THE

LADY'S MAGAZINE,

OR

ENTERTAINING COMPANION

FOR

THE FAIR SEX;

APPROPRIATED

SOLELY TO THEIR USE AND AMUSEMENT.

FOR DECEMBER, 1803.

THIS NUMBER CONTAINS,

1 The Clandeſtine Lovers; a Tale, 619
2 The Moral Zoologiſt,.....621
3 The Phyſician; an Apologue,..624
4 Miſcellaneous Maxims,.....624
5 The Relation of Animated Bodies to Inanimate Nature,.....625
6 The Poet of Ednam,.....627
7 A Morning's Walk in December, 628
8 On the Dreſs of the Pariſian Ladies, 629
9 Origin of John-o'-Groat's Houſe, 631
10 Account of Alnwick-Caſtle, &c. 632
11 Anecdote,.....635
12 Matilda; a Drama,.....636
13 The Hiſtory of Albano, a noble Venetian,.....641
14 Extract from the Muſical Drama—'The Wife of two Huſbands,'..646
15 Pariſian Faſhions,.....652
16 London Faſhions,.....653
17 Account of the new Muſical Drama—'The Engliſh Fleet in 1342,'..654
18 Signe and Habor; a Gothic Romance, 656
19 Preſentation of the Ducheſs of Bedford to the Queen,.....661
20 POETICAL ESSAYS:—Anacreon, Ode 1. Abſence; a Sonnet. Songs in the new Comic Opera—'The Wife of two Huſbands.' To Miſs ——, on her aſking the Author, why ſhe had ſleepleſs Nights? Reuben and Roſe; a Tale of Romance, 662—63
21 Foreign News,.....665
22 Home News,.....668
23 Births, Marriages, Deaths, 671—72

This Number is embelliſhed with the following Copper-plates:

1 THE CLANDESTINE LOVERS.
2 For the MORAL ZOOLOGIST—SNAKE EATER.
3 An elegantly-coloured PARIS DRESS.
4 New and elegant PATTERNS for GOWNS, &c.
5 MUSIC—HYMN TO MONEY: the Words and Muſic by WILLIAM BARRE.

LONDON:

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

Where Favours from Correſpondents continue to be received.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

The Continuation of the Monks and the Robbers will appear in the Supplement.

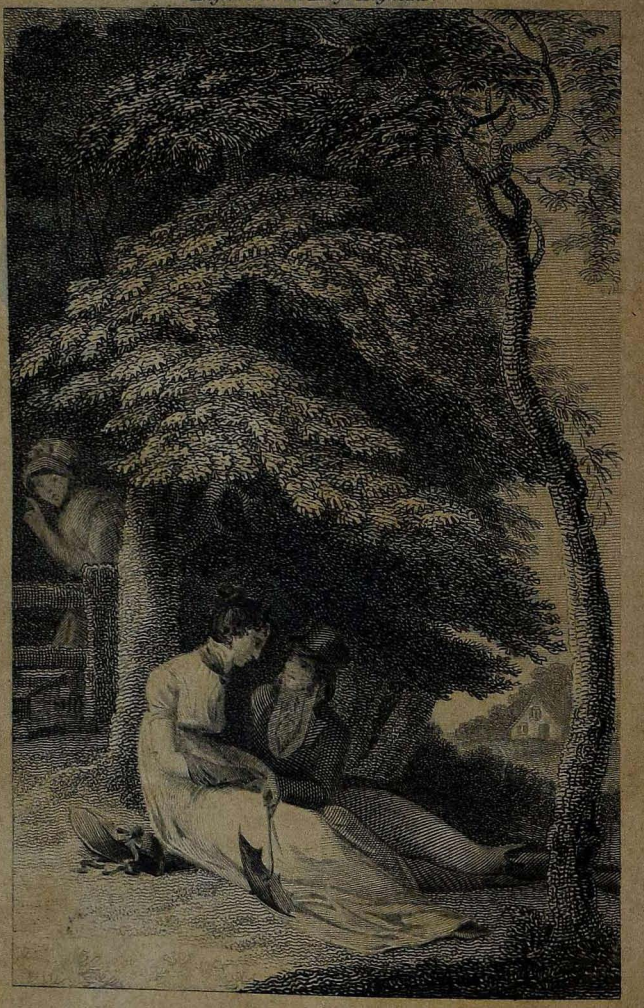
We hope A. FERMOR received the anſwer tranſmitted according to her requeſt: we ſhall be happy to hear again from her.

E. R.'s Poem is unſuitable, on account of its too great length.

L.M.'s Eſſay.—A.D.'s Communications—and various favours of other correſpondents—will have a place in the Supplement.

The Wary Huſband, a Poetical Effuſion—*The Jolly Volunteer*, a Song—and Lines addreſſed to Miſs E. F.—are under conſideration.

Engrav'd for the Lady's Magazine.



The Clandestine Lovers.

THE

LADY's MAGAZINE,

For DECEMBER, 1803.

THE CLANDESTINE LOVERS;

A TALE.

(*With an elegant Engraving.*)

THE ſon of ſir George Daſhly, notwithſtanding he was heir to the extenſive eſtates of his father, and poſſeſſed beſides a very ample independent fortune, which had been bequeathed to him by an uncle, was remarkable for ſuch a ſingularity in his opinions and manners as frequently rendered him an object of merriment to his giddy companions. He had no ſoul, no taſte, no reliſh for either drinking, gaming, or intriguing with and deceiving credulous females. He deſpiſed oſtentation and pride, honoured and loved virtue and religion, and, in ſhort, was in every thing the very reverſe of a modern young man of faſhion.

The latter, however, was the character exhibited by his father in early life; and, even in his more advanced years, he was ſtill a lover of the ſame diſſipation: but his paſſions having become leſs ardent, the advancement of his intereſt was on every occaſion preferred to indulgence in pleaſure. He continually ridiculed the preciſe and puritanical ideas, as he called them, of his ſon, whoſe love of retirement and ſcience, and whoſe eſtrangement from the hollow extravagance of modiſh life, he conſidered as mean and contemptible in a perſon of his rank and fortune.

But all the remonſtrances of ſir George with his ſon on this ſubject were delivered in ſuch a manner, and conveyed in ſuch language, as only tended to confirm the latter ſtill more in his averſion to habits of life which could induce a father ſeriouſly to reproach his ſon with meanneſs of ſpirit, becauſe he ſuſpected him of being too much addicted to the love of the humbler virtues, and the practice of diſintereſted benevolence.

During a viſit which young George made to a friend who reſided in the neighbourhood of the ancient city of York, as he was one day taking a retired walk in the environs, and enjoying the contemplation of the beauties of nature, he chanced to meet with a young lady, whoſe perſon and manner made a more forcible impreſſion on him than he had ever before experienced from any of her ſex. He entered into converſation with her, and was equally charmed with her vivacity and good ſenſe; and ſhe, on her part, gave a proof that ſhe had conceived, in ſome degree, a favourable opinion of him, by conſenting to meet him again at the ſame place, about the ſame time on the following day. Theſe interviews were ſeveral times repeated, and young

George found himſelf more and more enamoured with his lovely companion. He at length, with a timid delicacy, requeſted to be informed of the name and ſituation in life of the amiable perſon to whoſe delightful company he was indebted for ſo many happy hours. She told him, without heſitation, that her name was Louiſa, that ſhe was the daughter of a tradeſman in London, that ſhe had two or three thouſand pounds independent fortune of her own left her by a relation, and that ſhe was on a viſit to an aunt who reſided at York.

George had now conceived ſo ardent and ſincere a paſſion for the lovely ſtranger, that he could no longer delay avowing it; but, from his natural predilection for humble and unoſtentatious life, and his wiſh to be beloved for his own ſake, and not on account of the exterior and fortuitous circumſtances of wealth and title, he told her, that he poſſeſſed a ſmall eſtate of about three hundred a year, on which it was his wiſh to live retired from the follies and crimes attendant on wealth and ambition, with ſuch a delightful companion as herſelf, who appeared to him to entertain congenial ideas.

Theſe interviews between the lovers continued day after day. They rambled they knew not whither, or ſeated themſelves beneath a hedge, or under the ſhade of a wide-ſpreading tree, and mutually plighted to each other promiſes of the tendereſt love, and never-ceaſing fidelity.

But one day, when George repaired to the uſual ſcene of his happineſs, to meet the object of his fondeſt wiſhes, he found her not. In vain he waited, in vain he ſought her in every field, lane, or copſe, through which they had ever wandered; he found her not. Another day came, and with it the ſame diſappointment. He now recollected that, in the intoxication of his happineſs, notwithſtanding the very explicit account he had obtained from her of her ſituation and family, he had forgotten to enquire either the place of abode of her father, or the name or reſidence of the relation where ſhe was on a viſit. He, however, made numerous enquiries; but all were fruitleſs. He afterwards hurried up to town, and endeavoured, if poſſible, to diſcover the father of his loſt Louiſa, now, by her ſudden diſappearance, ſtill more endeared to his heart; but all his reſearches were in vain.

In the mean time, ſir George Daſhly having renewed his acquaintance with lord Fitzoſborne, after an interruption of all intercourſe between them for many years, on account of ſome trifling difference, it appeared to ſir George and his lordſhip, in a conference which they held together, that a marriage between the ſon of the former and the daughter of the latter would greatly contribute to the intereſt, honour, and advantage, in every point of view, of themſelves and their reſpective families. After a few meetings, they ſettled between them all the neceſſary preliminaries of any importance, and nothing was wanting but the trifling ceremony of introducing the two young perſons to each other, ſigning the contracts, and going through the little formalities requiſite by the law of the land to a matrimonial union. Sir George, however, had his fears, that a marriage thus concluded might not perfectly accord with the romantic ideas of his ſon; and his lordſhip had ſome doubts that his daughter might have a little amour on her hands which might occaſion ſome difficulty, and which, in fact, had been the principal reaſon why he had propoſed the marriage, and readily conſented to terms to which he would otherwiſe probably have demurred.

It accordingly happened, in both

Engraved for the Lady's Magazine.



Pheasant.

caſes, as had been ſuſpected. George, when his father began to explain to him the great increaſe of wealth and influence he now had an opportunity of obtaining, only by marrying a young lady of great beauty and endowments, to whom he could have no poſſible objection but the very fooliſh one that he had not yet ſeen or converſed with her, declared it was abſolutely impoſſible for him to accede to the terms. Lord Fitzoſborne found his daughter not leſs averſe to marrying a man ſhe had not yet ſeen, and of whoſe affection for her ſhe was ſo far from having received any proof, that ſhe was certain he could not love her.

In this dilemma ſir George and his lordſhip held another council, in which it was reſolved, at any rate, to introduce the young couple to each other: for the baronet thought he could rely on the perſonal appearance and deportment of his ſon to ſubdue any little previous predilection on the part of the lady; and his lordſhip was equally ſatisfied that the beauty and accompliſhments of his daughter muſt prove irreſiſtible.

George and the young lady, when the propoſal of an interview was made to them ſeparately, likewiſe readily conſented to ſee each other once; for they mutually thought, that, by explicitly and candidly declaring the real ſtate of their hearts, they muſt finally terminate the whole affair.

When introduced to each other, both appeared extremely ſurpriſed and confuſed. George firſt recovered himſelf ſufficiently to break ſilence.—'Madam,' ſaid he, 'did I not know it to be impoſſible, I ſhould think you the angel I have loſt, who has made on my heart an impreſſion which never can be effaced. But though you are her lovely image, never can my affection ſwerve from her, unleſs I ſhould diſcover ſhe has deceived—'

'I am her,' exclaimed Louiſa, ſtarting up—'I have not deceived you, except in concealing from you my birth and fortune, that I might enjoy the pleaſure of being loved independent of them.'

'I deceived you,' anſwered George, 'in the ſame manner, with preciſely the ſame views, and rapturous is my reward!'

'So! ſo!' cried his lordſhip to his daughter, 'this was your country intrigue! I had received ſome intimation of it from lady Holford, your aunt; for you had been ſeen with this gentleman, I ſuppoſe, by ſome female who knew you, and who informed your aunt. You were, in conſequence, hurried up to town at a moment's warning; and I made this match for you as faſt as I could, for fear of the worſt:—but it has turned out all very well—all very well, indeed!'

The MORAL ZOOLOGIST.

PART II.

(*Continued from p.* 603.)

LETTER IX.

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

THE genus placed by Linnæus and moſt other naturaliſts, in the front of the order of *picæ*, or pies, is called by him *pſittacus* (parrot), and contains the parrots, parakeets, macaos, maccaws, or avas, and lories, amounting to a hundred and forty-one ſpecies, beſides numerous varieties. The large kind, which are of the ſize of a raven, are called maccaws; the next ſize are ſimply

called parrots; thoſe whoſe cry reſembles the ſound of the word 'lory' are called lories; and thoſe of the leaſt ſize are called parakeets. The difference between theſe conſiſts rather in the ſize than in any peculiar conformation: they all have two toes before and two behind, for holding and climbing; ſtrong hooked bills, for breaking nuts and other hard ſubſtances on which they feed; and loud harſh voices, with which they fill their native woods with clamour.

Buffon ranges the parrots in two great claſſes; the firſt comprehending thoſe of the old continent, the ſecond thoſe of the new. The firſt he ſubdivides into five families; the cockatoos, the parrots properly ſo called, the lories, the long-tailed parrakeets, and the ſhort-tailed parrakeets. Thoſe of the new world compoſe ſix other families; the maccaws, the amazonians, the creeks, the poppinjays, the long-tailed paroquets, and the ſhort-tailed paroquets.

It is obſerved by Buffon, that, among the numerous ſpecies of parrots that are known and deſcribed, there is not one common to the new and the old world. In the ſame manner, among quadrupeds, it is remarked, that none of thoſe which are peculiar to the tropical regions of one continent are to be found in the ſame latitude in the other. No animal that is incapable of bearing the rigours of cold is found to paſs from the old to the new world, becauſe it is only from the regions of the north that this migration is made. The parrot is incapable of traverſing that vaſt ſpace between Africa and the Eaſt Indies; and all the different tribes of this extenſive claſs remain, therefore, confined to their primitive ſtations on each hemiſphere. So ſhort and heavy are their flights, that they can ſcarcely croſs an arm of the ſea ſeven or eight leagues broad; and hence almoſt every iſland in the Weſt Indies is diſtinguiſhed by a race of parrots peculiar to itſelf.

The Greeks at firſt were acquainted with only one ſpecies of parrot, or rather parrakeet, which was the ſame with that now called the *great ring parrakeet*. They were brought from the iſland of Taprobane into Greece by Oneſicritus, who commanded Alexander's fleet. They were ſo new and uncommon, that Ariſtotle himſelf appears not to have ſeen them, ſince he only ſays—'there is an Indian bird called *pſittace*, which is ſaid to ſpeak.'—But the beauty of theſe birds, and their power of imitating ſpeech, ſoon made them the objects of luxury among the Romans, and the prevalence of that practice provoked the indignation of the rigid Cato. They were lodged in cages of ſilver, of ſhells, and of ivory; and the price of a parrot often exceeded that of a ſlave. Until the time of Nero, however, no parrots were known at Rome but thoſe from India, when thoſe who miniſtered to the pleaſures of that extravagant and luxurious emperor found them on an iſland of the Nile, between Syene and Meroe, called Ganda.

The Portugueſe, who firſt doubled the Cape of Good Hope, and explored the ſhores of Africa, found the country of Guinea, the iſlands ſcattered in the Indian ocean, and alſo the continent, inhabited by various kinds of parrots, all unknown in Europe, and in ſuch vaſt numbers that it was with difficulty they could be prevented from devouring the rice and maize. Theſe, however, were far inferior, both in numbers and variety, to thoſe that preſented themſelves to the firſt adventurers in the new world. Some of the iſlands there were called the Parrot

Isles, from the vast quantities of these birds which were found upon them. They constituted the first article of commerce between the inhabitants of the old and new continents. In these regions, every forest swarms with them, and the rook is not better known in Europe, than the parrot in the East and West Indies.

Considering the great varieties and numbers of these birds, nothing seems more extraordinary, than that only one species of them should be known to the ancients, and that at the time when the Romans boasted of being masters of the world. Among all the numerous species of parrots now known, scarcely one naturally breeds in the countries that acknowledged the Roman power: a sufficient proof how vain was the claim of even that ambitious people to universal dominion.

The great docility of these birds, and the ease with which they may be taught to imitate the human voice, renders them objects of curiosity and amusement. The great number of words they are capable of learning and repeating, is very surprising. 'We are assured by a grave writer,' says Dr. Goldsmith, 'that one of these was taught to repeat a whole sonnet from Petrarch; and that I,' adds the doctor, 'may not be wanting in my instance, I have seen a parrot, belonging to a distiller, who had suffered pretty largely in his circumstances, from an informer who lived opposite him, very ridiculously employed. This bird was taught to pronounce the ninth commandment: *Thou shalt not bear false witness against thy neighbour.* The bird was generally placed in its cage over against the informer's house, and delighted the whole neighbourhood with its persevering exhortations.'

'The extreme sagacity and docility of the bird,' continues the same author, 'may furnish the best excuse for those who spend whole hours in teaching their parrots to speak, and indeed the bird on those occasions seems the wisest animal of the two. It at first obstinately resists all instruction, but seems to be won by perseverance, makes a few attempts to imitate the first sounds, and when it has got one word distinct, all the succeeding come with greater facility. The bird generally learns most in those families where the master or mistress have the least to do, and becomes more expert in proportion as its instructors are idly assiduous. In going through the towns of France, some time since, I could not help observing, how much plainer their parrots spoke than ours, and how very distinctly I understood their parrots speak French, when I could not understand our own, though they spoke my native language. I was at first for ascribing it to the different qualities of the two languages, and was for entering into an elaborate discussion on the vowels and consonants; but a friend who was with me solved the difficulty at once, by assuring me, that the French women scarcely did any thing else the whole day, than sit and instruct their feathered pupils, and that the birds were thus distinct in their lessons, in consequence of continual schooling.'

The parrots of France are certainly very expert, but nothing to those of the Brasils, where the education of a parrot is considered as a serious business. The history of prince Maurice's parrot, given us by Mr. Locke, is too well known to be repeated here; but Clusius assures us, that the parrots of that country are the most sensible and cunning of all animals not endued with reason. The great parrot, called in that country the *Aicuros*, he tells us, is a prodigy of understanding. 'A certain Brasilian wo-

man,' he ſays, 'that lived in a village two miles diſtant from the iſland on which we reſided, had a parrot of this kind, which was the wonder of the place. It ſeemed endued with ſuch underſtanding, as to diſcern and comprehend whatever ſhe ſaid to it. As we ſometimes uſed to paſs by that woman's houſe, ſhe uſed to call upon us to ſtop, promiſing if we gave her a comb, or a looking-glaſs, that ſhe would make her parrot ſing and dance to entertain us. If we agreed to her requeſt, as ſoon as ſhe had pronounced ſome words to the bird, it began not only to leap and ſkip on the perch on which it ſtood, but alſo to talk, and to whiſtle, and imitate the ſhoutings and exclamations of the Braſilians when they prepare for battle. In brief, when it came into the woman's head to bid it ſing, it ſang; to dance, it danced. But if, contrary to our promiſe, we refuſed to give the woman the little preſent agreed on, the parrot ſeemed to ſympathize in her reſentment, and was ſilent and immoveable; neither could we, by any means, provoke it to move either foot or tongue.

(*To be continued.*)

The PHYSICIAN; *an* APOLOGUE.

A VERY ſkilful but covetous phyſician, coming to viſit Lahoraſb, the philoſopher, when he was in a fair way of recovery, found him eating a ragout. 'What are you doing?' ſaid he; 'ſuch food is poiſon even for the beſt conſtitutions.'

Lahoraſb anſwered, 'I acknowledge what you ſay to be true; I was to blame, and for the future will refrain from indulging my appetite.—But what do I owe you for your attendance during my illneſs?'

The phyſician demanded a very conſiderable ſum.

'Your fees,' ſaid the philoſopher, paying him, 'are too exorbitant for your patients. Endeavour to remove the diſeaſe under which you yourſelf labour: believe me it is as ſerious as mine. Riches are to the mind, what ragouts are to the body.'

MISCELLANEOUS MAXIMS.

FRANKNESS is one of the greateſt virtues, but it is the leaſt rewarded.

The ſame generoſity which makes us forget the benefits we have conferred, will prevent us from forgetting thoſe we have received.

If men underſtood their true intereſts, they would frequently take as much pains to avoid being troubled with a great fortune, as they do to acquire one.

Fortune may be juſtly compared to a coquette: ſhe is engaging, charming, ſeducing; ſurrounded by a crowd of adorers; at the ſame time her moſt aſſiduous followers are commonly the greateſt dupes of her caprice and levity.

Thoſe only ought to read much who can forget much.

A man of exceſſive timidity is nothing: confidence doubles every quality; with it we are doubly reſpectable or doubly contemptible. How many perſons we find willing to riſk this alternative!

The RELATION *of* ANIMATED BODIES *to* INANIMATE NATURE.

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

WE have already considered *relation*, and under different views; but it was the relation of parts to parts, of the parts of an animal to other parts of the same animal, or of another individual of the same species.

But the bodies of animals hold, in their constitution and properties, a close and important relation to natures altogether external to their own; to inanimate substances, and to the specific qualities of these, e. g. *they hold a strict relation to the* ELEMENTS *by which they are surrounded.*

I. Can it be doubted, whether the *wings of birds* bear a relation to air, and the *fins of fish* to water? They are instruments of motion, severally suited to the properties of the medium in which the motion is to be performed: which properties are different. Was not this difference contemplated, when the instruments were differently constituted?

II. The structure of the animal *ear* depends for its use not simply upon being surrounded by a fluid, but upon the specific nature of that fluid. Every fluid would not serve: its particles must repel one another; it must form an elastic medium: for it is by the successive pulses of *such* a medium, that the undulations excited by the sounding body are carried to the organ; that a communication is formed between the object and the sense; which must be done, before the internal machinery of the ear, subtile as it is, can act at all.

III. The *organs* of voice, and respiration, are, no less than the ear, indebted, for the success of their operation, to the peculiar qualities of the fluid in which the animal is immersed. They, therefore, as well as the ear, are constituted upon the supposition of such a fluid, i. e. of a fluid with such particular properties, being always present. Change the properties of the fluid, and the organ cannot act: change the organ, and the properties of the fluid would be lost. The structure therefore of our organs, and the properties of our atmosphere, are made for one another. Nor does it alter the relation, whether you allege the organ to be made for the element (which seems the most natural way of considering it), or the element as prepared for the organ.

IV. But there is another fluid with which we have to do; with properties of its own; with laws of acting, and of being acted upon, totally different from those of air and water:—and that is *light*. To this new, this singular, element; to qualities perfectly peculiar, perfectly distinct and remote from the qualities of any other substance with which we are acquainted, an organ is adapted, an instrument is correctly adjusted, not less peculiar amongst the parts of the body, not less singular in its form, and, in the substance of which it is composed, not less remote from the materials, the model, and the analogy of any other part of the animal frame, than the element to which it relates, is specific amidst the substances with which we converse. If this does not prove appropriation, I desire to know what would prove it.

Yet the element of light and the organ of vision, however related in their office and use, have no connection whatever in their original. The action of rays of light upon the surfaces of animals has no tendency to breed eyes in their heads. The sun might shine for ever upon living bodies without the smallest approach towards producing the sense of sight.

On the other hand alſo, the animal eye does *not* generate or emit light.

V. Throughout the univerſe there is a wonderful *proportioning* of one thing to another. The ſize of animals, of the human animal eſpecially, when conſidered with reſpect to other animals, or to the plants which grow around him, is ſuch, as a regard to his conveniency would have pointed out. A giant or a pigmy could not have milked goats, reaped corn, or mowed graſs; we may add, could not have rode a horſe, trained a vine, ſhorn a ſheep; with the ſame bodily eaſe as we do, if at all. A pigmy would have been loſt amongſt ruſhes, or carried off by birds of prey.

It may be mentioned likewiſe, that, the model and the materials of the human body being what they are, a much greater bulk would have broken down by its own weight. The perſons of men, who much exceed the ordinary ſtature, betray this tendency.

VI. Again; and which includes a vaſt variety of particulars, and thoſe of the greateſt importance, how cloſe is the *ſuitableneſs* of the earth and ſea to their ſeveral inhabitants; and of theſe inhabitants to the places of their appointed reſidence!

Take the *earth* as it is; and conſider the correſpondency of the powers of its inhabitants with the properties and condition of the ſoil which they tread. Take the inhabitants as they are; and conſider the ſubſtances which the earth yields for their uſe. They can ſcratch its ſurface, and its ſurface ſupplies all which they want. This is the length of their faculties; and ſuch is the conſtitution of the globe, and their own, that this is ſufficient for all their occaſions.

When we paſs from the earth to the *ſea*, from land to water, we paſs through a great change; but an adequate change accompanies us of animal forms and functions, of animal capacities and wants, ſo that *correſpondency* remains. The earth in its nature is very different from the ſea, and the ſea from the earth; but one accords with its inhabitants, as exactly as the other.

VII. The laſt relation of this kind which I ſhall mention is that of *ſleep* to *night*. And it appears to me to be a relation which was expreſsly intended. Two points are manifeſt: firſt, that the animal frame requires ſleep; ſecondly, that night brings with it a ſilence, and a ceſſation of activity, which allows of ſleep being taken without interruption, and without loſs. Animal exiſtence is made up of action and ſlumber: nature has provided a ſeaſon for each. An animal, which ſtood not in need of reſt, would always live in daylight. An animal, which, though made for action and delighting in action, muſt have its ſtrength repaired by ſleep, meets by its conſtitution the returns of day and night. In the human ſpecies, for inſtance, were the buſtle, the labour, the motion of life, upheld by the conſtant preſence of light, ſleep could not be enjoyed without being diſturbed by noiſe, and without expenſe of that time which the eagerneſs of private intereſt would not contentedly reſign. It is happy therefore for this part of the creation, I mean that it is conformable to the frame and wants of their conſtitution, that nature, by the very diſpoſition of her elements, has commanded, as it were, and impoſed upon them, at moderate intervals, a general intermiſſion of their toils, their occupations, and purſuits.

But it is not for man, either ſolely or principally, that night is made. Inferior, but leſs perverted, natures, taſte its ſolace, and expect its return, with greater exactneſs and advantage than he does. I have often

obſerved, and never obſerved but to admire, the ſatisfaction, no leſs than the regularity, with which the greateſt part of the irrational world yield to this ſoft neceſſity, this grateful viciſſitude; how comfortably the birds of the air, for example, addreſs themſelves to the repoſe of the evening; with what alertneſs they reſume the activity of the day.

Nor does it diſturb our argument to confeſs, that certain ſpecies of animals are in motion during the night, and at reſt in the day. With reſpect even to them it is ſtill true, that there is a change of condition in the animal, and an external change correſponding with it. There is ſtill the relation, though inverted. The fact is, that the repoſe of other animals ſets theſe at liberty, and invites them to their food or their ſport.

If the relation of *ſleep* to *night*, and, in ſome inſtances, its converſe, be real, we cannot reflect without amazement upon the extent to which it carries us. Day and night are things cloſe to us; the change applies immediately to our ſenſations: of all the phænomena of nature, it is the moſt obvious and the moſt familiar to our experience: but, in its cauſe, it belongs to the great motions which are paſſing in the heavens. Whilſt the earth glides round her axle, ſhe miniſters to the alternate neceſſities of the animals dwelling upon her ſurface, at the ſame time that ſhe obeys the influence of thoſe attractions which regulate the order of many thouſand worlds. The relation therefore of ſleep to night, is the relation of the inhabitants of the earth to the rotation of their globe; probably it is more: it is a relation to the ſyſtem, of which that globe is a part; and, ſtill further, to the congregation of ſyſtems, of which theirs is only one. If this account be true, it connects the meaneſt individual with the univerſe itſelf; a chicken rooſting upon its perch, with the ſpheres revolving in the firmament.

VIII. But if any one object to our repreſentation, that the ſucceſſion of day and night, or the rotation of the earth upon which it depends, is not reſolvible into central attraction, we will refer him to that which certainly is,—to the change of the ſeaſons. Now the conſtitution of animals ſuſceptible of torpor bears a relation to winter, ſimilar to that which ſleep bears to night.—Againſt not only the cold, but the want of food, which the approach of winter induces, the preſerver of the world has provided, in many animals by migration, in many others by torpor. As one example out of a thouſand, the bat, if it did not ſleep through the winter, muſt have ſtarved, as the moths and flying inſects, upon which it feeds, diſappear. But the tranſition from ſummer to winter carries us into the very midſt of phyſical aſtronomy, that is to ſay, into the midſt of thoſe laws which govern the ſolar ſyſtem at leaſt, and probably all the heavenly bodies.

THE POET OF EDNAM.

THERE is now living in the pariſh of Ednam, the birth-place of the immortal poet Thomſon, a young man of eighteen years of age, who was born without legs or knees, and his thighs defective. His father was a day-labourer; but has been dead for ſome years. He ſits upon a table in the cottage through the day, and when the weather is fair, his mother carries him into a field, where he reads and enjoys the air. He has taught himſelf to read, to write a legible hand, to play on the flute, to draw with a pencil—although one of his arms he cannot

raiſe to his breaſt,—and he attempts poetry. He is, notwithſtanding the want of exerciſe, very healthy, always cheerful and contented, though his ſupport depends entirely upon the wages of his younger brother, who is a ſervant to a reſpectable farmer at Ednam.

When his father died, his mother, in great diſtreſs, exclaimed, 'Oh, William! who will maintain you now?' To which he anſwered, 'Dear mother, that Divine Being who created me in this helpleſs ſtate, will not ſuffer me to periſh of want.' He is very grateful to any perſon who lends him books, drawings to copy, or pays the leaſt attention to him. He is little known, or he would poſſibly be relieved by the benevolent. A very ſmall ſum would ſecure him from want, as oatmeal, milk, and potatoes, are the food of the Scotch peaſantry, and all he has ever been accuſtomed to. The lameneſs of one of his arms prevents him from learning any buſineſs to earn his living. He is extremely well informed; converſes with great propriety upon every ſubject, although his articulation is alſo defective: he feels much intereſted in the preſent ſtate of his native country and of Europe; reads the newſpapers, which are occaſionally ſent him, with great anxiety; and, as a proof of it, we ſubjoin the following copy of his laſt production, which he entitles—

THE TEARS OF SWITZERLAND.

How blaſted now, how chang'd my ſtate,
How fall'n from glory and renown!
No more I'm mark'd fair Freedom's ſeat,
No more my ſons are call'd her own.

Fair Freedom from my ſons is fled—
Fled, in ſome happier clime to reign;
And low they droop, and bow the head,
Beneath ſtern Gallia's chain.

Long they for me like patriots fought,
And ſtood, though on all ſides aſſail'd;
For me and Freedom wonders wrought,
But Fate and Gallia prevail'd.

How are they ſunk! upon my dale
No virgin's heard to pour her lay,
Nor paſt'ral pipe within my vales,
Nor ſhepherd's ſong to cheer the day:

But ſadneſs dwells in ev'ry breaſt;
Complaints and ſighs from ev'ry vale,
Of virgins wrong'd and ſwains oppreſs'd,
Sound mournfully upon the gale.

The maid bemoans her piteous caſe,
Sighs, beats her breaſt, and ſits forlorn;
The youth (ſome tyrant's train to grace)
She lov'd, from her embrace is torn.

Does not thy patriot boſom ſwell,
Where thou ſitt'ſt in immortal day,
To ſee thy country, thus, O Tell!
Of Gallia's lawleſs ſons the prey?

Infuſe thy ſoul in ſome bold heart,
That he may riſe, all great like thee,
Again my freedom to aſſert,
And hail me from oppreſſion free.

A MORNING's WALK *in* DECEMBER.

'Now ſnows deſcend, and robe the fields
In Winter's bright array.' HERVEY.

'The morn, ſlow riſing, o'er the drooping world
Lifts its pale eye unjoyous.' THOMSON.

'For wind and rain beat dark December.'
SHAKSPEARE.

THIS morning when I aroſe, I found Nature covered with a ſnowy mantle. Though the fleecy ſhower ſtill continued to deſcend, I walked amid the glittering ſcene; not to view the daiſy-embroidered mead, nor plain enamelled with gold-cups; not to inhale the violet-ſcented breeze, nor to hearken to congregated nightingales; but to contemplate the rueful appearance of Creation, deſpoiled of all that was beautiful, by the ſavage ſtrokes of deſpotic Winter.

Equipped in a thick great coat, I bade defiance to

'the pelting of the pitileſs ſtorm.'

My figure was rather groteſque; and, had a painter ſeen me, he might have thought me no bad emblematical repreſentation of that ſeaſon

which was the ſubject of my contemplation.

Though all around appeared ungrateful to the eye, yet Hope ſuggeſted ſome pleaſing ideas.

'Auſpicious Hope! in thy ſweet garden grow
Wreaths for each toil, a charm for every woe.
Won by their ſweets, in nature's languid hour
The way-worn pilgrim ſeeks thy ſummer-bower:
There—as the wild bee murmurs on the wing,
What peaceful dreams thy handmaid-ſpirits bring!' CAMPBELL.

'Yes, aſſiſted by Hope, I was enabled to utter the following ſoliloquy:

'Unpropitious as the morning is, anticipation can cheer my mind with pleaſure in perſpective. Though the citizens of the bough forbear to carol lays of love; and the myriads of inſects, that gamboled in the ſolar beams, are ſwept from exiſtence by the breath of Boreas: yet again the herald lark ſhall hail the orient ſun, and the countleſs ſwarms of gilded inſignificants ſport in the noon-tide blaze.

'Again all-bright ſhall glow the morning-beam,
Again ſoft ſuns diſſolve the frozen ſtream;
Spring call young breezes from the ſouthern ſkies;
And, cloth'd in beauty, flowery millions riſe.' DWIGHT.

'Again will the ſeaſon of delight return, and invite the early walker to leave his couch.—

'Then ſhall he love (when genial Morn appears,
Like penſive Beauty ſmiling in her tears)
To watch the brightening roſes of the ſky,
And muſe on nature with a poet's eye.' CAMPBELL.

'The cloſing year ſolemnly reminds me that another annual period of my ſhort life has rolled down the ſtream of time to the ocean of eternity. Still my little ſkiff is buffeting the waves, while veſſels of ampler dimenſions and prouder magnitude are whelmed beneath the tide. Still I breathe the vital air, and "drink the golden day," while the celebrated Cowper and the amiable Beattie "repoſe in dull cold marble." With me the flowery Spring of human life is flown, the Summer is commenced: ſoon, if Heaven permits, the Autumn and Winter of age will arrive; that dreary Winter that knows no ſucceeding Spring!

'Short is the Spring, and ſhort the Summer hour,
And ſhort the time while fruitful Autumn reigns;
But tedious roll the days when Winter's power
Aſſerts its empire o'er the blaſted plains:
'As ſwiftly wears the Spring of life away;
As ſwiftly will the jolly Summer go:
But, ah! when Winter clouds the cheerleſs day,
Again the vernal breezes never blow.'

Haverhill. JOHN WEBB.

On the DRESS *of the* PARISIAN LADIES.

[*From 'A Sketch of Modern Paris.'*]

Paris, Dec. 27, 1801.

I WAS laſt night at a public ball given by a club or ſociety, called *Le Salon des Etrangers*. This is an eſtabliſhment formed on the plan of our ſubſcription-houſes in England, and lately opened in a handſome houſe in *La Rue Grange Batalière*, the windows of which look on the Boulevard. It conſiſts of Frenchmen, who are admitted by ballot, and of foreigners of all nations. The latter are received, being introduced by a member, on paying the annual ſubſcription of five louis. The houſe is handſomely furniſhed, and conſiſts of ſeveral large rooms, which are open every morning and evening for the uſe of the ſubſcribers. Beſides the ordinary games played in ſuch ſort of houſes, there is a very excellent billiard-table, and

a room fitted up for reading, in which are found periodical publications, and all the newſpapers, French, German, and Engliſh. It was this latter circumſtance which induced me to ſubſcribe; and it is here where I uſually end my walk, and amuſe myſelf for half an hour, in running over the publications of the day.

The club or ſociety, by way, I ſuppoſe, of gaining to its aid the protection and intereſt of the fair, without which nothing is to be done in France, nor, to ſpeak the truth, anywhere elſe, gives a ball about once in ten days; and it was at one of theſe aſſemblies that I was preſent laſt night.

At twelve o'clock Mrs. ——— and I drove to *Le Salon des Etrangers* (for no ball begins at an earlier hour), and the ſtring of carriages was ſo very long, that we were nearly an hour in getting up to the door. I cannot help taking this opportunity of commending the admirable order preſerved by the police, on all ſuch occaſions, at Paris. Though, from ſeveral ſtreets meeting on the Boulevard, the crowd was ſo great, yet there was not the leaſt accident nor even the ſmalleſt confuſion. The ſtaircaſe by which we aſcended was elegantly ornamented with orange and other artificial flower trees. When we entered the outward room, there were already ſo many perſons aſſembled, that it was not without conſiderable difficulty that we made our way into the *ſalon*, or drawing-room. Never ſhall I forget my ſurpriſe, when, looking round me, I perceived the dreſs, or rather the nakedneſs, of the ladies. I had heard much of the indecency of which ſome females were guilty in reſpect to *coſtume*, at Paris, and I had already ſeen ſpecimens of the thinneſs of their apparel, but till this evening I thought it only the failing of a few. I now ſaw at leaſt two hundred women, of different ages and different ſituations in life, all diſplaying, without reſerve or diſguiſe, the beauties which they had either received from nature, imitated by art, or believed themſelves by the aid of flattering fancy to poſſeſs. The young and the old, the handſome and the ugly, the fair and the brown, all prodigally dragged into common view thoſe charms which a virtuous woman conceals from motives of modeſty, and a ſenſualiſt from thoſe of diſcretion. The buxom girl of ſixteen, the newly-married woman, and the ſuperannuated mother of a numerous family, were all equally expoſed. Naked necks, naked backs, and their form ſcarcely concealed by a tranſparent petticoat, left nothing to the power of fancy.

You will think, perhaps, that I am drawing an exaggerated picture; but I can aſſure you, on the honour of a man of truth, that ſuch was the *coſtume* of at leaſt two-thirds of the ladies preſent at this ball. The head-dreſſes, claſſically imitated from the ancient ſtatues, were elegant; and the number of diamonds, pearls, and other precious ſtones, ſtrikingly brilliant. There were many handſome women, but their beauty was uniformly of one kind. The *embonpoint* and the *nez retrouſſé* characteriſed them all. I looked in vain for thoſe graceful figures, and thoſe Grecian countenances, which form ſo often the ornament of an Engliſh aſſembly. Among the moſt celebrated *belles*, madame R———, the young wife of an affluent banker, was pointed out to me; madame V———, an Italian lady, much the faſhion at Paris; and the renowned madame Tallien. I think the firſt rather remarkable for the ſingularity of her dreſs—her head being ornamented *à-la-cochoiſe*, that is to ſay, as the peaſants of a particular province dreſs their hair,—her

extreme fairneſs and downcaſt look, than for any real extraordinary beauty. Madame V——— is a fine dark woman, *d'une certaine age*, with beautiful eyes, and a commanding perſon. Madame Tallien, notwithſtanding her great fame, has, according to me, rather an agreeable countenance, and an enchanting ſmile, than features exceſſively ſtriking. She is fair as the faireſt of our countrywomen; her neck is beautiful, and her countenance mild and good-humoured: yet, in ſpite of theſe advantages, I never ſhould have diſcovered in her the reigning *belle* of Paris. She, too, is not in the firſt bloom of youth. The dances were the cotillon (which they call *la contredanſe*) and the waltz. In the former, the ladies diſplayed that decided ſuperiority which the French poſſeſs in the art of dancing. As to the waltz, I was aſtoniſhed at the decency with which that very indecent dance was danced by the young Pariſians; who placing their arms round the uncovered perſons of the handſomeſt women in the room, yet had ſufficient command of themſelves not to ſhock either their partners or the company, by being guilty of the ſlighteſt impropriety. I expreſſed my ſurpriſe to an elderly lady at this extraordinary forbearance. '*Croyez moi, monſieur*, ſhe replied, *nôs jeunes gens voient tout cela avec l'indifférence la plus parfaite* *.'

What a leſſon does this remark hold out to the fair ſex of every deſcription! That female is not leſs deficient in coquetry, and in the art of commanding the affections of men, than in every principle of decency, who wantonly expoſes to the common gaze of paſſing curioſity thoſe attractions which are only valuable as long as the ſight of them is the excluſive privilege of a favoured lover.

The libertine, if he at firſt looks on with admiration, ſoon ceaſes to care for that which every eye may behold; and apathy, united to contempt, is the ſentiment which ſucceeds to paſſion.

I return to the ball. The crowd became greater and greater, and the heat exceſſive; but the ſcene altogether was lively and amuſing.

A Frenchman, *de l'ancien regime*, hearing me expreſs my ſurpriſe at the *coſtume* of the ladies, aſſured me that, excepting the foreigners, there was not one woman *de bonne compagnie* in the room. This term of *bonne compagnie* is ſo often uſed, and ſo ſeldom explained, that I really do not know whether he meant that there was not a woman of the old court, or that there was not a virtuous female, preſent. If he intended the former, it only proved that theſe balls were not frequented by the *nobleſſe*; if the latter, he was much ſeverer in his remark than I had been. I only complained of the ladies being indecent; he aſſerted that they were profligate. At any rate, the one fault leads ſo rapidly to the other, that it was difficult to make a miſtake.

The room was well lighted, the muſic excellent, and the ball, being formed of all the different claſſes of ſociety, highly entertaining to a foreigner. There were a great many Engliſh preſent, moſt of the ambaſſadors, and many other diſtinguiſhed characters.

I returned home about three in the morning. Adieu.

* 'Believe me, ſir, our young men ſee all this with the moſt perfect indifference.'

ORIGIN *of* JOHN O' GROAT's HOUSE.

JOHN o' Groat's houſe, ſo often viſited by travellers, and mentioned in converſation, is ſituated at

the north-eaſt extremity of Great-Britain, about a mile and a half from Dungiſbay-head, in the county of Caithneſs. This memorable place owes its fame, in a great degree, to its local ſituation, at the northern extremity of the iſland; but more ſo, perhaps, to the following event, which inculcates a uſeful leſſon of morality.

In the reign of James IV. of Scotland, three brothers, Malcolm, Gavin, and John de Groat, (ſuppoſed to have been originally from Holland), arrived in Caithneſs, with a letter from that prince, recommending them to the countenance and protection of his loving ſubjects in the county of Caithneſs. Theſe brothers purchaſed ſome land near Dungiſbay-head; and in a ſhort time, by the increaſe of their families, *eight* different proprietors of the name of *Groat*, poſſeſſed theſe lands in equal diviſions.

Theſe eight families, having lived peaceably and comfortably for a number of years, eſtabliſhed an annual meeting to celebrate the anniverſary of the arrival of their anceſtors on the coaſt. At one of theſe meetings, in the courſe of the feſtivity, a queſtion aroſe reſpecting the right of taking the door, the head of the table, and other points of precedency (each contending for the ſeniority and chieftainſhip), which increaſed to ſuch a degree, as would probably have proved fatal in its conſequences, had not John de Groat, who appears to have acquired great knowledge of mankind, interfered. He expatiated on the comforts they had heretofore enjoyed, in conſequence of the harmony that had ſubſiſted between them: he aſſured them that as ſoon as they appeared to quarrel among themſelves, their neighbours, who had till then treated them with reſpect, would fall upon them and expel them the country. He therefore conjured them, by the ties of blood and their mutual ſafety, to return quietly to their ſeveral homes, and pledged himſelf that he would ſatisfy them on all points of precedency, and thus prevent the poſſibility of ſuch diſputes at their next anniverſary meeting. They all acquieſced, and departed in peace.

In due time, John de Groat, to fulfil his engagement, built a room, diſtinct from all other houſes, of an octagon figure, with eight doors, placing a table of oak of the ſame ſhape in the middle; and when the next meeting took place, he deſired each of them to enter by his own door, and to ſit at the head of the table, he himſelf occupying the laſt. By this ingenious contrivance, the harmony and good humour of the company was reſtored. The building was then named *John-o'-Groat's Houſe*; and, though nothing remains but the foundation of the building, the place ſtill retains the name, and deſerves to be remembered for the good intentions and good ſenſe that gave it origin.

Account of Alnwick Caſtle, *the Seat of the Duke of Northumberland.*

[*From Warner's 'Tour through the Northern Counties.'*]

Alnwick-caſtle is an immenſe building, crowning a lofty mound, the outward walls including an extent of five acres. The hoſtile purpoſes for which it was originally erected are pointed out by the ſingular ornaments that ſurmount its turrets; figures in ſtone as large as life, repreſenting combatants in every ſituation of military defence, ſome in the act of heaving down ſtones on the aſſailants, others of diſcharging arrows, wielding battle-axes, and caſting javelins. Early in the Saxon times (if not whilſt the Romans con-

tinued in that kingdom) Alnwick-caſtle appears to have been built, though not upon its preſent extenſive ſcale; nor was its importance ſufficient to entitle it to hiſtorical record till the Norman æra, when, in the reign of Rufus, Malcolm III. loſt his life in attempting to poſſeſs himſelf of it. Already had the garriſon conſumed all their proviſions; and, diſpirited with hunger and hopeleſs of ſuccour, were on the point of beating a ſurrender, when a gallant ſoldier, named Hamond, determined to make an effort for the ſalvation of his comrades. Armed *cap-a-piè*, and bearing the keys of the caſtle on the point of his ſpear, he rode towards the Scottiſh camp, as if to preſent them to the king. Malcolm, delighted with the unexpected event, ran haſtily out of his tent unarmed to receive them; when Hamond ſuddenly drawing his dagger, plunged it into the monarch's heart, and, clapping ſpurs to his horſe, ruſhed into the river, ſwam the ford, and eſcaped into the caſtle. The death of Edward, the eldeſt ſon of the deceaſed king (who, in the bitterneſs of anguiſh, expoſed himſelf incautiouſly to the weapons of the garriſon, in order to revenge the murder of his father), completed their triumph, and inſured their ſafety; for the Scotch army, in deſpair at their twofold loſs, quitted the ſiege, and marched directly home. But the laurels of Caledonia were doomed to experience another rude blow before the towers of Alnwick-caſtle; where, in the twelfth century, her king William III. ſurnamed the Lion, was taken priſoner while laying ſiege to it; and condemned to deplore his ill ſucceſs in a priſon of Normandy, whither he was ſent to king Henry II.

Situated ſo near thoſe ſcenes of perpetual animoſity and bloodſhed, the bordering countries, Alnwick-caſtle partook largely of the confuſion which characteriſed that diſtrict, until the advancement of James I. to the Engliſh throne created a ſort of union between the two countries, which leſſened the frequency, and weakened the violence, of the contentions on the borders. Its annals record a variety of military adventures, of which it was the theatre; but none more remarkable than the removal of a whole garriſon, conſiſting of three hundred Lancaſtrians, to the extreme diſappointment and ſurpriſe of the army of Yorkiſts, who were inveſting the fortreſs, with the certainty of its falling into their hands. Margaret, unconquerable by diſaſter, after the loſs of the battle of Towton, loſing all regard for her own perſonal ſafety in her anxious care for her adherents, engaged George Douglas earl of Angus in the deſperate attempt of removing the garriſon from Alnwick, in the face of the enemy's forces. Advancing with a large body of Scotch horſe, he drew up in order of battle before the Engliſh, who immediately made arrangements for the conflict. Whilſt they were entirely engaged in theſe preparations, Douglas drew up a ſelect body of the ſtouteſt troopers to a back gate, out of which the garriſon iſſued: and each ſoldier, mounting behind a horſeman, rode off ſecurely from the caſtle; concealed from the ſight of the Engliſh by the intervening array. Douglas, having effected his purpoſe, drew off his forces in good order, leaving the aſſailants at liberty to take poſſeſſion of the deſerted fortreſs.

In its preſent ſplendid ſtate, fitted up at the immenſe expence of two hundred thouſand pounds, Alnwick-caſtle can afford but a faint idea of its appearance in the feudal ages; when it was dark and inconvenient, with every thing contrived for ſecurity, and nothing done for the ſake of elegance. Under its preſent highly improved form, however, it muſt be

confeſſed, that every thing has been made as congruous to ancient *coſtume* as poſſible; and all within and without the manſion point out the judgment as well as taſte of Meſſrs. Adams and Paine, who were employed to regenerate this magnificent place. The dwelling apartments form a caſtellated fabric, raiſed upon an artificial mound in the centre of the incloſed area. Theſe conſiſt of the *ſtate bed-chambers*, magnificently fitted up; the grand *ſtair-caſe*, ſingular but beautiful in plan, expanding like a lady's fan, and ornamented with a chain of eſcutcheons running round the cornices, diſplaying one hundred and twenty quarterings and intermarriages of the Percy family; the *ſaloon*, an apartment forty-two feet long, thirty-ſeven feet wide, and twenty high; the *'drawing-room*, a large oval, forty-ſeven feet by thirty-five, and twenty-two high; the *dining-room*, fifty-four feet by twenty, finiſhed in a ſtyle of Gothic, ſuperlatively beautiful; the *library*, ſixty-four feet long, and twenty-three feet wide, in the ſame happy and appropriate manner; and the *chapel*, an apartment in which expence has reached its utmoſt limits. It is fifty feet long, twenty-one wide, and twenty-two high, and preſents ſuch a dazzling picture of Gothic decoration as is not, perhaps, to be equalled in the kingdom. The great window of York Minſter has been choſen as the model of the eaſtern one, the ceiling of King's College chapel for the pattern of the coving, and the painting and gilding of the mouldings and ſtucco are taken from thoſe of the great church at Milan. We regretted that ſome of the ornaments were not as appropriate as elegant, and did not ſuſpect ourſelves of Puritaniſm, when we found our minds revolt at a ſumptuous marble ſarcophagus, dedicated to the memory of the late ducheſs, and inſcribed with her thouſand titles, ſerving the purpoſe of *an altar*; and ſaw the walls of the apartment covered with armorial bearings, and genealogical tables of the illuſtrious family in whoſe poſſeſſion the manſion has been ſo long, and at preſent is. It is not indeed the only inſtance in which we find religion and heraldry aſſociated; but certainly the frequency of its occurrence can never make the *humility* of the *creature* and the *pride* of the *noble* congruous with each other.

The park of Alnwick, though for the moſt part naked of large timber, and borrowing almoſt all its ſhade from the plantations of the laſt duke, offers occaſionally ſome very fine views, as well as a pleaſant ride round its boundary, which extends thirteen miles through a tract of country wiſely applied to agricultural purpoſes, inſtead of being waſted in a deer-range. Not that it wants its ornaments; a pleaſing one of ancient days, Hulne-abbey, founded in 1240 for Carmelite-friars, by Ralph Friſburn, is ſeen in the bottom, watered by the little river Aln, that flows through the park; and a grand modern Gothic tower, called Briſley's-tower, of a circular form, one hundred feet high, crowns the ſummit of a hill, and affords a view of wonderful extent, including many auguſt objects in a clear day.—Edinburgh-caſtle to the northward; Tyneworth-caſtle, in an oppoſite direction; Bamborough and Warkworth caſtles to the eaſtward; and the long line of the Grampian and Cheviot hills, and their circumjacent waſtes, the ſcene of that great hunting of old, whoſe bloody termination has been recorded in the well-known popular ballad of 'Chevy chace;' a tract formerly famous for game and timber, but now equally bare of wood, and deſpoiled of ſtags and roes.

On our return to Alnwick from

the park, we paſſed a little free-ſtone monument, with an inſcription upon it that commemorates the ſpot and the nature of William the king of Scotland's diſaſter and ſhame:

'William the Lion, king of Scotland, beſieging Alnwick-caſtle, was here taken priſoner 1174.'

Another monument of former warfare occurs near the town, on the road to Belford—a beautiful croſs, with the following inſcription, which points out the occaſion of its erection:

'Malcolm III. king of Scotland, beſieging Alnwick-caſtle, was ſlain here Nov. 13, anno 1093. King Malcolm's-croſs, decayed by time, was reſtored by his deſcendant Eliza ducheſs of Northumberland, 1774.'

Alnwick itſelf has little beauty, being ſtraggling and irregular. A few veſtiges of its former walls are viſible, and the late duke's magnificence is manifeſted in ſome modern public edifices in the Gothic ſtyle. The cuſtoms of this borough were formerly many and curious; one only remains now, but ſufficiently ſingular in its nature to be mentioned. The candidate for the few exiſting rights attaching to a freeman in this diſuſed borough has to paſs through a purgatory little leſs alarming than the initiatory rites to the greater myſteries of *Eleuſis*; clad in a white garment, he is led to a little ſtream which runs acroſs a road on the town-moor, anciently called the Foreſt of Aidon, whoſe waters are deepened for the purpoſe by a dam thrown acroſs them, and bottom rendered as unequal and rugged as poſſible, by holes being dug, and ſtones caſt therein. All theſe accommodating arrangements are made by a man who lives near the ſtream, and exacts five ſhillings from each of the freemen for his trouble. Through this water, without the aid of ſtick or ſtaff, the candidate is to find his way; and, provided he effect this without breaking his legs, he is then condemned to an *equeſtrian* adventure equally perilous; to ride round the manor, after changing his clothes, accompanied by two of the oldeſt inhabitants of the borough as his guides, a diſtance of ten miles, over a road rugged with precipices, deformed with bog, and obſtructed with briar. If he do all this, *and live*, he becomes a freeman of Alnwick.

ANECDOTE.

THE manor of Broadwater formerly belonged to the family of the Camois, who flouriſhed from the time of Edward I. until the ſixteenth century. A ſingular anecdote is recorded of ſir John Camois, who, by a deed regularly executed, 'of his own free will, gave and demiſed his *wife Margaret*, to ſir William Painel, knight, with all her goods, chattels, and other appendages, to have and to hold during the term of her natural life!' This inſtance of packing off a wife, bag and baggage, ſhews that pope Gregory was not miſtaken when he wrote to Lanfranc, archbiſhop of Canterbury, that he had 'heard there were certain perſons in Scotland, who not only *forſook* but *ſold* their wives, whereas in England they *gave* and *granted* them away.'

MATILDA; *a* DRAMA.

(*Concluded from page* 346.)

Act V.—Scene I.

Count d'Orlheim, Erneſt, Herman, Matilda, Amelia, Louiſa, Philip, two Servants.

[*The ſcene is the ſame ſaloon as before. Matilda, who has juſt been reſcued from the hands of ruffians who had ſeized her, is ſeated in an arm-chair, pale and diſordered; her eyes are turned, with fear and uneaſineſs, on her father; her attitude is ſupplicatory, and her looks and geſtures implore pity. Amelia is ſtanding near her, and affectionately attentive to her. Louiſa, on her knees before Matilda, holds one of her hands, which ſhe kiſſes with tenderneſs. Philip ſtands by the ſide of Louiſa, with a countenance expreſſive of joy when he looks on Matilda, and of inquietude when he turns to Count d'Orlheim. Herman ſtands near the Count, and, when the latter looks on his daughter, makes a motion to lead him to her. Erneſt, placed between his uncle and his couſin, endeavours, but with delicacy and addreſs, to engage the attention of Matilda. Count d'Orlheim, when unobſerved, fixes his eyes on his daughter, and appears even deſirous to advance towards her, but ſtops, turns from her, and ſeems not to notice her.—It is night: ſome wax-candles are on the table; and at the bottom of the ſtage are ſervants, ſtill armed, and bearing flambeaux.*]

Herman (*to Count d'Orlheim*). You were in danger, and I could not ſhare it with you.

Count d'Orlheim (*pointing to Erneſt*). There is he who ſaved us all. He overpowered Wodmar, the audacious Wodmar, whom I continually ſought; but who appeared to ſhun me to attack only my nephew—my friend!—(*Looking at Matilda with attention, and ſpeaking to Erneſt*). Brave youth! you know not how much I owe to you! (*Seems to check himſelf, as if fearing he had ſaid too much.*)

Erneſt. I have done only my duty. (*Turns to Matilda with tender attention*). Are you ſomewhat recovered from the alarm which ſuch an event ———?

Matilda (*looking firſt at Erneſt and then at her father; but at the latter always with timidity, and in a ſuppliant attitude*). You may eaſily imagine what impreſſion my heart muſt ſtill retain. But the ſentiment of what I owe to you—gratitude—alleviates all the uneaſineſs I cannot but feel from my ſituation.—(*She perceives the hand of Erneſt wrapped in a handkerchief which is bloody*). What is that?—Blood!—You are wounded?

Count d'Orlheim (*eagerly*) Wounded?

Erneſt. Oh, it is nothing!—nothing whatever.

Count d'Orlheim. But it muſt not be diſregarded—it may be dangerous. We muſt ———

Erneſt. It is a mere ſcratch—not worth the trouble.

Matilda (*taking the wounded hand of Erneſt, and in a tone of the utmoſt tenderneſs*). Wounded for me!

Erneſt (*in a low voice, not to be heard by Count d'Orlheim*). Delight of my heart!—(*With ardent expreſſion*). And may you be happy!

Count d'Orlheim. Where is the inſolent Wodmar, and his cowardly accomplices?

Philip. They have ſeparated:—my comrades, all well armed, are gone in purſuit of them.

Count d'Orlheim. It will ſoon be day. Herman, you will repair to the next town. I ſhall rely on you to take proper meaſures with reſpect to theſe ruffians. But I do not ſee Charles. When we came up with theſe raſcals, he appeared to me to remain at a diſtance.

Philip. He retreated ſome ſteps it is true. Perhaps he was afraid: all perſons are not courageous alike. Indeed we had warm work. To do him juſtice, however, he ſoon recovered himſelf, and then he fought like a lion.

Count d'Orlheim (looks on Matilda with an air of tenderneſs, approaches her, and ſeems about to take her hand; but ſuddenly ſtops, ſighs, and after a moment's pauſe, advances to Madame Walſtein, with viſible emotion). Madame Walſtein, return to your apartment—with—your young friend—(*Much agitated*) Take care—take the greateſt care of her, I conjure you.—Whatever may happen—whatever diſtance may ſeparate us—be aſſured that I ſhall always intereſt myſelf in your fortune, as well as in her happineſs. Leave me.

Matilda (mournfully). My fate is not changed!

[*Exeunt all but Count d'Orlheim.*

Scene II.

Count d'Orlheim alone.

[*Throwing himſelf into an arm-chair, and, after ſome moments' ſilence*—]

Too cruel and laſting remembrance of injured love! wilt thou ever prevent my happineſs? Where am I? Whither ſhall I go? Whither carry my grief and diſtreſs, the diſorder of my ideas, and the ſtruggles that rend my heart?

Scene III.

Count d'Orlheim; Charles, entering pale and agitated.

Count d'Orlheim. What do you want? Leave me.

Charles. Sir, I entreat you to liſten to me a moment. I come to requeſt——

Count d'Orlheim. What? What can I do? What do you wiſh?

Charles. That you would puniſh me as I deſerve: I have committed a heinous crime.

Count d'Orlheim. What have you done?

Charles. I have furniſhed Mr. Wodmar with the means of acting as he has done. I gave him the key of the park; and, had it not been for me, he never would have attempted——

Count d'Orlheim. What motive could induce you to commit an act ſo baſe?

Charles. I thought you hated your daughter. I ſaw that you had abandoned her, and that another would receive her inheritance. You had driven her from your preſence. She was without ſupport, without aid; and I hoped that Mr. Wodmar would repair the wrongs ſhe had ſuffered from you. The manner in which you have acted this night proves to me that I was miſtaken. I have committed a crime, ſuppoſing that I performed a good action. I am not, however, the leſs culpable; and I come to ſubmit myſelf to the puniſhment I deſerve.

Count d'Orlheim (after a moment of agitation and ſilence). Since what you have done has been from friendſhip, from regard to Matilda—Go—I pardon you.

Charles. You pardon me! Ah, ſir! now that you have ſhewn kindneſs to our good and amiable miſtreſs, your dear daughter—now that you are a good father—I would lay down my life for you. We would all lay down our lives for you. Ah, ſir! nothing was wanting but that!

Count d'Orlheim (with great emotion). Go; go, I tell you. Leave me. [*Charles ſeizes his hand, kiſſes it ſeveral times with ecſtaſy, and goes out.*]

Scene IV.

Count d'Orlheim alone.

What an influence has ſhe obtained over all about me! She has gained every heart! Shall mine alone be inſenſible to her? Alas, her mother was guilty! But ſhe is

innocent. She believes that she is my daughter; and, notwithstanding the rigour with which I have treated her, her affection for me, her respect and her gentle patience have never failed. Ought not her youth, as well as her virtues, and even her misfortune, to engage my regard and my love? D'Orlheim, cease to hate. Hatred is a fearful torment. Adopt this child by whom thou art so tenderly beloved, and whom thou canst not view with an indifferent eye. In defect of the rights of blood, obtain those which benefactions bestow. Let her appertain to thee at least by gratitude, and bestow on thyself that happiness which nature has refused thee! Matilda, thou hast conquered. It is not in vain that thy filial piety has combated against honour which repulsed thee, and against the remembrance of an injury of which thou wert not guilty! I will be thy support, thy benefactor, thy friend, and thou shalt render my last days happy. Heavens! whom do I see?

SCENE V.

Count d'Orlheim, Wodmar.

Count d'Orlheim. Vile ravisher! darest thou ——?

Wodmar. Be calm.

Count d'Orlheim. Thy audacity!

Wodmar. No exclamations.

Count d'Orlheim. What is your intention? Recollect that I am surrounded by faithful domestics, who will lose their lives in my defence, and at the slightest signal——

Wodmar. Beware how you give it.

Count d'Orlheim. Do you mean to attempt my life?

Wodmar. Your life! Gracious Heaven! Are you not the father of Matilda?

Count d'Orlheim. What, then, is your intention?

Wodmar. To end your sufferings; to reveal to you a fearful mystery, or to die at your feet, if you are so imprudent as to refuse to hear me, to reject the happiness I come to offer you, and the tranquillity I wish to restore to your heart. Those domestics who should come at your signal, and whom you directed to watch me, overpowered with fatigue, are sunk in sleep. I have seized the opportunity, and brought with me their arms—(*he shews two pistols*); and, if you are inflexible, I will snatch myself from the ignominious death you have forced me to merit. Listen to me, I conjure you: it is concerning Matilda that I wish to speak to you, for the last time.

Count d'Orlheim (*after a moment's silence*). Speak.

Wodmar. I asked of you her hand.

Count d'Orlheim. I refused it, and it was my duty to refuse it.

Wodmar. You hate her?

Count d'Orlheim. No.

Wodmar. You abandoned her; you drove her from your house.

Count d'Orlheim. Yet I suffered more than she.

Wodmar. You deprived her of fortune, connections, tranquillity, and happiness: I wished to restore her to all these.

Count d'Orlheim. By a crime.

Wodmar. I come to repair it. Bestow on me your daughter; call me your son-in-law, and I will restore to you for ever tranquillity and happiness.

Count d'Orlheim. What have you dared to ask? You! the son of Wodmar! Shall Matilda become your wife? Unhappy man! Guilt surrounds you! Were I but to speak a word——

Wodmar. Speak, I can hear, and I can answer to all you mean to say.

Count d'Orlheim. Well, then, to save you an eternal remorse, since I must reveal to you my shame—— Matilda——

Wodmar. Proceed.

Count d'Orlheim. Is your sister.

Wodmar. My ſiſter! And you have ſo believed? This, then, was the cauſe of your averſion from her, of your contempt, and her misfortunes? The moment is arrived to open your eyes. A falſe honour, a fatal prejudice, forbade me to ſpeak. Virtue, humanity, love, have at length compelled me to break ſilence. Count d'Orlheim, I throw myſelf at your feet. Pardon a ſon who could not reſolve to make known his father's diſhonour. Pardon me for wiſhing to avoid the ſhame of revealing a myſtery of iniquity of which my father was the author, and of which thy heart was the victim—(*He lays his piſtols on the table before Count d'Orlheim*). There are my arms; I place myſelf in your power; diſpoſe of my fate. But read—(*He preſents a letter*)—Read this letter which my father when dying gave into my hands, the proof of his repentance, and of the innocence of all that was dear to thee. Had I obeyed his laſt commands, I ſhould have given you this paper a twelvemonth ſince; but a falſe pride, and a culpable reſpect for the memory of my father, induced me to conceal it. Remorſe now compels me to ſurrender it.

Count d'Orlheim (taking the letter with evident agitation). Yes, I recogniſe his hand. What am I about to read?—(*Reads*)—'I die, and all is at an end with me: nothing remains but remorſe. Pardon!—Pardon me, d'Orlheim! If you forgive, perhaps an avenging Deity may pardon me likewiſe. D'Orlheim, open thy eyes; know the whole extent of my crime—know at length thy Caroline—She was innocent.'—(*Starts, and with a loud exclamation*) Innocent!—(*Continues to read, while as he proceeds his voice faulters, and tears almoſt prevent his utterance*).—'We both ſolicited her hand, and you were preferred. I meditated a dreadful revenge, and I executed it. When about to ſet out on a journey, you wiſhed to take with you the portrait of your lady. It was not to be found: I had ſurreptitiouſly obtained poſſeſſion of it. You returned; and this ſame portrait, together with a letter accompanying it, which I had cauſed to fall into your hands, produced the fearful effect I had expected from it. The virtuous Caroline appeared to you diſhonoured. You baniſhed her from your ſight. You became eſtranged to your daughter—to your own blood;—you curſed her who ought to have been deareſt to your heart. I die——'

[*Count d'Orlheim ſinks into a chair, overpowered by his feelings, and fainting.*]

Wodmar (claſping Count d'Orlheim in his arms). Gracious Heaven!—Charles! Philip! Erneſt!

SCENE VI.

Wodmar, Count d'Orlheim, Philip, Herman.

Philip (eagerly). He has eſcaped us. Ah, here he is!

Herman (running in). Whence are theſe cries? Wodmar, you here—and in this ſituation!

Count d'Orlheim (ſlowly recovering, looks round him, ſees Wodmar on his knees before him, embraces and raiſes him, and exclaims with a feeble voice), My daughter!—Where is my daughter?—Bring me Matilda!—Let me embrace my daughter!

Herman. Bleſſed change! Now are you indeed my noble and virtuous maſter!

[*He goes out haſtily to fetch Matilda. Philip likewiſe goes out by the door at the bottom of the ſtage.*]

SCENE VII.

Count d'Orlheim, Wodmar.

Wodmar (preſſing the Count in his arms). Recollect yourſelf; reſume your good ſenſe and fortitude.

Count d'Orlheim. The extreme of misfortune may be ſupported: it is

more difficult to endure exceſſive happineſs. I ſee my daughter!

SCENE VIII.—AND LAST.

Count d'Orlheim, Wodmar, Matilda entering with Amelia, Herman, and Erneſt:—Louiſa, Philip, Charles, Bloume, and other domeſtics, enter by the door at the bottom of the ſtage.

Count d'Orlheim (*riſing to meet Matilda*). My daughter!—my dear daughter!

Matilda (*eagerly throwing herſelf into his arms*). Do you grant me that name?

Count d'Orlheim. Come to my arms!—Let me preſs thee to my heart.—Preſs me to thine.

Matilda. My father!

Count d'Orlheim. Oh, repeat that name ſo dear!—let me hear it again from thoſe adored lips!

Matilda. My father!

Count d'Orlheim. Pardon me my unjuſt ſeverity; pardon me the tears I have made you ſhed. I aſk your forgiveneſs; may I obtain it, my daughter?

Matilda. Oh, I am in your arms! You love me!—I can no longer remember that I ever was unhappy.

Count d'Orlheim (*after having tenderly embraced Matilda, turning to Amelia*). To you, affectionate friend of my virtuous Caroline ———

Amelia (*with an eager expreſſion of joy*). Is, then, her innocence proved?

Count d'Orlheim. Yes, yes; ſatisfactorily proved.—(*Pointing to Wodmar*) Dear Matilda, it is to him that you owe your father; to him I owe my daughter. He ſolicits your hand. But your happineſs is dependent, and you alone muſt determine. Pronounce——

Matilda (*turning pale and confuſed*). I!——

Erneſt (*aſide, and alarmed*). Gracious Heaven!

Count d'Orlheim. A word is ſufficient.

Matilda (*with a faultering voice*). Oh, my father!

Erneſt. I am loſt!

Count d'Orlheim. What is this?

Wodmar. Reſume your courage, Erneſt. Dear Matilda, fear nothing more from me.—(*To Count d'Orlheim*) You now know a ſecret which I had diſcovered, but which I endeavoured to conceal from myſelf. Secure for ever the happineſs of Erneſt and Matilda. Thus I ought to expiate my errors: thus may I become reconciled to myſelf. They ſhall ceaſe to hate me; you ſhall eſteem me; and my heart, at leaſt, ſhall not have loſt every generous ſentiment.

Count d'Orlheim (*preſſing the hand of Wodmar, in token of approbation, and turning towards Matilda*). Is this the truth, Matilda? Does your heart prefer Erneſt?

Matilda. I was unacquainted with the merits of Mr. Wodmar. I muſt now admire and eſteem his generoſity.

Count d'Orlheim (*to Erneſt*). And you, my ſon, who ſo lately refuſed to confeſs——

Erneſt. How could I dare to avow, even to myſelf, a ſentiment which my ſituation muſt degrade in the eyes of the world?

Count d'Orlheim. Nothing can degrade him whoſe conſcience does not accuſe him. I have always called you my ſon, and I wiſh not to diſcontinue the appellation. Receive all that is moſt dear to me. I give thee Matilda.

Matilda and Erneſt (*kneeling to Count d'Orlheim*). Oh, my father! my father!

Amelia, Herman, Louiſa, Philip, and the other domeſtics. Now we are all happy!

Count d'Orlheim (*to Wodmar, taking him aſide*). The tomb is a ſacred aſylum which vengeance and hatred ought to reſpect. (*He gives him the two letters; that which was in the*

port-folio, and that he had received from him). I forgive thy father. I will ſpare his memory; and, with reſpect to all that is paſt, my heart promiſes thee an eternal ſecreſy.

Wodmar. You ſhall find me worthy of a conduct ſo noble. Erneſt, enjoy your felicity. Lovely Matilda! deign, ſometimes, to remember him by whoſe means you are rendered happy. I ſhall not entirely be deſtitute of happineſs, ſince I have been able to beſtow it on you. [*Exit.*

Count d'Orlheim. Let the day, which is now dawning, ſhed its beams on your marriage and my happineſs—O my ſon!—O my daughter!—I have no longer a Caroline—no longer an adored wife—But I am ſtill a father. [*The curtain falls.*

The HISTORY *of* ALBANO, *a noble* VENETIAN.

No one acquainted with the Venetian ſtate, previous to the ſeizure of Venice by the French, and the ſubſequent ſurrender of it to Auſtria, can be a ſtranger to the exceſſive jealouſy of its government: and the ſecreſy and celerity with which perſons (ſuſpected only of intermeddling in ſtate-affairs) were puniſhed, have peculiarly marked the judicial adminiſtration of that famous republic.

The injuſtice often occaſioned by this mode of proceeding, cannot fail to excite in our boſoms the livelieſt indignation, and at the ſame time cauſe us to reflect with pleaſure on being born in a country where the guilty alone have reaſon to fear, and innocence is ſure of protection and ſecurity.

The hiſtory of Albano, a young nobleman of Venice, who lived about the middle of the ſixteenth century, furniſhes an affecting inſtance of the cruelty ariſing from the jealouſy of the Venetian government. Endowed with the ſtricteſt integrity and happieſt talents, he was beloved and eſteemed by the patricians, and almoſt idoliſed by the people. But, notwithſtanding his rank, his unblemiſhed character, his ſignal achievements in defence of his country, and his unwearied exertions for her welfare, Albano incurred the ſuſpicion of concerting meaſures againſt the ſtate; a ſuſpicion which his too delicate, or rather romantic, ſenſe of honour prevented him from clearing up, and ſubjected him to a diſgrace and puniſhment more intolerable even than death itſelf.

It was obſerved by one of the ſpies that, conſtantly, about the hour of midnight, Albano, muffled up in his cloak, with the moſt ſtudious care, entered the houſe of the French ambaſſador. By the rigid laws of Venice, no nobleman was allowed to viſit a foreign miniſter, unleſs on ſome well known buſineſs, and by permiſſion of the ſenate; ſo apprehenſive were they leſt any innovation ſhould be planned, or any change of the conſtitution be attempted.

The myſterious manner in which Albano repeatedly viſited the envoy's houſe could not, therefore, fail of attracting the moſt curious attention of the vigilant ſpies of the Venetian government; and his conduct was ſoon reported to the illuſtrious magiſtrate, the boſom-friend, as it happened, of Albano. Surpriſed at the relation, and with all the anxiety which the moſt ardent friendſhip could excite, Friuli heſitated to believe the account, though minutely and circumſtantially delivered; and, to be aſſured of its truth or falſehood, directed a faithful agent of his own to watch the footſteps of the unſuſpecting Albano. At the expiration of ſome days, he received a confirmation of theſe nightly viſits, and of the ſecret and diſguiſed manner in which they were always made.

Agitated by the moſt painful ſenſations for his friend's ſituation, but at the ſame time remembering the duties he owed to the ſtate, the mind of Friuli became the prey of the deepeſt ſorrow and diſtraction.

Still unwilling to believe that the beloved companion of his earlieſt days, the friend of whoſe honour and patriotiſm he had ever entertained the moſt exalted idea, the ornament of the ſtate, and the idol of the people, could harbour even a thought inimical to his country, he reſolved, before the execution of thoſe laws he was ſworn to maintain, to be himſelf a witneſs of the criminal viſits imputed to Albano.

Too ſoon was he convinced that the relations he had received were well founded; for ſeveral ſucceſſive nights, at the moſt ſilent hour, in the moſt ſtudied concealment of dreſs, did he obſerve Albano approach the houſe of the French reſident; and, on a ſignal given, admitted into it with the utmoſt precaution and ſecreſy.

The welfare of the republic, the high ſenſe of the duties with which he was inveſted, and incontrovertible proof he had himſelf obtained, would not permit Friuli longer to delay calling on the tranſgreſſor of the laws to anſwer for his miſconduct, or explain his myſterious behaviour. Friuli's patriotiſm, glowing and ſincere, impelled him to ſtruggle againſt thoſe feelings, which friendſhip eagerly and anxiouſly ſuggeſted, and ſeverely did he ſuffer from this conflict. With the ſharpeſt anguiſh, he beheld his deareſt friend expoſed to the unrelenting vengeance of the ſevereſt laws, and his ſoul ſickened within him at the dreadful proſpect of the event. Stifling, however, all ſenſations which oppoſed the intereſts of his country, he determined faithfully to diſcharge the duties of his office.—Having paſſed a melancholy and ſleepleſs night, the next morning his orders were iſſued for convening the ſupreme council, and his warrant for apprehending the unfortunate Albano. Theſe orders were punctually and ſpeedily obeyed; and Friuli prepared himſelf to appear before the council, and diſcloſe the facts which conſtituted his accuſation.

The council, compoſed of the nobleſt, wiſeſt, and moſt venerable Venetians, bore on their countenances the impreſſion of the profoundeſt grief, when they underſtood on whoſe fate they were to decide. An awful pauſe, a ſilence more expreſſive than eloquence itſelf, enſued. The eyes of all ſpoke moſt forcibly, but their tongues were mute.

Friuli, his whole frame trembling, his voice half-choaked by the riſing tumults of his breaſt, broke the fearful ſilence by addreſſing the auguſt aſſembly.

He began by obſerving, that he at once perceived the eyes of the whole council turned towards him, expreſſive of their aſtoniſhment and ſorrow that Albano ſhould be accuſed, and that he ſhould be his accuſer. 'Would to God,' exclaimed he in the bitterneſs of his ſoul, 'that I had periſhed ere I had ſeen this day!' He continued that, when he looked on that grave and honourable body of men whom he was then addreſſing, he was confident that he beheld in them the zealous and ſtedfaſt friends of the ſacred conſtitution of Venice; thoſe who would not only bravely defend it againſt all attacks from an open enemy, but with equal rigour and alacrity repel and puniſh every inſidious endeavour ſecretly to impair or deſtroy it. In every other reſpect, he moſt humbly confeſſed he was their inferior; but in the love of his country, in unabated zeal for its proſperity, in inflexible rigour againſt its enemies, he proudly declared he could yield

to no one; and, while the big drops ſtarted into his eyes, added, *that* day would confirm what he had aſſerted, and prove it not the oſtentatious language of vanity.

They beheld, he obſerved, at their bar, *him* who was once the ornament of the republic, the brighteſt example of all that was excellent or great, the honoured and beloved companion of their councils, not only accuſed of having actually violated the laws of Venice, but labouring under a heavy ſuſpicion of concerting meaſures hoſtile to her ſecurity. And by whom accuſed? By one whoſe life would have been cheerfully devoted to preſerve *him* whom he accuſes; by one, who, had he liſtened only to the voice of friendſhip, muſt have ſheltered him from the purſuit of juſtice, and ſhielded him from her uplifted ſword; by one who, in vindicating the laws of his country, yielded up at once the peace and happineſs of his future days. 'Oh, my country!' cried the wretched Friuli, 'what do I not ſacrifice to thy welfare or to thy ſafety? I offer up, as a victim, the friend of my boſom, the far better part of myſelf. A purer or brighter flame never burnt on the altar of friendſhip than that which warms my breaſt; but at thy call, my country! I ſtifle its influence, and extinguiſh every ſenſation which can interfere with thy ſecurity.'

He then entreated their pardon for the preſent diſtraction of his mind; and, endeavouring to repreſs the tumults of his agitated boſom, proceeded to lay before them the particulars of the tranſaction which formed the charge.

It was a long time, Friuli added, before he could be induced to give any credit to the information he had received, but the repeated nightly viſits of Albano were too certain. He obſerved that the mere going to the ambaſſador's houſe unauthoriſed was contrary to the eſtabliſhed laws; but when the unſeaſonable hour, the ſtudious concealment of dreſs, and the exceſſive caution uſed in the admittance, were conſidered, nothing leſs could ariſe than a moſt violent ſuſpicion of ſomething detrimental to the ſtate being in agitation. Notwithſtanding, however, this unfavourable light in which Albano ſtood, Friuli entreated of the council, that, in conſideration of his friend's former unblemiſhed character, and glorious ſervices to his country, they would permit him to offer any exculpatory matter, and hear him explain a tranſaction which, at preſent, they could view only in a criminal light.

He hoped the council would allow he had that day diſcharged the duty repoſed in him by the laws; and unequivocally evinced that no ſacrifice was in his eyes too great when required by the good of the ſtate. He again entreated them to bring back to their remembrance the obligations which Venice owed to the accuſed, for his exertions in her behalf at home and abroad. He concluded by exhorting them never to forget, that to temper juſtice with mercy was moſt pleaſing and acceptable in the ſight of Heaven.

The whole aſſembly were greatly affected by the addreſs of Friuli, whoſe conflict between duty and affection equally excited their pity and admiration. After a ſhort interval, Albano was called upon to anſwer to the charge which he had heard made againſt him: and, with a ſerene countenance, in a firm tone of voice, with equal modeſty, dignity, and grace, Albano began his addreſs to the council.

He aſſured them, that he *then* felt more for his accuſer, whom he was once permitted to call his friend, than he did for himſelf: that the

ſituation of Friuli was, and muſt be, more diſtreſſing than his own, let the iſſue of that day prove to him ever ſo diſaſtrous.

Of what had been alleged reſpecting his viſits to the ambaſſador's houſe, he freely admitted the truth; and if, in ſo doing, he had offended againſt any law, even though dormant or obſolete, he, of courſe, was ſubject to its penalty. But, he obſerved, that no guilt had been proved, or could be fixed on him for the fact, except it were connected with the ſuſpicion of his being engaged in concerting meaſures detrimental to the ſtate. It was a hard thing, he ſaid, to contend with ſuſpicions; facts could be anſwered, refuted, denied, or explained; but as to ſuſpicions, he knew not how to repel them otherwiſe than by requeſting of that aſſembly, to whom individually he had long been known, to look back on the tenor of his whole life, and to examine moſt ſtrictly and ſeverely whether, at any period of it, the ſmalleſt ground could be diſcovered to warrant a ſuſpicion of treachery in him. He modeſtly reminded them of his ſervices to the republic, that he had unremittingly laboured to promote its intereſt and exalt its glory. He invoked Heaven to witneſs, that neither in deed or thought had he ever conceived or formed any one meaſure unfriendly to the government, and as pure and immaculate toward his country did he at that moment ſtand as at any period of his life. He denied that a firmer friend to Venice, or a more ſtrenuous ſupporter of its conſtitution than himſelf exiſted.

He felt himſelf, he ſaid, ſo much ſupported by his own integrity and innocence, that he moſt cheerfully ſubmitted his cauſe, his honour, and his life, into the hands of that illuſtrious aſſembly; truſting they would, by their unanimous decree, efface from his character the blemiſh which had that day been caſt upon it, by the moſt unmerited ſuſpicions.

After ſhortly deliberating with the other members, the preſident informed Albano, that enough had been laid before the council to ſatisfy them that he had not only tranſgreſſed one of the fundamental laws of Venice, but acted in ſo queſtionable and myſterious a manner, as to render it indiſpenſable for him to account for his conduct, and diſcloſe its motives; to explain the real cauſe of his viſits to the French miniſter, and ingenuouſly confeſs the reaſon of his induſtrious endeavours to conceal them; that he had incurred very ſevere penalties by the fact which he had admitted; but that, in conſideration of his former ſervices, they were inclined to relax the rigour of the law, provided he would impart to them the true inducement to his ſecret viſits, from which they ſhould otherwiſe conclude that ſomething inimical to the government had been intended.

Albano thanked the council for their lenity and proffered favours; at the ſame time declaring he could not, with the approbation of his own heart, explain the particular circumſtances of his conduct. In the moſt animated language, and in the moſt ſolemn manner, he diſclaimed any deſign againſt the well-being of his country; and ended with aſſuring the aſſembly that, be the iſſue what it might, no power on earth ſhould wreſt from him his motives: on that ſubject he would preſerve the profoundeſt and moſt invincible ſilence.

It is ſcarcely poſſible to deſcribe the grief and aſtoniſhment of the whole aſſembly, on hearing this declaration; the cool tone and determined manner in which it was made, left them no reaſon to hope that any

thing would ever ſhake the reſolution he juſt expreſſed.

Albano was ordered to withdraw. The council, after examining his conduct in every point of view, diſcovered in it much to blame, and more to ſuſpect: his refuſal to enter into any explanation of it, ſeemed to confirm the opinion of all, that ſomething very criminal muſt be attached to it. Whatever their firſt prepoſſeſſions therefore might have been, they did not now heſitate to impute to him the crime of plotting againſt the ſafety of the ſtate. The council had already departed widely from the general practice on ſimilar occaſions; and had, in conſequence of his virtues and ſervices, diſplayed a clemency ſeldom, if ever, exerciſed by the Venetian government.

Under that famous ſquare in Venice, known by the name of St. Mark, are dungeons ſo deeply ſunk as to be conſiderably below the level of the ſea; through an aperture at the top, the wretched victim of ſtate ſuſpicion was let down, never more to return: through this his miſerable and ſcanty food is conveyed; through this alone, the air, ſluggiſh and damp from the maſſive and enormous arches raiſed over the opening, with difficulty works its way to ſupport the hated exiſtence of the devoted victim below.

Thus immured, carefully and cruelly prevented from availing themſelves of all means of putting a period to this undeſcribable ſtate of horrors, in total and almoſt palpable darkneſs, for ever cut off from the world, without the fainteſt or moſt diſtant hope of ever again ſeeing their friends, their families, their deareſt connections, nay of ever more beholding any object on earth, theſe victims of ſuſpicion endured torments far more agoniſing and exquiſite than the moſt terrific death.

In one of theſe dreary cells was Albano condemned to paſs the remainder of his days. The decree once paſt was irrevocable: the execution of it followed cloſe; and, without being permitted to bid adieu to his relatives, his expecting family, his anxious friends—without any preparation for ſo dreadful an event, was this unhappy nobleman conveyed to thoſe ſcenes of horror and of darkneſs; and, in the flower of his age, and the vigorous exerciſe of the moſt brilliant faculties, buried alive, and for ever ſhut out from the voice and ſight of human kind.

Notwithſtanding the ſecreſy and diſpatch with which this buſineſs was tranſacted, the populace of Venice ſoon felt the abſence of their patron, their benefactor, their friend. Bred up in ſubmiſſion the moſt humble to their rulers, they dared not clamour for and demand their protector, nor even to murmur againſt thoſe by whoſe means they had the ſtrongeſt reaſons to ſuppoſe they were deprived of him. But their ſorrow was not leſs poignant or ſincere becauſe it was ſilent; the whole city ceaſed not to lament and deplore his fate.

The ſtern patriotiſm even of Friuli could not ſupport him under the grief excited by the dreadful ſentence. He contemplated with horror the ſituation to which he had reduced his much-loved friend.—The picture was too ſhocking for him to look on; the emaciated countenance of Albano, wherein were marked the deep lines of hopeleſs expectation, and the traces of approaching diſſolution, conſtantly appeared to Friuli's imagination; the deſpair of his eye, the faint ſweat on his brow, the convulſion of his altered features, and the juſt, though gentle, reproof from his dying lips, all paſſed in terrible review acroſs his agitated mind, and forbade him to enjoy either repoſe at night or tranquillity by day. His health im-

paired, and his ſpirits worn down by unceaſing ſorrow and remorſe, he ſurvived but a ſhort time, and by his death proved that his friendſhip equalled in ſtrength and ſincerity his love and zeal for his country.

How long the ill-fated Albano dragged out his miſerable exiſtence in theſe regions of woe cannot be known. The moſt profound ſilence was ever preſerved on this occaſion, and no one dared to enquire after the fate of the priſoner, or ventured even to name him.

Many years had elapſed after the period of Albano's confinement, when a prieſt was called to adminiſter ſpiritual conſolation to a lady at Paris, in her laſt moments, and to perform thoſe offices which her religion taught her to require. Among other matters which the dying Adelaide diſcloſed to her confeſſor, was the following incident: that, nearly twenty years before, ſhe had reſided at Venice, in the houſe of the French ambaſſador, accompanying his wife thither, to whom ſhe was related, and whoſe friendſhip ſhe had poſſeſſed from her earlieſt age; that, during her abode there, ſhe became acquainted with a young Venetian, of whoſe title ſhe was ignorant, but of ſuperior birth and quality; that his perſonal accompliſhments, united with the charms of his converſation, ſubdued her heart; and, though ſhe had unwarily yielded up her honour, yet every ſucceeding day ſeemed to add to their paſſion, and ſtrengthen their attachment; that, as he could not unite himſelf to her by the bonds of marriage, without degradation, the moſt private mode of viſiting her was adopted, and, through the aſſiſtance of a faithful domeſtic, he was conſtantly introduced into the houſe at the hour of midnight; but that ſuddenly, without any information whatever, he ceaſed to come to her; that, diſtracted by a thouſand conjectures and fears, her health began daily and viſibly to decline, upon which it was thought adviſeable that ſhe ſhould return to her native country, where ſhe at length regained her health, though never her tranquillity.

Adelaide, faint and exhauſted by the recital, had ſcarcely received the abſolution which ſhe implored, and by her ſincere penitence ſeemed to deſerve, when ſhe breathed her laſt ſigh.

Hence it became moſt apparent that the unfortunate Albano was innocent of every crime againſt his country: and that his viſits, which were conſtrued as proofs of his machinations againſt the ſtate, were made to a beautiful and beloved miſtreſs. He preferred enduring the miſeries of perpetual confinement in a dungeon (ſo horrible that the eye of the humane Howard was not allowed to explore it) to the riſk of expoſing to the reproachful voice of the world her whom he adored. In the admiration of his honourable ſpirit, his ardent love, his unſhaken fortitude, we may be allowed to forgive the indiſcretions of Albano; or, if we blame him for an error, to drop over his aſhes the tear of ſympathy and commiſeration.

EXTRACT *from the new* MUSICAL DRAMA, 'THE WIFE OF TWO HUSBANDS.'

ACT II. SCENE I.

A terrace belonging to the caſtle on the borders of a lake. The mountain is ſeen on the right at a diſtance.

Enter Eugenia, Ninetta, and Theodore.

TRIO.

HASTE, glorious light with golden ray,
Deck with thy ſmiles the infant day.

Roſeate morn at thy ſmiles,
What delight does nature prove!
But dearer far to me
Are the ſmiles of him I love.
Have ye heard the huntſman's horn?
No, not yet has it hail'd the breeze of morn.
Hark, 'tis the horn!

Theod. Yes, the ſound of the horn ſeems to approach. The counteſs is returning from the chace. [*Exit.*

Eug. Is there no other cauſe, I wonder, for Theodore's anxiety, than his diſappointment at the counteſs not returning ſo ſoon as expected? I think his heart is too ſuſceptible not to have felt a tender impreſſion. Yes, certainly, ſome of the pretty laſſes in the neighbourhood have taught him to bow before the univerſal ſway. Or is it that, conſcious myſelf of the ſweet tormenting paſſion, I look upon every one around me with ſuſpicion? Heigho! Love is ſo univerſal a conqueror, that 'tis merely folly to oppoſe him.

SONG. Eugenia.

When conquering Love aſſails the heart,
Alas! what can withſtand the foe?
Let Prudence preach, let Reaſon frown,
Nought can avail—ah! no! no! no!
[*Exit.*

Re-enter Theodore.

Theod. How I am diſappointed—the counteſs is certainly gone the other way to the caſtle.

[*As Theodore is going towards the caſtle, Fritz and Walter enter down the ſteps of the terrace, and come behind him.*]

Fritz. Young man!

Theod. Dear ſir, you frighten me.

Fritz. Fear nothing—we will do you no harm.

Theod. What is it you would have, gentlemen?

Fritz. Go to the counteſs—tell her a poor traveller, who awaits her here, has information to diſcloſe important to her welfare.

Theod. Very well, I will do ſo. *(Aſide)* A poor traveller! They ſay one ſhould not truſt to appearances, and therefore I will not gueſs uncharitably. [*Going.*

Fritz. Stop a moment. *(Aſide)* The more I look at him——

Theod. Pray let me be gone. I am in haſte.

Fritz. What is your name?

Theod. (aſide). He is very curious. *(To Fritz)* I ſhould think my name cannot be intereſting to you.

Fritz. It is plain we do not think ſo.

Theod. Well, gentlemen, adieu. I ſhall fulfil your commiſſion.

Fritz. Stay, I command you. [*Walter ſtops him.*

Theod. How you ſpeak to me, ſir! I aſſure you I am not accuſtomed to be treated thus.

Fritz. I have a right to ſpeak to you thus. Hear me, and anſwer directly. Don't equivocate.

Theod. I ſcorn equivocation.

Fritz. Your name?

Theod. Theodore.

Fritz. Your age?

Theod. Near fifteen.

Fritz. Your parents?

Theod. I have none.

Fritz. None!

Theod. Alas! I knew them not. Can you inform me, ſir, who they were?

Fritz. How long have you reſided in this caſtle?

Theod. I came hither with the counteſs.

Fritz. Then you were not born in this country?

Theod. No, in Bavaria, as I am told.

Fritz (aſide). It is he! not a doubt remains. Who has brought you up?

Theod. The counteſs. Having loſt my parents at an early age, her ladyſhip was ſo good as to educate me.

Fritz. So good indeed! Does the

count, too, give you proofs of his goodness?

Theod. He behaves to me with affection. But, sir, may I not, without offence, enquire what interest can induce you to put all these questions?

Fritz. What interest! yours.

Theod. Mine!

Fritz. Yes: what will you think of her whose benevolence you praise, when you know that, having a son for whom she need not blush, she excludes him from the brilliant rank in which fortune has placed her? She involves his birth in mystery, and shuts her heart against her own offspring.

Theod. The countess Belfior is incapable of such conduct.

Fritz I will prove it to you. Her son, of whom I speak, is now before me.

Theod. Before you!

Fritz. Yes; it is yourself.

Theod. Oh, you would impose on me!

Fritz. I say, the countess Belfior is your mother: I know the fact. Her happiness demands that it should remain unknown. You are now master of the secret, and you may make your own use of it.

Theod. What, to afflict her! to render her unhappy! Could I be so ungrateful? But who are you, sir, who thus have the cruelty to disturb the happiness of one who never offended you?

Fritz. Go take my message to the countess, and forget not that you must speak to her in private.

Theod. Yet explain——

Fritz. Begone.

Theod. A word in pity—

Fritz. Hereafter I will explain, but now obey me.

Theod. The countess my mother! Can it indeed be so? Oh, if I desire to prove it true, it is that I may acquire a right to love her still more dearly. [*Exit.*

Fritz. You seem astonished, comrade.

Wal. I am indeed, comrade. I do not understand what service I am to perform, nor how my reward is to arise.

Fritz. You are to assist me, in case I should find any difficulty in taking possession of this estate which belongs to me.

Wal. This estate yours? I hope you'll prove it true; but how, then, can the estate belong to the countess?

Fritz. She is my wife.

Wal. The countess your wife?

Fritz. Yes; she is that Eliza Werner whom I told you I married sixteen years ago.

Wal. But how does it happen that she is now married to another?

Fritz. I, myself, contrived the marriage, having deceived her by forged proofs of my death. I had heard of the count's great wealth, and thought I might profit by it. But, see, she approaches; be near enough to overhear our conversation, and be ready to come forward in a moment if I should make a sign for your assistance. Retire.

[*Exit Walter.*

Enter the Countess.

Countess. This is the place where Theodore informed me I was to meet the stranger. Ah! *(perceiving Fritz)* what do I see?

Fritz. One, whose sudden appearance seems to give you great satisfaction.

Countess. Is it possible!

Fritz. Extremely well! Exhibit surprise, astonishment, despair!—all this is to be expected after your conduct.

Countess. My conduct!

Fritz. Are you not the wife of another?

Countess. Did not the proofs I received of—

Fritz. The plot is well imagined, I confess; but, remember, I am not to be duped by it.

Counteſs. What do you mean?

Fritz. I mean that you, informed, no doubt, of the unfortunate cauſe of my impriſonment, and flattering yourſelf that I could not eſcape death, contrived this ingenious tale, and fabricated theſe pretended proofs, that you might in ſecurity reſign yourſelf to your new attachment.

Counteſs. Horrible accuſation!

Fritz. But the courts of juſtice ſhall reſound with my wrongs.

Counteſs. Sir!

Fritz. There your perfidy ſhall be proclaimed, and you condemned to puniſhment; deſpiſed by your illuſtrious huſband, whom you have deceived———

Counteſs. No; I have never deceived him! I never will:—and if I heſitate for a moment to throw myſelf at his feet, and avow my wretched fate, it is becauſe I cannot reſolve to wound that benevolent heart which never imagined evil againſt any one.

Fritz. You fear for him, ſmooth diſſembler! you do not fear for yourſelf?

Counteſs. No; I know my doom. Adverſity has inured me to misfortune, and conſcious innocence will enable me to bear it. One event alone can ſhed a faint gleam of comfort on my remaining days: my poor father ſtill ſurvives, but he has never forgiven my diſobedience in marrying you. Grant me but a ſhort reſpite, that I may once more ſue for his mercy.

Fritz. My claims muſt be preferred inſtantly.

Counteſs. Do not yet kill him with your preſence: he cannot long ſurvive this diſcovery. Let me have his bleſſing before he dies. Conſent to leave me. I beg on my knees—I ſupplicate you—in mercy hear me. [*Kneeling.*

Fritz. I will not liſten to you.

Enter Eugenia from the caſtle.

Eug. The counteſs! Heavens! ſhe is in ſorrow! perhaps in danger! Help! help! [*Calling.*

Walter (comes forward). Be ſilent.

Counteſs. Eugenia, huſh! My friend, you will ruin me.—*(To Fritz)* Conſent to go while it is in your power, another moment and it may be too late.

Fritz. Yes, I go; for I now ſee I muſt prepare againſt the worſt: but, within an hour, expect to ſee me again. [*Exeunt Fritz and Walter up the ſteps of the terrace.*]

Counteſs. Protector of the guiltleſs, in thee I truſt!

Eug. My beloved ſiſter, how is it with you?

Counteſs. Well, my dear Eugenia, I am once more myſelf. Let the ſtorm come, the ſacred wreath of innocence ſhall bind my brows—the lightning will not harm me.

Eug. The wretch who juſt now left you has ſeen Theodore. Has he diſcovered to the poor youth———?

Counteſs. I fear it; but of that I muſt be informed. Appoint Theodore to meet me in the caſtle inſtantly.

Eug. And what will you explain to him?

Counteſs. I know not yet: the moment muſt decide. I feel myſelf inſpired with courage, which I hail as the auſpicious omen of ſucceſs. I am reſolved to attempt this day once more to obtain my father's pardon.

Eug. Your father's pardon! Is he then ſtill living?

Counteſs. Yes, and living on this eſtate. I have never yet explained to my beloved Belfior that Maurice is the baron Werner, my father. If I fail in obtaining the pardon of a parent, Belfior ſhall never know the ſecret; but if he bleſſes me with his forgiveneſs———

Eug. He cannot refuſe it. But how did this ſtrange event occur?

Counteſs. As the counteſs Belfior, I preſented to him a farm, which now became mine. He offered excuſes—I would hear of none; and I ſucceeded in poſſeſſing, in beholding every hour (but without daring to ſpeak to him) that parent whoſe anger I have deſerved, but for whoſe happineſs I would gladly ſacrifice my exiſtence.

Eug. Angel as you are, Heaven will never deſert you. See, the venerable Maurice approaches.

Counteſs. My father? Oh, Eugenia! my boaſted fortitude ſinks before his preſence. I muſt retire to regain that temper of mind from which alone I may expect ſucceſs. [*Exit.*

Enter Werner, leaning on Theodore's arm, followed by Ninetta.

Theod. You muſt be weary, good Maurice; lean on my arm. You won't hurt me. You have walked a long way.

Werner. Yes, dear Theodore! but it ſeemed a very ſhort diſtance: the hope of meeting my worthy patron, the noble count Belfior, ſupported me. I felt no wearineſs till now I am diſappointed of that ſatisfaction.

Eug. (coming forward). But you will ſoon have that ſatisfaction: the count has returned from the chace earlier than uſual, that he might walk to the farm and ſee all your improvements, Maurice. I dare ſay, he will be there as ſoon as you.

Werner. I hope the cottage is decorated neatly to receive ſo illuſtrious a gueſt. You know, Ninetta, I am blind, and cannot attend to all this as I could wiſh.

Ninetta. Yes, it is indeed, ſir; and Theodore has hung your ſword over the fire-place.

Werner. Good boy, that was kind! Theodore, you ſhall have that ſword at my death: it is all I have to leave you: this arm once could wield it! It has done ſervice in its time; it has been drawn in the defence of my country.

Theod. I aſſure you, Maurice, your ſword looks very handſome: I have poliſhed the hilt, but the blade is ſo ruſty.

Werner. Yes, and I remember well the cauſe: I wept over it when I loſt my daughter; my ſword was the only remaining mark of honour left to me.

Theod. Don't think of that loſs, Maurice; it always makes you ſo melancholy.

Werner. I won't, I won't. I ought to loſe the remembrance of my own misfortunes in the joy of hailing count Belfior's return. I will be cheerful—I will indeed, Theodore.

Theod. Eugenia wiſhes to ſpeak to me. You won't take it unkind, if I now leave you to the care of Ninetta; you know ſhe is very attentive to you.

Werner. She is! ſhe is! and ſo are you! and ſo is the counteſs! You are all kind to me, except my own child! but I will be cheerful, Theodore; indeed, I will.

[*Exeunt Werner and Ninetta, Theodore and Eugenia, ſeverally.*]

SCENE II. *An apartment in the caſtle.*

Enter Eugenia and Theodore.

Eug. Theodore, the counteſs wiſhes to meet you here immediately.

Theod. The counteſs! *why* does ſhe deſire me to meet her?

Eug. She will be alone.

Theod. And alone! Oh, my throbbing heart! Eugenia, if you love me, eaſe my anxious mind. I am on the rack of expectation. Who are my parents?

Eug. Theodore, you know I love and esteem you.

Theod. Then in pity tell———

Eug. I would most willingly tell you any thing I know and ought to reveal; but if I am ignorant———

Theod. You are not ignorant—you will not say so.

Eug. Adieu! remember your appointment with the countess.

Theod. Eugenia———

Eug. Theodore———

DUET. Eugenia and Theodore.

Theod. How can you thus cruel, the secret concealing,
The proof I implore of affection deny?
Your love then revealing,
With kindness reply.

Eug. Dear Theodore, spare me—my love while possessing,
Such false proofs of friendship why will you demand?
Thus vainly distressing
The heart you command.

Theod. And yet what I ask, to intreaty debarr'd.

Eug. My honour forbids me your suit to regard.

Theod. Ah! why thus resisting?
You must not deny.

Eug. In vain thus persisting,
I dare not comply.

[*Exit Eugenia.*

Enter the Countess.

Countess. What shall I say to Theodore, should he be informed of the fatal secret? Theodore!

Theod. Madam!

Countess. Theodore, I would speak with you.

Theod. (aside). I tremble with expectation. What will she say to me?

Countess (with emotion). Theodore, you are confused, embarrassed: what is the cause? Why do you shrink from my presence with this timid air? Why are your eyes cast down? Raise them; look upon me: you know I ever look upon you with pleasure.

Theod. (with tenderness and timidity). Indeed, madam! is it really so?

Countess. What, Theodore?

Theod. That—that you look upon me with pleasure?

Countess. Have you any reason to doubt me?

Theod. I do not say so, but———

Countess. Has any one told you?

Theod. (forgetting himself). Yes, madam; I have been told such a dear, delightful piece of news.

Countess (aside). He knows all.—*(To him)* Yet this intelligence gives you much trouble.

Theod. Yes; for I cannot believe that I am indeed so very, very happy.

Countess (aside). Poor child!

Theod. I fear you may be angry, and I would not for the world offend my dear, dear mother—*(recollecting himself)* my benefactress.

Countess. What can you think of your benefactress, if you believe she will not rejoice in every cause for your happiness?

Theod. Forgive me—oh, forgive me! my heart is very, very full.

Countess. Take courage, Theodore: proceed.

Theod. (turning his eyes away from her). I have been assured that my mother, whom I believed was no more, still lives.

Countess. And, doubtless, she has been represented to you in the most odious colours.

Theod. The mother who can stifle the voice of nature, and hesitate to acknowledge her child, must have strong motives indeed for so painful a sacrifice. Duty forbids me to accuse her who gave me birth.

Countess. Noble-minded boy!——

[*Aside.*

Theod. Ah, madam: would to Heaven, that I had indeed a mother! that I could behold her! be admitted to her presence as I am now admitted to yours! thus would I throw myself at her feet!

[*Falls on his knees.*

Countess (agitated). Theodore! what mean you?

Theod. I would whisper to her—'My mother, look on your son: behold his eyes suffused with love and tenderness. Hitherto you have withheld your caresses from me. Alas, you have not known your poor Theodore! Oh, let him prove his affection for you! Punish him no longer for a fault of which he is guiltless. Give him the only inheritance he wishes to claim—the only treasure that belongs to him—give him your heart!'

Countess. Theodore!

Theod. What mother could resist the voice of nature? Mine would open her arms to me.

Countess. My child! my child! [*Embracing him.*

Theod. Am I indeed your child?

Countess. Yes; I wished to conceal from you this fatal secret, the bane of your repose; but maternal tenderness tears it from my bosom. Yes, you shall know all.

Theod. No, my mother, I wish to know no more than that I have regained a parent; that she presses me to her breast; and that I am happy.

Countess. Theodore, you must have no reason to accuse me. You ought to know the motives which have decided me to conceal your birth in mystery; otherwise I might appear to you culpable, and I would have no reason to blush in the presence of my son. The person who spoke to you this morning in the park; that unhappy man, clad in the garb of wretchedness———

Theod. Yes; who is that man?

Countess. He is———

Theod. Who?

Countess. Your father.

Theod. Is he my father?

Countess. You will now recollect how oft maternal tenderness has been on the point of wresting from my heart the secret of your birth: but I feared to destroy the precious illusion which formed your felicity, and perhaps mine. I feared that my son might curse the bonds by which nature attached him to me, when he should learn that he owes his birth to a being overwhelmed with crimes—lost to shame.

Theod. Alas, my mother!

Countess. Yes, Theodore, your father is—oh, if you knew!—but some one approaches: we must separate.

Theod. What, without one embrace?

Countess (embracing him). Bless you, my child! Adieu, dear Theodore; Continue your attentions to poor Maurice; I shall love you the better for it. [*Exeunt severally.*

[*** For a specimen of the SONGS, see POETRY.]

PARISIAN FASHIONS.

(With an Engraving, elegantly coloured.)

FLOWERS are now worn on most of the head-dresses in hair. The fashion of turbans is returning: they are for the most part white, and many embroidered with silver or gold. The *aigrettes* called *esprits* are beginning to re-appear in front of the turbans. Very few black velvet hats are now seen.

The colours, amaranthus, rose, dark green, and apricot, may be considered as nearly equally in vogue.

The ribbands are, for the most part, flowered or striped.

Among the novelties may be reckoned the *toques* (caps) of white satin, having for ornament, on the right side, three white plumes, one above the other; or five plumes grouped.

Pearls and coral are the articles of jewellery most in vogue at present. Strings of pearls make part of the head-dresses in hair. The tops of the combs and the edges of the me-

Engraved for the Ladies Magazine, Decr 1803.



Mutlow Sc. Russell Co

PARIS DRESS.

dallions are ornamented with pearls. Two twiſted ſtrings of coral, round or cut with faces, form the large rings which now ſerve for ear-rings.

A bandeau *of pearls, with a* pelerin *of lace* (ſee the plate), though not as yet an eſtabliſhed faſhion, will probably acquire a certain degree of vogue. The accompanying head-dreſs has a ſimplicity ſuitable to the reſt of the dreſs.

A diadem placed on a muſlin veil (ſee plate) is now the order of the day with many ladies of the firſt *ton*. The diadem is uſually formed of the flowers called *ſenſitives*. The ends of the ſleeves and the corſage are plaited croſſwiſe, preciſely as in the figure.

LONDON FASHIONS.

Walking Dreſs.

MILITARY pelices and ſpencers are the prevailing habiliments among the daſhers of the *haut ton*. The colours are pale blue, with black ornaments, or black velvet, with jet ornaments of the diamond. The above are conſidered as the moſt genteel. Green and ſcarlet are likewiſe worn; but they border too much on the *canaille*.

Morning Dreſs,

Of cambric, made ſhort, with a number of tucks round the bottom, made high in the neck with a collar; long ſleeves; the waiſt confined with a cord and taſſel. Emboſſed cambric muſlins will be much worn this ſeaſon for morning dreſſes. The colours are dark.

Head Dreſſes.

Cap of entire lace, croſſed on the right ſide with a Pariſian wreath of pink and ſcarlet; from the left ſide there is an end which falls on the left ſhoulder. The hair curls in front, and a tuft of hair appears on the top of the head.

Large rolled turbans will be much worn this ſeaſon, in compliment to the Mameluke chief.

The military bonnet of black velvet, ornamented with ſcarlet, or royal purple, with a ſmall feather in front. Silver bear muffs and tippets are much worn.

Evening Dreſs.

Plain muſlin dreſſes, with worked borders round the bottom, interſperſed rows of lace, and ſleeves to match; plain fronts. Neckkerchiefs are univerſally worn, compoſed of alternate ſtripes of lace and muſlin.

General Obſervations.

The dreſſes are made very ſhort-waiſted, and very low in the back; and in almoſt every part of them there is lace. For full-dreſs, crape is much worn. Oſtrich feathers of all colours are univerſal. Pelices and ſpencers of velvet and cloth are much worn. The moſt favourite colours for them are dark-green, ſky-blue, and black: the military fronts are generally adopted. For undreſs, ſilver bear muffs and tippets are worn: for dreſs, ſwans-down.

The prevailing colours for ſhoes are black jean, white kid, and purple; but are ſo extremely long-quartered as to but barely admit the toes.

The Italian farſnets are quite out, with the exception of a few of the checks, which are of the richer ſort.

The following diſtinguiſhed perſonages are expected to ſet the faſhions after Chriſtmas: the ducheſs of Bedford, marchioneſs of Hertford, lady Hamilton, and lady Ann Smith.

ACCOUNT *of the new* MUSICAL DRAMA, *in three Acts, called* 'THE ENGLISH FLEET IN 1342,' *performed, for the firſt Time, at the Theatre-Royal, Covent-Garden, on Tueſday, Dec.* 13.

CHARACTERS.

De Mountfort, count of Brittany,..... Mr. Hill.

His party,
- John de Mountfort, his ſon,..... Maſter Benſon.
- Robert of Artois,..... Mr King.
- Oliver de Cliſſon,..... Mr. Curties.
- John de Montauban,... Mr. Creſſwell.
- Philip,..... Mr Blanchard.
- Valentine..... Mr. Braham.
- Captain Fitzwater,.... Mr. Incledon.
- Mainmaſt, his boatſwain,..... Mr. Munden,
- Kelſon,..... Mr. Street.

Charles, count of Blois,..... Mr. Claremont.

His party,
- Biſhop of Leon,..... Mr. Chapman.
- La Vallette,..... Mr. Klanert.
- Carlos,..... Mr. Beverley.
- Doria..... Mr. Wilkinſon.
- Pedrillo,..... Mr. Truman.
- Pierre,..... Mr. Field.
- Jacques,..... Mr. Harley.

Hubert, a peaſant,..... Mr. Atkins.
Maurice, a peaſant,..... Mr. Wilde.
Jane, counteſs of Brittany,.. Mrs. Glover.
Adela, counteſs of Blois,... Mrs. Humphries.
Jacqueline, an attendant,.... Miſs Gaudry.
Jeannetta, wife to Philip,... Mrs. Davenport.
Katherine, wife to Valentine, Signora Storace.
Iſabel, daughter to Jeannetta, Mrs. Atkins.
Bretons, French, Spaniſh and Genoeſe Soldiers.
Engliſh Officers and Sailors, Peaſants of Brittany, &c. &c.

Scene lies in and near the caſtle of Hennebonne.

THE fable of this new drama' (which is the acknowledged production of Mr. T. Dibdin) is founded upon the following hiſtorical record:

Edward the Third, king of England, was induced to conform to the wiſhes of the count De Mountfort, who had poſſeſſed himſelf of the province of Britanny, and applied to Edward to ſupport his pretenſions. An offer of this kind entirely coincided with Edward's ambitious views upon France, and he immediately perceived the advantage that might reſult from ſuch an expedition.—He was happy in the promiſed aſſiſtance of Mountfort, an active and valiant prince, cloſely united to him by intereſt, and thus opening to him an entrance into the heart of France. On the other hand, he could have no hopes on the ſide of Flanders, as he was obſtructed by thoſe numerous fortifications which had been raiſed on that frontier. Theſe flattering proſpects, however, were for a time damped by the impriſonment of Mountfort, whoſe aims being diſcovered, he was beſieged in the city of Nantz, and taken. But Jane of Flanders, his wife, ſoon made up for the loſs of her huſband. This lady, who was one of the moſt extraordinary women of her age, courageouſly undertook to ſupport the falling fortunes of her family. She aſſembled the inhabitants of Rennes, where ſhe then reſided, and, carrying her infant ſon in her arms, deplored her misfortunes, and attempted to inſpire the citizens with an affection for her cauſe. The inhabitants of Nantz inſtantly eſpouſed her intereſt, and all the other fortreſſes of Brittany embraced the ſame reſolution: the king of England was appriſed of her efforts in his favour, and was entreated to ſend her ſuccours with all poſſible expedition to the town of Hennebonne, in which place ſhe reſolved to ſuſtain the attacks of the enemy. She was not deceived in her opinion of the vigilance and activity which the enemy would direct againſt her. Charles De Blois, general for Philip king of France, anxious to make himſelf maſter of ſo important a fortreſs as Hennebonne, and ſtill more to take the counteſs priſoner, ſat down before the place with a large army, and conducted the ſiege with indefatigable induſtry.

The defence was no leſs vigorous; ſeveral ſallies were made by the garriſon, in which the counteſs herſelf

was ſtill the moſt active, and led on the aſſault. Obſerving one day that the whole of the beſieging army had quitted the camp to join in a general ſtorm, ſhe ſallied out by a poſtern, at the head of three hundred horſe; ſet fire to the tents and baggage of the enemy; put their ſutlers and ſervants to the ſword; and occaſioned ſuch an alarm, that the French deſiſted from the aſſault, in order to cut off her communication from the town. The counteſs, thus intercepted, retired to Auray, where ſhe continued five or ſix days; then, returning at the head of five hundred horſe, ſhe fought her way through one quarter of the French camp, and rejoined her faithful citizens in triumph. But mere unſupported valour could not repel all the encroachments of an active and ſuperior enemy. The beſiegers had at length made ſeveral breaches in the walls; and it was apprehended that a general aſſault, which was hourly expected, would be fatal: a capitulation was therefore propoſed, and a conference was already begun, when the counteſs, who had mounted on a high tower, and was looking towards the ſea with great impatience, deſcried ſome ſhips at a diſtance. She immediately exclaimed that ſuccours were arrived, and forbade any further capitulation. She was not diſappointed in her wiſhes; the fleet ſhe deſcried carried a body of Engliſh gentlemen, with ſix thouſand archers, whom Edward had prepared for the relief of Hennebonne, but who had long been detained by contrary winds. They entered the harbour under the conduct of ſir Walter Manny, one of the moſt valiant commanders of his time. This relief ſerved to keep up the declining ſpirits of the Bretons, until the time appointed by the late truce with Edward was expired, on which he was at liberty to renew the war in greater form.

Such are the materials. The author has kept the outline in view, and has given a colouring to his work ſuitable to the ſpirit of the times, and the preſent ſituation of this country and France. The ſubject indeed is much better calculated for a ſerious drama than for an opera, and the ludicrous ſcenes and characters which are introduced do not happily blend with the main ſtory. The purpoſe, however, is to take advantage of a temporary ſtate of things, and to amuſe a mixed audience; and this purpoſe the author has effected. He deviates from the ſtory in concealing De Mountfort in a cottage, the owner of which is ſuppoſed to be in England; and the wife, though attached to the count, by her anxious loquacity, induces two peaſants to ſuſpect that he is concealed. Theſe men, allured by the offered reward, beguile the count out of his covert, and betray him to the enemy. He is at length delivered by Mainmaſt, a Britiſh ſailor, who deſcends in a baſket from the belfry of the place in which the count is confined, the latter aſcending in this ſame baſket. This expedient, which is not juſtified by hiſtory, is rather too ludicrous.

The name of the piece has little to do with the fable in general, as the Engliſh fleet does not make its appearance till juſt at the concluſion; and, though it is ſuppoſed to bring ſuccour, is not employed in action.

The ſentiments are very loyal, but very trite; yet as they fall in with the general ſpirit of the times, and tend to illuſtrate the ſuperior happineſs of this country, they may be encouraged for their effect, though not admired for their novelty.

The piece is brought forward with a magnificence of ſcenery calculated to give it the fulleſt effect; and, though it certainly has no intrinſic merits of a ſuperior kind, its pa-

triotic ſentiments, and fervent eulogiums upon the worth and ſpirit of Britain, with its muſic, ſhew, and buſtle, will probably render it very attractive.

The houſe was crowded in all parts, and the piece was received throughout with great applauſe, which was fully ratified when the audience were, in the laſt ſcene, gratified with a ſight of *The Engliſh Fleet.*

SIGNE AND HABOR;
A GOTHIC ROMANCE.

(Concluded from p. 568.)

GUNVOR, in the mean time, repaired to the apartments of the queen. She knocked haſtily and loudly at the door, which a ſervant opened.

'I muſt ſpeak with the queen inſtantly,' ſaid ſhe; and the ſervant retired.

'Awake, Bera! ariſe!' exclaimed Gunvor; 'I bring thee Habor's life!' and ſhe ſhewed his arms, which ſhe had brought with her. 'Habor ſleeps with Signe; he diſhonours thy daughter: Signe embraces the murderer of her brother!'

'He ſhall die!' cried Bera. Haſtily ſhe threw her mantle around her, and flew to the chamber of Sigar. 'Unhappy father!' ſaid ſhe, 'thou ſleepeſt, while Habor diſhonours thy daughter!'

The aged ſovereign ſtarted up terrified. 'He ſhall not live!' exclaimed he. 'But are you certain he is guilty?'

'Doſt thou doubt?' ſaid Bera. 'Come and ſee with thine own eyes.'

Hildegiſle now arrived with a numerous train of Saxons; Bolviſe alſo came with a company of abandoned followers, worthy of ſuch a leader. Haſtily they went forth, while the king ſlowly followed. But before they reached the apartments of Signe, Gunvor had returned. With well-diſſembled terror, ſhe ran to Svanhild.

'How ſhall I ſpeak?' ſaid ſhe: 'how declare to you the alarming tidings?'——

'Since you have ſaid ſo much,' anſwered Svanhild, 'ſay all.'

'Alger is dead,' ſaid Gunvor.

As a ſtone ſinks in the deep waters, ſo ſank Svanhild to the earth; while Gunvor maliciouſly laughed, enjoying her baſe revenge.

In the mean time Bolviſe had arrived at the apartments of Signe, and with his ruffian band forced the door. Her female attendants leaped, terrified, from their beds, and endeavoured to gain her chamber; but Bolviſe had ſecured all the avenues. The noiſe rouſed the lovers from their delightful reverie. Habor ſtarted from the embrace of Signe. 'My arms!' exclaimed he; but the treachery of Gunvor had rendered his ſearch fruitleſs.

'Now is the time of death!' cried Bolviſe, who at that moment broke into the chamber.

'It is the time of death!' anſwered Habor, and graſped his neck ſo forcibly with his powerful hand that his impure ſoul deſerted its mortal habitation. He fell, and Signe exclaimed 'So fall all traitors!'

But now entered the Saxons, and by their numbers overpowered the unarmed hero, between whom and them Signe had thrown herſelf. She clang to Habor, and could with difficulty be forced from him. At length the hands of the hero, which had ever been invincible in the field, were bound with chains.

Hildegiſle approached Signe, and ſaid, 'Weep not, beauteous Signe; I will ſupply the place of Habor.'

'Wretch!' anſwered ſhe, indignantly, 'die the death of Bolviſe! The place of Habor cannot be ſupplied.'

'The grief of the fair,' returned Hildegiſle, 'muſt be treated with reſpect;' and immediately he retired.

The doors of the apartments of Signe were now guarded by Saxon ſoldiers, that no perſon might come out of them; for Bera feared that Signe ſhould ſhew herſelf to the people. The two companions of Habor, when attacked, defended themſelves courageouſly, though they had not their ſhields, till they fell like brave warriors.

Signe, now left alone with her female attendants, enquired of them for Svanhild.

'She is,' anſwered they, 'in her chamber, overpowered by her feelings, and almoſt deprived of ſenſe.'

The tendereſt friendſhip ſwelled the heart of Signe; ſhe forgot her own grief, and haſtened to aid and comfort Svanhild. She claſped her in her embrace, kiſſed, and bathed her in her tears. Svanhild for a moment revived, and opened her eyes.

'Hated light of day!' exclaimed ſhe, and again ſhe cloſed them.

'It is I, dear Svanhild!' ſaid Signe: 'it is I!—it is thy Signe!'

'Oh, that I were happy as thou art!' ſaid Svanhild; 'but a relentleſs fate purſues me.'

'May Freya preſerve thee from ſuch happineſs!' anſwered Signe.

'What doſt thou ſay?'

'Habor is led to death.'

At theſe words the powers of life returned to Svanhild, and ſhe forgot for a time herſelf and Alger. Thus the affectionate father, on the fragments of the ſhipwrecked veſſel, forgets his own danger when he ſees his ſon hurried away by the mercileſs wave. He plunges after him; and, ſeizing the extremity of his garment, labours and buffets the billows till he can again place him on the wreck where he may have a chance of life.

'We muſt be gone inſtantly,' ſaid Svanhild: 'we muſt ſave Habor, whatever may be the event.'

'Alas,' ſaid Signe, 'all the doors are ſhut, and armed Saxons guard them, ſuffering no perſons to go out or enter!'

Svanhild and Signe mutually related to each other the grief and deſpair of their hearts: Svanhild for the ſuppoſed death of Alger; Signe for the approaching condemnation and execution of Habor. They murmured not againſt the gods, but they reſolved to die with magnanimity.

'Faithful friends,' ſaid they to their attendants, 'nothing is left for us but death. Save yourſelves: apply to the guards that they may let you paſs.'

'No,' exclaimed with one voice the faithful maidens, 'we will die with our illuſtrious, our dear, miſtreſſes: we will enjoy the honour of ſerving them in the palace of Freya!'

Signe and Svanhild gave them their hands, and aſſured them that one common fate and happineſs awaited them beyond the grave.

'The gods,' ſaid they, 'regard not condition in life, but only virtue: the virtuous in a humble ſtation receive as great a reward as thoſe of the moſt dignified rank. Fidelity is recompenſed here with never-dying fame, and after death with eternal happineſs.'

And now theſe courageous females prepared and raiſed piles of pine-wood againſt the doors and windows of their apartment, which they ſtood ready to light when the expected ſignal ſhould be diſplayed. Their ribbands and girdles they, at the ſame time, fitted, ſpeedily to procure to them that death they had reſolved to obtain.

In the mean time Habor was brought before the aſſembly convoked to ſit in judgment on him. Sigar did not appear in it; for, perſuaded as he was that Habor had diſhonoured

his daughter, and, probably by unjuſtifiable violence, ſlain his ſon, he could only indulge his frantic grief, and lament that Heaven had given him children. His voice and full power in the aſſembly he transferred to Hildegiſle.

In the ſupreme court, thus aſſembled, opinions were however divided; for ſome Danes had arrived from the neighbouring towns, who maintained that it was requiſite to conſider the diſtinguiſhed rank of Habor, his nation, and his courage; that it was more adviſable to cultivate friendſhip with the Norwegians than to make them enemies; to avail themſelves of the valour of Habor now the number of the Daniſh princes was diminiſhed (for the report of the death of Alger was generally circulated), and to compaſſionate the grief and diſtreſs of Signe. At the ſame time they murmured loudly that foreigners, that Saxons, ſhould ſit and pronounce judgment in a Daniſh court. But the Saxons, who were numerous, and the venal and baſe who formed the party of Bera and Bolviſe, outvoted them, and Habor was condemned to death. Immediately he was led to a neighbouring eminence, at the foot of which was the apartment of Signe. There ſat Bera and Hildegiſle, ſurrounded by a gazing multitude. When Habor approached, Bera advanced to him, and gave into his hands a horn filled with mead.

'Drink,' ſaid ſhe, 'this horn of death, thy bridal horn.'

He took the horn with a ſteady hand, and poured out the mead upon the ground.

'This libation,' ſaid he, 'I make to you, ye infernal divinities! And thou,' ſaid he, turning to Bera, 'wert thou not the mother of Signe, I would likewiſe have devoted to them.'

Bera laughed, ſcornfully. 'That,' ſaid ſhe, 'would indeed have been terrible. Now let the gods in whom thou haſt truſted deliver thee.'

'Thou too,' ſaid Habor, 'impious as thou art, ſhalt alſo die.'

Bera turned pale; for her conſcience ſmote her, but ſoon ſhe forgot its rebuke.

Habor now threw his hat high into the air. 'Thus,' ſaid he, 'ſhall my fame, and the fame of Signe, mount to heaven.' This was the ſign agreed on between him and Aſmund, who immediately diſplayed his banner.

Signe obſerved the ſignal unterrified, and ſmiled with a noble calmneſs. 'Welcome death!' exclaimed ſhe: 'my friends, Habor is already in the hall of heroes: he beckons to us.'

Her attendants inſtantly lighted the pine-brands, and ran with them flaming, as if performing a dance, and fired the piles of wood they had prepared; they at the ſame time fitted the fatal bands to their necks. Signe and Svanhild tenderly embraced each other. 'Soon,' ſaid they, 'ſhall we again ſee thoſe who are dear to our hearts; and no force, no malice, ſhall ſeparate us more. There is no Bolviſe——' 'no Bera,' ſaid Svanhild. Signe deeply ſighed, the only ſigh ſhe had uttered on this occaſion. She ſtretched out her arms: 'Habor,' ſaid ſhe, 'thy faithful Signe embraces thee.' Svanhild burſt into tears. 'Thy death,' ſaid ſhe, 'deareſt friend, I feel more than my own.' She ſunk, at length, deprived of ſenſe, and motionleſs, as the mounting flames began to envelope the apartment.

In the mean time, Habor addreſſed the ſurrounding multitude with firmneſs and ardour. He declared that he had not acted treacherouſly; that Signe was too chaſte, and he loved her too ſincerely, to have been guilty of the meanneſs of

which he had been accuſed. This delay he made that he might know whether Signe would perform her vow, and whether he ſhould again embrace her in the habitations of death. Bera likewiſe permitted this delay, for ſhe wiſhed to glut her eyes with his ſufferings, and thought the longer they endured the more he muſt feel his death. Suddenly Habor exclaimed, 'I ſee the flames mount; conſtancy and truth triumph! No longer delay the fatal blow; I pant to embrace Signe: now is death joy! Throughout all the north ſhall our names be ſung: our love and fidelity ſhall be admired and honoured, and our death envied.'

The whole aſſembly inſtantly turned their eyes, and ſaw the flames riſing on every ſide from the part of the palace in which Signe reſided. The greater part of the crowd immediately haſtened with all ſpeed to reſcue her from the danger, for Signe was beloved.

'Wretch!' exclaimed Bera, 'thou haſt beguiled my daughter with ſorceries.'

'Why do you delay?' cried Habor; 'where is your executioner?'

No perſon anſwered. The unexpected approach of an armed force put to flight thoſe of the multitude who remained: they fell over each other: all was terror, clamour, and confuſion; and Habor was left alone. He haſtened from the hill that was to have been the place of his execution; Signe gave him wings. He ruſhed into the midſt of the flames. He found her, and bore her in his embrace, without the palace, but, alas! ſhe was lifeleſs, a prey to the devouring flames. He found the ſword of a warrior lying near: he drew it, plunged it into his boſom, and fell on the body of Signe, exclaiming 'I haſten to thee!'

The panic which had ſeized the multitude was occaſioned by the arrival and attack of Hakon, Alger, and Belviſe, at the head of the Swediſh army. At the mouth of the river Suſe they had received intelligence of the ſentence paſſed on Habor; and had haſtened their march with all ſpeed, though they arrived too late. The moment Alger perceived the palace in flames, he thought of Svanhild. Inſtantly he left his companions, ruſhed through the fire, found her whom he loved more than life, looſened the fatal band, and bore her from the flames. 'Liveſt thou, deareſt Svanhild?' ſaid he; 'if thou doſt, anſwer thy diſtracted lover. Wilt thou not anſwer thy Alger? My kiſſes ſhall revive thee.'

He laviſhed on her a thouſand kiſſes.

'She is yet warm! ſhe lives!' exclaimed he in extaſy. She moved her hand; his joy was indeſcribable. She opened her eyes, ſaid 'Alger!' and again cloſed them.

'Now do I poſſeſs thee,' continued ſhe; 'now have I a certainty of another life: never ſhall I again be ſeparated from Alger!'

'What meaneſt thou by another life?' ſaid Alger: 'thou haſt Alger in this life; he lives, and thou liveſt.'

'Noble ſhade!' ſaid Svanhild, and again ſhe cloſed her eyes; 'thou liveſt, never to die.'

'I am no ſhade,' anſwered Alger; 'touch me, and be convinced that I have a body.'

Svanhild now raiſed herſelf up, and embraced Alger; ſhe returned his kiſſes, and at length ſaid, 'Thou liveſt; yet was I told that thou wert dead. I too live, who fought my own death.'

Alger briefly related to her all that had paſſed, and the manner in which ſhe was reſcued from the flames.

Again ſhe embraced him. 'I

live,' ſaid ſhe, 'and thou liveſt. I thank the gods for my life, becauſe thou liveſt. But where is Signe?'

'I know not,' anſwered Alger; 'but we will ſeek her.'

Soon they found the bodies of the two lovers; Signe, half conſumed by the devouring flames, lay by the ſide of Habor, weltering in his blood. A placid ſmile ſat, even in death, on the features of Signe; and the countenance of Habor was expreſſive of heroiſm and of love. Alger turned away his eyes, unable to bear the diſtreſsful ſight; and Svanhild ſunk down deprived of ſenſe. Alger haſtily raiſed her in his arms, and bore her to the hall of Sigar.

In the mean time, Hakon had attacked the aſſembly. Terror, defeat, and death, preceded his banners. The enemies of Habor fled, for wicked men ſoon fly. Hildegiſle fell like a warrior, and his Saxons ſought ſafety in flight; for they had nothing left for which to combat. In the tumult, Hakon ſeized Bera, dragged her by the hair, and pierced her through with his ſword. Rage, and the thirſt of revenge, diſhonoured his victory in this act; but a wicked woman received deſerved puniſhment.

Belviſe went to Sigar, who, unable to riſe from his bed, ſought relief in tears. 'Thou art not left entirely childleſs, aged ſovereign,' ſaid Belviſe; 'Alger lives, and has ſaved Svanhild.'

'Let me, then,' exclaimed Sigar, 'again embrace my dear children.'

Affecting was the ſight when Alger and Svanhild kneeled before the aged monarch, and mingled their tears with his.

Two days afterwards Syvald returned to Sigarſtadt, crowned with victory and glory. But when he heard the recital of the calamities that had befallen his family, he would not remain there. 'My deareſt friend,' ſaid he, 'is dead; my unrivalled ſiſter is no more. Take the kingdom, Alger, and let the ſeas bury me and my grief.'

In vain was every attempt to prevail on him to change his reſolution. He departed as ſoon as the bodies of the two lovers were committed to the earth.

A mount was raiſed, in which the remains of Signe and Habor were depoſited, with their arms claſping the bodies of each other. A monument was erected, on which was inſcribed, in Runic characters, 'Here lie Signe and Habor, faithful lovers in life and in death.'

All the Skalds* of the time made their hiſtory the ſubject of their ſongs.

Belviſe pronounced a funeral oration over their tomb, in which he extolled their heroic courage, their fidelity, their ſincerity, and their generous and amiable qualities. 'They truſted in the gods,' ſaid he, 'yet ſeem to have incurred the diſpleaſure of Heaven. Perhaps the vow of Signe indicated too much pride and want of reflection: by it ſhe armed her brothers againſt her lover. As little can I entirely commend their death; though, by refraining from ſuch commendation, I may oppoſe the opinion of the age in which I live. But the gods are merciful: they beſt can judge of the motives and true deſert of human actions. I will not therefore admit the thought that theſe faithful lovers can be unhappy after death, though I muſt deem moſt praiſeworthy thoſe who patiently await the hour aſſigned them by the gods and fate. They were virtuous in their lives, and doubtleſs are happy; but puniſhment muſt await thoſe who have ended their lives in wickedneſs. Often, too often, the

* Bards.

ſame fate attends, in this world, both the good and the wicked; but, in the life beyond the grave, juſtice will vindicate the ways of Heaven.'

Sigar died three weeks after his daughter, and was buried, according to his deſire, under the ſame mount, and by her ſide. Syvald put to ſea, and was ſoon after loſt in a ſtorm in the gulph of Finland. Alger and Svanhild long lived happily; but the latter never entirely recovered her former cheerfulneſs: a tender melancholy remained fixed on her features and in her heart. Every day ſhe repaired to the grave of Signe, to weep there. Alger blamed not her faithful ſorrow, but often ſighed and ſhed tears with her. Guvor lived long, the object of general contempt and hatred; ſuffering all the evils of poverty and wretchedneſs, inſtead of enjoying the wealth ſhe had hoped to acquire by falſhood and treachery. Aſmund accompanied Hakon, and, ſoon after, found in battle that death which he eagerly ſought, that he might follow his friend.

Preſentation *of the* Ducheſs *of* Bedford *to the* Queen.

This charming lady was, on Thurſday, Dec. 22, attended to court by her ſiſter lady C. Lennox, and preſented by her ſiſter-in-law, lady William Ruſſel, to her majeſty, for the firſt time after her marriage with the duke of Bedford; being the firſt preſentation of a ducheſs of Bedford at our court ſince the year 1737, when the late ducheſs of Bedford, the daughter of John earl of Gower, and grand-daughter to the duke of Kingſton, was preſented, being the lady of John the fourth duke of Bedford, which was his ſecond wife, who died in June, 1794.

The ducheſs's body dreſs was in the moſt ſuperb ſtyle of elegance we have witneſſed for ſeveral years, viz. a white ſatin petticoat, with a puffery of white crape, ſpangled; a white crape drapery, richly embroidered with vine leaves and grapes of ſilver, looped up and beautifully ornamented with ſilver cords and taſſels; the pocket-holes of puffetry of ſpangled crape; the body and train a white ſatin, richly embroidered with vine leaves, and crapes to correſpond, richly and elegantly trimmed with point Bruſſels lace; the ſleeves, though plain, we obſerved, were richly embroidered with ſilver, with three rows of point Bruſſels lace, forming a beautiful drapery over her ſhoulder.

Her grace's head-dreſs was a bandeau of white ſatin, embroidered with ſilver, with vine-leaves and bunches of grapes to correſpond with her dreſs, faſtened behind with a diamond brooch of exquiſite beauty. Her hair was beautifully plaited round her head in the Grecian ſtyle, *ſtratum ſuper ſtratum*, forming to a point, and finiſhed at the top of the head with a large roſette of diamonds, from which ſuſpended a diamond luſtre of great beauty and workmanſhip. Over the bandeau we obſerved a beautiful reed of diamonds, in an angular form, a hair-comb in the front, with a large ſtar of diamonds, and a roſette with a plume of five beautiful oſtrich feathers.

Her grace remained, during the whole of the time, either in converſation with their majeſties, or with the younger female branches of the royal family.

She had an elegant chair made on the occaſion, with the ducal coronet; rich white liveries, with deep gold lace, and three footmen before her chair.

The quantity of jewels which her grace wore is eſtimated at 50,000*l.* ſterling.

POETICAL ESSAYS.

ANACREON, ODE I.

OFT, in ſtrains of lofty verſe,
Sons of Atreus, I'd rehearſe;
Oft in notes ſublime I'd ſing
Actions of the Theban king:
But the ſtrings unwilling prove,
Sounding only ſongs of love.
Late afreſh my lyre I ſtrung,
And of Hercules had ſung,
Of his labours, of his toils,
Of his victories and ſpoils;
But the lyre, in ev'ry ſtrain,
Anſwer'd love and love again.
Princes, now farewell to you;
Heroes, chieftains, all adieu:
For, in future, ev'ry ſong
Shall to love alone belong.

Oxford, Dec. 4, 1803. J. W. V.

ABSENCE; A SONNET.

FROM coaſt to coaſt the wand'ring exile ſtrays,
Bereft of comfort, tortur'd with deſpair;
Sleepleſs his nights, and clouded are his days,
Subdu'd by anguiſh, and oppreſs'd with care.

Juſt ſo, when torn from her I deareſt love,
A thouſand paſſions rack my anxious mind;
I ſeek the city, or I pace the grove,
But can, alas! nor joy nor comfort find:
Save when bright Fancy, with her radiant charms,
Tranſports Clariſſa to my longing arms.

Oxford, Dec. 4, 1803. J. W. V.

SONGS *in the new Comic Opera*—'THE WIFE OF TWO HUSBANDS.'

SONG—Mrs. Mountain.

TO Sleep's embrace with joy I fly,
And friendly dreams, to lovers dear:
For then his form ſhall charm mine eye,
For then his voice ſhall charm mine ear.
No longer then can Fortune's power
Withhold my lover from my ſight:
And Fancy, in her conquering hour,
With Love ſhall gild her viſions bright.

SONG—Miſs De Camp.

A SOLDIER to his own fire-ſide
With laurels was retiring;
An only daughter was his pride,
His every hope inſpiring:
In her young mind the virtues ſhone,
Th' admiring world approv'd her;
She ſeem'd to live for him alone,
And he as his own life lov'd her.

But oft within the faireſt flower
The canker worm is working;
Ingratitude—ah, fatal hour!—
In her falſe heart was lurking.
The ſpoiler came—ſhe op'd the door;
He from her home remov'd her:
She of that father thought no more,
Who as his own life lov'd her.

Behold the wretched parent's look!
His child was loſt for ever:
The tear his phrenſied eye forſook;
From life he ſeem'd to ſever,
Oft did he hear the bitter ſigh,
Yet not a word reprov'd her:
But all he wiſh'd for was to die;
For as his life he lov'd her.

With guilty pangs, her boſom torn,
Still lives the wretched daughter;
And long repentant woe has borne,
To which her error brought her.
Oh, bring the hour of mercy near!
The eye of Heaven has prov'd her,
As life to love that father dear,
Who as his own life lov'd her.

*SONG—*THEODORE*—Miſs De Camp.*

THE other day, when I was dancing
To the air you love ſo well;
And with the roſy wreath advancing,
At your feet the offering fell.
A ſigh your woe betraying,
O'erpower'd the ſmile you ſtrove to give;
While in vain to ſpeak eſſaying,
Ah, could I your griefs relieve!
But, alas! you love me not—
No, no, poor Theodore 's forgot.

Oh! let me hope to see reviving
All the gaiety you knew,
When, for your kind attention striving,
I was ever in your view.
My childish sports approving,
My trifling all your cares beguil'd;
Still on your brow no frown reproving,
You on your little orphan smil'd.
But, alas! &c.

DUET—Mrs. Bland and Mr. Bannister.

Carronade.

In fairness I speak, from my heart comes the offer.
Then say, sweet lass, with a sailor will you roam?

Ninetta.

I thank you, good sir, for the kindness you proffer;
But say, kind sir, suppose I stay at home?

Carronade.

On board a man-of-war you'll taste every pleasure.

Ninetta.

But joys you 'll remember we variously measure.

Both.

The question is plain, { shall I / will you } stay or go?
The answer is plain, 'tis merely yes or no.
Fal la, &c.

Carronade.

Two words to the bargain!—be it so if you like it:
My word is yes—and may yours be the same.

Ninetta.

Why as to the bargain—we never shall strike it.
My word is no—the plain answer you claim.

Carronade.

Plain-dealing I admire—that yours is sincerely.

Ninetta.

It leaves you free to choose a lass to love dearly.

Both.

Though lovers we're none—yet as friends let us part:
A hand you may give—though you can't bestow a heart.
Fal la, &c.

TO MISS ———,

ON HER ASKING THE AUTHOR, WHY SHE HAD SLEEPLESS NIGHTS?

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

I 'LL ask the sylph who round thee flies,
And in thy breath his pinion dips;
Who suns him in thy lucent eyes,
And faints upon thy sighing lips:

I'll ask him where's the veil of sleep
That us'd to shade thy looks of light;
And why those eyes their vigil keep,
When other suns are sunk in night?

And I will say—Her angel breast
Has never throbb'd with guilty sting;
Her bosom is the sweetest nest,
Where Slumber could repose his wing!

And I will say—Her cheeks of flame,
Which glow like roses in the sun,
Have never felt a blush of shame,
Except for what her eyes have done!

Then tell me, why, thou child of air!
Does slumber from her eyelids rove?
What is her heart's impassion'd care?
Perhaps, oh, sylph! perhaps 'tis *love!*

REUBEN AND ROSE;

A TALE OF ROMANCE.

[*From the Same.*]

THE darkness which hung upon Willumberg's walls
Has long been remember'd with awe and dismay;
For years not a sun-beam had play'd in its halls,
And it seem'd as shut out from the regions of day!

Though the valleys were brighten'd by many a beam,
Yet none could the woods of the castle illume;
And the lightning, which flash'd on the neighbouring stream,
Flew back, as if fearing to enter the gloom!

'Oh! when shall this horrible darkness disperse?'
Said Willumberg's lord to the seer of the cave:

'It can never diſpel,' ſaid the wizard of verſe,
'Till the bright ſtar of chivalry 's ſunk in the wave!'

And who was the bright ſtar of chivalry then?
Who could he but Reuben, the flower of the age?

For Reuben was firſt in the combat of men,
Though youth had ſcarce written his name on her page.

For Willumberg's daughter his boſom had beat,
For Roſe, who was bright as the ſpirit of dawn,

When, with wand dropping diamonds and ſilvery feet,
It walks o'er the flowers of the mountain and lawn!

Muſt Roſe, then, from Reuben ſo fatally ſever?
Sad, ſad were the words of the man in the cave,

That darkneſs ſhould cover the caſtle for ever,
Or Reuben be ſunk in the mercileſs wave!

She flew to the wizard—'And tell me, oh! tell,
Shall my Reuben no more be reſtor'd to my eyes?'

'Yes, yes—when a ſpirit ſhall toll the great bell
Of the mouldering abbey, your Reuben ſhall riſe!'

Twice, thrice he repeated, 'Your Reuben ſhall riſe,'
And Roſe felt a moment's releaſe from her pain;

She wip'd, while ſhe liſten'd, the tear from her eyes,
And ſhe hop'd ſhe might yet ſee her hero again!

Her hero could ſmile at the terrors of death,
When he felt that he died for the fire of his Roſe:

To the Oder he flew, and there plunging beneath,
In the lapſe of the billows ſoon found his repoſe.

How ſtrangely the order of deſtiny falls!
Not long in the waters the warrior lay,

When a ſunbeam was ſeen to glance over the walls,
And the caſtle of Willumberg baſk'd in the day!

All, all but the ſoul of the maid was in light,
There ſorrow and terror lay gloomy and blank:

Two days did ſhe wander, and all the long night,
In queſt of her love on the wide river's bank.

Oft, oft did ſhe pauſe for the toll of the bell,
And ſhe heard but the breathings of night in the air;

Long, long did ſhe gaze on the watery ſwell,
And ſhe ſaw but the foam of the white billow there.

And often as midnight its veil would undraw,
As ſhe look'd at the light of the moon in the ſtream,

She thought 'twas his helmet of ſilver ſhe ſaw,
As the curl of the ſurge glitter'd high in the beam.

And now the third night was begemming the ſky,
Poor Roſe on the cold dewy margent reclin'd,

There wept till the tear almoſt froze in her eye,
When, hark! 'twas the bell that came deep in the wind!

She ſtartled, and ſaw, through the glimmering ſhade,
A form o'er the waters in majeſty glide;

She knew 'twas her love, though his cheek was decay'd,
And his helmet of ſilver was waſh'd by the tide.

Was this what the ſeer of the cave had foretold?
Dim, dim through the phantom the moon ſhot a gleam;

'Twas Reuben; but, ah! he was deathly and cold,
And fleeted away like the ſpell of a dream!

Twice, thrice did he riſe, and as often ſhe thought
From the bank to embrace him, but never, ah! never!

Then ſpringing beneath, at a billow ſhe caught,
And ſunk to repoſe on its boſom for ever!

FOREIGN NEWS.

Conſtantinople, September 20.

BY three Couriers, who have ſucceſſively arrived from Smyrna, Acre, and Alexandria, we have received the diſaſtrous intelligence that Egypt is now entirely in the poſſeſſion of the Beys, who have united with the Arnauts, and that this fine province is once more loſt to the Porte.

The Turkiſh garriſon in Alexandria withſtood ſeveral aſſaults, and defended themſelves to the laſt, till they were obliged to capitulate on account of want of proviſions, and the great ſuperiority of the enemy. This diſagreeable event has been notified by the Reis Effendi to all the Foreign Miniſters here.

The Porte is fully perſuaded that this misfortune is to be aſcribed at once to the diſcontent of the Beys, and to foreign influence. Many of the Foreign Miniſters have ſent advice of this event to their Courts, among whom the Ruſſian Miniſter has been the firſt. It is an almoſt general opinion in the Divan that the influence of Ruſſia has had a great ſhare in producing this misfortune.

23. The following is the note which, by order of the Porte, on the 20th of this month, was delivered to the Ambaſſadors of the two powers at war, and alſo to the reſt of the Foreign Miniſters:—

'During the war by ſea and land, which broke out between France and England in the 1207 of the Hegira (1792), the Sublime Porte, which was neutral, and entertained relations of amity with both powers at war, declared to their Ambaſſadors by a note, preſented to them for that purpoſe, that the ſhips of thoſe powers ſhould not moleſt nor attack each other in the waters of this empire, under the guns of the fortreſſes of the Ottoman territory in Aſia and Europe, of the Iſlands in the White Sea, and the different ports within the diſtance of three miles from ſhore; and that the reſpective Conſuls ſhould uſe their beſt efforts to prevent all perſons intending to provoke engagements in the vicinity of ſuch ports from carrying their intention into effect. It was then enacted, and the ordinance is hereby renewed, that ſtrict enquiries ſhall be made for the purpoſe of apprehending and puniſhing all ſubjects of the Porte who ſhall engage to ſerve on board of privateers. No Muſſulman, being a ſubject of the Porte, is allowed to load goods on board of ſhips belonging to the above powers, without having obtained from the reſpective Conſuls all the documents required in ſuch caſes. Should an engagement take place on the high ſeas between ſhips of the belligerent powers, it ſhall not be lawful for any commander of a Turkiſh ſhip of war, or for any Turkiſh ſubject, to interfere in ſuch engagement, in order to favour one or the other party engaged. The Sublime Porte being determined to obſerve the ſame ſyſtem of neutrality during the preſent war, the neceſſary orders have been expedited for his highneſs the Captain Pacha, a copy whereof ſhall likewiſe be delivered to the Foreign Miniſters.'

October 15. The Porte has ſent twelve ſhips with ammunition, &c. to the Morea. A foreign ſhip ſome time ſince landed there a cargo of powder and ball; as its deſtination appeared ſuſpicious, the Captain Pacha cauſed the whole to be ſeized. A captain Idria, who was employed in the expedition, was to have been murdered in the night by the procurement of the Greek Bey at Malathra, to whom the powder was conſigned. He, however, received information of the deſign, and revenged himſelf by heavily cannonading the town of Malathra.

25. Great numbers of troops are aſſembling in the vicinity of this capital, the deſtination of which is ſaid to be the Morea, which is ſtill believed to be threatened by a foreign force. Six Ruſſian and Auſtrian ſhips, which have been

taken up to carry powder and artillery, have already ſailed for that peninſula, all the places of which will be put in a ſtrong ſtate of defence, and batteries erected on the coaſts. The Captain Pacha will remain with the fleet off the coaſt of the Morea during the whole winter.

In the courſe of the laſt fortnight there have been ſeveral fires here, ſuppoſed to be cauſed by the diſcontented populace. Strong patroles now parade the ſtreets of Conſtantinople during the night; and, except in the quarter of the Franks, no perſon is permitted to be in the ſtreets by night, either in the city or the ſuburbs.

Both the Engliſh and French ambaſſadors have lately had ſeveral conferences with the Reis Effendi: the Porte, however, is determined to abide by its ſyſtem of neutrality. It is now aſſerted that the Porte has concluded a convention with the Beys of Egypt, according to which the government of that country is to be placed on the ſame footing as before the arrival of the French. The Beys will in conſequence regain that authority which the Porte has hitherto refuſed them. This ſtatement, however, is not official, and no ſhip has arrived here from Alexandria for a conſiderable time.

Hague, October 25. The miniſter at war of the French republic, general Alexander Berthier, after having finiſhed his tour through the maritime departments of the north of France, is now extending it to the Batavian territory. For the laſt days he has been viſiting the ports of Zealand; and, on the 23d in the evening, he arrived at Bergen-op-Zoom. The head-quarters of the French and Batavian troops in this republic are about to be fixed at Utrecht. —The commander in chief, general Victor, leaves the Hague this day for that place, to which a part of his ſtaff has already repaired.

Leyden, October 27. The French miniſter at war arrived on the 23d in the evening from Middleburg at Bergen-op-Zoom. In the following morning he inſpected the fortifications and garriſon of that place. Immediately after he ſet out with his ſuite, in three carriages, to return, by way of Antwerp, to Paris.

Paris, October 21. Spain, to avoid taking an active part in the preſent war, is to pay France four millions of livres monthly; and guarantee the payment in like manner of one million monthly by Portugal.

Four emigrants who had taken the benefit of the amneſty, but carried on a correſpondence with the count D'Artois, have been deported. Among them are Laval Montmorency, and Archbambault: their eſtates are not confiſcated, but they have been permitted to ſell them.

Various addreſſes from the departments to the Firſt Conſul, and even one from the council of ſtate, will ſoon make their appearance, in which he will be requeſted not to command the expedition againſt England, in perſon, but only to direct it from the coaſts.

General Moreau is appointed member of the legion of honour.

Leghorn, October 28. A French ſquadron, with a conſiderable number of land forces on board, is lying at Toulon, ready to ſail as ſoon as the fleet of lord Nelſon ſhall be driven off the coaſt by a ſtorm. It is intended for a ſecret expedition.

The Engliſh ſquadron which blockades Genoa conſiſts of two ſhips of the line, eight frigates, four cutters, and has with it ſeveral privateers. The blockade extends from Cape delle Melle to Viareggia. All the neutral ſhips lying in Genoa have been required by the Engliſh to depart within 14 days.

General Montrichard, from Lunenburg, has been for ſome time at Rome, where he has viſited the curioſities and productions of art; after which he continued his journey by Naples to the army of general St. Cyr, to which the ſon of the third conſul Le Brun, who is appointed adjutant to general St. Cyr, has likewiſe repaired.

Boſton, October 28. The fever has diſappeared at Philadelphia. We are ſorry we have not as agreeable information to communicate from New York: on the 20th inſt. there were ſix deaths, and 22 new caſes; 21ſt, ten deaths, and 11 new caſes.

Alexandria, October 28. The health officer announced, on the 19th inſt. the rapid decline of the fever in that city. The number of deaths in the preceding forty-eight hours does not, he ſays, ſtand in oppoſition to this ſtatement.

Venice, November 8. It appears probable that the duchies of Parma and Pla-

centia, instead of being ceded to Etruria, will be incorporated with *ci-devant* Piedmont. Two French commissaries are at Parma, employed in dividing the country into two departments. Some districts from the department of Marengo, included in the Parmesan, will be annexed to the new departments.

Frontiers of Russia, November 12. On the 2d inst. an imperial ukase was published here, ordering a recruiting of from 30 to 40,000 men, which will begin on the 27th inst. and be completed in two months. It is only for the customary completion of the army, and is no indication of warlike measures.

Hague, Nov. 16. General Victor yesterday informed the directory, that within 24 hours, he must have 500,000 florins, on account of the pay due to the French troops encamped between Utrecht and Amersford, and in North Holland; and that if the money was not paid before 11 o'clock this day, he would order the troops to march to Amsterdam, there to pay themselves in the bank. Couriers were immediately dispatched to Amsterdam and Rotterdam; and several rich Jews, and other wealthy individuals, were invited to wait upon our minister of finance, to consult about raising the money. Much anxiety and doubt prevailed. At length, at two o'clock this morning, 350,000 florins were procured, as report says, at an interest of nearly 25 per cent. which, with the 150,000 florins in the national treasury, made up the sum demanded by Bonaparte's armed proconsul.—Four waggons loaded with this money, or, as some think, with only a part of it, went away this morning, at ten o'clock, under the escort of a party of French hussars. They took the road for Utrecht.

29. Since rear-admiral Verhuel had a conference with our directory, the preparations for the expedition against England have been extraordinarily hastened. Rear-admiral Verhuel will command the French Batavian fleet which is assembled at Flushing.

An English sloop, with 13 men, which approached too near the batteries and works on the coast of Zealand, has fallen into our hands. She belonged to the Crescent, of 20 guns, and had been sent to reconnoitre the coast. The English, who were brought into Flushing, lamented especially being made prisoners at such a time, as they were deprived of the honour of assisting in the defence of their country.

Vienna, Nov. 30. In consequence of advice received here, that the Austrian garrison, in the fortress of Oberhaus, near Passau, had been expelled by a Bavarian detachment of superior force, his imperial majesty, on the 28th inst. issued orders for the troops on the Bavarian frontiers, together with others from Bohemia and Austria, amounting to 12,000 cavalry, and 27 battalions of infantry, to advance upon those frontiers. These troops, of which 15 regiments of infantry, and two of cavalry, will first break up, will be divided into two corps, one of which will be formed in Bohemia, under field-marshal lieutenant prince John of Lichtenstein, and the other in Upper Austria, under field-marshal lieutenant the prince of Schwarzenberg.

The above generals have already set out for the places of their destination. From the garrison of this city the infantry regiments of the elector of Salsburg and Kerpen, and the cavalry regiment of the hereditary prince Ferdinand, have been ordered to march. Different regiments in Hungary have at the same time received orders to supply the place of the garrison here and other stations.

In the mean time a courier has been sent off by our court to Munich; the Bavarian envoy is still at Vienna, and the Austrian envoy is not yet recalled from Munich.

According to some accounts, a Russian corps of troops is assembling in *ci-devant* Poland, near Wilner and Grodeno.

Haerlem, Dec. 5. The reports of the mortality of the disease which has broken out in Ameland are much exaggerated. Neither is there any reason to believe that it was imported in a ship from Malaga.

Letters from Bruffels, of the 31st, state that the preparations for the expedition against England continue with the utmost vigour. An embargo had been laid on all national merchant ships. The fourth division of armed boats is arrived at Dunkirk, and only waits a favourable wind to proceed to Boulogne.

HOME NEWS.

Maidſtone, Nov. 15.

YESTERDAY the Maidſtone volunteers entered on permanent duty for a fortnight at our barracks, and relieved the regulars there;—the rifle company take a part of the ſaid duty. Amongſt the bodies of volunteers deſtined to permanent duty, for the ſame period, in this part of the county, the Holmesdale, commanded by lord Whitworth, are expected here next Monday: the Rocheſter, it is ſaid, will go to Dover caſtle, and the Cranbrook to Chatham barracks.

Temporary barracks are now preparing, in the reſpective warehouſes, on the wharfs in this town, for the reception of twelve or thirteen hundred men, which are already in great forwardneſs for their accommodation during the winter months.

The river Medway fencibles have received orders to embark for ſervice on board the ſhips now fitting out at Chatham.

Bantry, Dec. 4. Several engineer officers have arrived here, who have made a minute ſurvey of ground along the ſhore of this harbour; and we underſtand they have fixed upon ſeveral very commanding ſpots, upon which ſtrong works are to be thrown up. The preciſe deſcription of what is intended, we cannot at preſent communicate; we merely know that works of defence are to be undertaken as expeditiouſly as poſſible, although we regret that the diſtant period of their completion cannot afford us protection againſt any immediate attack. They cannot be ready ſooner ſix months. Our hopes of protection, however, are not feeble, when we recollect that we have a ſtrong ſquadron ſo immediately at hand. Accounts this day received from the mouth of the bay ſtate, that the following ſhips of war were then at anchor in Beerhaven, viz. the Northumberland, 74; Magnificent, 74; Ganges, 74; Majeſtic, 74; and the Thunderer, 74. Admiral Sir R. Calder was hourly expected to arrive in the Prince of Wales, with the Britannia, Goliah, Defiance, and Plantagenet.

London, Dec. 7. The Jamaica mail which arrived on Sunday, in 44 days from that place, has brought papers to the eighth of October inclusive. Part of the intelligence contained in them, is, we are ſorry to ſay, of an unfavourable nature. A plot had been formed to ſet fire to the town of Kingſton on the night of the third of October. Happily, however, it was diſcovered, and the fire extinguiſhed ſoon after it was kindled.

The local government of Jamaica has reſolved to prevent in future the intercourſe between the miſſionaries ſent thither from Britain and the negroes. Mr. Campbell, who arrived in a late packet from Jamaica, has been impriſoned ſome weeks for repeatedly perſiſting to preach to them, and liberated on condition of his quitting the iſland. Mr. Fiſch, another miſſionary, was in priſon when he left it. The utmoſt precaution prevails among the white inhabitants of that colony, who ſeem to entertain apprehenſions of the negroes revolting, and introducing thoſe horrors which have ſo long raged in the neighbouring iſland of St. Domingo.

8. Capt. Sutton, of the Prince of Wales packet, who was detained at Calais at the commencement of the war, has had the good fortune to eſcape out of the clutches of the French. About a month ago, the captain, diſguiſed as a French peaſant, quitted Valenciennes, having procured a paſſport by bribing the municipal officers. Capt. Sutton alſo took care, before his departure, to furniſh himſelf with a guide. They travelled on foot, only in the night, and paſſed on to the Rhine, without meeting any obſtacles or remarkable occurrences in their way. Here Capt. Sutton's peaſant's garb and paſſport proved of eſſential ſervice, by obtaining him a paſſage over one of the bridges on the Rhine. The guards, who examine all paſſengers

as they go over, asked him several questions, to which he was able to give satisfactory answers, being well versed in the French language. Capt. Sutton left his guide on quitting the French territory, and travelled alone by post to Embden, where he embarked in a hoy, and landed at Yarmouth a few days ago.

9. Mr. Astley, with a munificence which accords well with his distinguished acquirements, has lately purchased and presented to the British Museum a selection of letters, seventy-four in number, all in the hand-writing of Henry IV. of France, addressed to his chancellor, M. De Belliquiere. They are almost the only *reliques* of the record-room in the Bastile.

10. As Miss Knipe, of Bristol, was sitting reading near the fire, a sulphureous coal flew upon her muslin dress, which instantaneously set her in a blaze: she had the presence of mind to ring the bell, which the servant immediately answered; and finding his mistress in flames, he took the rug from the hearth, and folded it round her, which happily had the desired effect to extinguish the flames, though not until it had so dreadfully scorched her, as to render her recovery doubtful.

12. On Saturday morning the Bloomsbury and Inns of Court association mustered in the Foundling-yard, for the purpose of marching to have a field-day and sham fight: they commenced their manœuvres in the fields near Pancras.

The fight commenced at that place, and continued across the fields to those between Hampstead and Highgate, during which numbers fell into the ditches. Those upon the skirmishing party annoyed the main body extremely, and, when they were near Hampstead, the main body received orders to fire a volley upon the skirmishing party; but the muskets and powder were rendered so completely useless by the incessant fall of rain, that, on the word of command to fire being given, not one musket went off. The unfavourableness of the weather did not deter any of the corps from persevering in their object with as much zeal as if they had been pursuing the common enemy, or had been inured to the greatest hardships in the field of battle. The fight continued till past three o'clock without any cessation.

A banker's clerk, in the neighbourhood of the Royal Exchange, who absconded a few days since with notes to the amount of between four and five thousand pounds, and for whose apprehension one hundred and fifty pounds have been offered, was apprehended on Thursday at Margate. He was traced from London by means of having taken a post-chaise at Mr. Gardiner's livery stables in Windmill-street, and where he left a paper parcel directed to his father, which on examination proved to contain the whole of the property, except about 70l. which was found upon him. He is only about 15 years old, and he was unable to give any account of his rash conduct, except that he purchased a ring, and was unable to make up his accounts by about a guinea, nor had he any fixed plan where he should go.

On Friday morning, about half after eleven o'clock, J. Redhead, the brandy-merchant, lately convicted of defrauding the revenue, was brought out of Newgate, and conveyed in a hackney-coach, under a proper escort, to the Royal Exchange, to undergo the sentence of the law. The platform was erected opposite the principal gate of the Royal Exchange. On ascending the steps, he bowed to the sheriffs, and several times to the populace. After being exhibited in the usual manner for an hour, he was taken down, and reconducted to his appartments, on the state side of Newgate, to undergo the remainder of the sentence, viz. two years' imprisonment. The spectators were very numerous, but no attempt was made to molest the offender.

19. An alarming fire broke out late on Friday night at a green-grocer's shop in the Borough, which, from the prompt and ready attendance of the volunteers, turncocks, and firemen, was got under, after consuming the furniture on the first floor. It unfortunately happened that a careless girl went to put a young child to bed, and in so doing set the curtains on fire: the blaze alarmed her, and, in place of taking the poor infant out of the power of the merciless element, she ran down stairs, shrieking hideously, leaving the door open; when the outer door was opened, some persons rushed in; when one, at the hazard of his life, darted through

the flames, and brought the child out of the bed; but it was unfortunately so dreadfully burnt, particularly about the head and face, that its death, which took place at seven the next morning, was an event rather to be wished than lamented.

20. On Sunday, about twelve o'clock, Elfi Bey, accompanied by lord Blantyre, and col. Moore, and attended by his interpreter and a suite of Mamelukes, arrived at the Castle inn, at Windsor, where he was soon after met by general Stuart, when the whole party proceeded to the palace, where they continued for some time to view the apartments. After divine service, the king, queen, princesses, and duke of Cambridge, came also into the castle, and proceeded to the armoury, where they met the Bey, who was presented to their majesties by general Stuart. The Mameluke chieftain made a bend of low respectful salutation, and was received by their majesties in a most gracious manner. Both the king and queen conversed long with him; complimented him upon the gallantry of himself and his party, in their frequent discomfitures of the French troops during their late invasion of Egypt; and acknowledged their services to the English armies, in the glorious expulsion of the enemy from that country. His majesty, we believe, conformably to etiquette, did not enter with him upon any political objects of his mission hither. The Bey said, he was proud of expressing to their majesties the inviolable attachment of all his party and adherents in Egypt: that he came to bear the homage of their respect to this nation, which, from its conquests, as well as its humanity, they considered the greatest in the world: that the happy deliverance of his country, by his majesty's brave armies, from the cruelties and oppression of the French, whom they regarded as their common enemy, would ever be engraved in the breasts of his people; and that he still hoped that, under his majesty's auspices, its peace and tranquillity would be finally established, for the honour and glory both of their emperor, the Sublime Sultan, and themselves, who, like a father and his sons, could have but one common interest.

On quitting Windsor, the Bey and the above military officers went to dinner at lord Hobart's, at Roehampton, at which were present lord Hawkesbury, earl St. Vincent, Mr. Sullivan, sir Evan Nepean, and several members of administration.

Yesterday his excellency paid his visit of leave to their royal highnesses the prince of Wales and the commander in chief of the forces, and the several officers of state; and this day he sets out for Portsmouth, impressed with every grateful sentiment of attachment to this country, by which he has been so kindly and liberally received. The Argo, which carries him out again to Egypt, waits his arrival at Portsmouth, and is to sail at his conveniency.

21. Yesterday, at noon, the officers of the Bloomsbury and Inns of Court association assembled at their committee-room, for the purpose of holding a court martial on —— Coats, a drummer, who was brought from Dover on Friday last, under a charge of deserting from that corps. It was proved that he had been regularly attested, received pay from that corps, from which he deserted, and entered into the 14th regiment of light dragoons. The decision will be reported to the colonel, and from him to the commander in chief, for his approbation. The prisoner was escorted from the Savoy prison and back by a party of the above association.

Dublin, Dec. 12. Yesterday, as the lady of Mr. James Tandy (confined in Kilmainham gaol on charges of high treason), accompanied by an infant child and a young lady, was returning from visiting him at that place, in passing the circular road she was fired at by some person, when a ball entered the front, and lodged in the back, of the carriage, fortunately without doing any other mischief than shattering the glass, by which the young lady, her companion, was much injured in the face. It is difficult to account for the motive that led to such a nefarious attempt.

Waterford, Dec. 15. Within these few nights several houses in the district between Cashel and Fethard, have been forced and robbed of arms. On the night of the 4th, the house of John Crehan, of Coliegh, was entered by an armed banditti, and robbed of two stand of arms, his watch, and some bank-notes. On the night of the 8th, Robert Price's house, at Colerain, was plundered in the

ſame way of two ſtand of arms; and the houſe of Denis Ryan, a police-man, at Knochinagow, was on the ſame night robbed of a gun, a ſword, and a caſe of piſtols. The ſame gang who robbed Ryan ſearched the houſe of John Neal, of Meldrum, on the ſame night, without ſucceſs. All theſe attacks were made at an early hour in the evening, when the families had not ſecured their houſes, or early in the morning, at the moment the houſes were opened. On Sunday night laſt a party of the Mobarnan volunteers apprehended Thomas Herrick, who is charged with being one of the party that robbed Crehan, on the night of the 4th.

The 16th and 46th regiments, at preſent ſtationed in Cork and its neighbourhood, are under orders for foreign ſervice: they will be replaced by other regiments from England.

BIRTHS.

Nov. 22. At Redlynch, Somerſet, lady Porcheſter, of a daughter.

In Hinde-ſtreet, Mancheſter-ſquare, the lady of Thomas Grimſtone Eſtcourt, of a ſon.

28. At Eaſt-gate-houſe, Wincheſter, the lady of ſir Henry Mildmay, bart. of a daughter.

Dec. 3. In Fitzroy-ſquare, the lady of William Haſlewood, eſq. of a ſon.

6. At Ranelagh-place, Liverpool, the lady of lieut.-colonel Williams, of a daughter.

8. At Mount, near Chepſtow, the lady of J. Gerrard, eſq. of a ſon.

12. At his houſe in York-ſtreet, St. James's, the lady of gen. Balfour, of a daughter.

At his houſe, in Bedford-ſquare, the lady of Henry Luſhington, eſq. of a ſon.

16. The lady of John Stamforth, eſq. M. P. of a ſon.

At Woodcote-houſe, Hants, the lady of col. Cunynghame, of a ſon.

In Park-place, St. James's, the lady of commiſſioner Bowen, of a daughter.

19. At Carlton, near Norwich, the hon. Mrs. Petre, of a daughter.

Near Eton college, the lady of capt. Schomberg, of the royal navy, of a ſon.

20. At his houſe in Hertford-ſtreet, May-fair, the lady of John Dent, eſq. M. P. of a ſon.

At Edinburgh, the lady of colonel Ainſlie, of a ſon.

MARRIAGES.

Nov. 21. At Ravenſlie, Mr. William Deans, writer in Stewarton, to miſs M. Snodgraſs, only daughter of the late Mr. John Snodgraſs, of Lugtonridge.

At Stirling, the rev. W. Shaw, miniſter of the goſpel, Ayr, to miſs Janet Belch, daughter of the late P. Belch, eſq.

At Berwick, Mr. Rob. Stevenſon, ſurgeon, to miſs Wilſon, daughter of the late Mr. J. Wilſon, ironmonger.

24. At Edinburgh, Mr. J. Barland, Stormantfield, to miſs Betſy Butterworth, George-ſtreet.

Mr. D. Buchanan, jun. Montroſe, to miſs Gregory, daughter of the rev. J. Gregory, Bauchory.

Dr. J. Patterſon, phyſician, of Ayr, to Anne Craufuird, eldeſt daughter of the late T. Craufuird, eſq. of Ardmillan.

25. At St. George's, Hanover-ſquare, Mr. T. Lloyd, to miſs Hughes, of Plumſtead.

Mr. H. Wincheſter, of the Strand, to miſs Averſt, of Hawkhurſt.

Dec. 1. At Standirt church, Lancaſhire, R. Browne, eſq. nephew to lord Frankfort, and lieut.-col. of the 12th light dragoons, to miſs Clayton, only daughter of ſir Rich. Clayton, of Adlington, bart.

At Hampſtead, W. Jones, eſq. marſhal of the King's-bench, to miſs M. A. Boydell, ſecond daughter of Joſiah Boydell, eſq. of Weſt-end, Hampſtead.

At Stoke, near Plymouth, capt. R. King, of the navy, only ſon of admiral ſir R. King, bart. to miſs Duckworth, only daughter of rear-admiral ſir J. T. Duckworth, K. B.

2. At Catton, near Norwich, the hon. F. P. Irby, captain in the royal navy, to miſs E. Ives Drake, ſecond daughter of the late W. Drake, eſq. M. P. for Amerſham, in the county of Bucks.

At St. George's, Hanover-ſquare, T. Walpole, eſq to lady M. Percival.

3. At Fetcham, lieut.-col. Darley Griffith, of the 1ſt regiment of foot guards, to miſs Hankey, of Fetcham-park, Surrey.

At St. Catherine Cree, Mr. F. Jackſon, of Grocer's-Hall-court, to miſs Wade, of Leadenhall-ſtreet.

6. At Barnet, capt. Lewis, of the hon. East-India Company's cavalry, to miſs R. Willows, of Golden-ſquare.

At the Lea, near Roſs, the rev. Mr. Davies, of Tretyre, to miſs Fiſher, of the former place.

At Bermondſey, Surrey, Mr. James Farrell, to miſs Frances Seymour Cridlands, ſecond daughter of the late Mr. H. Cridlands, of Brentford, ſurgeon.

10. H. F. Cooper, eſq. to miſs Eliz. Anne Bailey, niece to J. Bailey, eſq. of Norney-houſe, near Exeter.

13. Capt. J. P. Boys, of Danbury, Eſſex, to miſs Hartley, of Blackheath, Kent.

15. F. Whitmarſh, eſq. of Lincoln's-inn, barriſter, to miſs Powell, only daughter of the late Dr. M. Powell, phyſician general to his majeſty's forces in the iſland of Jamaica.

16. Col. Deſborough, to miſs Vivion, daughter of J. Vivion, eſq.

At Kingſton, T. Wheeler, eſq. of his majeſty's ordnance at Portſmouth, to miſs Murry, daughter of W. Murry, eſq.

17. At St. Mary-la-bonne church, J. Hollingberry, eſq. to miſs Charlton, eldeſt daughter of the late ſir J. Charlton, eſq. of Apley-caſtle, in the county of Salop.

At Whitechapel church, J. Smith, of Preſcot-ſtreet, Goodman's-fields, eſq. to miſs A. Sheldon, of the ſame place.

At Mancheſter, W. H. Bracebridge, eſq. of the firſt regiment of dragoon guards, to miſs Bracebridge, daughter of A. Bracebridge, eſq. of Atherſtone-hall.

At Dorking, Surrey, the rev. S. Hoole, M. A. miniſter of Poplar, and chaplain to the hon. East-India Company, to miſs Warneford, eldeſt daughter of the late rev. J. Warneford, of Dorking.

19. Captain Hodges, of the Oxford militia, to miſs Green, daughter of Edm. Green, eſq. of the Iſle of Wight.

At Allhallows, Lombard-ſtreet, John Robinſon, eſq. of Fore-ſtreet, Edmonton, to Mrs. S. Smith, of Gracechurch-ſtreet.

DEATHS.

Nov. 25. At his ſeat in Oxfordſhire, F. Page, eſq. late member of the univerſity of Oxford.

At Craven-hill Cottage, Mrs. A. M. Braine, wife of J. S. Braine, of the navy pay-office.

At Wembley-park, near Harrow, R. Page, eſq. in the 55th year of his age.

In Great Ormond-ſtreet, Mrs. Buſh, wife of Atkinſon Buſh, eſq.

Dec. 1. Mr. T. Knapp, many years of Fleet-ſtreet.

Suddenly, at his lodgings in Spring Gardens, W. Wilcocks, eſq.

On his return from Botany Bay, laſt from Manilla, the rev. T. F. Palmer.

At his houſe on St. Catherine's hill, Norwich, J. B. Burroughes, eſq. one of the acting magiſtrates for that county.

At Chelſea, Mrs. E. Caſtleman, wife of H. Caſtleman, eſq. of the Tower of London.

Mrs. Mouat, wife of Mr. J. Mouat, of Great Carter-lane, St. Paul's.

At Berwick, Mr. J. Hartley, aged 88.

In Hatton-garden, the lady of W. Stratford, eſq.

On board of the Baring East-Indiaman, on his paſſage from Madras, Mr. J. Whitfield, late ſtaff ſurgeon to his majeſty's forces.

In Lower Groſvenor-place, Pimlico, J. Gordon, Haliburton, eſq.

3. At Dalmahoy, near Edinburgh, lady Halkett, widow of ſir J. Halkett, of Pitfitane, bart.

Mrs. W. Curtis, only daughter of Timothy Curtis, eſq. of Homerton.

6. At Coedriglan-houſe, near Cardiff, Mrs. A. Wood, widow of the late Rob. Wood, eſq. of Putney.

7. In Harley-ſtreet, Mrs. Roſs, wife of general Roſs, M. P.

8. At her father's houſe, Ayton, Berwickſhire, miſs E. Fordyce.

At Edinburgh, T. Pringle, eſq. vice-admiral of the red.

After a ſhort illneſs, in York-place, Kingſland-road, the hon. Mrs. Murray, only daughter of the late lord J. Murray, and wife of colonel Murray, of Bannercroſs, Yorkſhire.

9. At New Barnes, near St. Alban's, Mrs. Towgood, wife of M. Towgood, eſq.

In the 84th year of his age, colonel Boardman, late lieut.-col. of the Scotch Greys.

12. J. Summer, eſq. of Brompton-row, Knightſbridge.

At her houſe, in Seymour-place, lady C. Tifton, aunt to the preſent earl of Thanet, in the 76th year of her age.

THE

LADY'S MAGAZINE,

OR

ENTERTAINING COMPANION

FOR

THE FAIR SEX;

APPROPRIATED

SOLELY TO THEIR USE AND AMUSEMENT.

SUPPLEMENT FOR 1803.

THIS NUMBER CONTAINS,

1 The Hermit of Damascus; a Tale, 675
2 Description of the Land's End, Cornwall,.....677
3 On Pride of Ancestry,.....678
4 On Prosperity and Adversity...679
5 Anecdote of a Gascon, and the French Minister Colbert,.....680
6 The Monks and the Robbers, a Tale, 681
7 The Mother and Daughter, a Tale, 684
8 Chronological List of the most remarkable Events in 1803,.....690
9 Anecdote.....696
10 Jessy Hawthorn,.....697
11 The Victims of War, a Tale,....701
12 The Moral Zoologist,.....707
13 College of the Deaf and Dumb at Paris,.....711
14 A Review of Dress and Manners at the present Period,.....712
15 POETICAL ESSAYS:—An Elegiac Tribute of Respect to the Memory of Miss W—ll—ms of Rolls-buildings, who died June 1803. Moral Reflections on a Morning's Walk late in October. Arthur and Ann. False Friendship. Stanzas, addressed to Miss J. Stuart, of Edinburgh, on perusing some of her elegant Poems, 714—716
Index to the Essays, Letters, and other Pieces in Prose.
Index to Poetry.

This Number is embellished with the following Copper-plates:

1 THE HERMIT OF DAMASCUS.
2 For the MORAL ZOOLOGIST—THE KITE.
3 New and elegant PATTERN for a GOWN or APRON, &c.
4 MUSIC—THE WAY OF THE WORLD: the Words and Music by W. BARRE.

LONDON:

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

Where Favours from Correspondents continue to be received.

On Wednesday, February 1, *will be published,*

PRICE ONE SHILLING,

(Embellished with—1. An elegant Frontispiece, designed and engraved by eminent Artists. 2. An engraved Title-page. 3. The newest fashionable PARIS DRESS, elegantly coloured. 4. The Chaffinch and Goldfinch. 5. An entirely new Pattern for a Dress Veil.

And, 6. "O TELL ME HOW TO WOO THEE!" a Scottish Ballad, set to Music and presented to this work by WILLIAM SHIELD, Esq.)

THE LADY'S MAGAZINE,

For JANUARY, 1804:

Containing, besides the usual Variety of interesting, entertaining, and instructive Articles,

THE ALGERINE CAPTIVE,

An American History;

Which will be embellished with a series of highly finished Engravings, illustrative of the principal scenes and incidents.

*** The candid Approbation and liberal Patronage which the LADY'S MAGAZINE has so long experienced, from the Public in general, and its FAIR PATRONESSES in particular, demand the most grateful acknowledgments from the Proprietors; and cannot but stimulate them to make every exertion still to preserve to this Miscellany the character it has maintained for so long a series of years, as a Publication equally entertaining and instructive, a valuable Repository of the productions of Female Genius, and an instructive Compendium of the Polite Literature of the age.

Engraved for the Ladys Magazine.



The Hermit of Damascus.

THE

LADY's MAGAZINE.

SUPPLEMENT FOR 1803.

THE HERMIT OF DAMASCUS;

A TALE.

(*With an elegant Engraving.*)

IN the rich city of Erzerum, in Armenia, lived the wealthy merchant Hamel, whose induſtry and probity had rendered him renowned and eſteemed throughout the Eaſt. His daily increaſing commerce poured into his lap unbounded abundance, and his liberal hand and open heart freely beſtowed on the indigent and unfortunate the means of ſupplying their wants, and, as far as was in his power, of ſoothing their ſufferings.

In a journey which he made with a rich caravan through the deſert, in his way to Egypt, accompanied by his wife Selma, and his daughter Zulpha, then very young, a deſperate troop of wandering Arabs attacked the caravan, and plundered it of the moſt valuable merchandiſe which it carried; at the ſame time treating with great ſeverity and cruelty the merchants and attendants, many of whom they murdered, though they attempted no reſiſtance, convinced that it muſt be ineffectual. One of the barbarous horde ſeized the young and tender Zulpha, and bore her away with him on his horſe, in deſpite of all the lamentations and entreaties of her afflicted parents.

Deprived thus, at one blow, of his daughter and the greater part of his wealth, the aged and diſtreſſed Hamel was plunged into the deepeſt affliction, which was ſoon ſtill more aggravated by the death of his wife Selma, who ſank into the grave not not long after, the victim of grief for the loſs of her daughter, of whom they could obtain no intelligence by any enquiries.

Hamel, thus overwhelmed by the reſiſtleſs tide of calamity, reſolved to retire from the world, in which he had experienced ſo cruel a reverſe of fortune. To the precepts and doctrines of religion he had ever been attentive with ſincerity and ſimplicity; and it now appeared to him that ſuch ſevere misfortunes could only be permitted to fall on him as a puniſhment for his ſins. He reſolved therefore to inflict on himſelf that voluntary mortification which he conceived acceptable to Heaven. He forſook for ever the place of his former reſidence, and took up his habitation in a cave, in the vicinity of Damaſcus, where he lived on herbs and fruits, practiſing in the moſt rigid manner all the auſterities which his miſtaken faith taught him to believe would be

accepted as an atonement for his tranſgreſſions. The inhabitants of the neighbouring villages and cities admired his rigid abſtinence. and the ſufferings which, by way of penance, he inflicted on himſelf. The ſanctity of the *hermit of Damaſcus* was extolled throughout the country; while credulous votaries fancied, or feigned, that their bodily infirmities were healed on viſiting his cell, and obtaining his prayers, and perſuaded themſelves and him that he was the favoured inſtrument of Heaven for beſtowing, by miraculous powers delegated to him, its beneficence on mankind.

In the mean time the Arab who had carried off Zulpha had ſold his prize to ſome merchants on the farther ſide of the deſert. who had again diſpoſed of her in Perſia. In a few years her beauty began to unfold itſelf, and her underſtanding, her wit, and the amiable diſpoſitions of her mind, to become conſpicuous. The merchant, whoſe property ſhe was, traded to India, and in one of his journeys into that country took Zulpha with him, in the expectation that he might obtain a great price for her from ſome of the wealthy princes of the Hindoos. As he paſſed by Goa, Ramirez, a young Portugueſe, who had ſpeedily acquired in that country a prodigious fortune, ſaw Zulpha, admired her charms and manner, and at length was ſo far captivated, that he paid the merchant who brought her the extravagant ſum he demanded, and thus releaſed her from ſlavery.

When he had introduced her into his houſe, he imagined that he had procured a miſtreſs who would eaſily accede to his amorous ſolicitations; but Zulpha informed him that, though torn from her parents at an early age, ſhe could yet recollect that they were Chriſtians; nor had ſhe forgotten ſome of the principles they had endeavoured to inſtil into her. She was ſenſible of the duties and dignity of her ſex; and, notwithſtanding the education that it had been endeavoured to give her, ſhe had at all times firmly reſolved to ſubmit to death rather than to what ſhe eſteemed diſhonour.

Ramirez was aſtoniſhed: he, at firſt, conceived this to be affectation, or female artifice; but the conſtancy and courage of Zulpha, and a further acquaintance with her real character, convinced him, that ſhe ſpoke the language dictated by the exalted ſentiments of her heart. Her virtue gave a new luſtre, in his eyes, to her beauty, and inſpired him with the ſincereſt, pureſt, and tendereſt affection, which, to his inexpreſſible delight, he found her return with an equal, though modeſt, and indeſcribably delicate ardour. They were married, and lived for ſome time at Goa, in the full enjoyment of conjugal happineſs.

After ſome time the affairs of Ramirez calling him to Europe, he together with Zulpha, who was unwilling to be left alone till his return, undertook a journey to Aleppo, where he had likewiſe buſineſs, intending thence to proceed to Scanderoon, where they would embark for Portugal. They travelled acroſs the deſert of Syria with a caravan going to Damaſcus, and when arrived at that city remained there ſome days to refreſh themſelves after the fatigues of their journey. One day walking out together in the environs of the city, they met a venerable old man with hair and beard as white as ſnow. He was the hermit of Damaſcus. They entered into diſcourſe with him, and found him modeſt and intelligent. Ramirez related to him the principal adventures of Zulpha;—that ſhe was the daughter of a rich Armenian merchant, and had been carried off by the Arabs when very young; but that no enquiries which they could make had been of any avail

for the diſcovery of her parents. The old man liſtened with trembling aſtoniſhment. He eagerly aſked Zulpha a variety of queſtions, and at length exclaimed, 'She is, ſhe muſt be, my daughter!' 'My father!' cried Zulpha, fainting in his arms, while Ramirez ſtood transfixed with aſtoniſhment at this extraordinary diſcovery.

When Zulpha had recovered, and feelings leſs violent, though ecſtatically joyful, had ſucceeded, the venerable Hamel reſolved to quit his retreat, re-enter the world, and participate in the innocent enjoyments it affords. He conſidered this aſtoniſhing reſtoration of his daughter to his arms as an intimation from Heaven that his mortifications and penance were accepted, and might now be terminated; and he beſides believed that if by his aid and advice he could be uſeful to his children, it would be a good work much to be preferred to his former ſolitary piety.

Zulpha having thus found her father, remained with him at Damaſcus till the return of Ramirez from Europe, when they paſſed together the remainder of their lives in uninterrupted happineſs.

Deſcription *of the* Land's End, Cornwall.

The Land's End is the moſt weſterly promontory in England, and, when contemplated with all its adjuncts, cannot fail of awakening the united ſenſations of awe, terror, and admiration, even in the moſt placid boſom. The huge and ragged rocks, forming a barrier to the tumultuous ſea; the immenſe expanſe of waters; the ceaſeleſs roar of the waves; the conſtantly changeful effects of light and ſhade playing on the ſurface of the deep; the gliding veſſels ſailing in all directions; the various aquatic birds wildly ſcreaming at the ſight of man, or purſuing their inſtinctive propenſities on the ſurface of the howling billows;—all combine on this ſpot, to rivet the attention of the mind, and fill it with emotions of aſtoniſhment at the ſublimity of the proſpect. Juſtly has the Corniſh poet* characteriſed the ſcene in the following lines:

'ON THE SEA.

'The ſun-beams tremble; and the purple light
Illumes the dark Bolerium, ſeat of ſtorms!
High are his granite rocks; his frowning brow
Hangs o'er the ſmiling ocean. In his caves
Th' Atlantic breezes murmur; in his caves,
Where ſleep the haggard ſpirits of the ſtorm.
Wild, dreary are the ſchiſtine rocks around,
Encircled by the wave, open to the breeze.
The haggard cormorant ſhrieks; and far beyond,
Where the great ocean mingles with the ſky,
Are ſeen the cloud-like iſlands†, grey with miſt.

H. Davy.

The point named the Land's End, was called by Ptolemy, Bolerium; by the Britiſh bards, Penringhuaed, or the Promontory of Blood; and by their hiſtorians, Penwith, or the Promontry to the Left. Near this craggy cliff are three caverns, in which the agitated waters occaſionally roar with tremendous fury; and ſeveral maſſes of rocks are ſeen above the ſurface of the ſea for above two miles weſt of the Land's End. Theſe are called the Long Ships: and, from the dangerous ſituation of this coaſt, a light-houſe was erected on the largeſt of theſe rocks in the year 1707, by a Mr. Smith, who obtained a grant from the Trinity-houſe for that

* Mr. Davy, the learned and ſcientific lecturer at the Royal Inſtitution.

† The Scilly Iſlands may be ſeen in clear weather from the Land's End.

purpoſe, and who is rewarded by a certain rate on all ſhips that paſs the Land's End.

Among the Hill caſtles, or fortifications, in this diſtrict, thoſe of Caſtle Chun, and Caſtle An-Dinaz, are muniments of ſingular curioſity. Dr. Borlaſe contends that all the caſtles weſt of Penzance were conſtructed by the Danes; but this opinion is confuted by Mr. King, in the firſt volume of his Munimenta Antiqua, where he ſtates, that many fortreſſes of a ſimilar conſtruction remain in Wales, in Scotland, and in parts where the Danes never had acceſs. Beſides, if the ſituation and character of the above-named are examined, there can be no heſitation in attributing them to Britiſh origin. The remains of Chun Caſtle occupy the whole area of a hill, commanding an extenſive tract of country to the eaſt, ſome low grounds to the north and ſouth, and the ocean to the weſt. It conſiſts of two walls, or rather piled heaps of ſtones, one within the other, having a vallum, or kind of terrace, between them. This terrace is divided with four walls; and towards the weſt-ſouth-weſt is the only entrance to the caſtle, called the Iron Gateway. This turns to the left, and is flanked with a wall on each ſide, to ſecure the ingreſs and egreſs of the inhabitants. The outer wall meaſures above five feet in thickneſs; but on the left of the entrance it is twelve feet: whilſt the inner wall may be eſtimated at about ten feet; but, from the ruinous confuſion of the ſtones, it is impoſſible to aſcertain this decidedly. The area incloſed within the latter meaſures about 125 feet in diameter, and contains a choaked-up well, and the ruined foundations of ſeveral circular * tenements, or habitations. Theſe are connected to the inner wall, and run parallel all round it, leaving an open ſpace in the centre. The preſent ſtate of theſe ruins demonſtrates that it was conſtructed at a period before any rules of architecture were adopted in military buildings; for there appear no ſpecimens of mortar, no door-poſts, nor fire-places with chimneys; and had any of thoſe ever been uſed in this ſingular and rude fortreſs, it is exceedingly improbable but that ſome traces might be now dicovered amidſt its vaſt ruins.

* The plan in Borlaſe's Antiquities falſely repreſents the diviſions as ſquare.

On PRIDE *of* ANCESTRY.

(*By Mr. Gibbon, the late celebrated Hiſtorian.*)

A LIVELY deſire of knowing and recording our anceſtors ſo generally prevails, that it muſt depend on the influence of ſome common principle in the minds of men. We ſeem to have lived in the perſons of our forefathers: it is the labour and reward of vanity to extend the term of this ideal longevity. Our imagination is always active to enlarge the narrow circle in which nature has confined us. Fifty or a hundred years may be allotted to an individual, but we ſtep forward beyond death with ſuch hopes as religion and philoſophy will ſuggeſt; and we fill up the ſilent vacancy that precedes our birth by aſſociating ourſelves to the authors of our exiſtance. Our calmer judgment will rather tend to moderate than to ſuppreſs the pride of an ancient and worthy race. The ſatiriſt may laugh, the philoſopher may preach, but reaſon herſelf will reſpect the prejudices and habits which have been conſecrated to the experience of mankind.

Wherever the distinction of birth is allowed to form a superior order in the state, education and example should always, and will often, produce among them a dignity of sentiment and propriety of conduct, which is guarded from dishonour by their own and the public esteem. If we read of some illustrious line, so ancient that it has no beginning, so worthy that it ought to have no end, we sympathise in its various fortunes; nor can we blame the generous enthusiasm, or even the harmless vanity, of those who are allied to the honours of its name. For my own part, could I draw my pedigree from a general, a statesman, or a celebrated author, I should study their lives with the diligence of filial love. In the investigation of past events, our curiosity is stimulated by the immediate or indirect reference to ourselves; but in the estimate of honour we should learn to value the gifts of nature above those of fortune; to esteem in our ancestors the qualities which best promote the interests of society; and to pronounce the descendant of a king less truly noble than the offspring of a man of genius whose writing will instruct or delight the latest posterity. The family of Confucius is, in my opinion, the most illustrious in the world. After a painful ascent of eight or ten centuries, our barons and princes of Europe are lost in the darkness of the middle ages; but in the vast equality of the empire of China, the posterity of Confucius have maintained, above two thousand two hundred years, their peaceful honours and perpetual succession. The chief of the family is still revered by the sovereign and the people, as the lively image of the wisest of mankind. The nobility of the Spencers has been illustrated and enriched by the trophies of Marlborough; but I exhort them to consider the Fairy Queen as the most precious jewel of their coronet. I have exposed my private feelings, as I shall always do without scruple or reserve. That these sentiments are just, or at least natural, I am inclined to believe, since I do not feel myself interested in the cause; for I can derive from my ancestors neither glory nor shame.

On Prosperity *and* Adversity.

'Bliss! sublunary bliss!—proud words, and vain!
Implicit treason to divine decree!
A bold invasion of the rights of Heaven!—
I clasp'd the phantoms, and I found them air.'
Young.

How many soever the ills and mischances of life are—how many bitter draughts we swallow, sorrow after sorrow, or trouble after trouble—all the whole compound is summed up in this one substance, viz. that we must look forward to a better and happier state, where pain and sorrow flee away.

Oh how pleasing, in the course of life, does the sun-shine of prosperity seem to us!—the attainment of all our wishes! Pleasure, fortune, all attend us in the giddy vortex of prosperity. On the contrary, how miserable are we to find this illusive vapour vanish! Adversity, with all its horrid train of sublunary misery, quickly appears to us: what a wretched phantom in the eyes of prosperity! But happy is the man who can meet prosperity with a frown, and adversity with a smile: in the latter we live in a state of expected dissolution, and in the former we can but live in the same state.

Yet how often do the intoxications of prosperity wear away all thoughts of future happiness or mi-

ſery! Elevated to the height of pleaſures, man follows on his courſe of luxury and laſcivious appetites, without once gleaning a thought of his future and everlaſting welfare—without once reflecting on the incumbent duties required of him in this life, or even regarding the decay of his feeble and tranſient frame. Well may we ſay, with St. Paul—

'It is good for man to be afflicted, to know how to be abaſed, and how to abound.'

ROBERT BERRY.

October 10.

ANECDOTE *of a* GASCON *and the* FRENCH MINISTER COLBERT.

COLBERT, beyond a doubt, was one of the greateſt miniſters France ever poſſeſſed. A Gaſcon officer having obtained a gratification of a hundred and fifty piſtoles from Louis XIV. in 1680, went in ſearch of Colbert, that the ſum might be paid. The miniſter was at dinner with three or four nobles; and the Gaſcon, without introduction, entered the dining-room, with that effrontery which the air of the Garonne (a river of his native province) inſpires, and with an accent that did not belie his country. Approaching the table, he aſked aloud—

'Gentlemen, with permiſſion, pray which of you is Colbert?'

'I am that perſon,' ſaid the miniſter; 'what is it you require?'

'Oh, no great affair,' ſaid the other; 'a trifling order of his majeſty, to pay me five hundred crowns.'

Colbert, who was in a humour to amuſe himſelf, deſired the Gaſcon to take a ſeat at table, ordered him a cover, and promiſed to expedite his buſineſs after dinner.

The Gaſcon accepted the offer without the leaſt ceremony, and eat inordinately. Having dined, the miniſter ſent for one of his ſecretaries, who took the officer to the treaſury.

Here a hundred piſtoles were counted and given him; on which he obſerved, that the ſum was a hundred and fifty.

'True,' replied the ſecretary, 'but fifty are retained for your dinner.'

'Fifty!' replied the Gaſcon, 'fifty piſtoles for a dinner! Where I dine I pay but twenty ſous.'

'That I can very well believe,' replied the ſecretary; 'but you do not dine with the miniſter Colbert, and that is the honour for which you muſt pay.'

'Oh very well,' replied the Gaſcon, 'ſince that is the caſe, keep the whole; it is not worth my while to accept a hundred piſtoles; I will bring one of my friends to-morrow, and we will eat up the remainder.'

This diſcourſe was repeated to Colbert, who admired the gaſconade, and ordered the full ſum to the officer. In all probability this was his whole wealth; but Colbert afterwards did him many good offices. The ſtory was told to Louis XIV. and it was allowed that none but a Gaſcon was capable of ſuch an act.

The MONKS *and the* ROBBERS;

A TALE.

(Continued from page 515.)

ENRAGED at his disappointment, the ferocious Sanguigno, with many bitter imprecations on the fugitives, declared they should not escape so easily, and with that proposed an immediate search of the caves beyond. His comrades eagerly seconded the proposal, and the matter was soon determined. Torches were immediately lighted. The robbers, whom they had left in the dell with the horses, were now brought into the garrison; the horses were conveyed to the stables, which was a large cavern adjoining, and the men joined their comrades. The whole troop then proceeded down the passage which the runaways had taken; but no traces of them, or of any human being, were perceivable. With no more success they passed through another passage; and now, turning an angle in a lofty and capacious cavern, discovered a chasm in its rugged side which led into the open air. Through this chasm they passed immediately, and found themselves in the midst of craggy and almost perpendicular rocks which rose to a great height on either side, broke above where they stood into many deep fissures, and covered with thick bushes. Along the passage that lay between these lofty rocks they discerned, at scattered distances, the marks of human feet; and, nothing doubting but that they were made by the fugitives, they determined to trace them.

Up a steep and rugged acclivity, between high and craggy cliffs that in many parts overhung the path beneath, they followed the direction of the footsteps; but still without discovering any other marks of the neighbourhood of man: and now the way began to descend as much and as steep and rugged as it rose before. Down this declivity they quickly passed, and entered a narrow dingle deeply sunk between rocks, which rose on either side in dark precipices and overhanging cliffs. At one end a vast and lofty rock projected its bold and rugged front, here and there covered with a few half-withered trees which hung from the crevices down its craggy surface; and at the other appeared an opening through which was seen a dark mass of mountains extending as far as the eye could reach, and rising far above the trees that were thickly spread at the opening.—Crossing to the opposite side, the robbers traced the footsteps, and then lost sight of them among some bushes which grew upon projecting crags and upon the side of the rock.—They examined round the spot, and discovered, behind the bushes which concealed it from immediate observation, the mouth of a cave. They pushed forward, and were about to enter it, when a distant sound of horses neighing broke the dead silence of the place. They listened, and a confused murmuring of men's voices reached their ears. Their attention was instantly directed towards the spot from whence it seemed to proceed, and they beheld a strong glare of light gleaming through the trees at the opening of the dingle. Startled at this, the prior immediately hurried the troop into the cave; charging them to conceal their torches, and not to stir on any account; while himself and Fidele, with a view of examining these visitors unseen, lurked behind the bushes, and advanced towards the light, which now seemed fast approaching, and the figures of men passing between the trees were plainly discernible. In a minute after, a numerous party of men, armed and bearing torches, emerged on the more open part of the dingle, and,

proceeding forward, made a ſtop nearly oppoſite to the cave where the banditti lay concealed. The prior and Fidele, not a little alarmed at this procedure, approached as near to them as they could without being ſeen, and took their ſtation behind a cluſter of trees, cloſe to the ſpot where they had halted, to watch the motions, and to diſcover what had brought theſe ſtrangers. Four of them, who ſeemed of ſuperior rank, were conferring together at a little diſtance from the reſt, and to them the prior and Fidele liſtened with the utmoſt attention; but they ſpoke, for ſome time, in ſo low a tone that they could only now and then catch a word diſtinctly. At length, however, they ſpoke more audibly; and the liſteners heard one ſay—

'T is ſtrange he comes not!—'T is paſt the hour he appointed. Belike theſe knaves are come, and he has fallen a victim to their revenge. Would he had gone with us!'

'We 'll wait a ſhort time,' ſaid another; 'and then, if he comes not, we 'll endeavour to find our way to him; but which that way is I know not.'

'It was from yon cave,' cried a third, pointing to that where the troop was hid, 'he led us yeſter-morning; and by that cave it was he brought me to you the night'——

He was prevented from proceeding by the ſudden appearance of a man, followed by two others, whoſe garb and ſtern viſages might give ſtrong ſuſpicion of their belonging to the worthy fraternity of cut-throats. Theſe men had been ſeen, while the ſtrangers were diſcourſing, by the prior and Fidele, as they happened to caſt their eyes towards the declivity by which they had deſcended into the dingle, and which was directly oppoſite to where they now ſtood, but at ſome diſtance from it. The moon ſhining with extreme brightneſs, and full upon the ſteep declivity, had given them light to catch a glimpſe of theſe men as they ſkulked, apparently apprehenſive—like themſelves—of being ſeen, down the rugged deſcent into the dingle; and there they inſtantly loſt ſight of them among the trees which grew around that ſpot: but it was not many minutes after when they beheld the ſelf-ſame men advance from a thicket cloſe to where the ſtrangers ſtood. The foremoſt of the three accoſted them with much reſpect, and the liſteners immediately ſet him down as the man they had been expecting: but they ſoon found themſelves miſtaken; for one of the four ſtrangers, having enquired after ſome one by the name of captain, added—

'We have been waiting for him ſome time, and are ſomewhat apprehenſive for his ſafety.'

The voice of this perſon the prior thought he had heard before, but where he could not imagine. It had ſtruck him before, while he was diſcourſing with his companions, and he had watched him attentively to get ſight of his face, but the poſition they ſtood in prevented him; till, on the arrival of the laſt comers, he turned, and now ſtood directly fronting him. The light from the torches his followers carried ſtruck upon his features, the prior looked, and ſoon recollected them; but, ſcarce able to believe what he ſaw, looked again, and—'Fidele,' whiſpered he, 'if my ſight deceives me not, yonder ſtands Verucci.'

Fidele looked, and ſeemed as much ſurpriſed as the prior.

'It 's certainly him,' ſaid he.—'Beſhrew me, but this is a marvellous buſineſs! 'T is above twenty years ſince you and I ſaw him laſt, yet I don't ſee he 's altered much. But what are theſe?' continued he, looking among the ſtrangers as they

ſtood talking together. 'There 's two of the three fellows that juſt now ſtarted from yon thicket are the very knaves that eſcaped us in the garriſon, and led us'——

'Peace!' interrupted the prior. 'Let 's hear what the villains ſay.'

'And two others,' continued one of the laſt comers: 'theſe men here, would have been murdered too, had they not fled for it. They ran by me in the very paſſage where I had ſtationed myſelf to watch what was paſſing in the hall. Finding the others meant to purſue, I reſolved to ſave them from their fury. I had a lamp with me, and I ſought theſe poor fellows; whom I found, under moſt terrible alarm, crouched up in one corner of a cave out of which they had tried in vain to find their way. By the time I had quieted their fears, we heard the purſuers ruſhing through the caves. We kept before them till they turned into the open air; we then hid ourſelves among the rocks; and, when they had paſſed us, we followed till they came hither, and then we halted upon top of yonder rock, and ſaw them croſs among theſe trees here into that cave'—pointing to the hiding-place of the robbers—'at the very time your troop came in ſight. I gueſſed who it was; but, willing to be certain, we ſlunk down the rock, and hung about theſe thickets till I ſaw you, my lord.'

One of the ſtrangers ſpoke ſomething immediately he concluded, but what he ſaid the liſteners ſtayed not to hear: they found it was quite time for them to be gone, and they ſkulked away behind the buſhes; but, before they had reached the cave, they heard the ſtrangers upon the move, and ſaw their torches gleam through the thickets. They ruſhed into the cave; but all within was in utter darkneſs. The prior, in a whiſper, called for the banditti, and Sanguigno inſtantly anſwered.

'I ſaw theſe knaves come pretty near us here,' continued he, 'and was in a marvellous pucker leſt our lights ſhould betray us: ſo I ſent our comrades down the cave, and ſtuck myſelf here waiting for ye.'

'Hark,' cried the prior, 'they 're ruſhing through the thickets at the mouth of the cave!'

'Follow me, maſters,' ſaid the lieutenant; 'follow me. Here 's plenty of room to hide us.'

And as he ſpoke they haſtened along the cave; and then, turning into a low browed paſſage at the bottom, found themſelves among the reſt of the robbers. The ſound of their purſuers followed them, and they pauſed not a moment here; but, haſtening forward through ſeveral other paſſages ſimilar to that they had firſt entered, ſoon left them far behind. Still, however, they were preſſing forward; when, as they croſſed a vault more ſpacious than any they had yet paſſed, Fidele, who had advanced a ſhort diſtance before his comrades, ſtarted ſuddenly back with manifeſt tokens of conſternation. The banditti preſſed around him, and eagerly demanded what was the matter; but it was not immediately that he could recover himſelf ſufficiently to tell them he had ſeen a man ſtanding in a clift in the cavern's ſide oppoſite to him.

'And is that all?' ſaid Sanguigno, in a tone of mingled ſurpriſe and contempt. 'What a valiant ſignor! 'S blood! you change like a woman, and are as ſcared as if ye had ſeen a ghoſt! Why look ye, maſters, an' he don't.'

'There it is again!' exclaimed Fidele, and his perturbation viſibly increaſed.

'No more valour than a mouſe, 'fore God!' cried Sanguigno, turning round towards the clift. 'Where is he? I'll ha' him out, an' he 's the devil. This way, lads! this way!'

And ſo ſaying, he ruſhed through the clift, followed by moſt of his

comrades: while the prior, not a little ſurpriſed at the diſorder Fidele had betrayed, but perfectly ſatisfied there was ſome more important reaſon for it than what he had aſſigned, remained behind with an intent to draw from him what that reaſon was. He now, therefore, took him aſide, and began to queſtion him.

'Thou didſt not ſee it then?' replied Fidele. 'Thou knoweſt I fear no man living; but the dead,' continued he, graſping the prior's arm; 'the dead—I'm a coward there!'

'The dead!' returned the other, ſtaring at him; 'what art talking of?'

'What I ſaw but now,' reſumed Fidele, 'the very viſage of Morena.'

'Morena!' repeated the prior. 'Go to, you dream: why he's in his grave long ago.'

'I know it—well I know it—yet I ſwear I ſaw him in yon chaſm, the very likeneſs of what he was while living.'

'What ſilly tale is this? Away! Away!—let's have no more of this nonſenſe. I would not theſe knaves ſhould know your weakneſs.'

'But thou ſhould'ſt not diſbelieve that ſuch things may be. Remember our adventure in the vaults of Reveldi, when Rodigone lay bleeding before thee: remember that, and'———

'Tremble!' exclaimed a deep and hollow voice, which ſeemed to iſſue from beneath them; and, with a heavy lengthened groan, it died away in faint reverberation along theſe vaulted paſſages.

(To be continued.)

The MOTHER *and* DAUGHTER;

A TALE.

[*By Miſs Eliz. Yeames.*]

THE notes of veſper ſervice, performing in a convent of the order of St. Mary, ſolemnly ſounded in each pauſe of the revelry that aroſe from an adjoining tea-garden, at the old town of B———, in France, where the voices of the nuns, veiled from obſervation, mingled ſweetly with the choir. Near the altar kneeled a figure whoſe attitude rendered her more intereſting by a looſe black drapery falling in graceful folds from her ſhoulders, and exhibiting a complexion of the faireſt tint. The tapers, as they gleamed upon her countenance, ſhewed the fineſt work of nature deſpoiled by untimely ſorrow. The roſes had faded from her cheeks, and her lovely features bore a living teſtimony of angelic ſweetneſs.

Among the veſtal throng it would have been impoſſible not to have diſtinguiſhed the youthful Sophie d'Albina, who ſtood near the kneeling nun; for beauty's treaſure was opening on her cheek, inexpreſſible grace attended her every motion, and the ſweetneſs of her charming voice was inimitable.

The ſervice ended, the nuns retired. Sophie was the laſt of the throng; and the nun, who had not till then riſen from her knees by the altar, walked in deep meditation by her ſide. Sophie ſtopped when the nun reached her cell; and ſiſter Orangenette, ſpeaking to her for the firſt time, ſaid—'Farewell, my amiable child!'

Mademoiſelle d'Albina kiſſed her extended hand; and, in a low voice, anſwered—'Adieu, madame!'

The lady then entered her cell, and Sophie inſtantly went to her own, where ſhe found the good Catherine d'Albina.

'My mother!' cried the young Sophie: 'my deareſt, deareſt mamma! you have been weeping.'

'Ah, my child! it is for you I weep.'

'For me, my good mamma! for me?' cried the afflicted girl.——

'Oh, Heavens! is it for me you weep?'

'Do not thus afflict yourself, my child!' answered Catherine. 'Hear me with compoſure: 't is certain now I weep for you. Ah, my unfortunate Sophie! I muſt ſoon leave you.'

'Leave me, mamma—leave your child! Cannot I accompany you when you quit the convent?'

'Ah no, my Sophie! I am going to "that bourne from whence no traveller returns."'

The aſtoniſhed girl burſt into tears.

'Oh, talk not of death!' ſhe cried; 'thou wilt yet live many years, if I gueſs right.'

'Have I not had a warning?' ſaid Catherine.

'A warning, mamma!' and the trembling Sophie fell on her knees. 'Mercy, ſweet Heaven! muſt thou die?' And with trembling fingers ſhe began to tell her beads.

'Yes, my love!' returned madame d'Albina, ſmiling at her ſuperſtition: 'my eye-ſight begins to fail me, and'———

Quickly Sophie was on her feet; and flinging her arms round the neck of her aged parent, 'Is that the warning?' ſhe cried. 'Then you will yet live, my mamma; and your child ſhall anſwer that and all your wants.'

The delighted mother took her darling on her lap; and, putting aſide the golden locks from her forehead, kiſſed off the tears that trembled on her ſilken eye-laſhes and ſtood upon her blooming cheeks. 'Too beauteous girl!' ſighed Catherine, while gazing on her ſuperior beauty.

'Ah, mamma!' anſwered the innocent girl, 'I think beauty an excellent quality. It imperceptibly engages the heart, and attaches thee to a perſon. It was ſiſter Orangenette's beauty that firſt attracted my gaze; and do not I love her next to my own dear mamma? Does not the ſiſterhood adore her? and "who ſo fair?"'

Madame d'Albina frowned.——'Are theſe your ſentiments?' ſhe aſked.

'Certainly, mamma!' anſwered Sophie, aſtoniſhed at her mother's diſapprobation.

'I will allow beauty of features firſt drew thy gaze on ſiſter Orangenette; but I hope, Sophie, 't is her ſuperior ſenſe, her numerous virtues, that now increaſes the value of thoſe charms, and cauſes thee to love her in deſpite of her reſerve.'

'I will allow that, mamma,' anſwered Sophia, bluſhing: 'yet ſtill I muſt think I ſhould not like to be ugly, becauſe people would not love me then.'

'If you would be deſpiſed for being ugly, then why, Sophie, do you love your old and ugly mamma?'

Covered with confuſion, mademoiſelle d'Albina withdrew her eyes from the care-worn countenance of her mamma; and, in a low tone, allowed the truth of madame's arguments: and, laying her hand on her heart, with an impreſſive accent ſaid—'May I, mamma, when of thy age, be juſt like thee!'

She then bowed her head, and retired to reſt.

The evening was ſtill, and beautiful twilight began to ſpread the light green of the vines—

> 'Earth, let not thy envious ſhade
> Dare itſelf to interpoſe;
> Cynthia's ſhining orb was made
> Heaven to cheer, when day did cloſe:
> Bleſs us, then, with wiſhed ſight,
> Goddeſs, excellently bright!'—

when mademoiſelle d'Albina, ſlowly wandering down an avenue of the convent-garden, hanging on the arm of Adelaide de Montmorenci, and, with all the vivacity of youth, chatting and laughing with her beloved friend, ſuddenly ſlipt;

and, weakly ſhrieking as ſhe fell, fainted on the ground. Adelaide was not alone in the garden. She ſcreamed for help, and inſtantly a figure ruſhed forward from the foliage that waved at her back.

'Help! help!—Oh ſave, ſave her!' cried Adelaide.

'Whom?' aſked the nun.

'Ah, ſiſter Orangenette! is it you? I mean Sophie d'Albina See where ſhe lies. Oh, my dead love!'

By this time others were aſſembled, and Sophie was borne to the convent. Adelaide ſupported Orangenette's trembling ſteps; for, though ſhe had appeared the firſt to help them, yet ſo violently agitated were her ſpirits that ſhe more diſtreſſed Adelaide than conſoled her.

Madame d'Albina made the convent reſound with her ſhrieks, when acquainted with her daughter's indiſpoſition; and, until Sophie's ſenſes returned, ſhe did not ceaſe her lamentations.

Mademoiſelle d'Albina had in her fall diſlocated her left arm, and a high fever was the conſequence. Every ſoul in the convent ſhared the ſorrow of madame d'Albina. Adelaide de Montmorenci paſſed each hour ſhe could ſpare from the duties of religion with her ſick friend, and the ſorrowing Orangenette each night forſook her pillow and reſt, to ſpend it by Sophie's ſide. Unfortunate kindneſs!—Orangenette thought not of her own danger: ſhe 'claſped the bright infection' in her arms; and, while offering up to Heaven endleſs prayers for the virgin's ſafety, forgot her own, till the ſymptoms of her danger could not be miſtaken; and when Sophie aroſe from the bed of ſickneſs ſhe heard her friend's life was in imminent danger.

'Ah!' cried Sophie, 'muſt Orangenette's life pay the forfeiture of her love of me? Miſtaken friendſhip! Why did you forget your precious ſelf for the unworthy Sophie? Ah, mamma! muſt ſhe die?'

'I fear ſo, my child; but do not weep: we cannot ſave her. Be compoſed, my Sophie! your ſorrow will only afflict that beauteous woman. Adelaide, ſpeak comfort to your poor friend.'

Mademoiſelle de Montmorenci advanced to Sophie; and, joining her ſoothings with thoſe of madame d'Albina, ſoon ſucceeded in compoſing the ſpirits of her friend.

Mademoiſelle d'Albina was now perfectly recovered, and able to perform as uſual her religious duties. Yet ſtill ſhe had not ſeen Orangenette, though every day ſhe had heard her life became more and more in danger; when one morning, as ſhe paſſed the cell of her ſick friend, a young nun came out, and beckoned her to advance. Sophie obeyed the ſummons, and found herſelf within a few paces of the place where her friend lay. The nun had left her; and her feet, rooted to the ſpot where ſhe ſtood, forbade her advancing. Her whole frame trembled ſo violently that ſhe would have fallen to the ground, had not madame d'Albina came forward, and taken her arm to lead her towards Orangenette. She raiſed her eyes at her approach.

'Is it you, Catherine?' ſhe aſked.

'It is, my beloved!' anſwered madame d'Albina. 'And here is your young friend.'

The nun gazed ſtedfaſtly on Sophie, as if to recollect her.

'Ah, ſhe knows me not!' cried mademoiſelle d'Albina, a torrent of tears pouring over her pallid face.

At the ſound of her voice, Orangenette's eyes ſparkled with pleaſure, while her boſom heaved with exertions to raiſe herſelf. Sophie ruſhed forward to ſupport her, and madame d'Albina performed the ſame friendly office.

'Thou ſaidſt I knew thee not, I think, Sophie,' ſaid Orangenette at length, in a faint voice. 'Would it not have been impoſſible to forget that face which I have ever loved, thou living image of my adored Henri!'

She ceaſed ſpeaking. Madame d'Albina appeared nearly convulſed with agitation: Sophie knew not what to think; and Orangenette, exerting herſelf to ſpeak, cried—'Oh, my Sophie! my angelic girl! ſee in me your mother, Catherine your aunt, my ſiſter. My child!'

Sophie ſank on her knees: her ſenſes were nearly overpowered.

'Heavens! what do I hear?' ſhe cried. 'You my mother—myſelf your child! Oh! what a delightful idea!' ———

'Farewell, my child!' interrupted Orangenette. 'Sophie, farewell! My child, my ſiſter, fare—w-e-ll!' and her eyes fixed their laſt trembling orbs on her kneeling girl; for, as her tongue pronounced the word *farewell*, the breath of life fled for ever its beauteous tenement.

Orangenette de Vaſſy was on the point of marriage with the baron la Motte, when the baron ſuddenly died. It nearly coſt Orangenette her life: ſhe had fondly loved Henri la Motte, and the loſs threw her into a violent fever. During her confinement, her ravings diſcloſed a circumſtance to her two ſiſters, Catherine and Auguſta, that froze their blood with horror; however, long before ſhe recovered, they had forgiven her; and Catherine, when ſhe was reſtored to health, gently queſtioned her on the ſubject.—Orangenette's bluſhes confirmed the truth; and, flinging herſelf on her knees before her ſiſter, and concealing her face in her lap, ſhe confeſſed herſelf pregnant by the departed Henri. Catherine raiſed the weeping girl; and, after a gentle reprimand, gave her her forgiveneſs. Auguſta likewiſe pardoned her, and Orangenette now only dreaded her father's anger.

Alas! the count de Vaſſy, when acquainted with his daughter's diſgraceful conduct, utterly diſcarded her; and Orangenette, once his pride and darling, found the door of her paternal roof, for the firſt time in her life, ſhut againſt her, and procured ſhelter from her father's fury at madame d'Albina's.

This lady being brought to bed but a few weeks before Orangenette, and her daughter dying, ſhe propoſed the innocent ſtratagem of adopting Sophie in her ſtead. To this the mother readily agreed; and, from that moment, madame d'Albina became her parent.

Orangenette, when recovered from from her confinement, propoſed retiring to a convent. Catherine implored her, with many tears, to deſiſt from ſuch a purpoſe. Her huſband uſed his arguments with hers, but without effect. Orangenette was inflexible, and her friends gave up the point.

Auguſta found means to ſee her beloved ſiſter before ſhe departed. Many tears ſhe ſhed over her; many times embraced her, before ſhe tore herſelf away; and Orangenette's ſpirits nearly ſank beneath the preſſure of her afflictions before ſhe reached the abbey of St. Mary.

Mademoiſelle Auguſta ſhortly after married. From her, Catherine conſtantly heard of her father's health; for the countenance ſhe had ſhewn her forlorn ſiſter had obtained her father's anger, and his door was ſhut againſt monſieur d'Albina and her for ever.

Some years had paſſed away, and the face of affairs appeared the ſame till monſieur d'Albina's death. His diſtreſſed conſort mourned his loſs with ſincere grief, and for ſome time it lay heavy at her heart. However, ſhe had other claims of nature; and,

knowing it was for Sophie's intereſt to exert herſelf, ſhe prepared to inveſtigate her affairs: which being ſettled to her entire ſatisfaction, ſhe took an affectionate farewell of her ſiſter Auguſta, her nephew, and all her friends, and then joined Orangenette in the convent of St. Mary, where ſhe reſided as a boarder till the time of that lady's deceaſe.

I ſhall now return to Sophie. From the period of Orangenette's death, Sophie's manners underwent a thorough change; ſhe grew reſtleſs and unhappy. Serenity no longer ſat upon her brow, nor did ſmiles play round her lips. Her fine eyes loſt their luſtre, her cheeks their rich glow of health, and her delicate frame was ſeized with an univerſal melancholy. Madame d'Albina diſcerned the change.

'Sophie,' ſaid ſhe, 'this convent, I fear, no longer poſſeſſes any of its former charms in your eyes ſince Orangenette's lamented death. Is it not ſo, my love? Ah, you cannot deceive me! You ſigh to quit this hateful place, and ſcenes of ever perpetual remembrances of ſorrow. Alas! my heart, deeply hurt by the loſs of my huſband, has found more conſolation and repoſe with Orangenette and you in this abode than I could have found in all the wealth this world could beſtow. I ſhall leave you the inheritance of my whole fortune: but, alas! my child, it is ſmall. Your grandfather, indeed, is immenſely rich: his property goes to my nephew, Godolphin d'Avenceux, the orphan of your deceaſed aunt Auguſta and her huſband monſieur d'Avenceux. I had determined that no diſtreſs or misfortune ſhould compel me to have recourſe to the count de Vaſſy: yet for you, my Sophie, the pride of reſentment is forgotten. I no longer fear expoſing myſelf to mortification and reproach; but, in the hope of awakening compaſſion for you in your grandſire's breaſt, I will quit B———, and, throwing myſelf at my father's feet, preſent his Orangenette's orphan, and pray him to receive her to his protection at Catherine's deceaſe.'

Madame d'Albina ſhed a torrent of tears; while Sophie, no leſs agitated, imprinted countleſs kiſſes on her hand—a tribute of thanks for her aunt's ſuperior goodneſs.

'Ah, my mamma!' ſighed Sophie, '—for I will ſtill call you by that endearing title—how kind, how conſiderate you are! Alas! can the grateful Sophie ever repay ſuch exalted kindneſs? You anticipate every wiſh of your wayward girl; for 'tis certain I no longer find pleaſure in a place that has loſt its chief adornment:—

"I meet her ever in the cheerleſs cell,
The gloomy grotto, and unſociable wood:
I hear her ever in the midnight bell,
The hollow gale, and hoarſe-reſounding flood."

'Beſides, my dear madam, Adelaide de Montmorenci is ſhortly to quit us; and is it poſſible your Sophie can find happineſs here when ſhe is gone? Ah, no! it is not poſſible.'

Madame d'Albina ſhortly after began to make preparations for her departure; and, in the fourth month after the death of Orangenette, ſhe quitted, in company with Adelaide de Montmorenci and Sophie, the convent of St. Mary, and ſet out for Paris.

The count and counteſs de Montmorenci received the charge of madame d'Albina with the pureſt rapture. Adelaide was their only child, and her amiable parents nearly idoliſed her: nor was ſhe unworthy their affections; for ſhe was an elegant, ſenſible, modeſt, unaffected girl. Her mind was highly finiſhed by the hand of nature; and, in the eyes of her approving parents, a precious gem to which the artiſt's ſkill could add neither brilliancy nor value.

Sophie's ſeducing manners ſoon gained her the tender eſteem of the count and counteſs, almoſt before they were aware of her faſcinating powers and ſeducing beauties.

Madame d'Albina's delightful receſs was adjoining the *château* de Montmorenci: the counteſs often bent her ſteps to the ſweet and peaceful ſolitude, and madame ſpared no efforts to render theſe viſits pleaſing to her noble gueſt. While theſe two ladies continued their increaſing profeſſions of friendſhip, Adelaide and Sophie, with blooming health and vivid cheerfulneſs, continued teſtifying their animated regard for each other. They might be ſaid to be

'Two lovely berries moulded on one ſtem.'

At a *fête*, given in honour of Adelaide's return, Sophie was invited. The novelty of her perſon attracted many eyes; and one gentleman, in particular, appeared much ſtruck with her beauty. He ſecured her hand for the firſt dance, and could ſcarcely withdraw his gaze for a moment from her angel-like countenance. Sophie, not leſs charmed with his numerous graces, looked with pleaſure on his attentions.—This gentleman appeared to be about ſeventeen. He was tall, and elegantly formed: his complexion of a brown tint; his noſe aquiline; and his black eyes would have been too piercing, if the long ſilken laſhes by which they were ſhaded had not given them a ſoftened expreſſion of ſenſibility. As they went down the dance, they were univerſally admired for the beautiful proportion of their figures, and the graceful agility of their motions. Sophie's face crimſoned at each preſſure of her partner's hand. She dared not truſt her voice, in anſwer to his warm praiſes: but thoſe eyes which ſought to meet his—thoſe ſmiles by which ſhe anſwered his—would have ſhewn to the moſt curſory obſerver that ſhe anxiouſly ſtrove to pleaſe.

The dance ended, the gentleman handed Sophie to a ſeat, and ſecured himſelf one next her, entering into a ſprightly converſation with her. This was ſhortly interrupted by an elderly gentleman, who advanced towards Sophie's partner.—

'Godolphin,' ſaid he, 'you ſeem pleaſantly engaged,' fixing his eyes ſtedfaſtly on our heroine. 'Pr'ythee introduce to me your fair partner.'

The young man appeared at a loſs for her name.

'I conceive the meaning of your ſilence, chevalier,' ſaid the artleſs Sophie. 'Pray preſent me as Sophie d'Albina.'

The old gentleman turned pale; the young one ſtarted; and, almoſt inſtantly, they bowed and left her.

Sophie was at a loſs to interpret the meaning of this behaviour.—She diſcloſed her amazement to madame d'Albina when ſhe returned home, and did not reſt the whole night for thinking of the handſome chevalier. Her aunt had been equally reſtleſs from motives ſhe concealed from her darling niece.

In the forenoon of the following day, ſupported by the arm of the attentive Sophie, madame d'Albina bent her ſteps to the *château* de Montmorenci, with the hope of obtaining the names of the ſtrangers. They entered unannounced; and Adelaide, ruſhing forward to embrace Sophie, exclaimed—'Thank you, my love, for this unexpected viſit.'

The party being ſeated, madame d'Albina made her enquiries. The counteſs pauſed for a moment before ſhe anſwered.—

'I have been inſtrumental to an innocent ſtratagem, dear ladies,' ſaid ſhe, taking a hand of her friend and Sophie. 'Thank Heaven, all has anſwered to my wiſhes! The

count de Vaſſy will pardon his Catherine, and receive to his arms the offſpring of Orangenette.'

'Repeat once more that bleſſed ſound, deareſt madam!' exclaimed the delighted Sophie. 'Say, again, the count will bury in oblivion the errors of the miſguided Orangenette, and that he will avow his kindred to the poor Sophie.'

'Hear me, Sophie,' cried the counteſs. 'Monſieur, my huſband, is the friend of your grandfather; his ſocial companion and confident. He had often of late heard the count de Vaſſy deplore his harſhneſs to the poor Orangenette. "Oh," cried he, "my friend! that I could find the ſweet forſaken one,—I would receive her again to my arms, and forgive the paſt!" Thus encouraged, we ventured to bring the party together, thinking Sophie would prove the ſweeteſt pleader. And now, my amiable friends, are ye prepared to receive monſieur de Vaſſy?'

'Where—where is he?' cried Catherine.

'Here am I, my beloved!' exclaimed her father, entering, followed by Godolphin, his nephew.

Madame d'Albina ſunk on her knees at the feet of her aged father. The young Sophie followed her; and, from natural timidity, hid herſelf at the back of her aunt. But Catherine had not forgotten her beloved child; for having returned the embrace of monſieur de Vaſſy, ſhe haſtily roſe, and put the agitated Sophie in the arms of her grandſire. The count imprinted countleſs kiſſes on her cheek; drops of heavenly tenderneſs fell from his eyes; the feeble tones of his voice trembled, as well as his whole frame, with a thouſand contending emotions.

'My child!—my child!' he could only utter. 'My ſecond Orangenette! forgive your repentant grandſire.'

'Indeed—indeed I love you too well to withhold my pardon,' replied the charming girl, returning his embraces with redoubled tranſport.

Godolphin d'Avenceux now came forward, entreating to be admitted a partaker of their mutual congratulations; and monſieur de Vaſſy, joining their hands, addreſſed them as follows—

'My children, you mutually ſhare my love: my wealth ſhall be equally divided between you—unleſs, indeed, Sophie can agree with Godolphin, by allowing of no ſeparation: if ſo, then I ſhall be more than bleſſed; and who ſo worthy of poſſeſſing ſo much beauty as the brave Godolphin!'

The chevalier appeared nearly giddy with the tranſporting idea; and Sophie,—the beautiful Sophie!—could not diſſemble her delight. As for Catherine ſhe was never ſo happy, and the counteſs and Adelaide appeared nearly wild with joy.

Monſieur d'Avenceux and Sophie were ſhortly after united; and the count de Vaſſy, and his daughter Catherine, in contemplating their heavenly harmony, glided through the remainder of 'this valley of ſighs and tears' in undiminiſhed happineſs.

Yarmouth, Dec. 31.

CHRONOLOGICAL LIST

OF THE

MOST REMARKABLE EVENTS

OF THE YEAR 1803.

January 4.

A CONFIRMATION received in England of the death of the Perſian ambaſſador, three days after his arrival at Bombay, in an affray between his guards and ſervants, which he was in perſon endeavouring to quell.

6. An account received of a mutiny on board his majeſty's ſhip Gibraltar, in the Mediterranean, which however was quelled by the ſpirit of the officers, and examples were ſoon after made of the leaders of the mutiny.

11. The Hindoſtan, outward-bound Eaſt-Indiaman, wrecked in Queen's-channel, Margate-roads.

20. A ſpecial commiſſion was opened at the New Court-houſe in the borough of Southwark, for the trial of certain perſons accuſed of high-treaſon. After a moſt admirable charge from lord chief juſtice Ellenborough, the grand-jury retired, and in the evening found a true bill for high-treaſon, againſt Marcus Deſpard and twelve other perſons. The court then adjourned to the 5th of February.

24. Accounts received of a mutiny having appeared in the garriſon of Gibraltar, on the 27th and 28th of December, in which ſome lives were loſt; fourteen of the mutineers were ſeized, and the diſturbance for the time quelled.

February 7. Marcus Deſpard was tried at the New Seſſions-houſe, in the Borough, for high-treaſon; and, after a trial of eighteen hours, was found guilty.

9. The trial of the other priſoners, charged with being accomplices with Marcus Deſpard in the crime of high-treaſon, terminated, when John Wood, Thomas Broughton, John Francis, James Sedgwick Ralton, Arthur Graham, John Macnamara, Thomas Newman, Daniel Tyndall, and William Lander, were found guilty: the laſt three were recommended to mercy. Sentence of death was immediately pronounced upon all the priſoners who were convicted.

16. A meſſage was delivered from his majeſty to the houſe of commons, recommending the ſituation of the prince of Wales's affairs to the attention of the houſe.

21. Marcus Deſpard, and the other priſoners who were convicted of high-treaſon (with the exception of thoſe who were recommended to mercy), were executed at the New Gaol, in the Borough.

Mr. Peltier was convicted in the court of King's-bench, for a libel upon citizen Napoleon Bonaparte, firſt conſul of France.

22. Both houſes of parliament agreed to addreſſes of congratulation to his majeſty on the detection of the late conſpiracy.

March 4. Mr. Calcraft moved, in the houſe of commons, for the appointment of a ſelect committee, to enquire into the circumſtances that impeded his royal highneſs the prince of Wales from reſuming that ſplendor which was ſo neceſſary to his elevated ſituation; upon which the previous queſtion was moved, and carried by 184 to 139.

8. A meſſage was delivered from his majeſty to both houſes of parliament, announcing the military preparations that were carrying on in the ports of France and Holland.

Preſs-warrants were iſſued, and great numbers of ſeamen were obtained in the river, and in the different ports.

9. Both houſes of parliament agreed to addreſſes to his majeſty, in conſequence of the meſſage of the preceding day.

10. A meſſage was delivered from his majeſty to both houſes of parliament, acquainting them that his majeſty had given orders for calling out the militia.

Proclamations were iſſued for encouraging ſeamen to enter into his majeſty's ſervice, and to prohibit them from entering into foreign ſervice.

11. The houſe of commons voted ten thouſand additional ſeamen, in-

cluding three thouſand four hundred marines.

21. Intelligence was received of the arrival of general Laſnes at Liſbon (he having been previouſly diſmiſſed that court for *ſmuggling*); and of a change in the Portugueſe miniſtry.

April 6. A duel took place at Chalk-farm, between colonel Montgomery and captain Macnamara, in conſequence of a diſpute about two Newfoundland dogs: both parties were wounded, but colonel Mongomery only ſurvived a few minutes.

21. A large coal-veſſel was wrecked between Blackfriars'-bridge and the Temple-gardens, in a violent gale of wind.

22. Captain Macnamara was tried at the Old-Bailey, on a charge of manſlaughter, for having killed col. Montgomery in a duel: he was acquitted.

23. Intelligence was received of the ſurrender of the Cape of Good Hope to the Dutch, on the 21ſt of February.

25. Intelligence was received from Conſtantinople of an inſurrection having broken out in Arabia, and that the inſurgents were led on by a man of the name of Abdul Wechab, who had aſſumed the character of a prophet.

27. Accounts were received of the evacuation of Alexandria, by the Engliſh troops, having taken place on the 17th March.

May 5. A forged letter was ſent to the lord-mayor, purporting to be from lord Hawkeſbury, ſtating that the negotiations between this country and France had been brought to an amicable concluſion: in conſequence of which the ſtocks roſe nearly ſeven *per cent.* and a great deal of buſineſs was tranſacted on the Stock Exchange before the fraud was diſcovered. A reward of five thouſand pounds was offered for the detection of the offender, but without effect.

10. Admiral Cornwallis took the command of the Channel fleet at Torbay.

14. A letter was written by lord Hawkeſbury to the lord-mayor, to acquaint him that lord Whitworth had obtained his paſſports, and was about to quit Paris when the meſſenger left that city.

16. A meſſage from his majeſty was delivered to both houſes of parliament, announcing the termination of the diſcuſſion between his majeſty and the French republic, and that his majeſty had recalled his ambaſſador from Paris.

The French ambaſſador left London at five o'clock in the morning for Dover.

Letters of marque were iſſued againſt the French and Italian republics.

Lord Nelſon took leave of the board of admiralty, on being appointed to the command of the Mediterranean fleet.

18. Lord Whitworth arrived in London from Paris.

The French ambaſſador embarked at Dover for Calais.

19. An inſtallation of the knights of the Bath was performed at Weſtminſter with the uſual ſolemnity.

23. His majeſty's meſſage was taken into conſideration in both houſes of parliament—In the houſe of lords an amendment was moved to the addreſs by lord King, which was negatived by one hundred and forty-two to ten. The addreſs was then agreed to.—In the houſe of commons the debate at 12 o'clock at night was adjourned till the next day.

24. The debate upon his majeſty's meſſage was reſumed; and, at half paſt four in the morning, Mr. Grey's amendment to the addreſs was negatived by 398 to 67. The addreſs was then agreed to.

26. Intelligence was received from different ports of the capture of ſeveral French merchantmen.

29. An account was received that the French government had iſſued a decree, by which all the Engliſh in France, between the ages of ſixteen and ſixty, were declared to be priſoners of war. The ſame order was iſſued in Holland and in the other ſtates under the controul of France.

A proclamation iſſued by his majeſty, as elector of Hanover, declaring his intention to preſerve the ſtricteſt neutrality.

June 1. Intelligence was received of the French army, under general Mortier, having paſſed the Waal, for the purpoſe of invading Hanover.

Mr. Tierney appointed treaſurer of the navy.

2. A debate took place in the houſe of lords, upon a motion made by lord Fitzwilliam, tending to cenſure his majeſty's miniſters for their conduct during the negotiation, which was negatived by one hundred and ten to fifteen.

3. A motion of cenſure was brought againſt miniſters, in the houſe of commons, by colonel Patten, upon which Mr. Pitt moved the order of the day, which was negatived by three hundred and thirty-three to fifty-ſix. The original motion was negatived by two hundred and ſeventy-five to thirty-four.

8. Intelligence was received of the French troops having taken poſſeſſion of Oſnaburgh.

13. A loan of twelve millions, for the ſervice of the year, was contracted for. In the courſe of two hours the omnium was at a diſcount.

The budget was opened in the houſe of commons, and the reſolutions agreed to without any debate.

16. Letters of marque were ordered to be iſſued againſt the Batavian republic.

The election for the borough of Southwark cloſed, when the right hon. George Tierney was declared duly elected.

17. A meſſage from his majeſty was delivered to the houſe of commons, recommending the raiſing of a large additional force for the defence of the country.

21. Intelligence was received of the French having entered the city of Hanover on the 5th inſtant.

29. Official notice was given, of the mouth of the Elbe being blockaded by his majeſty's ſhips.

July 2. It was officially announced in the Gazette, that meaſures had been taken for the blockade of the Elbe, in conſequence of the forcible occupation of part of the banks of that river by the French troops.

6. The bills for raiſing an army of reſerve of 40,000 men in England and Scotland, received the royal aſſent.

8. Accounts were received in town of the capture of the Ambuſcade frigate from the French, by the Victory, lord Nelſon's flag-ſhip, on her paſſage to the Mediterranean.

Aſlett, aſſiſtant-caſhier at the Bank, tried at the Old-Bailey for embezzling Exchequer-bills to a large amount, the property of that corporation, but acquitted in conſequence of the bills not having been legally ſigned.

9. The Pariſian journals received in town ſtated, that French troops had entered the kingdom of Naples.

11. An account was received of the loſs of the Minerve frigate, of thirty-ſix guns, captain Brenton, on a rock near Cherbourg.

12. Intelligence received, that orders had been ſent by the French government to diſarm the Hanoverian troops.

17. An account received, of Grand Cairo having been taken by a corps of Albanians, who formed part of the garriſon, and who mutinied for want of pay.

The Hamburgh mail brought the

news of a convention having been concluded between the French and Hanoverian armies, by which the latter were to be diſbanded and to deliver up their arms.

18. The ſecretary at war (Mr. Yorke) brought forward, in the houſe of commons, his plan for arming the nation.

21. A meſſage from his majeſty was brought down to the houſe of commons, by the chancellor of the exchequer, recommending a remuneration to be made to the houſe of Orange, for their loſſes ſuſtained in the late war.

25. Sixty thouſand pounds, together with an annuity of ſixteen thouſand pounds, voted in the houſe of commons, as a compenſation to the houſe of Orange.

26. The merchants, bankers, and traders of London, met upon the Royal-Exchange, and publiſhed a moſt patriotic declaration of their ſentiments reſpecting the ſituation of the country.

An account received of the loſs of La Seine frigate, of forty-two guns, on a ſand-bank near Schelling.

27. Intelligence received of an inſurrection having broken out in Dublin on the night of the 23d, in which lord Kilwarden, chief-juſtice of the court of king's-bench in Ireland, and his nephew, Mr. Wolfe, were inhumanly murdered.

The bill for arming the nation, commonly called 'The Levy *en Maſſe* Bill,' received the royal aſſent.

28. A meſſage from his majeſty, relative to the affairs of Ireland, delivered to the houſe of commons, in conſequence of which two bills paſſed through all their ſtages in both houſes the ſame day: one for ſuſpending the *habeas-corpus* in Ireland, and the other for eſtabliſhing martial law whenever a neceſſity for it ſhould exiſt. Intelligence received, that the inſurrection in Dublin had been quelled, though much danger ſtill exiſted.

29. The two bills above mentioned received the royal aſſent.

30. An account received of the capture of St. Lucia, from the French by the Britiſh forces in the Weſt Indies, under the command of lieutenant-general Grinfield and commodore Hood.

Auguſt 10. The thanks of the houſe of commons unanimouſly voted to the volunteers of Great-Britain and Ireland, for the patriotiſm and zeal with which they had come forward in the defence of their country.

On the motion of Mr. Sheridan, the thanks of the houſe of commons were voted to the volunteers, and the names of all the corps and of their members ordered to be recorded on the journals of the houſe.

12. Parliament was prorogued to the 6th of October.

13. The Gazette announced, that meaſures had been taken to blockade the ports of Genoa and Spezia.

15. Diſpatches received, announcing the capture of the iſland of Tobago, by the Britiſh forces in the Weſt Indies.

28. An account received of Bolougne having been bombarded by the Immortalité frigate and the Terror bomb.

Letters of marque and repriſals ordered to be iſſued againſt the Ligurian and Italian republics.

30. The Dublin mail brought an account of the apprehenſion of Robert Emmet, one of the principal leaders in the late inſurrection.

September 2. About half paſt two o'clock in the morning, a fire broke out in Aſtley's Amphitheatre, near Weſtminſter-bridge, which was completely burnt down, as were a number of ſmall houſes behind it. Mrs. Woodham, the mother of Mrs. Aſtley, unfortunately loſt her life in the conflagration.

3. Hatfield, the notorious ſwindler, executed at Carliſle.

6. The Gazette announced that meaſures had been taken for the blockade of Havre de-Grace, and the other ports of the Seine.

13. Intelligence received of the recapture of the Lord Nelſon Eaſt-Indiaman, which had been taken by the French.

15. The Jamaica mail brought an account of the capture of La Duqueſne, French ſhip of war, of 74 guns, by commodore Baynton's ſquadron in the Weſt-Indies.

17. Parliament prorogued from the 6th of October to the 3d of November.

An account received of the capture of the iſland of St. Peter's, by the Aurora, of 28 guns, commanded by captain Malbon.

Aſlett, the aſſiſtant-caſhier at the Bank, again tried at the Old-Bailey, for embezzling effects belonging to that corporation. He was found guilty, but a point of law was reſerved for the deciſion of the judges.

19. An account received of Granville having been bombarded by the ſquadron under the command of ſir James Saumarez, who afterwards took poſſeſſion of the iſles of La Conchu, near St. Maloes.

Robert Emmett was convicted in Dublin of high-treaſon, and executed on the following day.

27. An account received of the bombardment of Calais by a ſquadron under the command of captain Honeyman.

October 6. Elfi Bey, a principal Mameluke chief, arrived at Portſmouth.

9. The Hamburgh mail brought an account of war having been declared againſt this country, at Milan.

13. Parliament further prorogued to the 22d of November.

15. Lord Cathcart arrived in Dublin, to take the command in chief of the forces in Ireland, in the room of general Fox.

20. The rebel general Ruſſel was tried at Carrickfergus, found guilty of high-treaſon, and executed on the 21ſt.

22. Earl Moira was appointed commander in chief of his majeſty's forces in Scotland.

26. The volunteers of the eaſtern diſtrict of the metropolis were reviewed by his majeſty, in Hyde-park:—they muſtered 12,401.

28. His majeſty reviewed, in Hyde-park, the volunteers of the weſtern diſtrict of the metropolis, who muſtered 14,676.

November 1. An account received of Alexandria, in Egypt, having capitulated to the Beys.

5. The firſt capture of one of the enemy's gun-boats, conſtructed for the invaſion of this country, was made by the Conflict gun-brig. The prize was brought into Deal.

13. A moſt beautiful vivid meteor was ſeen in London this evening, about eight o'clock, and in moſt parts of the country at nearly the ſame time. It took a ſouth-weſt direction, and was in ſome places obſerved to be attended with a noiſe like thunder.

14. Intelligence received of the ſurrender of the Dutch ſettlements of Demarara and Eſſequibo, to the Britiſh forces under the command of general Grinfield and commodore Hood.

22. Parliament met purſuant to prorogation.

23. An account received of an attack made by his majeſty's ſhip Poulette and the Liberty brig, on a French flotilla off La Hogue, in which three of their veſſels, a brig, a lugger, and a ſloop, were captured, and the reſt driven on ſhore.

26. Intelligence received of the greater part of the town of Funchal, in Madeira, having been ſwept away by a dreadful deluge.

29. Diſpatches received announcing the ſurrender of the Dutch ſettlement of Berbice to the Britiſh arms.

30. One hundred thouſand ſeamen and marines voted, in the houſe of commons, for the ſervice of the year 1804.

December 2. Bills brought into the houſe of commons, by Mr. ſecretary Yorke, to continue the *habeas corpus* ſuſpenſion act and martial law act in Ireland.

A dreadful fire broke out in Frith-ſtreet, Soho, by which ten houſes were deſtroyed.

5. Accounts received of the ſurrender of the French garriſons of Fort Dauphin and St. Marc, in St. Domingo, to the Britiſh forces.

9. Official returns laid on the table of the houſe of commons, ſtating the number of volunteers in Great-Britain at 379,943.

129,039 land-forces voted, in the houſe of commons, for the ſervice of the year 1804.

12. Intelligence received, but not fully confirmed, of admiral Rainier having taken poſſeſſion of the French ſquadron at Pondicherry, commanded by admiral Linois.

13. An account received of the loſs of the Shannon frigate, of thirty-ſix guns, commanded by capt. E. L. Gower, near Cape La Hogue.

16. The Hamburgh mails brought an account of an unexpected diſpute having broken out between Auſtria and Bavaria, the troops of the latter having forcibly driven the Auſtrians from the caſtle of Oberhauſe.

18. Elfi Bey was preſented to their majeſties at Windſor, by general Stuart. The Mameluke chief embarked at Portſmouth on the 22d, on board of the Argo frigate, for Egypt.

20. Both houſes of parliament adjourned for the receſs; the houſe of lords to the 3d of February, and the houſe of commons to the 1ſt.

21. The Dublin mails brought an account of the ſurrender of the notorious rebel Dwyer.

22. Governor Picton, charged with offences committed in the iſland of Trinidad, was this day, after the final inveſtigation of the privy-council, carried before lord Ellenborough, and admitted to bail, himſelf in forty thouſand pounds, and two ſureties in twenty thouſand pounds each.

23. Lord Hawkeſbury ſent a circular letter to the commercial agents of foreign powers, notifying that no neutral veſſels would be permitted to enter any port on the coaſt between the Humber and the Downs, Yarmouth excepted. This prohibition was afterwards limited to veſſels coming directly from Holland, or any other of the territories under the immediate influence of France.

24. and 25. A tremendous gale of wind, which did conſiderable damage at ſea, and obliged the fleet off Breſt to return to Torbay; the gallant admiral Cornwallis having, from the commencement of hoſtilities to this time, kept the enemy's port in a conſtant ſtate of blockade.

ANECDOTE.

At the battle of Prague, by which general Daun obliged the great king of Pruſſia to raiſe the ſiege of that city,—the king in his retreat found his left wing thrown into ſome diſorder, which obliged him to advance on the full gallop. On his way his horſe ſtumbled and fell with him near a wounded ſoldier, who, perceiving the king, ſaid to him—

'Sir, if you do not place two or three pieces of cannon on yon eminence, and ſome troops in ambuſcade in the defile below, your wing will be loſt.'

The ſoldier at the ſame time point-

ed with his finger to the places he meant, to the poſition of which the king had not attended. His majeſty turned his eyes towards the ſpot; and after remaining ſilent and thoughtful ſome moments, took from his finger a ring of ſmall value, and gave it to the ſoldier, ſaying—

'If you ſurvive, come to me, and bring with you this ring.'

He immediately left him; and giving orders agreeably to the advice of the ſoldier, checked the progreſs of the enemy, and preſerved the wing of his army, which would otherwiſe have been expoſed to be cut in pieces.

About a month afterwards the ſoldier, having been cured of his wound ſufficiently to be able to walk, came to the king, and preſented him the ring, when Frederic immediately gave him a captain's commiſſion.

The new officer, whoſe name was Schreuzer, behaved himſelf ſo well at the battle of Roſbach, that he was made a major and lieutenant-colonel. At the affair of Roſbach the king heſitating in what manner to act, ſent one of his aides-de-camp to bring Schreuzer to him. He aſked his opinion, followed his advice, and ſucceeded. This procured Schreuzer a regiment, and the rank of major-general.

JESSY HAWTHORN.

(From the Tourifications of Malachi Meldrum.)

"* * * * * * * * *

WHEN I am laid low, in the grave, and thy father beſide me, remember, Harry, if ſhe lives, to cheriſh the melancholy ruins of Jeſſy Hawthorn. She was the faireſt ſemblance of goodneſs and beauty I ever beheld; and ſhe is now the moſt ſtriking monument of the power of ſorrow, I truſt, I ſhall ever ſee."

He was wiping away the tear which trickled down his cheek, and endeavouring to proceed, when Jeſſy came into the room. I never noticed her with ſo much attention before. There was a ſettled melancholy upon her countenance; and her manner, though neither violent nor fantaſtic, was ſomewhat wild and diſordered. But pity was the leaſt tribute the heart would pour out before her. Her features, though they had long loſt the warm ſoftneſs of youth, and the inſpiring glow of vivacity, were ſtill very tenderly expreſſive; and her figure retained uncommon lovelineſs and dignity. She walked ſeveral times acroſs the room, ſighing frequently; and though my grandfather, in the moſt endearing manner, ſolicited her to ſit, ſhe retired, caſting on him the moſt melting look I ever ſaw.

The old man took me by the hand; his voice for a while was buried in his feelings. "My poor Jeſſy," ſaid he, "has had but a bitter draught of this world: I have long endeavoured to make it tolerable; but the wiſe Being who adminiſtered it, thinks it alſo good to refuſe me that comfort. But I will tell thee her ſtory, Harry,—I believe I never told it thee before:—it is not tedious—and thy heart will not be the worſe for ſuch impreſſions.

"It was in the dead of winter, many years ago, when I followed my profeſſion, that I was called to viſit a patient. I had twenty long miles to travel through a country ſo wild and diſmal, that nature certainly never intended it for the reſidence of human creatures. The mountains were piled one upon another; the ſtupendous rocks ſeemed hanging from their ſides and the red roaring torrent was ſweeping their baſes away. The ſtorm whiſtled

for ever round their rugged tops, and the ſnow on their ſhoulders had never been diſſolved. The green livery of nature had never been there, or it had been deſtroyed; and the heath-cock and the wild goat were ſtarving among the blaſted heath. Such was the country I had to paſs, guided only by a path, which even at midſummer was ſcarcely diſcernible.

"I had finiſhed little more than half of my journey, when the clouds began to collect, and a ſudden evening haſtened down upon me.—The ſtorm increaſed till it blew from all the quarters of heaven; and the ſnow oppreſſing the tempeſt itſelf, ſoon buried my ill-diſtinguiſhed path. Unable to proceed, and alike unable to return, I trembled leſt the ſnow ſhould overwhelm me, or a ſudden torrent ſweep me away; and when I thought of the horrors of the night, my ſoul failed within me.

"The night ſoon came on: an impenetrable darkneſs ſurrounded the earth, which trembled beneath the ſtorm; and the roaring of the waters, and the howling of the tempeſt, were terrible. Stupified with fear, and ſhivering to death, how could I look for the morning? How the live-long winter night paſſed, he that poured it ſo ſtrong upon me beſt can tell, for even a dream remaineth not with me.

"The morning however came; the clouds began to be diſperſed, and here and there a ſtar ſparkled red in the troubled ſky. I was ſhaking the icicles from my hair, and preparing to return, when at a conſiderable diſtance, on the ſkirting ſide of the hill, I perceived ſomething like a cottage half buried in ſnow. We know not happineſs till we partake of miſery—this was a palace to my hopes. I haſtened to the cottage, and with a light revived heart lifted the latch; but I was very ſuddenly checked on ſeeing it without inhabitants, and the floor ſprinkled with ſnow, many inches deep. I thought however that, at worſt, it would be a reſting place for my exhauſted horſe and myſelf; ſo I went forward.

"But how ſhall I go on, my child! I had ſeen death almoſt in every dreadful form; but till then my feelings had never met their proof.

"At the farther end of the cottage ſat a little girl about thy age; her head was reclining on her arm, and the anguiſh of her ſighs ſeemed to rend her to pieces. O! it was poor Jeſſy Hawthorn. She looked eagerly to the bed beſide her, and in the bitterneſs of affliction ſhe cried out, 'O death! theſe are the monuments of thy power—O my God! is my unbounded miſery reconcileable to thy wiſdom and goodneſs, or am I in the mighty ſcale of Providence forgotten? Then approaching me with a look of ancient friendſhip and unaſſuming confidence, ſhe took me by the hand. This ſeemed to add a new thrill to her heart; and with almoſt a ſtupified kind of tenderneſs, ſhe led me to the ſcene of all her ſorrows.—Pointing to the bed before her, and with a convulſive kind of manner, 'This,' ſaid ſhe, 'is my father, this is my mother, and that pretty little boy beſide them is my brother Edward. O looked thou ſo pale, my Edward! He was a lovely boy, and if they were not good—O my God! the bleating lamb was not more innocent than they. The few inhabitants of our hills almoſt envied us our happineſs, for the ſun never ſet on an aching or an angry heart in our cottage. But, alas! they have left me a lonely inhabitant of the deſert; and the Power which they taught me to revere—O! is it poſſible?—ſeems to have forſaken me. Parent of good!' cried ſhe wringing her hands together in agony, 'O

mingle me with my friends, leſt unbounded wretchedneſs and miſery reconcile me to the efforts of evil and of deſpair.'—Here her gentle voice, toned to its utmoſt, ſuddenly died away, and I thought her exhauſted frame was diſſolved for ever. But the thread of her ſorrows was yet far from being ſtretched to the utmoſt. She recovered; and I ſat down beſide her, and uſed every means to comfort her. Something like compoſure, but not entirely ſo, was gradually reſumed in her face; and her eyes, though with the utmoſt timidity, ſeemed to penetrate every avenue to my heart.—God alone could direct her to look, when ſhe placed her little trembling hand in mine.

"'I will tell you, if I am able, the ſtory of our little Edward,' ſaid ſhe; 'and of my father and mother too, if you will liſten to me. I think you are good and will aſſiſt me in the laſt offices to—O Thou! and he knows'—'He knows,' ſaid I, 'the hand which withholds its ſuccour from thee, ought to be withered for ever.' I ſhall not try to deſcribe to thee, Harry, the expreſſion of her gratitude—I hope it will be the laſt thing to eſcape from my memory.

"'My poor Edward,' ſaid ſhe, with a collected ſtrength, 'had been long ill of ſome kind of fever; the herbs of the mountain afforded him no relief; and his anxious mother had long mourned over his decay. Three days ago my father, long acquainted with the preſages of the weather, went out to ſee after his flocks, and to ſhelter them from the ſtorm which he expected, and was to return before the ſetting-in of night. The evening came, but he did not return; and that night, after a terrible ſtruggle, poor Edward died. Oh, how his convulſed eye looked down upon his mother and me! Throughout the night my tender mother wept over her little Edward; or went to the thorn above the houſe, and liſtened for my father.

"'In the break of the morning ſhe returned from the hill; her face was pale as death, and her ſoul overpowered within her. She ſaid—O mercy! ſhe had no longer the look or manner of my mother—ſhe ſaid, ſhe had ſeen the ghoſt of her father; her huſband's was beſide it, and the children of the deſert were rejoicing around.—Alas, my Jeſſy! ſaid ſhe, when the ſpirits of the night, ſhrieking round our cottage, announced thy brother's death, we were ſtrong, and would not underſtand them; but now, the bodings of my heart aſſure me, that ſoon, oh ſoon! wilt thou be an orphan. Thy father has periſhed on the mountains, and thy mother cannot long ſurvive him. He was the faireſt, and the beſt of men; his ſoul was a ray of light with which the angels of heaven will not now be aſhamed to mingle. The world owed him ſomething better than his cottage: but he was diſguſted with it, and wiſhed to fly from its follies; but they grew, he ſaid, and flouriſhed in the wilderneſs. O Charles! were I able, I would ſeek thee on the mountains, and die beſide thee; but my heart beats feeble within me, and the hand of death is buſily cloſing my eyelids for ever. The laſt tear is on my cheek, O my Charles! and a few minutes hence, I will meet my Edward and thee. Farewell then, my Jeſſy! thou art left alone, my child: dreadful is thy proſpect: but truſt thou, the finger of Providence, though thou haſt ſeen its diſmal operations, worketh, when it is good, with kindneſs even in the wilderneſs. Farewell.—

"'The laſt words faultered on her colourleſs lips. She died; and if my feelings had been as fine as hers, I would not have been long behind her.' With an idle hyſteric kind of ſmile, ſhe ſaid, 'My baiting-place muſt thus have been uncommon and

uncomfortable.' Inſtantly however collecting herſelf, 'I was thinking,' continued ſhe, 'of the ſtill and awful ſcene beſide me, and of the vindictive ſpirit which had ſpared me in the ruins of my family, when my father, feeble and exhauſted, lifted up the latch, and entered the cottage. How could I bear all this? I thought it was his ghoſt; and ſhrieking, fled from his arms. —What ails my child? ſaid he; it is thy father, Jeſſy: where is thy mother, and where is thy brother Edward? Speak, my child: there is much ſorrow and ſadneſs in thy countenance; is thy dying father terrible to thee?— Talk not to me of death, I returned: my young heart ſcarcely throbs beneath its ſufferings and its ſorrows; and wilt thou leave me alſo, O my father? Look round thee to that bed, and amidſt all thy anguiſh, if it is poſſible for thee, think of thyſelf and of thy helpleſs child.—He turned to the bed: no tear ſparkled in his eye, his whole frame ſeemed on the eve of diſſolution; and void diſtraction ſettled on his countenance.—O death! ſaid he, thou haſt been cruel indeed; but thy threatening arm bears no terror to me! Thou alone canſt unbind my heavy fetters, and place me on the beam to carry me where my faireſt is happy. Bear me, my feeble limbs, to that dreary diſmal bed, where I ſhall reſt for ever from my ſorrows; and where a faithleſs world will haunt me no more. Farewell, my Jeſſy! thou art the ſhadowy remnant of thy family; my dying heart returns to thee, and bleeds over thy abundant miſery; but the hand that bruiſes thee can heal thee ſtill. Judge not of the ſufferings of others; theſe may be an atonement for thee.—Farewell, my child, O my daughter; and may the bleſſings which have been denied to thy parents, deſcend upon thee! but live not to be a ſhade in their memory, or a monument of thy own diſgrace.—

"'Soon after, he expired; and left me, as you ſee, deſtitute of every thing which can attach me to the world; ſurrounded with every thing that can alarm the awakened and diſturbed imagination; and my reaſon fading beneath unavailing and increaſing grief. 'The grave,' ſaid ſhe, 'the grave, the refuge of the broken heart, withholds its gloomy ſuccour; the tear once on the cheek continues to ſurrow it away; and the world—the world knows not how to twine a garland for a brow aching like mine. Saw ye my father's ghoſt?--ſurely his robe was white, and bleſſed angels around him; or are you a friendly ſpirit ſent by my mother to carry me to my little Edward? Alas, how I wander!'

"'I took the little cherub by the hand," ſaid the weeping old man.—'Hard-fated Jeſſy! ſhall I be the miniſter of Providence to alleviate thy diſtreſs—and wilt thou leave the deſert with me? I will be a father and a mother and a brother to thee. When the tear ſtarts, I will tenderly wipe it away; and when thy ſlumbers are broken, the eye of friendſhip ſhall watch over thee. Social life and ſmiling kindneſs ſhall heal thy bleeding wounds, and in time enable thee to forget that thou wert wretched. No duty ſhall be forgotten to thy departed friends: I will return with my friends; and we will raiſe a humble tombſtone over their graves, to reſcue their memory and uncommon fate awhile from oblivion.'

'As I had already ſeen the extravagance of her grief, and feared its return, I waited not the reply of her artleſs gratitude, and the anguiſh of a ſolemn ſeparation, but hurried her away from the wretched cottage.

"Since then, my Harry, I have ſtruggled, with a father's love, to

wrench the arrow from her heart, and to blot the gloomy ſcene for ever from her memory; but I have ſtruggled in vain. The meek eye of adoration, and the gentle ſpirit of friendſhip and eſteem, have not been able to dry up her tears, and to reſtore her to the world and to me.

"Unhappy Jeſſy!" ſaid the generous old man, "could the laſt throb of my aged heart give peace to thine, I would ſink ſmiling into the grave, and think the laſt act of my life was worth it all."

After many a ſigh, and many a tear, the good old man finiſhed his ſtory, by again recommending his Jeſſy to my friendſhip and care; but ſhe died before him, and the day of her death deſtroyed the foundation of all his happineſs.

THE VICTIMS OF WAR;

A TALE.

[*Affectionately inſcribed to the author's father, brother, and kinſman; who unfortunately are detained as priſoners of war by the Batavian republic.*]

CLAUDIA was the eldeſt child of a numerous family. Her parents were not rich, but reſpectable.—With manners the moſt engaging, goodneſs of heart was the prevailing characteriſtic of her mother; and a more brave and experienced Britiſh ſailor never exiſted than her worthy father, captain Hadlier. He commanded a large trading veſſel, and often would his wife and elder offſpring accompany him on his different voyages. Claudia, naturally partial to thoſe excurſions, was uſually called by her frolickſome companions 'the lady ſailor,' which appellation ſhe indeed merited by her unbounded fondneſs for the ocean. Miſs Hadlier was now ſeventeen years of age; of a graceful, genteel exterior; poſſeſſed of a face which can hardly be deſcribed: ſuffice it that, though not eminently beautiful, ſhe was miſtreſs of every charm, by the elegant ſimplicity, the innocent archneſs of her manner. Mrs. Hadlier was a good œconomiſt; a ſaving mother for her blooming children—yet ſhe did not wiſh to debar them from ſeeking the acquaintance of the polite inhabitants who compoſed her fairy environs. Round the manſion of content in which ſhe dwelt, was a luxuriant flower-garden, parted only by ſome ſmall white palliſades from the reſidence of lady Darina Fitzherbert, the moſt accompliſhed of women, and amiable wife of the brave admiral of that name. In her poliſhed ſociety the youthful Claudia felt infinite pleaſure; and that lovely intereſting fair-one was equally enraptured with her young friend. At the houſe of lady Darina, Claudia Hadlier met with Sidney Stanhope, a lieutenant on board the ſhip of admiral Fitzherbert. Their ſouls were congenial with each other; and the moment the brave Sidney communicated his paſſion to his commander, that moment was Claudia—covered with bluſhes—confeſſing the power he poſſeſſed over her to the ſecond ſelf of her guileleſs breaſt, lady Darina.

Stanhope hated ſuſpenſe, deſpiſed bantering, and (by making an offer of his hand and lowly fortune to the beauteous Claudia) his ears were ſaluted with—'Stanhope, thou art dear to me!' He fondly claſped her to his glowing heart, and exultingly led the trembling maid to the enraptured Darina.

It was a roſy morn, ſerenely looked the azure vault of heaven, when captain Hadlier approached his Claudia, and ſmilingly aſked her if ſhe would be his companion in this his laſt voyage to France.

'Ha! ha!' cried he, after an affirmative anſwer from the delighted Claudia; 'I thought my lady ſailor could not refuſe ſuch a tempting

offer, although Bellona again begins to frown. So pack up your trunks; and, by to-morrow's dawn, the good ship Providence will be in motion to take her departure from the land of freedom and happineſs: when my little girl may kiſs the fair hand of her friend mademoiſelle Lunai, dance to the crazy bagpipe of old Jacot, ſing "*La Paix*," and return to the fond arms of your devoted Stanhope.'

He ceaſed; and Claudia left her father, to communicate the ſame to Darina. With cheerful ſpirits ſhe beheld the Engliſh land fade from her ſight: and, in two days, the Providence arrived ſafely at her deſtined port; to the infinite delight of Claudia, who wiſhed moſt ardently once more to behold the amiable Suſette.

A fortnight was miſs Hadlier bleſſed with the pleaſing converſe of her beauteous Lunai, and with a tearful eye ſhe bid her adieu.

'If misfortunes preſs hard on thee, my deareſt Suſette,' ſaid ſhe, ſaluting her cheek yet wet with weeping, 'make, if poſſible, for England. Find out the hoſpitable board of my father; and, in my ſupporting arms, you ſhall forget thy nation's ſufferings—and, for your own, a veil muſt be drawn over them—and Suſette, forgetting her former ſplendor, muſt endeavour to court content. Then with placidity you will view the paſt, as the poor wretched mariner looks back on the wild ocean, when he reaches the ſhore after being ſhipwrecked on a dangerous coaſt: a ſigh will burſt from his manly breaſt at the fatal loſs of his hard-earned fortune; but ſoon a ſenſation more pleaſing, more thrilling than can be imagined, will ariſe in his heart, and the ſaving of his life trebly compenſate for the deſtruction of his lofty bark. Fortune, my friend, cannot eaſily be acquired it is true; but all, Suſette, that are poſſeſſed of the favours of that fickle goddeſs are not happy: not ſo bleſſed as they who only enjoy a moderate competence. Ah, no! happineſs receives no luſtre from riches: it cannot be bought, and this treaſure I am afraid few in reality are bleſſed with: but hope ſoothing us, poor mortals! with its cheering influence, ſhows not the reflecting mirror of truth; and, lulled in the ſweet cradle of deception, each (thank Heaven!) thinks that for that ineſtimable gift he is moſt to be envied.'

'Sweet Claudia, amiable ſoother to my afflicted heart!' cried Suſette, extending her trembling hand, which miſs Hadlier preſſed with fervor; 'adieu! adieu for ever!'

The laſt ſentence half hung on her quivering lip,—and, with hurried ſteps, ſhe ruſhed from the preſence of Claudia, who waited for her return: but no Suſette came; and with depreſſed ſpirits ſhe left the hôtel, and haſtened to the ſhip which on the following day was to ſail for England.

But, ah! poor Claudia never was doomed to behold the wiſhed-for land!—never was ſhe to wander on the arm of Sidney!—to gaze with rapture on the azure curling wave, kiſſing the pebbled ſhore; but in a dark forlorn priſon her fragile form was to ſeek for ſhelter from the pitileſs rage of an inhuman enemy! Not long had the truly-reſpected father and daughter been ſeated in the large commodious cabin of the Providence, when an officer and a file of ſoldiers ruſhed upon them, with the dreadful order that they muſt not proceed to England—'But to priſon!' loudly exclaimed one of the forbidding aſſaſſins; and, with a ſhriek of horror, Claudia clung to her father's garments.

'Forbear this violent grief, my child!' ſaid captain Hadlier, embracing the weeping girl.

'Ah, my father!' cried ſhe, 'I will ſtrive, if poſſible, to profit by your mild example; but I am fearful my ſpirit cannot ſupport ſuch ſcenes as too ſurely will follow.'

Here ſighs choked the poor trembling captive; and, with haſty ſtrides, they were conveyed to the deſolate abode of wretchedneſs. Their priſon was a romantic Gothic edifice that had ſtood for time immemorial, ſurrounded with high walls that ſtruck death to the emaciated priſoners' hopes. Within were walks where the captives, ſtrongly guarded, were allowed to take a penſive ſtroll. Mirth nor gaiety never was heard within thoſe walls; and, though the body might take refreſhment from the clear air which gently wafted round their immenſe environs, the mind —loſt within itſelf—could only whiſper out a lowly murmur at the hardneſs of its fate when obſcured from all but the watchful eye of the guard.

When the dreaded moment came which was to part Claudia from her father, her agony amounted nearly to deſperation. She ſhrieked; ſhe wept; and, caſting a piteous look on the captain, aſked if he meant thus to leave her?

'My deareſt child! my beloved Claudia!' ſlowly mourned he, 'you know, I hope, too well thy father, to think that he would part from all his ſoul holds dear, did not fate—war—(cruel war!)—ordain it. We muſt not then, my Claudia, repine at what we cannot alleviate; but, by meeting evil with a cheerful brow, forget the iron rod which accompanies it!'

The commanding officer now interpoſed: he forbade their longer diſcourſe; and, with cool intrepidity, captain Hadlier was carried to his cell.

'We ſoon ſhall meet again, dear beloved father!' exclaimed Claudia; and, graſping with frantic wildneſs, the arm of the officer for ſupport, ſhe was taken to the place of her confinement. The doors were then cloſely barred, and her companions left her to deſpair and madneſs.

With emotions wild and diſordered, Claudia ſurveyed the diſmal apartment. In one corner of this dreary place was a ſmall window, ſcarcely ſufficient, being cloſely barred, to admit the heavenly light of day: damp was the flooring, and worm-eaten the decayed woodwork. A ſmall bed of ſtraw was to be her reſting-place, and an old broken ſtool her ſeat.

For ſeveral hours ſhe remained in a ſtate of ſullen ſtupor, when her faculties were rouſed by the uncloſing of the large iron door; and her gaoler entered with ſome food of the coarſeſt kind. He ſet it down, with a ſmall lamp; and, without ſpeaking, retired.

'Oh, England!' ſighed Claudia. 'Oh, Sidney! am I never more to behold ye? Am I never fated to be ſoothed with thy partial fondneſs? And you, ſweet Mrs. Fitzherbert, and dear mother, will ye not often weep for the poor wretched captive Claudia?'

Thus—thus would all her hours paſs in bitter bewailings for ſcenes ſo very—very dead.

One morning, at the hour when her food was uſually brought her, the officer who conducted Claudia and her father to priſon entered with it. But, oh! what did he behold? The emaciated maiden ſtretched at her length on the ſtraw pallet; her long dark treſſes floated on her ſnowy face and boſom; and thoſe eyes, which once could intereſt the feelings of all beholders, were now apparently cloſed for ever. Monſieur Bretagne approached. His heart beat high with compaſſionate concern for the poor *Angloiſe*, and the tears fell faſt. Bretagne kneeled; he took her cold clammy hand

in his. Her pulſe ſlowly beat. Her breath ſeemed nearly departing; and, with a bitter groan, Bretagne ſunk beſide the wretched Claudia. He pauſed, raiſed himſelf, and recovered. He preſſed her hands within his, loudly called upon her to live, and then paced the gloomy place. A thought now ſtruck him: in his pocket was a ſmall flaſk of *liqueur* which was his uſual allowance when on guard; its contents were not quite emptied, and he gently poured ſome down the throat of the faint Claudia. It revived her: ſhe ſlowly opened her eyes; faintly articulated 'Father!' and then again cloſed them. Bretagne, in ſpeechleſs agony, wrung his hands: he again preſſed hers, and again wetted her lips with the *liqueur*. Claudia ſlowly recovered. She knew her protector, and enquired after her dear father.

'He is well, mademoiſelle! and ſoon will you be ſo likewiſe. Revive! but revive, O charming *Angloiſe!* and depend on my ſerving you in every point that's poſſible!' cried Henri Bretagne, his face glowing with rapture.

'Methinks thou art a ſeraph, good young man, coming to adminiſter conſolation to this poor altered frame!' ſighed ſhe, raiſing herſelf a little from her uneaſy bed.

'Though not a ſeraph,' returned Henri, 'but a poor weak mortal, I will ever ſerve you (if I may uſe the expreſſion) with the ſagacity of the former, and tenderneſs of the latter.'

'*Graces à Dieu!*' exclaimed Claudia, 'I have ſtill one friend left though even here!' ſurveying with horror her dungeon.

Long did Bretagne conſole with the aromatic ſweets of friendſhip the weeping *Angloiſe*; long did he hang over the form of her he loved with the fondeſt rapture: but his duty forced him to leave her, and with a heavy heart he uttered his laſt *adieux!* but with ſtrong aſſurances of viſiting her the next day.

According to his promiſe, Henri came,—and ſo continued, never forgetting to bring with him ſome delicate refreſhments. Claudia now began to exhibit ſigns of returning health, and with it a ſmall ſhare of her late brilliant vivacity. Bretagne was exalted to the higheſt pitch of enthuſiaſm when in her company; and often, after gazing on the intereſting priſoner, would he turn aſide to wipe away his flooding tears. Claudia had now been confined ten weeks, and no tidings of her father could ſhe learn, only that Bretagne uſed to cheer her by aſſuring her that he was well.

'Health is precious! moſt bliſsful!' ſhe would ſay; 'but liberty methinks is better! Ah, ſweet liberty! how little do they know how to appreciate thy worth who have not, like me, long ſighed to be poſſeſſed of thee! —I envy you your freedom, monſieur,' ſaid Claudia, one evening, to Bretagne.

'Ah! that you need not, beautiful *Angloiſe*; for I am more in bondage than thyſelf.'

'Surely not?' aſked ſhe, in the ſimplicity of her heart. 'Surely not, Bretagne?'

'I am,' ſaid he, after a long pauſe, 'more your priſoner than you are mine; and only wiſh that hope of liberation could animate me as it does you!'

He preſſed her hand—Claudia bluſhed.

'Think not that I mean to offend you, mademoiſelle, by my forward preſumption,' continued he, with fervor: 'oh, no! my reſpect for the beautiful *Angloiſe* is too ardent to give offence knowingly,' added he, fixing his ſoft blue eyes on the hazel ones of his auditor.

Miſs Hadlier bluſhed vermilion, and faintly uttered—'Pray leave me, monſieur!'

After ſuch a candid confeſſion from the pleaſing Frenchman, Claudia grew more reſerved. She ſeldom ſpoke; and, when ſhe did, her accents were thoſe of reſerve. Bretagne perceived it: he grew reſtleſs, peeviſh, and uneaſy. The arch ſmile of animation forſook his brow, and his whole appearance was totally changed. Claudia, never uſed to reſtraint, could ill bear to uſe it with her affable friend, her preſerver! but then could ſhe careſs him with hopes of returning his virtuous paſſion? Oh, no! Stanhope, an enemy—all conſpired againſt it; and with a chillneſs creeping through her veins, ſhe now beheld him.

A thought, however, one day ſtruck her, to aſk the love-ſick Henri if it were poſſible for her to ſee her father? She did ſo; and on the enſuing night, when ſtillneſs reigned around, at the hazard of his life, which he valued only as the means of giving her comfort, he brought her the looſe dreſs of a friar to equip herſelf in; and, unperceived by the ſoldiers, ſhe ruſhed to the ſolitary cell of the captain. Bretagne firſt entered; and, in a ſoft whiſper, informed Hadlier of his daughter's approach.

'This is too much!' cried the miſerable victim, and fainted in his arms.

Claudia flew towards him, diſtracted by deſpair. She tore her hair and robe, called herſelf the murderer of her parent, and flung herſelf on her knees before the captain. Bretagne urged her to compoſure—'Elſe you will alarm the outer ſentinels,' he exclaimed; 'and then all is loſt!'

Claudia's grief abated, and Hadlier ſhortly revived to bleſs her with his revered voice. Two hours ſwiftly flew in his preſence; and, with a breaking heart, Claudia was once more forced to leave him. Henri affectionately led her to her priſon; and, with a gentle preſſure of the hand, left the diſtreſſed girl.

When the hour came on the following day which was to bring Claudia her food, ſhe looked with eager expectation for Bretagne, but he came not. The glorious ſun had crimſoned the weſtern ſky, and yet Henri had not made his appearance.

Claudia gave vent rapidly to her grief by torrents of tears, and mentally exclaimed—'Sure he could not be diſcovered yeſternight! Sure kind Heaven will not let him ſuffer for his humane tenderneſs to his priſoner!—I can weep no longer,' cried ſhe, after the pauſe of ſome minutes; 'my tears will no longer flow: but this poor heart ſeems breaking with its heavy preſſure of ills. Ah, poor Lunai!' Claudia ſighed deeply, 'what may not now be thy fate, comfortleſs and alone, deprived of thy fond father and charming brother! Sweeteſt Suſette, that I were with you, and then I ſhould be more tranquil!'

She wiped her eyes, and ſeated herſelf on the lowly bench.——— Days paſſed, and yet Bretagne came not. Claudia's agitation was extreme. She wiſhed, but dreaded, to enquire of her gaoler the reaſon of his abſence; and, worked up to a pitch of phrenſy by ſuſpenſe, ſhe faintly aſked if monſieur Bretagne was well?

'He is well, I make not the leaſt doubt,' cried the ſurly Frenchman; 'and his crime, of ſerving an *Angloiſe*, is expiated.'

She heard no more; but, fainting, fell on the damp floor. The gaoler gave a ghaſtly ſmile of pleaſure, and left her.

When miſs Hadlier recovered, ſhe found herſelf in the preſence of two or three officers, who behaved to her with the moſt inſulting freedom.

'I wonder not at Bretagne's lenity,' cried one, in French; 'for, by Jeſus! ſhe is a lovely woman.'

'A compaſſionate heart may ſometimes be led into danger, though,' anſwered his companion; 'and,

before this, Bretagne, I make no doubt, repents the warm indiſcretions of his.'

'Gentlemen,' cried Claudia, 'what means this intruſion? May I not be allowed to give vent to the flowings of my breaking heart, without being overlooked by prying eyes who would ſeek my deſtruction?'

The officers gave her a look of indignation; and Claudia, trembling, continued—

'You need not fear my eluding you: thoſe means I have not in my power; and, even if I had, Claudia Hadlier's ſoul poſſeſſes too much of a Briton's ſpirit to act diſhonourably, even when confined by an inveterate enemy. I confeſs I have been, unknowingly, the foe of Bretagne. Alas! I can but ſay that, on his account, I am moſt wretched.'

'We came not,' ſaid the ſuperior officer, 'with the view of intruding on your womaniſh weakneſs; but to tell you that this hour you muſt leave this place for ———.'

Claudia looked incredulous.

'You need not eye me thus, mademoiſelle,' continued he; 'but behold this,' drawing forth a paper, 'and it will ſhow you my power is abſolute.'

Claudia gazed on it with horror.

'And is not my father to go likewiſe?' enquired ſhe.

'No; that cannot be!' loudly cried he: 'the captain here muſt remain, and you muſt be widely ſeparated.'

'I will not then go!—I will not leave him!' frantickly ſhe exclaimed.

'Ah, ſay not ſo!' cried the enraged Frenchman, while the other two laughed immoderately at the frantic geſtures of the poor priſoner.

Claudia flung herſelf on her trembling knees. She raiſed her eyes to Heaven; then, half-riſing, claſped her arms around his, and tenderly aſked him to give her a ſhort reſpite. He flung her from him with diſdain; and, without ſpeaking, turned away from the weeping ſuppliant.

'There is but one way, then, to rid myſelf of your controul; and ſoon ſhall you ſee that way!' furiouſly exclaimed ſhe, writhing with agony: and ſnatching from the folds of her dreſs a dagger, which ſhe had found in her priſon, ſhe plunged it in her boſom.

They ſtrove to arreſt her hand, but in vain; for nearly to the hilt it was buried in her ſnowy breaſt.

'Now, Bretagne! now, ſweet Henri! you can no longer be ſuſpected of humanity to poor Claudia! Now, inhuman wretches! behold your priſoner, who ſcorned to live in your piteous bondage! Oh, my beloved father! my Sidney! my Darina! Suſette! mother! oh!' and, falling on the ſtraw pallet, Claudia breathed her laſt.

Poor child of miſery, ill waſt thou fitted for thy hard lot! ill were thy ſpirits able to ſuſtain their load! But the Almighty will (let us hope) have mercy on thee; and, forgetting thy guilt, take thee to his boſom to repoſe in quiet.

The officers, who diſgraced by their inhumanity their honourable profeſſion, appalled at the horrid ſight, ſlowly left the priſon; and, ſhortly after, the poor Claudia was conveyed to her cold bed of earth.

Captain Hadlier, when made acquainted with the tragical end of his darling daughter, grew frantic.—His ſenſes entirely left him: and, ſome time after, when an exchange of priſoners was made, the poor maniac left the fatal ſhore of France; and returned to England, the land of blooming liberty, to unfold the ſad tale to his wife, to cruſh the riſing hopes of the brave and generous Stanhope, and to overwhelm with wretchedneſs the amiable Darina Fitzherbert.

CATHERINE BREMEN YEAMES.

Yarmouth, Sept. 30.

The MORAL ZOOLOGIST.

PART II.

(*Continued from p.* 624.)

THE ſagacity diſcovered by parrots when domeſticated, ſeems likewiſe natural to them when in a wild ſtate, ranging their native woods. They live together in flocks; and mutually aſſiſt and defend each other againſt the attacks of other animals, and by their cries give warning to their companions, of approaching danger: they generally breed in hollow trees, in which they form a round hole. If they find any part of a tree beginning to rot, from the breaking off a branch, or any other accident, they ſcoop this part with their bills till they make the hole ſufficiently large and convenient. Frequently, however, they are content with the hole which a wood-pecker has made. In this they depoſit their eggs, and hatch and bring up their young; but without taking the trouble to line it in the inſide. Theſe neſts, we are aſſured by ſome travellers, are always found in the trunks of the talleſt, largeſt, and ſtraighteſt trees. They uſually lay two or three eggs, about the ſize of thoſe of the pigeon, which they conſiderably reſemble, and ſpeckled like thoſe of the partridge. The natives of the countries in which many ſpecies of the parrot breed, are very induſtrious in diſcovering their neſts, in order to take the young and ſell them to the Europeans; as thoſe birds are found to be much the moſt docile which are taken young. A neſt of parrots is therefore conſidered as a valuable acquiſition: and the uſual method of taking it is by cutting down the tree, in the fall of which it frequently happens that the young parrots are killed; but if only one of them ſurvives, it is conſidered as a ſufficient recompence.

Though theſe birds are eſteemed much more valuable when thus taken and reared from the neſt, becauſe they may be taught to ſpeak with more eaſe and more diſtinctly before they have been accuſtomed to repeat the harſh notes of the wild parrots; yet as the natives cannot always find young ones enough to ſupply the demand for them, they likewiſe take the old ones. Theſe they ſhoot in the woods, with arrows, the heads of which are wrapped in cotton, by which means the bird is knocked down but not killed. Some die; but the greater part, by proper treatment and plentiful food, recover, and are carried to market.

Parrots are likewiſe taken by the natives of theſe countries for their feathers, which are employed in making certain articles of dreſs: and to eat them; for though ſome ſpecies of them are tough and ill-taſted, yet there are other ſorts, particularly of the ſmall parakeet tribe, which are ſaid to be very delicate food. Beſides the method above mentioned of ſhooting them with blunt arrows headed with cotton; thoſe who go in queſt of them ſometimes mark the trees upon which they perch, and during the night bring ſulphureous ſubſtances which they burn under them; and the fumes of which ſuffocate, or at leaſt ſtupify the parrots, who fall to the ground and are taken. In New Spain, where the feathers of theſe birds conſtitute an article of regular commerce among the natives, we are told, by father Labat, that the dealers in them take poſſeſſion of a number of trees in which the parrots breed, and tranſmit them as an inheritance from father to ſon: and theſe trees frequently form the principal part of their permanent property.

Of the parakeet kind, in Braſil, Labat aſſures us that they are the moſt beautiful in their plumage, and the moſt talkative birds, in nature.

They are very tame, and appear fond of mankind: they ſeem pleaſed with holding parley with him: they never have done; but, while he continues to talk, anſwer him, and appear reſolved to have the laſt word. But another quality of which they are poſſeſſed, puts an end to this aſſociation. Their fleſh is extremely delicate, and highly eſteemed by thoſe who prefer indulging their appetite to gratifying their ears. The fowler walks into the woods, where they are found in abundance; but as they are green, and exactly the colour of the leaves among which they ſet, he only hears their prattle, without being able to ſee a ſingle bird. He looks round him, ſenſible that his game is within gun-ſhot in abundance, but is mortified to the laſt degree that it is impoſſible to ſee them. Unfortunately for theſe little animals, they are reſtleſs, and ever on the wing; ſo that in flying from one tree to another he has but too frequent opportunities of deſtroying them: for as ſoon as they have ſtripped the tree on which they ſit of all its berries, ſome one of them flies off to another, and if he finds berries on it, gives a loud call, and all the reſt follow. This is the opportunity which the fowler has long been waiting for: he fires in among the flock, while they are on the wing; and he ſeldom fails of bringing down ſome of them. But it is ſingular enough to ſee them when they find their companions fallen. They ſet up a loud outcry, as if they were upbraiding their deſtroyer, and do not ceaſe till they ſee him preparing for a ſecond diſcharge.

Parrots in their wild ſtate feed on almoſt every kind of fruit and grain. Their fleſh in general, it is ſaid, ſtrongly contracts the flavour of the food they eat, and becomes good or ill taſted according to the quality of their particular diet. At the ſeaſon when the guava is ripe, they are fat and tender; and it is then that the parakeets above mentioned are ſought after by the fowlers. If they feed on the ſeeds of the acajou, their fleſh acquires a ſtrong flavour of garlic; and when the ſeeds of the ſpice trees are their food, it taſtes of cloves and cinnamon. When they eat bitter berries, it is inſupportably bitter. The ſeed of the cotton tree intoxicates them; as well as wine and tobacco, which, in taming, are often given them to mitigate their fierceneſs, and render them talkative—an effect which intoxication very evidently has on them, as well as on many of the human race. Ariſtotle has obſerved, that they will drink wine. Their appetite for fleſh is unnatural; and when too copiouſly gratified, never fails to bring on diſeaſe. Of all food, they are fondeſt of the carthamus, or baſtard ſaffron; which, though of a ſtrongly purgative quality to man, agrees perfectly with their conſtitution, and will fatten them, eſpecially the *Guinea parrot*, in a very ſhort time.

Parrots, beſides being liable to moſt of the diſorders which attack other birds, are ſubject to ſome which are peculiar to themſelves. They ſometimes ſuffer from a kind of gout, and ſometimes fall from their perches in a ſort of epileptic fit. Their beak, when they grow old, becomes ſo very much hooked that at length they are no longer able to eat, and die of hunger. They are, however, remarkable for longevity; and there are ſome well-atteſted inſtances of their having lived from fifty to ſixty years; and according to ſome authors they have been known to attain to a much greater age. Salerne, a French writer, ſays that he ſaw one at Orleans which was above ſixty years old, and ſtill cheerful and lively; and Voſmaer aſſures us that he knew a parrot

which had lived in a family for a hundred years, having deſcended from father to ſon. The common period of the life of theſe birds, however, appears to be not more than twenty or five-and-twenty years; as after that time their bill generally becomes ſo much curved, that they find ſo much difficulty in eating, that they pine away and die for want of taking ſufficient ſuſtenance.

I ſhall conclude this letter with the very appoſite and judicious reflections of M. Buffon on the power poſſeſſed by this bird of imitating the human voice and ſpeech, and thus aſſuming in ſome degree the appearance of rationality.

'The power of uſing the hand, and of walking on two feet; the reſemblance, how faint ſoever, to the face of man; the want of a tail; and other ſimilarities to the human conformation; have procured to the Ape the name of *wild man*, from thoſe who themſelves are indeed only half-men, and who can compare only the exterior characters. Had what was equally poſſible taken place, had the voice of the parrot been beſtowed on the ape, the human race would have been ſtruck dumb with aſtoniſhment, and the philoſopher would ſcarcely have been able to demonſtrate that the ape was ſtill a brute. It is fortunate, therefore, that nature has ſeparated the faculties of imitating our ſpeech and our geſtures, and ſhared them between two very different ſpecies: and while ſhe has conferred on all animals the ſame ſenſes, and on ſome the ſame members and organs, with man, ſhe has reſerved for him alone the power of improving them;—that noble mark of our pre-eminence, which conſtitutes our empire over the animated world!

'There are two kinds of improvement: the one barren, and confined to the individual; the other prolific, extending through the ſpecies, and cultivated in proportion as it is encouraged by the inſtitutions of ſociety. Among brutes, the experience of one race is never tranſmitted to the ſucceeding: their acquiſitions are merely individual; they are the ſame now that they ever were—ever will be. But man is progreſſive: he receives the inſtructions of paſt ages; he reaps the benefit of the diſcoveries of others; and, by a proper uſe of his time, he may continually advance in knowledge. And who can, without regret and indignation, view the long gloomy night of ignorance and barbariſm which overſpread Europe, and which not only arreſted our improvement, but thruſt us back from that elevation which we had attained! But for theſe unfortunate viciſſitudes, the human ſpecies would invariably approach towards the point of perfection.

'The mere ſavage, who ſhuns all ſociety, and receives only an individual education, cannot improve his ſpecies; and will not differ, even in underſtanding, from thoſe animals on which he has beſtowed his name. Nor will he acquire even ſpeech, if his family be diſperſed, and the children abandoned ſoon after birth. The firſt rudiments of the ſocial diſpoſition are therefore unfolded by the tender attachment and the watchful ſolicitude of the mother. The helpleſs ſtate of the infant requires conſtant and aſſiduous attention: its claimant cries are anſwered by ſoothing expreſſions, which begin the formation of language; and during the ſpace of two or three years, this grows in ſome degree fixed and regular. But, in other animals, the growth is much more rapid: the parental endearments laſt only ſix weeks or two months; and the impreſſions are ſlight and tranſitory, and after ſeparation they

entirely ceaſe. It is not therefore to the peculiar ſtructure of our organs that we are indebted for the attainment of ſpeech. Parrots can articulate the ſame ſounds; but with them they are merely ſounds, and devoid of all ſignification.

'The power of imitating the actions or diſcourſe of man confers no real ſuperiority on an animal. It never incites to the cultivation and extenſion of other powers, nor tends to the improvement of the ſpecies. The articulation of the parrot only implies the exact analogy of its organs of hearing and of voice to thoſe of man; and the ſame ſimilarity of ſtructure obtains, though in a leſs degree, in many other birds whoſe tongue is thick, round, and nearly of the ſame form. Starlings, blackbirds, jays, jackdaws, &c. can imitate words. Thoſe whoſe tongue is forked (in which claſs may be ranged almoſt all the ſmall birds) whiſtle more eaſily than they prattle; and if, with this ſtructure, they have alſo ſenſibility of ear, and can accurately retain the impreſſions made on that organ, they will learn to repeat airs. The canary, the linnet, the fiſkin, and the bullfinch, ſeem natural muſicians. The parrot imitates every kind of noiſe; the mewing of cats, the barking of dogs, and the notes of other birds, as well as the human voice: yet it can only ſcream or pronounce very ſhort phraſes; and though capable of even articulating ſounds, it is unable to moderate theſe, or ſupport them by intermingling gentle cadences. It has therefore leſs acuteneſs of perception, leſs memory, and leſs flexibility of organs.

'There are alſo two different kinds of imitation: the one is acquired by reflection; the other is innate and mechanical. The latter proceeds from the common inſtinct diffuſed through the whole ſpecies, which prompts or conſtrains each individual to perform ſimilar actions; and the more ſtupid the animal, the more entire will be this influence, and the more exact this reſemblance. A ſheep has invariably the ſame habits with every other ſheep: the firſt cell of a bee is preciſely like the laſt. The knowledge of the individual is equal to that of the ſpecies:—Such is the diſtinction between reaſon and inſtinct. The other kind of imitation, which ſhould be regarded as artificial, is the acquiſition of the individual and cannot be communicated. The moſt accompliſhed parrot will never tranſmit his talent of prattling to his offſpring. When an animal is inſtructed by man, the improvement reſts with it alone. This imitation depends, as well as the former, on the peculiar ſtructure: but it alſo implies ſenſibility, attention, and memory; and thoſe ſpecies which are ſuſceptible of education, rank high in the order of organiſed beings. If the animal be eaſily trained, and each receive a certain degree of inſtruction, as in the caſe of dogs, the whole ſpecies will acquire ſuperiority under the direction of man; but when abandoned to nature, the dog will eſcape into the wolf or the fox, and would never of itſelf emerge from that ſtate. All animals may therefore be improved by aſſociating with man; but they cannot be inſtructed to improve each other, for they never can communicate the ideas and knowledge which they have acquired. In man, reaſon extends and diffuſes his acquired knowledge and powers; while, in animals they continue ſtationary and periſh with the poſſeſſor.'

With the ſincereſt wiſhes for your ladyſhip's happineſs and welfare, I remain, with the moſt profound reſpect and eſteem, your affectionate EUGENIA.

(To be continued.)

College of the Deaf and Dumb at Paris.

[*From the Journal of an Engliſh Traveller in Paris.*]

I had long anticipated the delight which I expected to derive from the intereſting public lecture of the abbé Sicard, and the examination of his pupils. This amiable and enlightened man preſides over an inſtitution which endears his name to humanity. My reader will immediately conclude that I allude to the College of the Deaf and Dumb. By the genius and perſeverance of the late abbé Charles Michael de l'Epée, and his preſent amiable ſucceſſor, a race of fellow beings—denied, by a privation of hearing, of the powers of utterance; inſulated in the midſt of multitudes bearing their own image; and cut off from the participation, within ſight, of all the endearing intercourſes of ſocial life—are reſtored as it were to the bleſſings of complete exiſtence. The glorious labours of theſe philanthropiſts, in no very diſtant ages, would have conferred upon them the reputation and honours of beings inveſted with ſuperhuman influence. By making thoſe faculties which are beſtowed, auxiliary to thoſe which are denied, the deaf are taught to hear, and the dumb to ſpeak. A ſilent repreſentative language, in which the eye officiates for the ear, and communicates the charms of ſcience and the delights of common intercourſe to the mind, with the velocity, facility, and certainty of ſound, has been preſented to theſe imperfect children of nature. The plan of the abbé, I believe, is before the world. I cannot be expected, in a fugitive ſketch like the preſent, to attempt an elaborate detail of it. Some little idea of its rudiments may, perhaps, be imparted by a plain deſcription of what paſſed on the examination day, when I had the happineſs of being preſent.

On the morning of the exhibition, the ſtreets leading to the college were lined with carriages; for humanity has here made a convert of faſhion, and directed her wavering mind to objects from which ſhe cannot retire without ample and conſoling gratification. Upon the lawn, in front of the college, were groups of the pupils enjoying thoſe ſports and exerciſes which are followed by other children to whom Providence has been more bountiful. Some of their recreations required calculation; and I obſerved that their intercourſe with each other appeared to be eaſy, ſwift, and intelligible. They made ſome convulſive movements with their mouths in the courſe of their communication, which, at firſt, had rather an unpleaſant effect. In the cloiſter I addreſſed myſelf to a genteel-looking youth, who did not appear to belong to the college, and requeſted him to ſhew me the way to the theatre, in which the lecture was to be delivered. I found he took no notice of me. One of the aſſiſtants of the abbé, who was ſtanding near me, informed me he was deaf and dumb, and made two or three ſigns, too ſwift for me to diſcriminate; the ſilent youth bowed, took me by the hand, led me into the theatre, and, with the greateſt politeneſs, procured me an excellent ſeat. The room was very crowded; and in the courſe of a quarter of an hour after I had entered, every avenue leading to it was completely filled with genteel company. The benches of the auditors of the lecture diſplayed great beauty and faſhion. A ſtage or tribune appeared in front; behind was a large inclined ſlate, in a frame, about eight feet high, by ſix long. On each ſide of the ſtage the ſcholars were placed, and behind the ſpectators was a fine buſt of the founder of this inſtitution, the admirable De l'Epée.

The abbé Sicard mounted the tribune, and delivered his lecture with very pleaſing addreſs, in the courſe of which he very frequently excited great applauſe. The ſubject of it was an analyſis of the language of the

deaf and dumb, interſperſed with ſeveral curious experiments upon, and anecdotes of, his pupils. The examination of the ſcholars next followed. The communication which has been opened to them in this ſingular manner, is by the philoſophy of grammar.

The denotation of the tenſes is effected by appropriate ſigns. The hand thrown over the ſhoulder, expreſſed the paſt; when extended, like the attitude of inviting, it denoted the future; and the finger inverted upon the breaſt, indicated the preſent tenſe. A ſingle ſign communicated a word, and frequently a ſentence. A ſingular inſtance of the firſt occurred. A gentleman amongſt the ſpectators, who appeared to be acquainted with the art of the abbé, was requeſted to make a ſign to the pupil then under examination; the moment it was made, the ſcholar chalked upon the ſlate, in a fine, ſwift, flowing hand, 'une homme.' The pupil erred: the gentleman renewed the ſign; when he immediately wrote 'une perſonne," to the aſtoniſhment of every perſon preſent. This circumſtance is a ſtrong inſtance of the powers of diſcrimination of which this curious communication is ſuſceptible.

Some of the ſpectators requeſted the abbé to deſcribe, by ſigns, ſeveral ſentences which they repeated from memory, or read from authors; which were immediately underſtood by the pupils, and penciled upon the ſlate.—The lecture and examination laſted about three hours.

The exhibition of Deaf and Dumb will never be eradicated from my mind. The tears which were ſhed on that day, ſeemed almoſt ſufficient to wipe away the recollection of thoſe times, in which miſery experienced no mitigation; when every one, trembling for himſelf, had no unabſorbed ſenſation of conſoling pity to beſtow upon the unfortunate. This inſtitution is made ſerviceable to the ſtate. A pupil of the college is one of the chief clerks of the national lottery office; in which he diſtinguiſhes himſelf by his talents, his calculation, and upright deportment.

A Review *of* Dress *and* Manners *at the preſent* Period.

Mr. Editor,

It has for the laſt five or ſix centuries been the cuſtom of the learned to inveigh againſt the manners of the age in which they have lived. Theſe ſevere and prejudiced reflections generally conclude with a prediction, that the introduction of luxury, and the deluge, as it were, of immorality, will, in a ſhort time, bring on inevitable ruin.

I recollect an anecdote in Mr. Boſwell's 'Life of Dr. Johnſon,' where one gentleman, reaching a book from the ſhelf, read about half a page of it to a friend ſitting with him in his ſtudy; it contained ſevere animadverſions upon the licentiouſneſs and luxury of the age, and denounced the ſpeedy diſſolution of our ſtate. His friend (a man of wonderful ſagacity) applauded it in the warmeſt manner, and re-echoed its ſentiments, declaring that, as the author had affirmed, there never had been a more abandoned age: that the contaminated morals of the generality—the too univerſal depravity, foreboded the overthrow of all authority and ſubordination.—'True,' ſaid the gentleman, 'but this book was publiſhed about five hundred years ago.'

Such aſſertions are then (I declare it as my own opinion) unfounded. The preſent is not only very far from being an illiterate age, but is one which, for the improvement of every branch of literature, the univerſal extenſion of the politer arts and ſciences, the ſuperior ſkill in military tactics and civil ordinances, may challenge any time to ſhow its equal. The deep erudition and unwearied aſſiduity of our divines, has eſtabliſhed our religion upon too permanent a

Engravd for the Lady's Magazine.



Cuckoo.

baſis to be eaſily ſhaken by the ſhafts of infidelity. The radical ſtrength and energy of our conſtitution, the ſuperior wiſdom of our laws, the freedom enjoyed from a limited monarchy, the throne filled by a ſovereign juſtly dear to his people, preclude any idea of danger. The ſound morality and virtuous integrity of Britons, excited by the precepts of the church, and animated by the example of the higher orders of ſociety, leave little reaſon to fear that the inſinuations of the malicious will be able to undermine their principles. With reſpect to the common cant of luxury, it only remains to aſſert, that it is a falſe and erroneous notion. Where is a more luxurious country than France? Where one ſo great, ſo aggrandiſed?

Having now diſcuſſed the ſubject with reſpect to my own ſex, I ſhall proceed to ſpeak of the Female World; calculated by nature to be the ſolace of man, the partaker of his joys and cares, and to ſmooth the rugged paths of life. But, though endowed by nature with every requiſite for this great purpoſe, all are fruſtrated and perverted by the dazzling lures of faſhion. It is painful to depreciate the merits, and to diſcloſe the foibles, of the fair ſex; of thoſe whoſe miſconduct I regard with the tendereſt regret. But their errors (I truſt of the judgment, and not of the heart) call loudly for the cenſure of the moraliſt.—The dreſs and appearance of a modern fine lady ſeems to be a ſtudious imitation of thoſe of Indolence, as deſcribed in Xenophon's famous allegory, in words to the following purport:

'She appeared to be fed to fleſhineſs and plumpneſs; her ſkin highly rouged, with a view that the white and red might appear more than naturally blended. Her gait was maſculine; and ſhe walked very erect, that her ſtature might appear the more majeſtic. Her eyes had an impudent ſtare; and her robe was apparently laboured to be of ſuch a tranſlucent texture as might diſplay her ſhape to advantage.'

The innovation of French manners has ever been juſtly dreaded by this country; but our ladies have now arrived to the extreme of the Pariſian ton, in point of dreſs; and the next ſtep they will take, it is to be feared, will be to imitate their chaſtity. Plunged, ye fair, in the vortex of diſſipation, ye ſee not the dangers that await ye. To your folly, and inconſiſtency of dreſs, the pontiff of Rome, in his charge to you, has attributed thoſe barbarities which, for the laſt ten years, have diſgraced the civilized world. How far ſo dreadful a denunciation may be of ſerious import to you, I leave to yourſelves to determine. For myſelf, I cannot conceive how a woman of modeſty can apparel herſelf in ſo very extravagant a manner. But ſenſible I am, that an improper diſplay of the beauties which modeſty would withdraw from view, rather inſpires diſguſt than affection; and believe me that our imagination, warm and ſanguine, will more than do juſtice to concealed charms. Shun then, ye fair, ah! ſhun the path of pleaſure: which, though in the perſpective it appears as an embroidered carpet, variegated with numerous flowers, ſoon as you advance, fades from the view, and proves itſelf a path of thorns; renders your future life miſerable; brings on a premature old age; and, finally, hurls you unprepared into the preſence of your Maker. Purſue the path of virtue; and remember that, though perſonal charms may make a firſt impreſſion, a cultivated underſtanding is requiſite to preſerve conqueſt. So ſhall conſcious rectitude wrap you as it were in a garment; ſo ſhall innocence defend you as it were a ſhield; ſo ſhall you reſign your breath to your Creator as it were in a gentle ſlumber;

'Nor caſt one longing lingering look behind.'

FLORIO.

POETICAL ESSAYS.

An Elegiac Tribute of Reſpect to the Memory of Miſs W—ll—mſ—n, of Rolls-buildings, who died June, 1803.

FAREWELL, dear girl!—thy ſpirit wings its way
To realms of bliſs, and never-ending day:
By ſiſter ſeraphs borne to meet its Lord;
And join, with angels, to adore his word.
Thrice happy thou, to leave a world of care!
A world of dire diſtreſs and deep deſpair!
Where babbling Diſcord rears her hateful head,
And horrid Anarchy and Sorrow ſpread.
Where all, in careful mood, purſue their ends:
If ſelf is gratified, farewell to friends.
Ambition ſome purſue; ſome follow fame:
Some court the empty honours of a name.
Alas, vain man! Death ſtops your warm career;
Deſtroys each cheriſh'd hope, each anxious fear!
The grave receives your wearied form at laſt:
There all is peace, anxiety is paſt.
But when, as now, ſome youthful friend departs,
Whoſe poliſh'd manners ſoften'd harder hearts;
Whoſe ev'ry action ſpake the mind ſerene;
Who boaſted elegance of form and mien;
Whoſe filial piety, and friendſhip warm,
Were ſtill the ſame in ſunſhine and in ſtorm;
Whoſe tender care ſolicitouſly ſtrove,
With all the fondneſs of a daughter's love,
To ſoothe a widow'd mother's anguiſh keen,
When late a father dropp'd from off the ſcene;
Then thou wert left ſole comfort of her age:
But now, alas! Death's unrelenting rage
Dooms you to droop, to ſicken, and to die!
Where now for comfort muſt that mother fly?
Where muſt ſhe ſeek that peace ſhe found with you?
Thoſe flattering proſpects that ſhe had in view?
All now are ſunk beneath affliction's rod:
No hope remains, but what ſhe hopes from God.
Come, bleſt Religion!—friend of the diſtreſs'd!—
Heal all her ſorrows—lull her woes to reſt:
Grant her, once more, to taſte of ſweet delight;
Teach her to think, 'whatever is, is right.'
Faireſt of ſpirits! deareſt friend, farewell!
In yonder tow'r I hear your fun'ral knell;
Whoſe deep-ton'd, ſullen murmurs ſeem to ſay,
'Next I may call the liſt'ner's ſoul away.'
Awful memento of our latter end,
How little to thy warnings we attend!
Alas! too oft we paſs unheeding by,
As though of little moment 't were to die!
If e'er the diſembodied ſoul may roam,
Bleſt ſeraph! hover round your once-lov'd home;
Inſpire, unſeen, your weeping mother's heart;
Allay, of anguiſh keen, the galling ſmart:
Prompt her to bend to Heav'n's unerring ways,
And paſs her life in penitence and praiſe:
Then, when her ſoul ſhall take its heav'nward flight,
And mount to regions of eternal light,—
Your kindred ſpirit, join'd to hers you love,
Shall taſte the endleſs joys that reign above!

J. M. L.

MORAL REFLECTIONS
ON A MORNING'S WALK LATE IN OCTOBER.

In contemplative mood, as late I ſtray'd,
Where ſhelt'ring trees afford a grateful ſhade,
I gaz'd on Autumn's 'many-mingled' hues,
While my lone footſtep ſwept the morning dews:
I trac'd the various tints from green to brown;
Nor yet had Winter taught himſelf to frown;
Nor yet the ſeaſon felt the piercing ſtorm; [form.
Nor did the winds the foliage yet de-
While thus I wandered, undiſturb'd, along,
The lark to his Creator tun'd a ſong:
Few other ſounds were heard acroſs the wold,
Save yonder bleating tenants of the fold;
Who ſoon, when wint'ry froſt ſhall fill the air,
Muſt claim their ſhepherd's fondeſt, friendlieſt, care.
A gentle breeze now gently wav'd the leaves,
And from the parent branch ſome few bereaves:
The gale grew ſtronger,—blew a heavier blaſt,
And o'er my head they now flew thick and faſt;
The graſſy path, ſo lately free and clear,
Now ſhews the falling honours of the year;
Deep-cover'd with the ſpoils of elm and oak,
Whoſe faded offſpring all the pathway choke:
Still ſtronger roar'd the blaſt, faſt fell the rain,
And one vaſt leafy ruin ſpread the plain.
At length this rage of elements was o'er,
The rain had ceas'd, the wind was heard no more;
Again the ſoft'ning beams of Sol were ſeen,
And ſoon might man forget the ſtorm had been,
Had not the ſcatter'd leaves a warning giv'n,
And bid the moral mind contemplate heav'n.
Theſe frail memorials ſeem'd, to fancy's eye,
To picture well how aged mortals die;
Who oft in life's laſt ſtage will linger long, [wrong:
With heart at eaſe, unknown to fraud or
Yet unawares the ſtorm of life deſcends,
And to its mother earth his body bends;
Falls like the leaf, yet not like that decays; [praiſe,
An angel now, he chaunts his Maker's
And pitying views thoſe tears which ſorrow gave,
When weeping friends hung o'er this 'good man's grave.'
Thus droops the mortal frame of lordly man,
Whoſe ampleſt date of life is but a ſpan!
Whoſe proud exiſtence, ſhaken by a ſtorm
(Weak as a reed, and fragile as its form),
Yields like yon leaves, and ſinks beneath the blaſt;
Then pride is nipp'd, then ſorrow too is paſt:
Then happy is the man whoſe life has been
Of piety and prayer one conſtant ſcene;
Whoſe feet the paths of infamy ne'er trod, [his God;
Whoſe chiefeſt pleaſure was to praiſe
Who, next to this, reliev'd the ſick and poor, [door;
Nor drove diſtreſs, diſdainful, from his
Who ſooth'd the orphan's grief, the widow's care;
Who dried the tears of anguiſh and deſpair;
Who gave the 'child of miſery' his food,
And learn'd 'the luxury of doing good.'
Almighty Source of all the joys we own!
May we, like this good man, approach thy throne!
Like him, too, cheriſh merit in diſtreſs,
And make the ſon of ſorrow's burden leſs:
Then we may hope, when wint'ry age ſhall come,
Or pangs of pain remind us of the tomb,
To join the ſouls of 'good men perfect made,'
Where mingling peace and pleaſure never fade;
Where ſtrains of heav'nly melody ſhall riſe,
And bliſs eternal reigns above the ſkies!

November 13, 1803. J. M. L.

ARTHUR AND ANN.

REMOTE, and loſt to public view,
A ſimple cottage rear'd its head;
There peace, content, and virtue, grew,—
But ſorrow ſhunn'd, and from it fled.
Its inmates were an aged pair,
Whoſe lives in joyful tenor ran;
And with them, there, dwelt one moſt fair,—
Their pretty daughter, Mary-Ann.

Her charms entrapp'd young Arthur's heart:
His ruſtic tale of love he told;
'T was free from flatt'ry, free from art;
But love inſpir'd and made him bold:
The laſs he lov'd the tale approv'd;
Her parents, too, admir'd the man:
Each fear remov'd, each joy improv'd,
Young Arthur wedded Mary-Ann.

Dec. 5, 1803. J. M. L.

FALSE FRIENDSHIP.

'TIS very hard, in life's decline,
To be both ſick and poor:
Yet ſuch a lot, alas! is mine;
And patient I endure.

Reſign'd, I bend to Heav'n's juſt ways,
Nor impiouſly repine.
Induſtry mark'd my early days:
A trifling ſum was mine.

In friendſhip's ſacred veſt array'd,
A wretch infernal came:
He plunder'd all I ſav'd in trade;
Then fled, devoid of ſhame.

Oh! grant relief, ye favour'd few
To whom that pow'r is ſent:
May friendſhip falſe ne'er injure you,
Or wound your bleſt content.

Dec. 5, 1803. J. M. L.

STANZAS,

Addreſſed to Miſs J. Stuart, of Edinburgh, ON PERUSING SOME OF HER ELEGANT POEMS.

AS Stuart far, far from vulgar ſight,
On eagle pinion wings her way,
Fancy purſues her towering flight,
And marks it with her brighteſt ray.

Hark! from her lyre what ſtrains ſublime
Pour on Attention's raptur'd ear!
Avaunt! ye irkſome tribes of Time!
And keep within your proper ſphere.

But come, ye pure ethereal band
Of kindred ſpirits, friendly pow'rs!
Who watch ſtill o'er the fav'rite land
Where Genius rears her choiceſt flow'rs:

Your holy influence round diffuſe—
No gueſt impure may here remain,
While from the temple of the Muſe
To Heav'n aſcends the ſeraph ſtrain.

Dread viſions of departed days
The fair enthuſiaſt's fancy fire;
She paints the ſcene in deathleſs lays
Where patriots combat, and expire.

Now dreary proſpects, dark with woe,
Her tuneful ſympathy excite,
When Freedom felt the fatal blow,
And fled before the tyrant's might.

Then brighter views ruſh on her ſoul,
And joy ſucceeds to deep diſtreſs—
Reſcu'd from Slav'ry's baſe controul,
Freedom returns, mankind to bleſs!

When, iſſuing from their polar cave,
The dæmons of the tempeſt ſweep
With furious wing the wintry wave,
And whelm the bark beneath the deep.

The bold enthuſiaſt's dauntleſs eye
The ravagers' wild path purſues—
Her pen the tumult of the ſky
Pourtrays in all its hideous hues.

Nor leſs her magic ſkill appears,
When gentler themes her Muſe employ;
Expert t' unlock the fount of tears,
Or ope the hidden ſpring of joy.

* But when ſhe culls the claſſic wreath
Diſtinguiſh'd merit's meed deſign'd,
How ſweet the blooming honours breathe
Around the *reverend* brow they bind.

Dromore, Nov. 30, 1803. HAFIZ.

* This ſtanza alludes to a beautiful 'Ode on the Reliques of Antient Poetry,' which the fair author lately addreſſed to the biſhop of Dromore.

INDEX

TO THE

ESSAYS, LETTERS, and other PIECES in PROSE.

A. Page

ALBANO, a noble Venetian, hiſtory of, 641
Alnwick caſtle, account of, ... 632
Anecdote of Almanſor, king of Morocco, 192
——— of the phyſician Chirac, ... 295
——— of Macklin 400
——— of a Gaſcon, and the French miniſter Colbert, ... 680
Anecdotes, ... 456, 520, 635, 696
——— of Dr. Monſey, ... 350
——— of Kanghi, emperor of China, 458
Apologues, eaſtern 126, 624
April, morning's walk in, ... 191
——— obſervations on the month of, ... 232
Arnold, Dr. account of the life of, ... 198
Auguſt, morning's walk in, ... 401
Auguſta and Emily, a tale, 177, 245, 316, 353
Auſterity of old age, on the, ... 402

B.

Balin, king of Delhi, virtuous reign of, .. 579
Bedford, preſentation of the ducheſs to the queen, ... 661
Benevolence its own reward, a tale, ... 115
Bonaparte, ſketch of the perſon of, ... 266

C.

Cadiz, deſcription of, ... 590
Captive releaſed, the, a tale 171
Character, female, on the, ... 255
Characteriſtic and critical remarks on females, 10, 152, 197, 253
Charles and Henry, a tale, ... 142
Clandeſtine lovers, the, a tale, ... 619
Clara Farneſe, ſtory of, ... 27
Conſtantinople, account of the curioſities of, 18
Contraſt, the, a tale, ... 597
Cornwal, deſcription of the Land's End in, 677
Crimea, account of the perſons, dreſs and manners of the Tartars, of the, ... 529
Critical obſervations on the novel of Tom Jones, 77, 131, 184, 239, 298, 355, 403, 459, 522

D.

December, morning's walk in, ... 628
Deaf and Dumb, college of, at Paris, ... 711
Deity, on the perſonality of the, ... 569
Detached thoughts, ... 323, 379
Dialogue on duelling, ... 237
Difference between the ſexes, on the, ... 341
Diſcuſſion of the queſtion, whether women have more wit than men, ... 236
Dramatiſt, the, a tale, ... 71
Dreſs of the Pariſian ladies, on the, ... 629
——, and manners at the preſent period, 712
Dreſſes of the ladies on her majeſty's birth-day, 23
——— on his majeſty's birth-day 311
Duelling, dialogue on, ... 237

E.

Eaſtern apologues, ... 126
Ednam, the poet of, ... 627
Elizabeth, remarks on the reign of, ... 421
Employment of time by the female ſex, on the 417

Page

Engliſh fleet in 1342, account of the drama ſo called, ... 654
Envy diſappointed, a tale, ... 227
Eponina, ſtory of, ... 15
Events, chronological liſt of the moſt remarkable in 1803, ... 690

F.

Fair fugitives, account of the muſical entertainment of the, ... 266
Falſe voice, on a, ... 314
Faſhionable revolutionary dialogue, ... 515
Faſhions, Pariſian, 42, 90, 120, 206, 260, 322, 376, 431, 486, 546, 565, 652
——— London, 44, 92, 120, 207, 260, 322, 376, 431, 486, 546, 565, 652
Fatal letter, the, ... 179
February, morning's walk in, ... 140
Female character, on the, ... 255
Females, characteriſtic and critical remarks on, 10, 152, 197, 253
Flattery, on, ... 398

G.

Garrick, letter of, ... 234
Generous curate, the, a tale, ... 397
Geſſner, memoirs of, ... 454
Good-manners, on, ... 470

H.

Happineſs, reflexions on, ... 235
Hear both ſides, account of the comedy of, 67
Hermit of Damaſcus, ... 675
Henry VI., manners of the Engliſh during the reign of, ... 121
Hero of the North, account of the play of the, 98
Heroic behaviour of madame Lavergne, .. 487
Hiſtory of Sophia M., ... 490
Huſband reſtored, the, a tale, ... 60

I.

Inſtructions of Lewis XVI. for the education of the dauphin, ... 423

J.

James I., remarks on the reign of, ... 422
Jeſſy Hawthorn, ... 697
John Bull, account of the comedy of, ... 145
John o' Groat's houſe, origin of, ... 61
July, morning's walk in, ... 347
June, morning's walk in, ... 289

K.

Kang-hi, emperor of China, anecdotes of, 458
Kei-Kobad, licentious and eventful reign of, 583

L.

Ladies' dreſſes on her majeſty's birth day, 23
——— on his majeſty's birth-day, 311
Ladies' trains, antiquity of, ... 45
Lavergne, madame, heroic behaviour of, .. 487
Letter of lord Walpole, ... 517
Lewis XVI., inſtructions of, for the education of the dauphin, ... 423
——— maxims of, ... 426, 470
Licentious reign of Kei Kobad, ... 583
Lockman, a Perſian phyſician, ſtory of, .. 74
Leontes and Eugenius, a tale, ... 597

INDEX.

Page

London fashions, 44, 92, 120, 207, 260, 322, 376, 431, 487, 546 565, 652
Long trains and short trains, ... 377
Love, on, ... 100
Love and duty, a tale, ... 533
Luxury, comparative, of ancient and modern times, on the, ... 124

M.

Maltese, habits and manners of the, ... 539
Manners and private life of the English during the reign of Henry VI., ... 121
March, morning's walk in, ... 141
Marriage promise, account of the comedy of, 173
Mary's tomb, a fragment, ... 144
Matilda, a drama, 193, 248, 319, 346, 407, 477, 541, 636
Matrimonial cause, singular, ... 587
Maxims of Lewis XVI., ... 426, 470
——— miscellaneous, ... 624
May, morning's walk in, ... 233
Miscellaneous thoughts, ... 212, 267, 512
Mistakes of jealousy, the, a tale, ... 284
——— on both sides, a tale, ... 507
Modesty and diffidence, impudence and assurance, on, ... 75
Monks and the robbers, the, 65, 296, 414, 513, 681
Monsey, Dr., anecdotes of, ... 350
Morad and Zoraida, an eastern tale, ... 452
Moral Zoologist, the, 33, 93, 154, 207, 261, 285, 365, 432, 481, 547, 602, 621, 707
Morning's walk in January, ... 9
——— February, ... 140
——— March, ... 141
——— April 191
——— May, ... 233
——— June, ... 289
——— July, ... 345
——— August, ... 401
——— September, ... 457
——— October, ... 521
——— November, ... 586
——— December, ... 628
Mother and daughter, a tale, ... 684
Murrough the bard, song of, ... 69

N.

November, a morning's walk in, ... 586

O.

October, morning's walk in, ... 521
Oeconomy and avarice, on the difference between, ... 537
Old maid, the, a Welsh tale, ... 525

P.

Parisian fashions, 42, 90, 120, 206, 260, 322, 376, 431, 486, 546, 565, 652
—— Ladies, on the dress of the, ... 629
Personality of the Deity, on the, ... 569
Petrarch, account of the life and writings of, 11
Pleasures of the imagination, reflexions on, 235
Poet of Ednam, the, ... 627
Political arithmetic, ... 230
Presentation of the duchess of Bedford to the queen, ... 661
Pride of ancestry, on, ... 678
Prosperity and adversity, on, ... 679
Psylli, or serpent-eaters of Egypt, account of, 589

Q.

Query, a, ... 180

R.

Reflexions on happiness and the pleasures of the imagination, ... 235
Regularity and virtuous conduct, on the benefits of, ... 127
Relation of animated bodies to inanimate nature, on the, ... 180
Remarks on the reign of Elizabeth, ... 421
——— of James I., ... 422
Renunciation, the, a tale, ... 85
Revolutionary dialogue, fashionable, ... 515
Riches, on the desire of, ... 88
Robert M'Kenzie, life of, ... 28, 307, 360

S.

Sad reflection, a, ... 413
Scio, character and manners of the inhabitants of, ... 351
Secander and Nourima, an eastern tale, .. 564
Secret tribunals, Westphalian, account of the, 117
Self-esteem, on, ... 516
September, morning's walk in, ... 457
Serpent-eaters of Egypt, account of, ... 589
Sexes, on the difference between the, ... 341
Signe and Habor, a Gothic romance, 37, 61, 147, 200, 290, 371, 428, 509, 566, 656
Singular matrimonial cause, ... 587
Slaves, the, an eastern tale, ... 181
Song of Murrough the bard, ... 69
Sophia M. history of, ... 490

T.

Tartars of the Crimea, account of the persons, dress, and manners, of, ... 529
Taste in good eating, on, ... 175
Thoughts, miscellaneous, ... 212, 267, 512
——— detached, ... 323, 379
Tom Jones, critical observations on the novel of, 77, 131, 184, 239, 298, 355, 403, 459, 522
Tooth-powder and brushes, improved, ... 469
Trains, (ladies') antiquity of 45
——— long and short, on, ... 377
Twins, the, a tale, ... 5

V.

Victims of war, the, a tale, ... 701
Virtuous reign of Balin king of Delhi, .. 579
Voice (false) on a, ... 344

W.

Walpole, letter of lord, ... 517
Widow, the, a tale, ... 339
Wife of two husbands, account of the drama of the, ... 594
——— extract from 646
Wit and beauty, ... 348
Wit of women, discussion of the question whether they have more than men, .. 236

Z.

Zoologist, moral, 33, 93, 154, 207, 261, 285, 365, 432, 481, 547, 602, 707

INDEX to the POETRY.

A.

Page

ABSENCE, a sonnet,.....662
Acrostic,.....605
Address, spoken and sung at the opening of Covent-garden Theatre,.....494
——— to the evening star,.....605
Adieu, the,.....605
Advice, the,.....48
Air, sung by Mrs. Jordan, in the Marriage Promise,.....272
Anacreon, Ode I.,.....662
Anacreontics,.....104, 157
Answer to a Valentine epistle,.....318
——— to lines addressed to a young gentleman, 381
Anticipation,.....552
Arthur and Ann,.....716

B.

Ballad, pastoral,.....271
Betsy of the grove,.....438

C.

Canzonet, a,.....440
Castle on the Wold, a Gothic tale, 268, 324
Cat, elegy on a,.....495
—— lines to a lady's favourite,.....608
Celia's resolution,.....48
Coming storm, on a,.....46
Consolation, the virgin's,.....46
Contentment,.....495
Cot, the moss-covered,.....439
Cottage maid, the,.....327
Cricket, ode to a,.....608
Crippled soldier, the,.....383

E.

Elegy on a favourite cat,.....495
Elegy, an,.....103
Elegiac lines to the memory of an infant, 160
——— to the memory of miss W-ll-m-t-n, of Rolls-buildings,.....314
Ellen,.....440
Elva, vigil of,.....103
Emma,.....327
Epilogue, lyrical, to John Bull,.....137
——— to the Maid of Bristol,.....493
Epitaph on Dr. Small, by Dr. Darwin, .272
Epitaphs,.....160, 214, 608
Evening,.....168
——— star, address to the,.....605

F.

Fable,.....495
False friendship,.....716
Fancy, to,.....104
Foe of the face, the,.....382
Fortune, ode to,.....47

H.

Harmony and magnificence of the universe, the, 660
Hope, ode to,.....159
Horace, Book I. Ode 22.,.....158

I.

Page

Idyllion, on the drawing of a cascade, by a lady, 436
Inkle and Yarico, a tale,.....102
Inscription on a hermitage,.....382
——— intended for a statue of the late duke of Bedford,.....437

K.

Kiss and the blush, the,.....328

L.

Lines to miss Price, of S—y,.....158
—— addressed to Eliz.....159
—— elegiac, to the memory of an infant, 160
—— to Thomson Webb,.....447
—— to the memory of John Freestone, carpenter,.....
—— addressed to miss S—n,.....
—— addressed to a young gentleman,.....
—— on hearing marriage recited to a fine tune,.....
—— on the presidential chair of [illegible],.....
—— to a lady's favourite cat,.....
Love in a storm,.....

M.

Mansion of [illegible]th, the,.....
Mendicant, the,.....
Mocking bird, ode to the,.....
Moral reflections on a morning's walk in October,.....
Morning, ode to,.....
Moss-covered cot, the,.....

N.

Naval triumph of Britain,.....
Nautilus and the flying fish, a tale,.....
Night,.....

O.

Ode for the new year,.....
—— to Fortune,.....
—— from Horace,.....
—— to Hope,.....
—— on Spring,.....
—— to Venus,.....
—— for his majesty's birth-day,.....
—— to mourning,.....
—— to the mocking-bird,.....
—— to a cricket,.....
Old maid's petition, the,.....

P.

Pastoral, a,.....
Pastoral ballad, a,.....
Perambulatory musings,.....
Phœbe's destiny,.....
Picture of France,.....
Prayer, the virgin's,.....
Prologue to John Bull,.....

R.

Reuben and Rose, a tale of romance,.....
Rhymes in praise of rhyme,.....
Riches, on,.....

S.

Page

Sailor, the war-worn 326
Seduction's triumph, ... 328
Sidney, the 604
Soldier, the crippled 383
Songs 47, 382, 383, 384
—— in the Hero of the North, ... 104
—— in the Wife of two husbands, ... 662
Sonnets, ... 216, 326, 662
Spring, ode to, ... 215
Stanzas, from the French of Segar by G. Dyer, ... 213
—— to Mrs. ——, ... 604
—— addressed to miss Stuart, of Edinburgh, 716
State of Europe in 1803, ... 328
Summer evening at home 439

T.

Triumph, naval, of Britain, ... 550

V.

Page

Valentine epistle to a young lady, ... 213
—— answer to, ... 328
Verses to a tuft of early violets, ... 216
—— to miss A. C—n, of M—d, ... 272
—— to Mrs. ——, ... 604
—— to miss ——, on her asking the author why she had sleepless nights, ... 663
Venus, ode to, ... 268
Vigil of Elva 103
Virgin's prayer, the, ... 326
Virtue's triumph, ... 440

W.

War-worn sailor, the 326
Winter, on, ... 160
Winter-evening at home, ... 439
Wish of a friend, the 384

DIRECTIONS TO THE BINDER.

The frontispiece to face the title page.
Paris dress for January, ... 42
The husband restored, ... 59
Paris dress for February 90
Eagle, ... 95
Benevolence its own reward, ... 115
Paris dress for March, ... 120
Snake eater 154
The captive released, ... 171
Paris dress for April, ... 206
Vulture, ... 209
Envy disappointed, ... 227
Paris dress for May, ... 260
Domestic cock, ... 264
The mistakes of jealousy, ... 283
Falcon, ... 288
Paris dress for June, ... 322
The widow, ... 339
Kite, ... 369
Buzzard, ... 370
Paris dress for July, ... 376
The generous curate, ... 395
Paris dress for August, ... 431
Sparrows, ... 432
Morad and Zuraida, ... 451
Nightingale—Throstle, ... 484
Paris dress for September, ... 486
Mistakes on both sides, ... 507
Paris dress for October, ... 546
Indian shrike, ... 547
Secander and Nourima, ... 563
Paris dress for November, ... 565
Magpye—Jackdaw 602
The clandestine lovers, ... 619
Pheasant, ... 624
Paris dress for December, ... 652
The hermit of Damascus, ... 675
Cuckoo, ... 714

END OF THE THIRTY-FOURTH VOLUME.

T. Davison, Printer, White-Friars.