, and is ſtriped and clouded. In the aſſemblies of opulent females we ſtill obſerve a great number of crops. When a woman of faſhion enters her box, ſhe takes off her hat, hangs it up, and remains bareheaded.

The young *beaux* have very high collars to their ſhirts. The angles of a faſhionable collar riſe above the neckcloth as high as the noſe.

Our faſhions have taken a retrograde direction. With the exception of ſwan furs, of ſatin and velvet, all dreſſes are in the winter ſtyle. Very deep caps are much run on: they have the front made very broad. Sometimes they are edged with plaited ribbands, and ſometimes trimmed with cut taffety. The ribbands are either tartan, or embroidered with hieroglyphic characters, and called Mameluke ribbands. *Tulle* is no longer uſed for trimmings. Yellow ſtraw hats, plain or pearled, are worn in the form of caps: the brim is cut away on the neck, where it is abſolutely neceſſary that the roots of the hair ſhould be left uncovered.

The trinket-dealers begin to diſcontinue the exhibition of palmated chains, and diſplay, in their ſtead, round treſſes, or *cordelieres*. The ear-rings and arched combs are ornamented with diamonds.

The young men of faſhion wear very ſhort coats, with ſkirts ſo ſeparate as to allow the breeches to be ſeen between them. Theſe coats, which are light on the arms and very broad on the ſhoulders, have, of courſe, a number of folds towards the ſleeve, and ſit awkwardly, like an ill-made coat. They are worn with yellow buttons, which are oftener globular than flat. The riding-coats have ſmall velvet lappels, and no croſs pockets.

LONDON FASHIONS.

Promenade Dreſſes.

ROUND dreſs of blue Cambray muſlin, with a long train, large lace veil, flowing looſe.

Round muſlin dreſs, with an embroidered ſhirt handkerchief. A muſlin or lace ſhawl, lined with coloured ſilk, and richly embroidered. Straw hat with dome crown, adorned with oak leaves and wheat-ears.

Muſlin dreſs. Large orange-coloured ſilk French ſhawl, with a pale-blue border. Straw gipſey hat, tied with blue.

Dreſs of lilac Cambray muſlin. Shawl cloak of patent lace, with arm-holes, and worn with the point behind. Bonnet of ſtraw and lilac-coloured ſilk.

General Obſervations.

The ſhawl cloaks and ſhawl *pélisſes*, worn with the point behind, and with arm-holes or ſleeves, and alſo the large plain muſlin and ſilk ſhawls of various colours, have lately been very generally worn. Straw hats of various patterns, particularly of the dome crown and gipſey form, are as prevalent as in former ſprings. The coloured and figured Cambray muſlins, chiefly ſlate, lilac, and blue, are becoming general.

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PART II.

(Continued from p. 212.)

THE BRASILIAN OR CARRION VULTURE.

THIS bird (the *Vultur Aura* of Linnæus) is called *Ouroua*, or *Aura*, by the Indians of Cayenne; *Umbu*, by the Braſilians; *Zopilotl*, by the Mexicans; and by the French ſettlers in St. Domingo the *Merchant*. As it bears ſome reſemblance to the turkey, the Spaniards and Portugueſe have given it the name of *Gallinaço*, and Cateſby and Clayton denominate it the *Turkey-Buzzard*. Dampier and Sloane call it the *Carrion-Vulture*, which name has been adopted by Pennant and Latham. It is very little larger than a wild gooſe. The head and neck, as in other vultures, are bare of feathers, and have only ſome ſtraggling black hairs. The wrinkled ſkin which covers theſe parts is variegated with blue, white, and red. The wings when cloſed extend beyond the extremity of the tail, which yet is of conſiderable length. The feathers over the whole body are of a deep-brown or almoſt black colour, with a tinge, varying by reflection, of dull green and purple. The beak is of a yellowiſh white, the feet are of a livid colour, and the claws black. The noſtrils are longer in proportion than thoſe of the other ſpecies of vultures.

With reſpect to its habits and inſtincts, the Braſilian vulture is perhaps more daſtardly, filthy, and voracious, than any of the reſt of the tribe of which theſe qualities are among the principal characteriſtics. Their flight is lofty and rapid; but they dare not attack any animal in the leaſt capable of reſiſtance, unleſs when they are aſſembled in numerous flocks, and their victim is either wounded or aſleep. Hans Sloane, who ſaw many of theſe birds in America, ſays, that they fly like kites, and are always lean. All accounts agree that they fl very high in the air, and generally in large flocks. They paſs the night on lofty trees or inacceſſible rocks, from which they repair in the morning to the vicinity of inhabited places, where they watch for their prey. Their ſight and ſmell are remarkably acute; and they can deſcry from a vaſt height, and at an immenſe diſtance, the carcaſes on which they prey; and which when they diſcover they all fall upon at once and devour in ſilence, till they are frequently ſo glutted that they are unable to riſe from the ground. When this happens, ſome travellers tell us, they have the power of vomiting their

food till their bodies are ſufficiently lightened to admit of their making their eſcape. In ſome parts of South America, where the hunters kill beaſts merely for their ſkins, theſe vultures follow them in great numbers; and when they perceive a carcaſe flayed and left on the ground, they call to each other, and, alighting on it, in an inſtant devour the fleſh, and leave the bones as clean as if they had been ſcraped with a knife. Both the Spaniards and Portugueſe, who reſide in the countries where they traffic in hides, are ſo ſenſible of the benefit they derive from theſe birds, by their devouring the bodies left by the hunters, which otherwiſe would ſoon putrefy, and perhaps occaſion infectious diſtempers, that they have impoſed a fine upon thoſe who ſhall deſtroy them. This protection has rendered them extremely numerous in Guiana, Braſil, and New Spain.

Theſe birds are likewiſe extremely uſeful in thoſe regions, by their enmity to the alligators, or American crocodiles. The female alligator, which in the rivers of America grows to the enormous length of twenty-ſeven feet, lays her eggs, to the number of two or three hundred, in the ſands, on the ſide of the river, where they are hatched by the heat of the climate. While depoſiting her burden, ſhe takes every precaution to conceal the place from all other animals; but ſeldom can elude the piercing ſight of this ſpecies of vultures, who ſit ſilent and unſeen among the neighbouring trees and view the operations of the crocodile, with the pleaſing expectation of an approaching banquet. They patiently wait till the crocodile has laid the whole number of her eggs, covered them with the ſand, and retired; then, all at once, they pour down upon the neſt, tear up the ſand in a moment, lay the eggs bare, and preſently devour the whole of them.

This ſpecies of vulture is likewiſe found in Africa, and is called by Holben the 'eagle of the Cape.' 'They feed,' ſays this author, 'upon dead animals. I have often ſeen the ſkeletons of cows, oxen, and wild beaſts, which they had devoured. I call theſe remains ſkeletons; for no operator could have anatomiſed them more completely. Theſe birds have an extraordinary method of ſeparating the fleſh from the ſkin and the bones, and yet leaving the ſkin quite entire. On approaching the carcaſe we ſhould not ſuppoſe that it is deprived of its internal ſubſtance, till on a cloſe examination we find it nothing but ſkin and bone. The manner in which they proceed is this: they firſt make an opening in the belly of the animal, from which they pluck out and greedily devour the entrails; then, entering into the hollow which they have made, they ſeparate the fleſh from the bones without ever touching the ſkin. It often happens that an ox after being unyoked from the plough, and left to return alone to its ſtall, lies down by the way; and if theſe birds perceive it in this unguarded poſture, they infallibly fall upon and devour it. They will ſometimes attack them when grazing in the fields, by collecting to the number of a hundred or more, and making the aſſault all together.—They have ſo acute a ſight that they can diſcern their prey at an amazing height, and when it would eſcape any human eye; and when they perceive the favourable moment they drop directly upon the animal which they watch.'

Cateſby obſerves of this kind of vultures, that 'they feed on carrion, and fly continually on the ſearch; they continue long on the wing, and riſe and deſcend ſo ſmoothly that

the motion of their pinions cannot be perceived. A dead carcaſe attracts great numbers of them, and it is amuſing to ſee their diſputes with each other while eating. An eagle often preſides at the banquet, who does not ſuffer them to approach till he has ſatisfied his appetite. Theſe birds have a moſt acute ſcent, and ſmell carrion at a vaſt diſtance, to which they reſort from all quarters, wheeling about and making a gradual deſcent till they reach the ground.

The fleſh of this bird is entirely uſeleſs as food: it has a rank and putrid flavour, which no care of cleanſing or art of cookery can remove; and emits a ſtench ſcarcely ſupportable.

'The carrion vultures,' ſays Mr. Pennant, 'are not found in the northern regions of the ancient continent; but in the new they are common through its whole extent from Nova-Scotia to Terra del Fuego, and alſo in the Weſt-India iſlands, though they are ſaid to be ſmaller there than on the main land. They ſwarm in the torrid zone, and about Carthagena eſpecially; they haunt inhabited places, ſit in numbers on the roofs of houſes, or walk with ſluggiſh pace along the ſtreets.

THE CONDOR.

The condor has been claſſed among the vultures by Ray, Linnæus, and moſt naturaliſts, on account of the nakedneſs of the head and neck; but his habits and diſpoſitions appear to give him a greater affinity to the eagles, as he is courageous, fierce, and lives by the chace. If the power of flying be conſidered as the eſſential character of birds, the condor has an indubitable claim to be ſtyled the largeſt of this race of animals; for the caſſowary, the oſtrich, and the dodo, not being able to lift themſelves from the ground, may be regarded as imperfect birds, or a kind of intermediate links between birds and quadrupeds. The wings of the condor extend from ſixteen to eighteen feet; the body, the bill, and the talons, are proportionably large and ſtrong, and its courage is equal to its ſtrength. The moſt full and complete deſcription of this bird which has been given by any traveller. is that of father Feuillé, which I ſhall here ſubjoin:—

'The condor is a bird of prey which frequents the valley of Ylo, in Peru. I diſcovered one there perched on a high rock. I approached it within gun-ſhot, and fired; but, as my piece was only charged with ſwan-ſhot, this was not able ſufficiently to pierce the bird's feathers. I perceived, however, by its manner of flying, that it was wounded; for it was with difficulty that it could reach another rock about five hundred paces diſtant, on the ſea-ſhore. I therefore charged again with a bullet, and hit the bird under the throat. I ſaw I had ſucceeded, and ran up to ſeize it; but even in death it was terrible, and defended itſelf upon its back, with its claws extended againſt me, ſo that I ſcarcely knew how to lay hold of it. Had it not been mortally wounded, I ſhould have found it no eaſy matter to take it; but I at laſt dragged it down from the rock, and, with the aſſiſtance of one of the ſeamen, carried it to my tent to make a coloured drawing of it.

'The wings of this bird, which I meaſured very exactly, when extended, were eleven feet four inches (twelve feet one inch, Engliſh) from one extremity to the other. The great feathers, that were of a beautiful ſhining black, were two feet two inches long. The thickneſs of the bill was proportionable to that of the body, and its length was three inches and

a half: the point hooked downwards, and was white at its extremity; the other part was of a jet-black. A ſhort down of a brown colour covered the head; the eyes were black, and ſurrounded with a circle of reddiſh brown. The feathers on the head, neck, and wings, were of a light brown; thoſe on the back were rather darker. The thighs were covered with brown feathers to the knee. The thigh bone was ten inches long, the leg five inches. The toes were three before and one behind: that behind was an inch and a half, and the claw with which it was armed was black, and three quarters of an inch. The other claws were in the ſame proportion; and the leg was covered with black ſcales, as alſo were the toes, but in theſe the ſcales were larger.

'Theſe birds univerſally haunt the mountains, where they find their prey: they never deſcend to the ſea-ſhore, but in the rainy ſeaſon; for, as they are very ſenſible of cold, they go there for greater warmth. Though theſe mountains are ſituated in a warm latitude, the cold is often very ſevere; for a great part of the year they are covered with ſnow, but particularly in winter.

'The little ſubſiſtence which theſe birds find on the ſea-coaſt, except when large fiſh are caſt on ſhore by ſtorms, obliges the condor to continue there but a ſhort time. They uſually come to the coaſt at the approach of evening, ſtay there all night, and fly back in the morning.'

Frezier, in his Voyage to the South Sea, deſcribes this bird in the following manner:

'We one day killed a bird of prey called the condor, the wings of which meaſured nine feet. It had a brown comb, but not jagged like that of the cock. In the fore part, it had a red gizzard, naked, as in the turkey. This bird is commonly very large, and will carry off a lamb with eaſe. Garcilaſſo ſays that he had ſeen ſome in Peru, whoſe wings extended ſixteen feet.'

By the accounts of other travellers, it certainly appears, that theſe two condors, deſcribed by Feuilleé and Frezier, were either very young, or unuſually ſmall for their ſpecies. The fathers Abbeville and Laet aſſert, that the condor is twice as large as the eagle, and ſo ſtrong that it will carry off and devour a ſheep; that it even attacks ſtags, and eaſily beats down a man. There are ſome, ſay Acoſta and Garcilaſſo, whoſe wings extend ſixteen feet. Their bill is ſo ſtrong and ſo hard, that they eaſily pierce an ox's hide. Two of theſe birds will attack and kill a cow or a bull; and they will carry off children of ten or twelve years old, and prey upon them. Sometimes they will even dare to attack men. Sloane, in his account of this bird in the Philoſophical Tranſactions, ſays—'It has often happened that one of theſe birds has killed and eaten children of ten or twelve years old.' Fortunately, however, they are rare; for if they were numerous they would extirpate all the cattle. Deſmarchais ſays, that theſe birds meaſure eighteen feet acroſs the wings; that their talons are thick, ſtrong, and very hooked; that the American Indians aſſert, that they will ſeize and carry off a hind, or a young cow, as eaſily as an eagle would a rabbit; that they are of the ſize of a ſheep; that their fleſh is coriaceous, and has the ſcent of carrion; that they are extremely ſharp-ſighted, and of a fierce aſpect; that they ſeldom frequent the foreſts, where there is ſcarcely room for the expanſion of their enormous wings; but that they haunt the ſea-ſhore, the ſides

of rivers, and the ſavannahs, or natural meadows. Condamine, in his Voyage to the River of the Amazons, relates that he has often ſeen the condors among the mountains of Quito, and on the banks of the river Maragnon, hovering over a flock of ſheep, ſome of which they would probably have carried off had they not been deterred by the preſence of the ſhepherd. It is a general opinion, he adds, that this bird can bear off a roe-buck, and that it ſometimes preys on a child. It is reported that the Indians decoy it by preſenting to it the figure of a child formed of a very viſcous clay, upon which it darts with ſuch eagerneſs and force, that it ſtrikes its talons in ſo deeply, it cannot diſengage them, and thus is taken. De Solis, ſpeaking of this bird, ſays, that there were, in the menagerie of the emperor of Mexico, birds of ſuch aſtoniſhing ſize and ferocity that they ſeemed to be monſters; and that he had been informed their voracity was ſo prodigious that each of them would devour a whole ſheep at a ſingle meal.

It is doubted whether this extraordinary bird be confined ſolely to South America. Buffon and other naturaliſts have thought that it is to be found likewiſe in Africa, Aſia, and even in ſome parts of Europe. Garcilaſſo ſuggeſts that it may be the ſame bird with the *ruch*, or *roc*, of the eaſtern nations, ſo famous in the Arabian tales, and mentioned by Marco Paolo. 'It appears to me,' ſays Buffon, 'that the bird, ſaid to be almoſt as large as an oſtrich, in the 'Hiſtory of the Voyages to the Southern Continent,' which the preſident de Broſſes has digeſted with equal judgment and care, muſt be the ſame with the condor of the Americans. I am alſo of opinion that the bird of prey found in the vicinity of Tarnaſar, a city in the Eaſt Indies, which is ſaid to be much larger than the eagle, and of which the bill is uſed to make the hilt of a ſword, is no other than the condor; as is, likewiſe, the vulture of Senegal, which attacks and carries off children. The ferocious bird of Lapland, as large and thick as a ſheep, mentioned by Regnard and Martiniere, and of whoſe neſt Olaus Magnus gives an engraving, is probably the ſame.' M. Buffon likewiſe ſuppoſes that the læmmer geyer (*lamb vulture*) of the Germans, which frequents the Alps, is the ſame bird with the condor; but other naturaliſts affirm that it has ſince been diſcovered to be quite a different bird. It is the vulture eagle of Albin, and the *Vultur Barbatus* of Linnæus: the condor is the *Vultur Gryphus* of Linnæus. With reſpect, probably, to this ſpecies of vulture, Geſner relates, from the teſtimony of George Fabricius, an author of credit, that ſome peaſants between Mieſen and Briſa, in Germany, loſing every day ſome of their cattle, which they ſought for in vain in the foreſts, obſerved a very large neſt, reſting on three oaks, conſtructed of ſticks and branches of trees, and as wide as would cover a cart. They found in this neſt three young birds already ſo large that their wings, when extended, were ſeven ells in width; their legs were as thick as thoſe of a lion, with talons of the ſize of a man's fingers; and in the neſt were ſeveral ſkins of calves and ſheep. Valmont de Bomare and Salerne thought, as well as M. Buffon, that the *læmmer geyer* of the Alps muſt be the condor of Peru; and the latter deſcribes a large bird, ſhot in France in 1719, at the caſtle of Mylourdin, in the pariſh of St. Martin d'Abat, the wings of which, when extended, meaſured eighteen feet, and which he thinks muſt have been the condor, not only from its

ſize but the colour of the plumage, which was mottled with black and white in the ſame manner as that of the Peruvian bird of prey.

The condor is happily a rare bird in every quarter of the globe: he generally avoids the haunts of men, and dwells either on lofty and inacceſſible mountains, or in remote deſerts, where he is ſeldom ſeen. And your ladyſhip may here obſerve that, by the wiſe diſpoſition of Providence, the tribes of rapacious birds are of two characters; either they are fierce and bold, like the eagle, or mean and daſtardly, like the vulture. In the former caſe, they ſeek ſolitude, and chaſe their prey ſingly; in the latter they are frequently gregarious, and aſſemble in flocks to devour the carrion on which they feed. Had the fiercer and more courageous tribes attacked in troops, what creatures could have reſiſted their ferocity and ſtrength? But moſt wiſely has this diverſity in their habits and inſtincts been ordained to prevent the feebler races of animals from being too much thinned, or totally extirpated.

Your ladyſhip's good ſenſe and genuine piety will, I doubt not, frequently ſuggeſt to you ſimilar reflections that may eſcape the obſervation of your affectionate

EUGENIA.

(To be continued.)

SKETCH *of* BONAPARTE'S PERSON.

THE perſon of the firſt conſul is ſmall, below the ordinary ſize of men. The conſular garb does not become him; he looks beſt in the plain uniform of a national guard, which he much affects to wear. His face is ſtrongly marked with melancholy, reflection, and deep thought; the lines of premature age are very viſible upon it. He is ſaid to be impenetrable even to his friends. His head is remarkably large, and his eyes are well formed and well ſet, animating a countenance which has been ſeldom known to ſmile. His voice is the deepeſt toned, and ſeems to iſſue as from a tomb. His mouth is large and handſome; and in general it may be aſſerted, there is that harmony of features which denotes an entire character. The various reſemblances of him are tolerably exact; though they by no means do him juſtice, nor give his *look*, which is extremely intereſting and impreſſive.

ACCOUNT *of the* NEW MUSICAL ENTERTAINMENT *called* 'THE FAIR FUGITIVES,' *performed for the firſt Time at the Theatre-Royal, Covent-Garden, on Monday, May* 16.

CHARACTERS.

Zaſco - - -	Mr. Incledon,
Courtenay - -	Mr. Hill.
Le Blanc - -	Mr. Simmons.
De Merville -	Mr. Davenport.
Pedro - - - -	Mr. Blanchard.
Ornubo - - -	Mr. Emery.
Julie - - -	Mrs. H. Siddons.
Adelaide - -	Mrs. H. Johnſton.
Katharina - -	Mrs. Mills.

THE ſcene is laid in Guadaloupe; Julie is juſt arrived from a convent at Liſbon, where ſhe has been educated, accompanied by her friend Adelaide. They are attended by Courtenay, a Britiſh naval officer, and Le Blanc, a French officer, their reſpective lovers, with whom they had become acquainted at Liſbon, and who are alſo at that time ſummoned by their duty to Guadaloupe. De Merville, Julie's father, is averſe againſt her match with Courtenay; and, to avoid an immediate match with his rival, ſhe

flies her father's houſe under the protection of Ornubo, a ſlave, and in the midſt of a hurricane. The violence of the tempeſt impels Courtenay, from anxiety for her ſafety, to ſeek her there, when he finds the houſe in ruins, its maſter involved in the deſtruction, and the houſehold made captive by the brigands. Ornubo, amid the ſolitude of the hills, attempts to make Julie the victim of his brutal paſſion, when a random ſhot kills him, and ſhe becomes the prey of Zaſco, the rebel chief. Courtenay, in a rencontre, vainly endeavours to reſcue her. They both become captives to the inſurgents. Courtenay, however, eſcapes; and meeting Le Blanc, with Adelaide (whom he had encountered, a wanderer accidentally ſeparated from her friend) under his protection, aſſiſts him in attacking the rebels, and the piece concludes with the reſcue of Julie, and the burning of the rebel camp.

This piece is the firſt dramatic effort of Miſs Anna Maria Porter, already known to the literary world for her poetical talents. If it has faults, they are ſuch as a young dramatiſt, and a female one particularly, cannot be expected to be without. To conceal them, therefore, were to wrong the fair author in withholding that which may contribute to her improvement, and ought not to impair her reputation: they are the faults of inexperience, rather than of incapacity. The materials are good; but there is a certain ſkill requiſite in making up of the beſt materials, which is acquired only by a familiar acquaintance with the ſcene, and careful attention to its effect—a kind of mechanical dexterity, become indeed of ſo much importance, that, of latter days, it has crowned with ſucceſs plays of which claſſical criticiſm has diſdained the ſcrutiny. The incidents of the Fair Fugitives want coherence; they are never, by their intimate connection, or by a happy contrivance of ſituation, wrought to intereſt; the attention is too much on the flutter. To this point, however, our objections are confined. Miſs Porter has a claim to the indulgence of the critic on yet another ſcore:—this piece, we underſtand, was not originally written as an opera; the arrangements of the theatre required its transformation, and the incidents are probably much diſtorted from the author's original conception.

The approbation on the fall of the curtain was nearly unanimous. A warmer reception could ſcarcely be wiſhed or expected, conſidering the unfavourable circumſtances which attended the piece's preparation. Braham and Munden have ſeverally ſeceded from the *dramatis perſonæ* ſince its firſt caſt.

Miscellaneous Thoughts.

The vain man loves to ſpeak only of himſelf, but he does not perceive that others are tired and diſguſted with hearing him.

The ordinary effects of envy are leſs deſtructive of the reputation of him whom it attacks, than of him who nouriſhes it.

The worthy man ſees envy, expects ingratitude, and follows the dictates of his conſcience and his heart.

The man who has only memory, is like him who poſſeſſes a pallet and colours, but who is not yet a painter.

In morals, it is eaſier to give the impulſe than to regulate it.

Friendſhip has no equivalent.

The pleaſure of vanity laſts only for a quarter of an hour: that of a good action does not paſs away ſo quickly; the heart treaſures it up for the time when nature ſeems to deprive us of every other.

POETICAL ESSAYS.

TO THE MEMORY OF JOHN FREESTONE, CARPENTER;

Who died Feb. 1, 1803, *aged* 92 *Years. His Teeth all remained perfect, and he could read without Spectacles.*

PAUSE, reader! Here is laid a man of years;
A long, long traveller through a vale of tears:
He 's gain'd the point to which the living tend.
Of rich and poor behold the journey's end!

Build not thy hopes, fond man! on length of time;
Life's ſun may never reach meridian prime;
The clouds of fate may intercept its light,
And ſhroud it in the grave's unchanging night.

But wiſer thou, the preſent ſpace improve,
And fix thy views of happineſs above:
Then, when thou quitt'ſt the ſcene, in youth or age,
Kind ſeraphs will conduct thee off the ſtage;
Bear, on glad wing, thy joyous ſoul away,
To baſk for ever in the fount of day.

JOHN WEBB.

Haverhill, March 19, 1803.

ODE TO VENUS.

VENUS, queen of Cnidos fair!
Lovely goddeſs, hear my pray'r!
Give me Celia to my arms,
Deck'd with all her heav'nly charms,—
Charms which far outſhine the day;
Ever ſprightly, ever gay!
To my longing arms, O give
Her for whoſe ſake alone I live.
Venus, ever young and fair!
Lovely goddeſs, hear my pray'r!

V. JAMES.

EVENING.

AT evening's penſive ſhade 'tis ſweet to rove
Along the margin of the ſilver ſtream;
With ſoul attun'd to harmony and love,
Soft as the ſhadows from the moon's pale beam.

Reflective thought fills the expanding mind;
With energy ſublime our boſoms glow:
Senſations quick, and feelings more refin'd,
Throb in the heart,—through all the ſenſes flow.

What rapture then to ſee the riſing tear
Of warm emotion, ſtarting to the eye!
In friendſhip's voice to read the heart ſincere;
To mingle thoughts, and melt in ſympathy!

Then, as the landſcape fades before the ſight,
All ruder paſſions ſleep within the breaſt;
Ambition's cares are ſooth'd to calm delight;
The ſoul, with nature, feels the hour of reſt.

What is the glare of rude tumultuous joy!
What the vain pomp of courts! the gaudy throng!
To the mild pleaſures which no blaſts deſtroy,
And which to cultivated minds belong?

E. W.

PROUD DUMFERLINE, THE CASTLE ON THE WOLD;

A GOTHIC TALE.

DEEP in a lone ſequeſter'd dell
A dreary ruin ſpread,
The ſcene of ev'ry midnight ſpell;
So neighbours round it ſaid.

At eve ſtrange noiſes oft were known;
When thunders rent the pole,
The lights would ſeem to dance alone,
The bell would loudly toll:

And ſhrieks, and ſcreams, and horrid cries,
Full oft would fill the air;
And ſpectred forms were ſeen to riſe:
As thoſe who paſs'd declare.

In feudal times this place had been
A pow'rful baron's hold;
It ſtill is call'd Proud Dumferline,
The Caſtle on the Wold.

Young Allwin dwelt upon the moor;
A ruſtic life he led;
He beauteous Mary did adore,
And ſoon he hop'd to wed.

All Mary's friends were rich and gay;
Though poor her lovers are,
Yet at no very diſtant day
They rich and happy were.

But dire Misfortune's iron hand
Upon them heavy bore;
They loſt their cattle, loſt their land;
They ſunk, to riſe no more.

Fond Mary had to Allwin vow'd
She 'd love him evermore;
But ſtill her parents were too proud
To wed her to a boor:

For ſuch they deem'd poor Allwin's race,
Though Mary was inclin'd
To think misfortune no diſgrace,—
They equal were in mind.

Young Allwin would not brook diſdain;
His love was cloſe confin'd;
And, though he went through wind and rain,
He ne'er could Mary find.

One evening, as the dell he paſt
To take his uſual round,
In hopes dear Mary might at laſt,
To bleſs his arms, be found;

By thought beguil'd, he wander'd late,
Unconſcious where he went,
Till near the gloomy caſtle's gate
He found his ſteps were bent.

Rous'd from his torpor, round he gaz'd;
The night was now come on;
It thunder'd loudly; and, amaz'd,
He heard the bell toll 'One!'

The ſtorm advanc'd; the rain loud beat;
Tremendous lightnings flaſh;
An oak was ſtruck—at Allwin's feet
It fell with pond'rous craſh!

Alarm'd, he tow'rds the caſtle-gate
His wayward footſteps bent,
Intending, ſhelter'd there, to wait
Till this dire ſtorm was ſpent.

He reach'd at length the inner hall,
And gain'd a ſhelter'd ſeat;
He lean'd his arm 'gainſt the damp wall,
His heart with anguiſh beat.

He ſat, in contemplation loſt;
The thunder louder roar'd;
The owlet ſcreech'd upon his rooſt;
The rain ſtill heavier pour'd.

Sudden a diſtant murm'ring ſound,
Between the thunder's pauſe,
Aſſail'd his ear: he liſten'd round,
Anxious to learn the cauſe.

'Twas ſilent all! Again moſt near,
The thunder ſhook the zone;
It paus'd; when, lo! he ſeem'd to hear
A deaf'ning, hollow, groan.

Eager to find from whence it came,
He ruſh'd acroſs the room;
And, guided by the light'ning's flame,
Explor'd the diſtant gloom.

A flight of ſteps he ſhortly found,
That downwards ſeem'd to lead:
He onward preſs'd—but now profound,
The darkneſs check'd his ſpeed.

The light'ning found no entry here;
The noiſe continued on;
But ſtill, as he advanc'd more near,
Aſſum'd a diff'rent tone.

It roſe full oft upon the air
A many-mingled cry;
And laughs and ſhrieks united were
With clamour loud and high.

The ſteps had ceas'd, and now he pac'd
A gloomy paſſage-floor;
He kept on ſtill with cautious haſte;
At laſt he reach'd a door,

Which right acroſs the paſſage ſtood,
And farther acceſs ſtay'd;
All of the firmeſt, hardeſt wood,
This ſtubborn door was made.

The ſounds no more his ears invade,
He tried the door in vain:
Exhauſted on the floor he laid;
Some reſt he wiſh'd to gain.

Tir'd Nature yields to Somnus' power,
And ſoon, on Allwin's head,
His poppies, in a plenteous ſhow'r,
Were bountifully ſhed.

He ſlept, and dream'd of Mary lov'd:
He thought her parents, now,
Had all their prejudice remov'd,
And alter'd their ſtern vow.

He thought dear Mary to his arms
Was giv'n by their conſent:
But, lo! a voice his ear alarms;
His happineſs is ſpent.

He wak'd, and felt his arms confin'd;
Around him ruffians ſtand;
Some torches bear, while others bind
His legs with hempen band.

Their features ſpoke them robbers vile,
Their language ſpake the ſame:
They talk'd of plunder and of ſpoil;
They gloried in their ſhame.

Between them Allwin's borne along,
Through ſubterranean gloom,
Till, in a cavern large and long,
They paus'd upon his doom.

Suſpended from above, a lamp
Illum'd the diſmal ſpace;
It was a dreary, dreadful, damp,
And ſolitary place.

Yet here the diabolic rout
Their revels often hold;
And here they drink, and ſing, and ſhout,
And here divide their gold.

Stretch'd on the ground poor Allwin lay,
Expecting ſome hard fate;
But the adventures of the day
Soon underwent debate.

Some trifling villanies, at firſt,
Were quickly hurried o'er;
But one recounted caus'd a burſt
Of joy, unknown before.

'Twas how that night a houſe they robb'd,
Upon the neighb'ring moor.
Young Allwin's heart with terror throbb'd,
And bled at ev'ry pore:

For there liv'd all on earth held dear,
His parents and his love;
He liſten'd on—but fear'd to hear
What their ſad lot might prove.

The houſe too ſoon, alas! he found
Was own'd by Mary's ſire;
And, as the woe-fraught tale went round,
He learn'd 'twas ſet on fire.

His ſoul was agoniſ'd to know
If Mary periſh'd there;
Yet ſtill he would not anguiſh ſhow,
Or ſeem at all to care.

He heard, with deep attention, now,
That, ere it was on fire,
They ſeiz'd, and laid in priſon low,
Both Mary and her ſire.

Her mother, too, was here confin'd:
But Allwin's heart was rent,
To think, ſo near him, Mary kind
Was in a dungeon pent,

And he unable now to ſave:
His mind was torn with grief;
His arm was ſtrong, his heart was brave,
But could not give relief.

A thought now beam'd his mind acroſs,
If queſtion'd he ſhould be,
To ſay a crime moſt foul and groſs
From home had made him flee:

That, as laſt eve the dell he paſt,
The ſtorm came on amain,
Which made him to the caſtle haſte,
Some ſhelter there to gain:

That, as he ſat within the hall,
He heard a diſmal cry,
Which follow'd, brought him where they all
Had ſeen him ſleeping lie:

That now the noiſe was caus'd, he knew,
By bringing priſ'ners there;
But, if they'd let him join their crew,
He'd gladly take a ſhare

In any ſin of deepeſt dye;
For now he roam'd in fear,
An outlaw'd villain, doom'd to die
For crimes the moſt ſevere.

This ſtory in their breaſts, he thought,
Some influence might gain;
He only wiſh'd they could be brought
To take him in their train:

He then would have it in his pow'r
To ſave his fondeſt love;
He then, in ſome propitious hour,
Might this vile horde remove.

This tale, ſuffice it now to ſay,
Deceiv'd the plund'ring crew;
And Allwin, ere another day,
Is nam'd a robber too.

Some days elaps'd, he 's forc'd to join
The robbers, in his turn;
He 's forc'd to fight, nor ſeem to pine,
Or ſhew he felt concern.

Night after night he join'd them, yet
Expecting ſoon to find
An opportunity moſt fit
To leave them far behind.

(To be concluded in our next.)

LINES,

ADDRESSED TO MISS S—— P——.

To thee, ſweet maid, I'll tune the trembling ſtring:
The vocal groves ſhall with thy praiſes ring:
Thy graceful port, thy ſmiling aſpect, meek,
The roſeate bluſhes glowing on thy cheek,
With twice ten thouſand charming beauties more
My warm imagination keeps in ſtore,
What cold unfeeling heart can fail to move, [love.
Or charm the ſoul with airy dreams of
Such heav'nly ſweetneſs round each feature plays,
Celeſtial beings might, enraptur'd, gaze,
Surpris'd ſuch charms ſhould centre all in one,
As ſhine unrivall'd in yourſelf alone.
Could I reveal the tumult of my breaſt,
Eſtrang'd to pleaſure, happineſs, and reſt,
'Twould melt thy heart, and urge the tender tear;
For love and pity ſure are inmates there.
No venal paſſion in my boſom glows,
Pure as the ſtream from cryſtal fountain flows:
Thy lovely form I'll treaſure in my heart,
Nor from thy beauteous image ever part:
At thought of thee, my breaſt with rapture burns,
A prey to hope and racking fear by turns:
Each ſofter feeling riſes at thy name,
And ev'ry paſſion kindles to a flame;
Swift through each vein the vital current flows,
Nor finds my heart one moment of repoſe.
On wings of love, I'd fly earth's utmoſt bounds,
For thee, and brave ſtern Fortune's envious frowns.
Oh, then, dear girl! incline a lenient ear,
Nor ſternly check the ſympathiſing tear;
'Tis thine to give my wounded heart relief, [grief.
And from my breaſt remove this load of
Oh! deign, at leaſt, to grant one ſoothing ſmile, [guile;
My breaſt to calm, and ev'ry care be-
Then ſhould my tongue, enraptur'd, own the bliſs,
Could I but ſeal it with a fervent kiſs.
Accept the homage due to beauty's ſhrine; [thine:
For ſuch, ah P——! for ever will be
Nor think the youth who pens theſe artleſs lays,
With honeſt warmth, too laviſh in thy praiſe. W. M. N.

A PASTORAL BALLAD.

Beneath the wide boughs of a beech
One evening young Colin reclin'd,
Away, as he thought, from all reach,
From the 'ſquire, from the courtier, or hind;
A languor pervaded his frame,
His features diſcovered his care,
When thus he began to exclaim,
And pour forth his ſighs in the air.

'Ah, Pamela! Pamela dear!
Why raiſe from my heart the deep ſigh?
Why force from this eye the moiſt tear?
For you would I cheerfully die.
A victim I fell to deſpair,
When firſt thy ſweet image I knew;
I lov'd you becauſe you were fair,
You ſpurn'd me becauſe I was true.

'The brook that meanders along
Reflects thy gay form to the ſky,
As round thee the light-feather'd throng
Each other attempt to outvie.
Can I of thy charms then be mute,
When to thee all offer their lays?
Each ſhepherd his pipe and his flute
Attunes in my Pamela's praiſe.'

No ſooner theſe words had he ſaid,
No ſooner had vented his grief,
Than flew to his arms the fair maid
With looks that gave inſtant relief.
'Ah, why,' ſhe exclaim'd, 'could you blame?
Why injure the nymph that was true;
Whoſe heart has been ever the ſame,
And prov'd but too conſtant to you?'

Unable to make a reply,
O'er her charms with amazement he hung,
While words ſeem'd to flow from his eye
More eloquent far than his tongue.
Next morn to the church they repair,
Attended by villagers gay,
Where the hand of his long-belov'd fair
Drove each rankling paſſion away.

V. James.

Southampton, April 30, 1803.

EPITAPH ON DR. SMALL,

In the New Church, at Birmingham;

BY DR. DARWIN.

M. S.
GULIELMI SMALL, M. D.
QUI OB. FEB. XXV.
M.DCC.LXXV.

YE gay and young, who, thoughtleſs of your doom,
Shun the diſguſtful manſions of the dead,
Where Melancholy broods o'er many a tomb,
Mould'ring beneath the yew's unwholeſome ſhade;
If chance ye enter theſe ſequeſter'd groves,
And day's bright ſunſhine for a while forego,
Oh! leave to Folly's cheek the laughs and loves,
And give one hour to philoſophic woe!
Here, while no titled duſt, no fainted bone,
No lover weeping over beauty's bier,
No warrior frowning, in hiſtoric ſtone,
Extorts your praiſes, or requeſts your tear;
Cold Contemplation leans her aching head,
On human woe her ſteady eye ſhe turns,
Waves her meek hand, and ſighs for Science dead,
For Science, Virtue, and for SMALL, ſhe mourns!

AIR.

Sung by Mrs. JORDAN, *in the* 'MARRIAGE PROMISE.'

YOUNG Colinette, a lovely maid,
Had ſhe been wiſe, as ſhe was fair,
By Lubin had not been betray'd;
Who prais'd her ſhape, and prais'd her air,
And ſtole her heart away:
Ah! well-a-day.

By vows as falſe as falſe could be,
He ruin'd lovely Colinette;
And careleſs then away went he,
And left the maid to pine and fret,
And ſigh her life away:
Ah! well-a-day.

ON RICHES.

BOAST not to me Peruvian ore,
Nor Coromandel's glowing ſhore,
Where richer gems are found:
The bliſs of theſe but ſpecious ſhow;
So Nature thought, when deep below
She hid them under ground.

Though poliſh'd fine by toils of art,
Say, can the brilliant blaze impart
The vivid glow of health?
Or bid, when life no longer charms,
The boſom beat to joy's alarms?
Then tell me—what is wealth?

Oh! ſay, when o'er the couch we bend,
Where droops ſome dear departing friend,
Can wealth his flight delay?
Or when the ſpark of hope is fled,
Deſpair ſtill hovering near its dead,
Can wealth revive the clay?

What nature aſks indeed is ſmall;
A little compaſs circles all
Thoſe wants that gold ſupplies:
But, trace the wants of mind in man,
'Tis then you'll find the boundleſs plan
Extends to diſtant ſkies.

One only ſubſtitute below,
And ah, how few the bleſſings know
To be belov'd and love!
For, ſure, 'tis love that gives delight
In regions where, 'midſt purer light,
Superior beings move.

Mile-End. AUTOLICUS.

TO MISS A. C——N, OF M——D.

FAIREST work of this creation!
Nature's comelieſt, ſweeteſt flow'r!
My pure love has no ceſſation,
But increaſes ev'ry hour.

Oh! too charming, heav'nly creature!
Maid by whom my heart's ſubdu'd!
Graces ſhine in ev'ry feature,
Graces ſuch as ne'er were view'd.

Had Jove ſeen thee when a-roving,
He had felt all love's alarms;
And with eyes not half ſo loving
Would have gaz'd on Iö's charms.

Happy youth, ſuch virtue gaining,
Days of endleſs joy muſt know;
And, each wiſh in thee obtaining,
He muſt taſte of heav'n below.

V. JAMES.

FOREIGN NEWS.

Conſtantinople, March 10.

THE beys in Egypt are complying with the conditions entered into with the Turks. They have already given up their mamelukes to the army of the grand vizier, and are themſelves preparing to retire to Awan, in Upper Egypt. More tranſports are continually arriving from Malta, for the conveyance of the Engliſh troops which are about to evacuate Egypt.

Genoa, March 26. The Engliſh frigate the Niger, of 32 guns, which is arrived from Malta in a week with 110 perſons, confirms the evacuation of Egypt by a part of the Britiſh troops.

Bern, March 29. At Freyburg, where the Landammann D'Affry was inſulted in his houſe, an order has been publiſhed, that every perſon paſſing through the ſtreets, in dark evenings, after nine o'clock, ſhall be arreſted; and that wherever more than four perſons are found ſtanding together in the ſtreets, in the evening, they ſhall be diſperſed.

Paris, March 30. A letter from Vienna, of the 16th, ſays 'The day before yeſterday M. Stuart, counſellor of legation in the Britiſh embaſſy, ſet off in great haſte for London, with very important diſpatches, ſuppoſed to relate to Malta.'

Accounts from Conſtantinople, of the 18th of February, ſay, 'that the French ſquadron only waits for a favourable wind to ſet ſail; and that the laſt advices from Egypt ſtate, that the tranſports are already arrived at Alexandria, on board of which the Engliſh troops were to embark.

General Bernadotte will ſet off immediately upon his embaſſy to America.

Calais, April 3. Affairs have ſuddenly taken an appearance of war in this place, and along the coaſt. Three thouſand troops came in here laſt night and this morning early; two thouſand more marched into Boulogne; and at Oſtend, Dunkirk, and in every place, troops are hourly flowing in.

Nantz, April 4. We have, by the Egyptienne frigate, news from Port-au-Prince, of the 9th of February, that ſome mulattoes, at the head of a number of negroes, had ſurpriſed the Anſe-à-Veau, deſtroyed it by fire, and committed at it various cruelties. General Rochambeau, with 1800 men newly arrived from France, and general Laplume, with 1200 men, marching againſt thoſe negroes, diſperſed them with great ſlaughter. Their mulatto chiefs were made priſoners. General Rochambeau had fixed his head-quarters at Port-au-Prince, and its inhabitants are no longer in alarm.

Mechlin, April 6. The day before yeſterday arrived in this city a detachment of artillery, which yeſterday morning proceeded on its march for Dutch Brabant. Yeſterday, likewiſe, two battalions of the 10th demi-brigade paſſed through, taking the ſame route. It appears that all the French troops on this deſtination will be proviſionally ſtationed in garriſon or cantonment in Breda, Bergen-op-Zoom, Bois-le-Duc, Huiſden, Gertruydenberg, and in the environs of thoſe frontier places, and that they will not march into the interior of the Batavian republic, except in the caſe of an actual war with England.

Ghent, April 6. On the 4th, the eighth demi-brigade, in garriſon at Bruges, embarked at Breſkens for the Iſle of Walcheren. Several companies of cannoneers embarked to-day for the ſame place. The 95th demi-brigade arrived ſome days ago at Fluſhing, to remain in garriſon till further orders. A detachment of the thirteenth regiment of dragoons repaired yeſterday to the iſle of Cadſand. The 19th regiment

of dragoons will arrive to-morrow at Ghent; it is going to Breſkens, where it will receive further orders. The two firſt battalions of the 48th demi-brigade, completed to its full number, ſet off yeſterday from Antwerp for Breda. They were followed by different companies of horſe and foot artillery.

Bruſſels, April 6. Our letters from Maeſtricht announce, that an unexpected letter, tranſmitted from government on the 26th of March, by the general commanding the diviſion, obliged the 1ſt and 2d battalions of the 48th demi-brigade of the line to ſet out three days after—that is, on the firſt inſtant—for Breda. By the ſame order, thoſe two battalions are immediately to be completed out of the 3d, in both officers and men: and it ſhould ſeem, that they are deſtined for ſome diſtant expedition. The 3d battalion, now at Venlo, is immediately to march hither. So conſiderable a diminution of the garriſon has produced a neceſſity for employing the national guard to perform the ſervice of certain poſts.

The two battalions, of which mention is made in the letters from Maeſtricht, arrived on the 3d inſtant at Malines, from which they proceeded in the morning of the 4th to Breda.

The Engliſh have now ſhips of war cruiſing in the North Sea and in the Straits of Calais. The Downs are covered with gun-boats and other light veſſels. We have information that ſeveral ſtrong ſquadrons are about to ſail from different ports of England to cruiſe in ſight of the coaſts of France and Holland.

Hague, April 9. The French envoy, Semonville, gave previous notice to our government of the placing the town of Fluſhing in a ſtate of ſiege, which meaſure appears to have been haſtened by the refuſal of the Engliſh to deliver up the iſland of Goree to the French.

The 7000 French troops which have entered Breda, Fluſhing, Middleburg, and Veere, will be reinforced with nearly an equal number—that is, with four battalions of infantry and three ſquadrons of cavalry; which will take poſſeſſion of, or have already occupied, Herzogenbuſch, and other places in our territory. To-day 600 men have entered Nimeguen, where, yeſterday, the gates were ſhut againſt them.

All theſe, amounting to 12 or 14,000 French troops, which are well clothed and accoutred, come from Belgium, where they will be replaced from the interior of France. A communication will be eſtabliſhed by telegraphs from the frontiers of our republic to Paris, which never was done in the late war, for the telegraphic line only extended to Liſle; it will now be continued to Bruſſels, and ſo to Paris. The telegraph director, Chappe, will erect a telegraph on the church of St. Sudula, at Bruſſels.

Citizen Michaud is arrived here as *commiſſaire ordonnateur*, to ſuperintend every thing relative to the maintenance of the French troops, which, as well as their pay, will be furniſhed by our republic.

In about ten days the couriers, which have been ſent to Peterſburgh from London, Paris, and the Hague, are expected back. The anſwers they bring will decide the preſent criſis; and this deciſion, it is hoped, will be pacific.

Amſterdam, April 9. In caſe of a rupture with England, three armies, according to our gazettes, will be immediately aſſembled on the coaſt near Boulogne, in Normandy, and in Belgium. Moreau will command in a camp to be formed near Breſt; Oudinot at Cherbourg; Maſſena at Dunkirk; and Macdonald a fourth army, in Holland.

The Batavian reſcriptions, payable after the peace, are at 61 three-fourths.

The Engliſh papers have aſſerted, that a German regiment, in Batavian pay, at the Cape, offered to enter into the pay of England. This is without foundation.

Paris, April 27. We are informed from Beſançon, under date of the 22d, that Touiſſaint Louverture, who was in cuſtody at Fort de Joux, departed this life a week ago.

Sixty boats, and upwards of 600 individuals, condemned to the galleys, are daily employed on the works at Cherbourg. The mound is already above a metre higher than low water.

Brille, May 2. The French troops which arrived here from Helvoetſluys

ſome days ſince were drawn out yeſterday, in the Great Square, where cartouches were diſtributed to them: guards were at the ſame time placed at the town-gates; and a detachment of grenadiers went to the houſe of Mr. Van Linth, keeper of the national magazine. An officer, who was with Mr. Van Linth, came out in a few moments with the keys. Theſe he delivered to the French cannoneers who ſtood near the magazine. They proceeded immediately to draw away the carriages, and other implements of artillery which they found there. It is affirmed, that a certain number of horſes have been demanded from the chief magiſtrate, to carry the artillery and ammunition to the batteries; and that, in caſe of neceſſity, the horſes of the inhabitants muſt be employed in that ſervice.

Rotterdam, May 2. Some days ſince, a part of the artillery and troops of the armament deſtined for Louiſiana was diſembarked. The ſhips, on board which they were, have ſuffered conſiderable damage, and are to be repaired as faſt as poſſible.

The Engliſh have not yet left our coaſts. They ſeem even to augment their force there.

Bruſſels, May 7. We have now poſitive information, that the firſt conſul will come firſt to Bruges and Oſtend, to inſpect the coaſts of Flanders, and the reparations which the dykes of Polders and Watringues, in that which was formerly Dutch Flanders, are about to receive. It is impoſſible to deſcribe the impatience with which he is expected here. Strangers of diſtinction ſtill continue to take lodgings at Bruſſels for the time of his arrival. Among theſe is the duke of Bedford.

Paris, May 8. Letters from Naples ſtate, that the Engliſh ſhow a diſpoſition to occupy the iſland of Sicily, in order to prevent the French from doing ſo, ſhould hoſtilities break out; and light flotillas are to be ſtationed off Meſſina and Catania, in the ſtrait which ſeparates Sicily from the kingdom of Naples.

It is reported that general Rochambeau is on his return from St. Domingo; and that he has been ſucceeded in the command by general Lapoype.

General Caffarellie, aide-de-camp to the firſt conſul, has eſpouſed mademoiſelle Julienne d'Hervilly. She was preſented, on Sunday laſt, to madame Bonaparte.

The duke of Bedford, with ſeveral other Engliſhmen of diſtinction, dined, on Saturday laſt, at the houſe of the miniſter for foreign affairs.

General Rapp has returned from his miſſion to Switzerland. M. Conſtantine de Maliardoz, and M. Albert Fegali, have arrived here from Friburg, on a miſſion, which is ſuppoſed to relate to the nominations of the new authorities of the Helvetic cantons.

11. The firſt conſul, on Monday, met with a dangerous accident, of which the conſequences might have been the moſt ſerious, if he had not happily reſcued himſelf by extraordinary preſence of mind. About three in the afternoon, he went from St. Cloud to take an airing in the gardens in his calaſh, or ſociable. Madame Bonaparte, Cambaceres, the ſecond conſul, and ſome other perſons, accompanied him. The calaſh was drawn by four horſes, and Bonaparte himſelf drove. The horſes, being young and fiery, became ungovernable. They broke over a gate in their way, and then fell. The firſt conſul, to avoid falling forward, ſprang off at a ſide, and fell at ſome diſtance from the carriage. He had a violent fall; but it was fortunately on the graſs, ſo that he ſuffered no injury, but by ſlightly ſpraining his hand. He reſted well laſt night; and this morning he went to Malmaiſon.

By an order of government of the 18th of April, the ſeamen and ſhip-carpenters, &c. of the maritime inſcription whoſe names were enrolled in the liſt of emigrants, and who have returned to France, or ſhall return before the firſt Germinal, year 12, are to have their names removed from the liſt of emigrants, and replaced on that part of the maritime inſcription to which they previouſly belonged, or on ſuch other part of it as they ſhall themſelves deſire.

The news from Genoa mention, that ſix ſhips of the line have been put on the ſtocks at Toulon, and are to be ready to be launched within ſix months. It is added, that ſeveral other ſhips are to be immediately built in the ſame port.

HOME NEWS.

Falmouth, April 29.

A FEW days ago, a young woman, dreſſed as a ſeaman, came to one of the rendezvous houſes in this place, for the purpoſe of entering herſelf for the navy; but her ſex being ſoon diſcovered, ſhe was of courſe rejected. It appears that ſhe belongs to a pariſh at a ſmall diſtance from Falmouth; and that her attachment to a young man, who is gone into the navy (and by whom ſhe is with child), actuated her to this extraordinary proceeding, for the ſake of following him.

Plymouth, April 30. The ſhips fitting for ſea at Hamoaze are exactly as follow:—St. Joſef, of 112 guns; Ville de Paris, of 112; Prince, of 98; Canopus, of 84; and Conqueror, of 74. When ready for ſea, which will be ſoon, as victualling boys are hourly alongſide, victualling and ſtoring them for ſea, with the following ſhips, already victualled and ſtored, in Hamoaze, Cawſand, and Torbay, they will furniſh no bad ſpecimen of the activity of the artificers at this yard and its dependencies, as well as of the captains, officers, and crews of thoſe ſhips, *viz.* Salvador del Mundo, 112 guns, capt. Lane; La Tonant, 84 guns, captain ſir E. Pellew; Malta, 84 guns, capt. E. Berkeley; Spartiate, 84 guns, captain G. Murray; Mars, 74 guns, capt. Sutton; Culloden, 74 guns, rear-admiral Thornborough; Plantagenet, 74 guns, captain A. Hammond.

The only ſhip to be called ineffective, out of theſe eleven ſail of the line, is El Salvador del Mundo, of 112 guns, fitted as a receiving ſhip, and for the flag of admiral lord Keith, as ſuperintending port admiral.

Portſmouth, May 1. Sailed the Kingfiſher, Ant, Swan, and Lord Howe ſloops, with troops for Jerſey.—The Ruſſell, of 74 guns, captain Williams, is ordered to join the ſquadron at Torbay, and will ſail on Monday. The Iſis, of 50 guns, captain Lobb, which came in yeſterday, fell in with his majeſty's ſhip Utrecht, captain Rogers, on Wedneſday evening, and immediately rear-admiral Thornborough ſhifted his flag from the Iſis to that ſhip. The Iſis ſoon after parted company, leaving off Goree the following ſhips:—Utrecht, 64; Africain, 44; Leda, 38; Hydra, 38; Ambuſcade, 38; Conſtance, 24; and two revenue cutters.

There were three French frigates in Helvoetſluys, where it was believed the whole of the Louiſiana expedition had diſembarked.

Dover, May 4. Laſt night, after poſt, Le Deux Amis, captain Gillot, arrived here from Calais, with 16 paſſengers; the news by this veſſel is warlike: and to-day the Succeſs, captain Philip Cornue, arrived here from Boulogne, with major Schminter and captain Honywood, ſon of Filmer Honywood, member of parliament for this county. When they left Paris, moſt of lord Whitworth's heavy baggage was ſaid to be packed up; and report ſaid, that every entreaty had been made to Bonaparte, by his friends and relations, to induce him to be peaceable, but without effect. Mr. Shaw, the meſſenger, paſſed through Boulogne this morning about ſix o'clock, on his way to Calais, no Engliſh veſſel being there to bring him: three veſſels are now in ſight, and he is ſuppoſed to be in one of them.

St. James's, May 4. This day, the chevalier d'Anduaga, envoy extraordinary and miniſter plenipotentiary from Spain, had a private audience of his majeſty to deliver his credentials.—And Rufus King, eſq. miniſter plenipotentiary from the United States of America, had an audience of leave of his majeſty.

London, May 5. One of the moſt extraordinary forgeries ever known was this day practiſed. Between nine and ten o'clock in the morning, the following letter was received by the lord mayor:

'To the right hon. the Lord Mayor.

'*Downing-ſtreet*, 8 *A. M.*

'Lord Hawkeſbury preſents his compliments to the Lord Mayor, and is happy to inform him that the negotiation between this country and the French republic has been amicably adjuſted.'

The letter was ſealed with lord Hawkeſbury's ſeal.

The Lord Mayor, not doubting the truth of the intelligence, communicated the news immediately to the Stock Exchange and Lloyd's, and ordered the following bulletin to be poſted up at the Manſion-houſe:

'*May* 5, 1803.

'Lord Hawkeſbury has, this morning, informed the Lord Mayor, that the negotiation with the French republic is brought to an amicable concluſion.'

Stocks immediately roſe five *per cent.* They were 70½, 71—69¾, 70½.

Soon after twelve o'clock, however, the Lord Mayor received, by one of the clerks of the treaſury, a note from Mr. Vanſittart, announcing to his lordſhip that the letter he had received was a forgery.

Never was there ſeen ſuch a ſcene of conſternation and confuſion as that which took place. The bills poſted up at the Manſion-houſe were immediately torn down, and one of the city-marſhals was ſent over to the Stock Exchange, to inform the brokers of the contents of Mr. Vanſittart's letter. The fall of the funds was, of courſe, rapid and great. The three *per cents.* fell below 63—they then recovered a little, and roſe to 64;—a riſe and fall of ſeven *per cent.* in one morning!

The Lord Mayor has iſſued bills, offering five hundred guineas reward for a diſcovery of the author of the forgery.

6. Mr. Addington informed the houſe of commons that it was ſuppoſed lord Whitworth had left Paris; and that gen. Andreoſſi, the French ambaſſador, had that morning applied for paſſports to return to France.

7. The paper called *The Times* publiſhed this morning that a meſſenger had arrived late laſt night from Paris, and that the diſpute between the two governments was completely adjuſted.

In conſequence of this, and the forgery yeſterday, no buſineſs was done for a conſiderable time on the Stock Exchange; and it was agreed that the market ſhould be cloſed, until the truth of this report could be aſcertained.

An application was made at twelve o'clock, by the Lord Mayor, to the Chancellor of the Exchequer, for the purpoſe of aſcertaining whether any communication was to take place: an anſwer was inſtantly returned, of which the following is an extract:

'Extract of a letter from the right hon. Henry Addington to the right hon. the Lord Mayor, dated May 7, 1803:

'If any information had been received by government, which could properly be the ſubject of public communication, your lordſhip may be aſſured that ſuch a communication would not be withheld.'

In conſequence of this anſwer, the Stock Exchange opened at one o'clock. Conſols began at 63, and at two were at 65¼.

9. On Saturday afternoon two galleys, each having an officer and preſs-gang in it, in endeavouring to impreſs ſome perſons at Hungerford-ſtairs, were reſiſted by a party of coal-heavers belonging to a wharf adjoining, who aſſailed them with coals and glaſs bottles: ſeveral of the gang were cut in a moſt ſhocking manner on their heads and legs, and a woman who happened to be in a wherry was wounded in ſo dreadful a manner, that it is feared ſhe will not ſurvive.

The impreſs on Saturday, both above and below bridge, was the hotteſt that has been for ſome time: the boats belonging to the ſhips at Deptford were particularly active, and it is ſuppoſed they obtained upwards of two hundred men, who were regulated on board the Enterprize till late at night, and ſent in the different tenders to the Nore, to be put on board ſuch ſhips whoſe crews are not completed.

The impreſſed men, for whom there was not room on board the Enterprize, on Saturday, were put into the Tower, and the gates ſhut, to prevent any of them effecting their eſcape.

The impreſs on the river was yeſterday continued with the utmoſt activity.

12. Yeſterday, about three o'clock, an obſtruction took place in the narrow part of the Strand, near Exeter-'change, in conſequence of the breaking down of an hackney-coach. Two men and a woman croſſing the ſtreet, unfortunately ran between two coal-waggons, then in contact with each other; when the two men and

the woman were ſo jammed in, that, notwithſtanding their ſcreams and ſhrieks, before any aſſiſtance could be given they were killed on the ſpot.

13. Oldfield, a lunatic, went laſt night to the Queen's-houſe, about half paſt ten, and aſked the porter if he had any commands for him. On knowing him, he was ſecured in the guard-room all night, when Sayers, the Bow-ſtreet officer, took him to Tothill-fields: he was taken before ſir R. Ford yeſterday morning, by Sayers and the porter, when it appeared he came from Dover, where he had a wife and ſix children, having broke out of the work-houſe after fifteen weeks' confinement; he had likewiſe been in Bethlem ſome time ago (eleven months): he was remanded, after a private examination, and ſent to Tothill-fields again, till an order for Bethlem is obtained. He uſed to go with a Bible under his arm, dreſſed neatly: he is about forty.

A bowl made of granite, weighing five tons, is juſt arrived from Egypt, in the Anacreon tranſport, as a preſent for the Lord Mayor of London. There being certain duties to pay, his lordſhip wrote to the lords of the treaſury to have the duties taken off.

14. The right hon. lord Hawkeſbury ſent the following letter to the Lord Mayor, which his lordſhip read at the Stock Exchange:

'My lord,

'I think it right to loſe no time in informing your lordſhip, that Liſle, the meſſenger, has juſt arrived from Paris, with diſpatches from lord Whitworth; and that his lordſhip had received his paſſports, and was on the point of ſetting out from Paris on Thurſday evening, when the meſſenger came away.

16. The following meſſage from his majeſty was communicated to both houſes of parliament.

'*G. R.*

'His majeſty thinks proper to acquaint the houſe, that the diſcuſſions which his majeſty announced, on the 8th of March, as then ſubſiſting between his majeſty and the French government, have terminated.

'The conduct of the French government has obliged his majeſty to recall his ambaſſador from Paris; and the ambaſſador from the French republic has left London.

'His majeſty has given directions for laying before the houſe, with as little delay as poſſible, copies of ſuch papers as may be proper for the information of parliament, at ſo important a juncture.

'It is a conſolation to his majeſty to reflect that no endeavour has been wanting on his part to preſerve the bleſſings of peace; but, under the circumſtances which have occurred to diſappoint his juſt expectations, his majeſty relies with perfect confidence on the zeal and public ſpirit of the houſe, and upon the exertions of his brave and loyal ſubjects, to ſupport his determination to employ the power and reſources of the country, in oppoſing the ſpirit of ambition and encroachment which now actuates the conduct of the French government, in upholding the dignity of his crown, and in aſſerting and maintaining the rights and eſſential intereſts of his people.'

19. This day there was a grand inſtallation of Knights of the Bath, in Weſtminſter-abbey. The proceſſion was ſplendid and ſumptuous in the higheſt degree. Her majeſty, four princeſſes, and the princeſs of Wales, attended to view the proceſſion, and ſat in a box fitted up for the occaſion at the weſt end of the ſouth aiſle in the abbey.

20. On Wedneſday a maniac endeavoured to gain admiſſion to his majeſty at the levee. He ſaid he had riſen from the dead, and had a commiſſion from Heaven to kill Bonaparte; but was directed to ſee the king of England firſt. He was apprehended by the police-officers, who carried him before ſir R. Ford, by whom he was committed to a place of confinement.

21. Wedneſday evening another fatal duel took place near Chalk-farm. The parties were a Mr. Thomas O'Reilly, an officer in the army, and a gentleman of the name of Hobart. They met at ſeven in the evening, in a field a little to the north of the houſe, attended by their ſeconds. The combatants fired at the ſame moment, and Mr. O'Reilly was ſhot in the body, near the hip; on receiving of which, he ran ſome ſhort diſtance, and then walked; but before he could get to Chalk-farm he fainted with the loſs of blood. The ball, which had lodged near the ſkin on the oppoſite ſide, was ſoon after extracted; notwithſtanding which he died yeſterday afternoon, and the coroner's inqueſt have returned a verdict of 'Wilful Murder.'

BIRTHS.

April 28. At Chatham, the lady of ſir William Burdett, bart. of a daughter.

At Briſtol, the lady of lieutenant col. Baillie, of a ſon.

In Glouceſter-place, the lady of E. Fletcher, eſq. of a ſon.

The lady of col. Hay, of Maidſtone, of a daughter.

29. Lady George Cavendiſh, of a daughter, at his lordſhip's houſe, in Saville-row.

May 1. At Brighton, the right hon. lady Leſlie, of a daughter.

In Portland-place, the lady of George Simpſon, eſq. of a ſon.

At Newport, in the Iſle of Wight, the lady of lieut. Trickey, of a ſon.

3. The lady of Richard Solly, eſq. of York-place, of a daughter.

4. At Netherby-hall, Cumberland, lady Catherine Graham, of a daughter.

5. At Southampton, the lady of Z. H. Edwards, eſq. of a ſon.

The counteſs of Sunderland, of a ſon.

Same morning, lady Sefton, of a daughter.

The lady of major Maiſter, of a ſon.

10. At Brompton, Mrs. Pollock, the lady of capt. Pollock, of the Eaſt-India company's military ſervice, of a daughter.

11. On Wedneſday laſt, in Portman-ſtreet, the lady of John Wyldmore Smith, of a daughter.

MARRIAGES.

April 25. At Ore, the rev. Henry Hodges, to miſs Murray, of Beau-port, in Suſſex.

28. At St. Bartholomew's the Great, Nathaniel Belchier, eſq. of the royal navy, to miſs Bryant, daughter of the rev. Edward Bryant, of Newport, Eſſex.

At Kenſington, Mr. D. Williams, to miſs E. Marſh, of Sloane-ſquare.

30. At Bath, Thomas Auſtin, eſq. major in his majeſty's 60th regiment, to miſs Margaretta Morland, third daughter of the late Thomas Morland, eſq. of Lambhurſt, Kent.

At Camberwell, by the rev. G. Landley, Edward J. Utterton, eſq. of the Middle Temple, to miſs Brown, eldeſt daughter of T. Brown, eſq. of Peckam-lodge.

May 3. Mr. Randall, of Southampton, to Mrs. Jordan, late of Goſport.

5. At Balindean, in Perthſhire, Philip Dundas, eſq. M. P. to miſs Wedderburn, daughter of ſir John Wedderburn, bart.

At St. Martin Outwich, the rev. Robert Price, to miſs Grace Roſs, of Biſhopſgate-ſtreet.

At Baltinglaſs, county of Wicklow, Mr. Fraſer, of the 71ſt regiment of foot, to miſs Eliza King.

At St. James's, Weſtminſter, Gervas Wylde, eſq. of the Eaſt Middleſex militia, to miſs Sophia Plaſket, ſecond daughter of Thomas Plaſket, eſq. of Clifford-ſtreet.

At St. George's, Hanover-ſquare, Charles Littledale, eſq. eldeſt ſon of Thomas Littledale, eſq. of Harley-ſtreet, to miſs Catherine Louiſa Caſtell, daughter of Samuel Caſtell, eſq. of Bruton-ſtreet.

Joſeph Sladen, eſq. of St. James's-ſtreet, Bedford-row, to miſs Ann Mainwaring, ſecond daughter of Wm. Mainwaring, eſq. of the Creſcent.

7. At Mary-la-bonne, Mr. Archer Brunell, of Baſinghall-ſtreet, to Mrs. Head, of Beaumont-ſtreet.

John Tomlinſon, eſq. of Cley, in Norfolk, to miſs Chad.

At Mary-la-bonne church, James John Smith, eſq. to miſs Hanchett.

10. The rev. J. W. Wilbraham, rector of Falmouth, to miſs J. Croucher, of Baker-ſtreet (North), Portman-ſquare.

At viſcount Oxmantown's, Stephen's-green, T. Teniſon, eſq. of Caſtle-Teniſon, Roſcommon, to the right hon. lady Frances King, youngeſt daughter of Edward earl of Kingſton, and aunt to the preſent earl.

14. At St. George's, Hanover-ſquare, capt. Whyte, of the royal navy, ſon of general John Whyte, to Mrs. Mowbray, widow of George Mowbray, eſq. of Mortimer, in the county of Berks.

Wm. Sharp, eſq. to miſs Ann Naſh, of Albion-ſtreet.

At St. George's, Hanover-ſquare,

Buckles Lethbridge. eſq. of Rookely-houſe, Wilts, only ſon of John Lethbridge, eſq. of Stanthill-park, Somerſet, to miſs Ann Goddard, ſecond daughter of Ambroſe Goddard, eſq. M. P. for the county of Wilts.

The rev. John Clayton, of Kenſington, to miſs Ellis, only daughter of Wm. Ellis, eſq. of Fenchurch-ſtreet.

At St. Mary-le-Strand, Thomas Bentley, of the Little Hermitage, near Rocheſter, eſq. to miſs Lunan, of the Strand.

At St. James's, Clerkenwell, W. Howard, eſq. of St. John's-ſquare, to miſs Ann Elliott, of the ſame place.

At Aldgate-church, George Wyndham, eſq. to miſs Dominicus.

DEATHS.

March 20. Miſs Rebecca Payne, third daughter of Mr. Payne, of Lagſheath, in the county of Suſſex, after a long and painful illneſs, which ſhe bore with true chriſtian fortitude.

April 16. At Liſbon, in the 38th year of his age, where he went for the recovery of his health, Simon Fraſer the younger, of Lovat.

24. At Clifton, miſs Erſkine, ſiſter to ſir W. Erſkine.

25. At his houſe in Mile-End-green, in the 62d year of his age, capt. George Young.

27. In Mortimer ſtreet, the only daughter of capt. W. G. Rutherford.

28. At Lambeth, of an apoplectic fit, Mr. W. Brown, ſtock-broker.

At her houſe, in Brunſwick-ſquare, the wife of W. Walker, eſq.

29. Rowland Conyers, eſq. late of Argyle-ſtreet, in the 78th year of his age.

30. Lady Harriet Hamilton, eldeſt daughter of the marquis of Abercorn, in the 21ſt year of her age, after a ſhort illneſs, at her father's ſeat, the Priory, near Stanmore. She was to have been married, in a few days, to the marquis of Waterford, who now remains overwhelmed with the deepeſt affliction.

Mrs. Munday, of Clapham-common.

At Vitry-ſur-Seine, near Paris, Wm. Putland, eſq. of Ireland.

May 1. At her houſe, in Upper Seymour-ſtreet, after a few days' illneſs, lady M. Melbourne.

At the ſame hour alſo died at her houſe, in Park-ſtreet, Groſvenor-ſquare, Mrs. E. Hervey, many years the intimate friend of lady M. Melbourne.

2. At Darn-hall, vice-admiral ſir G. Home, bart.

4. At his houſe, on Stockwell-common, John Saliſbury Hoare, eſq. late of Honduras.

In John-ſtreet, Weſt, Mr. Vigne.

At Tenbury, Mrs. Mary Price, aged ninety-two.

On Tueſday laſt, at Lymington, Mrs. Allen.

At his apartments, in town, major Thomas Thiſpe Fowke.

At his houſe, in Glouceſter-place, J. Cotton, eſq.

7. John Lord Rivers, a lord of his majeſty's bed-chamber, lord-lieut. and cuſtos rotulorum of the county of Perth. He is ſucceeded by his only ſon George, now lord Rivers.

At his houſe, in Beaumont-ſtreet, Mary-la-bonne, Mr. C. Brown, botanical painter.

At Oxford, aged 75, Charles Haldon, ſen. printer, who had for ſome years enjoyed one of the penſions for decayed printers, agreeably to the will of the late Mr. Bowyer.

8. Mrs. Deſhons, widow of the late Mr. Deſhons, of Threadneedle-ſtreet.

At Cantleſton-caſtle, Glamorganſhire, the lady of col. Huddleſton, of the royal artilliery.

11. After four days' illneſs, Mr. J. Ovendon, attorney, of Jermyn-ſtreet.

13. Mrs. Crawford, of Hoxton-ſquare, aged 57.

At Chelſea, Mrs. Draper, wife of Mr. Draper, of the navy-pay office, Someſet-place.

14. Mrs. Dawſon, wife of John Dawſon, eſq. of Bedford-ſtreet, Bedford-ſquare.