

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

APPROPRIATED
 SOLELY TO THEIR USE AND AMUSEMENT.

FOR OCTOBER, 1803.

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This Number is embellished with the following Copper-plates:

- 1 MISTAKES ON BOTH SIDES.
- 2 For the MORAL ZOOLOGIST—VULTURE.
- 3 An elegantly-coloured PARIS DRESS.
- 4 A new and elegant PATTERN for a GOWN, APRON, &c. &c.
- 5 MUSIC—DISINTERESTED LOVE: the Words and Music by W. BARRE.

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Where Favours from Correspondents continue to be received.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

WE should be obliged to our correspondent near Hertford, who signs *A Constant Reader*, for a further continuation of her novel.

R. B.'s contributions shall occasionally appear. To the inquiry of this correspondent we have to answer, that enigmas and questions which have merit will certainly be inserted.

We are much obliged to E. W. for her communication: her request shall be attended to.

Florio's Essay is received, as are also J. M.'s communications from Margate, which are intended for our next. *The Close of Evening—Autumn, a Rhapsody—The Messengers, a true Tale—and Rebus*, by T. G., are also received.

Engraved for the Ladies Magazine.



Mistakes on both Sides.

THE
LADY'S MAGAZINE,

For OCTOBER, 1803.

MISTAKES ON BOTH SIDES;

A TALE.

(With an elegant Engraving.)

AMONG the giddy circles of fashionable life, the youthful and gay lord Orwell shone conspicuous. Elegantly formed, of an amiable disposition, accompanied by the most pleasing manners, which had received the highest polish of politeness, and distinguished for his unaffected vivacity and genuine wit, he was the soul of every company in which he appeared. Endowments of this brilliant nature, it will naturally be supposed, rendered him a favourite with the fairer sex, who vied with each other in attempts to impose on him their chains, and lead him in triumph a willing captive.

But the female whose fair exterior was unanimated by understanding, or in whom levity and frivolity had extinguished good sense, could make little impression on the heart of Frederick Orwell. His natural discernment soon discovered whether vanity constituted the whole of the character, or whether real intelligence and merit were apparent through the disguise of modern manners.

His attention was attracted, his admiration excited, and his heart more sensibly affected than he was at first conscious of, by the unequalled beauty, the intelligent sprightliness, and amiable manners, of lady Anne Penthièvre. The spark of love,

which the first view of her had kindled in his bosom, was, by frequently indulging in the pleasure of her company, fanned into a flame, and he soon found an opportunity of avowing to her the impression she had made on his heart. The unaffectedly modest and delicate, yet evidently favourable, manner in which she received his declaration, rivetted his pleasing chains, and from that time he became her acknowledged and approved suitor, and most ardent lover.

After having enjoyed for some time the unruffled tranquillity of undisturbed confidence in each other, the fiend Jealousy injected a drop of her gall into each of their hearts, and rapid and tormenting were the effects of the hateful poison.

At a splendid ball given by a lady of distinction, and to which lord Orwell and lady Penthièvre were invited, the latter danced with a young nobleman equally distinguished by his personal accomplishments, the ancient honours of his family, and his extensive estates. Her lover, whose eye was attentively fixed on them, thought he perceived that his lordship was too sensible to the beauties and elegant carriage of his partner; and that she, in her turn, displayed too great a degree of exulta-

tion in having thus excited his attention. Not a little piqued at this, he, in his turn, selected as his partner a young lady of great beauty, and heiress to an immense fortune, to whom he paid the most flattering attention, which she on her part seemed most willingly to receive. His behaviour he rendered purposely so conspicuous that it could not escape the notice of lady Anne; and the same evening a visible coolness took place between them, though not a word was said by either with respect to the transaction which had given each offence. They separated without the least explanation, and their officious imaginations, brooding over what had passed, swelled the trifling incidents which had given birth to their idle jealousy into undeniable proofs of the suggestions of groundless suspicion, and insurmountable obstacles to their union.

For two whole days the hearts of the lovers were a prey to acute pains which they had never known before. At length lord Orwell found that he obtained not only ease, but that his sufferings were changed into ecstatic delight, by admitting the idea that he had been mistaken, and that his dearest Anne had not swerved in thought from her fidelity to him. He immediately started up, and hastened to the house of her aunt, with whom she resided. He passed into the garden where she was sitting alone, indulging in fact, the melancholy disposition of mind into which the rupture that had taken place between her and her lover had plunged her. The moment she saw him approaching, the first sensation of her heart was an exultation of joy, the expression of which however she checked, conceiving it more suitable to the dignity of her sex, and her conscious innocence, to treat with careless levity and disregard the man who could so readily admit suspicions which she esteemed deroga-

tory to her honour, and so easily permit himself to take a mean revenge. She received him, therefore, with an air of the greatest indifference, which, however, it cost her not a little painful exertion to assume. Her careless manner, and apparent levity, revived in the heart of lord Orwell all his former suspicions with redoubled force. He endeavoured, at first, to answer her with equal levity and indifference, but in this attempt he failed. The mingling flames of love and jealousy blazed too fiercely in his heart for him to resist their united power. Abruptly he assumed a serious air—

‘I must,’ said he, ‘I must put an end to this trifling. I wish to know what I am to think of what I lately saw. If rank and wealth have such superior attractions in your eyes, I am ready—I am willing—yes, I am willing to resign’——

‘No apology, I entreat you,’ replied lady Anne, with a scornful smile. ‘If the fortune of an heiress be an object so much preferable, you might refrain at least from endeavouring to invent accusations which you know have no foundation.’

‘Madam,’ returned he, ‘that insinuation is but a poor subterfuge. Let me have,—and I think I am entitled to demand it of your candour,—let me have,’ added he, raising his voice, ‘an explicit declaration—an explanation’——

‘My lord,’ answered she, ‘this, certainly, is language I cannot understand. I know not what I am to explain: at any rate, such an explanation as you seem to require is beneath me.’

‘My lady,’ rejoined he, hastily turning round, and taking out his watch, ‘if you had been disposed to give it, I have not time to hear it; for now I recollect I have a particular engagement.’

Thus saying, he made her a formal obeisance, and abruptly left her.

The rupture between these two mistaken lovers was now become wider than ever, and the difficulty of a reconciliation apparently much greater. Both, at the same time, secretly blamed themselves for the manner in which they had acted; she, that she had treated him with such assumed levity and indifference, which did not accord with the real feelings of her heart; and he that he had expressed himself in a manner so hasty and peremptory.

At length, the aunt of lady Anne, an elderly lady of the most friendly and generous disposition, discovered, from the melancholy and visible uneasiness of her niece, and the absence of lord Orwell, that there was some disagreement between the lovers. She questioned lady Anne on the subject, and was soon satisfied that the most groundless suspicions had inflicted severe pains on two excellent hearts; and, if a remedy were not timely employed, might separate for ever two amiable persons who appeared born for each other. She accordingly sent for lord Orwell, and, in the presence of her niece, thus addressed him:—

‘So, I find the common case has happened: you have quarrelled with one another you know not for what. But so it always is: you people of understanding, when you are in love, have no more wit than the foolishlest country boys and girls. Here are nothing but *mistakes on both sides*, and faults on both sides. I am sure you love her, and I know she loves you; so take her hand, and be happy in defiance of Jealousy and all her imps.’

Lord Frederic gladly obeyed the advice of the good old lady, and took and ardently pressed the hand of lady Anne, who, bursting into tears, silently and tenderly avowed the truth and warmth of her affec-

tions; while her lover, throwing himself at her feet, solicited her forgiveness for having once questioned her disinterested fidelity and sincerity. Their mutual confidence in each other was never again disturbed by suspicion, either previous to or after their union for life, which soon took place; and their affectionate gratitude to the good old lady who had thus extricated them from their difficulties, and reconciled them by her candid and friendly interference, knew no bounds.

SIGNE AND HAVOR;
A GOTHIC ROMANCE.

(Continued from p. 431.)

IN the mean time Hildegise, with the remainder of his fleet, which consisted of forty ships, had returned to Sigerstedt. He immediately repaired to the queen and related to her all that had happened. At the first part of his narrative she manifested the greatest joy; but, when he disclosed to her the death of Alf, she raved as one frantic with grief, rage, and the furious thirst of revenge. When her contending passions suffered her to give utterance to her thoughts, she exclaimed—

‘Let Bolvise be called; of him we must ask counsel how to act.’

Bolvise, the artful, insidious, and malignant Bolvise, came at her summons. He advised that an assembly of the people should immediately be convened, and informed that Habor, impelled by a deadly, yet dissembled, hatred, had attacked and slain Alf, though not with impunity, since his father and brother had fallen in the fierce conflict which his treachery had occasioned.

‘This assembly,’ added he, ‘may easily be induced to decide as we wish, if the Saxons are allowed to have voices in it; for they will cer-

tainly outvoted the few Danes who have seats with them; some of whom are absent with Alger, and still more with Syvald: and we must hasten the meeting of the assembly before the return of the absent Danes.'

'Thinkest thou, then,' said Hildegise, 'that my Saxons—' but suddenly he checked himself; for it instantly occurred to him, that if Habor were condemned to death as a traitor, he might with much more confidence hope to obtain Signe. Love therefore closed his lips, and imperiously inclined him silently to acquiesce in treachery.

The assembly of the people was convoked without delay. Bolvise accused Habor, and depicted his conduct in the blackest colours. Hildegise supported him feebly and fearfully. But the queen determined the wavering, and dispelled every doubt. With dishevelled hair and eyes flashing phrensy, with blood-stained cheeks torn with her own hands in dreadful desperation, she rushed into the assembly exclaiming—'Murder! Vengeance! Death!'

Sigar, in the mean time, overwhelmed with grief, was unable to rise from his bed. The death of his son inflicted the severest of wounds on his heart. He raved against Habor, yet could he not comprehend his conduct.

'He is,' said he, 'a hero—a true hero, and could not, surely, act unworthy of himself. I know not how to take his life; yet the blood of Alf demands it. My son must be avenged. Yet Signe—'

At the same instant Signe lay prostrate at his feet. Bera, who feared her tender and persuasive affection, had placed guards at her door, under the pretext of preventing her from doing herself injury. But these Signe had persuaded to let her pass.

A long time they withstood her entreaties and her tears; but her beauty, her courage, the dignity of her demeanour, and her ardent affection, at length prevailed.

'Dearest father,' exclaimed she, 'Habor is accused—' and she embraced the knees of the aged monarch—'he is accused innocently.'

'He has killed Alf.'

'Yes; in the martial contest—in fair combat.'

'No; by treacherous assault: the testimonies are against him.'

'Let him come and defend himself: his open, generous demeanour shall be his defence, and convince all who look on him that he is incapable of treachery.'

'The witnesses say he is guilty.'

Signe raised her head, while confidence, courage, and love, beamed in her eyes.

'Guilty!—Habor cannot be guilty: my heart declares him innocent. Listen, dearest father, to thy daughter: give her a second time that life which thou didst first bestow upon her.'

The head of Signe sank on her knees, and her tears streamed in torrents. Tender and yielding was the heart of Sigar: a cloud seemed to veil his eyes; and the drops of sorrow flowed down his beard, and moistened the cheeks of his daughter, mingling with her tears.

'Dearest Signe, thou declarest Habor innocent, and innocent he is in my eyes. Would to Heaven that the assembly of the people had not already pronounced him guilty!—But now, what can I do?'

'You are king; refuse your consent, and the sentence of the people has no power.'

'Alas! I have already given my word to Bolvise.'

Transfixed as with a thunderbolt was Signe; the breath of life seemed to forsake her: at length she ex-

claimed, with a feeble and faltering voice: 'Syvald, Alger, Bolvise, where are you? The gods have ordained that you should be absent for my punishment. Is it thus, ye divine powers, that ye forsake innocence, that ye abandon those who hope and confide in you!'

Her eyes remained fixed, and a dead silence followed: Sigar could not endure to look on her; but turned away his face in speechless suffering.

At this moment entered Bera and Bolvise, with an air of triumph which they could not conceal.

'Hail, sovereign lord!' said they; 'Alf shall be avenged: the assembly has decreed Habor a treacherous assassin.'

'But how! Signe here!' exclaimed Bera, with the strongest emotion of surprise at the sight of her daughter.

'The death of Habor,' answered Signe, 'will not restore life to Alf. But what did I hear? Habor treacherous! the hero Habor, my friend, my husband, a treacherous assassin!'

'Signe,' said Bera, endeavouring to assume a soothing mildness, 'forget the man so unworthy of thy heart.'

'Unworthy of my heart! No; he possesses, and eternally shall possess, my heart. My vow, my wish, the consent of my parents, and the approbation of the gods, have given it to him, and nothing can deprive him of it: nothing can change my determination and my destiny.'

'But recollect, dear Signe, he has murdered thy brother! thy brave, thy worthy brother! my much-loved son! the shield and bulwark of Denmark! and shall he not then pay his forfeit life?'

'Habor cannot have acted unworthy of himself: all his former generous acts, all his noble demeanour, his exalted magnanimity, my affections, and my heart, declare him innocent.'

'I commiserate, sincerely commiserate, thy feelings: in the same situation I might judge in the same manner. Thy ardent, tender affection most powerfully pleads thy excuse: but the sentence is pronounced, and is irrevocable.'

'My heart also is irrevocable. In banishment with him, transcendently more happy shall I be than in this hated palace. Exiled with him, it will be bliss to wander. But Norway is his country: it is also mine. The whole world is the country of virtue and the hero.'

With a noble dignity, the princess turned to leave the chamber. Her step was as the step of Odin, when he approaches his throne to sit in judgment with the gods. She had formed her resolution fixed as the decree of the destinies. Bolvise looked after with a malignant and contemptuous eye.

'The princess,' said he, 'seems resolved to be married; but there are more men than Habor.'

Signe darted on him a glance significant of contempt which she had never before expressed or felt. She answered not, but her eyes said—'Thou deservest no answer. Let paleness overspread thy cheek, base slanderer! and honour that virtue of which thou hast no knowledge.'

Sigar, with difficulty, raised himself in his bed, and exclaimed—'Insolent dastard! thou insultest my age and my weakness. Knowest thou not that respect and reverence is due to every female, especially to the daughter of thy sovereign?'

Bolvise retired, at a sign from Bera, without answering, though his soul was rent with rage, and the secret wish of his malignant heart was: 'May the Furies grant that thou and Habor may fall by each other's swords.'

In the mean time Signe had thrown herself into the arms of her

affectionate friend Svanhild.——
 ‘All is lost,’ exclaimed she, ‘except virtue and honour. Habor is condemned as deserving death; condemned to death by the Danes, who never decided unjustly till now that their sentence whelms me in wretchedness.’

‘Dearest friend,’ replied Svanhild, ‘endeavour to calm thy agitated mind. Scarcely any Danes have condemned Habor: the assembly consisted almost entirely of Saxons.’

‘Of Saxons! How can strangers give judgment in the assembly of Denmark?’

‘So it was determined. Bera had ordered that they should have voices on this occasion.’

‘Why is she my mother? Yet I am her daughter!’

A blush crimsoned the cheeks of Signe: she covered her eyes with her hands, and dared not look upon Svanhild, who exclaimed: ‘Oh, amiable and virtuous maiden, worthy of a better mother and a better fate!’

A profound silence followed, which was suddenly interrupted in an unexpected manner.

(To be continued.)

MISCELLANEOUS THOUGHTS.

A GREAT writer has said that there are three inanimate things, that have each a quality appropriate to them which never changes:—suspicion, the wind, and fidelity. Suspicion never leaves the mind it has once entered—the wind never enters any place whence it cannot come out—and fidelity, when it is once gone, never returns.

We cannot hope really to please one part of mankind, without wish-

ing, from the same reason, extremely to displease the other.

Next to just thoughts, bold thoughts are most estimable.

Those who have violent passions are frequently the most worthy persons, if we except those passions.

Interest is the reverse of glory.

Natural merit without education is a rough diamond, which must be examined closely to ascertain its value: it is only esteemed by connoisseurs. As for that superficial merit which is bestowed by education and an acquaintance with the world, it is an artificial brilliant which dazzles the eyes of the ignorant, but is despised by connoisseurs. A happy natural disposition, cultivated by a good education, and brought to perfection by an intercourse with persons of merit, unites every perfection, and attracts the admiration and praise of every one.

Though it is of the nature of ivy to creep, yet it can raise itself to a great height by means of the tree to which it fastens, from which it derives its nourishment, and which it prevents from acquiring that strength and perfection to which it would have attained without it: a lively image of the prince and the flatterer.

Since it is acknowledged to be the greatest of pleasures to be alone with the object of our love; whence is it that the vain man, who is a prey to self-love, cannot endure to remain a moment by himself?

Since affection and friendship are two of the strongest bonds which attach us to life, it should seem that the great ought to quit it with less difficulty.

Fortune is like a river which turns aside when it meets with elevated places: virtue and greatness of mind place men out of its course.

The MONKS and the ROBBERS;

A TALE.

(Continued from page 417.)

‘THE old knave went about to show fight,’ continued the robber; ‘but a slice o’ th’ sponce quieted him in no time; and a lusty stroke with a filetto, from Sanguigno, quickly stopt his wife’s howling; and we should ha’ settled our business with the wench easily enough, but she made so much noise that the troop we mustered in, being hard at hand, heard her; and our captain, this same fellow we have been talking of, and some two or three of our comrades, quickly burst into the cot. At sight of us the captain stormed like the devil, and, in a twinkling, fetches me Sanguigno a stroke o’ the head that felled him bleeding to the floor.’

‘He shall pay for that!’ exclaimed the ferocious lieutenant: ‘I’ll ha’ his blood!—his heart’s blood!’

‘Aye, marry, we’ll make him rue the day he turned three poor honest fellows out of their living!’

‘What, a plague!’ said Fidele, ‘did he turn ye out?’

‘Aye, marry did he. He and some of his knaves, your sneaking pitiful-hearted villains that labour in their vocation with none of the true free-booting spirit about them! thrust us forth to starve or be hanged for aught they cared. But we did not care to do either: so we joined some brave fellows that had quarters here; and, when that was done, what does we but set a friend, we have among our old comrades (who’ll stand up back and edge for us if need be), we set him to work to set them together by the ears. And, i’ faith! the knave managed matters so marvellous well that they ha’ had divers desperate squabbles; and once or twice they lugg’d out, but the cap-

tain found means to lay their cholera. To say truth, my masters, the rogues are afraid of him; and indeed there is a something about him, I can’t tell what, that makes ye do just as he’d have ye.’

‘They’ll mutiny in spite of him,’ cried Sanguigno. ‘All his gossip won’t save him now.’

‘His knaves are wondrous valiant just now,’ resumed the fellow who spoke before him, ‘and make a marvellous coil about some underhand tricks they have found him out in. He’s got, it seems, some fellows hid among the caves of the garrison; but whereabouts, they can’t for their lives find out. They sometimes do’nt see him for hours together: they take it, he then goes to look after ’em. Who or what the devil they are, or what they do there, none of the troop can tell. There’s one of ’em, to be sure, they do know something of: he they found one night, no great while ago, as they were out on the prowl, bleeding and senseless on the road, through the forest here; and the tender-hearted captain must needs, forsooth, have him fetched to the garrison; and from that time they ha’ never set eyes on him, nor does the captain ever say any thing about him. They suspect he’s playing fast and loose with ’em, and has some way of going forth into the forest which they do’nt know of. Some of his troop have tried to dog him; but he caught ’em at it, and roundly swore he’d crop their ears for them an’ they ever did such a thing again, and well nigh scared the poor knaves out of their wits. But one fellow was not to be put down in that way: he mustered courage, one morning, and slyly skulked after the captain; and, by the light of a lamp he carried, he plainly saw him in discourse with two strange men, and was near enough to hear what they said.’

'The villains,' cried Sanguigno, 'took upon 'em to abuse our worthy master, the lord Tancred, about the lady Juliet, and about his wife; and that scurvy rogue, the captain, swore he had murdered her in the vaults under the castle.'

The three monks who were concerned in that transaction (so secret, so secure as they thought from even the possibility of detection) were not a little astonished at finding themselves deceived, and perplexed to conjecture by what means it became known to the captain. Nor could the robbers at all satisfy their curiosity in that particular; for the fellow, from whom it appeared they heard this, apprehensive of danger from discovery, found it expedient to march his body back as speedily and silently as he could.

'And, i' faith, he was in the right on 't!' said one of the robbers. 'I wou'd n't ha' been in his skin for all Sicily; for 'twas a mercy that same spitfire captain had n't caught him; and besides, in them caves, a body runs a plaguy risk of losing his way. They are as dark as the devil; and as crooked, masters, as one of his horns, twisting and twining the Lord knows how far under ground.'

'Marry, and we must know too,' cried Fidele; 'and know also who he's got there.'

'Aye, and make sure of 'em too,' answered Sanguigno.— 'There's wond'rous security in a home-stroke of a stiletto. There's nothing to be done without blood-letting.'

'Thou say'st true,' said the prior; 'therefore, an' there be any of these knaves attached to this same captain, dispatch 'em on the spot; and the first man that dares but say a word in way of disapproval, down with him too.'

'Bravo!' exclaimed the inhuman lieutenant. 'Slay every mother's son that's not on our side. An' I

do n't leave those I strike as dead as a door-nail, would I may never carry a weapon more.'

'Now, then, let 's to horse,' resumed the prior. 'The night wastes: 'tis meet we bestir ourselves.'

He said, and all arose to prepare for the march. Part of the robbers equipped the horses, while the rest furnished their new comrades with arms, and changed their monkish vestments for others better fitted to their present profession; then the monks concealing their shaven crown beneath an iron skull-cap, all vestiges of their holy calling were sunk at once; and now, every thing being ready for the march, the whole troop mounted their horses and sallied forth into the forest.

The sky was clear and cloudless; and the moon, glittering brightly between the trees, served to light them through the dreary and almost pathless wilderness in which they rode. Over a wild and rocky country they pursued their way; and, after some time, entered, between some large and spreading trees, a narrow and winding defile, formed by rugged cliffs, whose overhanging brows almost joined above them.

'We shall be among 'em presently,' cried Sanguigno, as the troop slowly wound through the defile. 'We're near the spot.'

'What! among these rocks?' said Fidele, as they were about to enter a wild romantic dell, environed by high and rugged rocks. 'By'r lady, a rare shelter in case of pursuit!'

'Aye, marry,' replied Sanguigno; 'and it has proved so more than once afore now. 'Twas here we baffled the knaves who pursued us, as I told ye, ye know, that night we seized the lady Juliet.'

And now the troop, having crossed the dell, could proceed no further on

horseback. The word was given to dismount. Then, leaving their horses in charge with a few of their number, the rest, preceded by Sanguigno, bearing a lighted torch, which they had brought with them that they might find their way through these caverns, hastened forward; and, passing through the chasm in the cavern's side, directed their steps along the rugged and winding path beyond. Arrived at the door of the garrison, a signal, previously agreed on, gained them immediate admittance. They found their confederates assembled, and waiting their arrival; and, as soon as they appeared, saluted them with a loud shout.

Apprehensive of their proceedings being betrayed to the captain, the malecontents had been careful to conceal, as well from those whom they knew were firmly attached to him, as from those who were indifferent about the matter, the conspiracy they had formed against him, and the assistance they had obtained to secure it success. These men, therefore, stared in astonishment at sight of the prior and his followers, and were about to inquire what they did there; but, when the former was introduced to their notice, was hailed their *Nobilissimo Capitano* by many of their comrades, and themselves were required to do the like, they began to understand the business, and to understand too the necessity of immediate compliance. Most of them declared for the prior, but some few of the most faithful partisans of the captain (who chanced to be at this time absent from the troop) were entertaining some thoughts of escaping, when Sanguigno and some of their comrades singled them out; and, in an instant, two of them, pierced with many wounds, fell beneath their daggers. The rest fled, and the merciless lieutenant, trampling over the bleeding

bodies of his victims as they lay writhing in the agonies of death on the earth, and with the most ferocious eagerness, pursued their companions down one of the passages which led from the cavern; but the darkness shrouded them instantly from his sight, and obliged him to return.

(To be continued.)

FASHIONABLE REVOLUTIONARY
DIALOGUE.

[From a French Journal.]

SO, you have set up your coach I find?

Why, one must do as the rest of the world does.

But are you not afraid of the observations of the censorious?

What should they censure?

You know how rapidly your fortune was acquired.

Rapidly!—You are quite mistaken. Six months would suffice for a knave to do it in; but an honest man, like me, takes three years.

Three years?

Ah, my dear friend, they were three brazen ages!

Now I rather think they were three golden ages.

You know not what it cost me to gain the last million.

Less, perhaps, than to acquire the first crown.

But, now, may I take the liberty to ask you what you have done, or what you do?

I hear, see, and say nothing.

You will never ride in your coach by that.

That is the least of my cares.

You will never keep a cook.

I can do very well without.

You will be always poor.

Poverty is not a vice.

No, but it is worse.

Very well, my friend, you have

already acquired the air and manners of a person of fortune; and that is a great deal in an age in which those who, like you, have suddenly set up a carriage, are frequently, from habit, instead of stepping into it, going to get up behind.

ON SELF-ESTEEM.

SELF-esteem, founded on rational principles, is one of the first requisites to a happy life; and, to the honour of virtue and religion, let it be remarked, that it is attainable only by a benevolent, a wise, and a prudent conduct. Men who, by early education, by happily falling among good examples, by reading good books, and by forming good habits in consequence of all these advantages, conduct themselves in all things with reason, with moderation, with kindness:—these are they, who, after all the pretensions of voluptuousness, enjoy the most of this world; for their happiness flows like a gentle stream uninterrupted in its course, uniform and constant, while that of others is like a torrent, which dashes from rock to rock, all foam, all noise, for a little while, till it is lost in the ocean, or wasted away by its own violence. It is destructive of others, destructive of itself, and too turbulent to admit of pure tranquillity.

Let those who have wandered in pursuits which themselves are ready to acknowledge delusive and unsatisfactory, resolve, by way of experiment, to try whether the pleasure of that self-esteem which arises from rectitude of conduct be not the most pleasing possession which this world affords; whether it does not promote a constant cheerfulness and gaiety of heart which renders life a continual feast. The path of duty, comparatively speaking, is strewn with

flowers, and surrounded with fragrance. To the timid, the slothful, and ill-disposed, the first entrance may appear to be closed with briars; but he who has courage to break through the difficulties raised by his own imagination, will find himself in as pleasant a walk as is to be found beneath the moon.

I shall not draw a deceitful picture with the colours of rhetoric. Much uneasiness and some sorrow must be the lot of every man in his present state; but I contend that the pleasantness of wisdom and virtue is not fictitious, and that he who faithfully adheres to them will, upon the whole, enjoy all the delight of which his nature and situation render him capable.

Many philosophers maintain that selfishness is the spring of all our activity. Whether their doctrines be well founded or not, it is certain that, in pursuit of the pleasure of rational self-esteem, we may be as selfish as we please without incurring the disgrace of meanness; for to the indulgence of this kind of selfishness, it is necessary to cultivate every thing liberal, generous, useful, amiable. The pleasure arising from it is not unsocial, though it centres in self; for it is not to be enjoyed but by promoting the good of society.—This pleasure is the first reward which Providence has been pleased to assign to the honest efforts of humble virtue, a reward infinitely disproportionate to that reserved for it in a better state, but still of a pure, of a celestial nature, and great enough to excite the most ardent efforts in the acquisition.

What happiness can subsist without this essential ingredient, self-complacency? External circumstances are of no value without it. Titles, rank, power, property, the grand idols of a prostrate world, are deceitful and empty whenever the delicious tranquillity of a mind soothed

to rational complacency is a stranger to the bosom.

There is this additional advantage in being satisfied with oneself on solid reasons, that it puts one in good humour with the world. All nature seems to smile with us, and our hearts, dilating with conscious virtue and benevolence, feel a new delight in the communication of complacency.

J. C.

LETTER from LORD WALPOLE to the Rev. Mr. MILLING.

[From Coxe's Memoirs of his Lordship.]

Wolterton, Norfolk, May 29, 1745.

DEAR SIR,

I am really ashamed of having neglected so long to return you, and my good old friend [Greffier Fagel], who remembers me so kindly and so often, my grateful thanks for your generous sympathy with me in the affliction I felt from the death of my dear brother, the late lord Orford. This heavy stroke made so deep an impression upon my heart, that for a long time I could do nothing but lament my own loss. * * * * *

As to politics, I can only tell you, that my thoughts, as well as my situation, are at a great distance from them, and my *res rustica* employs me entirely. Retired from the noise and nonsense of a public station, no man, I thank God! can have more reason than I have to be satisfied with the more solid and innocent pleasures of a private life. In this situation my mind is kept in a pleasing activity, very different from that which arises from the tumult of passions, and the hurry of affairs. My house, of my own building, is not extremely large nor little; is neither to be envied nor despised. The disposition of the rooms is neither magnificent nor contemptible, but

convenient. The situation is upon an eminence that commands a most agreeable prospect of woods intermixed with fruitful fields, and so sheltered by thick and lofty trees in the cold quarters, as not to be exposed to the inclemency of the rigorous seasons. It is encompassed with a most delightful and innocent army of vegetable striplings of my own raising, which are already (though but of twenty years growth from the seed), with a becoming rivalship, stretching and swelling themselves into timber. They are all of noble and worthy extraction; the names of their families are oaks, Spanish chestnuts, and beech; and I believe none of their relations, in any country, can be more promising and hopeful than they are. They are so ranged and disciplined as to form, in some parts, most agreeable lines and walks, and openings in other places; from the right and left they discover spacious and delightful lawns.

Before my house, on the south, a green carpet, of the finest verdure, gratifies the eye, and gradually leads it into a more extensive plain. On one side a lake of living water catches and fills the sight, from whence a most beautiful fluid glides with a serpentine and seemingly endless current, and loses itself in a wood on the other. My rural walks and contemplations amidst this mild, diversified, and engaging scene, afford me constantly new sources of health and pleasure, and make me lament the noisy, anxious, and tumultuous hours spent amidst the broils of faction, or vain attempts to serve an ungrateful public.

If this description pleases you, come, my dear friend, come and partake of the beauties from whence it is drawn. Come, and let us remember our friends in a modest cup of smiling home-brewed ale, and forgive and forget our enemies, and

pray for the peace and liberties of Europe; the first of which, I am afraid, is not so near as I could wish, because the last seem to be in greater danger than ever, which, notwithstanding my retirement, and my philosophical pretensions, gives me frequently uneasy moments.

The beginning of the campaign by the successful progress of the Austrians in Bavaria, and the consequent reconciliation of that prince with the queen of Hungary, was very hopeful, and could not have been bought too dear by the maritime powers, if a right use had been made of them. The use I mean would have been to have laid hold of the king of Prussia's offers (if he had made any tolerable ones), and put him out of the scale against us. I know the character of that prince; I know how little he is to be trusted, and I would not have trusted him without good security for the execution of his engagements. But if he would have agreed to abandon France, and would have given, by disarming, or by any other means, security for his good behaviour, the difference of a hundred thousand not acting against us, while all the other princes and electors of Germany, either out of affection or fear, had in a manner declared for us, would have greatly strengthened the common cause, and put the operations upon a right principle, in carrying them directly against France, and against France standing alone. Such a diversion might have been made in Alsace, and such a reinforcement in the Low Countries, as would have given the allies a great superiority, enabled them to have recovered what they had lost, and to have pressed the French so closely as to have obliged them to grant us a safe and honourable peace.

But now, my dear friend, I apprehend that the principal object of the court of Vienna will be (leaving

the Low Countries to be defended by the maritime powers), to distract, divide, and devour, the Prussian dominions. Their pride, their vengeance, and, above all, their bigotry, will naturally lead them to destroy a Protestant power that has dared to offend them. It is true, the Protestant prince, in whose hand this power is lodged, deserves to be chastised for the unworthy and perfidious use he has made of it. But I cannot wish to see that Protestant power destroyed: it may in some time or other fall into better and honest hands, and may thereby prove of singular advantage for preserving the Protestant religion and the liberties of Europe. Hence it is that I have often wished to see a strict and lasting union, in peace and war, between the maritime powers and the house of Brandenburg, so as to make their own mutual defence of the Protestant religion and the balance of Europe a common cause between them; for the late long and expensive wars have so exhausted England and Holland, as to make it impossible for them to exert themselves, as they have formerly done, for these good ends, without a supplemental power, such as Brandenburg, taking a share in it, and bearing, by men and money, some part of the necessary charge.

I know the debts of England, and I need not tell you of the debts of Holland, which, in proportion to the extent and opulence of the two countries, are still more enormous. I need not tell you also, that the house of Brandenburg is a rising house; the economy of the late king of Prussia, the spirit of discipline he introduced into his army, the ambition, talents, and active genius, of the present monarch, must render that house a powerful friend or formidable enemy.

But can we, will you say, be

allied with the houses of Austria and Brandenburg at the same time? I answer in the affirmative, because I believe the thing possible now; how long it may be so exceeds my foresight to determine. Perhaps those two powers may, from the *amor fecleratus habendi*, or the lust of ambition, come to look upon their interests to be so irreconcilable that it will be scarcely possible to be well with them both. In such a case we must choose which of the two it will be most prudent to adhere to, and, for my part, I should not once hesitate in the choice. I perhaps may be singular in my opinion here; but I know the court of Vienna too well ever to expect the smallest spark of gratitude, generosity, or public spirit, in their transactions with us. Their conduct in this present war, which has been undertaken more in their own behalf than ours; the state of their troops, which are near 40,000 inferior to the number stipulated; the timorous and indifferent conduct of the troops, thus deficient; all this makes me look about to see if there is any thing in the queen of Hungary, except her fair face, that ought to make her the darling of the British nation and of the United Provinces.

October the 29th, O. S. 1745.

The rebels in Scotland, after having got (I am afraid by treachery) the capital of the kingdom, and in consequence increased their numbers considerably, so as to get the better of the king's troops then sent against them, having deferred (whether in expectations of getting the castle of Edinburgh, or of succours from abroad, or from an unwillingness of the Highlanders to leave their own country), having, I say, deferred marching southward, and to get into England, where all the frontier towns were under the greatest astonishment, and entirely unprepared and destitute of means to

resist them, gave time for people to recollect themselves, and, by recovering themselves, to think of their own defence, and of the fatal consequences of falling under the cruelties and bondage of a Popish arbitrary government, with subversion of their religion, liberties, and property. These apprehensions roused the laity to enter into general associations, and in many counties into subscriptions of large sums for making them effectual, by raising regiments, companies, or troops, according to the different schemes proposed in different counties; and not only the whigs, out of real zeal, but also the tories, for fear of being suspected, joined in the associations, and a great many of them in the subscriptions.

In the mean time, the preachers, of all distinctions, from the pulpit inculcated with great energy into the people the dismal effects of falling under a popish governor; and sermons and pamphlets being also printed daily, setting forth popery and slavery in their true colours, have had such a wonderful effect upon the minds of the commonalty, that the popular cry in all places is loud in favour of our happy constitution, and with a detestation of any change in it.

The city militia passed, last Saturday, through St. James's park, before his majesty, with such an affluence of people attending them as was never, I believe, seen before; and when a particular person ('tis said well enough dressed) scattered in the face of his majesty some treasonable papers, the mob was so incensed, that, had it not been for the guard, 'tis thought they would have torn him to pieces; so that the spirit and strength of the nation appears visibly in favour of the government; and as general Wade will have a sufficient number of regular troops, and is marched to-

ward Scotland, 'tis hoped and believed that, by the blessing of God, the rebellion there will soon be dispersed, unless France openly and vigorously supports the pretender's cause, for the preventing which our navy is very diligently and properly employed.

As to the parliament, although the address was unanimous and zealous the first day, yet some questions were started that portended divisions amongst us then. However, yesterday, upon a motion 'to enquire into the causes of the progress of the present rebellion,' which, if carried, might have led us into divisions and party faction, the house was so fully convinced of the necessity of putting immediately an end to the present rebellion preferably to all other considerations, and that the fire should be quenched before we should enquire who kindled or promoted it, that it was carried not to put that question at this time, by 194 against 112, a majority of 82. So that I hope we shall now proceed unanimously, or at least with a great majority, to find supplies, and ways and means to enable the king to support the government, and restore peace and tranquillity to this kingdom. I can say nothing at present about foreign affairs; my paper, my time, and the confusion they are all in, will not allow it.

ANECDOTE.

THE following anecdote will not only prove the fallacy of the remark, that a woman cannot keep a secret, but will serve as an additional instance of that generous and humane spirit which so nobly characterises our fair countrywomen.

Some years since, a lady called at a glover's shop in the outskirts of the town, and purchased a pair of

gloves for her immediate wear; observing at the time that she was on her road to Barnet; that she had left her gloves at a friend's house where she had called, and that she was apprehensive of being benighted if she went back for them. The glover fitted on the lady's gloves, and the lady, after paying for them from a purse well stocked with Bank-notes, stepped into her post-chaise, and proceeded on her journey. She had scarcely reached Finchley-Common, when a highwayman stopped the chaise and demanded her money: he intreated her not to be alarmed, he had no intention upon her person; if she surrendered her property it was all he wanted; distress, and not his will, urged him to the desperate act, and he was determined to remove his penury or perish. The lady gave her purse, and the depredator rode off. After he was gone and the fright had subsided, the lady imagined that, in the address of the highwayman, she recognised the voice of the glover she had some time before dealt with. This conceit struck her so forcibly, that she ordered the post-boy to drive back to town, not choosing, as she said, to venture further over the heath. On her arrival at the glover's, she knocked and gained admittance; the glover himself opened the door. The lady desired to speak with him in private. The glover showed her to a back parlour, when she exclaimed—

'I am come for my purse, which you have robbed me of this evening on Finchley-common!'

The glover was confounded. The lady proceeded.

'It is of no use for you to deny it: I am convinced, and your life is at my mercy. Return me my property, and trust to my humanity!'

The glover, overcome with guilt, shame, and confusion, returned the

purse, confessed his crime, and pleaded his distresses. The lady, after a suitable admonishment, gave him a ten-pound note, bade him mend his way of life, and keep his own counsel; adding, that she would never divulge his name or place of abode. She kept her word; and though the robbery was stated in the public papers, the subsequent discovery was omitted, and it was not till very recently, that a minute of this singular transaction was found among the papers of the lady alluded to; even in this private memorandum the name and residence of the shopkeeper were carefully omitted, and the secret, in that particular, rests with the lady in the grave.

After this tale, the truth of which may be relied on, who will say, that a woman cannot keep a secret?

A MORNING'S WALK in OCTOBER.

'Shorn of their flowers, that shed th' untrea-
sur'd seed,
The withering pasture and the fading mead
Less pleasing grow.' BLOOMFIELD.

THIS morning was extremely foggy, the thickness of the mist shrouded day's radiant eye, and deprived creation of its illuminating ray; but soon the interposing vapour vanished before Sol's penetrating beam, and

'A flood of glory burst from all the sky.'
POPE.

Thus virtue is oft obscured by the clouds of calumny till the shades of slander are dispersed by the beams of truth, and she, like the golden luminary, shines forth with pristine lustre.

During this early trip, the lark did not sing me one song; the linnnet was mute; nor did I once hear the voice of the black-bird.

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'Ye plummy fons of harmony!' I exclaimed, 'ye, who on towering pinions chaunt carols in the air, or cheer with your melody the bosom of the grove, what means this silence? Are ye brooding over your fears, and anticipating future want? Has the prospect of Winter depressed your spirits, and robbed you of the inclination for singing? Fear not, ye citizens of the bough; still warble the lay of love, and tune the song of innocence. That Being who formed you will feed you.'

'Tho' unto you no granaries belong,
Nought but the woodland and the pleasing
song;
Yet our kind heavenly Father bends his eye
On the least wing that flits along the sky:
To him you sing when Spring renews the
plain;
To him you cry in Winter's pinching reign;
He hears the gay and the distressful call,
And with unsparing bounty fills you all.'

THOMSON.

'Though the provident farmer has gathered in the grain, and the fields are deprived of every sheaf, yet still the briar will furnish you with scarlet hips, and the hawthorn with crimson berries. Necessity, inventive necessity, will discover to you the ways and means to appease the calls of hunger. The greedy sparrow may repair to the friendly farm, and the domestic robin "pay to trusted man his annual visit."

I marked, with regret, that the groves had lost their glossy green, and had assumed a yellow hue—a metamorphosis ungrateful to the sight of one who loves to wander through the domains of Nature. With feeling propriety, I could then cry out, with the amiable Scott,

'Farewell the pleasant violet-painted shade,
The primros'd-hill, and daisy-mantled
mead;
The furrow'd land with springing corn array'd;
The sunny wall with bloomy branches
spread.

3 X

'Farewell the bow'r with blushing roses gay;
 Farewell the fragrant trefoil-purple'd field;
 Farewell the walk thro' rows of new-mown
 hay,
 When ev'ning breezes mingled odours
 yield.
 'Farewell to these.'—

Farewell to harvest also, the
 reaper's carol, the song of the glean-
 er, and the gay festivities of harvest-
 home.

'Cold weeping Winter! now I turn to thee.'

Haverhill.

JOHN WEBB.

CRITICAL OBSERVATIONS *on the*
 NOVEL of 'TOM JONES.'

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

(Concluded from p. 468.)

LETTER XV.

DEAR NIECE,

THE introductory chapter to the
 eighteenth book announces the
 near approach to the conclusion of
 this delicious repast. In language
 the most happily chosen, and with
 the most polite and friendly address,
 and in a witty strain of metaphor, Mr.
 Fielding takes leave of his numer-
 ous guests. The simile which he
 has chosen on this occasion, of the
 assemblage of travellers in a stage-
 coach, and their mounting into the
 vehicle on the last day of the jour-
 ney, is well adapted to express his
 sentiments on taking a parting fare-
 well of his readers, and the analogy
 is preserved with nice discrimination
 and true humour. When you shall
 have attentively perused this novel to
 the conclusion, you will readily allow
 the justice of Mr. Fielding's observa-
 tion; that, from the variety of mat-
 ter to be collected together, there
 can be small opportunity of inter-

persing those delicious scenes with
 which we had been regaled in the
 former part of this work. All will
 be plain narrative only, says Mr.
 Fielding; and true it is that, in the
 general run of novels, those chapters
 which introduce the work to our
 notice, and the one-half of the last
 volume, are generally of a very dull
 and soporific cast: but, with Mr.
 Fielding, this observation does not
 hold good. Although we have been
 richly entertained in the first part of
 this literary repast, we shall find
 abundant sources for commendation
 now that the cloth is about to be re-
 moved, in the variety of the last
 cookery of the dish which hath al-
 ready been served up with such va-
 riety of sauces. To express myself
 without a metaphor, it will be seen
 that this book is embellished with
 many comic passages which will ren-
 der the perusal of it not less pleasing
 than the former part of the work.
 The critics, of whom Mr. Fielding
 complains in the final section of this
 chapter, add to the various instances
 which every day's experience brings
 to our notice, that merit never fails
 to be attended by envy.

The curiosity of Partridge, in list-
 ening to the discourse which passed
 between Mrs. Waters and his master,
 furnishes a subject for the second
 chapter of this book. The horror
 expressed by Jones, at the informa-
 tion of Mrs. Waters, is conveyed in
 language well adapted to the con-
 ception which such an abominable
 intercourse must have excited. The
 author's observation, in the sixth
 section of this chapter, that some of
 the most considerable events in life
 are frequently produced by a nice
 train of little circumstances, is very
 just, and will be subscribed to from
 the experience of every individual.
 By the various accidents which inter-
 vened to prevent a meeting between
 Mrs. Waters and the schoolmaster at
 Upton, the author has judiciously

contrived to conceal the main incident on which the whole plot depends, till the time when it became necessary to bring it forward.

The intelligence communicated in the third chapter conduces, in every branch of it, towards ripening the main plot. Mr. Allworthy, by his visit to old Nightingale, not only prevails on him to consent to his son's marriage with miss Nancy, but a fraud is brought to light through a coincidence of fortuitous circumstances, and which Mr. Fielding styles one of those extraordinary chances whence good and grave men have concluded that Providence often interferes in the discovery of the most secret villany: this singular incident was the arrival of Black George, at the precise time when Mr. Allworthy and the old gentleman were holding their conference. The intelligence which Nightingale afterwards relates to Mr. Allworthy, with respect to Black George's visit—namely, the deposit of five hundred pounds in bank-notes, which Nightingale was to lay out for his advantage, and the production of the notes to Mr. Allworthy, leave no doubt in the mind of that gentleman of those notes being the identical papers which he had presented to Jones when he discarded him from his favour, as related in the former part of the work. Thus is one very material cause of the good man's displeasure against the foundling removed; and you will observe of this discovery, that it was brought about through a combination of the most natural causes.—What can be conceived more natural than that a fellow of George's stamp, who had possessed himself by the most unjustifiable means of so considerable a treasure, should apply to a money-scrivener, in order that it might be disposed of to the best advantage; and that all the other incidents respecting Nightingale should fall out as we have seen, to as

by a fortuitous combination of causes to produce this material discovery? Mr. Allworthy's beneficence, displayed in this chapter, sets him in a most captivating point of view. The account which he gives to Mrs. Miller of his embassy to old Nightingale, and the discovery he had made respecting the five hundred pounds, is conveyed in the most impressive language, and so, likewise, is his tender recollection of the affectionate regard he had formerly borne towards the foundling.

Mr. Square's letter, in the fourth chapter, bespeaks the favour of the reader towards that eccentric character: from the ample confession he makes, respecting the share he had taken in the misfortunes of our favourite, we no longer remember his faults, but consider them as fully expiated by this atonement. Square's letter is well written, and the moral and religious sentiments which Mr. Fielding has put into the mouth of this philosopher are a testimony of the author's belief in the great truths of Christianity, and are a *memento* to the reader of what he had before said, on his introduction of this man and of Thwackum the divine—that the bringing these persons on the stage was not done in the view of imputing an odium on religion, but with an eye to their service that he had taken upon him to record the lives and actions of two of their false and pretended champions. These men have both of them performed very distinguishing, though not very honourable, parts in the foregoing drama; and without the confession which Mr. Square now makes, a very material part of the clue would be deficient. By this letter Mr. Allworthy becomes acquainted with the real truth of every circumstance, the misrepresentation of which raised his displeasure against Mr. Jones. Thwackum's pharisaical pride, now that the time approaches for doing

justice to every character, remains to be punished, and this is sufficiently brought about from the imperious language in which his letter to Allworthy is couched. This letter is a direct contrast to the humiliating epistle of Mr. Square. It is penned in the true spirit of an intolerant priest swollen with ecclesiastical arrogance, and placing the meekness and complacency of his patron to the account of weakness and pusillanimity.

The perfidy of Blifil in sending Dowling to examine the fellows at Aldersgate, in order, if possible, to procure evidence for the conviction of Jones, is brought forward in the fifth chapter. This circumstance, which comes by accident to the knowledge of Mr. Allworthy, excites a temporary displeasure against that young man from his uncle; but this is of short continuance; Mr. Blifil, by the gloss with which he varnishes his conduct, having the art to impose a belief on Allworthy that the motives which prompted him to examine the fellows at Aldersgate proceeded from a wish to exculpate Jones. Much light is thrown on the subject by the tale which Partridge relates to Mr. Allworthy. The manner in which the pedagogue delivers his harangue will excite your laughter; for though, in this part of the history, there seems to be small opportunity allowed the author of indulging that vein of pleasantry so peculiar to himself, yet he contrives (as in the present instance) to excite the merriment of his readers in the midst of mere narrative. In this place likewise, as in every other period of the history, Mr. Fielding displays that good-nature and milk of human kindness with which his heart at all times overflowed. A specimen of this appears in the character given by Partridge of the Salisbury and Lymington attorneys, who were, as I presume, existing

characters in those two places at that time. The arrival of Mrs. Waters, at the precise moment when Partridge had reached that part of his story which relates to the amour carried on between Mr. Jones and his supposed mother, affords a fair opportunity to the author of introducing Mrs. Waters as an evidence capable of developing the whole mystery. The story of miss Bridget's amour with Mr. Sumner, and the consequence of which this amour was productive, is related in a very pleasing manner. Her answer to Mr. Allworthy's reflections on the unjustifiable conduct of his sister in concealing this tale; namely, that she always professed a contrary intention; and the villany of Dowling and of Blifil; appear in their proper light to Mr. Allworthy: and the evidence communicated by Square, in his letter, receives elucidation from the same. The arguments urged by Mrs. Waters in favour of illegal concubinage, in the eighth chapter of this book, are very properly controverted by Mr. Allworthy; and, indeed, the reasons to be urged against this illicit commerce are so strong, and the evils arising from it, when taken in a religious or prudential view, so numerous, that the frequent practice of this degeneracy seems to militate not less against common understanding than the precepts of our holy religion. The observation of Mr. Allworthy, in reply to Mrs. Waters, that a dereliction of those faults which may have occasioned the censures of the world, and a perseverance in avoiding all scandal, will in the end obtain forgiveness of that world, much as it is inclined to censure, is an encouragement for every person who may have incurred the ill opinion of his neighbours to strive to clear away any aspersion which his former indiscretion may have brought upon him. The examination of Mr. Dowling

confirms what Mrs. Waters had before related to Mr. Allworthy, and leads on to farther discoveries.

In the ninth chapter of this book is exhibited a very interesting conversation between Mr. Allworthy and Miss Western; and here Mr. Fielding's talents as a serious writer shine forth to great advantage. His sentiments are expressed in language the most appropriate to the subject he has in hand; whilst the sensible deportment, the modest demeanour, and judicious reply of Sophia, at once denote the heroine of the piece, such as we have before witnessed whenever she was introduced to our notice. The latter part of this chapter, in which Squire Western makes his appearance, forms a contrast to the pathetic scene before recorded. The versatility in the temper of Mr. Western, which has hitherto appeared as a prominent feature in that gentleman's character, is well expressed, by the sudden transition from the most violent displeasure which he had hitherto exerted against Jones to the fondest expressions of regard towards that young man, as related in the tenth chapter.

Three chapters more bring this agreeable novel to a conclusion.— And now, my dear niece, permit me to crave your pardon for having thus long intruded on your patience, in the minute review which I have taken of the several beautiful passages that offer themselves to our notice in the perusal of the 'History of a Foundling,' many of which your own good sense would probably have pointed out to you without my assistance. The style, the manner, and the nice contexture of the whole plot, certainly justify every eulogium which has been bestowed on the work in the preceding observations.

I am, &c.

THE OLD MAID;
A WELSH TALE.

(By *Mrs Elizabeth Tanes.*)

THE dark mantle of night had spread itself over the valley of —, in the island of Anglesea: the hills, the lofty trees, were robed in the brown shade: the ploughman homeward bent his eager steps, weary with the toil of day, followed by his faithful mastiff, the partaker of his lowly fortunes, who had adhered to him from his earliest days. The solitude of the place was calculated to inspire religious awe; for nought broke in upon the silence that reigned, except the faint notes of a female voice who was tuning a hymn to her heavenly Maker. The sound proceeded from a little cottage situated near a deep grove, the trees of which nearly concealed the neat white brick dwelling from the eye. The jessamine and honeysuckle spread their tender branches over the upper windows, and a row of flower-pots lined the lower: to it belonged a small track of land fertile in grass and corn. Here the ewe and the innocent lamb were to be seen playing their innocent gambols; and there, further on, the gentle cow with her milk-white calf. Happy scenes of rural sweets! the eye receives more gratification while resting on ye, than it possibly can do gazing on works clothed in a less simple garb. The last note of the hymn had just died away when a young woman rushed into the cottage, and flung herself at the feet of its owner.

'I am come to ask your consent, dearest lady,' she cried, 'to my union with William Stewart.'

'Rise, my Philippa; you have it,' replied she.

'Thank you, beloved Marianne,' said Philippa, kissing her hand, 'for this kind condescension. You who

are against marriage yourself; who are resolved to live single all your life, yet consent for your adopted daughter to war against your system.'

'I have no right to withhold my approbation, Philippa,' replied Marianne: 'your father and mother are still living; although you think me alone your father, mother, and all. To me you are so; for when I took you, an infant, to this house and my bosom, did not I vow to live for you—to devote my days to your improvement? I reared your tender days. With what fondness I doated on you none can tell: with what delight I beheld your daily improvement none can conceive. Oh, Philippa! must I then be parted from you? Must you leave me for Stewart? But why do I repine? Is he not more worthy your love than I am? Is he not better calculated to guard your future days? Oh, yes! then be it so. Never shall one more repining expression escape my lips.'

'Oh, no; I will never leave you!' cried Philippa. 'My Stewart will suffer me to attend you all your days. Here, then, will he and I take up our abode, if you, Marianne, will suffer us.'

'Kind girl!' said Marianne, embracing her, 'you have anticipated my wishes. Here, then, shall I view you still more happy than you have ever been: the pleasure of love shall animate your countenance, and light up the expression of your eyes. Young William, too, will be the enlivener of our evening hours, and the assiduous lover of my Philippa: the assiduous lover!—Ah, let me not think of his love; for are not some men false? and so he may prove! Philippa, beware.'

The agitation Marianne evinced, the impressive tone of her voice at the last two words, greatly surprised her young auditor; who, in a trembling voice, replied—

'Surely, not!—he cannot be untrue! Why, dearest madam, should we judge him by another's misdemeanour?'

'I had forgotten myself,' said Marianne, recovering her composure. 'I did not recollect my lover had a particular reason for his conduct. Ah, Philippa, I speak in enigmas to you! Hear my story, and pity me.'

She then began as follows—

'I was the only daughter of the most tender of parents, whose hopes were placed in me. To the utmost of their power they indulged my every wish, nor ever repined at the overbearing disposition I daily more evinced, although the whole household complained of it, and from the highest to the lowest I was hated by them. I was nearly sixteen when I first became acquainted with lord Francis Ledger, an English nobleman, who instantly professed a violent attachment for the little Welch girl. Lord Francis was very young; his person was elegant, his manners were extremely prepossessing, and his disposition was very amiable. I must confess his attentions were flattering to me. I prided myself on the conquest I had made, and secretly determined to rivet his chains more closely by every power I could command. Ah! why was I so cruelly severe? I now shudder to review my giddy conduct, and the pangs it gave to my indulgent parents. But to return: lord Francis, flattered by my seeming approbation, ventured to disclose to me his passion. After hearing him to an end, I flung away the mask I had hitherto worn; and, frowning on him, declared that his addresses could never be acceptable to me; telling him that he had mistaken my conduct, and that I never intended to be any thing more to him than a friend. At this declaration he started; the blood forsok his cheeks, and he exclaimed—

“Oh, fatal mistake! How have I drunk the delicious poison from your consenting eyes, until my whole soul has yielded to excess of love, and I have ventured to aspire to the supreme delight of calling you mine! Ah, wretched Ledger! how have you dreamed! 'Tis plain Marianne never loved you; but the smiles she bestowed on you were the smiles she cast on every one else!”

“For the first time, I felt my heart beat with compassion. For him, I believe my eyes expressed the sensation I felt; for his were instantly animated as in a tone of pleasure, and he cried—

“By Heavens! you do pity me, and this beam of compassion repays me for all the pangs I have experienced for the last few moments.”

“But, snatching my hand from his tender grasp, I repulsed him a second time, and left him abandoned to despair. Philippa, you must condemn this conduct. I knew it was wrong, and bitter tears have I many times since shed at the recollection of that period of my life. From that hour I never met lord Francis, as he left Wales and returned to England. No doubt you must think my parents were surprised at his sudden flight: indeed they were, and my mother took an early opportunity of inquiring of me concerning it. But I did not choose to disclose the truth, therefore returned evasive answers to all her anxious inquiries.

“For some months I heard nothing of lord Francis. In the interim my tender mother died; and, while I was yet in my weeds, I received the news of poor Ledger's death. From that hour my conduct underwent a total change: I was no longer proud and tyrannical, but humble and condescending. No longer hated, I became loved and revered. The hand which had once turned aside the weeping children of poverty was now stretched out to

relieve their distresses. These eyes, which had often turned with sickening disgust from the sight of pale disease and rags, were now employed to trace out such wretched objects. The tongue which had scoffed at their sufferings was now used to soothe the distressed, and my bosom was now the cradle for the head of sickness. Sweet were the sensations I experienced from these acts of charity; and, while clasped to my aged parent's grateful heart, after relating to him the wretched scenes I had witnessed and softened, I felt what it was to be virtuous.

“I had just entered my eighteenth year when I chanced to meet with Mr. Conway, a young Englishman of the most engaging manners. He was about a twelvemonth older than myself; his form was tall and graceful; his eyes were dark, full, and sparkling; his features all peculiarly beautiful; and his voice a model of manly perfection. Oh, Philippa! here my heart first found a covert in which to rest itself. His form, his face, were the counterpart of him I had fondly drawn in imagination as the man of all others I should most prefer to wed. Now, indeed, did I first love; its sweet deliriums, its pleasing reveries, and painful agitations, each assailed me by turns, and every eye perceived it. My countenance was the faithful index of my mind; my colour went and came every moment I spent in his company; in my eyes could be read the language I would have uttered: there were the secrets of my soul laid open, and in one fatal moment Conway read it—with seeming transport read it. False deceiver! never shall I forget the rapture he pretended to feel; at my feet he poured forth a thousand wild expressions of delight, and even shed tears on my hand as he pressed it in his. In faltering accents I consented to his asking my father's

leave to address me; and, with a throbbing at my heart, nearly amounting to agony, received a kiss from his lips, the first pledge of his love. How shall I relate what followed? How lay before you the injuries, though justly inflicted, I received? Suffice it to say, he obtained the consent of my father to our union; and I was the most blest of women, believing Conway to be equally happy. One day when I was at my harpsichord, playing to him and my father, the latter turned the conversation on our marriage; and Conway, taking the opportunity, told me I was cruel to keep him so long in suspense, and begged me to name the day which was to make him the most envied of men.

"O, then, I will say this time two years," cried I, laughing.

"Such a long time?" said Conway, mournfully.

"I can name a much longer," replied I. "What would you think if I said never?"

"Never!" repeated he, and the expression of his countenance was changed to that of fire. Revenge sparkled in his eyes, and a malignant smile played round his lips.

"It is your own fault, Conway," cried my father: "why don't you name the day yourself?"

"My fault is it, Marianne?" exclaimed my lover in a low tone, his countenance once more all softness. "Oh! if it is, then pardon me."

"He instantly quitted the room, to my no small surprise. The same evening as I was sitting alone in my dressing-room Conway visited me: I was surprised at his sudden appearance and the solemnity of his air, but he allowed me not time for reflection. The instant he entered, sinking at my feet, and hiding his head in my lap, he burst into tears. Astonishment tied my

tongue, and he uttered these words without my once attempting to interrupt him:—

"Oh, Marianne! hear the confessions of the perfidious wretch before you, and curse me for a traitor. I am the only brother of the late lord Francis Ledger, of course the successor to his title and estates. When I was not more than seventeen, my father forced me to wed a woman double my age, who was doatingly fond of me. At that time I did not feel my chains galling; and as my father, at his death, left me ten thousand pounds more for my compliance, I ceased to regret the part I had acted; and, while I rifled my wife's coffers, felt I had done wisely by following his advice. About two years back, my brother, who had visited Wales, returned home to England. With eager haste I flew to meet this much-loved youth; but, ah! what a change did I not behold in him: haggard care sat upon his brow, and his blooming cheeks now resembled the faded flower. Oh, Marianne! I will not relate the pangs I saw him suffer. Suffice it to say, my poor Francis met an early death, and I, his only relation, vowed to avenge his fate. Too well have I succeeded; but, alas! while I was kindling love in your soft breast, I caught the fire myself. But I could not recede, for I had sworn to carry on the plot; thus far how I have succeeded you too well know."

"He ceased. I heard no more. A deadly sickness seized on my heart, my head turned round, and I sunk on the floor. When I recovered, I found myself supported by my father, who was weeping over me. I eagerly enquired for Conway: he had left the house. I raved, I tore my hair, and acted with all the wildness of a maniac, until nature, exhausted, sank within

me, and I again dropt on the breast of Mr. Howel. For some months I lay on the bed of sickness, and when I recovered I learned my beloved father was no more. This last shock nearly proved fatal to me; and my reason, it was much feared, would entirely leave me.

‘However, it proved otherwise, and I lived to sigh out many a lingering year. When I was out of danger, I removed from that spot of misfortune; and, having settled the chief part of my fortune on the poor, I sought this valley where I determined to live and die.’

Here Marianne ended. She wiped away the big tear from her fine blue eye, and called forth a smile on her countenance; but the effort was a painful one, her bosom heaved, and heart-rending sighs burst forth. Philippa tried to comfort her: she spoke in the softest tone imaginable. The most tender language flowed from her ruby lips, and on her gentle bosom she took the head of her distressed friend. Somewhat composed, Marianne smiled sweetly on her for her cares; and, pressing her to her bosom, she called her the daughter of her heart, the soother of her afflictions, and the only true friend she possessed. The next day Philippa was united to Mr. Stewart, and miss Howel felt all her fears cease at the end of the ceremony, when Philippa flung herself into her arms, no longer miss Reeve, but Mrs. Stewart. Marianne thus addressed her, with a smile of satisfaction beaming in her heavenly countenance:—

‘My fears of your lover’s constancy are over—my pangs ended—I see you happy. Behold thy amiable William equally so too: what can I more desire?—As a wife, may you be happy; more so than I have been in a state of celibacy. If I had never beheld the too-beauteous Conway (or, more properly speak-

ing, lord Ledger) I had been happy: as it is, I must be tranquil.’

Harwich, Aug 25, 1803.

ACCOUNT of the PERSONS, DRESS, and MANNERS, of the TARTARS of the CRIMEA.

[From Travels through the Southern Provinces of the Russian Empire, translated from the German of M. Pallas.]

THE Tartar inhabitants of the Crimea may be divided into three classes. The first includes the Nagays, of whom I have spoken in the preceding volume of these Travels; as also those Nagays, who, being a remnant of the Tartars of the Kuban, were taken prisoners in the Turkish fort of Anape, and, to the number of 4,500, carried into the Crimea; where they were dispersed among the nobility for their maintenance; but afterwards, by order of the court, they were considered as subjects, and still dwell in their own permanent villages; having acquired opulence by rearing cattle and cultivating lands, from which they are enabled to pay high rents to their landlords. All these Nagays are, as their features evince, the unmixed descendants of the Mongolian tribe, who formed the bulk of the army of Tchingis-Khan, which invaded Russia and the Crimea.

The second class consists of those Tartars who inhabit the heaths or steppes as far as the mountains, especially on the North side; and who, in the district of Perekop, where they are still unmixed, retain many traces of the Mongolian countenance with a thinly scattered beard: they devote themselves to the rearing of cattle to a greater extent than the mountaineers, but are at the same time husbandmen, though they pay no attention to gardening. In situations destitute of stone, they build,

like the inhabitants of Bucharia, with unbaked bricks of clay; and make use of dried dung for fuel, of which they prepare large quantities, and pile it up in the same manner as turf, to serve them during the winter. Nearer to these mountains, these Tartars, as well as the nobles, are more intermixed with the Turkish race, and exhibit few of the Kalmuk-Mongolian features: this observation also applies to the Crimean nobility, in whom those peculiarities are almost entirely obliterated.

To the third class belong the inhabitants of the southern vallies, bounded by the mountains; a mixed race, which seems to have originated from the remnants of various nations, crowded together in these regions at the conquest of the Crimea by the armies of the Mongolian leaders; and which in part display a very singular countenance, with a stronger beard, but lighter hair; the other Tartars not considering them as true descendants of their race, but giving them the contemptuous name of *Tat**. They are also, by their costume, remarkably distinguished from the common Tartars of the heaths, though the dress and veils of the women are alike. Their houses, or huts, are partly formed under ground; being generally constructed against the steep precipices of mountains, one half excavated from the earth, or rock, and only the front raised with rough stones; having at the same time flat roofs covered with earth. There are among them skilful vine-dressers and gardeners, but they are too idle to undertake new plantations, availing themselves only of those left by their predecessors, especially the industrious Greeks: hence very few young trees are seen in their gardens. They also grow flax and tobacco, which, as objects of culture, are unknown to the Tar-

* From the Turkish word *Mur-Tat*, which signifies a renegade.

tars of the heaths: with proper encouragement, they might probably be induced to cultivate the vine, and attend to the production of silk. On the whole, they are at present unprofitable and unworthy inhabitants of those paradisaical vallies, in which they have always shewn themselves the first and most ready to revolt against the Russian government. These thoughtless people even destroy the forests on the mountains in the most effectual manner, partly by their indiscriminate felling of trees, and partly by their numerous herds of goats. In the last war with Turkey, they were all ordered to dwell at the distance of ten versts from the coast, in order to avoid the danger arising from their acting as spies and traitors: it would, indeed, be for the general good to remove them entirely from these vallies into the interior of the country; at the same time peopling the former with industrious settlers, who would contribute to the prosperity of the empire, by the cultivation of wine, oil, silk, and cotton: which will never be attempted by the present inactive possessors.

In the costume of the Tartars inhabiting the plains there is some variety. Young persons, especially those of noble or wealthy families, dress nearly in the Circassian, Polish, or Kozak fashion, with short or slit sleeves in the upper garment. The nobility of more advanced age wear, like the common Tartars, unslit sleeves; and old men suffer the whole beard to grow, whereas the young and middle-aged have only whiskers. Their legs and feet are dressed either in half-boots of Morocco or other leather, or they use stockings of the same material, especially in the towns: over these are worn slippers or clogs, for walking abroad; and, in dirty weather, a kind of slit-shoes. Their heads are uniformly shaved; or, at least, the hair is cut

very short, which they cover with a high cap, quilted at the top with cotton, and generally green, being edged with black or grey lamb's skin. This cap is never moved by way of compliment. The clergy and the aged wear under it the *Fez*, or a red woven calotte. Those who have performed a pilgrimage to Mecca are distinguished by a white handkerchief round the edge of their cap, such being the mark of a *Hadshi*. There are also in the Crimea some Emirs, who wear the green fillet round their head. Among the young nobility, however, Circassian caps are the most common head-dress.

The physiognomy of the true Tauridan Tartars bears great resemblance to that of the Turks and Europeans. There are handsome, tall, robust people among them; and few are inclined to corpulency: their complexion is rather fair, and they have black or dark-brown hair. The boys and youth have mostly a pleasing and delicate countenance; to which circumstance, together with the restraints imposed on women, may, perhaps, be attributed the odious propensities prevailing here, as well as in Turkey and Persia.

The dress of the Tartar women is very different from that of the Nagays: they are in general of low stature, owing probably to their confined treatment in early life; though their features are tolerably handsome. Young women wear wide drawers; a shift reaching to their ancles, divided before, and drawn together at the neck; a gown open in front, made of striped silk, with long sleeves, and adorned with broad trimmings embroidered with gold: they have also an upper garment of some appropriate colour, with short thick Turkish sleeves, edged with ermine, fur, or gold lace. Both girls and married women fasten their gowns with a heavy cincture or girdle, having in front two large

buckles, like those made by the Armenians and Jews, of embossed or filigrane work; and which were once in fashion among the Russian ladies at Peterburgh and Mosco. Their hair is braided behind in as many loose tresses as it will afford; and is covered either with a small red cap or *Fez*, especially during childhood, or with a handkerchief crossed under the chin. Their fingers are adorned with rings, and the nails of their hands and feet tinged with *Kna* (*Lawsonia*), which is imported from Constantinople, and is sometimes mixed with vitriol, to render the colour browner and more permanent; as it will thus continue about two months. But paint is rarely employed by young females.

Married women cut off their hair obliquely over their eyes, and leave two locks also cut transversely, hanging down their cheeks; they likewise bind a long narrow strip of cloth round the head, within the ends of which they confine the rest of the hair, and turn it up from behind, braiding it in two large tresses. Like the Persians, they dye their hair of a reddish brown with *Kna*. Their upper garment is more open below, but in other respects similar to that of the unmarried, as are their upper dress and girdle. They paint their faces red with cochineal, or other drugs, and white with an oxyd of tin, called *Aklyk*, which they carefully prepare over a dung fire, in small earthen pipkins. They also dye the white of the eye blue, with a finely pulverised preparation of copper (*Mafetajh*) brought from Constantinople, and, by a particular process, change the colour of their eyebrows and hair to a shining black, which is retained for several months. At weddings, or on other solemn occasions, the wealthy farther ornament their faces with flowers of gold-leaf; colour their hands and feet, as far as the wrist and ancle, of

an orange hue, with kna, and destroy all the hairs on the body with a mixture of orpiment and lime.

The women, both married and single, wear yellow half boots or stockings of Morocco leather (*Terluk*), or socks: for walking, they use red slippers with thick soles; and in dirty weather, put on stilt-shoes, like the Circassian females. Abroad they wear a kind of undress gown (*Feredshé*) of a loose texture, manufactured by themselves of white wool, and called *Chirka*: next, they wrap several coloured Turkish or white cotton handkerchiefs round their head, which they tie under the chin, and over all this throw a white linen cloth reaching half-way down the arms, drawing it over the face with the right hand; so that their black eyes alone are visible. Independently of this mummery, they evade as much as possible the company of men, and, when they accidentally meet a man in the streets, a false modesty enjoins the woman to avert her face, or turn towards the wall.

The nobility and the priesthood are highly respected among the Crimean Tartars; and, in former times, were often able to make a formidable resistance to the Khan, and even to effect his deposition. The Khan was always chosen from the family of the Ghireis: I am, however, by no means convinced, that they sprang from a direct descendant of Tshingis-Khan. From this family (of which there is no male branch now remaining in the Crimea, though there are several in the Turkish empire) were also uniformly chosen the Kalga-Sultan and Nuraddin-Sultan, who are the persons next in rank to the Khan. The Tshobanghirei are the only descendants of a collateral branch of the Ghireis in Crim-Tartary; who, at the request made by one of the former Khans to the Sultan at

Constantinople, were excluded from the right of succession, which was formerly granted to their own family.

It would be superfluous to enlarge on the religious ceremonies, nuptial solemnities, and other customs, of the Tartars; as in every other respect they agree with those of the Turkish Mahometans, so often described by travellers. Polygamy, however, rarely occurs even among the nobles and more wealthy inhabitants of towns; yet there are some persons in the villages who incur themselves with two wives. Male and female slaves are not common in that country; but the nobility support numerous idle attendants, and thus impoverish their estates; while their chief pride consists in rich and beautiful apparel for themselves and their wives, and in handsome equipages to ride into town; being accompanied by a train of domestics, who follow them on every excursion, though the chief employment of the latter is that of giving their master his pipe, at his demand; standing in his presence, or assisting him to dress; and, in all other respects, living in the same indolent manner as their lords. Another source of expense is the purchase of elegant swords, and especially of excellent blades; the distinction between the different sorts of which, together with their names, constitutes among the nobles a complete science. They are also great admirers of beautiful and costly tobacco pipes, together with expensive mouth-pieces of milk-white amber, that are likewise used by the Turks, and of tubes of curious woods; but the *Kallian*, or the pride of the Persians, is scarcely known here; and the Tartars only employ small ornamental bowls made of clay, which are almost every moment filled with fine-cut leaf-to-

tacco. The generality of these noble Lords, or Murses, were so ignorant, that they could neither read nor write; and, instead of signing their names, they substituted an impression of their rings, on which a few Turkish words are engraven. Some of the young nobility, however, are beginning to study not only the Russian language, of which they perceive the necessity, but also apply themselves more sedulously to reading and writing, and thus become more civilised.—The expence of wearing apparel for the women shut up in their harems is, according to their manner and fortune, little inferior to that of Europeans; with this single difference, that the fashions among the former are not liable to change. Even the wives of the common Tartars are sometimes dressed in silks and stuffs, embroidered with gold, which are imported from Turkey. In consequence of such extravagance, and the extreme idleness of the labouring classes (who only exert themselves for procuring the necessary subsistence), there are very few wealthy individuals among the Tartars. Credulity and inactivity are the principal traits in the Tartar character. To sit with a pipe in their hands, frequently without smeking, for many hours, on a shady bank, or on a hill, though totally devoid of all taste for the beauties of nature, and looking straight before them; or, if at work, to make long pauses, and above all to do nothing, constitute their supreme enjoyments: for this mode of life a foundation is probably laid by educating their boys in the harems. Hunting alone occasionally excites a temporary activity in the Murses, who pursue their prey with the large species of greyhound very common in the Crimea, or with falcons and hawks.

LOVE AND DUTY; A TALE.

IN a château delightfully situated upon the banks of the Rhone, in the fertile province of Languedoc, lived monsieur de Sennetere. He had in the early part of his life served in the French army, and had obtained no small share of glory, as well on account of his bravery and firmness in danger, as of his prudence and judgment in conducting several hazardous enterprises: at length, however, upon the death of his father, he retired to the family estate, bringing with him a lady whom he had recently married, and who was endowed with every excellence that could render her dear in the eyes of her adoring husband. This happy couple were the admiration and esteem of every one in the neighbourhood, and the poor and needy were sure of meeting with assistance from their generosity and unbounded hospitality. Their union had only been blessed with one daughter, who was named, after her mother, Juliet, and possessed, like her, a mind fraught with virtuous principles, and a person and countenance which could have afforded a model to the nicest artist. To these qualifications was, however, added a heart which would melt with pity at the woes of another, but which was too susceptible of the tender passion of love, as the sequel will prove.

Among the numerous visitors at the château, the count de Fiesque was particularly assiduous to please. He was a young man of good family, and had lately arrived in that neighbourhood, in hopes that the salubrious air of the country might repair a constitution considerably injured by too much indulging in the fashionable dissipation and levities of the gay metropolis of France.—He was possessed of a considerable share of wit and vivacity; and, from his dear-bought experience of

the world, he was an entertaining companion. But his qualities were particularly calculated to please the fair sex, and never did he appear to such advantage as when in their company. Notwithstanding he was naturally of a bad disposition, and proud of his descent and family honours, as he had been recommended by some of the first families in France, M. de Senneterre endeavoured to render his stay in his family as agreeable as possible; consequently he introduced him to all his acquaintance, and the young and unexperienced heart of Juliet was pleased at the gaiety he occasioned, and the attentions he always paid her. At every ball he constantly engaged her hand, nor would he scarcely suffer any other to have the honour of dancing with her. His conversation was particularly adapted to please and entertain her, and, at length, his presence became so necessary, that, if any unavoidable accident prevented him from attending her to any party, her natural gaiety forsook her; and, instead of participating in the pleasure of her young friends, she felt herself oppressed by an unaccountable heaviness: she rejoiced if she could make her escape from the mirthful scene; and, retiring to her room, would give herself up to the uninterrupted enjoyment of her melancholy ideas.

Monfieur de Senneterre, far from perceiving the attachment which subsisted between the young people, considered the whole of the count's conduct as proceeding from his great politeness, and a wish that, by making himself agreeable, he might in some slight degree recompense him for his hospitality. Madame de Senneterre, it is true, entertained some suspicions; but she considered the match as a desirable one for her

daughter, and intended, when her suspicions of the count's intentions were confirmed, to communicate the matter to her husband.

The count, about a fortnight before his intended departure from Languedoc, opened his mind, first to Juliet, from whom he experienced an encouragement according with her natural modesty, and then to her mother, to whom he represented matters in so favourable a light, and with such persuasive arguments, that at length he induced her aid and influence with her husband. Monsieur de Senneterre, upon the affair being made known to him, with his usual prudence and foresight, considered how far it would be conducive to his daughter's happiness, and what reasonable objections could be brought against it. Upon mature deliberation, he found that the young man was dependent on his family, as his circumstances were considerably embarrassed by the dissipated life he had led at Paris, and that the pride of his family would be an insuperable bar to his union; likewise, in his opinion, the count's bad constitution, and proud and peevish disposition, eclipsed his other qualifications however brilliant. These objections determined him to refuse his consent to the marriage. The count was so hurt at the unexpected refusal of what he thought was a condescension on his part, that he, immediately after the conference, left the château, pretending that his presence was necessary to the settling of some affairs on his estate.

Nothing could equal Juliet's sorrow when the news of his departure reached her. Her pride at length came to her relief, and suggested that a man who could act in so cool a manner towards her, was no longer worthy of her love; and

she, therefore, nobly determined to shake off all remains of affection for the count. But, alas! how vain are our best resolves! the image of the count was ever present to her eyes; and the more she endeavoured to forget him, the more conspicuous his good qualities appeared. On the one hand, the commands of her father, the exhortations of her mother, and her own sense of duty, furnished strong arguments against the count; but a single engaging action of his would suddenly rush on her memory and destroy the good effects they might otherwise have produced. It is difficult to say what might have been the final issue, had not her father, perceiving the conflict in her mind, privately informed her that, from some secret cause, her marriage with the count would be the death-blow to his happiness. Immediately upon receiving this intelligence, the contest between love and duty became decided; and, although the task was difficult, she resolved totally to overcome her unfortunate attachment. Nature, after some time had elapsed, began to yield to the weight of woe which oppressed her mind; and Juliet, the once gay and happy Juliet, was fast sinking into her grave. Her parents became alarmed at her wan and pale appearance, and perceived some prompt remedy must be adopted before the malady should have taken too strong a hold on her constitution. M. de Senneterre, repented the *finesse* (for it was in reality nothing more) he had used to make her forget her dissipated, though accomplished, lover. However, he determined to try if the gaiety of the metropolis might not, in some degree, at least amuse her mind. Accordingly he set off for Paris, after making himself certain that he should not meet the count there. Indeed, that misguided

young man, after many fruitless attempts to soften M. de Senneterre, has plunged still deeper into dissipation, and had become a desperate gamester.

While he was thus unworthily employed, the fair object of his affections was gradually recovering her wonted serenity of mind, and, indeed, the society of the marquis de Hautfort contributed in no small degree towards the re-establishment of her health. He was a young nobleman of twenty-five years of age, who had been educated in England, where he had spent the early part of his life, under the eye of his father, who had, until his death, continued ambassador there. He died just as his son was entering his twenty-first year, leaving him heir of his immense possessions, and of his mental as well as bodily perfections.

This nobleman, from the first sight of Juliet, became deeply interested in her welfare, and strove his utmost to comfort her. Juliet, pleased with his sincerity of manner, poured forth her griefs, without reserve, into his friendly bosom; and, after some time, his consoling society possessed sufficient charms to relieve her mind, and make her forget her sorrows. At length, a mutual congeniality of disposition, and a sense of gratitude on her part, and of esteem on his, matured their friendship into love. Monsieur and madame de Senneterre saw with pleasure the change which had taken place in their daughter's mind; and so great was their affection towards her, that their gratitude was unbounded towards the author of such a happy revolution. Affairs were in this situation when the count de Fiesque, rendered desperate by his repeated losses at play, came to Paris, secretly, with the intention of carrying off Juliet by force. He was

urged to attempt this unjustifiable act, not only by the embers of his former passion, but by the hopes of obtaining some supplies, which might enable him to continue for some time longer his excesses; for, although he was sensible that M. de Senneterre would be greatly incensed at his conduct, yet he imagined that his beloved daughter's tears and entreaties might in time pacify him. Besides, he was certain of receiving, on the day of his marriage with Juliet, twelve thousand livres, which had been left at her own disposal by a relation. Urged on by these considerations, he procured three desperate fellows who, for the sake of gain, agreed to follow him on this expedition. He made choice of a dark night, when he knew that M. and madame de Senneterre, with their daughter, would return from visiting a friend who lived at Versailles. Having provided themselves with masks, two saddle-horses, and a post-coach and four, they stationed themselves at a retired part of the road leading from Versailles to Paris. After waiting till one o'clock, the count began to suspect that he had received wrong information, when the rattling of a carriage relieved him from his doubts. Immediately he ran into the road, and stopped the carriage, which proved to be the one he had been waiting for, but which, contrary to his expectation, contained the marquis de Hautfort, who, being seated next the door, jumped out, and transfixed one of the ruffians, who had, without effect, discharged a pistol at him. He next encountered the count himself, and, while thus engaged, another of the ruffians, coming behind him, would have thrust him through the body, had not monsieur de Senneterre, who had by this time got out of the coach, dispatched him. A few

seconds after, the count fell, having received a home thrust through the body, but not till he had given the marquis a slight wound in his sword arm. The remaining villain, upon seeing the fate of his companions, mounted one of the horses and galloped off. The marquis immediately returned to the carriage, where he found madame de Senneterre supporting her daughter, who had fainted away upon hearing the clashing of the swords, and still remained in a state of insensibility. The marquis and M. de Senneterre gave up all thoughts of pursuing the villain who had escaped, and turned all their attention to the recovery of Juliet, who soon repaid their exertions by exhibiting signs of returning life, and who in a short time (after repeated assurances that her father and the marquis remained unhurt) perfectly recovered. But what were the surprise and horror of M. de Senneterre, upon unmasking the countenances of the slain! He discovered the face of the count de Fiesque, still distorted by all the agonies of death, which were considerably aggravated by meeting with such a dreadful and unexpected check, when he fondly imagined that his long-concerted plans were on the point of being fulfilled.

M. de Senneterre placed the dead bodies in the post-coach, which had arrived for a far different purpose, and commanded the postillions to proceed, under the guidance of his servant, to the hôtel of the duc de Blaison, the nearest relative of the unfortunate count, to whom monsieur de Senneterre intended on the next morning to explain the whole affair, and the servant was desired to signify the same to that nobleman. The marquis had in the mean time retired to a neighbouring village where his wound had been dressed, and had returned to the carriage by

the time monsieur de Senneterre had disposed of the dead bodies. The remainder of the journey was passed in silence, the attention of every one being so entirely engrossed in meditating on the late rencontre.

The next morning M. de Senneterre, agreeably to his promise, waited on the duc de Blaison, and informed him of the particulars of the event which had occasioned the count's untimely death. The duke, sensible of the atrocity of his nephew's desperate attempt, had him buried privately, and hushed up the affair by giving out that he had been killed by robbers. On the same day the marquis declared his passion for Juliet, first to that lady, and afterwards to her father; by both of whom he was so favourably received that, in a few days' time, he led the fair object of his affections to the altar; and, if real happiness is to be possessed on earth, the marquis and Juliet certainly enjoyed it. Oftentimes would Juliet reflect with terror upon the narrow escape she had experienced of being united to a man with whom she must have been miserable, and at the same time congratulate herself with honest pride upon the victory she had obtained over her own feelings.

Many of my fair readers may exclaim—'Oh! let me placed in such a situation, never would I pain my dear parents' hearts; but, on the contrary, would act consistent with the strictest principles of duty.'—But let them remember that, when once an unfortunate attachment has taken root in their tender hearts, all other considerations are absorbed in a sentiment so dear to them; and that it will require the greatest fortitude and perseverance to open their eyes to their true interest. Should the preceding tale meet the eye of any one under similar circumstances with the beautiful Juliet, may they imitate her noble exam-

ple! and thus show that they possess a degree of reason and a sense of duty which might honour the greatest philosopher.

EUGENIUS.

On the Difference between Economy and Avarice.

ECONOMY is as distant from avarice as from prodigality.—Avarice accumulates not to enjoy, not to reproduce, but merely for the sake of amassing: it is an instinct, a mechanical and contemptible desire of obtaining more. Economy is the daughter of Wisdom and enlightened Reason. She knows how to deny herself what is superfluous, to procure what is necessary; while avarice refuses what is necessary, to lay up what is superfluous against a futurity which never arrives. Economy may be displayed in a sumptuous entertainment, and will even furnish the means to render it more elegant. Avarice, on the contrary, wherever it appears, vitiates every thing. An economical person compares his means with his present wants, and with his future wants, with what is required of him by his family and friends, and by humanity in general. An avaricious man has no family, no friends, scarcely has he wants, except the wish of enlarging his store, and the rest of the human race exists not to him. Economy wishes to consume nothing in vain; avarice to consume nothing whatever. The former is the effect of a laudable calculation; laudable, because it presents the means of discharging our duties, and being generous without an injury. Avarice is a vile passion; vile, because it considers only itself, and sacrifices every thing to itself alone.

Economy is esteemed a virtue, and not without reason, since, like

other virtues, it supposes strength of mind and command over ourselves. No virtue, in fact, is perhaps more beneficial. It provides for the nurture and instruction of youth, and the ease and comfort of old age; at the same time that it secures resources for maturity, and procures us that serenity of mind which is necessary for propriety of conduct; and that independence which raises us above meanness.

It is by œconomy alone that we can be liberal; or, at least, that we can be so long, and with good effect. When we are only liberal from prodigality, we give, without discernment, to those who do not merit our liberality, at the expense of those who do; and the prodigal is frequently obliged to implore the succour of those who have been the objects of his ill-judged profusion. The œconomical person, on the contrary, gives only what he can with propriety dispose of. He is rich with a moderate fortune, whereas the avaricious and the prodigal are poor in the midst of an exuberance of wealth.

LUCINDA.

SOME PARTICULARS of the MANNERS and HABITS of the MALTESE.

[From Anderson's *Journal of the Expedition to Egypt.*]

DURING the time that I had the honour of serving in the garrison of Malta, those objects which were more particularly calculated to attract the notice of a stranger had been greatly diminished from the previous circumstances in which it had been involved. Its curious and singular government was no more; its Grand Master and its Knights had either fled, or were scattered abroad; in short, its peculiar manners and ancient customs were, in a great measure, passed away and dissolved;

and we lived at Malta as in any other distant fortress.

I shall not, however, refrain from relating some particulars of the manners and habits of the Maltese people, as they presented themselves to my observation.

Of the domestic life and private manners of the higher orders of the Maltese I shall not pretend to give a particular description, as our communications with them were confined to public assemblies. We were continually invited to balls during the winter, when dancing, with a profusion of confectionary and Sicilian wines, composed the entertainment. To their dinners or suppers we were never invited, which did not, however, appear to proceed from an inhospitable disposition, but arose more probably from the narrow state of their finances, as an income equal to four hundred pounds sterling was the largest in the island, except that of the bishop.

The Maltese are a very industrious people, being educated to labour and active employment from their cradles; nor are they ever seen in a state of inactivity, but when they are engaged in the duties of their religion, which, however, must appear to the more enlightened professors of Christianity to occupy too large a portion of their time.

The staple manufacture of Malta is the cotton which it produces. It is both white, and of a dingy yellow; but principally of the latter colour. Of this material they weave a narrow cloth of about half an ell wide, which has no variety but of plain and striped.

The number of people which are employed in this fabric is very considerable, as almost every house contains a loom, and every loom is in continual occupation. The women, as well as the men, are employed in its several branches, from the teasing of the cotton to the comple-

tion of the piece. They may, indeed, be frequently seen alternately engaged in teasing, spinning, and weaving. They spin both with the spindle and the wheel, and the female manufacturers are generally heard to cheer their toil with airs of a pleasing and sprightly melody.

The rearing of poultry forms no inconsiderable branch of trade among the middling and lower classes of the people. The quantity of fowls and eggs which this domestic commerce produces is incredible. At almost every door a large wicker basket contains a cackling family, which is only for a short time of the day permitted to range in liberty: as they are accustomed to this state of confinement from the time that they are hatched, they feel an attachment to it, and a kind of chirping noise from their owners calls them back with eager haste to their wicker habitations. This useful traffic does not interfere with, and adds its profits to, those of other occupations.

The wood-cutters form a peculiar description of hardy and useful labourers. The only fuel in this island is wood, which is brought from Sicily and Naples: and as it is of a very hard texture, it becomes an act of necessity to split or cut it into small pieces for firing. These men, who are more numerous than may be imagined, are armed with an axe and a saw, with a chissel and a wedge; and thus equipped, they pass through the streets, making known their want of employment to the inhabitants by a certain kind of cry peculiar to their occupation. It is a long and laborious exertion of their art which gains them a sum equal to eight-pence of our money.

The fishery also employs a considerable number of this industrious

people. The Maltese are very expert both with the net and the line, as it appears from the plenty as well as variety of fish with which the markets abound.

There is another occupation which gives bread to a great number of the Maltese, and is that of selling goat's milk and butter. In the morning and evening the milkmen drive their goats through the streets, and stop to milk them at the houses of their respective customers. Of this useful animal there are great numbers in every part of Malta, and, like the poultry already mentioned, they are seen as living attendants at the doors of the houses.

The Scripture image of the ox that treadeth out the corn is realized in this island. It is a practice which probably derives its origin from the Arabs, who formed a principal part of its former inhabitants, and an intermixture of whose language is still perceptible in the vulgar tongue of Malta. The ears of grain being strewed on a flat piece of ground, cattle are then introduced, yoked together, which are led to and fro till the grain is separated from the husk.

There is, perhaps, no country in the world where its inhabitants have such an upright carriage of their figure as those of Malta. This graceful circumstance proceeds from the peculiar manner in which they direct the shape of their infant children. No sooner is a child born than it is placed between two pieces of board, which reach from the feet to the neck, and are attached to the body of the infant with rollers of linen, but in such a manner as not to produce pain or impede the circulation. In this manner the Maltese children are universally treated, till they are able to walk; and thus they acquire that erect gait which never forsakes them.

That there is no other provision for the poor than the benevolence of individuals, appears from the great number of beggars which infest the streets. This indeed has been a complaint which travellers have frequently made in the great towns of Roman Catholic countries. Among these mendicants, the proportion of those in a state of blindness is very great; a circumstance which must proceed from the sandy surface of the island, and the continual and glaring reflection of an ardent sun on such a white mass of rock.

In La Valetta there are a great many two-wheeled carriages for hire, which are numbered as in London. They are of a very clumsy construction, of a square shape, and large enough to contain six persons. With this unwieldy machine, and so loaded, one horse or a mule will go at the rate of four or five miles an hour. The latter, however, are more generally used, as they are remarkably large and strong in this island. For about twopence a person may be taken from one end of the city to the other; while for a little tour in the country, or the use for a whole day, a dollar is considered as very ample satisfaction. The driver uses neither whip nor spur, but keeps a sharp nail in his hand, with which he pricks the side of the animal in order to quicken his motions. He runs along by his side, with the reins in one hand and a swinging kind of movement of the other. These drivers are seldom seen either with shoes or stockings but on an holiday. Their general dress is a pair of loose trowsers, a coarse shirt, a waistcoat, round which they tie a long, red, worsted sash, and a woollen cap. On their festivals some little addition is made to their dress, in the way of decora-

tion, according as their finances will allow them.

There is a peculiarity in the laws of Malta, by which no debt is recoverable which is not formed by special contract in writing; and unless the written obligation is produced, no process will issue against the debtor. My own experience, in the character of treasurer to the regimental mess, gave me this insight into the jurisprudence of the island; when, from the want of this formality, the cook was justified in refusing the payment of seventy or eighty dollars which I had advanced him.

There is but one cemetery in La Valetta, which is chiefly allotted for the poor people, foreigners, and heretics. It is situated in the Floriana part of the city, close to the line; and surrounded by a wall of about sixteen feet in height, which is furnished within with several rows of stone shelves, containing the skulls of those who have been buried there during several centuries. They are arranged with a curious regularity, and might be considered as decorating the inclosure of a grand anatomical theatre.

Though all ranks of people are devotees, and minutely attentive to the multiplied superstitions of the church, yet chastity does not appear to maintain its due rank among the virtues of their religion. It certainly is not to be found in this island; while prostitution, from the familiar and open manner in which it is carried on, both by married as well as single women, and with the knowledge of their husbands and relations, is not, unless attended with some peculiar degree of enormity, considered as a crime.

MATILDA ; a DRAMA.

(Continued from p. 481.)

ACT IV.—SCENE I.

Wodmar, alone.

WHAT have I heard? Matilda driven from the mansion in which she was born! Nothing then is left for me but to carry into immediate effect the plan which is so repugnant to my feelings. But it must be so. I submit to my fate.

SCENE II.

Charles, in the dress of a postillion, with a whip in his hand, Wodmar.

Wodmar. Ah, Charles! I am glad to see you. But why in this dress?—Are you ordered to accompany Matilda?

Charles. Alas! It is, perhaps, the last service I shall render her.

Wodmar. What! Does Matilda go this very evening?

Charles. Madame Amelia accompanies her: they are now preparing for their departure. Louisa, Philip, and myself, have been assisting her. The unhappy Matilda bathes with her tears the few things she carries with her. Madame Walstein, in her indignation, wishes her to leave every thing behind her; but our young mistress thinks that would be to upbraid her father, to whom, notwithstanding his rigour, she owes respect, love, and submission, to the last moment of her life.

Wodmar. Charles, now is the time that I have need of your zeal, assistance, and courage, of which I have already received so many proofs.

Charles. My courage! I think it has entirely forsaken me. In proportion as the time draws nigh my resolution fails me. I endeavoured

to inspire you with it this morning, you must now return me what I gave you. (*Laying his hand on his heart*) There is something here which tells me our plan is a serious crime; and of such crimes I have never been guilty, nor would I choose to begin now.

Wodmar. What! will you leave me?

Charles. Only reflect. To carry off, by force, an innocent young lady!—

Wodmar. From whom do I carry her off? Not from her father. Matilda has no father. He has driven her from his house.

Charles. He has indeed; driven her from it most cruelly.

Wodmar (*with warmth*). She is for ever proscribed, abandoned, disinherited.

Charles. So amiable a young lady!

Wodmar. Poverty, disgrace, will be henceforth all her portion: and you will suffer her to sink into this wretched condition?

Charles. I suffer her! I would sacrifice my life for her.

Wodmar (*with increasing warmth*). What is it I wish? Her happiness. What is my design? To rescue her from inevitable calamities. What is the object of the plan in which you seem scrupulous of giving me assistance? To give her my heart, my hand; to bestow on her my fortune, and place her in that situation which she ought to fill in society.

Charles. That is all true.

Wodmar. Charles, Charles, be a man; be compassionate; be generous; save an innocent victim.

Charles. It shall be so. I will do every thing for Matilda. But, recollect, your honour, your integrity, is engaged. I have not much penetration or experience, and it is easy for you to deceive me. But if you do deceive me; if you lead me

to commit a bad action, my life will from that time be most wretched. My conscience would never again suffer me to enjoy peace. I would rather die an hundred times than live tormented with the recollection of having assisted in a vicious act.

Wodmar. Be calm: rely on the feelings of my heart as much as on those of your own.

Charles. I am at your disposal.

Wodmar. You will set out presently. My attendants and myself will wait for you in the cospé, about a musket-shot from the castle; and when the time and place shall appear favourable —

Charles. Let there be as little tumult and violence as possible. Think of the situation of the unhappy Matilda. Be careful not to terrify her.

Wodmar. Dismiss every fear of that kind. Some one is coming. I must avoid every eye. Do not forsake me, but resume your courage. It is in the name of Matilda that I conjure you to show yourself a man. [Exit.

SCENE III.

Charles, alone.

Why does my heart beat thus?—
Why do I feel so disturbed in my
mind, so enfeebled, so confused?

SCENE IV.

Amelia, Charles.

Amelia. Can you tell me, Charles, whether Mr. Herman be returned?

Charles. I do not think he is, Madam; he would not leave Mr. Ernest.

Amelia. Mr. Ernest, then, persisted in going to his uncle?

Charles. Nothing, madam, could dissuade him from it. Mr. Herman, however, followed him, and requested me to charge you by no means to set out till he returned.

Amelia. We will wait for him.

Charles. Here he is, madam.

SCENE V.

Herman, Amelia, Charles.

Amelia. Ah! Mr. Herman, we were afraid we should not see you before our departure.

Herman. It was impossible for me to return sooner.

Amelia. There is no alteration, I suppose, with respect to us.

Herman. None. I could not leave Ernest, whose violence and impetuosity I feared. He hastened after his uncle, and I apprehended an explanation between them might ruin him without procuring any benefit to the unhappy Matilda, whose defence he determined to undertake. When we reached the house where the count had proposed to dine, Mr. Ernest desired to speak to him, but was refused by order of his uncle, who, no doubt, conjectured the nature of his application. He sent in a second request, but to no purpose. Our young friend, with all the ardour natural to his age, attempted to force his way, notwithstanding the opposition of the domestics, when the count appeared. 'Begone,' said he to his nephew, 'respect my quiet, my will, my misfortunes. Begone, I command you, or I shall suspect your intention is irretrievably to ruin her you pretend it is your wish to save.' Ernest, pale and breathless, sank into my arms. The count left us; the servants followed him, and I brought back with me the wretched Ernest, whose sighs, exclamations, and despair, have rent my heart.

Charles (aside). It is well; I am now perfectly satisfied—fully determined. I shall only do a good action.

Amelia. It is then only to his daughter that the count is cruel.

Charles (with violence). Yes; cruel, inhuman, he deserves to be called.

Herman. Alas! what he seems to suffer in his own mind does not indicate cruelty. Let us hope every thing from time, and the virtues of Matilda. You will now set out without delay; Charles will accompany you; and to-morrow—Heavens! here is the count!

Amelia. How shall I avoid him? It is impossible.

SCENE VI.

Count d'Orlbeim, Herman, Amelia, Charles.

Count d'Orlbeim (to Herman). If my nephew be returned, go and tell him, from me, that I request him, in the name of his friendship for me, and my affection for him, not to endeavour to see me to-day—To-morrow I will hear him.

[*Exit Herman.*]

SCENE VII.

Count d'Orlbeim, Amelia, Charles.

Count d'Orlbeim (turning to Amelia, who offers to retire). Do not go, madam; I could wish a moment's conversation with you. I am informed that you are preparing to set out.

Amelia. Yes, sir; I will never leave the daughter of my friend. I have lived to love her, to console her under her sufferings, and to my last breath I will share her misfortunes. I do not forget that you received me under your protection when a widow, reduced to indigence, and without kindred to aid or protect me. Your benefits will be always present to my recollection; but, from your coldness towards me, I must declare, that I should long since have refused them, had not the unhappiness of my friend, the youth of her daughter, and the mis-

fortunes which threaten the future life of Matilda, imposed on me the necessity of living with her, and accepting your benefactions.

Count d'Orlbeim (with a sentiment of severity which he endeavours in vain to dissemble). Oh, madame Walstein, why have these generous sentiments, this pride which I cannot blame, this delicacy, been so falsified, so sacrificed?

Amelia. What do you mean?

Count d'Orlbeim (as if about to speak with warmth, but checking himself). Nothing.

Amelia (with firmness). Explain yourself, count: for a long time you seem to have entertained odious suspicions of my conduct. I know not what you have to reproach me with. Speak.

Count d'Orlbeim. I should say too much.

Amelia. I do not fear any thing you can say with truth. What evidence have you against me?

Count d'Orlbeim. Your conscience; that shall avenge me.

Amelia. Oh, Matilda! Matilda! it is for your sake that I suffer this.

Count d'Orlbeim. It is the first time that a reproach has escaped me. The evil admits not of remedy; and I ought not to have uttered a complaint. But we cannot be at all times masters of ourselves.

SCENE VIII.

Herman, Count d'Orlbeim, Amelia, Charles at the bottom of the stage.

Count d'Orlbeim. Come hither, Mr. Herman. Here is a deed, madam, which secures to you and the daughter of your friend the possession of that estate on which you have resided these ten years. You will find in this port-folio what will at all times procure you both an honourable subsistence. But,

whether I live, or whether I die, you know too well—you must be more convinced than any person—that young Wodmar ought not to ask the hand of her whom you accompany.

Amelia. I know this!—I?—

Count d'Orlbeim (*fixing his eyes steadfastly on her*). Yes, you.

Amelia. Every word confounds me.

Count d'Orlbeim. I believe it.—Charles, do you go alone?

Charles. Yes, my lord.

Count d'Orlbeim. How do you go?

Herman. A carriage has been provided, and we are now waiting for it.

Count d'Orlbeim (*eagerly, and with a degree of violence*). Let all my servants take horses, and escort the carriage armed.

Charles (*aside*). Our whole plan is ruined.

Count d'Orlbeim. I have not forgotten what the audacious Wodmar said to me at parting. At his age, a young man of his character is capable of any thing. (*To madame Walslein*) The mansion in which you will reside, defended by numerous servants, will secure you from any attack:—besides, I shall take care to provide—Charles, what do you wait for?

Charles. I am going immediately. (*Aside*) One resource only is left us; we must try it with dispatch.

SCENE IX.

Count d'Orlbeim, Amelia, Herman.

Count d'Orlbeim (*with embarrassment: his eyes fixed on the ground*). If ever you should have occasion for my advice, my assistance, my protection—you will always find me—Honour has its laws—frequently they are cruel (*with a deep sigh*) but humanity must not forget its duties.

SCENE X.

Count d'Orlbeim, Amelia, Herman, Philip.

Philip. Is it by your order, my lord, that your nephew, Mr. Ernest, leaves the castle?

Count d'Orlbeim. How?—

Philip. His horse, carrying a light portmanteau, is ready, and waiting for him at the gate of the park.

Count d'Orlbeim. Where is he going?

Philip. I know not. But he is now in his chamber: the door is half open. I have seen him. He is writing, and shedding tears profusely. Every moment he utters your name.

Count d'Orlbeim. Herman, Philip, hasten to him. Bring him to me this instant. I wish to see him. (*To madame Walslein*) Follow them, I entreat you.—Bring me Ernest.

SCENE XI.

Count d'Orlbeim, alone.

Mad youth! what does he wish? What is he about to do? He would leave me who am his friend—his father.—And can I blame him?—Is the world acquainted with the reasons why I act as I do?—Does it know my shame and my despair?—Ernest will be accused as the cause of the sufferings of Matilda. Ernest is not guilty, and he will not expose himself to the accusation. It is upon me that the whole weight of misery must fall—upon me, whom heaven has doubtless condemned to derive only wretchedness from those gentle affections in which all other living beings seek and find felicity.

SCENE XII.

Count d'Orlbeim, Ernest, Amelia, Herman.

Herman. Philip did not deceive

you: your nephew was on the point of leaving us. A letter which he had written to you would have informed you of his reasons. I have, however, prevailed on him, in the name of that affection and respect which he owes you, to declare them to you himself.—Here he is.

Count d'Orlheim. Is it, then, true that you will leave me?—You, you, Ernest!—

Ernest (*offering to throw himself at his feet*). Oh, my father!—Honour and my duty!—

Count d'Orlheim (*raising him, and kindly*). Honour and your duty require not that you should abandon me.

Ernest. Matilda—leaves you.

Count d'Orlheim (*with his eyes cast to the ground, and a faltering voice*). It must be so.

Ernest. It is by your orders.

Count d'Orlheim (*with a sigh which he endeavours to suppress*). It must be so.

Ernest. You then command Ernest to leave you for ever. Your heart is too just not to feel that this must be the consequence.

Count d'Orlheim (*looking fixedly at him, and speaking with mildness*). You hope, no doubt, that my attention and friendship will follow you in the banishment you impose on yourself.

Ernest. I ought not to expect it.

Count d'Orlheim. What resources have you?

Ernest. One only—the excellent education, which I owe only to your generosity, shall furnish me with the means of subsistence. I will live to love you, and die blessing you.—This is my only hope.

Count d'Orlheim. And the fortune which I had intended for you.

Ernest (*with dignity and firmness*). I will never enrich myself with the spoils of the unfortunate. At the moment when your unhappy

daughter is compelled to leave her father's house, he ought, likewise, to depart who may be accused of having planned and effected her ruin.

Count d'Orlheim. Worthy young man, your heart fulfils my expectation. Far from injuring you in my opinion, your conduct, this day, has increased the esteem and affection I before entertained for you. But, notwithstanding your determination, nothing but death shall separate us. (*With the greatest sensibility, and unable to restrain his tears*) Thou shalt close my eyes; thou shalt weep over my ashes; and my memory shall live eternally in thy heart. By the tears which you see me shed, I swear to me that you will not abandon an old man who has nothing left but thee in the world. Ernest, my dear Ernest, have pity on thy father.

SCENE XIII.

Count d'Orlheim, Ernest, Amelia, Herman, Louisa, Philip, servants.

Louisa (*behind the scenes*). Help!—Help!—

Count d'Orlheim. What is that?

Louisa (*still behind the scenes*). Matilda! Matilda! Help!

Amelia (*starting*). Matilda!

Philip (*running in, followed by other servants*). Loud cries and screams proceed from the pavilion. It is the voice of Louisa.

Ernest and Count d'Orlheim (*at once*). We must learn the cause.

Herman. Let us go.

Louisa (*as she enters, sinks into the arms of those near her, pale, trembling, and scarcely able to speak*). Help me—Help us.

Count d'Orlheim. What has happened?

Amelia, Herman, Ernest, (*at once*) Speak!—

Louisa, Matilda. Villains!—Mr. Wodmar.

Count d'Orbeim. Wodmar!—what of him?

Louisa. I knew him—Matilda and I—we were alone—The window is broken—Some ill looking fellows—Wodmar is at their head—They are carrying off Matilda—Matilda is gone—

All. Gracious Heaven!—Let us pursue.—

Count d'Orbeim (*with violent agitation*). Ernest, in you is all my hope—Restore me my daughter—Restore me Matilda—Arm yourselves—Let us pursue—Am I not sufficiently wretched!—

(*All rush out confusedly, and in the greatest alarm. The curtain falls.*)

END OF THE FOURTH ACT.

(*To be continued.*)

PARISIAN FASHIONS.

(*With an Engraving, elegantly coloured.*)

THE neckkerchiefs with frills continue still in vogue for morning-dresses. These frills are sewed all round, and on the bridle of the morning-caps, which are worn of worked muslin. Wide sleeves are suitable to this dress. Many fashionable ladies likewise wear coloured neckkerchiefs.

The fashion of lace round the bosom still continues. Flowers are sometimes passed through the ringlets of the locks reserved in front of the cropped heads. All the flowers now worn imitate nature. See Plate.

Straw hats and *capotes*, trimmed in front with a lace which falls like a veil, are extremely numerous. This lace, which is always white, hangs almost as low as the veils formerly descended. The new yellow straw hats have a very broad furrowed brim.

If there is at present any prevailing colour it is the rose; but we still frequently meet with lilac and green.

LONDON FASHIONS.

Evening Dress.

A TRAINED petticoat of white muslin, with a short dress of pale blue silk or sham muslin, trimmed all round with broad black lace; plain white sleeves of lace or embroidered muslin. Habit shirt of lace.

Walking Dress.

Short round dress of white muslin; pelice of tea-coloured silk, drawn close round the neck, and trimmed all round with very broad black lace. A large straw bonnet, lined with pink, and turned up all round.

Head Dresses.

A white lace veil, placed on the head to form a cap. The right side hanging carelessly over the face, and ornamented with a row of beads, and a medallion. The left side drawn close over the hair, with a wreath of roses.

Head-dress of hair, banded with hair and beads. A white ostrich feather in front.

A large straw bonnet, turned up in front, and lined with blue.

Cap of lace or muslin, ornamented with a green wreath.

White beaver hat, turned up in front, and ornamented with roses.

The hair dressed with a black velvet band, and gem clasp.

A Chinese hat, trimmed round the edge with white lace, and ornamented with a wreath of flowers.

A white veil thrown carelessly over the hair, and confined with a wreath of myrtle.

Engraved for the Ladies Magazine Oct. 1863.



Mulrow & Russell Co.

PARIS DRESS.

General Observations.

At this season little alteration takes place in the general ornaments of dress: a few pelices have appeared; but white cloaks or fur tippets are yet most prevalent. In full dress, feathers and flowers are invariably used. The make of the dresses has not differed since last month. Lace is still much worn. The favourite colours are lilac, blue, and pea green.

The MORAL ZOOLOGIST.

PART II.

(Continued from p. 486.)

LETTER VII.

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

THE butcher-bird, or shrike, called by the French, *Pie Griſeſce*, closes the list of rapacious birds, and connects them in the great chain of nature with the pies. To the former the shrikes are allied by their strength, their crooked beak, their courage, and predatory life; and to the latter, by their size, the form of their toes, and their feeding usually upon insects, though they prefer the flesh of other birds. There is likewise another property in which they differ from the generality of birds of prey, which is, that they associate in families even after the young are able to fly; whereas most of the predatory birds drive their young from the nest very early, and sometimes before they are capable of providing for themselves.

These birds, though of a small size, and apparently not endowed with great strength of body, will attack, with the utmost intrepidity, mag-

pies, crows, and kestrels, much larger and stronger than themselves; and, in these encounters, they are almost always successful. When the parents unite to drive other birds from their nest, they do not merely wait their approach; but, if they fly near their retreats, they rush upon them with loud cries, and beat them off with such fury that they seldom venture to return. When overpowered by the too great strength of their antagonists, they have been known to fall to the ground together; the combat ending with the death of both the assailant and the defender.

The butcher-birds chase all the small birds upon the wing, and will sometimes kill partridges and young hares. Thrushes, black-birds, and other birds of a smaller size, are their common prey, which they seize by the throat and strangle. It is said that, when they have killed their prey, they will fix it on a thorn, and, when thus spitted, tear it to pieces with their bill. It is supposed that nature has taught the shrike to have recourse to this extraordinary expedient because it has not strength sufficient to tear its prey with its feet, like the other rapacious birds. When confined in a cage, they will flick their food between the wires before they devour it.

The principal species of the butcher-bird known in Europe, are the great ash-coloured butcher-bird, the wood-chat, the red-backed butcher-bird, and the small butcher-bird. There are, however, many other species and varieties, frequently only differing slightly in the colour of the plumage, found in both the old and new continent. As this bird is an inhabitant of every climate, except the arctic regions, Linnæus and Brisson have enumerated each twenty-six species, and Buffon fourteen.

THE GREAT ASH-COLOURED BUT-
CHER-BIRD.

This bird (*the Lanius Excubitor of Linnæus*) is about ten inches in length, and usually weighs three ounces. The head appears large, the muscles which move the bill being very thick and strong. The crown of the head and back are ash-coloured; the wings black, with a white spot. The tail consists of twelve feathers of unequal length, of which the two longest in the middle are black, the next tipped with white, which gradually increases to the outermost, which is entirely white. The throat, breast, and belly, are of a dirty white.

This bird is very common in France, where it is found during the whole year. In Summer it inhabits the woods and mountains; but resorts to the plains, and approaches the habitations of the husbandman, during Winter. It breeds among the hills, either on the ground or on the loftiest trees. Its nest is constructed of white moss interwoven with long grass, and lined with wool. The female, which does not differ from the male in size, and is only distinguishable by her plumage being of a lighter colour, lays generally five or six, and sometimes seven, or even eight, eggs, about the size of those of the thrush. She feeds her young at first with insects, but afterwards with flesh, which the male provides for them with the most assiduous care. The young continue with the old birds, even after they have arrived at their adult state. They assist the parents in providing for the common support, and the family lives together in the utmost harmony during the Winter, till the return of Spring, by exciting amorous connexions, puts an end to the union.

There are several varieties of

this species found in different countries. In Italy there is one with a red spot on the breast, and, among the Alps, another entirely white. In Germany and Switzerland there are others of a larger size. The bird, called the dial-bird by the English in Bengal, is the same with the butcher-bird of the Cape of Good Hope, and differs from ours only by the brownish black colour of the upper part of the body.

THE WOOD-CHAT.

This bird is somewhat smaller than the former, and may easily be distinguished by the colour of its head, which is sometimes red; its eyes also are whitish or yellowish, while in the former they are brown; and its bill and legs are blacker. It is migratory, leaving Europe in Autumn, and returning in the Spring from Africa.

The male and female are almost exactly of the same size, but differ so much in their colours as to appear of distinct species. The wood-chat constructs its nest very neatly, and with the same materials as the great ash-coloured shrike above described. It generally lays five or six eggs, and sometimes more, of a whitish colour, and either entirely spotted with brown or yellowish spots.

THE RED BACKED BUTCHER-BIRD.

The red-backed shrike is a little smaller than the wood-chat. It is seven inches and a half long, and measures between the extremities of the wings, when expanded, eleven inches. It weighs two ounces. The tail is somewhat of a wedge-shape. The back is grey; the four middle quills of the tail are of an uniform colour; the bill is lead-coloured. It inhabits Europe, and breeds in Sweden as well as in France. It is migratory, departing with its family in September or October, and re-

appearing in May, It makes its nest in the trees or bushes in the open country, and not in the woods. It is the *Lanius Collurio* of Linnæus, of which the wood-chat is a variety.

THE SMALL BUTCHER-BIRD.

Naturalists are divided with respect to the genus to which this bird belongs; Buffon, Brisson, and others, classing it with the titmice, under the name of the *bearded titmouse*; and Pennant and Edwards ranking it with the butcher-birds, to which Linnæus admits that it has a resemblance, though he makes it a species of the genus *Parus*, denominating it *Parus Biarmicus*. It is called by Edwards the *Least butcher-bird*. The latter naturalist says, that several cocks and hens of this species have been killed in the neighbourhood of London, but were so little known that they had no name. The countess of Albemarle brought a cageful of them from Denmark, where they are said to be very common; and, it is supposed, that some of them escaping, were the origin of the colony in England.

This bird greatly resembles, in size and figure, the long-tailed titmouse. The total length, including the tail, is six inches and a quarter; the extent of the wings, when expanded, six inches and a half. The head is of a pearl-grey; the throat and fore-part of the neck of a silvery white; the breast of a dirty white, tinged with grey in some subjects, and rose-coloured in others. The rest of the underpart of the body is rusty; the upper part of a light red. The bill is short, strong, and very convex; its colour yellow. On each side of the bill, beneath the eye, is a long triangular tuft of black feathers.

With the habits of these birds we are not very well acquainted, on account of their scarcity. Albin says, it is reported they inhabit the counties of Essex and Lincoln, and always among the fens. Frisch supposes this bird to be analogous to the canary-bird, and that the two species would intermix, but adds it is too rarely found for the necessary experiments to be made. 'This opinion of Frisch,' says Buffon, 'is inconsistent with that of Edwards and Linnæus, who suppose it to resemble the shrike.' Lottinger asserts that it breeds in holes of trees, and frequently consorts with the long-tailed titmouse. The most curious circumstance related of these birds is, that when they rest, the male spreads his wings over the female. 'This attention,' as Buffon observes, 'were it well authenticated, must imply many other interesting particulars with regard to incubation.'

The different species of the shrikes seem to display to us an instructive example of what may be effected by courage and an undaunted spirit, since we see these little birds, scarcely equal in size to larks, flying with security among the hawks and kites, the buzzards and the ravens, which, knowing their intrepidity, seem rather to fear than seek an encounter with them. Courage will give strength to the weak, while timidity enfeebles the strong. Let us, at the same time, remember that the only source of true courage is the consciousness that we are engaged in the cause of justice and of virtue.

I remain, with the utmost respect and affection for your ladyship,

EUGENIA.

(To be continued.)

POETICAL ESSAYS.

THE NAVAL TRIUMPH OF
BRITAIN.

[From Mr. Maurice's 'Crisis of Britain.']

BRITONS, the crisis of your fate
draws near,
Exalt your standards, grasp th' aveng-
ing spear:
In radiant arms, indissolubly join'd,
Be firm, and brave the pow'rs of earth
combin'd.
But, oh Britannia! what immortal
strain
Shall paint thy triumphs on the bound-
less main?
Who sing the heroes that, from age to
age,
Through ev'ry clime have bid thy thun-
der rage;
From burning realms where southern
deeps resound,
To where eternal frosts the pole sur-
round?
Who shall thy Howard's deathless feats
recite,
Thy fearless Drake's, invincible in
fight,
Whose valour, with the storms of Hea-
ven combin'd,
The proud armada to the depths con-
sign'd?
To ardent glory's noblest fires awake,
What terrors could appal the soul of
Blake?
When on the Belgic chief, that dar'd to
sweep,
With high-suspended broom, th' in-
fulted deep,
Furious he rush'd; and tore, indignant,
down,
That barbarous emblem of usurp'd re-
nown;
Then, driving o'er the surge the routed
foe,
Swept the proud vaunter to the gulfs
below.
Far distant on the vast Atlantic main,
To check the ravages of hostile Spain,
Skilful as brave, along a dread-fraught
coast,
Pocock to victory leads a gallant host:
Condemn'd to perish on a barb'rous
strand,

Pale round his vessels glides a spectred
band;
And oft before his midnight couch they
rise,
Flames in their hands, and lightning in
their eyes,
Revenge! they shout; and, towards
Havannah's spires,
Wave their red arms, and point their
hostile fires.
'Mid threat'ning rocks, and waves in
mountains roll'd,
Great Hawke contending with the
storm behold!
Nor rocks, nor roaring surge, nor mad-
d'ning wind,
From its firm centre shake his stedfast
mind;
On fate's tremendous verge the line he
forms,
To France more dreadful than a thou-
sand storms,
Bids, through a night of clouds, the
fleet advance,
And hostile fires illumine the dark ex-
panse.
In vain their broken line the Gauls
oppose,
While, as the furious conflict fiercer
glows,
The British cannon raging, tier o'er
tier,
Flame on their van, and thunder on
their rear.
Wild as the whirlwinds that impetu-
ous sweep
The raging surface of the troubled
deep,
The Gallic vessels o'er the surge are
toss'd,
Or swell the pomp of Britain's victor
host!
'Twas then, while heav'n with angry
tempests lower'd,
And victory on Hawke's proud standard
tower'd,
'Twas then from heav'n, the brilliant
deed to crown,
Britannia's angel rush'd in lightning
down,
From France her naval wreath for ever
tore,
And stamp'd to dust on Biscay's stormy
shore!

If, urg'd by rage, and furious from
 despair,
 Gaul's baffled fleets again the ocean
 dare,
 The brave Cornwallis, on the billowy
 field,
 Shall rous'd Britannia's direst venge-
 ance wield;
 Or Nelson, dreadful in her kindled ire,
 Rain on those fleets a storm of liquid
 fire.
 See! far remote in Asia's sultry sky,
 A thousand flags in crimson radiance
 fly;
 Here! round the Baltic's frozen frontier
 hurl'd,
 Her deep-ton'd thunders shake the
 northern world.
 Sublimely thron'd on Vincent's rocky
 height,
 Hark! Glory, from her sphere of cir-
 cling light,
 Loud hails her Jervis, on th' Iberian
 main,
 Resistless bursting through the line of
 Spain!
 Ardent to gain the wreath that Ruffel
 crown'd,
 And brave Boscawen's vet'ran temples
 bound,
 Reckless of storms, behold intrepid
 Hood
 Plough, with unwearied toil, the briny
 flood;
 In all their ports the skulking foe he
 braves,
 And burns to plunge him in the whelm-
 ing waves!
 Last, but not humblest, on the roll of
 fame,
 With nerve of adamant, with soul of
 flame,
 See fearless Duncan, ranging, undif-
 may'd,
 Belgium's dire shore, with death and
 peril spread,
 And rush, regardless of impending
 doom,
 Where ev'ry billow yawns—a wat'ry
 tomb!
 Though ruin hover in a thousand
 forms,
 Resolv'd, Batavia's marshal'd fleet he
 storms;
 Tremendous on the foe his vengeance
 falls,
 And thick around descend the rattling
 bails.

Retreat is vain; behind the breakers roar,
 While Britain's wasteful thunders urge
 before!
 The doubling game the dauntless Scot
 pursues,
 And, in the jaws of death, the fight re-
 newes.
 Aloft in air her tatter'd standards fly;
 Low bends the stately mast that pierc'd
 the sky;
 Devouring flames consume the glowing
 deck;
 And a third navy floats—a boundless
 wreck!
 Gaul views, enrag'd, her strongest prop
 o'erthrown,
 And into air her daring projects blown.
 Rage, baffled Gaul! for thus, ere yon-
 der sun
 Thrice his bright journey round the
 zodiac run,
 In black disgrace shall all thy triumphs
 end,
 And all thy tow'ring pride in smoke
 ascend.
 The injur'd object of thy jealous hate
 Hurls at thy impious head the bolt of
 Fate;
 On outrag'd heav'n's and man's deter-
 min'd foe
 Slow, but resistless, rolls the fatal blow!
 Ye myriads, whom her direful thirst
 of blood
 Plung'd in the rapid Rhone's empur-
 pled flood,
 Or from the cannon's rending mouth
 consign'd,
 In mangled fragments, to the blasting
 wind:
 All whom dire Robespierre's unsparing
 rage
 Crush'd in the blooming vigour of your
 Or, by succeeding Molochs dragg'd to
 death,
 Who, deep in dungeons, drank in-
 fection's breath:
 All who, by hunger's pangs to madness
 br'd,
 On your own sabre's guiltless edge
 expir'd,
 Or, to avoid unnumber'd horrors,
 quaff'd,
 With pale and quivering lips, th' em-
 poison'd draught:
 Shout from the grave!—in your, in
 nature's, cause,
 Th' avenging sword insulted Britain
 draws!

See her bright ensigns blaze from shore
to shore !
See her bold offspring round those en-
signs pour !
Her ancient nobles, warm with all the
fires
That burn'd at Cressy in their daring
fires ;
Her valiant knights, whose streaming
banners show
Their blazon'd triumphs o'er the haugh-
ty foe ;
Her gen'rous merchants, fam'd through
ev'ry clime,
Of spotless faith and dauntless soul
sublime,
Whose flags, through many a distant sea
unfurld,
Uphold the commerce of the ravag'd
world,
In social bands remotest nations join,
Chill'd at the Pole, or scorch'd beneath
the line ;
Patriots to virtue dear, for freedom
bold,
Who honour still their proudest treasure
hold ;
Her peasants, glowing with a Briton's
zeal,
Whose loyal hearts are oak, whose sinews
steel ;
All ranks, all ages, feel the high alarms,
At glory's call, impatient, rush to arms ;
Ardent to meet a foe their souls dis-
dain, [the main !
Conquerors on shore, and sov'reigns on
To victory rush on, ye dauntless
bands, [hands !
The fate of Europe trembles in your
Oh ! still for glory pant, for Britain
burn, [return
Nor to the sheath th' avenging blade
Till Liberty her trampled rights regain,
Till Justice re-assume her ancient reign,
Till vanquish'd Gaul in blood her crimes
bemoan, [own ;
And Heav'n's avenging arm repentant
Or, in the chain she forg'd for Europe,
bound,
Spend her vain rage, and prostrate bite
the ground.
Britons, the crisis of her fate draws
near ;
Advance your standards, launch th'
avenging spear ;
In radiant arms indissolubly join'd,
Your firmness hath subdued the world
combin'd !

ANTICIPATION.

BEHOLD! with how much joy the
thrilling thought
Runs through all ranks, through ev'ry
sex and age :
The distant pleasure to the present
brought,
Can oft' with fancied joy the mind
engage.
In earliest dawn of life observe the child
Anticipating ev'ry promis'd bliss :
The boy unfolds his hopes with trans-
ports wild ;
Emotions foster mark the 'blooming
mifs.
The roseate cherry, ere the child de-
vours,
Is often to the longing mouth con-
vey'd ;
(As oft' the mouth with disappointment
sours)
Once more the beauteous fruit must
be survey'd :
Once more be seen, then suck'd, then
seen again,
Anticipating what the taste will be ;
Yet when 't is tasted, Fancy's lively
frain
Pictur'd it sweeter than reality.
The youth anticipates the meeting soft
'Twixt him and her to whom he
pledg'd his heart ;
Perchance her soul ere then may mount
aloft, [finart.
And leave him only sorrow's painful
Increasing years increasing wants unfold :
The man anticipates how wealth to
gain ;
To fickle Fortune prays aloud for gold,
Who oft' returns him only grief and
pain.
Why, then, will anxious man his time
misspend,
When disappointment thus each hope
o'erturns ?
Why do his devious steps so wand'ring
bend ?
Alas ! for novelty his soul still burns.
Descending now to age, man clings to
hope : [brave ;
Religious hope inspires the good and
Inspires the mind with ills on earth to
cope,
Anticipating bliss beyond the grave.
August 3, 1803. J. M., L.

FOREIGN NEWS.

Hanover, August 5.

THE day before yesterday the Russian lieutenant-general, baron Von Driefsen, arrived here from Pymont.

The members of the executive commission have been offered an honorary guard, which, however, they have declined.

Constantinople, August 9. The porte has received very disagreeable advices from Egypt. The rebellious Arnauts have driven out of Cairo the small number of janissaries who remained faithful to the porte, and invited the beys in Upper Egypt to make a common cause with them. These have accepted the invitation, and assembled their troops, under the command of Ibrahim bey, at Giza, whence they frequently send out detachments to Cairo, which is in their possession. The porte expects still more unpleasing accounts from Egypt.

The advices from Syria are likewise very unfavourable. The rebels, under Abdul Wechab, who had taken the city of Medina, were on their march against Damascus. The report that they had been defeated is not confirmed. The porte has now sent orders to all the pachas in Asia to unite their forces, to resist the enemy of the Mahometan religion.

Naples, August 16. The French troops in the provinces of Paeglia and Abruzzo, which have hitherto been maintained, and, in part, clothed by our sovereign, will, in future, be paid by the French republic, and be obliged to purchase their provisions with ready money. Our court is indebted for this arrangement to the interferences and remonstrances of the emperors of Germany and Russia.

Hague, August 16. The exchange of the ratifications of the convention concluded on the 15th of June, between the French, Batavian, and Italian republics, took place at Brussels the 24th of July.

It is confirmed that citizen Schimmelpenninck will go to Paris as ambassador, and commissary-general from our re-

public. The French general Cassagnes has fixed his head-quarters at Gouda, where he embarked on the 13th on board a yacht for Amsterdam. General Dumonceau has reviewed the troops in and near Haerlem.

Brussels, August 17. An embargo has been laid on all the vessels on our canal. The object of this measure is undoubtedly to procure a supply of seamen. The number of workmen employed in the construction of gun-boats and flat-bottomed boats has been considerably augmented. Never did such activity prevail in our naval preparations. The department of the Scheldt, and the city of Ghent, which is the principal naval port in the department, are to contribute a million and a half of francs, all of which will be employed in constructing ships of war on the Scheldt.

Constantinople, August 21. The intelligence which the porte has received, in the beginning of this week, by several couriers from Egypt and Arabia, is very gloomy. The rebels in Egypt have obtained the superiority in so decided a manner, that it begins to be doubted whether that rich and fertile province will ever be re-conquered. Several of the Turkish ministers openly acknowledge that the departure of the English from Alexandria has been very prejudicial to the sovereignty of the porte. The Arnauts or Albanese have found means to form a close connection with the Mamalukes, and with their combined forces have entirely defeated the army of the Turkish pacha. Several thousands of his troops have been left dead on the field; and the rest are so dispersed, that he will scarcely be able ever to collect them together again. Many of the fugitives have likewise gone over to the rebels, and been admitted by them into their service.

Cairo is now in the hands of the rebels, and Alexandria alone remains in the possession of the porte. The new pacha, who was appointed governor of

Cairo, was obliged to fly from that city with about a hundred men. It is expected that the rebels will soon march against Alexandria, and that the feeble garrison there will open its gates to them. Such was the situation of Egypt in the latter end of July.

Several councils have been held, and the grand signior has appointed Dgezar pacha, who, with the assistance of the English commodore, sir Sydney Smith, defended Acre against Bonaparte, to head the force collected to act against the Arabian rebels under Abdul Wechab. Dgezar is appointed pacha of Damascus, retaining at the same time his former pathalik, which is the first example of two of the largest governments in the Turkish empire being held by one person.

The rebel, Abdul Wechab, is in possession of the cities of Mecca and Medina, and claims the califat or sovereignty of the grand signior.

The danger is considered at Constantinople as very great, and the means to avert it are very feeble and insufficient. Dgezar pacha has received the promise of a large sum of money monthly, which the porte is not in a condition to pay, and he may, in consequence, excuse himself for having effected nothing against the rebels.

25. The porte has received advice, that the rebels, under Abdul Wechab, have been entirely defeated and dispersed, before Damascus, by the troops under the command of the pacha of Acre, and the other pachas. Mecca is again in the hands of the Turks.

30. The trade of the Black Sea, and especially that of the Russian commercial town of Odessa, which, for some time, has been greatly increasing, begins to suffer considerably from the naval war. The English take all ships in the Archipelago and the Mediterranean which are laden with corn for French ports, or which they suspect is intended to be conveyed to them by an indirect route.

Advice was received here to-day, that an English squadron of one ship of the line, three frigates, and four brigs, had taken, almost under the cannon of the islands, one Spanish and several Ragusan ships, as also some vessels belonging to the inhabitants of the republic of the Seven Islands. As these captures may be considered as a violation of the Turk-

ish territory, the Austrian internuncio complained to the porte of the conduct of the English. The porte on this made application to the English envoy, Mr. Drummond, who, however, declared that he could not decide on this maritime question, and must content himself with informing his court of the circumstance.

According to accounts from Egypt of the 7th of June, the citadel of Cairo had had been given up to the beys, by the Arnauts, the day before.

Advices from Cyprus state, that Ingel bey, who had arrived with two frigates before Damietta from Alexandria, had been repulsed, in an attack on that town, by the troops of the beys.

The civil and religious war in Arabia still continues. The city of Mecca is held by a shereif, who is under Abdul Wechab, but Medina is in possession of the Turks. Abdul Wechab has retired into the desert to collect new troops.

The number of houses destroyed by the fire of the 18th instant, near the seraglio, amounts to above five hundred. The damage is the more considerable, as that quarter was inhabited almost entirely by persons of distinction. It is supposed the fire was wilfully caused by evil-disposed persons, the enemies of the grand vizir. The latter, to appease the commotion among the people, has given liberty to several prisoners.

Italy, Sept. 2. Three French ships of war have arrived at Genoa, from Toulon; they are laden with ammunition, and bound to Ferrajo.

The king of Naples has disbanded a great part of his troops, with permission to enter into any foreign service they may choose.

4. It is said that a corps of five thousand Italian troops, by order of the first consul, will march to Paris, where they will wait till they receive farther directions. The general of division Pino has the command of them. The Italian republic is building a great number of flat-bottomed boats and gun-boats, on the banks of the Po and the Adige.

8. The expedition fitting out at Ancona is intended for the conquest of the Morea, which the French propose to hold for a time as a compensation for Malta.

The French envoy at Naples has made a representation, by order of the first consul, against the stay of the

English general Stuart; in consequence of which it has been signified to him to withdraw, and he has gone on board the English fleet.

The grand master of Malta has suddenly retired from Messina, in Sicily, where a landing by the English was apprehended, to Catania.

Dunkirk, Sept. 9. Several houses in the vicinity of our town have been, it is said, allotted for the use of different offices. The principal administration will be at St. Omers. General Soult is expected at Boulogne; and the general of division Gerard will go to Lisle, in the place of gen. Vandamme, who is appointed lieutenant-general to the army of England.

On the 5th the English threw two hundred bombs into Boulogne; two houses were damaged, and a woman wounded.

Paris, Sept. 9. Yesterday the first consul reviewed his whole body-guard, in the plain of Sablons. The body-guard will immediately set out for St. Omers. Bonaparte, who will soon set out for St. Omers, will frequently go and return between that city and Paris, so that he will pass at least eight days in the month in the capital.

The commissary of the marine at Bourdeaux has written to the chamber of commerce there, that no more privateers will be permitted to fit out there; and this order has been notified in the exchange.

General Duroc is, it is said, appointed lieutenant-general of the first consul for the expedition against England.

Berlin, Sept. 12. It is now determined that French troops shall occupy the territory of Gottingen, and application has been made here for permission to march a demi-brigade through Hildesheim, which has been granted, and the proper orders have already been issued.

Milan, Sept. 12. Various movements still continue to be made by the French and Italian troops; we shall, no doubt, soon know their object. A great quantity of artillery has been taken from the fortress of Mantua, for the use of the vessels of war which are building in the Adriatic sea. On the 10th instant war was solemnly declared against England, by sound of trumpet, at the town-house at Milan.

Dieppe, Sept. 14. This morning about

eight o'clock, two English bomb-vessels, two frigates, and two smaller ships of war, appeared off our coast. The batteries of Puy, and one of the batteries of Dieppe, fired some shot at them. They answered with a dreadful fire, and discharged from two hundred and fifty to three hundred bombs, and above 400 balls, against the town, many of which flew half a mile beyond it. About thirty shot struck the houses; a shell set two houses on fire in the suburb De la Barre, and one of them was much damaged. Chimneys were knocked down, balls entered the windows and damaged the furniture, &c. We maintained, on our part, a very active fire, and the English were obliged to put out to sea. It is said that some of our balls reached them. We are in fear of another visit from them soon. Many persons have left the town and retired farther up into the country.

General Delmotte has taken the command of the marine troops at Brest.

While England is threatened with a descent from the coasts of the Channel and along Belgium, an expedition will be undertaken to Ireland from the coasts of *ci-devant* Normandy and Brittany.

Troops are drawing towards the coasts from the vicinity of Strasburg.

St. Valery, Sept. 17. An English division, consisting of six sail, appeared before St. Valery on the 14th instant; they approached within half a mile, cannon-shot, and kept up a continued fire with bombs and balls. Several of their bombs fell within the town. One fell on the top of a house, and burst with a terrible explosion. Another entered a house, and broke all the furniture and windows. The owner fortunately was absent on his duty in the service. Other balls beat down chimneys. The enemy continued a terrible fire during the space of an hour. The number of bombs and balls which they discharged is estimated at 200. The balls were many of them thirty-two pounders. Our apprehensions were the greater, as the calm weather permitted them to take good aim: suddenly, however, we perceived them make a signal to stand out to sea; fortunately they set fire to no part of the town, nor was any person wounded.

HOME NEWS.

Bristol, October 2.

THIS morning, about three o'clock, there was a terrible fire on the opposite side of Dolphin-street, a short distance from the bridge, a sugar-house, belonging to Mr. Worley: a great quantity of sugar was saved, and taken into Bath-street, where it was guarded by the militia, although much was consumed with the inward part of the building. It is supposed the loss is about 7,000*l.* It was insured for more than 11,000*l.* It is not known at present how it happened, but reported, that the men were at work at the time. Fortunately for the inhabitants, there was no wind. The only accident that occurred was, one of the firemen had his hair burnt from his head at the time the roof fell in.

A desperate affray took place on Sunday last, about eleven o'clock, at the corner of Avon-street, Bath, between some soldiers of the army of reserve; when the watchmen interfering to restore order, several of the soldiers drew their bayonets upon them, and stabbed one of them to the heart; another watchman was severely wounded, but it is hoped not mortally. Several of the party were apprehended.

London, Oct. 3. On Friday afternoon, about three o'clock, a Swedish captain, in company with two others of his countrymen, coming down Cornhill to attend 'Change, having an umbrella over his head, was accosted by a woman with a child in her arms, who begged him to protect her from the rain for a few minutes. To this the gentleman humanely consented; and the woman, pretending that she had been travelling for several hours, and was so much exhausted as to be ready to sink with fatigue, he consented to carry the child for a few paces; pretending in the mean time to adjust part of her dress, the woman lagged behind a few paces, and contrived to give the gentleman the

slip, leaving him to provide in the best manner he could for the infant, which was about two months old.

Dublin, Oct. 3. Thomas Keenan was tried to-day on the same charges of high-treason with those who preceded him. It was proved that he was an associate of M'Intosh, and was arrested along with him in the town of Arklow, whither they had fled after the 23d of July. Fleming swore positively that he was one of those who piked lord Kilwarden. The jury, after five minutes' conference, returned a verdict—*Guldy*.

Sentence of death was immediately pronounced. The prisoner did not deny his having been engaged in the conspiracy, but positively denied having been one of the murderers of lord Kilwarden.

M'Intosh, convicted on Saturday, was this day executed in Patrick-street, opposite to the house where he had been manufacturing the powder for rebellion.

This malefactor was a Scotchman, and was brought to Ireland, being a carpenter by trade, by the person who built Sarah's bridge, to carry on that work, being very skilful in his line. He was then a remarkably quiet, well-conducted man, and afterwards was so distinguished for two or three years, in the employment of Mr. alderman Foot. It appears it was not until May last that he had been deluded from his former propriety of conduct, when he got connected with traitors.

4. A very melancholy occurrence took place on Thursday last, in the county of Cavan: as lieutenant Kerr, of the Portland yeoman infantry, was exercising his corps, a shot was discharged from the ranks, which entered his body, and he instantly fell. The astonishment produced by this dreadful circumstance may be easily conceived, as lieutenant Kerr was a gentleman much beloved by his corps, and highly re-

spected in the country. Upon an investigation, it appeared that the brother of the man who had fired this unfortunate shot had been the night before shooting wild ducks on a neighbouring lake, and that the innocent perpetrator had borrowed his musquet, and was suffered to fall into the ranks without having it properly examined. Lieut. Kerr survived but four hours. A coroner's inquest was held on the body, and, after an accurate enquiry, a verdict was found of—*Accidental Death*; in consequence of which the unhappy man who had caused it was admitted to bail.

London, Oct. 4. On Saturday morning Dennis D'Eon, a foreigner, was brought to town from Brighton, by Townshend, who apprehended him at that place, on suspicion of being a spy from the French government. The same day he was examined before Sir Richard Ford, at Whitehall, and committed to the house of correction, Cold-bath-fields. He served under Bonaparte during the late war.

A gentleman, who left Morlaix on the 27th ult. and who was at Granville when the attack was made upon that place, states, that six houses of the town were destroyed, and one gun-boat and a few small vessels sunk, and one of the inhabitants killed. There were sixteen gun-boats ready for sea, and eight more building. A considerable number of troops were likewise assembled in the neighbourhood, to be employed on the expedition.

5. On Sunday morning, early, the Borough cavalry left town for Brighton, where they have been called upon duty.

The Tower-hamlet militia have had orders to be in readiness to march, at an hour's notice, for the coast, and are in daily expectation of being sent off. When this takes place, we understand the third and fourth regiments of the Loyal London Volunteers will be ordered on duty in the city, it having fallen to their lot by ballot.

The East Kent yeoman cavalry, amounting to near 1000 men, are to assemble to-morrow at Maidstone, under the command of Earl Camden, and to continue to exercise together for a week. This body of men are as well mounted and as well disciplined as any set of volunteers in the kingdom, par-

ticularly the troop of the earl of Darnley.

6. In the course of the last fortnight there have been upwards of 70,000 stand of arms issued from the Tower.

Knapfacks are ordered for the brigade of royal East-India volunteers, with camp equipage, and every article necessary for a march. They are shortly to have a grand sham-fight on Epping Forest, previous to the *real* one expected on the coast. The men are all in high spirits, 'confident in arms, and eager for the fray!'

The second regiment of East-India volunteers have received orders to hold themselves in readiness to march at a moment's notice.

The Bloomsbury corps have received orders to hold themselves in readiness to march, and provide themselves with knapfacks, &c.

By accounts received from Margate, we understand that all the troops in that district, including the volunteers, are ordered to hold themselves in readiness to march at a moment's warning; so that if the enemy should attempt a landing on this part of the coast, they will be received at the point of the bayonet. The whole coast, indeed, appears to be in a state of preparation.

7. Yesterday morning, — Thompson was executed in the Old Bailey. He had been convicted of robbing and ill-using a very old woman on the Hammersmith road. He appeared on the scaffold in a very emaciated state, and had no friends to take care of his corpse.

As two sailors were travelling to the North, on Tuesday se'night, they took up their lodgings at Whittingham that night, and were recommended to a cottage contiguous to the great tower of that place. The evening being very wet, and the wind high and boisterous, they congratulated each other that they had got in snug and safe. About six o'clock at night, part of the east wall of the tower gave way, and so sudden and dreadful was the fall (it being above forty feet high) that it literally crushed the roof, walls, and household furniture, to atoms, and buried a woman and her child, with the two travellers, under the ruins. The cries of a girl, daughter of the poor woman, brought several

persons to the place of desolation, who immediately set to work in order to rescue the supposed dead bodies. The child was first discovered, next the mother, and lastly the two sailors, none of whom were much injured.

Woolwich, Oct. 7. Early yesterday morning a fire broke out at a gentleman's house contiguous to Woolwich warren, on the Plumstead side, which entirely consumed the same, together with a house adjoining. Apprehension was at first entertained for this valuable military depot, but the drum having beat to arms, and plenty of water and assistance obtained, the flames were prevented from doing further injury. We do not hear that any lives were lost, nor how the fire began. It is said that between 400l. and 500l. in Bank-notes were lost.

London, Oct. 8. On Wednesday, while getting the ordnance into the Regulus block-ship, at Chatham, the sheers not being sufficiently secured, a cannon of 40 cwt. fell on two men, one of whom was instantly killed, and the other survived but a short time. Same day, in the intrenchments on the lines, the ground suddenly gave way, by which a serjeant had his thigh broke, and a private was so terribly bruised, that he died the next day.

Deal, Oct. 9. By a cutter lately arrived from off Brest, we learn, that, on taking a peep into that harbour, several men-of-war pennants were seen flying at the main top-mast heads; and the masts of a considerable number of shipping, supposed to be transport vessels, were distinctly observed. It is generally imagined the whole of this armament is destined for Ireland.

London, 10. Friday afternoon, a young lady, about eighteen years of age, was sitting near a fire, at work with her needle, in Whitechapel, when a spark flew upon her clothes. She perceived it, and thought she had shaken it off, but in an instant she perceived her gown in flames; she screamed, called to her mother, who came to her assistance, and endeavoured to roll her in the carpet, but in vain: in her great torture and fright she disengaged herself from her mother, and ran into the street, where a man was passing at the time with a sack, who endeavoured to extinguish the flames with it, but to no purpose;

she unfortunately continued to run down the street, and the wind continuing to raise the flames till all her clothes were entirely burnt off her, she was taken into a neighbouring house a most shocking spectacle. She still survives, but with very little hopes of recovery.

11. On Friday last a most dreadful accident happened on board the Alton West-Indiaman, in the wet docks at Blackwall: an officer of the excise having, incautiously, placed himself against a handspike left in the windlass, the pall of the latter gave way, by which he received a violent blow, was thrown down the fore hatchway into the ship's hold, and killed on the spot. Several merchants, who witnessed the misfortune, have humanely entered into a subscription for the deceased's family, which consists of his widow and several small children. On Saturday, also, a labourer belonging to the Docks fell from the foot-way on the outer gate into the basin, where he remained near twenty minutes before he was taken out; the different means recommended for the restoration of drowned persons were used, but every effort to recover him proved ineffectual.

Dover, Oct. 12. The York, of 64 guns, came to anchor in the road last night. She is bound to Dungeness, where she is to be stationed as a block-ship. From the hills of Dover there were seen this day, about twelve, an English frigate, two gun vessels, and several cutters, lying to off Point Dalpree. The report here is, that another attack will be shortly made on Boulogne. At the block-houses situated on Dover-cliffs, the centinels have orders to parade the works night and day. This was a late order, and arising, it is said, from advices received on this side the water, that on the opposite coast the French were all in motion. Not a gun heard this day in any direction.

London, Oct. 12. Yesterday afternoon, at three o'clock, the Clerkenwell corps mustered at their parade ground, and proceeded from thence to the great field, near White-Conduit house, for the purpose of going through their evolutions. Having reached the spot, the commander, Francis Magniac, etq. was about to form the line, when his horse took fright, and plunged so desperately,

that he threw his rider to the ground; by which accident, unfortunately, his right shoulder was dislocated. The physician and surgeon of the corps being present, hastened to his assistance, and having replaced his shoulder, bled him, and led him carefully off the ground.

19. On Sunday afternoon, a Gravesend boat coming up the river under full sail, and with a fresh breeze of wind westerly, came inside the tier, off the juty of the London docks. Going at the rate of seven or eight miles an hour, small boats had hardly a chance of getting out of her way; and one wherry, in which were two gentlemen and the waterman, was literally run over by her. The waterman got on board the Gravesend boat, and one gentleman (captain St. Barbe, of Ratcliff) was enabled, from his situation, to snatch hold of a rope under the bow-sprit, which he held fast, and was carried on with the vessel, hanging partly in the water; but the other passenger (a Mr. Marten, of America-square) was sunk with the wherry, and the Gravesend boat went over both. In a short time he rose, swam towards a passing lighter, and was providentially enabled to hold on by the oar of the lighter till a wherry, which had put off from the stairs to take captain St. Barbe from his perilous situation, came also to his rescue. We are happy to state that the gentlemen are well, except that Mr. Marten has both his legs bruised, and has received a severe blow on his head, supposed to be against the Gravesend boat's bottom when rising the first time after his being run down, and by which he was sunk again.

BIRTHS.

Sept. 16. In Coppice-row, Cold-bath-fields, Mrs. Ann Turner, wife of James Turner, junior, of a daughter.

25. At his house, in Portman-square, the lady of col. Beaumont, M. P. of a daughter.

26. At Chestnut, the lady of John Dunkin, esq. of a daughter.

Oct. 2. At Wimbledon, at the hon. J. S. Wortley's, the right hon. lady Lovaine, of a son.

3. At his house, in Bloomsbury-square, the lady of Charles Badham, M. D. of a daughter.

6. The lady of Richard Toulmin, esq. of Surrey-street, of a daughter.

8. In Great James-street, the lady of W. Money, esq. of a son.

9. At Gainford, county of Durham, the lady of capt. Byron, of the royal navy, of a son.

10. At Mr. Ashley's town residence, in Grosvenor-square, lady Ann Ashley, of a son.

At Redburn, Herts, of a son and heir, the lady of James Kelly, esq.

11. At his house, in York-buildings, the lady of capt. Philip Codd, of a daughter.

At Botley, the lady of sir Joseph Mawbey, bart. of a daughter, which died soon after its birth.

MARRIAGES.

Sept. 20. At Dunottar-house, Alexander Hadden, esq. of Nottingham, to miss Ann Innes, daughter of the late Alexander Innes, esq. of Cowie, Kin-cardineshire.

At Edinburgh, David Kemp, esq. son of the rev. Dr. Kemp, to miss Colquhoun, eldest daughter of sir James Colquhoun, of Luls, bart.

23. At Chideock, near Bridport, Dorset, the rev. Gilbert Langdon, to miss Fitzherbert.

28. Hope Stewart, esq. of Ballechin, to miss Louisa Morley, second daughter of the late James Morley, esq.

William Sampson, esq. of London, to miss Harriet Stelbank, of Ramsgate.

29. Wm. Lowndes, jun. esq. of Chessham, Bucks, to miss Harriet Kingston, second daughter of John Kingston, esq. of Basing-house, Rickmansworth.

Richard Wood, esq. of Manchester, to miss Nicholson, of Dudcote, Berks.

Oct. 1. J. Atkins, esq. M. P. of Charlton, to miss Burnaby, only daughter of the rev. Dr. Burnaby, of Greenwich.

Captain William Mitchell, of the ship Mars, to miss Stanley, of Greenwich.

3. John Fox Seaton, esq. of Pontefract, to miss Brown, daughter of Thomas Brown, esq. of Upper Tooting.

At Houghton-le-Spring, the rev. F. Reed, to miss Mary Ann Story.

Mr. Tho. Walker, of Low Fotherly, to miss Thomson, niece of captain Gibson, of Oakwood.

6. Dr. Hugh Macpherson, physician in Aberdeen, to miss Charters, eldest

daughter of the late S. Charters, esq. of the hon. East-India company's service.

At Worcester, captain Marcus J. Annesley, nephew to the right hon. Richard earl Annesley, to miss Caroline Smith.

Thomas James Riley, esq. of the General Post-office, London, to miss Mary Ann Gallop, of Bow-lane, Cheapside.

Mr. S. Sotheby, of York-street, Covent-garden, to miss Harriet Barton, of the Isle of Wight.

8. Thomas Campbell, esq. author of 'The Pleasures of Hope,' to miss Matilda Sinclair, daughter of R. Sinclair, esq. of Park-street.

9. W. Leedle, esq. of Holles-street, to miss E. Andrews, of Gray's-inn-lane.

10. In the island of Guernsey. John Cameron, esq. major in his majesty's 43d light infantry regiment, to miss A. Brock, niece of admiral sir Jas. Saumarez, bart.

11. At Broughton, Jonathan Rashleigh, esq. of Hatton-garden, to miss Sealy, of Alresford, Hants.

14. William Browne, esq. of Tallentyre-hall, to miss Catherine Stewart, daughter of the late William Stewart, esq. of Castle-Stewart.

16. John Carter, esq. of Hamworthy, Dorsetshire, to miss Spork, of Poole.

18. At St. Pancras' church, London, W. N. Skinner, esq. to miss Parflow, only daughter of the late major Parflow, of the 3d or king's regiment of dragoons.

DEATHS.

Sept. 23. Miss Catherine Cornelia Mayers, youngest daughter of Mrs. Mayers, of Claybrook-house boarding-school, Fulham, aged 19, of a pleurisy.

At his mother's house, Clapham, Surrey, Honorius Combauld, esq.

At Rotherhithe, lieutenant John Griffith, of the royal navy, aged 67.

24. Mrs. Cock, of York-street, Westminster, in the 36th year of her age.

28. At her brother's house, at Walthamstow, miss Mary Bruckshaw.

Mrs. Armstrong, wife of F. Armstrong, esq. of Walcot-place, Lambeth.

At Kingshury-cliff, Warwickshire, Mrs. Willoughby, wife of Robert Willoughby, esq.

Mr. John Robertson, formerly an eminent apothecary in Bishopsgate-street.

29. At Fort William, Mr. Alexander McIntyre, merchant there.

At Horndean, aged 84, colonel Monroe, of the royal marines.

At Turnham-green, in the 83d year of his age, Ralph Griffiths, esq. LL. D.

In the 9th year of her age, the eldest daughter of the rev. Geo. Hodgkins, of Stoke Newington.

Mrs. Slaughter, wife of Mr. William Slaughter, of St. Martin's-lane.

Mr. Thomas Taylor Yoxall, of Griffin's-wharf, Southwark.

OZ. 1. At Barrogil-castle, of a fever, the right hon. lady Helen Sinclair, second daughter of the earl of Caithness.

3. At Watford, Herts, in the 70th year of her age, Mrs. Newman, sister to the late Mr. alderman Newman.

Everhard Fawkener, esq. one of the commissioners of stamps, at his seat at Mitley, near Manningtree, in Essex.

Miss Caroline Harford, daughter of Mr. Harford, Clapham-common, Surrey.

At Guernsey, captain John Tew, of the fifth regiment of foot.

At Maidenhead, on his return to his house at Chertsey, R. Douglas, esq. of Mains.

5. At Islington, Mr. James Wilson, formerly a seedsman in West-Smithfield.

Mrs. Wright, wife of Mr. Wright, of Wild-court, Lincoln's-inn-fields, book-binder.

At Sutton, Lincolnshire, the rev. Timothy Mangles.

6. At Epsom, Surrey, aged 98, Mrs. Nicholls, relict of Dr. Frank Nicholls, mother of John Nicholls, esq. late M. P. and daughter of the late Dr. Mead.

Near Cadleigh, Devon, Mr. J. Pearce, aged 90. In a concealed part of the house were found six thousand guineas and half-guineas, to the joy of his executors. He always pleaded want of money.

7. At Ailan, Roxshire, Mrs. Monro.

8. Was interred, in St. George's-chapel, Windsor, in the grave with her beloved husband, the hon. Anne Brudenell, relict of the hon. colonel Robert Brudenell, and one of the bedchamberwomen to her majesty.

At Clapham-common, in the 83d year of her age, Mrs. Elizabeth Milward, relict of the late Mr. William Milward.

At her house, in Bath, Mrs. Porter Walch, relict of the late P. Walch, esq.

10. Mrs. Currer, wife of Thomas Currer, esq. of Ormiston.

11. In the 67th year of her age, Mrs. Jacob, of Chapel-row, Little Chelsea.

12. William Smith, esq. of Bryanstone-street, treasurer of the ordnance.