THE

LADY'S MAGAZINE,

OR

ENTERTAINING COMPANION

FOR

THE FAIR SEX;

APPROPRIATED

SOLELY TO THEIR USE AND AMUSEMENT.

FOR NOVEMBER, 1803.

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This Number is embelliſhed with the following Copper-plates:

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2 For the MORAL ZOOLOGIST—INDIAN SHRIKE.
3 An elegantly-coloured PARIS DRESS.
4 A new and elegant PATTERN for a GOWN, CAP, or APRON, &c.
5 MUSIC—A HINT FOR BRITAIN: the Words and Muſic by W. BARRE.

LONDON:

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

Where Favours from Correſpondents continue to be received.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

The concluſion of the Drama of *Matilda* will be given in our next.

We ſhall be extremely obliged to A. F. for the Novel ſhe offers, entitled *The Highland Hermitage*: her letter had been overlooked; but an anſwer has been returned, addreſſed as ſhe requeſted.

The Lines written during a Viſit in the Country are intended for inſertion.

Moral Reflections on a Morning's Walk late in October, in our next.

The Excurſion to Birchington—D. W.'s Contribution—Ballad, and Ode of Anacreon, by J. W. V.—To a Firſt Conſul—and J. W.'s Extempore Acroſtic—are received, and will be attended to.

Engraved for the Lady's Magazine.

Secander and Nourima.

THE

LADY'S MAGAZINE,

For NOVEMBER, 1803.

SECANDER AND NOURIMA;

AN EASTERN TALE.

(With an elegant Engraving.)

THE reputation of the opulent merchant Haleb, for integrity and punctuality in his dealings, and the great wealth he had acquired by the moſt honourable means, was diffuſed through the rich province of Erivan, in which he reſided, and conveyed to the caravans of traffic to all the great marts of commerce in the eaſt and in the weſt. The bounty of Providence had beſtowed on his probity a reward far greater than riches, in the domeſtic happineſs which he enjoyed with his beloved wife, Zeita, and his daughter, Nourima. Nourima was beauteous as the riſing morning, and mild and gentle as the decline of day. Her filial affection was the ſpring of all her actions; and to be certain that ſhe gave happineſs to her father was the greateſt joy ſhe could know.

Sahal, a brave and ſucceſsful general of Almamun, the caliph of Bagdad, had chanced to have ſome intercourſe with Haleb, for the purchaſe of certain valuable commodities which the latter had procured from India. In the courſe of this tranſaction, it happened that Sahal accidentally obtained a ſight of Nourima. Her beauty made an impreſſion on him that he had never before experienced, and his growing paſſion was ſtill more excited by the praiſes which, on enquiry, he heard continually beſtowed on her virtue and her prudence. He avowed to Haleb the affection he had conceived for his daughter, and ſolicited her hand in marriage. The merchant found no objection to the offer; it appeared, in fact, highly flattering to him, for Sahal was in great favour with the caliph, and riches and honours were at his diſpoſal. Nourima, at her firſt interview with him, was as much prepoſſeſſed in his favour for his perſonal qualities, as her father had been from mature conſideration of the advantages which might be expected from ſuch an union.

At the moment when the conſent of Haleb and his daughter was obtained, and preparations were making for the intended marriage, Sahal received a meſſage from court, requiring his immediate attendance on the caliph, to give his advice on certain affairs of the utmoſt emergency. Sahal inſtantly haſtened to Bagdad, leaving his friend and confident, Secander, to conduct Nourima, by eaſy journeys, to the capital, where he propoſed to celebrate his nuptials with a ſplendor ſuitable to his rank.

Secander was a brave officer, who had owed his promotion in the ar-

mies of the caliph to the patronage and recommendation of Sahal, whoſe life he had ſaved in battle. The gratitude of Sahal appeared to know no bounds, and on all occaſions he conferred on Secander every favour it was in his power to beſtow; and the fidelity of Secander to his benefactor had ever been found by Sahal to equal his own generoſity. He poſſeſſed an excellent underſtanding, and had conſtantly manifeſted a high ſenſe of honour, and the ſtricteſt integrity.

But the charms of Nourima, whom Secander, in conſequence of the truſt repoſed in him, had frequent opportunities of beholding, inflamed his paſſions, and overpowered his reaſon. Unmindful at once of honour, gratitude, and friendſhip, he revolved in his mind by what means he might gratify his wild deſires; and, when they had proceeded to a conſiderable diſtance from the reſidence of Haleb, on their journey towards Bagdad, he contrived to lead Nourima into a ſolitary place, at a diſtance from the reſt of the eſcort and attendants, where, in language bordering on inſanity, he diſcloſed to her his frantic paſſion:—'Forget Sahal,' ſaid he, 'and let me ſucceed him in your heart. There is a rebellion againſt the caliph, ſo formidable that it muſt overturn his throne. Fly with me—I ſhall be received with open arms by the inſurgents—they ſhall owe victory to me—all the honours of the empire will be at my diſpoſal, and you ſhall ſhare my fortune.'

Nourima replied, with indignant ſcorn, 'Though I were as certain of obtaining all the power and honours you ſo abſurdly offer me, as I am convinced that what you ſay is falſe, I would preſerve my fidelity to Sahal, by whom you have ſo perfidiouſly acted: I would prefer beggary, or even chains and death, with him, to a throne with you.'

'Go with me,' exclaimed he, fiercely, and drawing a dagger, while his eyes flaſhed with ungovernable frenzy, 'go with me, or thou dieſt!'

The beauteous Nourima, ſenſible that no deliverer was near, fainted and ſank, deprived of ſenſe and motion, at his feet.

At the ſame moment, a dreadful burſt of thunder ſeemed to rend the elements, and a reſplendent form, bright as the meridian ſun, appeared to the eyes of the aſtoniſhed Secander.

'Erring mortal,' ſaid the genius, 'adore the mercies of Heaven. Becauſe thy former life has been virtuous and juſt, I am ſent to rebuke and reſtrain thy madneſs, now that the powers of evil have gained an aſcendency over thee. Precipitate not thyſelf into irretrievable miſery for the gratification of a baſe and wretched paſſion. Recollect how much you are indebted to your benefactor, and the praiſes which have hitherto been univerſally beſtowed on your gratitude and fidelity. Reflect with horror on the crime you are about to commit, and deſiſt,—and repent ere it be too late.'

The genius diſappeared; and Secander, overwhelmed with ſtoniſhment and contrition, raiſed and recovered the terrified and diſtreſſed Nourima. In ſilence he conducted her ſafely to Sahal, to whom he confeſſed the baſe purpoſe he had entertained, and related all that had happened. 'I come,' ſaid he, 'to offer you my life, as an atonement for my folly and crime. Take it—I ſhall willingly reſign it—I have deſerved to die.'

Sahal liſtened to his narrative with the greateſt emotion, and extreme aſtoniſhment.——When he had ſufficiently recovered himſelf

Engraved for the Ladies Magazine Nov.r 1803.

Mutlow Sc. Russell. Co.r

PARIS DRESS.

to speak, he answered:—'We are all liable to folly, and all may incur guilt. Can I condemn where Heaven has more than pardoned, by preventing the crime? Live, Secander, and let the generous acts of your life surpass, if possible, those you have already performed, and thus efface the memory of your having once for a moment strayed from the path of honour and virtue.'

Sahal and Nourima were married, and passed the remainder of their lives in that happiness which mutual affection bestows. Sahal, soon after his marriage, headed the troops of the caliph against a numerous body of rebels, whom he completely defeated, and returned home crowned with victory and glory. In this expedition Secander again fought by his side, and again preserved his life, but with the loss of his own. He fell, and his death proved the sincerity of his repentance, and atoned for the crime he had meditated in the frenzy of passion.

PARISIAN FASHIONS.

(*With an Engraving, elegantly coloured.*)

STRAW hats trimmed, as in *the plate*, are still much worn with an undress. Under the white straw hat a small cap is usually seen. The ribands now in vogue are of taffety, of five or six colours, both spotted and striped. We see some hats made entirely of these ribands.

Head-dresses in hair are at present the only ones for a full dress: they are usually ornamented with pearls, or a comb enriched with engraved stones. The flower of the moment is the rose-coloured poppy, of which are formed diadems.—The *fichus* crossed over the bosom are almost general. They are worn of silk, of different reds, and with a worked border of a strong bright colour.

The robes are either of black crape, which is common, or, in full dress, of amaranth-crape, spangled with golden stars. Rose-colour is at present a very fashionable colour; amaranth and lilac are likewise fashionable colours. For the Cashmire shawls, amaranth and jonquil are the prevailing colours.

The bags called *ridicules* are very plain, and become rare. Even in an undress, a handkerchief must supply the place of the bag. In one corner the money is put, and a knot made; the other corner is passed through the ring of the keys, and another knot made. This is inconvenient, but such is the dictate of fashion.

LONDON FASHIONS.

Full and Walking Dress.

DRESS of plain or sprigged muslin, the front quite plain and drawn round the bosom, the sleeves short with alternate stripes of lace and muslin, the train very long and trimmed round with vandyke. A round turban of white satin, ornamented with white ostrich feathers. Swansdown tippet.

A short round dress of cambric muslin. A pelice of green velvet, trimmed all round with black lace. A bonnet of the same, with a green ostrich feather.

Promenade Dresses.

Plain dress of white or coloured muslin, with long sleeves. A cloak of blue velvet, lined with yellow silk, and trimmed all round with deep black lace. A bonnet of blue velvet, covered with lace.

A short walking dress of thick muslin. A military spencer of purple velvet, trimmed with silk cord.

Purple velvet bonnet, ornamented with a white oſtrich feather.

Head Dreſſes.

A cap of ſprigged muſlin, with a piece of deep lace let in round the front; a deep lace border.

A cloſe morning bonnet of black or coloured velvet.

A cap of white lace, with a bow of narrow white riband on the right ſide.

A hat of black velvet, the crown flat, with a twiſt of velvet and ſilk cord round it, the front turned up and ornamented with black feathers.

A turban of white ſatin and crape; white oſtrich feathers.

The military or helmet hat, made of willow or catgut, with a military feather over the crown.

A green velvet bonnet, the crown full, the front ſmall and turned up; a white oſtrich feather in front.

A hat of white ſatin, quilted all over to form diamonds; a white feather.

General Obſervations.

Cloaks have now wholly diſappeared, and given place to ſpencers of every deſcription, but the moſt faſhionable is the military ſpencer made of velvet; a few pelices have likewiſe appeared. Long ſleeves of white ſatin, embroidered or ſpangled, or of white lace, are much worn in full dreſs. The moſt favourite colours are blue, pink, green, purple, and yellow.

SIGNE AND HABOR;

A GOTHIC ROMANCE.

(Continued from p. 512.)

HABOR, as ſoon as he had committed to the earth the remains of his father and his brother, ſet ſail for Zealand, where his ſhip arrived before the reſt of the fleet, and he immediately landed, with only three attendants. As he rightly judged that Hildegiſle had already brought to Sigarſtadt intelligence of what had happened, and perhaps a partial or falſe account, he reſolved to diſguiſe himſelf, that he might not be expoſed to any unneceſſary danger, and yet enjoy the pleaſure of embracing his Signe, declaring to her the truth, and conferring with her on the manner in which he ought to act. He, therefore, when he approached the royal reſidence of Sigar, aſſumed the habit of the Skioldmoer *, as did alſo Aſmund, and his two other companions. Impelled by love, he ſoon arrived at the gates of Sigarſtadt, where, when queſtioned by the ſentinels, he anſwered—'I am a Skioldmoer, ſent by Hakon, and bring good tidings from him, and from Alger and Belviſe.'—'Go then,' ſaid the ſentinel, 'to the apartments of Signe: ſhe receives with kindneſs and hoſpitably entertains all ſuch brave maidens.'

Habor entered the chamber of Signe at the moment ſhe reclined her head on the boſom of Svanhild, and ſtood locked in her embrace. By the glimmering of a feeble lamp he viewed, motionleſs with joy, the object of his ardent affection. Signe raiſed her head; her countenance expreſſed a noble ſorrow; her golden locks floated around her neck in pleaſing diſorder, for the veil which had covered them had fallen, and her ſnow-white robe diſplayed the elegant proportion of her beauteous perſon. Habor, to diſguiſe himſelf, had tinged his hair and eye-brows black; but what can elude the eagle-eye of love? In an inſtant the fire of joy and hope ſparkled in the eyes of Signe, and crimſoned her cheeks. She threw herſelf into the arms of

* Warlike maidens, attendants at the courts of the ancient northern heroes, who bore ſhields and arms, followed the armies, and occaſionally carried diſpatches as couriers.

Habor, and embraced him as closely as the ivy clasps the oak—'Habor!' she exclaimed—'Signe!' answered he:—more could neither utter. They stood motionless, like marble statues. Attentive only to each other, the rest of the world disappeared to their eyes. Overpowered, at length, by her tumultuous sensations, Signe sank and fainted; and with difficulty was restored to perception by the affectionate attention of Svanhild. Then were again repeated the ardent embraces of the happy lovers; till, at length, these extreme emotions subsiding, memory and reason resumed their sway. Signe replaced her veil; and Habor recollected that his three companions still stood without. They were immediately introduced; and when their feet had been washed, and they had taken refreshment, they were conducted to the apartments in which they were to repose. Gunvor washed the feet and hands of Habor, and was surprised to find them so rough and hard. Habor observed to her, that Hakon spared his shield-bearing maidens as little as his warriors; and that he required they should follow him wherever he went. This only increased the suspicion of Gunvor, which was still more confirmed by the voice of Habor.—'You are not a woman,' said she to herself; and at the same moment, casting a glance at Signe, as she looked on Habor, she perceived her eyes sparkle with joy. Immediately she turned to Habor, and saw in his countenance a corresponding expression of pleasure.—'It is Habor!' instantly thought she. She asked Signe where the stranger should pass the night.—'In the chamber adjoining to mine,' answered Signe.

Habor now arose and walked; and Gunvor then recognised him perfectly.—'Gold,' said she to herself, 'must be the reward of this discovery;' and her countenance brightened with a base and selfish joy.

She now went to Svanhild, and, exulting in her penetration, could not refrain from intimating what she had observed.—'This woman,' said she, 'is very masculine. I could almost suspect her to be a man in female attire.'

Svanhild could no longer preserve her usual mildness, for she was alarmed at the danger which seemed to menace her friend:—'Make no observations, Gunvor,' said she, 'on things which do not concern you, but silently obey the commands you receive.'

'This unusual haughtiness,' said Gunvor to herself, 'shall cost thee dear. I shall soon enjoy the pleasure of revenge.'—She, however, assumed the appearance of complacency and satisfaction both towards Svanhild and Signe. She took the shield and sword of Habor—'I will remove these,' said she, 'into the closet; they are too heavy for you to carry about continually.' Signe and Habor did not attempt to prevent her, for they had full confidence in her.

Gunvor now left them, Svanhild went into the adjoining chamber, and the two lovers remained alone. Signe then related to Habor all that had occurred.

'Do you believe me guilty?' said he.

'No, Habor,' replied she, 'my heart tells me that thou art innocent. He whom I love cannot act basely and unworthily of himself and me.'

Habor then gave a true and circumstantial relation of the mournful events that had happened.

'Alf fought his own death,' said Signe; 'but thy life, brave hero, is in danger.'

'My life! let it be so! But,' said he, throwing his arms affectionately round her, 'if I lose it, if I

become the victim of Bera's implacable rage and cruel revenge, what will then my Signe do?'

'Die, die with thee; thou art my life, thy death is my death. Pleasure would it be to me to live with thee in a desert; pleasure will it be to die with thee. Together will we pass the threshold of Valhalla; our love shall be renewed in the hall of Freya. I call ye to witness my vow, ye awful goddesses of death, who dwell in the regions beneath:—The moment which ends the life of Habor shall also end mine!'

She threw her arms around his neck, while her attitude and her eyes spoke still more expressively than her lips. Habor embraced her with his nervous arm; he pressed her to his bosom with all his force, and Signe felt it not.—'O, celestial love! divine constancy!' exclaimed he: 'pleasure will it be to die—to die with thee!—but greater pleasure is it thus to gaze upon thee.'—Tears gushed from his eyes, mingled tears of joy and sorrow;—and Signe drank them in. Tears likewise Signe shed, and Habor drank them in. Long they remained silent; at length, Signe said:

'Shouldst thou, in whom alone I live, be condemned to death, the cruel sentence will be immediately executed; and how shall I know the hour?'

'I will direct Asmund, my faithful Asmund,' said Habor, 'to conceal himself in the grove, near the place of judgment: and, if I am condemned, he shall display the fatal ensign, the red banner, within view of your apartment.'

Immediately Habor started up, and went to awaken Asmund; but he found him still awake.

'Why canst thou not sleep, faithful Asmund?' said Habor.

'The danger of my friend,' answered Asmund, 'disturbs my mind, and dispels sleep.'

'And dost thou not think of thy own danger?'

'I heed not my own life: my friend alone occupies my thoughts.'

Habor then told him what had been agreed on between him and Signe. Asmund immediately rose, and went out to conceal himself in the grove, to wait and observe the event.

Habor then returned to Signe. 'My heart,' said she, 'is exceedingly heavy: Heaven grant that nothing worse than death may await us.'

'What can you mean?' said Habor.

'That we may be separated, and yet live.'

'Dearest Signe, should we even be so separated that no hope shall remain of our meeting again, death is every-where to be found.'

'Death, indeed, is every where to be found; and who shall prevent our meeting in the hall of Freya?'

'But, dearest Signe! should we be surprised here with each other, will not the censorious world condemn us?—Night, love, no witness—'

'Bolvise, at least, will, no doubt, so judge: but I am already thy wife: my heart is thine.'

'The purity of our love, we must, however, remember, cannot be conceived by the multitude.'

(*To be concluded in our next.*)

On the PERSONALITY *of the* DEITY.

[*From Paley's 'Natural Theology.'*]

THE great *energies* of nature are known to us only by their effects. The substances which produce them are as much concealed from our senses as the divine essence itself. *Gravitation*, though constantly present, though constantly exerting its influence, though every where around us, near us, and within us; though diffused throughout all space, and penetrating the texture of all bodies with which we are acquainted, depends, if upon a fluid, upon a fluid, which, though both powerful and universal in its operation, is no object of sense to us; if upon any other kind of substance or action, upon a substance and action from which *we* receive no distinguishable impressions. Is it then to be wondered at, that it should, in some measure, be the same with the divine nature?

Of this however we are certain, that, whatever the Deity be, neither the *universe*, nor any part of it which we see, can be he. The universe itself is merely a collective name: its parts are all which are real; or which are *things*. Now inert matter is out of the question; and organized substances include marks of contrivance. But whatever includes marks of contrivance, whatever, in its constitution, testifies design, necessarily carries us to something beyond itself, to some other being, to a designer prior to, and out of, itself. No animal, for instance, can have contrived its own limbs and senses; can have been the author to itself of the design with which they were constructed. That supposition involves all the absurdity of self-creation, i. e. of acting without existing. Nothing can be God which is ordered by a wisdom and a will, which itself is void of; which is indebted for any of its properties to contrivance *ab extra*. The *not* having that in his nature which requires the exertion of another prior being (which property is sometimes called self-sufficiency, and sometimes self-comprehension), appertains to the Deity, as his essential distinction, and removes his nature from that of all things which we see. Which consideration contains the answer to a question that has sometimes been asked, namely, Why, since something or other must have existed from eternity, may not the present universe be that something? The contrivance, perceived in it, proves that to be impossible. Nothing contrived can, in a strict and proper sense, be eternal, forasmuch as the contriver must have existed before the contrivance.

Wherever we see marks of contrivance, we are led for its cause to an *intelligent* author. And this transition of the understanding is founded upon uniform experience. We see intelligence constantly contriving, that is, we see intelligence constantly producing effects, marked and distinguished by certain properties; not certain particular properties, but by a kind and class of properties, such as relation to an end, relation of parts to one another, and to a common purpose. We see, wherever we are witnesses to the actual formation of things, nothing except intelligence producing effects so marked and distinguished. Furnished with this experience, we view the productions of nature. We observe *them* also marked and distinguished in the same manner. We wish to account for their origin. Our experience suggests a cause perfectly adequate to this account. No experience, no single instance or example, can be offered in favour of any other. In this cause therefore we ought to

reſt: in this cause the common ſense of mankind has in fact reſted, because it agrees with that, which, in all cases, is the foundation of knowledge, the undeviating course of their experience. The reasoning is the same as that by which we conclude any antient appearances to have been the effects of volcanos or inundations, namely, because they resemble the effects which fire and water produce before our eyes; and because we have never known these effects to result from any other operation. And this resemblance may subsist in so many circumstances as not to leave us under the smallest doubt in forming our opinion. Men are not deceived by this reasoning; for whenever it happens, as it sometimes does happen, that the truth comes to be known by direct information, it turns out to be what was expected. In like manner, and upon the same foundation (which in truth is that of experience), we conclude that the works of nature proceed from intelligence and design, because, in the properties of relation to a purpose, subserviency to an use, they resemble what intelligence and design are constantly producing, and what nothing except intelligence and design ever produce at all. Of every argument which would raise a question as to the safety of this reasoning, it may be observed, that if such argument be listened to, it leads to the inference not only that the present order of nature is insufficient to prove the existence of an intelligent Creator, but that no imaginable order would be sufficient to prove it; that *no* contrivance, were it ever so mechanical, ever so precise, ever so clear, ever so perfectly like those which we ourselves employ, would support this conclusion. A doctrine, to which, I conceive, no sound mind can assent.

The force however of the reasoning is sometimes sunk by our taking up with mere names. We have already noticed, and we must here notice again, the misapplication of the term 'law,' and the mistake concerning the idea which that term expresses in physics, whenever such idea is made to take the place of power, and still more of an intelligent power, and, as such, to be assigned for the cause of any thing, or of any property of any things, that exists. This is what we are secretly apt to do when we speak of organized bodies (plants, for instance, or animals), owing their production, their form, their growth, their qualities, their beauty, their use, to any law or laws of nature: and when we are contented to sit down with that answer to our enquiries concerning them. I say once more, that it is a perversion of language to assign any law, as the efficient, operative, cause of any thing. A law presupposes an agent, for it is only the mode according to which an agent proceeds; it implies a power, for it is the order according to which that power acts. Without this agent, without this power, which are both distinct from itself, the 'law' does nothing; is nothing.

What has been said concerning 'law,' holds true of *mechanism*. Mechanism is not itself power. Mechanism, without power, can do nothing. Let a watch be contrived and constructed ever so ingeniously; be its parts ever so many, ever so complicated, ever so finely wrought or artificially put together, it cannot go without a weight or spring, i. e. without a force independent of, and ulterior to, its mechanism. The spring acting at the centre will produce different motions and different results, according to the variety of the intermediate mechanism. One and the self-same spring, acting in one and the same manner, viz. by simply expanding

itſelf, may be the cauſe of a hundred different and all uſeful movements, if a hundred different and well-deviſed ſets of wheels be placed between it and the final effect, e. g. may point out the hour of the day, the day of the month, the age of the moon, the poſition of the planets, the cycle of the years, and many other ſerviceable notices; and theſe movements may fulfil their purpoſes with more or leſs perfection, according as the mechaniſm is better or worſe contrived, or better or worſe executed, or in a better or worſe ſtate of repair: *but in all caſes, it is neceſſary that the ſpring act at the centre.* The courſe of our reaſoning upon ſuch a ſubject would be this. By inſpecting the watch, even when ſtanding ſtill, we get a proof of contrivance, and of a contriving mind, having been employed about it. In the form and obvious relation of its parts we ſee enough to convince us of this. If we pull the works in pieces, for the purpoſe of a cloſer examination, we are ſtill more fully convinced. But, when we ſee the watch *going*, we ſee proof of another point, viz. that there is a power ſomewhere, and ſomehow or other, applied to it; a power in action; that there is more in the ſubject than the mere wheels of the machine; that there is a ſecret ſpring or a gravitating plummet; in a word, that there is force and energy, as well as mechaniſm.

So then, the watch in motion eſtabliſhes to the obſerver two concluſions: one; that thought, contrivance, and deſign, have been employed in the forming, proportioning, and arranging of its parts; and that, whoever or wherever he be, or were, ſuch a contriver there is; or was: the other; that force or power, diſtinct from mechaniſm, is, at this preſent time, acting upon it. If I ſaw a hand-mill even at reſt, I ſhould ſee contrivance; but, if I ſaw it grinding, I ſhould be aſſured that a hand was at the windlaſs, though in another room. It is the ſame in nature. In the works of nature we trace mechaniſm; and this alone proves contrivance: but living, active, moving, productive nature, proves alſo the exertion of a power at the centre; for, wherever the power reſides may be denominated the centre.

The intervention and diſpoſition of what are called '*ſecond cauſes*,' fall under the ſame obſervation. This diſpoſition is or is not mechaniſm, according as we can or cannot trace it by our ſenſes, and means of examination. That is all the difference there is; and it is a difference which reſpects our faculties, not the things themſelves. Now where the order of ſecond cauſes is mechanical, what is here ſaid of mechaniſm ſtrictly applies to it. But it would be always mechaniſm (natural chemiſtry, for inſtance, would be mechaniſm) if our ſenſes were acute enough to deſcry it. Neither mechaniſm, therefore, in the works of nature, nor the intervention of what are called ſecond cauſes (for I think that they are the ſame thing), excuſes the neceſſity of an agent diſtinct from both.

If, in tracing theſe cauſes, it be ſaid, that we find certain general properties of matter, which have nothing in them that beſpeaks intelligence, I anſwer, that, ſtill the *managing* of theſe properties, the pointing and directing them to the uſes which we ſee made of them, demands intelligence in the higheſt degree. For example, ſuppoſe animal ſecretions to be elective attractions, and that ſuch and ſuch attractions univerſally belong to ſuch and ſuch ſubſtances; in all which there is no intellect concerned; ſtill the choice and collocation of theſe ſubſtances, the fixing upon right ſubſtances, and diſpoſing them in right

places, muſt be an act of intelligence. What miſchief would follow, were there a ſingle tranſpoſition of the ſecretory organs; a ſingle miſtake in arranging the glands which compoſe them?

There may be many ſecond cauſes, and many courſes of ſecond cauſes, one behind another, between what we obſerve of nature and the Deity; but there muſt be intelligence ſomewhere; there muſt be more in nature than what we ſee; and, amongſt the things unſeen, there muſt be an intelligent, deſigning, author. The philoſopher beholds with aſtoniſhment the production of things around him. Unconſcious particles of matter take their ſtations, and ſeverally range themſelves in an order, ſo as to become collectively plants or animals, i. e. organized bodies, with parts bearing ſtrict and evident relation to one another, and to the utility of the whole: and it ſhould ſeem that theſe particles could not move in any other way than as they do; for they teſtify not the ſmalleſt ſign of choice, or liberty, or diſcretion. There may be particular intelligent beings, guiding theſe motions in each caſe; or they may be the reſult of trains of mechanical diſpoſitions, fixed beforehand by an intelligent appointment, and kept in action by a power at the centre. But, in either caſe, there muſt be intelligence.

The minds of moſt men are fond of what they call a *principle*, and of the appearance of ſimplicity, in accounting for phænomena. Yet this principle, this ſimplicity, reſides merely in the *name*; which name, after all, compriſes, perhaps, under it a diverſified, multifarious, or progreſſive operation, diſtinguiſhable into parts. The power in organized bodies of producing bodies like themſelves, is one of theſe principles. Give a philoſopher this, and he can get on. But he does not reflect what this principle (if ſuch he chooſe to call it), what this mode of production, requires; how much it preſuppoſes; what an apparatus of inſtruments, ſome of which are ſtrictly mechanical, is neceſſary to its ſucceſs; what a train it includes of operations and changes, one ſucceeding another, one related to another, one miniſtering to another; all advancing, by intermediate, and, frequently, by ſenſible ſteps, to their ultimate reſult. Yet, becauſe the whole of this complicated action is wrapped up in a ſingle term, *generation*, we are to ſet it down as an elementary principle; and to ſuppoſe, that, when we have reſolved the things which we ſee into this principle, we have ſufficiently accounted for their origin, without the neceſſity of a deſigning, intelligent, Creator. The truth is, generation is not a principle but a *proceſs*. We might as well call the caſting of metals a principle: we might, ſo far as appears to me, as well call ſpinning and weaving principles: and then, referring the texture of cloths, the fabric of muſlins and calicoes, the patterns of diapers and damaſks, to theſe as principles, pretend to diſpenſe with intention, thought, and contrivance, on the part of the artiſt; or to diſpenſe, indeed, with the neceſſity of any artiſt at all, either in the manufactory of the article, or in the fabrication of the machinery by which the manufactory was carried on.

And, after all, how, or in what ſenſe, is it true, that animals produce their *like*? A butterfly, with a proboſcis inſtead of a mouth, with four wings and ſix legs, produces a hairy caterpillar, with jaws and teeth, and fourteen feet. A frog produces a tadpole. A black beetle, with gauze wings and a cruſty covering, produces a white, ſmooth, ſoft, worm; an ephemeron fly, a cod-bait maggot. Theſe, by a pro-

greſs through different ſtages of life, and action, and enjoyment, (and, in each ſtate, provided with implements and organs appropriated to the temporary nature which they bear,) arrive at laſt at the form and faſhion of the parent animal. But all this is proceſs, not principle; and proves, moreover, that the property of animated bodies of producing their like belongs to them, not as a primordial property, not by any blind neceſſity in the nature of things, but as the effect of œconomy, wiſdom, and deſign; becauſe the property itſelf aſſumes diverſities, and ſubmits to deviations, dictated by intelligible utilities, and ſerving diſtinct purpoſes of animal happineſs.

The opinion which would conſider 'generation' as a *principle* in nature, and which would aſſign this principle as the cauſe, or endeavour to ſatisfy our minds with ſuch a cauſe, of the exiſtence of organized bodies, is confuted, in my judgment, not only by every mark of contrivance diſcoverable in thoſe bodies, for which it gives us no contriver, offers no account, whatever; but alſo by the further conſideration, that things generated poſſeſs a clear relation to things *not* generated. If it were merely one part of a generated body bearing a relation to another part of the ſame body, as the mouth of an animal to the throat, the throat to the ſtomach, the ſtomach to the inteſtines, thoſe to the recruiting of the blood, and, by means of the blood, to the nouriſhment of the whole frame: or if it were only one generated body bearing a relation to another generated body, as the ſexes of the ſame ſpecies to each other, animals of prey to their prey, herbivorous and granivorous animals to the plants or ſeeds upon which they feed, it might be contended, that the whole of this correſpondency was attributable to generation, the common origin from which theſe ſubſtances proceeded. But what ſhall we ſay to agreements which exiſt between things generated and things *not generated*? Can it be doubted, was it ever doubted, but that the *lungs* of animals bear a relation to the *air*, as a permanently elaſtic fluid? They act in it and by it: they cannot act without it. Now, if generation produced the animal, it did not produce the air; yet their properties correſpond. The *eye* is made for *light*, and light for the eye. The eye would be of no uſe without light, and light perhaps of little without eyes: yet one is produced by generation; the other not. The *ear* depends upon *undulations* of air. Here are two ſets of motions; firſt, of the pulſes of the air; ſecondly, of the drum, bones, and nerves of the ear; ſets of motions bearing an evident reference to each other: yet the one, and the apparatus for the one, produced by the intervention of generation; the other altogether independent of it.

If it be ſaid, that the air, the light, the elements, the world itſelf, is *generated*; I anſwer, that I do not comprehend the propoſition. If the term mean any thing ſimilar to what it means when applied to plants or animals, the propoſition is certainly without proof; and, I think, draws as near to abſurdity as any propoſition can do, which does not include a contradiction in its terms. I am at a loſs to conceive, how the formation of the world can be compared to the generation of an animal. If the term generation ſignify ſomething quite different from what it ſignifies upon ordinary occaſions, it may, by the ſame latitude, ſignify any thing. In which caſe a word or phraſe taken from the language of Otaheite, would convey as much theory concerning the origin of the univerſe as it does to talk of its being generated.

We know a cauſe (intelligence)

adequate to the appearances which we wiſh to account for: we have this cauſe continually producing ſimilar appearances: yet, rejecting this cauſe, the ſufficiency of which we know, and the action of which is conſtantly before our eyes, we are invited to reſort to ſuppoſitions, deſtitute of a ſingle fact for their ſupport, and confirmed by no analogy with which we are acquainted. Were it neceſſary to enquire into the *motives* of men's opinions, I mean their motives ſeparate from their arguments, I ſhould almoſt ſuſpect, that, becauſe the proof of a Deity drawn from the conſtitution of nature is not only popular but vulgar (which may ariſe from the cogency of the proof, and be indeed its higheſt recommendation), and becauſe it is a ſpecies almoſt of *puerility* to take up with it, for theſe reaſons, minds, which are habitually in ſearch of invention and originality, feel a reſiſtleſs inclination to ſtrike off into other ſolutions and other expoſitions. The truth is, that many minds are not ſo indiſpoſed to any thing which can be offered to them as they are to the *flatneſs* of being content with common reaſons; and, what is moſt to be lamented, minds conſcious of ſuperiority are the moſt liable to this repugnancy.

The 'ſuppoſitions' here alluded to all agree in one character. They all endeavour to diſpenſe with the neceſſity in nature of a particular, perſonal, intelligence; that is to ſay, with the exertion of an intending, contriving mind, in the ſtructure and formation of the organized conſtitutions which the world contains. They would reſolve all productions into *unconſcious* energies, of a like kind, in that reſpect, with attraction, magnetiſm, electricity, &c.; without any thing further.

In this the old ſyſtems of atheiſm and the new agree. And I much doubt, whether the new ſchemes have advanced any thing upon the old, or done more than changed the terms of the nomenclature. For inſtance, I could never ſee the difference between the antiquated ſyſtem of atoms, and Buffon's organic molecules. This philoſopher, having made a planet by knocking off from the ſun a piece of melted glaſs, in conſequence of the ſtroke of a comet; and having ſet it in motion, by the ſame ſtroke, both round its own axis and the ſun; finds his next difficulty to be, how to bring plants and animals upon it. In order to ſolve this difficulty, we are to ſuppoſe the univerſe repleniſhed with particles, endowed with life, but without organization or ſenſes of their own; and endowed alſo with a tendency to marſhal themſelves into organized forms. The concourſe of theſe particles, by virtue of this tendency, but without intelligence, will, or direction, (for I do not find that any of theſe qualities are aſcribed to them,) has produced the living forms which we now ſee.

Very few of the conjectures, which philoſophers hazard upon theſe ſubjects, have more of pretenſion in them, than the challenging you to ſhew the direct impoſſibility of the hypotheſis. In the preſent example, there ſeemed to be a poſitive objection to the whole ſcheme upon the very face of it; which was, that, if the caſe were as here repreſented, *new* combinations ought to be perpetually taking place; new plants and animals, or organized bodies which were neither, ought to be ſtarting up before our eyes every day. For this, however, our philoſopher has an anſwer. Whilſt ſo many forms of plants and animals are already in exiſtence, and, conſequently, ſo many 'internal molds,' as he calls them, are prepared and at hand, the organic particles run into theſe molds, and are employed in ſupplying an acceſſion of ſub-

ſtance to them, as well for their growth as for their propagation. By which means things keep their ancient courſe. But, ſays the ſame philoſopher, ſhould any general loſs or deſtruction of the preſent conſtitution of organized bodies take place, the particles, for want of 'molds' into which they might enter, would run into different combinations, and repleniſh the waſte with new ſpecies of organized ſubſtances.

Is there any hiſtory to countenance this notion? Is it known, that any deſtruction has been ſo repaired? any deſert thus re-peopled?

So far as I remember, the only natural appearance mentioned by our author, by way of fact whereon to build his hypotheſis, the only ſupport on which it reſts, is the formation of *worms* in the inteſtines of animals, which is here aſcribed to the coalition of ſuperabundant organic particles, floating about in the firſt paſſages; and which have combined themſelves into theſe ſimple animal forms, for want of internal molds, or of vacancies in thoſe molds, into which they might be received. The thing referred to is rather a ſpecies of facts, than a ſingle fact; as ſome other caſes may, with equal reaſon, be included under it. But to make it a fact at all, or, in any ſort, applicable to the queſtion, we muſt begin with aſſerting an *equivocal* generation contrary to analogy, and without neceſſity: contrary to an analogy, which accompanies us to the very limits of our knowledge or enquiries; for wherever, either in plants or animals, we are able to examine the ſubject, we find procreation from a parent form: without neceſſity, for I apprehend that it is ſeldom difficult to ſuggeſt methods, by which the eggs, or ſpawn, or yet inviſible rudiments, of theſe vermin, may have obtained a paſſage into the cavities in which they are found. Add to this, that their *conſtancy to their ſpecies*, which, I believe, is as regular in theſe as in the other vermes, decides the queſtion againſt our philoſopher, if, in truth, any queſtion remained upon the ſubject.

Laſtly; theſe wonder-working inſtruments, theſe 'internal molds,' what are they after all? what, when examined, but a name without ſignification; unintelligible, if not ſelf-contradictory; at the beſt, differing nothing from the 'eſſential forms' of the Greek philoſophy? One ſhort ſentence of Buffon's work exhibits his ſcheme as follows. 'When this nutritious and prolific matter, which is diffuſed throughout all nature, paſſes through the *internal mold* of an animal or vegetable, and finds a proper matrix or receptacle, it gives riſe to an animal or vegetable of the ſame ſpecies.' Does any reader annex a meaning to the expreſſion 'internal mold' in this ſentence? Ought it then to be ſaid, that, though we have little notion of an internal mold, we have not much more of a deſigning mind? The very contrary of this aſſertion is the truth. When we ſpeak of an artificer or an architect, we talk of what is comprehenſible to our underſtanding, and familiar to our experience. We uſe no other terms than what refer us for their meaning to our conſciouſneſs and obſervation; what expreſs the conſtant objects of both: whereas names, like that we have mentioned, refer us to nothing; excite no idea; convey a ſound to the ear, but I think do no more.

Another ſyſtem which has lately been brought forward, and with much ingenuity, is that of *appetencies*. The principle, and the ſhort account, of the theory, is this. Pieces of ſoft, ductile matter, being endued with propenſities or appe-

tencies for particular actions, would, by continual endeavours, carried on through a long ſeries of generations, work themſelves gradually into ſuitable forms; and, at length, acquire, though perhaps by obſcure and almoſt imperceptible improvements, an organization fitted to the action which their reſpective propenſities led them to exert. A piece of animated matter, for example, that was endued with a propenſity to *fly*, though ever ſo ſhapeleſs, though no other we will ſuppoſe than a round ball to begin with, would, in a courſe of ages, if not in a million of years, perhaps in a hundred million of years, (for our theoriſts, having eternity to diſpoſe of, are never ſparing in time,) acquire *wings*. The ſame tendency to loco-motion in an aquatic animal, or rather in an animated lump which might happen to be ſurrounded by water, would end in the production of *fins*: in a living ſubſtance, confined to the ſolid earth, would put out *legs* and *feet*; or, if it took a different turn, would break the body into ringlets, and conclude by *crawling* upon the ground.

Although I have introduced the mention of this theory into this place, I am unwilling to give to it the name of an *atheiſtic* ſcheme, for two reaſons; firſt, becauſe, ſo far as I am able to underſtand it, the original propenſities and the numberleſs varieties of them (ſo different, in this reſpect, from the laws of mechanical nature, which are few and ſimple) are, in the plan itſelf, attributed to the ordination and appointment of an intelligent and deſigning Creator: ſecondly, becauſe, likewiſe, that large poſtulatum, which is all along aſſumed and preſuppoſed, the faculty in living bodies of producing other bodies organized like themſelves, ſeems to be referred to the ſame cauſe; at leaſt is not attempted to be accounted for by any other. In one important reſpect, however, the theory before us coincides with atheiſtic ſyſtems, viz. in that, in the formation of plants and animals, in the ſtructure and uſe of their parts, it does away final cauſes. Inſtead of the parts of a plant or animal, or the particular ſtructure of the parts, having been intended for the action or the uſe to which we ſee them applied, according to this theory they have themſelves grown out of that action, ſprung from that uſe. The theory therefore diſpenſes with that which we inſiſt upon, the neceſſity, in each particular caſe, of an intelligent, deſigning mind, for the contriving and determining of the forms which organized bodies bear. Give our philoſopher theſe appetencies; give him a portion of living irritable matter (a nerve, or the clipping of a nerve) to work upon; give alſo to his incipient or progreſſive forms the power, in every ſtage of their alteration, of propagating their like; and, if he is to be believed, he could repleniſh the world with all the vegetable and animal productions which we at preſent ſee in it.

The ſcheme under conſideration is open to the ſame objection with other conjectures of a ſimilar tendency, viz. a total defect of evidence. No changes, like thoſe which the theory requires, have ever been obſerved. All the changes in Ovid's Metamorphoſes might have been effected by theſe appetencies, if the theory were true; yet not an example, nor the pretence of an example, is offered of a ſingle change being known to have taken place. Nor is the order of generation obedient to the principle upon which this theory is built. The mammæ of the male have not vaniſhed by inuſitation; *nec curtorum, per multa ſæcula, Judæorum propagini deeſt præputium.* It is eaſy to ſay, and it has been ſaid, that the alterative proceſs is too ſlow to be perceived; that it

has been carried on through tracts of immeaſurable time; and that the preſent order of things is the reſult of a gradation, of which no human record can trace the ſteps. It is eaſy to ſay this: and yet it is ſtill true, that the hypotheſis remains deſtitute of evidence.

The *analogies* which have been alleged are of the following kind: the *bunch* of a camel is ſaid to be no other than the effect of carrying burthens, a ſervice in which the ſpecies has been employed from the moſt ancient times of the world. The firſt race, by the daily loading of the back, would probably find a ſmall grumous tumour to be formed in the fleſh of that part. The next progeny would bring this tumour into the world with them. The life to which they were deſtined would increaſe it. The cauſe which firſt generated the tubercle being continued, it would go on, through every ſucceſſion, to augment its ſize, till it attained the form and the bulk under which it now appears. This may ſerve for one inſtance; another, and that alſo of the paſſive ſort, is taken from certain ſpecies of birds. Birds of the *crane* kind, as the crane itſelf, the heron, bittern, ſtork, have, in general, their thighs bare of feathers. This privation is accounted for from the habit of wading in water, and from the effect of that element to check the growth of feathers upon theſe parts: in conſequence of which, the health and vegetation of the feathers declined through each generation of the animal: the tender down, expoſed to cold and wetneſs, became weak, and thin, and rare, till the deterioration ended in the reſult which we ſee, of abſolute nakedneſs. I will mention a third inſtance, becauſe it is drawn from an active habit, as the two laſt were from paſſive habits; and that is the *pouch* of the pelican. The deſcription which naturaliſts give of this organ is as follows: 'From the lower edges of the under chap hangs a bag, reaching from the whole length of the bill to the neck, which is ſaid to be capable of containing fifteen quarts of water. This bag the bird has a power of wrinkling up into the hollow of the under chap. When the bag is empty it is not ſeen: but when the bird has fiſhed with ſucceſs, it is incredible to what an extent it is often dilated. The firſt thing the pelican does in fiſhing, is to fill the bag; and then it returns to digeſt its burthen at leiſure. The bird preys upon the large fiſhes, and hides them by dozens in its pouch. When the bill is opened to its wideſt extent, a perſon may run his head into the bird's mouth; and conceal it in this monſtrous pouch, thus adapted for very ſingular purpoſes.' Now this extraordinary conformation is nothing more, ſay our philoſophers, than the reſult of habit; not of the habit or effort of a ſingle pelican, or of a ſingle race of pelicans, but of a habit perpetuated through a long ſeries of generations. The pelican ſoon found the conveniency of reſerving in its mouth, when its appetite was glutted, the remainder of its prey, which is fiſh. The fullneſs produced by this attempt of courſe ſtretched the ſkin which lies between the under chaps, as being the moſt yielding part of the mouth. Every diſtention increaſed the cavity. The original bird, and many generations which ſucceeded him, might find difficulty enough in making the pouch anſwer this purpoſe: but future pelicans, entering upon life with a pouch derived from their progenitors, of conſiderable capacity, would more readily accelerate its advance to perfection, by frequently preſſing down the ſac with the weight of fiſh which it might now be made to contain.

Theſe, or of this kind, are the analogies relied upon. Now in the

firſt place, the inſtances themſelves are unauthenticated by teſtimony; and, in theory, to ſay the leaſt of them, open to great objections. Who ever read of camels without bunches, or with bunches leſs than thoſe with which they are at preſent uſually formed? A bunch, not unlike the camel's, is found between the ſhoulders of the buffalo; of the origin of which it is impoſſible to give the account which is here given. In the ſecond example; Why ſhould the application of water, which appears to promote and thicken the growth of feathers upon the bodies and breaſts of geeſe and ſwans and other water-fowls, have diveſted of this covering the thighs of cranes? The third inſtance, which appears to me as plauſible as any that can be produced, has this againſt it, that it is a ſingularity reſtricted to the ſpecies; whereas, if it had its commencement in the cauſe and manner which have been aſſigned, the like conformation might be expected to take place in other birds, which feed upon fiſh. How comes it to paſs, that the pelican alone was the inventreſs, and her deſcendants the only inheritors, of this curious reſource?

But it is the leſs neceſſary to controvert the inſtances themſelves, as it is a ſtraining of analogy beyond all limits of reaſon and credibility, to aſſert that birds, and beaſts, and fiſh, with all their variety and complexity of organization, have been brought into their forms, and diſtinguiſhed into their ſeveral kinds and natures, by the ſame proceſs (even if that proceſs could be demonſtrated, or had ever been actually noticed), as might ſeem to ſerve for the gradual generation of a camel's bunch, or a pelican's pouch.

The ſolution, when applied to the works of nature *generally*, is contradicted by many of the phænomena, and totally inadequate to others. The *ligaments* or ſtructures, by which the tendons are tied down at the angles of the joints, could, by no poſſibility, be formed by the motion or exerciſe of the tendons themſelves; by any appetency exciting theſe parts into action; or by any tendency ariſing therefrom. The tendency is all the other way; the conatus in conſtant oppoſition to them. Length of time does not help the caſe at all, but the reverſe. The *valves* alſo, in the blood-veſſels, could never be formed in the manner which our theoriſt propoſes. The blood, in its right and natural courſe, has no tendency to form them. When obſtructed or refluent, it has the contrary. Theſe parts could not grow out of their uſe, though they had eternity to grow in.

The *ſenſes* of animals appear to me altogether incapable of receiving the explanation of their origin which this theory affords. Including under the word 'ſenſe' the organ and the perception, we have no account of either. How will our philoſopher get at *viſion*, or make an eye? How ſhould the blind animal affect ſight, of which blind animals, we know, have neither conception nor deſire? Affecting it, by what operation of its will, by what endeavour to ſee, could it ſo determine the fluids of its body as to inchoate the formation of an eye? or, ſuppoſe the eye formed, would the perception follow? The ſame of the other ſenſes. And this objection holds its force, aſcribe what you will to the hand of time, to the power of habit, to changes too ſlow to be obſerved by man, or brought within any compariſon which he is able to make of paſt things with the preſent: concede what you pleaſe to theſe arbitrary and unatteſted ſuppoſitions, how will they help you? Here is no inception. No laws, no courſe, no powers of nature, which prevail at preſent, nor any analogous to theſe, could give commencement

to a new ſenſe. And it is in vain to enquire, how that might proceed, which could never *begin*.

I think the ſenſes to be the moſt inconſiſtent with the hypotheſis before us of any part of the animal frame. But other parts are ſufficiently ſo. The ſolution does not apply to the parts of animals which have little in them of motion. If we could ſuppoſe joints and muſcles to be gradually formed by action and exerciſe, what action or exerciſe could form a ſkull, or fill it with brains? No effort of the animal could determine the clothing of its ſkin. What conatus could give prickles to the porcupine or hedge-hog, or to the ſheep its fleece?

In the laſt place; What do theſe appetencies mean when applied to plants? I am not able to give a ſignification to the term, which can be transferred from animals to plants; or which is common to both. Yet a no leſs ſucceſsful organization is found in plants than what obtains in animals. A ſolution is wanted for one, as well as the other.

Upon the whole; after all the ſchemes and ſtruggles of a reluctant philoſophy, the neceſſary reſort is to a Deity. The marks of *deſign* are too ſtrong to be got over. Deſign muſt have had a deſigner. That deſigner muſt have been a perſon. That perſon is God.

Virtuous Reign *of* Balin, King *of* Delhi.

[*From Maurice's Modern Hiſtory of Hindoſtan.*]

Mahmud leaving no ſons behind him, his vizier, Balin, who was of the ſame family, mounted, by the univerſal deſire of the nobles, the throne of Delhi.

In the reign of Altumſh, forty of that monarch's Turkiſh ſlaves, who were in great favour, entered into a ſolemn aſſociation to ſupport one another, and, upon the king's death, to divide the empire among themſelves; but jealouſies and diſſentions having ariſen afterwards among them, prevented this project from being executed. The emperor Balin was of their number; and, as ſeveral of them had raiſed themſelves to great power in the kingdom, the firſt thing he did after his acceſſion was to rid himſelf of all who remained of that aſſociation, either by ſword or poiſon; among whom was his own nephew, Shere, a man of great bravery and reputation.

His fears, after theſe aſſaſſinations, were entirely diſpelled, and he became ſo famous for his juſtice and wiſe government, that his alliance was courted by all the kings of Perſia and Tartary. He took particular care that none but men of merit and family ſhould be admitted to any office in his government; and for this purpoſe he endeavoured to make himſelf acquainted with the particular talents and connections of every perſon in his court. As he was very aſſiduous in rewarding merit, he was no leſs ſo in puniſhing vice; for whoever miſbehaved in their ſtation was certain of being immediately diſgraced.

He expelled all flatterers, uſurers, pimps, and players, from his court; and being one day told, that an omrah, an old ſervant of the crown, who had acquired a vaſt fortune by uſury and monopoly in the bazar, or market, would preſent him with ſome lacks of rupees, if he would honour him with one word from the throne; he rejected the propoſal with great diſdain, and ſaid, What muſt his ſubjects think of a king who ſhould condeſcend to hold diſcourſe with a wretch ſo infamous?

Balin was ſo famous for his generoſity, that all the princes of

the Eaſt, who had been overthrown by the arms of Gengis, ſought protection at his court. There came upwards of twenty of thoſe unfortunate ſovereigns from Turkeſtan, Maver-ul-nere, Choraſan, Perſian Irac, Azerbijian, Perſia Proper, Room, and Syria. They had a princely allowance, and palaces for their reſidence allotted them; and they were upon public occaſions ranked before his throne, according to their dignity; all ſtanding to the right and left, except two princes of the race of the Caliphas, who were permitted to ſit on either ſide of the muſnud. The palaces in which the royal fugitives reſided in Delhi took their names from their reſpective poſſeſſors. In the retinue of thoſe princes were the moſt famous men for learning, war, arts, and ſciences, that Aſia at that time produced. The court of India was, therefore, in the days of Balin, reckoned the moſt polite and magnificent in the world. All the philoſophers, poets, and divines, formed a ſociety every night, at the houſe of the prince Shehîd, the heir apparent to the empire; and the noble Choſro the poet preſided at thoſe meetings. Another ſociety of muſicians, dancers, mimicks, players, buffoons, and ſtory-tellers, was conſtantly convened at the houſe of the emperor's ſecond ſon Kera, or Bagera, who was given to pleaſure and levity. The omrahs followed the example of their ſuperiors, ſo that various ſocieties and clubs were formed in every quarter of the city. The emperor himſelf having a great paſſion for ſplendour and magnificence in his palaces, equipages, and liveries, he was imitated by the court. A new city ſeemed to lift up its head, and arts to ariſe from the boſoms of luxury and expence.

Such was the pomp and grandeur of the royal preſence, that none could approach the throne without being impreſſed with awe. The ceremonies of introduction were conducted with ſuch profound ſolemnity, and every thing diſpoſed ſo as to excite reverence and aſtoniſhment in the beholders. Nor was Balin leſs magnificent in his cavalcades. His ſtate elephants were capariſoned in purple and gold. His horſe-guards, conſiſting of a thouſand noble Tartars in ſplendid armour, were mounted upon the fineſt Perſian ſteeds, with bridles of ſilver, and ſaddles of rich embroidery. Five hundred choſen men in rich livery, with their drawn ſabres, ran before him, proclaiming his approach and clearing the way. All the omrahs followed according to their rank, with their various equipages and attendants. The monarch, in ſhort, ſeldom went out with leſs than one hundred thouſand men; which he uſed to ſay was not to gratify any vanity in himſelf, but to exalt himſelf in the eyes of the people.

The feſtivals of Nauraz and Ide, as alſo the anniverſary of his own birth, were celebrated with wonderful pomp and ſplendour. But, amidſt all this glare of royalty, he never forgot that he was the guardian of the laws, and protector of his meaneſt ſubjects. It was before Balin's time a cuſtom in Hindoſtan, in caſes of murder, to ſatisfy the relations by a certain fine, if they conſented to accept of it. He aboliſhed this cuſtom, which has been ſince revived, and ordered the ſubah of Budaoon to be put to death, upon the complaint of a poor woman for killing her ſon.

When Balin was only an omrah, he gave into the courtly vices of wine, women, and play. But, upon his acceſſion, he became a great enemy to all thoſe luxuries; prohibiting wine upon the ſevereſt penalties to be drank in his dominions; laying great reſtrictions upon women of pleaſure, and baniſhing

all gamesters from his court. So zealous was Balin to support his authority, that for the disobedience of one man he would order a force to the remotest parts of the empire to bring him to punishment. In cases of insurrection or rebellion against his government, he was not content, as had formerly been the custom, to chastise the leaders, but he extended the capital punishment of high treason to the meanest of their vassals and adherents. This severity rendered it necessary for the subahs to have the king's mandate for every expedition or any hostilities they were about to commence.

In the fourth year of the reign of Balin died Shere, the nephew of the late emperor, who had, from the time of Mahmud, governed the provinces upon the banks of the five branches of the Indus, and other districts. He was esteemed a man of great genius, and an intrepid warrior; having defended his country from the incursions of the Moguls, who now became the terror of the East. Balin, upon the demise of Shere, gave Sunnam and Semana to the noble Timur, and the other countries were divided among other omrahs of his court. The Moguls, encouraged by the death of Shere, began again their depredations in those provinces. The mutual jealousies and dissentions among the subhas prevented them from doing any thing effectual for the public good.

The emperor, therefore, was obliged to appoint his eldest son Mohammed, at that time bearing the title of the noble Malleck, viceroy of all those frontier provinces. Mohammed was immediately dispatched to his government with a fine army, and some of the wisest and best generals in the empire. The prince himself was blest with a bright and comprehensive genius, taking great delight in learning and the company of learned men. He, with his own hand, made a choice collection of the beauties of poetry, selected from the most famous writers in that art. The work consisted of twenty thousand couplets, and was esteemed the criterion of taste. Among the learned men in the prince's court, the noble Chosro and Hassen bore the first rank in genius. These, with many more of his philosophical society, accompanied him on this expedition to Lahore. Mohammed was visited at Lahore by Osman Marindi, who was esteemed the greatest man of that age. But no presents or entreaty could prevail upon him to remain out of his own country; so that after a short stay he returned. We are told, that as he was one day reading one of his poems in Arabic before the prince, all the poets who were present were transported into a fit of dancing. But the piece affected the prince, to all appearance, in a quite contrary manner; for the tears began to flow fast down his cheeks.

The fame of the enlightened Sadi of Schiraz, the celebrated poet, being great at that time, Mohammed invited him twice to his court; but that renowned sage excused himself on account of his years, and, with much difficulty, was brought to accept of some presents. Sadi, in return, sent to Mohammed a copy of his works, and did honour to the abilities of the noble Chosro, the prince's favourite, and president of his learned society. The prince, every year, made a journey to see his father at Delhi, to whom he always behaved with the greatest filial affection and duty.

His eldest son having heard of his father's arrival, proceeded to Delhi to visit him, and was received with the greatest affection and joy. He had not remained at

the capital three months, during which his father and himſelf were inſeparable, when news was brought that the Moguls had invaded Multan. Mohammed haſtened his departure to oppoſe them; but, before he had taken leave, thinking he might never ſee him again, his father called him into a private apartment, and gave him a ſeries of the moſt ſolemn inſtructions for his conduct both as a man and a monarch.

Balin having ended his inſtructions, embraced his ſon tenderly, and parted with him in tears. The prince immediately marched againſt the enemy, and having defeated and ſlain Mohammed, chief of the Moguls, he recovered all the territories of which they had poſſeſſed themſelves in the empire. Timur, of the family of Gengis, who was a prince of mighty renown in the empire, and of the race of the conqueror of Aſia, at this time governed all the eaſtern provinces of Perſia, from Chorafan to the Indus, and invaded Hindoſtan with twenty thouſand choſen horſe, to revenge the death of his friend Mohammed, who had been killed the former year. Having ravaged all the country about Debalpoor and Lahore, he turned towards Multan. The prince Mohammed, who was then in Multan, hearing of his deſigns, haſtened to the banks of the river of Lahore, which runs through part of Multan, and prepared to oppoſe him. When Timur advanced to the river, he ſaw the army of Hindoſtan on the oppoſite bank. But the prince, deſirous of engaging ſo great a chief upon equal terms, permitted Timur to paſs the river unmoleſted.

Both armies then drew up in order of battle, and engaged with great fury for the ſpace of three hours, in which both commanders eminently diſtinguiſhed their valour and conduct. The Moguls were at laſt put to flight, and the nobles of India purſued them with imprudent diſorder. Mohammed, fatigued by the purſuit, halted by a large pond of water, with five hundred attendants, to drink. He there fell proſtrate upon the ground, to return God thanks for his victory.

In the mean time one of the Mogul chiefs, who had hid himſelf, with two thouſand horſe, in a neighbouring wood, ruſhed out upon Mohammed, and began a dreadful ſlaughter. The prince had juſt time to mount his horſe, and collecting his ſmall party, and encouraging them by his example, fell upon his enemies. He was at laſt overpowered by numbers, after having thrice obliged them to give ground, and he unfortunately received a fatal arrow in his breaſt, by which he fell to the ground, and in a few minutes expired. A body of the troops of India appearing at that inſtant, the Moguls took to flight. Very few of Mahommed's party eſcaped from this conflict. Among the fortunate few was the noble Chofro the poet, who relates this event at large, in his book called Chizer Chani.

When the army returned from the purſuit of Timur, and beheld their prince in his blood, the ſhouts of victory were changed to the wailings of deſpair. No dry eye was to be ſeen, from the meaneſt ſoldier to the omrah of high command. The fatal news reached the old king, who was now in his eightieth year. The fountains of his tears were exhauſted, and life began to be a burthen to him. However, bearing himſelf up againſt the ſtream of misfortune, he ſent Kei Chofro his grandſon, and the ſon of the deceaſed, to ſupply the place of his father. Kei Chofro, upon his ar-

rival at Multan, took the command of the army, and, pouring the balm of benevolence and kindness into the wounds of his afflicted people, began to adjust his government, and provide for the defence of the frontiers.

Licentious *and* eventful Reign *of* Kei Kobad.

[From the Same.]

When Balin was numbered with the dead, Kei Kobad his grandson, in his eighteenth year, ascended the throne, and assumed all the imperial titles. He was a prince remarkably handsome in his person, and of an affable and mild disposition. He had a talent for literature, and his progress in science was considerable. His mother was a beautiful princess, daughter to the emperor Altumsh; and if purity of blood royal is of any real worth, Kei Kobad had that to boast, for a series of generations.

As he had been bred up with great strictness under the roof of his father, when he became master of his own actions he began to give a loose to pleasure without restraint. He delighted in love, and in the soft society of silver-bodied damsels, with musky tresses, spent great part of his time. When it was publicly known that the king was a man of pleasure, it became immediately fashionable at court; and in short, in a few days, luxury and vice so prevailed, that every shade was filled with ladies of pleasure, and every street rung with music and mirth. Even the magistrates were seen drunk in public, and riot was heard in every house.

The king fitted a palace upon the banks of the river Jumna, and retired thither to enjoy his pleasures undisturbed; admitting no company but singers, players, musicians, and buffoons. Nizam, who was nephew and son-in-law to the chief magistrate of Delhi, to whom Kei Kobad owed his elevation, was raised to the dignity of chief secretary of the empire, and got the reins of government in his hands; and Fellaka, who was the greatest man for learning in that age, was appointed his deputy. Nizam, observing that the king was quite swallowed up in his pleasures, began to form schemes to clear his own way to empire. The first object of his attention was Chosro, who was now gone to Gazna, to endeavour to bring that noble and royal Tartar, Timur, over to his party, in order to recover the throne of Delhi; to which he claimed a title from his father's right of primogeniture, as well as from the will of the late emperor. But in this scheme Chosro did not succeed, and he was obliged to return from Gazna in great disgust.

In the mean time, Nizam endeavoured to make him as obnoxious as possible to the king, who, at length, being prevailed upon to entice Chosro to Delhi, Nizam hired assassins to murder the unfortunate prince on the way. The villanies of Nizam did not stop here. He forged a correspondence between Chaja the vizier and Chosro, and thus effected that minister's disgrace and banishment. He also privately assassinated all the old servants of Balin, insomuch that a general consternation was spread through the city, though none as yet suspected Nizam to be the cause. The more he succeeded in his atrocities, he became less secret in the execution; and though he began to be detested by all ranks, his power and influence was so great with the king, that he was the terror of every man.

While things were in this situation, advices arrived of another irruption of Moguls into the di-

tricts of Lahore. Barbeck and Jehan were sent with an army against them. The Moguls were defeated near Lahore, and a number of prisoners brought to Delhi. The next step the traitor took was to inspire the king with jealousy of his Mogul troops, who, as soldiers of fortune, had enlisted in great numbers in his service. He pretended that, in case of a Mogul invasion, they would certainly join their countrymen against him; insinuating, at the same time, that he believed there was already some treachery intended.

The weak prince listened to those villainous intimations, and, calling their chiefs one day together, he ordered them to be set upon by his guards and massacred; confiscating, at the same time, all their goods and wealth. He seized upon all the omrahs who had any connections with the Moguls, and sent them prisoners to distant garrisons in the remotest parts of the empire.

In the mean time, prince Kera, the emperor's father, who had contented himself with the kingdom of Bengal, having heard how affairs were conducted at the court of Delhi, penetrated into the designs of the minister, and wrote a long letter to his son, forewarning him of his danger, and advising him how to proceed. But his advice, like that of others, was of no weight with that vicious, luxurious, and infatuated prince. When Kera found that his instructions were slighted, and that things would soon be brought to a disagreeable issue, he collected a great army, and directed his standards towards Delhi, about two years after the death of Balin. Kei Kobad, hearing that his father had advanced as far as Bahar, drew out his forces, and marched down to meet him, encamping his army upon the banks of the Gagera. Kera lay upon the Sirve, and both armies remained some days in hourly expectation of an action. The old man, finding his army much inferior to that of his son, began to despair of reducing him by force, and accordingly began to treat of peace.

The young prince, upon this, became more haughty, and by the advice of his favourite prepared for battle. In the mean time, a letter came from his father, written in the most tender and affectionate terms, begging he might be blessed with one sight of him before matters were carried to extremities. This letter awakened nature, which had slumbered so long in Kei Kobad's breast, and he gave orders to prepare his retinue, that he might visit his father. The favourite attempted all in his power to prevent this interview, but finding the prince, for once, obstinate, he prevailed upon him to insist, as emperor of Delhi, upon the first visit, hoping by this means to break off the conference. His design, however, did not succeed; for Kera, seeing what a headstrong youth he had to deal with, consented to come to the imperial camp, and ordered the astrologers to determine upon a lucky hour, and crossing the river, proceeded towards his son's camp.

The young monarch, having prepared every thing for his father's reception in the most pompous and ceremonious manner, mounted his throne, and arrogantly gave orders, that his father, upon his approach, should three times kiss the ground. The old man accordingly, when he arrived at the first door, was ordered to dismount, and after he had come in sight of the throne, he was commanded to pay his obeisance in three different places as he advanced.

Kera was so much shocked at this indignity, that he burst out into a flood of tears; which being observed by the son, he could no longer

ſupport his unnatural inſolence, but, leaping from the throne, fell on his face at his father's feet, imploring his forgiveneſs for his offence. The good old man melted into compaſſion, and, raiſing him in his arms, embraced him, and hung weeping upon his neck. The ſcene, in ſhort, was ſo affecting on both ſides, that the whole court were in tears. Theſe tranſports being over, the young king helped his father to mount the throne, and, paying him his reſpects, took his place at his right hand, ordering a charger full of golden ſuns to be waved three times over his father's head, and afterwards to be given among the people. All the omrahs alſo preſented to him their preſents.

Public buſineſs being then diſcuſſed, every thing was ſettled in peace and friendſhip, and Kera returned to his own camp. A friendly intercourſe commenced immediately between the two armies for the ſpace of twenty days, in which time the father and ſon alternately viſited one another, and the time was ſpent in feſtivity and mirth. The principal terms ſettled between the two kings were, that they ſhould reſpectively retain their former dominions; and then Kei Kobad prepared to return to Delhi, and Kera, having firſt given ſome wholeſome admonition to his ſon, ſet off for Bengal.

The king, on his return to Delhi, continued in his former courſe of pleaſure, till wine, and intemperance in his other paſſions, had ruined his health. He fell ſick, and then began to recollect the advice of his father, and to conſider Nizam as the cauſe of all his diſtreſs. He immediately began to form ſchemes in his mind to rid himſelf of that wicked miniſter. He for this purpoſe ordered him to the government of Multan; but Nizam, perceiving his drift, contrived many delays, that he might get a favourable opportunity to accompliſh his murderous intentions. His deſigns, however, reverted upon his own head. The omrahs diſpatched him by poiſon, ſome ſay without the king's knowledge, while others affirm that it was by his authority.

Malleck Feroſe, the ſon of Malleck, chief of the Afghan tribe called Chilligi, who was deputy governor of Sammana, came, by the king's orders, to court, and was honoured with the title of Shaiſta Khan, and made lord of requeſts, as alſo ſubah of Birren. Chigen was promoted to a high office at court, and Surcha was made chief ſecretary of the empire. Theſe three divided the whole power of the government amongſt them; while the king by this time became afflicted with the palſy, by which he loſt the uſe of one ſide, and had his mouth diſtorted.

Every omrah of popularity or power began now to intrigue for the empire, which obliged the friends of the royal family to take Keiomourſe, a child of three years, ſon to the reigning emperor, out of the Haram, and to ſet him upon the throne. The army, upon this, ſplit into two factions, who encamped on oppoſite ſides of the city. The Tartars eſpouſed the cauſe of the young king, and the Chilligies, a powerful tribe of Afghans, joined Feroſe, who uſurped the throne. Upon the firſt diſturbance, thoſe Tartars who had ſet up the young prince, jealous of the power of the Chilligies, aſſembled themſelves, and proſcribed all the principal Chilligian officers.

Feroſe, being the firſt in the bloody liſt, immediately rebelled. Chigen had been deputed by the Tartar party to invite Feroſe to a conference with the ſick king, and a plot was formed for his aſſaſſination. Feroſe, diſcovering his deſigns, drew

upon the traitor who came to invite him, and killed him at the door of his tent. The ſons of Feroſe, who were renowned for their valour, immediately put themſelves at the head of five hundred choſen horſe, and making an aſſault upon the camp of the Tartars, cut their way to the royal tents, which were pitched in the centre of the army, and, ſeizing the infant king, carried him, and the ſon of Malleck ul Omrah, off, in ſpite of all oppoſition, to their father. They killed Surcha, who purſued them, with many other men of diſtinction. When this exploit began to be noiſed abroad in the city, the mob flew immediately to arms. They marched out in thouſands, and encamping at the Budaoon gate, prepared to go againſt Feroſe, and reſcue the infant king, for they greatly dreaded the power of the Chilligies, who were a fierce and ſavage race. Malleck ul Omrah, the old miniſter ſo often mentioned, conſidering that this ſtep would occaſion the aſſaſſination of the young king, and of his own ſon, who was in their hands, exerted his great influence and authority among the people, and at length prevailed with them to diſperſe.

Feroſe, in the mean time, ſent an aſſaſſin to cut off the emperor Kei Kobad, who lay ſick at his palace on the banks of the Jumna. The villain found this unfortunate prince dying upon his bed, deſerted by all his attendants. He beat out the poor remains of life with a cudgel; then rolling him up in his bedclothes, threw him out of the window into the river. This aſſaſſin was a Tartar of ſome family, whoſe father had been unjuſtly put to death by Kei Kobad, and he now had a complete revenge.

When this horrid deed was perpetrated, Feroſe aſcended the throne, and aſſumed the title of Jellal ul dien, having put an end to the dynaſty of Gaur, and commenced that of Chilligi.

A MORNING's WALK *in* NOVEMBER.

'No more the Morn, with tepid rays,
Unfolds the flower of various hue;
Noon ſpreads no more the genial blaze,
Nor gentle Eve diſtils the dew:
No muſic warbles through the grove;
No vivid colours paint the plain;
No more, with devious ſteps, I rove
Thro' verdant paths now ſought in vain.'
Dr. JOHNSON.

WHEN Time's monitory tone had proclaimed the hour of ſeven, I aroſe and took a—I will not ſay pleaſant—walk. As I ſtrolled along, ſurveying the gloomy ſcene around, I exclaimed:

'*Voilà la différence!* This field, where lately waved the bearded barley, ſtript of its ſmiling treaſure, wears a diſconſolate countenance. Where are the mounting larks that thrilled their ſoft ſymphonies in air? Where the blackbirds that filled with mellifluous muſic the ſhady copſe? Has the dreary ſeaſon untuned their pipes, and robbed their throats of melody? How dull each object that once inſpired delight! The eye no longer loves to view the landſcapes. A choir of plumy muſicians no longer enchants the ear, nor perfumes fragrant as thoſe of Arabia raviſh the ſenſe. Not one ſunny ray, nor one particle of warmth, from the great fountain of heat, ſheds its comfortable influence on my walk. A ſullen ſilence reigns

"Through all yon ſadden'd grove, where ſcarce is heard
One dying ſtrain to cheer the woodman's toil."
THOMSON.

'Well might the grove look ſad, when Philomela, the leader of the feathered band, and ſome other inferior performers, were emigrated to diſtant regions, where brighter ſuns illumine fairer ſkies.

"Amuſive birds! ſay, where's your hid retreat
When the froſt rages, and the tempeſts beat?
Whence you return, by ſuch nice inſtinct led,
When Spring, ſweet ſeaſon! lifts her bloomy head?
Such baffled ſearches mock man's prying pride:
The great Almighty is your ſecret guide!"

Though my ſummer friends, the nightingale, the redſtart, and the wryneck, had mounted aloft, 'and left ill days to me,' yet the faithful redbreaſt was the companion of my morning walk, and, perched on a naked bramble, ſung his autumnal ſong.

The trees had put off their green habiliments, and the peeviſh gale rocked their leafleſs boughs.

'The verdant leaves that play'd on high,
And wanton'd in the weſtern breeze,
Now trod in duſt neglected lie,
As Boreas ſtrips the bending trees:
The fields that wav'd with golden grain,
Like ruſſet heaths are wild and bare;
Not moiſt with dew, but drench'd with rain;
Nor health nor pleaſure wanders there.'
Dr. JOHNSON.

To diſpel the gloom, the hunter's horn reverberated through the vale, the opening pack ſent forth what a ſportſman would term a joyous cry, and rouſed Echo, 'the babbling goſſip of the air,' from her moſſy cell. Horſemen and footmen, with looks big with expectation, were all in motion, all on the alert.

'Afflictive birch
No more the ſchool-boy dreads; his priſon broke,
Scamp'ring he flies, nor heeds his maſter's call.
The weary traveller forgets his road,
And climbs the adjacent hill. The plough-man leaves
Th' unfiniſh'd furrow; nor his bleating flocks
Are now the ſhepherd's joy. Men, boys, and girls,
Deſert th' unpeopled village, and wild crowds
Spread o'er the plains, by the ſweet frenzy ſeiz'd.' SOMERVILLE.

But why this din? Were the gallant youths chaſing the ſhaggy wolf or ſavage boar? No: 'thele Britain knows not!' The ſons of the chaſe were diſplaying their valour, and exhibiting their activity, in purſuing the fearful hare, that trembles at a ſhaking leaf, and ſtarts at every breeze.

It is almoſt unneceſſary for me to inform the fair reader that I did not join in the cruel amuſement, but haſtened home; exclaiming, with the humane Cowper——

'Man may diſmiſs compaſſion from his heart,
But God will never.—
Full many a crime, deem'd innocent on earth,
Is regiſter'd in heaven; and theſe, no doubt,
Have each their record, with a curſe annext.'
'THE TASK.'

Haverhill. JOHN WEBB.

SINGULAR MATRIMONIAL CAUSE, *tried before the Special Civil Tribunal of the Higher Garonne, ſitting at Toulouſe, Sept.* 20, 1803.

A YOUNG peaſant of the department of l'Arriege, named La F——, fell deſperately in love with a girl aged twenty-one years, of the commune of Caſſaigne. He ſaw that there were many obſtacles to his obtaining her in marriage. Her parents were rich, and he poſſeſſed nothing. He at length deviſed a new mode of marrying her without the conſent of her parents; and, what is more, *without her own!*

He preſented himſelf, accompanied by a perſon in woman's apparel, before the mayor of St. Girons. He produced the neceſſary papers, and with them a certificate, of the banns having been publiſhed in the commune where the girl reſided. His marriage with Marie A—— was, in conſequence, eſtabliſhed by the civil magiſtrate. The parties then withdrew, taking with them the official act of the celebration of the marriage. Being provided with this piece, the *bridegroom* repaired to Caſſaigne, and, preſenting himſelf

before her parents, claimed the girl as his wife. Nothing could exceed the ſurpriſe of the parents, the girl, and her brothers. She declared that ſhe knew nothing, had conſented to nothing, and that ſhe was not married. She went before a notary to proteſt againſt this pretended marriage, and gave a power of attorney to her brother to proceed at law in her behalf. On inquiry, it was found that the certificate of the publication of the banns was forged, and that in fact no ſuch banns had been publiſhed. A complaint was lodged before the magiſtrate, and a commiſſary of government was ordered to take up the cauſe, and direct the proſecution. More than two months were conſumed in the inquiry, whether it was Marie A——— that had figured at the marriage, or whether it was another perſon. During this interval, circumſtances furniſhed La F—— with opportunities of ſeeing the girl whom he claimed as his wife. The reſult of theſe interviews was, that ſhe quitted her family, and went to live with him, ſtating publicly that ſhe was his wife.

The officer who was charged with the purſuance of the ſuit, diſcovered at length where La F—— lived, and found the young lady in his company. She declared, that being united to him by the tie of marriage, ſhe had ſworn an eternal love, and would follow him to the end of the world. The officer, however, fulfilled his duty. He arreſted La F ——, and placed him in priſon at Toulouſe. Then commenced the uſual proceedings: La F—— underwent a firſt interrogatory; he aſſerted that there was no diſguiſe in the matter; and that the girl who had followed him to priſon was the ſame that he had married, and the ſame from whom he had the certificate of the publication of the banns at Caſſaigne. The young lady deſired alſo to be examined. She declared herſelf to be his lawful wife. She retracted the proteſt made before the notary, as well as the power of attorney given to her brother. She ſaid that theſe ſteps were taken at the inſtance of her brother, and to avoid his fury at a time when he threatened to kill her. The certificate, ſhe ſaid, ſhe had from a perſon whom ſhe would not name, who took pity on her ſituation, and lent an aid to ſurmount the obſtacles which oppoſed her marriage. She ſaid, that though of full age, ſhe did not dare to oppoſe the will of her brother; that ſhe was obliged to have recourſe to ſtratagem, and that ſhe availed herſelf of the firſt moment of liberty to throw herſelf into the arms of her huſband. In conſequence of this declaration ſhe was held to be an accomplice, and was put under confinement. At length, after three months, the young couple was brought to the bar, and the affair ſubmitted to trial. The act of accuſation was read, and the witneſſes examined. The public officer, whoſe writing and ſignature had been counterfeited, declared the certificate to be a forgery. Some perſons ſkilled in the compariſon of hand-writing depoſed to the ſame effect. The mayor of St. Girons, and his ſecretary, with the witneſſes preſent at the marriage, agreed unanimouſly in ſaying, that the girl at the bar was not the perſon who appeared with the accuſed La F——— as his bride, and with whom his marriage had been celebrated. The young lady perſiſted in her ſtory. She pointed out the mayor and his ſecretary; ſhe deſcribed the furniture of the chamber where the marriage took place; ſhe related ſome particular circumſtances and expreſſions which occurred at the time; ſhe recognized all the parties preſent, and deſcribed them by their ſeveral names and occupations.

The commiſſary of government,

in purſuing the cauſe, ſtated that the latter depoſitions of the girl were nothing more than ſo many officious falſehoods, calculated to ſave the man to whom, by a tardy caprice, ſhe had ſurrendered her perſon. It was evident that his hardy enterpriſe had touched her feelings, and induced her to recal her firſt declarations. But as the accuſation againſt her was founded ſolely on her own act, and as ſhe had done nothing reprehenſible in the eye of the law, he prayed that ſhe might be diſcharged.

With reſpect to the forgery, it was, he ſaid, in full proof. It did not appear to have been committed by La F——, as he knew not how to read or write. But he had made uſe of it, knowing it to be forged, and could not eſcape from the conſequences. The accuſed was defended with warmth and talent by a young advocate. An able lawyer was retained for the young woman, but her diſcharge rendered it unneceſſary for him to plead. The tribunal pronounced La F—— *guilty*, and ſubjected him to the puniſhment preſcribed by the law.

This cauſe, by its ſingularity, collected an immenſe concourſe of people, who felt a moſt lively intereſt for the young parties. Every thing ſpoke in their favour. They are both handſome, of a prepoſſeſſing figure, and in the trial they ſhewed much firmneſs and preſence of mind. Every one deſired to ſee them happy, and forgot the violation of the laws, on ſeeing, on the one hand, a young man, deeply in love, employing the moſt daring, and at the ſame time ingenious, means to obtain the object of his paſſion; and on the other, a young woman, inſenſible at firſt, but ſubdued by the proofs of ſo violent an attachment, of which ſhe at length partook ſo far, as to endure with him eight months of impriſonment. After the judgment ſhe declared that ſhe would never forſake him, and that ſhe would follow him even to the gallies.

It now appears that La F—— ventured on this hardy enterpriſe without her knowledge, and that it was a young man of his acquaintance, dreſſed in a female habit, who appeared before the mayor and municipal officers, and repreſented the girl whom he intended to marry; but that, in the ſubſequent interviews which he had with Marie A——, he managed ſo dextrouſly as to ſucceed in inſpiring her with a mutual paſſion *.

Artifices *of the* Psylli, *or* Serpent-Eaters *of* Egypt.

[*From Aikin's Tranſlation of Denon's Travels.*]

The ſerpent, though not winged, is ſtill the object of ſome ſorcery in Egypt. I was with the commander-in-chief one day, when the Pſylli were introduced, and we put many queſtions to them relative to the myſtery of their ſect, and the ſuppoſed command over ſerpents which they appear to poſſeſs. They anſwered our queſtions with more aſſurance than intelligence, but we put them to the proof.

'Can you tell us,' ſaid the general, 'whether there any ſerpents in the palace; and, if there are, can you oblige them to come forth from their retreats?'

They anſwered both queſtions in the affirmative; and we put them to the proof: on which they ſearched all the rooms, and preſently after they declared that there was a ſnake in the houſe; they then renewed their ſearch to diſcover where he was hid, made ſome convulſions in paſſing before a jar placed in the corner of

* To elucidate the preceding extraordinary occurrence, our readers are referred to the 'New Regulations for Marriages in France,' inſerted in our Supplement for 1801, p. 684.

one of the rooms, and declared that the animal was there; where indeed we actually found one. This was a true Comus's trick; we looked at each other, and acknowledged that they were very adroit.

Being always curious to obſerve the means by which men command the opinions of others, I regretted that I was not at Roſetta at the proceſſion of the feaſt of Ibrahim, in which the convulſions of the Pſylli form the moſt entertaining part, to the populace, of this religious ceremony. To make up for my loſs, I addreſſed myſelf to the chief of the ſect, who was keeper of the *okel*, or tavern of the Franks: I flattered him; and he promiſed to make me a ſpectator of the exaltation of one of the Pſylli, as ſoon as he ſhould have *blown into his ſpirit*, as he expreſſed it. From my curioſity, he thought I bade fair to be a proſelyte, and he propoſed to initiate me, which I accepted; but when I learned that, in the ceremony of initiation, the grand-maſter ſpits in the mouth of the neophyte, this circumſtance cooled my ardour, and I found that I could not prevail on myſelf to go through this trial; ſo I gave my money to the high-prieſt, and he promiſed to let me ſee one of the inſpired.

They had brought with them their ſerpents, which they let looſe from a large leather ſack in which they were kept, and made them erect their bodies and hiſs, by irritating them. I remarked that it was the light which principally cauſed their anger, for as ſoon as they were returned into the ſack their paſſion ceaſed, and they no longer endeavoured to bite. It was alſo curious to obſerve that, when angry, the neck for ſix inches below the head was dilated to the ſize of one's hand. I ſoon ſaw that even I could manage the ſerpents perfectly well without fear of their fangs; for having well remarked, that the Pſylli, while they were threatening the animal with one hand, ſeized it on the back of the head with the other, I did the ſame with one of the ſerpents with equal ſucceſs, though much to the indignation of the performers themſelves. After this, they proceeded to the grand myſtery: one of the performers took a ſnake, which he had previouſly diſabled by breaking the under jaw, and by rubbing away the gums till the whole of the palate was deſtroyed; he then graſped it with the appearance of paſſion, and approached the chief, who with great gravity gave him the *ſpirit*, that is to ſay, after uttering ſome myſterious words, blew into his mouth; and, at the inſtant, the other was ſeized with a ſacred convulſion, his arms and legs diſtorted, his eyes ſeeming to ſtart from his head, and he began to tear the animal with his teeth; whilſt the two attendants, appearing to commiſerate his ſufferings, reſtrained his ſtruggles with difficulty, and ſnatched from his hand the ſerpent, which he was unwilling to let go. As ſoon as the ſnake was removed, he remained as if ſtupid; but the chief approached him, muttered ſome words to him, retook from him the ſpirit by aſpiration, and he returned to his natural ſtate. Now, however, he that had ſeized the ſnake, beginning to be tormented with the ſame ardour to conſummate the myſtery, came up to the chief to demand the ſpirit; and as he was ſtronger and more active than the firſt, his cries and convulſions were ſtill more violent and ridiculous. I had now ſeen enough of the initiation, and thus ended this groſs juggling.

DESCRIPTION OF CADIZ.

[*From Fiſcher's 'Travels in Spain.'*]

THE weſtern coaſt of Andaluſia is of a ſemicircular form, the

ſouthern point of which terminates in an iſthmus, that extends about ſix leagues to the weſtward, at the extremity of which is the city of Cadiz. The bay between the coaſt and this iſthmus forms one of the fineſt gulphs in Europe, which at its broadeſt part reſembles the lake of Geneva between Nion and Thonon.

If you imagine yourſelf on board a veſſel entering the bay, on your left is the fortreſs of La Rota, and on the right that of San Sebaſtian. On one ſide you behold the ſhores lined with batteries, on the other the ramparts of Cadiz. Oppoſite, and beyond the fort Santa Catalina (St. Catherine), is ſeen the great white maſs of houſes at Cadiz with their flat roofs, and the church towers, which ſeem to riſe out of the ſea. You then enter the ſecond diviſion of the bay. At the head and in the diſtance you perceive the entrance into the third part, called Puntalen-baya, which is defended on the left by the fort of Matargordo, and on the right by that of San Lorenzo.

Having ſaid thus much, it is unneceſſary to add that Cadiz is ſurrounded by the ſea to the ſouthward, the weſtward, and the eaſtward. The ſouthern and eaſtern parts are 300 feet above the level of the ſea, and the weſtern ſcarcely fifty. There the ramparts are high and built upon the rocks, forming the external boundary of the town; though under theſe ramparts is a ſecond quay, very broad, and divided into two branches, which has been partly gained from the ſea.

This ſituation gives Cadiz the advantages of an excellent air, and a temperature not otherwiſe to be expected in ſo ſouthern a latitude. The ſea air, which at once refreſhes the body and ſtrengthens the nerves, moderates the heat in ſummer, and makes the winters, which are always very mild, reſemble ſpring. However hot the weather may be in ſummer from ten till one, the afternoons are generally cool, for the ſea-breeze (mara) increaſes every hour, and flows throughout the night. Thus Cadiz enjoys in ſummer the moſt happy temperature, while the heat is quite oppreſſive at Madrid, and in general throughout the inland parts. But it muſt be obſerved, that it becomes more intenſe here whenever the ſolano or ſouth-eaſt wind prevails.

This wind is pregnant with the moſt ſuffocating vapours, and comes from the oppoſite coaſt of Africa. The whole atmoſphere, without exaggeration, then ſeems on fire, and the air every inſtant becomes more burning hot, like that of an oven. And yet this wind is only felt by its effects; for during the moſt oppreſſive ſolano the air is perfectly calm, and ſeems to have totally loſt its elaſticity.

The atmoſphere is at theſe times filled with an almoſt imperceptible vapour, but which gives to the ſky a bluiſh chalky colour, and which even at noon envelopes the ſun in a kind of haze, making it appear larger by refracting its rays. The ſea too is as calm and ſmooth as a lake, the water inconceivably warm, and frequently the fiſh appear on the ſurface and ſeem expiring with heat. On ſhore moſt animals are not exempt from its effects. Birds fly in a lower region of the air, dogs hide themſelves, cats ſeem in a rage, mules are uneaſy and gaſp for breath, fowls are reſtleſs and run to and fro, and pigs roll themſelves in the earth. Man alone ſeems to ſuffer leſs: yet the ſolano is more or leſs felt according to the difference of conſtitutions. It almoſt always produces a violent tenſion of the nerves, renders the circulation of the blood ſlower, and excites to exceſs and to voluptuouſneſs.

Although the extent of Cadiz is very limited, yet a prodigious quan-

tity of houſes are heaped together there, and the population is very numerous, being reckoned between 75 and 80,000 The houſes being very high and very much crowded together, ſeem to juſtify this computation; but the ſame cauſe accounts for the ſmall number of fine édifices. If we except the churches the monaſteries, the great hoſpital, the cuſtom-houſe, and other public buildings, Cadiz, notwithſtanding its great riches, contains but a very ſmall number of remarkable houſes. The greater part are of ſtone from Puerto de Santa Maria, which is brought acroſs the bay at a ſmall expence. The houſes being prodigiouſly high, the ſtreets, which are narrow, neceſſarily appear very dark, and make a very ſingular impreſſion, when we raiſe our eyes and ſee ſuch a multitude of balconies and ſo ſmall a portion of ſky. The ſtreets however are extremely well lighted at night. The pavement, which is excellent, is compoſed of very ſmall ſtones, furniſhed with cauſeways on each ſide, and kept nearly as clean as in Holland. Cadiz however contains ſome fine ſtreets, among others that called Calle-ancha, or Broad-ſtreet, and has beſides three large and two ſmall ſquares.

As to the ſtyle of architecture, the climate ſeems to have irrevocably fixed that introduced every where by the Moors; flat roofs with ſmall towers and plots of flowers, well-paved ſquare courts (patios), which by their neatneſs and ornaments reſemble drawing-rooms, galleries that run round it on each floor, large rooms, ſmall windows, and walls carefully whitened; all which is the character of African architecture.

The environs of Cadiz on the north ſide, or that next the land, preſent the traveller with a view equally ſingular and grand. During the laſt league as he arrives he is between the bay on the right and the ocean on the left. The land riſes ten fathoms above the level of the ſea, and is on all ſides laſhed by its waves, ſo that it reſembles a dike with which ſome bold adventurer has divided the waters of the ſea. You will readily conceive I am ſpeaking of the narroweſt part of the iſthmus, Cadiz being ſituated on the broadeſt. From this ſpot the eye takes in the whole bay with all its ſinuoſities and diviſions, and commands a foreſt of maſts which continues from Caracca to Cadiz, while in front is the brilliant maſs that forms the town with its ramparts and towers. On the left the view extends over the vaſt expanſe of ocean, in which the fort of San Sebaſtian appears to float, becauſe it is built on a ſmall ſandy ſtrip of land connected with the iſthmus, but at high water inundated by the ſea.

At length the road ſomewhat departs from the ſea in proportion as it widens; but it is completely deſert till a little before entering Cadiz, where is a pretty row of houſes, a ſmall church, and to the right and left ſquare gardens adorned with green paliſades. You then paſs the gate and ſee, at the extremity of the baſtions of the fort, on the right the bay, and on the left the tumultuous ocean; in a few minutes you are in Cadiz. Here you behold a broad open ſpace and ſome elegant buildings, which render this road tolerably agreeable; but that which leads upon the ramparts would baniſh the remembrance of this pleaſure, were it not renewed by entering on the Plaza de la Mar.

The appearance of this opening and the various groups that fill it, produce indeed a very fine effect. It exhibits a great many little booths or ſtalls, where are ſold fowls that are brought every week from Africa; a number of tables with all kinds of fiſh, among which are often ſword-fiſh (peſcado de eſpada) and a great

variety of ſhell-fiſh and polypi; ſellers of lemonade and orgeat, whoſe ſhops are adorned with foliage and lemons, or little fountains playing; water-ſellers with their wheel-barrows, and ice-ſellers with their ice-tubs; a long row of fruit-ſhops, where grapes, water-melons, Seville oranges, and pomegranates, figs, ſweet oranges, and all kinds of fruit, are piled up; ſellers of graſshoppers, which are ſhut up in braſs-wire cages to enliven the bed-rooms of thoſe who are fond of them, eſpecially the ladies; Turks barefoot, with large pantaloons, black beards, and long pipes, ſitting down and eating dates; tables covered with images of ſaints and ſailors' caps, ſmall cook-ſhops, and wine-ſellers' booths covered with ſail-cloth. To theſe peculiarities of Cadiz add a little of the tumult of Madrid, and you will have a complete idea of the Plaza de la Mar.

The quay immediately without the gate preſents an equally animated proſpect. For there a multitude of fruiterers, water-ſellers, wine-ſellers, cooks, itinerant hardware-men, and ballad-ſingers, conſtantly aſſemble. Here you ſee ſailors ſeated around a jug of wine playing at cards, another troop are dancing, a third boxing, and farther on fiddlers intermingled with porters. Some boats now arriving, a cry is heard of Al puerto! Al puerto! Every one crowds to the ſtairs, all is in motion, and every thing adds to the tumult.

Imagine alſo the effect of ſeveral hundred merchant ſhips lying at anchor off the town, the mixed multitude of ſailors from all nations, the noiſe of men loading and unloading ſhips: all this, I ſay, I muſt leave to your imagination, for it would be impoſſible to give you an idea of this ſcene, which is embelliſhed by the view of a fleet in the diſtance.

The ramparts of Cadiz, which are the fineſt and broadeſt I have ſeen, are uſed as a promenade. On the weſt ſide they command a view of the bay, the oppoſite coaſt, and the quay below the ramparts, where, when the ſea is rough, the waves fly up to a conſiderable diſtance. On the ſouth and eaſt ſides is the immenſe expanſe of ocean, and, as I have already ſaid, the Engliſh fleet blockading the port. A ſmall part to the weſtward is bordered by five rows of elms, forming four avenues adorned with elegant ſeats, and conſtituting the alameda; but the trees are ſmall and ſtunted, in conſequence of the dryneſs and rockineſs of the ſoil, the ſea air, and the heat of the climate. However, this promenade is much frequented, eſpecially at night. The cool ſea-breeze, the multitude of charming women, the lights in the neighbouring houſes, the inſtruments and gay airs heard on all ſides, the ſerene and ſtarry heavens, which in this fine climate diſplay themſelves in all their magnificence, all theſe charms faſcinate the ſpectator, and make him paſs his evenings very pleaſantly.

A great part of the ramparts, which to the ſouthward are ſhaded, ſerve for the lower claſſes to take their ſieſta. Extended upon benches or upon the walls, the water-carriers, porters, ſoldiers, and ſailors, quietly reſign themſelves to ſleep, and half naked enjoy the luxury of the ſea-breeze. Along the ramparts is a row of houſes, forming a kind of view I need not deſcribe.

I ſhould call theſe ramparts (including the alameda) the only promenade at Cadiz, if the environs on the land ſide did not afford a very pleaſing variety. It is true, the ſoil is ſo ſandy, that it is not eaſy to walk there; but the pure and refreſhing ſea-air, and the abovementioned view of the bay and of the ſea, attract thither a great number of people of both ſexes and of all conditions.

The inhabitants of Cadiz, however, compenſate the want of promenades by parties of pleaſure in the environs. They go out in carriages either to Puerto de Santa Maria, where are fine avenues and gardens, or to Chiclana near the iſla de Leon, which is almoſt entirely covered with country houſes, and commands a very fine view of the bay, the town, and the ſea. It is even the faſhion to go in ſpring and autumn in parties of pleaſure to Chiclana, which is a charming place, and offers the enjoyments of the country combined with all the luxuries of Cadiz.

In no place indeed is found ſuch a union of all the pleaſures and luxuries of life: abundance of wines, liqueurs, proviſions, reſtoratives, and all kinds of conſumable articles. The ſpirituous wines of Rota, Malaga, Xeres, Manzanilla, &c. are here extremely cheap (nine-pence or ten-pence the quart), and the beſt fruits are ſold for almoſt nothing. You may purchaſe two large bunches of Muſcadine grapes for a farthing, the fineſt water-melons for two-pence, or a large ſlice for a farthing, and a large orange for the ſame price, as alſo a lima or large lemon. There are ice-cellars called Neverias, generally kept by Italians, where all the refinements of luxury are enjoyed; for Epicuriſm is carried to the utmoſt at Cadiz even among the middle claſſes.

Yet the moſt indiſpenſable neceſſary of life is wanting, I mean freſh water, which is brought from Puerto de Santa Maria, where hundreds of barrels are continually loading and unloading. This water is bad, containing much calcareous matter and very little air, which it entirely loſes by the heat and carriage. It taſtes almoſt like boiled water, and in addition acquires a putrid taſte from the caſk. It is true the inhabitants attempt to correct it by filtration, by mixing ſnow with it, and other means, but few people can afford all theſe expences; for the ice is brought from the Sierra, a diſtance of thirteen leagues, and the mules that bring it only travel by night; yet a ſtock always arrives at Cadiz regularly every other day. The common water is deteſtable, and to have better it is neceſſary to buy ſnow-water either from the water venders or from the ice-cellars, where it coſts near a halfpenny a glaſs. For domeſtic purpoſes, waſhing, &c. rain water is collected in ſubterraneous ciſterns, into which various pipes are laid; but as this water evaporates during the great heats, which alſo increaſe the conſumption, every barrel of ſpring water coſts about four-pence halfpenny. Hence an economy is practiſed in the conſumption of water, which at firſt excites the aſtoniſhment of foreigners.

ACCOUNT *of the new* MUSICAL DRAMA, *called* 'THE WIFE OF TWO HUSBANDS,' *performed, for the firſt Time, at the Theatre-Royal, Drury-Lane, on Tueſday, Nov.* 1.

THE characters were thus repreſented:

The Count Belfior,	Mr. H. Johnſton.
Maurice,	Mr. Wroughton.
Theodore,	Miſs De Camp.
Monteniro,	Mr. Kelly.
Armagh,	Mr. Johnſtone.
Carronade,	Mr. Banniſter.
Fritz,	Mr. Caulfield.
Walter,	Mr. Cooke.
The Counteſs Belfior,	Mrs. Powell.
Eugenia,	Mrs. Mountain.
Ninetta,	Mrs. Bland,
Roſaline,	Miſs Tyrer.

THE FABLE.

The daughter of baron Werner, a young lady of fifteen, had been entrapped into a marriage with Iſidore Fritz, a young officer of profli-

gate habits and desperate fortune. Though she possessed every accomplishment, Fritz looked only to her fortune: but, being disappointed in his interested expectations, he soon began to treat her with the most brutal cruelty. Her father, the baron, incensed at her imprudence, and at the disgrace which such a marriage brought upon his family, resolved never more to admit his daughter to his presence. In order to avoid her he quitted Vienna, where he usually resided, and for a length of time no tidings could be procured of him.

Miss Werner, afterwards countess Belfior, disgusted with her husband's brutality, and preyed upon by the remorse she felt for her disobedience to her father, resolved upon quitting Fritz, and, with her infant son, wanders about in search of her father. She at length discovers him, pining in penury and sickness, and afflicted with blindness. She exerts every means that industry can supply to alleviate his distress, and is assiduous in her attentions to him; never daring, however, to let him hear her voice, lest it should lead to the discovery of her.

About this time count Belfior, a Sicilian nobleman, arrives at Vienna, and, attracted by the engaging person and manners of miss Werner, makes her an offer of his hand. Not long after she receives information of the death of Isidore Fritz; and, the information being confirmed by documents apparently authentic, she accepts the offer of the count's hand, and accompanies him to his estates in Sicily, taking with her the baron Werner, her father, to whom she presents a farm in the name of the countess Belfior. The count soon afterwards is called to his post in the armies, and, upon the day of his expected return, the drama commences.

The countess soon receives a letter from Vienna, informing her that Fritz, her former husband, is still living. The villain, it would appear, had caused certificates of his death to be forged and sent to his wife, in order to induce her to enter into a second marriage with the count, that he might afterwards put in a claim to his wife's property.

Soon after the count's return, Fritz found his way to Sicily, and gained means to have an interview with the countess. He proposes to her to assist his views in getting possession of the property, but she indignantly rejects the proposal; upon which he daringly claims of the count the possession of the estates belonging to his wife. Here, however, Fritz, while holding out these threats, is recognised as a deserter from the Austrian army, and secured and imprisoned as such.

The count, listening only to the generosity of his nature, is still anxious to spare the life of the ruffian, and for that purpose resolves to send him to a foreign country. In order to provide him with the means of preparing for the voyage, the count appoints an interview at night with Fritz. Fritz meets the count accordingly, but resolves on the destruction of his benefactor. With that view, he places an accomplice behind a tree, instructing him to stab the second man that passes. Fritz, followed by the count, advances towards the tree; but Carronade, an English sailor, in the service of count Belfior, steps forward, and leaves Fritz the second to pass, by which timely interposition the assassin fell the victim of his own contrivance, under the dagger of his accomplice.

Baron Werner, who had hitherto proved deaf to his daughter's intreaties for forgiveness, now consents to pardon her, being assured of the sincerity of her repentance.

This interesting drama is professedly a translation of one bearing a similar title in French, and which has had a considerable run, and still continues to be performed at Paris. The version, we understand, is by Mr. Cobb. The principal plot, and the more striking incidents, are almost exact copies of the original. In the under plot, and less material parts, there are many and wide alterations adopted, no doubt, for the purpose of introducing characters and circumstances, whose situations and sentiments reflect the complexion, and correspond with the temper of the times: their introduction, therefore, could not be unseasonable; and the impression they were intended to produce was repeatedly acknowledged by the according plaudits with which they were distinguished. As to the merits of the piece itself, austere criticism may perhaps discover in it many improbabilities, and something of an immoral tendency. That a young lady of fifteen, deaf to the advice, and regardless of the authority of a father, and listening only to the wild suggestions of a blind and romantic passion, should rush into the arms of a man in every respect unworthy of her choice, is a slip that cannot well be allowed to pass by uncensured. Yet the unabated ardour of filial affection, and the unwearied practice of an ardent and exemplary repentance so forcibly display themselves in every subsequent act of her life, that a due regard to the frailty of human nature must prompt and admonish the forgiveness of her youthful and thoughtless indiscretion. Still when duty is transgressed and virtue wounded, there might always be left behind a scar that will continue to disfigure the loveliest features and the most exemplary deportment; in the present case, the detestation of the fault is lost in the admiration of the virtues that succeed and atone for it.

The play is cast in the mould of the German school, and is somewhat tinged with the colour of its morality. Its more serious parts are, however, highly interesting, and take a very powerful hold upon the passions. Nor was their effect impaired by the performance. Mrs. Powell's acting afforded a most perfect picture of the filial affection, the ardent contrition of the countess: and Mr. H. Johnston, in the count, had all the ease, dignity, candour, and generosity, which so prominently mark that character. Wroughton, in Maurice, displayed, with his usual accuracy and pathos, first the unrelenting sternness of the irritated father, and afterwards the returning influence of parental fondness, when the cause of his resentment was removed, and its asperity softened down. Miss De Camp, in Theodore, was more interesting, if possible, than in the part of Julio; and every thing she attempted, acting, singing, and dancing, was warmly admired, and rapturously applauded. Bannister, in the English sailor, and Johnstone, in the Irish serjeant, expressed sentiments so perfectly characteristic of both professions and both countries, and they so happily applied to the present moment, that it is needless to say they were eagerly seized on, and as enthusiastically cheered. Indeed nothing was wanting, on the part of the performers, that could give every possible effect to every passage and incident of the play; and their exertions, joined with its intrinsic merits, could not well fail of procuring it that decided success with which it has been attended. Almost the whole of the music was composed by Mr. Mazzinghi, and does infinite honour to his style and taste; what was selected argued a no less degree of felicity.

The ſcenery and decorations are moſt beautifully picturesque.

LEONTES and EUGENIUS;

OR,

THE CONTRAST:

A TALE.

THE leſſons of infancy faſten with irreſiſtible force on the mind; while the firſt impreſſions of our early years influence our future fate, and direct our conduct through life. We are creatures formed by a combination of minute circumſtances which few perſons have the opportunity of obſerving, and the few to whom they might be known generally paſs them by unobſerved.

Leontes and Eugenius inhabited the ſame village, and paſſed the earlieſt period of their lives in the ſame boyiſh purſuits. From the retired ſituation in which they lived they had few companions, and their hearts ſeemed to imbibe ſentiments of affection for each other from habit and neceſſity rather than from choice and congeniality.

The father of Leontes inherited a ſmall eſtate, on which he had reſided from infancy to age: for though the poſſeſſion of a few paternal acres had precluded him from the neceſſity of applying to trade, yet the reſources they ſupplied were too ſlender to afford him an opportunity of mixing with mankind; or correcting the local prejudices of youth, by a more enlarged view of ſociety.

His ſon, the darling object of his affections, diſcovered in infancy a clearneſs of perception and vivacity of temper which rendered him highly intereſting. As his years matured he appeared, in the eyes of a doating father, a youth of uncommon talents, and to theſe parental fondneſs added every virtue. The penetration of Leontes ſoon diſcovered the blind partiality of his father, over whom he eaſily gained a complete aſcendancy, and even while yet a boy contrived to rule him with entire ſway. This early and ſucceſsful effort for power foſtered his ambition, and rendered him at once daring in exploit and ſubtle in intrigue. He was ever ready to lead his youthful companions to ſcenes of depredation, and was foremoſt in all the plots which a ſchool-boy's activity could invent or buoyant ſpirits execute; while his artful conduct generally excluded him from any ſhare in the diſgrace or puniſhment which, on the detection of his miſchief, commonly fell on ſome leſs culpable offender.

Far different was the lot of Eugenius. Bred under a father whoſe rigid diſcipline, though it enforced the obedience of thoſe around him, repreſſed their ſympathy and chilled their affection; his riſing ſpirit ſhrunk beneath the harſh commands which daily checked his youthful gaiety. The efforts of his untaught but aſpiring mind were damped by ſeverity, and even the hours of recreation were embittered by ſevere prohibitions. His walks were bounded, and his little feet were not allowed to tread beyond the limits preſcribed by authority; while the ripe fruit, which hung luxuriouſly over his head, was forbidden to his touch. He trembled at the ſight of his father, leſt ſome involuntary offence ſhould awaken his paſſions and call forth the ſeverity of his anger. The conſtant fear by which he was enſlaved produced timidity of character; and, though he was ever ready to aſſiſt his companions in ſolving a problem, or compoſing a letter, his own performances were produced with ſuch a ſeeming conſciouſneſs of their deficiency, as half perſuaded thoſe to whom they were addreſſed to overlook their merit.

When permitted to viſit Leontes, the heart of Eugenius bounded with pleaſure; the road to his houſe ſeemed the path to freedom, and he felt like a wretch emancipated from chains. Yet, amidſt the gaiety in which he there indulged, a ſigh would often eſcape him when he contemplated the happier lot of his young aſſociate. But, ſpite of theſe tranſient feelings of regret, the pleaſing ſenſations which liberty inſpired prevailed, and the earlieſt ideas of happineſs, in the mind of Eugenius, were aſſociated with his friend Leontes. The ſentiment thus impreſſed long continued to warm his heart; and when compelled to relinquiſh this early object of his affections, and acknowledge him no longer worthy of his eſteem, it ſnapped the tie which bound him to ſociety. The years of childhood were at length paſſed, and the two friends entered on the theatre of the world. With hearts beating with expectation, they bade adieu to their native village; and, as the vehicle that conveyed them to the metropolis rolled rapidly along, they gave looſe to the ſallies of youthful imagination, and anticipated all the joys which independence could beſtow.

Leontes, who had been deſtined to the ſtudy of the law, took poſſeſſion of elegant chambers provided for him in the Temple. His father, who had lately come into poſſeſſion of an unexpected addition to his fortune, was enabled to fix him in his new career with all the advantages which riches could beſtow; while Eugenius, who had choſen the practice of phyſic, was placed as the humble attendant of an apothecary. It was the favourite and often-repeated maxim of his father—'Let my ſon ſhift for himſelf, as I have done before him; for he will have no aſſiſtance from me. Neceſſity, I know, ſharpens the wit; keenneſs and induſtry are the only talents to procure money; and money, in every civiliſed country, will purchaſe reſpect. I have ſhown him the ladder, let his own ingenuity teach him how to aſcend it.'

While the days of Leontes were paſſed in learning the arts of chicane, and his nights in riot and debauchery, the hours of his friend were devoted to the inceſſant drudgery of compounding drugs. But the mind of Eugenius was not ſunk to his ſituation: though each ſucceeding day brought a return of toil, his active ſpirit defied the power of ſleep, and a large portion of his nights was uſually paſſed in ſtudy. He beheld with pity the various diſeaſes to which the human frame was liable; and, actuated by benevolence, he purſued the ſtudy of medicine with ardour. Sometimes too, to ſooth his lacerated boſom, in which early ſeverity had planted the thorn of ſorrow, he would turn the querulous language of complaint into the harmonious ſtrains of poeſy. As often as he could ſteal an hour from the toils of buſineſs, he repaired to the apartments of his only friend, and beheld, without envy, the rapid progreſs he was making in the road to fame and fortune. In the ſociety of Leontes, which habit had rendered dear, he forgot his cares; and, during thoſe pleaſing moments, ceaſed to regret his own unpromiſing ſituation.

His friend continued to receive his viſits with the language of politeneſs; and Eugenius, open and unſuſpecting, doubted not the ſincerity of his profeſſions. In his preſence, Leontes regretted that want of diſcernment in mankind which could leave merit, when oppreſſed by poverty, unregarded; but in his abſence he laughed, with his gay companions, at the poor apothecary; and wondered he had not ſpirit enough to better his condition by daring adventure, or end his miſerable ex-

iſtence by a piſtol. He felt, with arrogant exultation, the difference which fortune had placed between them; and, though he too much admired the converſation of Eugenius to break off the connection, he meanly wiſhed to make the ſpirit of his friend crouch before his wealth and proſperity. This, however, he never could accompliſh. The oppreſſed youth beheld with indifference his ſplendid reſidence and luxurious board: to the fancied merits of the man he paid an involuntary tribute of reſpect, but to the tinſel which decorated his exterior he was inſenſible.

Eugenius, though devoid of thoſe ſhowy accompliſhments which alone could contribute to his advancement in life, poſſeſſed a ſimplicity of character and an integrity of heart which excited the reſpect of every one with whom he was connected. His employer, who poſſeſſed a liberal mind, acknowledged his uſefulneſs, and delighted to converſe with him on ſubjects of profeſſional knowledge. This was a ſource of exquiſite pleaſure to a heart panting for ſympathy, and writhing under parental unkindneſs and neglect. To excite the attention of his fellow mortals, and ſee their affections drawn towards him, was indeed a delightful ſenſation; but the kindneſs with which Louiſa, the only child of the apothecary, treated him, filled his boſom with rapture, and thrilled every nerve with joy. She occupied his thoughts by day, and her image reſted on his pillow by night.

Louiſa united all the graces of an elegant perſon with a feeling heart. Her attentions to Eugenius were at firſt the offspring of benevolence. It was her delight to ſhed happineſs on all around her, and ſhe knew the importance of minute attentions in producing the felicity of man. But her heart was ſoon ſenſible of the worth of Eugenius; and that kindneſs, which had commenced under a ſenſe of duty, was continued from the ſpontaneous effuſions of friendſhip. Though free from the paſſion of love, ſhe was fully ſenſible of his merits; his taſte was congenial to her own, and with him ſhe knew no reſerve. His preſence gave her delight, though his abſence produced no pain in her boſom.

The feelings of Eugenius were, however, far more poignant; for, while he fancied himſelf indulging only the ſentiments of admiration, he was drinking in large and intoxicating draughts of the tendereſt paſſion. Yet his love was devoid of every other hope except that imperceptible feeling which, working inſenſibly on a lover's imagination, levels all diſtinctions, and places him at the ſummit of his wiſhes.

'How can I expect, how dare I even wiſh,' thought he, 'that Louiſa, endowed with all the graces both of perſon and mind, careſſed by the world, and baſking in the ſunſhine of proſperity, ſhould ſacrifice all thoſe advantages to an unfriended being like myſelf? My wiſhes are unreaſonable,' ſighed he, 'and my hopes unjuſt, and I will conceal them from the object of my love. If my feelings are unconquerable, I will ſilently endure my anguiſh, and no word ſhall eſcape my lips that may betray the preſumption of my heart.'

The fear of betraying himſelf to Louiſa gave him, in her preſence, an embarraſſed air, and threw an unuſual reſerve over his behaviour. Her preſence, which once ſeemed to inſpire him with delight, now appeared to caſt a tenfold gloom over his penſive mind. He ſhunned her ſociety, and the moments he was compelled to paſs with her were evidently moments of reſtraint. She beheld this change with a painful emotion; the ſentiments of friend-

ſhip and eſteem, which ſhe had long entertained for him were beginning to ripen into warmer feelings, and her heart ſickened with diſappointment. Louiſa ſeemed to liſten to the dictates of worldly prudence, which ſeparated her from Eugenius; but her heart was too noble to force on him thoſe affections which he ſeemed ſo aſſiduouſly to ſhun; and, aided by female pride, ſhe repaid his fancied neglect with indifference.

It was at this period, when his heart was almoſt burſting with its ſorrows, and panting for the relief of communication, that Eugenius, in faltering accents, confeſſed to his friend the preſumptuous love in which he had dared to indulge. Leontes, who regarded every thing with a view to worldly intereſt, and whoſe mind was free from thoſe delicate ſcruples which oppreſſed the heart of his friend, laughed at his ſilly refinement.

'Why, man,' cried he, 'it is the luckieſt hit in the world! this is the very road to fortune! Louiſa muſt inherit her father's wealth: you will ſucceed him in his profeſſion, and your eſtabliſhment in the world is ſecure.'

'It is true,' replied Eugenius, dejectedly; 'but what have I to offer as an equivalent for all theſe advantages? Louiſa would do honour to rank and fortune; her merit would enoble titles: and can I ſolicit her acceptance of a being who has nothing but uncorrupted and ſincere love to beſtow in return? No; though my paſſion is become the vital ſpark that animates my exiſtence, I cannot bear to addreſs her when my profeſſions would allow of ſuch a mercenary interpretation. Ah, Leontes! afford me conſolation, and ſooth my afflicted heart with thy friendſhip: but do not perſuade me to an act from which my judgment and my feelings equally revolt.'

Leontes liſtened for ſome time to what he termed the rhapſodies of refinement; and then by every effort of reaſon, aided by the more powerful ſtimulus of ridicule, he endeavoured to induce his friend to alter his reſolution.

'A woman's heart,' ſaid he, 'is formed of melting materials; and Louiſa will, no doubt, be eaſily perſuaded to love you. And why ſhould you ſhun the fortune that awaits you? You have the power of making her happy. It is not her wealth which you ſeek; and you may ſave her from falling a victim to ſome ſpecious deceiver, who, poſſeſſing more worldly advantages than yourſelf, yet incapable of appreciating her worth, may be attracted only by her ſplendid fortune.'

Eugenius at length, influenced partly by the wiſhes of his friend, but more by the ſecret pleadings of his own heart, conſented to renew his former attentions to Louiſa; while Leontes promiſed, if he would procure him an introduction, to diſcover, if poſſible, the ſentiments of the lady, and aid the wiſhes of his friend. In this he was ſincere. The habits of their early friendſhip were not yet eraſed from his mind; and, as he could not reduce Eugenius to the outward behaviour of an humble dependent on himſelf, his next wiſh was to raiſe him to conſequence in the world, that he might not bluſh for the poverty of his friend. His talents and virtues extorted from Leontes the tribute of reſpect; but he had not magnanimity enough to ſhow the coxcombs with whom he aſſociated, that he dared to prize merit as it deſerved, when ſhrunk in obſcurity, and chilled by neglect.

Eugenius now endeavoured to regain the friendſhip of Louiſa, which it was evident he had loſt by his late conduct. His acute feelings, however, and a painful conſciouſneſs of his ſituation, embarraſſed all his ac-

tions, and gave to thoſe attentions, which flowed from the heart alone, the appearance of conſtraint and effort. She watched his conduct with attentive obſervation, while ſhe attributed the change in his manners to a motive which rouſed her pride and awakened her delicacy. He had, ſhe fancied, diſcovered her partiality; and, actuated by pity, was endeavouring to foſter an affection for her againſt which his ſpontaneous feelings revolted, but on theſe terms ſhe ſcorned his love. 'I am not ſo humbled in ſpirit,' thought ſhe, 'as to accept his compaſſion. He ſhall know that he is free, that my proud heart diſdains the ſacrifice he would make.'

Theſe reſolutions were hardly formed before Leontes was introduced to her acquaintance. The ſtate of her feelings were eaſily developed by him; but one evening paſſed in her ſociety broke the bonds of friendſhip, and drove from his mind all remembrance of Eugenius. He beheld in her an object calculated to gratify all his paſſions: her beauty would excite admiration, and raiſe the envy of his aſſociates; while her wealth would adminiſter to his ambition, and afford new ſources of diſſipated pleaſures. To accompliſh his ſcheme, however, it would be neceſſary to deceive both the lovers, and this he conceived would be no difficult taſk. He had but to induce Louiſa to follow the bias her mind had already taken, and the hopes of Eugenius he knew would be eaſily repreſſed. With well-affected ſorrow, he informed him, that his paſſion had given offence to the object of his tendereſt wiſhes, and that from her he had nothing to expect, for ſhe had liſtened to his warmeſt pleadings with indifference. The gloom of diſappointment ſaddened the features of Eugenius; life ſeemed to have loſt every charm, and the purſuits which had hitherto occupied his attention were now wholly neglected.

Leontes, in the mean time, exerted all his talents to captivate the heart of Louiſa; while the eaſy gaiety of his manners gave a peculiar charm to his actions. Circumſtances conſpired to forward his wiſhes; his friendſhip for Eugenius proved to the mind of his miſtreſs the worth of his character; while the ſplendor of his preſent ſituation, and his elevated expectations, ſecured him the approbation of her father. Mortified pride, too, pleaded for him in the boſom of Louiſa; the humble Eugenius had neglected her love, while the brilliant, the elevated Leontes, laid his honours at her feet. His efforts were ſucceſsful, her heart yielded to his perſuaſions, and in a few months after their firſt acquaintance ſhe became his bride.

Eugenius beheld theſe changes with the apathy of deſpair: his buſineſs was neglected, and he ſought to baniſh painful reflections by intoxicating liquors; while his countenance, haggard with woe, exhibited a mournful picture of the pangs which corroded his heart. Louiſa, though ignorant of the cauſe, pitied the ſorrows which ſeemed to prey on his frame. She ſought an opportunity of converſing with him in private; and, not doubting but that he had ſeen her former partiality, ſhe frankly confeſſed what had been her intentions towards him.

'But,' added ſhe, 'I commend your ſincerity, and admire your principles: in refuſing to ſacrifice your feelings to your intereſt, you have perhaps condemned yourſelf to poverty; and are now, I fear, regretting your hard lot. Yet do not, my friend, be diſcouraged; I will add my influence to the friendſhip my father already feels for you, and I have no doubt but we ſhall ſecure to you his preſent practice.'

This ſcene was too much for the

fortitude of Eugenius. The treachery of his friend and the loſs of his beloved Louiſa were at once revealed to his view. He gazed on her face with wild agony, while he ſunk before her, and with impaſſioned action preſſed her hand to his burning boſom. Caution was now impoſſible; and every feeling which had agitated his heart was developed, while he bade an eternal adieu to the woman he ſo ardently loved, and from whom he was now ſeparated by a barrier which time could not remove. Diſappointed at once in his friendſhip and his love, his reaſon was ſuſpended, and he remained for ſome years a diſtracted maniac.

But the violence of his diſeaſe was at length ſoftened by time; and, though melancholy ſtill clouded his countenance, he was at length permitted to wander again at liberty in the world. Society, however, no longer afforded him delight; the ſeverity in which his early years had been nurtured repreſſed the energies of hope; he had been once fatally deceived, and from that moment he viewed mankind with diſtruſt and ſuſpicion. In a ſolitary hut which he has raiſed on the ſummit of a rock, whoſe lofty top overhangs the ſwelling ocean, he has for ſome years reſided; while a ſmall annuity, which he inherits from his father, ſerves to procure him the neceſſaries of life.

The few beings who reſide near his habitation, regard him as a ſevere miſanthrope, and ſhun his ſolitary abode; while, depreſſed by the gloom of melancholy, he paſſes the heavy hours of exiſtence forgotten by the world, and loſt to its joys.

But Leontes, rich and luxurious, courted by mankind, and ſurrounded by pleaſures, is famed for the oſtentatious diſplay of his bounty, and regarded as the benevolent friend of the wretched. It is true, his treachery has poiſoned the ſource of his domeſtic comforts. Louiſa, acquainted with his arts and the raſhneſs of Eugenius, regards his diſſimulation with diſguſt; while the bondage which unites her to the man whoſe conduct ſhe feels ſhe muſt deſpiſe, corrodes her heart and bows down her ſpirits with ſorrow. But though ſhe has endured every trial in ſilence, nor ſuffered a murmur of complaint to eſcape her lips, the world condemns the diſcontent which ſits on her brow, and Leontes is pitied as the victim of a capricious woman. He maintains a polite exterior, which dazzles mankind, and throws an impenetrable veil over the deformity of his mind; while, by the plauſibility of his manners, he contrives to fix the ſtigma of his vices on every being with whom he is connected. E. W.

The MORAL ZOOLOGIST.

PART II.

(*Continued from p.* 549.)

LETTER VIII.

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

The ſecond order or claſs of birds, in the ſyſtems of moſt modern naturaliſts, is the *Picæ*, or pie kind; the characteriſtics of which, according to Linnæus, are—the *bill* knife-ſhaped, with a convex back; the *feet* furniſhed with three toes before and one behind; the *body* ſtringy and impure:—that they gather their food from dirt and rubbiſh; build their neſts on trees, the male feeding the female during the time of incubation; and that they are monogamous, or pair.

This order connects the rapacious birds with the gallinaceous, or poultry tribes. It contains, in the Linnæan ſyſtem, a great variety of ge-

Engraved for the Lady's Magazine.

Magpye.

Jackdaw.

nera, extending from the parrot and the raven to the humming-bird; birds ſo different in their form and habits that ſcarcely any characters will apply to them all. They live upon fleſh, inſects, fruits, and grain. They, in general, contribute but little to furniſh out the pleaſures, or ſupply the neceſſities, of man. Many of them ſerve rather to teize than to aſſiſt or amuſe him. Though they ſeem fond of frequenting his neighbourhood, becauſe they, for the moſt part, live by his labour, they appear chiefly intent on making depredations on the fruits of his induſtry; and, when they are taken or killed by him, he finds no compenſation in the generality of them, either living or dead, for the loſs he has ſuſtained.

But though, with reſpect to man, almoſt the whole of this claſs is either uſeleſs or noxious, with reſpect to each other no race of birds is more ingenious or active, or has diſpoſitions more aptly ſuitable to ſocial life.—'Could we,' ſays Goldſmith, 'ſuppoſe a kind of morality among birds, we ſhould find that theſe are by far the moſt induſtrious, the moſt faithful, the moſt conſtant, and the moſt connubial. The rapacious kinds drive out their young before they are able to ſtruggle with adverſity, but the pie kind cheriſh their young to the laſt. The poultry claſs are faithleſs and promiſcuous in their courtſhip; but theſe live in pairs, and their attachments are wholly confined to each other. The ſparrow kind frequently overleap the bounds of nature, and make illicit varieties; but theſe never. They live in harmony with each other: every ſpecies is true to its kind, and tranſmits an unpolluted race to poſterity.'

Many of the birds of this kind are remarkable for their capacity for inſtruction. They have almoſt all an expreſſion of cunning or archneſs in their look, and crows have been taught to fetch and carry with the docility of a ſpaniel.

Birds of this claſs make their neſts generally in trees and buſhes. Both male and female labour conjointly in building their neſts, and the former often relieves his mate in the duties of incubation. They, in fact, take this office by turns; and, when the young are produced, both are alike active in their endeavours to ſupply them with food.

Some of theſe birds live in ſocieties, and in theſe there appears to be an obſervance of general laws; and, if we believe ſome writers, a kind of republican form of government is eſtabliſhed. Each is watchful for the ſafety of the flock, and this vigilant attention ſeems not unfrequently to be extended to birds of another ſpecies. The fowler, when endeavouring to ſurpriſe a flock of ducks or wild-geeſe, is often diſappointed by the cry of alarm given by a crow or a magpie, which appriſes the thoughtleſs creatures of their danger, and warns them in time to provide for their ſafety.

In a few general characters, birds of this claſs appear all to agree; as in having hoarſe voices, ſlight active bodies, and a rapidity—or, at leaſt, facility—of flight, that enables them frequently to elude the purſuit of even the boldeſt and moſt vigorous of the rapacious tribes.

In my next, I ſhall proceed to the deſcription of the genus which is placed by Linnæus, and moſt other naturaliſts, except thoſe who claſs the ſhrikes with the pies and with the rapacious birds, in the front of this tribe.

With the ſincereſt wiſhes for your ladyſhip's happineſs, and the utmoſt eſteem and affection, I remain,

Your ever-faithful

EUGENIA.

(To be continued.)

POETICAL ESSAYS.

THE SHIELD.

[*From the 'Poetical Works of the late Thomas Little, Esq.'*]

'OH! did you not hear a voice of death?
And did you not mark the paly form
Which rode on the silver mist of the heath,
And sung a ghostly dirge in the storm?

'Was it a wailing bird of the gloom,
Which shrieks on the house of woe all night?
Or a shivering fiend that flew to a tomb,
To howl and to feed till the glance of light?'

'T'was *not* the death-bird's cry from the wood, [blast;
Nor shivering fiend that hung in the
T'was the shade of Helderic—man of blood— [are past!
It screams for the guilt of days that

'See! how the red, red lightning strays,
And scares the gliding ghosts of the heath!
Now on the leafless yew it plays,
Where hangs the shield of this son of death!

'That shield is blushing with murderous stains, [spray;
Long has it hung from the cold yew's
It is blown by storms, and wash'd by rains,
But neither can take the blood away!

'Oft by that yew, on the blasted field,
Dæmons dance to the red moon's light,
While the damp boughs creak, and the swinging shield
Sings to the raving spirit of night!'

TO MRS. ———.

[*From the Same*]

SWEET lady! look not thus again;
Those little pouting smiles recall
A maid remember'd now with pain,
Who was my love, my life, my all!

Oh! while this heart delirious took
Sweet poison from her thrilling eye,
Thus would she pout, and lisp, and look,
And I would hear, and gaze, and sigh!

Yes, I did love her—madly love—
She was the dearest, best deceiver!
And oft she swore she 'd never rove;
And I was destin'd to believe her!

Then, lady, do not wear the smile
Of her whose smile could thus betray,
Alas! I think the lovely wile
Again might steal my heart away.

And when the spell, that stole my mind,
On lips so pure as thine I see,
I fear the heart which she resign'd
Will err again, and fly to thee!

RHYMES IN PRAISE OF RHYME.

[*From Miss Watts's Poems.*]

THOUGH we must own, poetic diction
Too oft delights to deal in fiction;
Yet this is certain, honest Rhyme
Will tell plain truth at any time,
And in one word will oft say more,
Than the best Prose could in a score.
A few plain cases we shall state,
To free this matter from debate.
Mark you yon glutton at a feast?
And what says Rhyme? he calls him—*beast*;
See you yon drunkards swilling wine?
Rhyme in a moment names them—*swine*:
When Flavia, not content with four,
Adds a fifth husband to her store,
Rhyme *thinks* a word, but speaks no more.
What wants that senator who blusters,
And all his tropes and figures musters,
Against the man who rules the steerage?
Rhyme whispers in your ear—*a peerage*.
What makes you patriot strain his lungs,
And bawl as loud as twenty tongues,
To prove his country's dire disgrace?
Rhyme smiling says—*a place! a place!*
When priests above seek their abode,
Yet love to loiter on the road,
And still on lords and statesmen fawn,
Rhyme shakes his head, and whispers—*lawn*.
Which is the nymph, who, soon as seen,
Is hail'd through Europe, beauty's queen,
Before whose charms the fairest fade?
Rhyme gently sighs—*the British maid*.
Which is the man whose daring soul
Conducts in war, from pole to pole,
His country's proud triumphant car?
Rhyme shouts aloud—*the British tar*.

ADDRESS *to the* EVENING STAR.

[*From the Greek of Moſchus.*]

BY J. B. S. MORRITT, ESQ.

HAIL, Heſperus! bright torch of Beauty's queen!
Dear ſacred gem of dewy evening, hail!
So ſhine thy rays above her ſpangled ſheen,
As glows the moon above thy radiance pale.

When to th' accuſtom'd fair my foot-ſteps ſtray,
Now timely ſhine; for, lo! the change-ful Moon
Drives her dim chariot in the blaze of day,
And envious ſets ere half the night be done.

No plunder tempts me through the treacherous ſhade;
For me no nightly traveller ſhall mourn:
'T is Love that calls thee—be his voice obey'd;
Sweet is her love, and claims a ſweet return.

THE MENDICANT.

THROUGH ſome village or town oft I merrily trudge,
And deceive as I travel along;
I am ready as moſt ſome ſad ſtory to fudge,
When I wiſh to impoſe on the throng.

Now a ſailor I ſeem, though I ne'er was at ſea;
And a ſoldier ſometimes I appear:
Yet kind females will oft grant aſſiſt-ance to me,
While their gifts are enhanc'd by a tear.

When a ſoldier or ſailor no longer will do,
Then I inſtantly alter my plan,
And diſguis'd as a *woman*, with infants a few,
I no longer am like the ſame *man*.

Oh! the life of a beggar is ſurely the beſt;
Neither taxes nor houſe-rent he pays;
But he roves unconfin'd, in a barn goes to reſt,
And thus happily ſpends all his days.

Auguſt 3, 1803. J. M. L.

THE ADIEU,

ON LEAVING THE COUNTRY.

ADIEU, ye lov'd ſcenes of my youth,
Where in days of my childhood I ſtray'd!—
Sylvan ſcenes deck'd with virtue and truth—
Adieu, native cot in the glade!

Farewel to the green-bower'd grove!
Flow'ry banks and cool grottos, adieu!
Ruſtic ſcenes deck'd with friendſhip and love,
Sweet Peace, ſmiling, dwells amidſt you.

Farewel to each neat ruſtic cot!
May ſorrow ne'er enter your door!
But health and content be the lot
Of each cottager honeſt and poor.

Kingsland, Sept. 1, 1803. J. M.

ACROSTIC.

MOST charming is the maid whoſe virtuous heart
Is free from pride, from vanity, and art.
Say now, O Muſe! what theme ſhall be my care,
Such as may beſt pourtray a heav'nly fair?
Poſſeſs'd of ev'ry charm, of ev'ry grace;
A mind unſullied; in each look we trace
The queen of beauty pictur'd in her face:
Truth's pureſt ray in ev'ry glance we ſee;
Youth's artleſs ſmile, and virgin modeſty:
Peerleſs in beauty, as in thought refin'd;
Envy of woman—pride of all mankind;
Grace, elegance, and eaſe, at once combine;
Reflecting all that 's lovely, fair, divine!
O ſay, how bleſt the youth who gains her heart muſt be:
May Heav'n deny that happineſs to all but me!

J. V.

September 3, 1803.

The HARMONY *and* MAGNIFICENCE *of the* UNIVERSE.

[*From Boyd's Tranſlation of Dante's Paradiſo.*]

ETERNAL wiſdom and eternal love,
Join'd with interminable power above,
Union ineffable, in bliſs ſupreme,
Gave to exiſtence this ſtupendous whole,
Where'er the eye can reach, or ſoaring ſoul
Extends around its intellectual beam.

Unrivall'd order and celeſtial grace,
Seen thro' the ſtages of unbounded ſpace,
Whene'er the mental eye, with ſteady view,
Surveys its glory to the heav'nly king,
Lifts the wrapt ſoul on Contemplation's wing, [ture new.
And ev'ry pow'r expands with rap-

Now ye that hear the heav'nly Muſe's voice, [ſkies,
Purſue her journey through the op'ning
Where the firſt motion wheels her mighty round,
And whirls the planets with reſiſtleſs ſway;
Then think of Him whoſe power yon orbs obey,
In ſelf-enjoyment wrapt, and bliſs profound.

Behold yon' ſhining path obliquely run,
Where, with his glorious retinue, the ſun
Marſhals the ſeaſons, and conducts the year:
What wiſdom in the Pow'r that taught his ray [per'd day,
To warm the ſubject world with temNot coldly diſtant, nor oppreſſive near.

Had any other circuit been aſſign'd
For this ætherial cavalcade to wind,
In froſt to ſlumber or to ſink in fire,
Had been the lot of all ſublunar things:
Here Contemplation reſts her weary wings, [mire.
And ſtops a while to tremble and ad-

Indulge this holy prelibation firſt,
That your ripe mind, in holy habits nurs'd,
May ſcorn that earthy fume that damps the ſoul,
And brings it down from its ætherial flight:
For thy behoof I range the fields of light,
Culling the fruits of heav'n from pole to pole.

Nature's great herald now, whoſe eye afar
Celeſtial influence ſheds from ſtar to ſtar,
And meaſures time in his diurnal race,
Had reach'd the welcome ſtage, that calls the light
Of Phoſphor ſooneſt from the womb of night,
To drive the vapours from Aurora's face.

Bright regent of the planetary train,
How I was wafted to thy high domain
Is all myſterious as the ſource of thought;
For quick as thought, from world to world I flew:
There, oh! what ſplendours flaſh'd upon my view,
When my celeſtial guide my notice caught.

Transfiguration in a moment came,
Diſtinct ſhe ſtood within the ſolar flame,
Light within light! but more reſplendent far:
No radiant change of liſted colours gay
Was there, no painting with illuſive ray
Her matchleſs form that feeble aid could ſpare.

Let intellect, experience, art, combine,
Vain were their pow'r to paint that ſcene divine;
E'en Faith, with angel ken, would ſcarce ſuffice:
That Fancy's plumage fails to mount the height
Is no ſurpriſe; for who can bear the ſight
When Sol with double luſtre fires the ſkies?

Such was th' appearance of the heav'nly band,
Who in the ſunny region took their ſtand,
Wonders of wiſdom! Miracles of love!
For ever ſinging in alternate lays
To Him, who cheers with ever-vital rays
The glorious circle of the ſaints above.

'To this material ſource of life and light,
His pow'r,' my leader cry'd, 'has wing'd your flight:'
Never did mortal feel ſo deep a glow
Of filial love, commix'd with filial fear:
Heav'n's dome, the radiant nymph, the ſolar ſphere, [ſhow.
Seem'd all to vaniſh, like a paſſing

But inly vex'd to see my seeming scorn,
She smil'd benignant, like the rosy morn.
Her smile recall'd me from my rapt'rous trance:
Sudden the cope of heav'n salutes my sight,
The glories darting round the squadrons bright,
Call'd to existence by her magic glance.
Disbanding soon, the files, with splendour crown'd,
In one wide-waving glory hemm'd us round;
Their gen'ral chorus charm'd the list'ning ear:
Our optics less enjoy'd the double noon,
Form'd like an halo bending round the moon,
When a thin vapour veils her shining sphere.

Unnumber'd are the mystic wonders known
On this high footstool of the burning throne;
No mortal strain the tenour can convey
Of that loud hymn that round the concave sung:
The man who wants to learn the lofty song,
Must mount on wings of fire the milky way.

As well might thoughtless mortals hope to hear,
From mutes, the music of the solar sphere,
Whose long-drawn modulation seem'd to ring
From the bright squadrons in a triple bound,
As in full march they pac'd the solar round,
Chanting the glories of their heav'nly king.

Like stars that circle round the stedfast pole,
For ever pointing to their radiant goal,
These living suns, reflecting blaze on blaze,
Mov'd on, or paus'd, as in a festive hall
Gay nymphs, that tend the music's dying fall,
Suspend their step, or thrid the sportive maze.

Then, as the heav'nly anthem seem'd to rest,
A still small voice my ravish'd ears address'd:
'Since grace, the gentle nurse of love divine,
That knows its object, and expands its claim;
Inspires your soul, the deep ascent to flame,
Oh, mortal man! immortal bliss is thine!

'None here can to thy thirsty soul deny
Fair Truth's nectareous draught, a rich supply;
No more than to the main the wint'ry flood
Can step adown the slope his swift career;
Then, if you wish to know our fortunes here,
You soon shall sate your mind with mental food.'

PASTORAL.

SINCE Damon has stray'd from these plains,
How joyless, how cheerless am I!
Despair oft intrudes on my strains,
And rends from my breast the fond sigh.

Benevolence beam'd on his face:
To all he was gentle and free:
While passion enliven'd each grace,
How melting his accents to me!

Now, absent, he heeds not my woe;
Nor thinks he how ardent I love.
His worth taught this heart first to glow:
Can wisdom the feeling reprove?

At eve, when the heart-cheering sound
Of music invites to the dance;
When pleasure is smiling around,
And gaily the shepherds advance;

I fly from those scenes of delight,
Though joy they to others impart:
Can Mirth's vain enchantments invite
To rapture the love-stricken heart?

In that grove where, in happier hours,
With Damon I've spent the long day—
While pleasure absorb'd all my powers,
So sweet would he sing the fond lay—

I could pensively wander alone,
When night in deep sombre is clad,
And list to the nightingale's moan,
Whose music 's so soothingly sad.

To me will he always prove true?
I sigh, while my bosom beats high:
Yet, sure, when he bade me adieu,
The tear glisten'd moist in his eye.

I saw him, reluctant, depart,
While sorrow pervaded his soul;
And grief heav'd the sigh from his heart
Of anguish he could not controul.

Now, absent, he heeds not my woe;
Nor thinks he how ardent I love:
Like mine sure his heart ne'er can glow;
Its sorrows his breast ne'er can prove.

September 8, 1803. E. W.

ODES.

[*From Davis's 'Travels in the United States.'*]

I. TO THE MOCKING-BIRD.

SWEET bird, whose imitative strain
Of all thy race can counterfeit the note,
And with a burthened heart complain,
Or to the song of joy attune thy throat;
To thee I touch the string,
While at my casement, from the neighb'ring tree,
Thou hail'st the coming spring,
And plaintive pour'st thy voice, or mock'st with merry glee.

Thou bringest to my mind
The characters we find
Amid the motley scenes of human life;
How very few appear
The garb of truth to wear,
But, with a borrow'd voice, conceal a heart of strife.

Sure then, with wisdom fraught,
Thou art by nature taught,
Dissembled joy in others to deride;
And when the mournful heart
Assumes a sprightly part,
To note the cheat, and with thy mocking chide.

But when, with midnight song,
Thou sing'st the woods among,
And softer feelings in the breast awake;
Sure, then, thy rolling note
Does sympathy denote,
And shows thou canst of others' grief partake.

Pour out thy lengthen'd strain;
With woe and grief complain,
And blend thy sorrows in the mournful lay:
Thy moving tale reveal,
Make me soft pity feel;
I love in silent woe to pass the day.

II. TO A CRICKET.

LITTLE guest with merry throat,
That chirpest by my taper's light,
Come, prolong thy blithsome note,
Welcome visitant of night:

Here enjoy a calm retreat,
In my chimney safely dwell,
No rude hand thy haunt shall beat,
Or chase thee from thy lonely cell.

Come, recount me all thy woes,
While around us sighs the gale;
Or, rejoic'd to find repose,
Charm me with thy merry tale.

Say, what passion moves thy breast?
Does some flame employ thy care?
Perhaps with love thou art oppress'd,
A mournful victim to despair.

Shelter'd from the wintry wind,
Live and sing, and banish care;
Here protection thou shalt find,
Sympathy has brought thee here.

TO A LADY'S FAVOURITE CAT.

BY MR. G. DYER.

PRINCE of cats! with skin so sleek,
Sharpen'd mouth, and jetty cheek;
And tail as coral shining bright,
And eyes that can defy the night:
With whiskers, claws, and scenting nose,
For ever mousing as it goes—
All these proclaim as mere a cat
As ever tuzzled mouse or rat.
But when I mark thy mistress nigh—
(And I have look'd with searching eye)—
The purring soft, the tender gaze,
And all thy little fondling ways;
The playful tail, the touch so bland,
When stroking Sappho's lovely hand;
And when on Sappho's bosom spread,
I see thee nestle close thy head;
And this, and more than this, I see,
Till, happy puss! I envy thee:—
Oh! then, methinks, time was that thou
Wast not what thou appearest now:
While drinking thus of love thy fill,
Thou seemest but a lover still;
Yes, prince of cats, if right I scan,
The time has been when thou wast MAN.

EPITAPH.

STRANGER, who frisk along this church-path way, [lay;
Stop thy quick step, and read this serious
To solemn musings one short hour devote,
And give a loose to salutary thought:
While this according stone attracts thine eye, [must die!
Hear it exclaim—'Thou, mortal, too,
Be wise in time, reform, repent, amend;
Life has no length—eternity no end.'

Haverhill. JOHN WEBB.

FOREIGN NEWS.

Breſt, September 18.

THE prefect of Finiſterre has received and communicated to the ſeveral authorities of the department, the official intimation that the firſt conſul will immediately repair to Granville and St. Maloes. It is not ſtated that he will extend his journey to Breſt: it is deemed, however, not improbable, and in that expectation a guard of honour is preparing for his reception.

Amſterdam, September 20. All our ſhips of war, gun-boats, and flat-bottomed boats, will be aſſembled at three principal ſtations, *viz.* in the Texel, at Helvoetſluys, and at Fluſhing. Each of theſe diviſions will be under a rear-admiral as commander; and admiral De Winter will have the command in chief of the whole fleet.

Mentz, September 23. The movements of the troops towards the coaſt continue to be very active. No perſon any longer doubts that the expedition againſt England will be undertaken. The remainder of the garriſon in Lorrain, Alſace, and Burgundy, have begun their march.

Frankfort, September 24. The imperial *chargé d'affaires*, M. Scheillein, has officially notified to our ſenate the declarations by patent of his imperial majeſty, that he will obſerve a perfect neutrality in the war between France and England; for which communication he received the thanks of the ſenate.

Bruſſels, September 24. General Davouſt, commandant of all the forces which are to be concentrated in the *ci-devant* Flanders, and which will form the centre of the grand army of England, and general Dumas, chief of the ſtaff, who, with ſeveral officers of rank, have made a tour to Dunkirk and along the coaſts, to make the neceſſary diſpoſitions for organiſing the corps which are there aſſembling, returned immediately after to Bruges, where they were preſent at the adminiſtration of the oath to the members of the legion of honour, which was performed with great ceremony. They are now employed in reviewing the troops which ſucceſſively arrive in Flanders, and in making preparations for the eſtabliſhment of a camp at Bruges. The garriſon of that place will be no leſs numerous than that of Ghent; among other troops expected at that place, there are ſome regiments of cavalry, and the conſular body-guard, who will precede the chief conſul. It appears that only one camp will be formed between Ghent, Dynſe, and Bruges, but it will be occupied by an army of eighty thouſand men.

The garriſon of the iſland of Cadſant has been augmented, within theſe ten or twelve days paſt, to about two thouſand men. All the poſts on the coaſt have been occupied by double the number of men; and the command of all the troops collected on the iſland has been entruſted to general Dumont, military commiſſary of the department of the Scheldt.

The troops that are to compoſe the army of Flanders already begin to arrive, and a great number of men are expected ſucceſſively, who are now on their march from different points of the interior of France. As the ſecond journey of the firſt conſul to our departments has been retarded for ſome days, it is ſuppoſed he will not arrive before the 7th or 12th of October.

If letters from Paris may be credited, and they are confirmed by advices from the north of Germany, it appears that urgent propoſitions for a mediation have been renewed by Ruſſia, both at Paris and London, and that at the ſame time the cabinet of Peterſburgh has renewed in the moſt preſſing manner, its ſolicitations for raiſing the blockade of the Elbe and the Weſer. It is further added that the firſt conſul does not decline an accommodation with England on juſt and equitable grounds. It is believed, that it is the arrival of thoſe pacific propoſitions that has delayed the departure of the firſt conſul, Bonaparte, from Paris. Such, at leaſt, are the public ru-

mours now afloat, and which by no means appear devoid of foundation.

Paris, September 25. On the 22d inſtant, five regiments of dragoons were reviewed by the firſt conſul, in the plain of Rocqincourt, near Verſailles. A great number of perſons went to ſee the manœuvres of theſe diſmounted regiments, which, it is ſaid, are to form a part of the army of England. The next day, there was a great concourſe of people at the dock-yard, near the Invalides, where two flat-bottomed boats were launched.

A ſpectacle of the ſame kind as the before-mentioned, but much more grand, took place yeſterday, in the port of Breſt, it being the feſtival of the republic. Two ſhips of war were launched; the Vengeur, of 118 guns, and the Caſſart, of 74 guns. A few days before, another 74, the Suffrein, was launched at L'Orient. It is ſtated, in diſpatches from the miniſter of the marine, that the labourers at the dock-yards at Rochfort are in equal activity, ſo as ſpeedily to furniſh to the republic another veſſel, the Lion, of 74 guns, and four frigates, all of which are in great forwardneſs. In this laſt port, within the year, they have alſo finiſhed two ſhips of the line, the Majeſtueux, of 120, and the Magnanime, of 74 guns.

26. On the 17th inſtant, vice-admiral Truguet, counſellor of ſtate, was appointed commander of the naval force at Breſt. Rear-admiral Lacroſſe, maritime prefect of the diſtrict of Havre, and captain Bonnefous, maritime prefect of the diſtrict of Dunkirk. Theſe two diſtricts, which are the principal, extending from Antwerp to Cherbourg incluſively. The grand, or, as it is termed, the national flotilla, which is forming in all the ports above included, and for the aſſembling of which Boulogne ſerves as a central point, is, as has been ſtated, under the command of admiral Breuix. The Toulon fleet, compoſed of nine ſail of the line and ſix frigates, put to ſea on the 11th inſtant, but was obliged to return into the road, after having been at ſea only ten hours. It is ſaid that their ſpeedy return was owing to the appearance of the Engliſh fleet, of twenty-one ſail, which was announced on the ſame day by beacons from Marſeilles.

Leyden, September 29. The Engliſh ſhips of war, which are cruiſing on the coaſts of this republic, have lately given ſome diſturbance. Yeſterday morning, one of the enemy's veſſels, with ſome gun-boats, approached the coaſt of Zandfert, off Haerlem, ſunk one fiſhing-boat by their fire, nearly deſtroyed another, and damaged ſeveral houſes of the village. The troops on the ſpot did their duty, and were ſpeedily reinforced.

Paris, October 4. Negociations for peace are now no longer ſpoken of. We are aſſured that the laſt propoſitions made by Ruſſia have not been found acceptable on our part.

Some perſons believe that, beſides the expedition againſt England, another great one is preparing, which is ſuppoſed to be intended for Egypt.

The troops aſſembled on the coaſt now receive pay as in the field.

7. When the firſt conſul goes to the army of England, it is underſtood that no council of government will be eſtabliſhed, but the two other conſuls will take the adminiſtration of affairs.

The fortifications of Bruſſels, Leige, Dornick, Cortryk, Namur, Menin, and twenty-four other places, will be demoliſhed, and the ground appertaining to them be ſold, as our frontiers are now altered and extended.

Several engineers have received orders to give in a detailed plan for a junction of the Rhine with the Maeſe and the Scheldt. The work will be begun in the ſpring, unleſs the war ſhould occaſion this important undertaking to be delayed.

Our fleet at Toulon is ready to take advantage of the firſt favourable opportunity to ſail on the ſecret expedition.

11. The greater part of our troops are now in full motion.

The army deſtined for the landing in England, and for other purpoſes, will now be organiſed with the greateſt activity.

The generals and chiefs of the ſtaff of the armies of Bayonne, St. Omer, and Bruges, have all ſet out for the places of their deſtination, and the troops which will compoſe theſe armies are either already arrived or are on their march. The army of Compeigne, which is to ſerve as the army of reſerve, is alſo now formed. General Ney, who is to have the command of it, is immediately expected at Compeigne from Switzerland.

Yeſterday the general of brigade, Ramond Dutaillis, ſet out for the camp, as

chief of the ſtaff. The miniſter at war, Berthier, will, it is ſaid, ſet out the day after to-morrow, to inſpect the camp at St. Omer and Bruges, and the military poſitions on the coaſt.

A camp of twelve thouſand men will likewiſe be formed at Cherbourg. With reſpect to the time when the expedition againſt England will put to ſea, nothing is known with certainty. To-day it was reported that it would not take place ſo ſoon as was at firſt intended.

12. It is determined, we are aſſured, that Bonaparte will put himſelf at the head of the expedition againſt England, and go on board one of the landing veſſels. A plan has lately been laid before the council of ſtate, for fitting out a great number of flat-bottomed boats, which ſhall be faſtened together with iron chains, and will carry a great number of men. Bonaparte is eſtabliſhing a marine guard, to conſiſt of choſen ſailors, who will form the crew of the ſhip on board of which he embarks.

13. The firſt conſul now carries on an immediate correſpondence with the emperor of Ruſſia. The return of a courier from Ruſſia is daily expected; and it is now ſaid that another ambaſſador will arrive in the room of Mr. Markoff.

The firſt conſul is every day employed ſeveral hours in his cabinet, on the ſubject of the expedition againſt England. The time of his departure is at preſent an impenetrable ſecret; but at any rate the preſent winter muſt be productive of very important events.

16. We flatter ourſelves that Ruſſia will continue to obſerve her ſyſtem of neutrality. It is ſaid that prince Dolgorucky is appointed ſucceſſor to count Markoff.

Some emigrants of diſtinction have been ſent to the Temple, charged with intrigues againſt the government.

The Spaniſh miniſter, Hervas, who is appointed miniſter of finance in Spain, now reſides here: he is father-in-law to general Duroc.

The preparations for the expedition againſt England are continued with unabated activity; there will be no thought of peace till the deciſion of the great ſcene now preparing.

Two couriers have arrived here from Madrid; one to the Spaniſh ambaſſador, the chevalier Azzara, and the other to the miniſter Talleyrand. Spain is now unanimous with France with reſpect to the meaſures to be taken. We ſhall ſoon ſee the conſequences of her union in the war againſt England.

The gun-boats, provided with pieces of heavy artillery, which are built according to the directions of the counſellor of ſtate, Farfoit, are much preferable to thoſe built towards the cloſe of the laſt war. A veſſel is building at St. Maloes for the firſt conſul.

25. The Ruſſian ambaſſador, M. Markoff, was again abſent from the diplomatic audience. Citizen Vos von Steenwyk, the Batavian envoy, gave in his letters of recal.

The eighteen gun-boats which have arrived at Boulogne, from Havre-de-Grace, met with no reſiſtance. Some Engliſh cutters, which endeavoured to prevent their junction, could effect nothing. They were obliged to keep at a diſtance from the batteries of the coaſts; and a diſtant cannonade, which did little damage on either ſide, was all that took place. The balls of the Engliſh flew over our ſhips, and the land troops ſhewed great courage.

A great part of the French infantry in Switzerland have received orders to return to France, and march to the coaſts of the Channel. The cavalry will remain ſome time longer, and, it is ſaid, receive a reinforcement. In the room of general Ney, who is to command the camp at Compeigne, general Barbou will take the command of the troops in Switzerland, where a new French ambaſſador will be appointed.

The reports which have lately been circulated, that the preparations in our harbours are carried on with leſs activity, are entirely without foundation.

The Batavian rear-admiral, Verheul, is frequently cloſeted with the firſt conſul, whoſe particular confidence he has obtained.

Some accounts from Spain ſay, that the troops encamped at Valladolid are deſtined to act againſt Portugal, in caſe England ſhould ſend troops to that country.

The miniſter at war, Berthier, is expected back here to-day.

An improved baſon is conſtructing in the harbour at Honfleur, under the firſt ſtone of which is depoſited a piece of money, bearing the head of the firſt conſul.

HOME NEWS.

Cork, September 29.

LIEUTENANT-general Tarleton this day reviewed the whole of the garriſon, regulars and yeomanry, in the Mardyke field. After the review, the general attended the magiſtrates of the ſouthern diſtricts of this county, who met him by appointment at the grand jury room. He addreſſed them in a ſhort but animated ſpeech, in which he pointed out the reſponſibility which he expected from them; that each magiſtrate ſhould watch over the diſtrict in which he reſided, and ſhould make conſtant communications to him of every occurrence that might tend to diſturb the quiet of the country; that he would himſelf viſit each particular diſtrict; and that he would take care that no part ſhould be without the means of ſupporting the loyal and juſt inhabitants, againſt thoſe who might be diſpoſed to act differently.

Edinburgh, October 5. On Saturday morning the Royal Mid-Lothian Volunteer Artillery paraded on the Caſtle-hill, when major Brown formed them into a circle, and addreſſed them in an animated ſpeech, in which he acquainted them that government had received information, that part of the Dutch and French troops had embarked on board the flotilla, and were deſtined for this country. In conſequence of this, he felt it neceſſary to aſk the corps whether an extenſion of their ſervices would be agreeable to them. The major had no ſooner concluded his addreſs, than the whole corps teſtified their aſſent by loud acclamations, and they offered to extend their ſervices to any part of Great Britain.

9. His majeſty's miniſters have complied with the propoſal of the county of Edinburgh, and have permitted its volunteer force to be completed to ſix times its original militia, excluſive of the men which it furniſhed to the corps already eſtabliſhed in the city.

Dover, October 9. Waggons are ordered to be provided and kept in readineſs in the principal towns along the coaſt, for the purpoſe of conveying into the interior of the country the ſick, the women, and children, ſhould the French ſucceed in effecting a landing. Thoſe provided for this town were laſt Sunday collected on the parade, for the inſpection of Mr. Pitt, as lord warden of the cinque ports.

Plymouth, October 18. On Sunday orders were received here, from the tranſport-board, to provide as ſoon as poſſible ſalt proviſions and ſtores, of different deſcriptions, for four months, for twenty thouſand tons of ſhipping for the tranſport ſervice. The object of this order is, of courſe, kept a profound ſecret.

Dublin, October 26. This day the town was full of the rumour of another, and immediately intended, inſurrection; and it was ſaid that ſeventeen ſtrange perſons were taken up in different parts of the city, under ſuſpicious circumſtances. It is found on inquiry into the buſineſs, however, an idle report. Two or three men have indeed been brought here from the country, and among them one named Neale, brother-in-law to Dwyer, the famous rebel robber.

It is underſtood that our theatre will not be permitted to be open this winter.

Shorncliff, October 27. There was an alarm here the night before laſt, in conſequence of a hut taking fire, which the remote parts of the camp imagined to be the beacon, and ſeveral regiments, influenced by this idea, were immediately dreſſed and under arms. The miſtake, however, was ſoon corrected, and they returned to their beds; but they are entitled to great praiſe for the expeditious manner in which they turned out on this occaſion.

The Eaſt Middleſex regiment was reviewed yeſterday by major-general Moore, who expreſſed himſelf highly pleaſed at their appearance and diſcipline. The ground was crowded with military ſpectators, among whom were brigadier-general Campbell, lord Folk-

ſtone, the hon. captain Bouverie, and colonel Ravenſhaw.

This morning an alarm was ſounded in Sandgate, by order of the commanding officer of the 14th light dragoons, to try how ſoon the troops of that regiment would be mounted; and, though they were in watering order and totally unprepared, they appeared mounted and completely equipped for ſervice in leſs than half an hour.

The ſtricteſt orders are enforced here, no officer being ſuffered to ſleep out of camp. The ſoldiers, on retiring to bed, are obliged to have all their neceſſaries properly packed and ready to put on at a moment's notice in the darkeſt night. The cavalry have received ſimilar orders, each man's ſaddle and accoutrements being ſo arranged that no confuſion can take place, if neceſſary to mount at night.

The ſea fencibles are very vigilant all along the coaſt, and every individual manifeſts a zeal not only to do his duty but even to go beyond it.

Waterford, November 1. On Saturday evening laſt a moſt atrocious murder was committed in the liberties of this city. The following are all the particulars of this horrid tranſaction which have come to our knowledge:—About the hour of nine o'clock on the above evening, John Scott, glaſs-blower, was returning home to his houſe, ſituate on the road to Gracedieu, and immediately above Mr. Strangman's concerns. Being a yeoman in Mr. May's corps, he was dreſſed in uniform, and had his arms with him. His wife, alarmed by his not returning at the uſual hour that night, roſe early on Sunday morning to make inquiries; and, within two hundred yards of her own dwelling, diſcovered the mangled corpſe of her murdered huſband. The bayonet was found near the body, broke and bloody; the muſquet had been carried off, but the butt end, and a part of the ſtock, were afterwards found in a neighbouring field. His head and face were dreadfully bruiſed and battered, probably by the butt end of the muſquet, as it was all ſtained with blood; two deep wounds alſo appeared in his head, as if made with a triangular inſtrument, no doubt with his own bayonet, which, in the judgment of Dr. Poole and ſurgeon Barker, who examined the body, occaſioned his death.

At eleven o'clock on Sunday, John Roberts, eſq. coroner of this city, held an inqueſt on the body, when a verdict was found of wilful murder againſt perſons unknown.

Yeſterday, William Hamilton, who was lately apprehended in Enniſkillen, was brought into town and lodged in the Caſtle.

Eaſtbourn, November 2. A man named Walter, a fiſherman here, lately put an end to his exiſtence, by ſhooting himſelf through the head with a fowling-piece, the barrel of which is upwards of four feet long. The unhappy man above-mentioned was a widower, aged upwards of forty years, and the father of ſeveral children: he had, for a conſiderable time paſt, entertained an affection for a widow in his neighbourhood, who is likewiſe a parent, and who, in a fit of jealouſy, he firſt attempted to ſhoot with the fatal engine with which he deſtroyed himſelf, but was prevented from the commiſſion of that act by a young man, the object of his jealouſy, who puſhed the muzzle of the piece aſide at the inſtant it was diſcharged by Walter at the widow's head. The deſperate man was afterwards apparently appeaſed, and left the houſe with his gun, ſaying he ſhould go home. He, however, ſoon after returned to the door of the widow's houſe, with his piece re-loaded, and, having tied a ſtring to the trigger, pulled it with his foot, when the whole charge paſſed through his head, and killed him on the ſpot. The coroner's jury on Monday returned a verdict of lunacy.

London, November 2. A fortnight ago, the fifth regiment of the Loyal London Volunteers had a grand field-day in the neighbourhood of Highbury-barn. On their return home, a member of the corps received a violent injury from one of his comrades, which is likely to coſt him his life. On marching up Ludgate-hill, one of the regiment was told by a fellow-ſoldier, that he had not the right ſtep, and that, if he did not alter it, he might inadvertently tread upon his heels, which ſhortly proved to be the caſe. The perſon who had been trodden upon was much hurt from the accident, and ſaid, 'If the gentleman did ſo again, he would knock him down with his muſquet.' The gentleman, anxious to avoid a quarrel, and being near home, fell out of the ranks, and a Mr. Pritchard filled his place, which was not obſerved by the

man before him. Mr. Pritchard ſoon felt the inconvenience of the perſon's marching, and ſaid, 'Indeed, ſir, you have not got the right ſtep.' Upon which the irritated volunteer turned quickly round, and aimed a deſperate blow at the other's head, the force of which was in a great degree parried by Mr. Downs, an officer, who was aware of its coming; the lock of the muſquet, however, ſtruck Mr. Pritchard ſo forcibly on the forehead that it brought him to the ground, and cut him ſo ſeverely that he was obliged to be taken to Mr. Ramſden, the ſurgeon of the regiment, who dreſſed the wound, and found it to be of a dangerous nature. He has lingered in great agony ever ſince.

3. Yeſterday, the 8th regiment of Loyal London Volunteers, under the command of colonel Canning, had a grand field-day, and a ſham fight, upon a regular plan, near Hornſey. Mr. George Dewy, a reſpectable wine-merchant in Crutched-friars, led on the French party to the attack, and was made priſoner in the conteſt, at which time the firing was very briſk, and he, unfortunately, received the contents of a muſquet in his right ſide, and immediately fell. The blood guſhed from the wound as well as from his noſe and mouth. He was directly carried to the Sluice houſe and laid upon a bed, where Mr. Lee, the ſurgeon to the regiment, attended him. Colonel Canning, however, was deſirous of his having every poſſible advice, and accordingly ſent off for ſir W. Blizard; who, on his arrival, gave but faint hopes of recovery, unleſs inflammation could be prevented.

Yeſterday morning, at ſeven o'clock, a man engaged, for a wager of one hundred guineas, to walk four miles in thirty-five minutes. He performed the taſk, with eaſe, three minutes within the time, going and returning twice in thirty-two minutes, from the upper end of Sloane-ſtreet at Knightſbridge to the Cheſhire-cheeſe at Chelſea, being exactly a ſpace of one mile. For the laſt half-mile he took the matter quite at his eaſe, being perfectly ſecure of the wager. There was a great concourſe of people, though the hour was ſo early, and the thing was not very public.

4. Daniel Iſaac Eaton, formerly a bookſeller in Newgate-ſtreet, convicted about three years ſince of publiſhing a ſeditious libel, and who was outlawed, in conſequence of not appearing to receive judgment, was yeſterday apprehended by Rivett, one of the Bow-ſtreet officers, and lodged in the cuſtody of the ſheriff of London.

On Friday laſt a perſon, having previouſly watched a gentleman out of his houſe in New Cavendiſh-ſtreet, knocked at the door, and demanded immediate audience of the gentleman's wife, and, while the footman was gone up ſtairs, to inform her of the ſame, the fellow made ſhift to carry off a new pair of leather ſmall-clothes. The gentleman returning home immediately after, ordered his carriage to ſet off to Monmouth-ſtreet, and from thence to Ruſſel-court, Drury-lane, without meeting with the robber. He then ordered his coachman to drive to Rag-fair, when, after a fruitleſs ſearch of near an hour, as he was coming away, he ſaw a crowd of people together, and curioſity induced him to ſee whether any thing was the matter, when he ſaw a man ſelling the identical pair of leather breeches that he had loſt. He was immediataly taken into cuſtody; and, having played the gentleman ſeveral tricks of the ſame nature, he was determined to put a ſtop to his career, which he has effected by the inſtant means he purſued.

8. Laſt night Mr. Dewy, of the 8th regiment of Loyal London Volunteers, who was wounded in a ſham fight near Hornſey, expired at the Sluice-houſe, in excruciating pain.

On Sunday morning, a young man was arreſted at an inn in Holborn by Townſend and Sayers, two of the Bow-ſtreet officers, under authority of a warrant, wherein he ſtands charged with ſeditious practices. Yeſterday he underwent a private examination before ſir Richard Ford, at the public-office, Bow-ſtreet, and was committed to Tothill-fields-bridewell. The priſoner ſays, that he has lately eſcaped from France in an American veſſel; that he is a native of this country, but has been many years at Havre with his father, who, he ſays, is a merchant there.

14. This day, intelligence was received of the ſurrender of the Dutch ſettlements of Demerara and Eſſequibo, notice of which was immediately tranſmitted into the city by the following letter to the lord mayor:

'*Downing-ſtreet, November* 14, 1803.
'My lord,

'I have the honour to acquaint your lordſhip, that I have this moment received intelligence of the ſurrender of the colonies of Demarara and Eſſequibo, on the 19th of September laſt, to his majeſty's forces, under the command of general Grinfield and commodore Hood.

'I have the honour to be, &c.

'HOBART.

'The right hon. the lord mayor, &c. &c.'

BIRTHS.

Oct. 27. At Guildhall, the lady of the city remembrancer, of a daughter, her tenth child.

Lady Caroline Ruſhout, of a daughter, at Northwick-park, Worceſterſhire.

30. In Ducheſs-ſtreet, Portland-place, Mrs. Gore, of a ſon.

In Merrion-ſquare, Dublin, the counteſs of Meath, of a ſon.

The right hon. lady Catherine Brownlow, of a ſon.

At Whedial-hall, Hertfordſhire, lady Charlotte Howard, of a daughter.

In the iſland of Guernſey, the lady of rear-admiral ſir Jas. Saumarez, of a ſon.

31. The lady of the hon. col. Vaughan, M. P. of a ſon.

November 1. Mrs. Carſtairs, of Stratford-green, in Eſſex, of a daughter.

2. At his houſe, in Baker-ſtreet, Portman-ſquare, the lady of major Daviſon, of a daughter.

In Charlotte-ſtreet, Bloomſbury, the lady of Rich. Butler, eſq. of a daughter.

4. The lady of Joſhua S. S. Smith, eſq. of Hampton-court-green, of a ſon.

At his houſe, in Devonſhire-place, the lady of John Tunno, eſq. of a daughter.

8. At Ingeſtree, the right hon. counteſs Talbot, of a ſon.

10. Of her tenth child, the lady of J. Griffiths, eſq. of Lower Groſvenor-ſtreet.

At Flower-place, Surrey, the lady of the hon. George Nevill, of a ſon.

12. The lady of lord viſcount Falkland, of a ſon.

14. At Grange, near Wakefield, the right hon. lady Amelia Raye, of a ſon.

MARRIAGES.

October 20. At Downton, in Wiltſhire, Arthur Foulks, eſq. of Brockenhurſt-houſe, to miſs Mary Mackenzie, ſecond daughter of George Mackenzie, eſq. of Clarendon, in Jamaica.

William Dunbar, eſq. of Southampton-row, Bloomſbury, to miſs Jemmett, of the Fernier-hall.

22. At Northampton, Mr. Walter Watkins, farmer, to Mrs. C. Leakins, widow of William Leakins, newſman.

Roſton Gamage, eſq. of Aldermanbury, to miſs Waite, of Tooting, Surrey.

27. At Bingley, in Yorkſhire, captain Charles Jones, of his majeſty's 18th regiment of light dragoons, to miſs Buſfeild, only daughter of Johnſon Atkinſon Buſfeild, eſq. of Myrtle-grove.

At St. Margaret's church, Weſtminſter, Aſbury Dickens, eſq. late of Philadelphia, to miſs Lillias Arnot, daughter of the late H. Arnot, eſq. of Balcormo.

At Greſham, the rev. Francis Edward Arden, to miſs Pinkard, of Blickling.

29. William Wilcocks, eſq. of Norwich, to Mrs. Chollett, widow of the late S. Chollett, eſq. of Croome, Surrey.

Nov. 1. John Brettle, eſq. of Thurgarton, Nottinghamſhire, to miſs Raddiſh, of Storrington, in Suſſex.

Wm. Egerton, eſq. of Tatton-park, M. P. for the county of Cheſter, to miſs Payler, daughter of T. W. Payler, eſq. of Iliden, near Canterbury.

The rev. Thomas Whaſley, rector of Eaton, Northamptonſhire, to miſs Catherine Maria Packe.

Geo. Auſt, eſq. of Chelſea, to the hon. Mrs. Murray, widow of the late hon. W. Murray, brother to the earl of Dunmore.

4. Lieut.-col. Hosford, to miſs Brockſop, daughter of Edward Brockſop, eſq.

8. Thomas Solly, eſq. of St. Mary Axe, to miſs Travers, eldeſt daughter of Benjamin Travers, eſq. of Clapton.

At St. Mary-la-bonne church, Nathaniel Evans, eſq. of Carher-lodge, in the county of Cork, Ireland, to miſs Parker, niece to adm. ſir P. Parker, bart.

10. Lieutenant Jackſon, of the 6th regiment of foot, to miſs Elam, daughter of Gervas Elam, eſq.

Mr. George Twining, to miſs Brewſter, of Clapton.

15. Mr. Owen, attorney, of Bartlett's-buildings, to miſs Catherine Dabbs, daughter of the rev. John Dabbs, of Seckington, in Warwickſhire.

17. At St. Mary-la-bonne church, the rev. Edward Dawkins, to miſs Hannah Littledale, daughter of Thomas Littledale, eſq. of Portland-place.

18. At Fulham, R. Maſon, eſq. of

Great Ruſſel-ſtreet, Bloomſbury, to miſs Stone, of Walham-green.

19. William Curtis, eſq. of Lombard-ſtreet, banker, eldeſt ſon of ſir Wm. Curtis, bart. to miſs Lear, daughter of George Lear, eſq. of Laytonſtone.

DEATHS.

October 11. At his houſe, at Langford, in Wiltſhire, aged 65, Robert Burland, eſq. brother to the late ſir John Burland, a baron of the exchequer, and uncle to J. Burland, eſq. M. P. for Totneſs.

12. At Walworth, T. Thompſon, eſq. aged 76, many years a caſhier of the Bank of England.

13. At Sherfield-houſe, in Hampſhire, Mrs. Lockhart, wife of J. Lockhart, eſq.

At her father's houſe, in Baker-ſtreet, Mrs. A. S. Sober, wife of captain Sober.

14. At her houſe, in Gay-ſtreet, Bath, viſcounteſs Northland, wife of lord viſcount Northland, of Ireland.

At his houſe, in Canterbury, William Scott, eſq. of the ancient family of Baliol Scotts, late of Scott's-hall, Kent.

18. At her houſe, at Fulham, Mrs. Chauncy, relict of the late W. H. Chauncy, eſq. of Edgcott, Northamptonſhire.

20. Henry Spence Hogarth, eſq. of Ford-place, near Stifford, Eſſex.

21. At his ſeat, at Twickenham, in the 74th year of his age, lord Frederick Cavendiſh. He is ſucceeded in his eſtate by lord G. H. Cavendiſh, to whom, as well as the duke of Devonſhire, he was uncle.

23. At Dalnamain, in the county of Sutherland, enſign James Sutherland, late of the Caithneſs highlanders.

24. In Great Queen-ſtreet, Mrs. Wildman, relict of the late William Wildman, eſq

25. At Queenwood-hill, Surrey, T. B. H. Sewell, eſq. lieutenant-colonel of the late Surrey fencible cavalry.

27. At Portſmouth, Mrs. Pearce, wife of lieut. Jas. Pearce, of the royal marines, and daughter of the hon. Mr. Roper.

At Watford, Herts, Mr. Samuel Deacon, attorney-at-law.

At Harrow ſchool, Soame Jenyns, eldeſt ſon of the rev. Mr. Jenyns, of Bottiſham-hall, Cambridgeſhire.

29. The lady of Edmund Lechmere, of Hanley-caſtle, Worceſterſhire.

November 1. At his houſe, in Pall-mall, Geo. Harch. eſq. late one of the members of the board of revenue on the Bengal eſtabliſhment.

Col. Charles Heathcote, pay maſter of the Hereford diſtrict, and late of Derby.

At Caroline-mount, Chinkford, Eſſex, Eſther Cooke, wife of Wm. Cooke, eſq.

At Exmouth, the lady of Henry Harford, eſq. of New Cavendiſh-ſtreet.

2. The hon. Mrs. Mary Elizabeth Forbes, daughter of the right hon. lord Forbes, ſiſter of her grace the ducheſs of Athol, and wife of John Hay, eſq. banker, in Edinburgh.

Mrs. Wright, wife of Thos. Wright, eſq. of Titchfield-ſtreet, aged 75.

At Linlithgow, James Andrew, eſq. late provoſt of that burgh.

At Paiſley, Mr. John Patiſon, late chief magiſtrate of that place.

At Newport, in the Iſle of Wight, Benj. Smith, eſq. in the 87th year of his age, formerly of Cannon-ſtreet, London.

At his ſeat, at Carlton Kings, Glouceſterſhire, Dodington Hunt, eſq.

3. At Southampton, aged 77, Mrs. Richards, relict of the late F. Richards, eſq. captain in his majeſty's navy.

4. At Turnham-green, Mr. Dove, of Blandford-houſe, Portman-ſquare.

At her ſeat, at Woneriſh, near Guildford, the right hon. lady Grantley, relict of the late and mother of the preſent lord Grantley, in the 95th year of her age.

5. Mr. Richard Irwing, of the Holm, near Longtown, Cumberland, aged 74.

At Edinburgh, ſir John Gibſon Carmichael, bart. of Skirling.

6. At Ilford, Eſſex, Mrs. Lee, wife of G. Lee, eſq. banker, Lombard-ſtreet.

Mr. C. Bibb, long known in the gay circles of Covent-garden and St. James's by the name of Count Bibb.

8. At his houſe, at Canonbury, John Struther Ancrum, eſq. in his 49th year.

Mr. Chriſtie, ſen. of Pall-mall.

10. In the 88th year of his age, in Glouceſter-ſtreet, Queen-ſquare, Wm. Jackſon, eſq. one of the caſhiers of the Bank of England. He had been in the ſervice of the company between 50 and 60 years, and was the father of the Bank.

13. At the Hot-wells, Briſtol, captain Charles Whyte, of the 2d Royal Lancaſhire Militia.

15. At Taunton, Somerſetſhire, Mrs. Luttrell, mother of J. F. Luttrel, M. P.

At Monckon-rectory, near Taunton, the rev. Dr. Croſſman.

16. Miſs Catherine Thompſon, eldeſt daughter of the late Mr. Thompſon, of Mortimer-ſtreet.