

THE
LADY'S MAGAZINE,

OR
ENTERTAINING COMPANION

FOR
THE FAIR SEX;

APPROPRIATED
SOLELY TO THEIR USE AND AMUSEMENT.

FOR AUGUST, 1810.

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This Number is embellished with the following Copper-plates:

1. LOUIS NAPOLEON, late King of Holland.
2. London Fashionable MORNING and FULL DRESS.
3. A New and elegant PATTERN for a VEIL, of BOTTOM of a DRESS.

LONDON:

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

Where Favors from Correspondents continue to be received.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

The Authoress of the *Elville Family Secrets*, to whom we are obliged for her conclusion, shall have her requests complied with.

Memoirs of Montalbert, by Margaret B. are received, and intended for insertion.

J. G—l—m's Sonnets, *N. I. G. H's Rebus*, and other Poetical contributions, in our next.

THE
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FOR AUGUST, 1810.

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH

OF

LOUIS NAPOLEON,

LATE KING OF HOLLAND.

[With his Portrait elegantly engraved, from an original Miniature.]

THE enslaver and oppressor of the Continent, Napoleon Bonaparté, when he had succeeded in extinguishing the very name of republic in France, and assuming the titles of emperor and king, seems immediately to have exerted his utmost endeavours to abolish every resemblance to that form of government throughout Europe. The Cisalpine republic was transformed into the kingdom of Italy; the Ligurian was absorbed into the great empire; the free cities of Germany were made over to the vassal kings he had himself created; and even the people of the United Provinces, who were supposed to have a greater predilection for republican institutions than perhaps any other nation in the world, were compelled to accept a sovereign of his appoint-

ment in the person of his brother.

Louis Bonaparté, who on his promotion to the newly-erected throne of Holland, took the name of Louis Napoleon, was born on the 4th of September 1778, and married on the 3d of January 1802, to Hortense Eugénie, the daughter of the late empress Josephine, born on the 10th of April 1783. Their eldest son is named Napoleon Louis, and was born the 11th of October 1804. Their youngest is named Charles Louis, born April 20, 1808. They had an elder son than either of these, named Napoleon Charles, born the 10th of October 1802, but he died in the year 1807.

The change of the republic of Holland into a monarchy, after such discussion and deliberation

as military despots permit to their subjects, was publicly announced to the world on the 5th of June 1806, by a deputation of Dutchmen sent to Paris for that purpose, from the Hague. At the head of them was Admiral Vertruell, formerly a leader of the statholderian party, and the same who has just been again to Paris, at the head of a similar deputation, to announce the obsequiousness with which his countrymen are willing to receive the deposition of their king, and their total absorption in the French empire. They then stated that the necessities and desires of the people demanded the erecting of Holland into a kingdom, and now that the same necessities and desires require that it's government as a separate kingdom or country should be abolished, and that it should be finally annexed to France.

By the constitutional code agreed upon at Paris for Holland, and accepted by Louis, the constitutional laws actually existing were still to remain in force, excepting in cases in which they might be superseded by the recent treaty, or by the articles of the new code. The government of the Dutch colonies, whose receipts and expenditure should be incorporated with those of the state, was to be conducted by special regulations. The guarantees of the public debt, the employment of the Dutch language in all laws, ordinances, and publications of authority; the preservation of the existing weight and value of the coin, unless altered by any express statute; the continuance of the former flag of the state, and the appointment of a council of state to consist of thirteen members, among whom the ministers

were to vote and deliberate, were established by the general dispositions of the first part of the code.

By the second part, equal protection was extended to all the modes of religion professed in the state, and the exercise of public religious duties was limited to the respective churches of all the different sects. Every thing relative to the organization, protection, and exercise of worship, was to be regulated by the king; and the law and the king was to enjoy, wherever he might fix his residence, the free and public exercise of his religion. The other parts of this constitutional code relate to the king, the laws, and the judiciary power. The king was to possess the complete exercise of the executive government, and of all the power necessary for carrying the laws into effect. He appointed to all the offices and places the nomination to which had belonged to the grand pensionary, and possessed all the pre-eminence and authority attached to that dignity. The coin was to bear his effigy. Justice was to be administered in his name, and the power of pardoning offences, and remitting punishments was to be possessed by him, although not to be exercised without an audience of the members of the national court in the privy council. The regent in case of a minority should be the queen, otherwise some person appointed by the emperor, who should always have natives for counsellors, and never be personally responsible for the acts of administration. The government and internal administration of the colonies were exclusively vested in the king; and the general government of the kingdom was to

be under the immediate inspection of four ministers of state, respectively for the interior, for finance, for naval and military concerns, and for the department of foreign affairs. The legislative body was to consist of thirty-eight members, chosen by the different provinces for five years; and as nineteen members were then necessary to complete that number, for every place to be filled, their high mightinesses and the departmental assemblies of each department, were each to present a nomination of two persons, from whom the king should make his choice. The late grand pensionary, M. Schimmelpennink, was to take the office of president of their high mightinesses for life, and his successor was to be appointed agreeably to the dispositions of 1805. The legislative body should in general assemble twice a-year, for the space of about six weeks or two months; and might be summoned by the king on any extraordinary occasion, and on the 15th of November in every year, after the few first instances which were to be regulated by lot, the eldest five of this body should go out without, however losing their re-eligibility. With regard to the judicial power, the power attached to the late pensionary devolved on the king, and the judicial tribunals remained also upon the former establishment, excepting that a particular law was to regulate the administration of criminal justice on military affairs.

Louis, on taking possession of the legal authority, issued the following decree:—

‘Louis Napoleon, by the grace of God, and the constitutional

laws of the state, king of Holland,

To all whom it may concern,
health;

‘We publish and make known to all, that, with the approbation of his majesty, the emperor and king Napoleon, our illustrious brother, we have assumed and do assume the royal dignity of King of Holland, agreeably to the wishes of the people to the constitutional laws, and to the treaty and mutual ratification this day presented to us by the deputies of the Dutch nation.

‘On our coming to the throne, our most anxious care shall be to watch for the interests of our people. We shall be always solicitous to give them constant and unremitted proofs of our love and attention, preserving for that purpose the liberty of all our subjects with their rights, and continually employing ourselves in promoting their welfare.

‘*The independence of the kingdom is guaranteed by his majesty the emperor and king !!* The laws of the constitution, and our fixed determination extend equally to all for the security of their demands on the state, for their personal safety, and their liberty of conscience.’

Some of these promises he seems to have wished to maintain more inviolably than his brother ever intended he should. On every occasion where he could act of himself, he appears to have been desirous to conciliate the good will and esteem of his people, by relaxing in the execution of many of the rigorous decrees which deprived them of all trade, and which his brother obliged him to publish. But Napoleon, not-

withstanding when he erected his new kingdom, he pretended, as we have seen above, to guarantee it's independence appears always to have designed, at a fit opportunity to place the whole country under his own immediate authority, by annexing it to France. He first, in consequence of our expedition against Walcheren, seised on that island and Dutch Brabant, and made them French departments, under pretence that they would be thus more secure against the attacks of the English, and he has now taken possession of the whole country. The falsehood and deceit with which he has carried this into effect will best be seen in his brother's account of his conduct towards him and the causes which induced him to resign his crown as stated in his farewell address to the legislative body.

GENTLEMEN,—I charge the ministers, met in court, to present to your assembly the resolution to which I have seen myself driven by the military occupation of my capital. The brave soldiers of France have no other enemies than those of the common cause of Holland and myself. They should have been, and ought to be, received with all possible regard and attention; but it is, nevertheless, true, that in the actual situation of Holland, when an entire army, a crowd of Custom-house officers, and the national army itself, were placed out of the power of government — when every thing, with the exception of the capital, may be said to be under the order of a foreign officer, I was bound to declare to Marshal the Duke of Reggio, and the *Chargé d'Affaires* of the emperor, that if the capital and it's

district were occupied, I should consider that proceeding as a manifest violation of the law of nations, and those rights that are deemed most sacred among men. It was this that induced me to refuse the Custom-house officers admission into Mnyden, Naarden, and Diemer. I had a right so to do; inasmuch as the treaty only authorises the presence of the Custom-house officers on the sea-coasts, and at the mouths of the rivers.

On the 16th of the last month, I received, through the *Chargé d'Affaires* of his majesty the emperor, an assurance, that it was by no means his intention to occupy Amsterdam; and this led me to hope that a treaty, the conditions of which had been imposed by his majesty the emperor himself, would be strictly observed, and be in no respect infringed upon. Unfortunately my error was not of long duration. When I received a communication, that 20,000 French troops were assembling in Utrecht and it's environs, notwithstanding the extreme penury and embarrassment of our finances, I consented to furnish them with provisions, and other necessities; though the treaty stipulates that only 6000 men shall be maintained at the expence of Holland. But I was apprehensive that the assembling of this force would disclose other intentions unfavorable to our government; and accordingly, I did not fail to receive, the day before yesterday, June 29th, official information that his majesty the emperor insisted upon occupying Amsterdam, and establishing the head-quarters of the French army in this capital.

In this situation, gentlemen,

you cannot doubt, that I should have resigned myself to suffer for my people new humiliations, could I have entertained the hope of preventing new calamities; but I could no longer deceive myself. I assented to the treaty dictated by France, under the conviction that those parts of it that were most disagreeable to the nation and myself, would not be enforced; and that, satisfied with that self-denial, which is the result of this treaty, every thing would thenceforward go on smoothly between France and Holland.

The treaty, it is true, offers a great number of pretexts for fresh complaints, and fresh accusations. But can pretexts be at any time wanting? I was, therefore, entitled to rely upon the explanations and communications made to me on the subject of this treaty, and the formal and express declarations which I did not fail to make—that the Custom-house officers should interfere only in matters relative to the blockade—that the French troops should be stationed only on the coasts—that the domains of the creditors of the state, and the crown, should be respected—that the debts of the ceded territories should be charged upon France—and, finally—that from the number of troops to be furnished, a deduction should be made for those actually at the disposal of France in Spain; and also, that the necessary time should be given for the maritime armament. I even continued to flatter myself, that the treaty would be mitigated. I have deceived myself; and, if the absolute devotion which I manifested for the discharge of my duties on the 1st of April last, has

served only to drag on, or to prolong, the existence of the country for three months, I have the cruelly painful satisfaction, but the only one I can now have, that I have performed my duty to the last; and that, if I may be permitted so to express myself, I have carried my sacrifices for the existence, and what I conceived to be the welfare of the country, to an unjustifiable extent.

But after the submission and resignation of the 1st of April, I should be extremely culpable if I could rest satisfied with the title of king, being no longer but an instrument;—and no longer commanding, not only in the country, but even in my capital; and soon, perhaps, not even in my own palace. I should, nevertheless, be witness to every thing that should be done, without the power of doing any thing for my people; responsible for all events, without being able to prevent, or to influence them. I should have exposed myself to the complaints of both sides, and perhaps have occasioned great misfortunes; by doing which, I should have betrayed my conscience, my people, and my duty! I have for a long time foreseen the extremity to which I am now reduced, but I could not have prevented it without sacrificing my most sacred duties—without ceasing to have at heart the interest of my people—and without ceasing to connect my fate with that of the country. This I could not do! Now that Holland is reduced to this condition, I have, as king of Holland, but one course to take, and that is, to abdicate the throne in favor of my children. Any other course would have only augmented the misfortunes of my reign. I should

have, with deep regret, discharged that tender duty; and I should perhaps have seen the peaceful inhabitants, too often the victims of the quarrels of government, ruined at one blow. How could the idea of any sort of resistance have entered my mind? My children, born Frenchmen like myself, would have seen the blood of their fellow countrymen shed in a just cause, but one which might nevertheless be supposed to be exclusively mine. I had therefore but one course to adopt.

My brother, so violently irritated against me, is not so against my children; and doubtless he will not destroy what he has done, and deprive them of their inheritance; since he has not, nor can have, any subject of complaint against this child, who will not, for a long time to come, reign himself. His mother, to whom the regency appertains by the constitution, will do every thing that shall be agreeable to the emperor, my brother, and will succeed better than myself, who have had the misfortune never to be successful in my endeavours of that kind; and at the conclusion of a maritime peace, perhaps before, my brother, knowing the state of things in this country, the esteem it's inhabitants merit, how much their welfare accords with the interests well understood of his empire, will do for this country all it has a right to expect, as the reward of it's numerous sacrifices to France, of it's fidelity, and the interests with which it cannot fail to inspire those who judge of it without prejudice. Perhaps I am the only obstacle to the reconciliation of this country with France; and, should that be so, I might find some kind of consolation in

dragging out the remainder of a wandering and a languishing life at a distance from the first objects of my whole affection—this good people, and my son. These are my principal motives; there are others equally powerful, with respect to which I must be silent, but they will easily be divined.

As to you, gentlemen, I should be much more unhappy even than I am, if possible, could I imagine that you would not do justice to my intentions. I never calculate upon governing a nation so interesting, but so difficult to govern, as yours. Be pleased, gentlemen, to be my advocates with the nation, and cherish a confident attachment to the Prince Royal, who will deserve it, if I may judge from his good disposition. The queen has the same interests as myself. I cannot, gentlemen, conclude, without recommending to you, in the most earnest manner, and in the name of the interest and of the existence of so many families, whose lives and property would be infallibly compromised, to receive the French with the attention, with the kindness and cordiality which is due to the brave troops of the first nation in the world; to your friends, to your allies, who consider obedience as the first of duties, but who cannot fail to esteem the more, the more they become acquainted with it, a nation brave, industrious, and worthy of esteem under every consideration.

In whatever place I may terminate my existence, the name of Holland, and the most lively prayers for it's happiness, will be my last words, and occupy my last thoughts.

LOUIS NAPOLEON.
Haerlem, July 1, 1810.

WHAT MIGHT BE.

A TALE.

BY MARGARET B.

[*Continued from p. 314.*]

‘DEAR mother,’ returned Sir Frederick, ‘day after day beguiled me with the false hope of getting better. I did not wish to pain your bosom with a knowledge of my illness. I know my beloved mother too well to believe she would for a moment hesitate to fly to her son. When I was first taken ill, it was in the dead of winter; could I have subjected you to travel at such a time, and to commit yourself to the peril of the inclement weather? No, my dear mother, I could not. At last I rose from the bed of sickness, but in such a weak state, that my physician advised me as the only chance, to pass over to the delightful plains of Italy. Flattered with the hope of soon regaining my health, I only wrote you that I had been slightly ill, but was then getting better. I remained for two months in Italy, but instead of growing better, my strength declined day by day. My physician had no hopes, and candidly told me that it was not in the power of man to save me. ‘Do you think,’ asked I of him, ‘that I could proceed to England?’’

‘You are very weak, sir,’ replied he, ‘and in my opinion your removal would be attended with almost immediate danger.’

‘I will try it, at least,’ said I; ‘my ashes shall moulder with my ancestors, and not lie in a foreign land. If I land in England only

to resign my breath, I shall think my trouble well rewarded.’

My physician seeing I was resolute, acceded in silence to my wishes. I left Italy, attended by my faithful Philip; I traveled slowly, and sometimes rested several days in one place.

I arrived at Paris much in the same condition as when I left Italy, and made two days’ stay; at last I reached Calais, and felt my heart beat as if I had already gained my native land. My agitation threw me into a fever, in which I languished for more than a fortnight; at the expiration of that time, and my impatience to reach England was such, that I absolutely forced myself away in spite of every argument or intreaty. When on board the vessel, I lost every other thought but that of home; and when the white cliffs of Dover came in sight, I absolutely shed tears for joy. My Italian physician had been mistaken, for no sooner did I reach my native shores, than I felt myself invigorated with new life and strength.’

Lady Montgomery gazed upon her son—‘What,’ mentally she exclaimed, ‘must have been thy state on the Continent.’

‘I lost no time in proceeding hither,’ continued Sir Frederick, ‘and I find the fatigue I have undergone amply repaid in the embraces of the dear relatives now beside me.’

Lady Montgomery sighed, and pressed his hand.

‘I see,’ resumed Sir Frederick, ‘that my dear mother guesses at the cause of my illness; but let me assure you, the faithless inconstant Caroline Barry is only remembered by me as the Earl of Burhop’s wife. That I once loved her, I seek not to deny; but her

conduct has obliterated every spark of affection. My heart was my own even before I left England.'

'Then what, my dear son, was the occasion of your illness?' asked Lady Montgomery.

The ashy hue of death overspread the countenance of Sir Frederick, his head fell back, and a low and convulsive groan burst from his laboring breast. Lady Montgomery, pale with terror and alarm, flew to his relief, tearing open the bosom of his shirt: she uttered a faint scream, and started back, on perceiving a deep and broad scar on his left breast: Ellen rung the bell, and Philip attended.

'In the name of heaven,' exclaimed Lady Montgomery, 'explain to me what means this dreadful scar!'

Confusion marked Philip's countenance; he drew near his master, and hastily buttoned up his coat. Sir Frederick opened his languid eyes, and saved Philip a reply he knew not how to make.

'Take me to my own room,' faintly murmured Sir Frederick. Philip almost carried the trembling frame of his master from the parlour. Lady Montgomery and her daughter preserved a profound silence, each afraid to trust their thoughts to words.

At dinner Sir Frederick appeared listless and languid. He took his seat. Lady Montgomery's heart was like to burst with grief; she saw there was some dreadful mystery in the drooping health of her son, and feared, as it were, to trust her own thoughts with even a surmise.

When the cloth was withdrawn, Sir Frederick raised his dark expressive eyes, and, gazing intently

on his mother, said, in hollow accents—'Philip has told me you have seen what I was so anxious should remain for ever concealed from you. I can deceive you no longer. It was a wound that I received in a duel, that brought me to the state you now behold me in.'

'And by your antagonist,' faintly murmured Lady Montgomery.

Sir Frederick's every nerve seemed to shake with agitation, as he slowly replied—'I was not the challenger; but, devout mother, let us change the subject; I am ignorant of a great many affairs that has happened in our family. My sister Agnes is married since I left England, tell me, is the match likely to prove a happy one?'

'I hope and trust it will,' said Lady Montgomery. 'Sir Henry Fitzallan is well spoken of by all his acquaintances. Agnes was passionately fond of him, and I am sure would have been miserable had I refused to receive Sir Henry as my son-in-law. One only drawback had I to the union.'

'What was that?' asked Sir Frederick.

'He is a Catholic,' returned Lady Montgomery, 'and has been brought up by a bigoted mother, who still resides with him. He is blindly fond of her, and implicitly submits to her in all things. His marrying a Protestant did not altogether please; but the happiness of her son being at stake, made her consent, though reluctantly.'

'I hope she is happy,' said Sir Frederick. 'Do you often hear from her?'

'Not so frequently as I did,' replied Lady Montgomery; 'but the cares of a mother account for that.'

‘And do her letters tell she is happy,’ asked Sir Frederick.

‘They never breathe a syllable of unhappiness,’ returned Lady Montgomery, ‘she speaks in the warmest terms of her husband. Lady Fitzallan she seldom mentions. Louisa is well and happy. Their house presents a picture of connubial felicity rarely to be met with. Mr. Cavendish is a most amiable man, and I cannot sufficiently thank heaven that my child has such a worthy protector. They have three lovely children, and in attending to them they spend most of their time.’

‘I never doubted that Louisa would make a good wife,’ said Sir Frederick, ‘and I sincerely rejoice that she has found a partner so consonant to her disposition. My beloved Agnes will, I hope, experience the same happiness.’

‘God grant she may!’ ejaculated Lady Montgomery.

The door was opened, and Doctor Middleton announced. The venerable man entered the room, but literally started back, on beholding the emaciated, wasted form of Sir Frederick. Sir Frederick observed his emotion, and extending his hand, said, ‘Doctor Middleton did not expect to find such a ghost-like figure as now welcomes him.’

‘I did not, indeed,’ replied the Doctor, returning the friendly pressure of Sir Frederick’s hand; ‘I regret to find that the Continent has had such an effect on your health.’—Lady Montgomery turned away her head, and an involuntary start agitated the frame of Sir Frederick.

‘My son is sadly changed, Doctor,’ said she, ‘since you saw him last.’

‘He is, indeed,’ returned the

Doctor, ‘but his native air will, I hope, soon restore him to his former self.—No doubt, young man, your Italian physicians have told you, you were on the high way to eternity, but a month or two will refute their predictions, and I make no doubt we shall see you at your Christmas dinner, as hearty and as merry as ever you were.’

‘Dear Doctor,’ said Lady Montgomery, pressing his hand, ‘may heaven realise your words.’—Sir Frederick smiled mournfully: his heart told him happiness and mirth could never dwell with him.

Doctor Middleton, however, was a true prophet; Sir Frederick regained his health daily, and in a short time was able to walk without the assistance of his servant. The happiness of Ellen knew no bounds. Lady Montgomery hailed his return to health with true maternal rapture; but still there was something wanting to complete her happiness. Where was that sweet conciliating smile that was wont to communicate pleasure to all around? where was the laughter-loving joy that was wont to illumine his brilliant sparkling eyes? Alas! that smile was no longer to be seen, melancholy and dejection had usurped its place; and that bright expressive eye no longer beamed with pleasure, but constantly sought the ground.

Sir Frederick evaded every question his anxious mother put to him, concerning the duel he had been engaged in; and Lady Montgomery shuddered to think what might be the cause of his deep melancholy.

About the beginning of October Sir Frederick informed his mother, that now since his health was almost re-established, and his

strength restored, he would pay a visit to his sisters. Lady Montgomery did not object; she hoped the change of scene, and the variety he would engage in, would dispel the dejection that surrounded him.

From the seat of his ancestry, Sir Frederick Montgomery once more bent his way, and on the eighth day arrived at Cavendish Lodge. Louisa and her husband received him with every demonstration of joy and affection. They presented their three charming infants to their uncle, blooming in every infantile grace. Sir Frederick tenderly embraced the little innocents; and if a tear did fall on their soft cheeks, it was to the memory of former times. Three weeks he spent in this blissful abode, and was witness to the purest felicity ever enjoyed on earth. In the fourth he set off for Ireland; the residence of his sister Agnes, and when landed on the Irish shores, he proceeded directly to Killarney castle.

To be continued.]

DESCRIPTION of the CITY of MADRID.

*(From the new edition of Bourgoing's
Travels in Spain.)*

THE treacherous and oppressive conduct of Bonapartè towards Spain, and the usurpation, under his authority, of the title of sovereign of that country by his brother Joseph, who has fixed and still maintains his residence in Madrid, will, we presume, render a description of that capital, from

a recent French publication, not unacceptable to our readers.

Madrid has a good appearance when approached from the side of the Escorial. After having passed the Manzanares, we proceed along a part of the fine road, planted with trees, which leads from the capital to Pardo, a royal mansion, where the court of Charles III. resided from the 7th of January to the holy week. There is nothing remarkable in this edifice. The road runs for some time along the banks of the Manzanares; and on the opposite side we see an ancient country residence of the kings of Spain, around which the large trees cover, to a certain degree, the nakedness of the horizon. This is the *Casa del Campo*, which the last kings of the house of Austria very much frequented, but which has been neglected by those of the family of Bourbon.

The gate of St. Vincent, by which we enter, is new and tolerably elegant. We then with difficulty ascend to the palace, which, standing alone upon an eminence, without either terrace, park, or garden, has rather the appearance of a citadel than that of a place of residence for one of the most powerful monarchs in the world. But this impression is dissipated as we approach, and when we have entered the edifice. Its form is almost square, and there is a spacious court in the middle, around which are large piazzas. The apartments and offices of the principal persons of the court are upon the ground floor, which they wholly occupy. A fine marble staircase, the ascent of which is perhaps too gentle, leads to the first story. The sides of the staircase are decorated with the richest sculpture and architecture.

We afterwards pass on to the king's apartments, which are of the most magnificent dimensions. The hall, in which the throne is placed, and which is called *sallon de los reynos*, may be admired even by those who have seen the gallery of Versailles. The different dresses of the vast Spanish monarchy are painted in fresco upon the ceiling by a Venetian, named Tiepolo; a species of decoration which can only have place in the palace of the sovereigns of Spain. Fine vases, like statues, and antique busts, are distributed upon all the tables. The rest of the ornaments are of Spanish production. The glasses, perhaps the largest in Europe, were manufactured at St. Ildefonso, as well as what is called the Bohemian glass, of the window. The tapestry, of which the figures were copied from good paintings, was made in a manufactory near the gates of Madrid; and the inexhaustible and variegated quarries of the peninsula furnished marble for the tables.

The apartments adjoining to the gallery are not less richly furnished. The nearest is that in which the king dines. The famous Mengs, who has painted the ceiling, the subject of which is the assembly of the gods and goddesses on Olympus, has displayed such rich and brilliant coloring, and such graceful forms, as prove him equal in execution to the greatest painters of Italy. During the summer, the portraits of William II., Philip III. and his queen, Philip IV., and the Duke d'Olivarez, all on horseback, painted by Velasquez, and those of Philip V. and the Queen Isabella Farnese, his second wife, by Charles Vanloo, are substituted for the tapestry. It is not neces-

sary to be a connoisseur to be struck with the astonishing superiority of the first of these. The fine form of the horse of Philip IV., and the animation of his whole body, cannot be too much admired.

The next apartment is that where the king gives audience. The ceiling, which represents the apotheosis of Hercules, is also painted by Mengs. This charming painter, whose women and children are models of grace and delicacy, does not equally succeed in the portraits of men. To render them powerful and nervous, he exaggerates their form, and makes them appear rather heavy. His last painting, on which he was employed at Rome when the fine arts and his friends were deprived of him by death, is placed in the same apartment; it is an Annunciation. The Virgin has an admirable expression of modesty and sweetness; neither Correggio nor Albano ever produced any thing more pleasing. Some of the angels about the celestial throne are equally finished. But it is to be wished the angel Gabriel had a countenance and attitude more suitable to his message. The Supreme Being has not that supernatural grandeur which Guido or Paul Veronese would have given him. However, there is in this apartment a large painting by the same master, which could not have been more highly finished by either of the two latter; this is an Adoration of the Shepherds, in which the men, women, and children are equally beautiful and full of expression. His works compose the principal decoration of the king's bed-chamber; it seems as if the monarch wished to mark the distinguished protection

he gave to this great painter, by surrounding himself with his productions. They have all undoubtedly some merit, but are eclipsed by a Descent from the Cross, which, according to connoisseurs, is his greatest production. The observer is never tired with contemplating the deep and tender grief of St. John, whose eyes, wearied with weeping, seem to show the source of tears to be exhausted; the sublime attitude of the Virgin, who expects no comfort for her sorrows, but from heaven; and the softer but not less affecting affliction of the Magdalen, who preserves all her charms in the midst of the general grief she participates. I have frequently heard the color of the dead body criticised. 'This Christ,' said they, 'seems to be of stone.' I was induced to think the same, until, one day accompanying some foreigners who adopted the criticism, I heard one of them exclaim with transport in commendation of the truth of the coloring: 'Surely,' said he, in a low voice, 'this painter must have seen many dead bodies, to have been able to imitate them so well.' The author of the reflection was an experienced surgeon, who, until that moment, had not opened his lips upon the subject. The critics were silent, and we recollected the antient proverb, '*Ne sutor ultra crepidam.*'

I shall not attempt to epumerate all the pictures in the palace of Madrid—an account of the principal ones alone would fill a volume; but I thought the works of Mengs, scarcely known except in Spain and at Rome, merited an exception. I shall only take notice of a cabinet, entirely decorated with porcelain, a curiosity

more singular than pleasing, which the *Cicerone* of Madrid wishes to have admired, but concerning which it is most prudent to be silent. We will pass on to other apartments, where admiration stands in no need of being excited.

The chamber, that from the apartment in which the throne is placed, leading to the residence of the prince and princess of Asturias, is too much filled with the admirable paintings crowded into it. Among the twelve capital pictures of Titian is a Venus blindfolding the eyes of Love; Venus at her Toilette, whose image is half reflected in the glass; a Sisyphus; a Prometheus; a painting of Adam and Eve, which has for it's companion the copy which Rubens disdained not to make from it; and several heads, all possessing that exactness of expression and coloring which Titian alone knew how to give. Two pictures by Paul Veronese, several by Bassan, and a Judith, by Tintoret, are seen with pleasure in the same chamber. The next apartment contains a few by Luca Giordano, among which are a dying Seneca; three or four of the school of Rubens; and Isaac blessing Jacob, whom he takes for Esau, by Spagnoletto. The dining-room of the prince of Asturias is in like manner hung with pictures: there are several by Marillo and Spagnoletto, a few by Titian, two by Teniers, and particularly two admirable pieces by Velasquez, one of which represents the forge of Vulcan, the other a Spanish general, to whom the keys of a city are surrendered. In the adjoining apartments, among a great number of paintings by the first masters, are an Adoration by

Rubens, and a Carrying of the Cross by Raphael, which alone are worth a collection. In the first, Rubens has displayed all the magic of his pencil, his richness of drapery, and all the magnificence of composition. It is impossible not to be struck by the noble air and grandeur of one of the kings. His carriage, attitude, and retinue seem to announce him commissioned by the universe to congratulate it's divine author upon an event of such importance to all mankind; he seems to command at once respect, admiration, and devotion.

The painting of Raphael inspires sentiments more affecting, though not less profound. The Saviour of the world, sinking beneath the weight of his cross rather than that of his grief, and preserving in the midst of his persecutors, who force him along and ill treat him, a resignation and serenity which would disarm cruelty itself, appears less concerned for his own sufferings than earnest in endeavouring to console his afflicted mother, who strives to soften his persecutors, and the supplicating women who are overwhelmed with grief. This sublime conception penetrates the coldest hearts with the august truths of religion, and preaches them in a more eloquent manner than that in which they have ever been delivered from the mouths of sacred orators. The impression which results from these two great compositions, renders the mind almost insensible to the beauties of other paintings near them, in which Titian, Vandyck, and Raphael himself have displayed less affecting ideas. A tribute of admiration must, however, be paid to two master-pieces of Correg-

gio, one of which represents our Saviour in the garden of olives, and the other the Virgin dressing the child Jesus.

Paintings of a different kind in the apartments that were inhabited by the Infanta, daughter to Charles III., receive a different homage*. In the first chamber, one by Giordano, in imitation of Rubens, presents the painter himself, working at the portrait of a princess; there are also several voluptuous paintings by this master of the Flemish school; a Combat of Gladiators, in which the vigor of Lanfranc's pencil is easily discovered; and a capital piece by Poussin, the subject of which forms a singular contrast to the devotional paintings of which we have already spoken. This is a dance formed by a troop of nymphs about the statue of the god of gardens; the variety of their attitudes, all expressive and graceful; their easy shape and the beauty of their form, all breathe the pleasures of youth and love; some crown with garlands the statue of the lascivious god, others But we will draw a veil over this part of the painting, which the modesty of the painter has purposely placed in the shade.

The adjoining apartments are filled with paintings of lesser merit, if we except a grand composition by Paul Veronese, and a piece by Lanfranc, the figures of which, although a little tinctured with grimace, discover in them the vigorous and energetic touch of the painter. The dining-room

* She was the princess who died towards the end of the year 1801, and whose polished and benevolent mind caused her to be generally regretted.

of the Infanta is highly embellished by the indefatigable pencil of Luca Giordano, whose fertile imagination at first astonishes, but afterwards becomes fatiguing. In a cabinet adjoining to the dining-room are also some pieces by Rubens; for this painter, who was twice in Spain, left there, perhaps, more productions of his brilliant and easy pencil, than any where else. This cabinet contains likewise one of the best portraits Titian ever produced; a half-length of Charles V., reaching to below the knees. An engraving was made from it some years since, by a young engraver of Madrid, named Selena.

The apartments of the Infanta contain as great a number of admirable paintings as those already mentioned; some are by Murillo, and several by Rubens, which abound in fire and expression. With these I shall conclude my list, lest I should fatigue my readers with a barren catalogue; it is sufficient to remind them, that, according to the opinion of those who have seen the different collections of the sovereigns of Europe, there is no one which is superior to that in the palace of Madrid, either with respect to choice or number.

It is true, there are but few paintings of the French school, but the best productions of those of Italy, Flanders, and Spain, are found in abundance; those of the latter especially, less known than the two others, although of equal merit, are worthy of all the attention of connoisseurs; they perhaps may not excel in nobleness of form, or in grace; but whoever has seen the productions of Spagnoletto, Velasquez, and Murillo, both at Madrid, and in the Escu-

rial, cannot but admit that the Spanish school is not inferior to any other in correctness of design, the art of perspective, and especially in the vivid carnation of it's coloring.

The chapel of the palace contains nothing remarkable of this kind, but it's architectural proportions are exact and beautiful; and what more particularly contributes to it's decoration, are sixteen columns of black marble, which extend to the frieze. It is to be regretted, that, in order to procure this number, the eight blocks which were whole, have been perpendicularly sawn. However, as by their position they were not to stand without support, they are placed against the wall, in which they seem to be half sunk.

The palace of Madrid is entirely new: that which Philip V. inhabited having been burned in the year 1734, the monarch wished to have it rebuilt upon the same foundation. An architect, from Piedmont, laid before him a most magnificent plan, the model of which is preserved in a neighbouring building. Philip V. was deterred by the expence necessary to carry the plan into execution, and adopted one more simple. But it is to be regretted that the palace, in it's present state, cost as much as that of the Italian architect would have done, and yet it is not finished. They have already been more than twelve years in building two wings to it, which will give to the whole a more majestic form, but must hide the principal front in such a manner as to render it inaccessible, except from a great square, that can never be made regular, without an enormous expence. At the end

of the square is a large edifice, not sufficiently seen, which contains a curious collection of antique and foreign arms, arranged with great order, and carefully preserved. This is called the *Armeria*, or arsenal. The most remarkable things here are neither cimeters set with diamonds, nor complete sets of armor, not even that of St. Ferdinand; but those of antique American warriors. A long enumeration of all these curiosities is carefully made to the traveler, when he is admitted into the arsenal, for which he must have an order from the grand equerry, and if he be a Frenchman, even the sword worn by Francis I. at the battle of Pavia is not forgotten. Neither Philip V. nor Ferdinand VI. ever resided in the new palace of Madrid; Charles III. came not to it until some years after his arrival in Spain. These three monarchs had confined themselves to that inhabited by the Austrian family, in which Philip II. endeavoured to overturn the system of Europe—whence Philip VI. calmly saw his vast empire dismembered—where the weak Charles II. learned that the powers of Europe previously divided it as a vacant heritage—where the famous Princess des Ursins played off and repelled the intrigues to which she at length became a victim—and whence Philip V. sent armies into Italy, to conquer the Parmesan and the kingdom of Naples, and in which he died.—I mean the palace known to foreigners by the name of *Buen Retiro*.

This palace is situated upon an eminence, at the extremity of the city. Never had a loyal mansion less the appearance of a palace. It is a very irregular building, and

exhibits nothing majestic in any one point of view. It contains, however, a long suit of apartments, which, at a small expence, might be made habitable. The gardens into which they have a view are neglected. The want of water and the nature of the soil render them little susceptible of embellishment. There are a few statues worthy the attention of the curious; that of Charles V. trampling upon a monster, which is supposed to be the emblem of heresy; and an equestrian statue of Philip IV., by an able sculptor of Florence. The palace of Retiro contained also many good pictures; but the greatest part of them have been removed to the new palace. Some very valuable pieces, however, still remain; a few by Rubens, several by Giordano, and portraits of princes and princesses of the two last families. The most remarkable piece is that called the *Cason*, not on account of the rich gilding with which it is overloaded, but because all the pannels of the inner balcony are painted in fresco by the fertile pencil of Luca Giordano. The ceiling is one of the noblest paintings of this artist: it represents allegorically the institution of the Order of the Golden Fleece.

LONDON FASHIONS.

1. MORNING Dress.—White Indian muslin; high front and collar, edged with lace, and confined with silk buttons from the throat to the feet. A yellow silk pelisse, trimmed with broad white lace, and lined with pink sarcenet.

Woodland straw bonnet, with yellow and pink feather. A cottage cap of lace, ornamented with an artificial white rose. Pink sandal shoes; with yellow kid gloves.

2. Evening Dress.--A White frock of French cambric, with short plain sleeves. A long scarf of light blue silk; a turban composed of the same, and white satin. Jewels, sapphire, and gold. Gloves and shoes of white kid.

MODERN SEDUCTION.

A TALE TOO TRUE.

SEVERE domestic misfortunes compelled Clara Yarrington to leave her parents, and endeavour to procure a maintenance as a dependant in the dwelling of the great. Clara had received an education far superior to her present circumstances in the world. She had been accustomed to every comfort; had been reared with the expectation of having, at a future day, a genteel independence; therefore, now at the age of twenty-two, to be cast destitute on the world, was more distressing than language can describe. Deprived of every chance of ever attaining what she had thought was too securely hers ever to be risked, broken-hearted, she knelt at the feet of her mother, and implored her consent to let her go to the metropolis, to endeavour to provide for herself without incumbering her aged parent any longer, who had many younger ties that commanded, from their inability, support and protection. Tears rolled down the pale face of Mrs.

Yarrington--'And must we part, my Clara, my child?' said she; 'shall the eldest offspring of my banished husband be doomed to experience the caprices, the ungovernable tyranny of those whom unkind fate may place her with; far, far from her mother, who lives but in her presence. Dependence, my Clara, to an enlightened mind, is galling; the ties that bind you is insupportable. Dependence and Clara Yarrington, will, I am too surely convinced, never agree.'

'Sure I shall find some kind being who will take compassion on my helpless situation, and even though dependent, may be happy. Knowing necessity requires every exertion on my part, will, I am convinced, carry me through every difficulty; and the certainty likewise of my own conduct being laudable, will often exchange a tearful eye for a smile.'

Mrs. Yarrington felt the truth of her daughter's arguments, and when Clara set off in the mail for London, she found herself much more composed than she had expected.

Clara was met at the end of her journey with every demonstration of affection and kindness by her maternal aunt, Mrs. Clayton, who was every way qualified, by her thorough knowledge of the world, to conduct the inexperienced Clara, who, though she had arrived at maturity in age, was still a child in the walks of dissimulation and deceit. She had heard of bad deeds, of deception, and false friends; but from the native purity of her own heart, she judged with lenity and compassion even of the most abandoned criminal. She could palliate, she could excuse, but never condemn. Clara was never heard to betray a fault

in another, or to throw a veil over her own. Goodnature was too predominant a trait in her character; it sat enthroned on her polished forehead, and gave additional lustre to a pair of the prettiest hazel eyes in the world. Her lips ever ready to smile, separated but to prove that her countenance was the index of her mind, and half laughing, half crying, she seated herself by the side of her good aunt, in a vehicle, that quickly conveyed them to the little abode of peace and content, in a retired part of the vast metropolis, where Clara was to remain till a situation could be obtained for her.

Looking over the 'Morning Post,' a few days after her arrival in London, Mrs. Clayton read aloud the following advertisement—'A lady of fashion is in want of a genteel young woman as an attendant and companion. It is expected that none will apply but those who know themselves qualified for the situation. Cards of address left at Appleyard's Library, Wimpole-street, Cavendish-square.'—'Perhaps this might suit my little girl,' said Mrs. Clayton, smiling; 'what says my niece; will she walk this morning and see this lady of fashion?' Clara bowed assent, and in a few hours Mrs. Clayton and her companion arrived at the noble mansion of the advertiser, and were shortly after ushered into her presence.

Lady Sackville was very young, very plain, and very small. A thick carpet of rouge could not animate a set of insipid features. A fortune had been spent in vain, in endeavouring to attain an education. Lady Sackville's ideas were like her features, constantly fixed, never varying to the right or left.

Nature had overlooked her both in capacity and person; and though mistress of an immense fortune, and the undoubted heiress to the House of Sackville, Lady Cecilia was unmarried. Jealousy would sometimes cross her mind; she had an invincible dislike to pretty women, so much so that her female domestics were remarked for being the plainest of any at the west end of the town.

At the entrance of Mrs. Clayton and Clara, Lady Sackville was busied looking over some fashionable work-baskets, the handy and ingenious produce of the French prisoners of war, who thus by their industry are enabled to possess several little comforts which sweeten their captivity, and find action for the mind by employment. She therefore began by asking several questions, without turning her head from the pretty trifles, all of which Mrs. Clayton answered to the seeming satisfaction of Lady Cecilia, till 'What salary do you expect, young woman,' required an answer from Clara.—'Unaccustomed, your ladyship,' she replied, 'to receive salaries, I am totally ignorant at what rate to place myself, but leave it at your ladyship's disposal, when you have made trial of my scanty merit.'

This was said in a voice so soft, so tenderly engaging, that Lady Sackville quickly raised her eyes to our heroine, whom she gazed on with inquiring glances, now with pity, then with contempt. At last she said to the blushing maid, 'I am sorry I have detained you so long, as I perceive by your appearance that you would not suit my service.'

'Might I presume to ask if any thing particular denotes my ina-

bility,' returned Clara, falteringly.

'Oh! a mere nothing, child; only your extreme youth and loveliness; I could not take upon myself so dangerous a charge. The handsome waiting-maid at Sackville House would be all the cry; and Lady Cecilia, as a single woman, would be the only person blameable for taking into her service so dangerous, so fascinating an object.'

Clara Yarrington never knew till this moment that she was more favored by nature than the rest of her cotemporaries, but certain it is that a glow of transport rushed to her heart, and something resembling a sigh was breathed as she looked alternately at Lady Sackville's rich apparel, and her own neat attire. 'It is certain,' continued her ladyship, 'that you will not suit me, but here is a card,' and she flung one on the table, 'of a lady my most particular friend, who was inquiring of me yesterday if I knew of a young woman of your description. Colonel Rockingham is abroad, but his wife keeps a splendid establishment in St. James's-square. She is vastly partial to youth and beauty, therefore it is most likely that she will engage you, if you can come to any terms of salary.'

Clara courtesied her thanks, while Mrs. Clayton in words returned her sincere acknowledgements, and with sweet flattering hope as their companion, they made the best of their way to St. James's-square. Lady Sackville's card procured an immediate entrance to the presence of Mrs. Rockingham, who was exactly the reverse of Lady Cecilia, Tall and

elegantly formed, her majestic figure inspired awe and reverence from her beholders; and when she spoke, there was that insinuating softness in her address, that no one could leave her presence without pronouncing Mrs. Rockingham a charming, irresistible woman. Clara felt a warm prepossession in her favor, and as the terms were in every way desirable, she readily undertook the situation. Mrs. Rockingham rung the bell—'Tell Powerscourt to bring Miss Rockingham here directly.' The servant left the room, and shortly after a most beautiful child of three years old came running in.

If Clara was delighted with the fascinating graces of the mother, she was no less so at the sight of her beautiful child! who bounded into the open arms of the delighted parent, and received it's usual tribute.

'This is your charge, Yarrington,' said Mrs. Rockingham; 'to instruct her in her infantine lessons, keep her clothes in repair, and walk out two or three times a day in our neighbourhood, which is equally as conducive to your health as to my little Anne's: you will find her tractable and engaging, and by studying to form her mind to virtue, you know not what a claim you will have to my favor.—In my child are centered all my hopes. Deprived of her father, who is abroad on military duty, my chief solace depends on the opening graces of my Anne.'

Mrs. Rockingham walked to the window to conceal the starting tears. She drew out her pocket-handkerchief, and dashed them aside, as unbecoming an officer's wife to encourage, and finally set-

tled with Mrs. Clayton when her niece should take up her abode in St. James's-square.

In the month of October Clara left her aunt, and went to reside with Mrs. Rockingham. The family was going for a few months into the country, and our heroine hoped in the retirement of a rural life, to acquire her natural composure, which had lately been ruffled by unpleasant scenes, and leaving the affectionate arms of her amiable mother.

Ascot Hall was pleasantly situated, and a contemplative mind could find each day some new charm to admire; but when months rolled on, and nothing new occurred; Clara sighed for a return to town. Jessy Powerscourt, the companion of Mrs. Rockingham, like Clara, had been reared with affection and care, till the death of her father, an officer in the British navy, deprived her of parental protection and support. Lieutenant Powerscourt was known to Colonel Rockingham, as a man worthy for his nautical skill and knowledge, to be much higher in rank than a lieutenant, but Powerscourt had ever been too liberal to lay by any of his hard-earned fortune. He valued money only as it contributed to relieve the indigent, the wounded, and unhappy; so that when this son of Neptune died, his fortune consisted only of three hundred pounds in the funds, a small cottage in Wales neatly furnished, and a gold-hilted sword, which was presented to him by the Patriotic Fund, as a reward for distinguished bravery.

The Colonel, with his lady, happening to be making the tour of Wales, chance brought them to the Lieutenant's cottage, a few

hours before his death! The Colonel pressed the hand of the veteran tar to his breast. Powerscourt had formerly been his friend and convivial companion; but owing to the chances of war, they had not seen each other for years. The Lieutenant remained in obscurity, while Rockingham, more successful, gained rapid promotion. His manly heart beat high at the helpless state of his friend, as he received from his dying hands the charge of his orphan Jessy.

Miss Powerscourt had just entered her teens, wild as the timid goat of her native mountains, and innocent as it's pure drifted snows. She was too young to feel keenly the loss of her father; and in the fine carriage of her benevolent protectors, soon lost sight of the lowly cottage and her favorite mountains. At the time of Clara's going to Mrs. Rockingham's, Jessy was just recovering from a severe fit of illness, that had nearly endangered her life, which was become precious to her benefactress, from the sweetness of her disposition, and her general wish to oblige. Her constitution being naturally delicate, she required every care to be taken of her health, otherwise it was apprehended a decline might be the consequence. Ever and anon the hectic blush kissed her ivory cheek, and gave a brilliancy to her mild blue eyes, which beamed with innocence and virtue. Clara and Jessy were by nature formed to be friends, their souls were congenial with each other; both were alike actuated by one virtuous impulse; both were like to a clear sheet of writing-paper, without one stain or blemish. In person it was almost an impossibility

to say which was to be most preferred, the slender form and mild face of Jessy, or the laughing vivacity of the sprightly Clara.

One clear morning in January, the Rockingham family left Ascot Hall, for St. James's-square, and Clara, with pleasure sparkling in her fine eyes, beheld the crowded streets of London. In fine weather, Yarrington and her little charge were daily to be seen walking round this delightful spot of fashion and elegance. The modest neatness of her dress, and the unequalled beauty of Miss Rockingham as a child, attracted each gaze, and to see and be seen seemed all at once to seize on the untainted mind of Clara.

The force of example is pernicious. Placed in a giddy circle of dissipation, even though as a dependent, the electric fire of pleasure runs through the veins of youth before it is sensible of the fascinating delusion. Three months' residence in town had convinced Clara of her own powers of pleasing. All extolled her as being the sweetest girl in the world; and could she doubt the truth when Lady Cecilia Sackville made it the only objection for not taking her into her service. The usual serenity of her mind was ruffled; flattery had made too deep an inroad, too deep an impression to be easily eradicated. Jessy was alarmed at the alteration of her friend's disposition. A coldness in her manner towards herself cut her to the soul! Clara had become giddy from the intoxication of a continual scene before her eyes; and being cast in too susceptible a mould, she had not sufficient fortitude to shake off the delusion. Secure in her own virtuous inte-

grity, she smiled at her admirer's folly, without once deigning to answer any of those insignificant questions that fashionable men think themselves authorised to make to young women in the humble capacity of a nursery-maid.

It was after a severe admonition from Miss Powerscourt, on the vanity of their fashionable neighbours, who had issued out eleven hundred cards for the ensuing Friday night's rout, that Clara had promised for the future to be guided by the just reasoning of her thoughtful friend, that she took Miss Rockingham in her arms, and strolled into St. James's Park. It was a rosy morn; serenely looked the azure vault of heaven when pensive and forlorn, agitated in her own reflections, that Clara paced up and down the mall, regardless of the passing crowd, who repeatedly whispered loud enough to be understood—'What a sweet girl! What beautiful eyes! And yet a nursery-maid!'—Clara felt her own littleness in being thus so often exposed to the coarse compliments of the Park idlers, who make it their constant study to annoy unprotected youth and innocence: 'I must resign my dear little Anne,' said Yarrington, sighing, 'I am tired of my insipid life; novelty has lost it's charm, and I now see through the mist that has misled me; I dislike my situation; I will forego the society of my Jessy, and in a more secluded occupation, secure myself happiness by forsaking these improper scenes!' A small bench, shaded by friendly boughs of the lofty trees, presented itself; Clara placed Anne on the seat, and sat down by her side. To take a seat in so

public a situation, was an impropriety, as each pedestrian had the same liberty of seating himself; but a sudden sickness overcoming her, she was compelled to remain on the bench. Her pallid looks bespoke her illness; her trembling limbs refused their office; and had not a gentleman stepped forward to assist her, Clara would have fallen from her seat.

When recovered she returned her thanks, which were received with insinuating softness; the silver tone of his voice struck to the heart of Yarrington. An involuntary impulse, a sudden prepossession in his favor which she could not account for, rushed through every vein; and when he called 'Anne,' who was playing behind the opposite tree, the voice struck her as the sound of that of some one who was or had been dear to her.—'Why this seeming presentation,' said she mentally; 'to appearance he is a stranger, and yet he called 'Anne,' with the familiarity of an old acquaintance.' She seemed as if bound to the spot, and could not rise till she again more minutely examined the features of her companion. He was apparently about thirty-five years of age, rather tall than otherwise, of genteel figure and deportment. He had a most expressive countenance; his full blue eyes beamed with bewitching softness; his light brown hair shaded an open and manly forehead; and his teeth, which were white, small and even, never were seen to more advantage than when an expression of sadness for a moment stole over his brow. It appeared more the effect of thought than disappointment, as not the least tinge of trouble or anxiety was seen in a

contour, which a Guido might have copied from. Their eyes met as if by chance, though it is certain that William Briant had been earnestly watching the varying countenance of his fair auditor; and when her eyes were timidly raised, his were full of tears, and compassion at her lowly situation was hovering on his lips for utterance. Words were denied to Clara; she could but bend her acknowledgements, and wish that some future opportunity might place her with her new friend, when with acquired spirits she could enter into conversation with a man who appeared every way qualified to instruct the ductile mind of youth.

In the afternoon, on the same place as in the morning, Clara beheld Briant approaching. He bowed, and begged permission to join her in her ramble with Miss Rockingham. This request gave such a secret pleasure, that she could not deny; and two hours which were spent in his company were the happiest she had ever known. Captain Briant was equally enraptured; his conversation was brilliant and animated. His answers to Clara were those of approval, and his questions appeared urged by a wish to do her good. Once or twice he gently hinted astonishment at her situation in life, which Clara rebuked with becoming modesty, though in her heart it seemed a sure presage that he was much concerned for her welfare. The palace clock struck six, it was the hour to return home; but Briant would not leave her till he had obtained a solemn promise to meet him the next day.

Clara was enraptured. The

captain was handsome and engaging. Happiness and riches were, in her own imagination, hovering over her head; and those hours which ought to be dedicated to repose, were spent in planning schemes of everlasting felicity with a man who not only said, but swore he loved her more than all the world besides! In the morning she arose from her uneasy mattress, more than ever dissatisfied with dependence. The ways of little Anne were disregarded; the beauteous child no longer pleased with her infantine graces; even Jessy Powerscourt could not gain a smile; a simple negative was all that passed at the breakfast-table from Clara, whose eyes were every moment turned to the watch that glittered on the chimney-piece, till it announced the hour of eleven. Yarrington arose, tied on her bonnet, dressed Miss Rockingham, and was going down stairs, when Jessy caught her hand. An anxious look of inquiry, and half-breathed sigh of fear, that Clara was involved in some unpleasant predicament, issued from her guileless breast. — ‘And can you not trust to your Jessy’s discretion?’ was all that Miss Powerscourt could utter. Yarrington felt the reproof; she ever hated deception as the root of all evil, but what could be done? Could she confide even in the generous breast of the amiable Powerscourt her imprudent meetings with the captain? No, that was an impossibility; and an evasive answer silenced the anxious inquiries of her friend, who pressed to her lips the hand which yet trembled in hers.

The matchless goodness of Miss Powerscourt, struck daggers to the

heart of Clara; she loved and admired her friend, but she adored the captain, who met her with ecstatic pleasure.

Interview succeeded interview; each added to the happiness of Clara, and delight of William, whose eyes spoke volumes at her approach. Briant had avowed his love on honorable terms, and had obtained a tacit consent from Clara, that the day was not far distant when she would confer on him the happy right to call her his. — ‘But, my love,’ said the captain, ‘as you value our future comfort, let not any at your house in St. James’s-square know of our concerns; it would mar our plans, and be the means perhaps of an eternal separation.’ Clara promised to be discreet, and not let even her dearest Powerscourt be the confidant of her approaching happiness. ‘It seems, when I reflect,’ said Clara, blushing, ‘uncommon that you should, on so short an acquaintance, feel so much interest for a stranger, who has nothing to recommend her, not even the outward habiliments of fashion.’ — She sighed; she could not refrain a tear from dropping on the hand of her suitor, who was gazing with transport on the angelic face of his destined wife.

‘Do not think it strange, my love, in the least,’ returned he; ‘when chance brought me the first time into your presence, I vowed no mortal power should hinder me from making you mine without a prior engagement had a claim to your affections! Then who can tell what delight animated this heart, when I heard from your own lips, ‘that you were free!’ Kind fate has favored my designs, and now nothing can alter my fixed determi-

nation, unless my lovely girl wishes it herself, which, if I may judge,' he softly added, 'will not be the case. Sixteen years ago, on this very spot, in the Park, I made choice of my first wife; I was then on the point of going abroad as a military officer, to make my fortune in a foreign climate. The good little girl whom I made my wife accompanied me through every difficulty, and when we landed at Barbadoes made me a parent. For several years we were completely happy. Through the entreaties of my Mary, I left the army, (still retaining my title to it, though I have no claim) and commenced a dealer in merchandise. Fortune smiled on my endeavours; and as the happy parent of five lovely children, and in the increasing fondness of my wife, who made it her constant study ever to be the pleasing companion and friend, my felicity would admit of no increase.—But one fatal day my youngest boy fell ill: of a malignant fever; the contagion spread to his sisters and brothers, and one grave contained four of the beautiful babes! Mary, my beloved Mary, could not support the shock—she looked on her eldest child now as her only blessing; her Anne and William were all to this charming sufferer! and in our united troubles we consoled with each other. I more than ever idolised my wife, and when death snatched her from my arms, my Mary was more dear than when first we were united.

By perseverance I had amassed a sufficient fortune, to retire from mercantile concerns, and, with the approbation of my wife, I had disposed of my affairs, and was making every arrangement to return

to England, to spend our days on my paternal estate in Hertfordshire, when about three weeks before we were to set sail, our only child sickened of the fever and died! This was the death-blow to my Mary. She was carried to her bed; and in the arms of her distracted husband her pure spirit left this troubled earth, to rejoin her children in happier regions! Judge, my dearest love, what must be my feelings at this cruel hour! deprived at once of all my earthly comforts, I beheld myself a desolate being in the vast universe, without one relative in that wretched country to speak peace to my wounded soul; I returned to England. I have since remained in London, viewing the great improvements that sixteen years' absence has made. Daily I have walked in the Park, and on the spot where I first saw my Mary, Fancy would picture in my dreamsthat I should find a second in the same place. Hope has kept it alive, therefore need you wonder when I say, that when first I saw my Clara, I found a perfect Mary personified in her charms, her manners, and her conversation. All brought my wife to my side; but my dearest, best of girls, 'tis Clara Yarrington, not Mary, that I love now, though I shall never cease to venerate her virtues!—Briant's voice was low and tremulous; his agitation choked his utterance; while Clara, scarcely less agitated, begged leave to retire, and with similar sensations, the lovers separated.

Y. C. R.

London, July 9, 1810.

[To be continued.]

DESCRIPTION of the AFRICAN
CAMELEON.

[From Jackson's Account of the Empire of Morocco.]

IN our last we gave a description of the American Cameleon, from Von Sack's narrative of a voyage to Surinam; we now present our readers with Mr. Jackson's account of the species of that animal found in Africa.

Tatta is the Arabic, and Tayuh the Shelluh* name, for this extraordinary and complicated animal. It's head resembles that of a fish, the body that of a beast, the tail that of a serpent, and the legs and feet are somewhat similar to the arms and hands of a human being. The tongue is pointed like that of a serpent, and is so instantaneous in it's motion, that the human sight can scarcely perceive it when it darts it out to the length of it's body to catch flies (it's ordinary food). In doing this it never misses it's mark; so that I imagine there must be some glutinous substance which attaches the fly to the tongue, or else it pierces the insect with it's point, which is very sharp. I have often admired the velocity with which the cameleon thus secures it's food; but never could discover whether it were to be attributed to the former, or the latter cause.

The length of the cameleon, when full grown, is ten or twelve inches, including the tail. When suddenly discovered and pursued,

it runs fast, forgetting it's wonted caution, which is never to trust to the tread of the foot, the toes of which grasp the object they tread on. In it's ordinary movements, it's step is geometrically exact. It looks carefully around to discover the state of the surrounding place, and to ascertain if every thing be safe, one eye looking behind, the other before, and in all transverse directions. For this organ is a perfect hemisphere, projecting from the head, and moving in various and independent directions. Having ascertained that it's feet are safe, and that the substance on which they are fixed is firm, the cameleon disengages it's tail, and proceeds on with the same caution, again fastening the tail, by twisting it around some branch or twig, till it has ascertained the safety of the next step.

Many doubts have arisen with regard to the cameleon's mode of changing it's color. From the various and repeated observations which I have, from time to time, made on this most extraordinary animal, in a confined as well as in a free state, I have been enabled to ascertain that in gardens (it's ordinary resort) it gradually changes it's color, assuming that of the substance over which it passes, and to do this it requires two or three minutes: the change beginning by the body becoming covered with small spots of the color of the substance over which it actually passes, and which gradually increase, till it is altogether of that particular color. Green appears it's favorite, or at least it assumes that hue more distinctly than any other, for I have seen it on vines so perfectly green, that it was scarcely

* The *Shelluhs* are the inhabitants of Mount Atlas, to the south of Morocco.

distinguishable from the leaves. When it assumes a white or black color, these are not clear, but of a dirty hue, inclining to brown. When irritated, it will gradually assume a dirty blackish color, which it retains whilst the irritation lasts, swelling it's sides, and hissing like a serpent. When asleep, or inclined to rest, it is of a whitish cast. In the course of the various experiments which my curiosity and admiration of the cameleon induced me to make, I discovered that it never drinks, and that it always avoids wet and rain. I kept three in a cage for the period of four months, during which I never gave them any food. They appeared withered and thin. Others, which I kept in a small confined garden, retained their original size and appearance; consequently it is to be supposed that they feed on the leaves of vegetables. Those confined in the cage did not vary their color much, appearing generally that of the cage; but if any thing green, such as vegetables, were placed near it, they would assume that hue. Those confined in the garden assumed so much the color of the object over which they progressively passed, as to render it difficult to discover them. Various medicinal qualities are assigned to the flesh of the cameleon, and many whimsical effects are attributed to fumigation with it when dried. Debilitated persons have recourse to it, and it is accordingly sold in all the drug-shops at Morocco, Fas, and other places; which shops are named *Hanute el Attari*. The smell arising from the fumigation is by no means grateful; but what scent will prevent an African from using that remedy which credulity or super-

stition has persuaded him will give him strength.

The Arabs assert that the cameleon is the only animal which destroys the serpent*, and it is said to do it in the following manner. It proceeds cautiously on the bough of some tree, under which the serpent sleeps, and placing itself perpendicularly over it's head, discharges a glutinous thread of saliva, having a white drop at the end, which falling on the serpent's head, soon kills him. This assertion being general and uncontroverted among the Arabs, I have mentioned it as a hint to future travelers who may be desirous of investigating it's truth.

ACCOUNT of the *Heirie*, or DESERT-CAMEL; and the *Sh'rubah Er'reeh*, or DESERT-HORSE.

(From the same.)

NATURE, ever provident, and seeing the difficulty of communication, from the immense tracts of desert country in Sahara, has afforded the Saharawans a means, upon any emergency, of crossing the great African desert in a few days. Mounted upon the *Heirie* or desert-camel, which is in figure similar to the camel of burden, but more elegantly formed, the Arab, with his loins, breast, and ears bound round, to prevent the percussion of air proceeding from a quick motion, rapidly traverses

* It is called *Admel-Hensh*, the serpent's enemy.

upon the back of this abstemious animal, the scorching desert, the fiery atmosphere of which parches and impedes respiration, so as almost to produce suffocation. The motion of the heirie is violent, and can be endured only by those patient, abstemious, and hardy Arabs, who are accustomed to it*. The most inferior kind of heirie are called *Talatayee*, a term expressive of their going the distance of three days' journey in one. The next kind is called *Sebayee*, a term appropriated to that which goes seven days' journey in one. There is also one called *Tasayee*, or the heirie of nine days; but these are extremely rare. The Arabs affirm, that sebayee does not always produce another sebayee, but sometimes a talatayee, and sometimes a tassayee; but that it's class is ascertained by the period which elapses before the young one takes the teat of the mother. Thus, if it be three days, it is considered to be a talatayee; if seven days, a sebayee; and if nine days, it proves to be a heirie of nine days' journey. If it proves a tassayee, there are great rejoicings, it being an accession of wealth to the proprietor, as a tassayee is bartered for two hundred camels; the sebayee, for one hundred; and the talatayee, for thirty, or thereabout.

This valuable and useful animal has a ring put through it's

upper lip, to which is fixed a leathern strap, which answers the purpose of a bridle. The saddle is similar to that used by the Moors, or what the mountaineers of Andalusia make use of. With a goat-skin, or a *backull*, a porous earthen pitcher, filled with water, a few dates, and some ground barley, the Arab travels from Timbuctoo to Tafielt, feeding his heirie but once, at the station of Azawad†; for these camels, on an emergency, will abstain from drinking seven days.

A journey of thirty-five days, caravan traveling, will be performed by a sebayee in five days. They go from Timbuctoo to Tafielt, in seven days. One of these animals once came from Fort St. Joseph, on the Senegal river, to the house of Messrs. Cabane and Depras, at Mogadore, in seven days.

In the great desert of Africa, where cultivation is so rare, that one may travel several days, on an ordinary camel, with baggage, without seeing any habitation, the use of the heirie must be evident; for it is more abstemious, and bears a longer continuation of fatigue, than the *sh'rubah er'rech*, or horse of the desert, which I shall presently describe.

The self-exiled Muley-Abdrahaman, a prince of undaunted courage, and great penetration, son of the old Emperor, Seedy Mohammed ben Abdallah ben Ismael, of the Tafielt dynasty, whilst residing among the Arab clan of Howara, in Suse, kept, night and day, at the gate of his

* These heirie-riders will travel three days without food; or a few pipes of tobacco, or a handful of dates, will furnish their meal; so that a *mehellha* or regiment of Arabs, consisting of a thousand men, would subsist on less than would be sufficient to maintain a company of one hundred Englishmen.

† Azawad is a watering-place, or oasis, in Sahara, about half-way between Timbuctoo and Tafielt, or Morocco.

keyma, or tent, two heiries, ready caparisoned, one having a load of gold-dust and jewels, and the other for riding, in case of a sudden surprise, in case that he might pass into the desert, out of the reach of his father's power, whose soldiers, by their master's order, having treated his highness's woman in a manner disgraceful to a Mooselmin, he had retired to the confines of Sahara, for more security.

The swiftness of the heirie is thus described by the Arabs, in their figurative style:—'When thou shalt meet a heirie, and say to the rider *saalem alick*, (peace be to you, the common salutation), ere he shall have answered thee, *alick saalem*, he will be afar off, and nearly out of sight, for his swiftness is like the wind.'

Talking with an Arab of Suse on the subject of these fleet camels, and the desert horse, he assured me that he knew a young man who was passionately fond of a lovely young girl, whom nothing would satisfy but some oranges. These were not to be procured at Mogodore, and as the lady wanted the best fruit, nothing less than Morocco oranges would satisfy her. The Arab mounted his heirie at the dawn of day, went to Morocco*, purchased the oranges, and returned that night after the gates were shut, and sent the oranges to the lady, by a guard of one of the batteries. I am aware, that in relating this circumstance, I shall incur the imputation of credulity; but Mr. Bruce, who related many things very common

in Africa, was lauded by Munchausen. Much, however, of what was doubted, has been confirmed by other travelers after him; and I am persuaded that, in a short time, much more will be ascertained to be fact, which he has, by the ignorant and presuming, been censured for relating. If transactions and facts well known by the African, be incompatible with the European's ideas of probability, and, on that account, rejected as fables, it is not the fault of the former, but of the latter, who has neglected to investigate a neighbouring quarter of the globe; for the nearest point of Africa is in sight of Europe.

The *sh'rubuk er'reek*†, or desert horse, is, to the common horse, what the desert camel is to the camel of burthen. This animal does not answer the purpose so well for crossing the barren desert, as he requires a feed of camel's milk once every day, which is only sustenance; so that there must be necessarily two she-camels wherever he goes, to afford this supply; for he will touch neither barley or wheat, (oats are never given to horses in Africa), hay, straw, nor, indeed, any other thing but camel's milk.

When the desert horses are brought to Morocco, as they sometimes are, they fall away; and, if obliged ultimately from hunger, to eat barley and straw, the Moorish provender, they recover, gradually fill up, and be-

* Morocco is about a hundred miles from Mogodore.

† This term literally signifies *wind-sucker*: the animal is so called from his hanging out his tongue at one side of the mouth, when in speed, and, as it were, sucking in the air.

come handsome to the sight, but lose entirely their usual speed. They are employed chiefly to hunt the ostrich, at which sport they are very expert.

Alkaïd Omar ben Dandy, an Arab of Rahammenah, when Governor of Mogodore, had two Saharawan horses in his stables; but finding it inconvenient to feed them constantly on camel's milk, he resolved to try them on the usual food given to Barbary horses; he accordingly had their food gradually changed, and, in a short time, fed them altogether with barley and occasionally with wheat and straw*; they grew fat, and looked better than before, (for those of Sahara, of this particular breed, are by no means handsome: they have a small slender body, formed like that of a greyhound, a powerful broad chest, and small legs), but they lost their speed, and soon afterwards died, as if nature had designed them to be appropriated solely to that district, whose arid and extensive plains render their use essentially necessary.

A person unaccustomed to ride the *sh'rubah er'reeh*, finds it's motion uneasy at first; but the saddle forms a safe seat; and a man, who never rode before, acquires a facility in these saddles in a few days; the pommel rises perpendicularly in front, and the back part rises reclining a little from a perpendicular, and supports the back as high as the loins. The stirrups are placed far back, and give the rider a firm

hold†, inducing him to grasp the horse's sides with the knees; as, from the form and disposition of the stirrups and the seat, the legs and knees naturally incline inwards, and press the horse, so that the rider can, by this means, turn the animal whichever way he pleases, without using the reins. The stirrup is broad at the bottom, and receives the whole length of the foot. At the heel of the stirrup is hung loosely a spike, six inches long, which is the Moorish spur, a barbarous-looking weapon, which a person, unacquainted with the dexterous manner of using it, would expect to rip open the horse's sides. But a good horseman seldom uses it in a way to hurt the horse; it is sufficient that he shake it against the stirrups to animate him. The whole art of riding is confined to the dexterous management of the spurs; and a good rider is distinguished from a novice by their position, as the points should never be nearer to the flank than about four inches: sometimes they are not within eight. I have seen one of the wild Arabs, of the warlike and powerful province of Shawiga, whilst mounted, and the horse curvetting, mark his name in Arabic characters, with the spur, in the horse's side. This is accounted the perfection of horsemanship among the Shawigans, who are acknowledged to be the first horsemen in Morocco, and not inferior to the Bukarie cavalry of the emperor's life-

* The straw being trodden out by cattle, to separate it from the corn, is similar to chopped straw, and is the only substitute for hay.

† It is to the fashion of the saddle, stirrups, and bridle, that the Arabs are considerably indebted for their agility in horsemanship, and for their dexterous management of the horse.

guard, both of whom consider the Mamelukes as very inferior to them in every thing but their gaudy trappings. Their exercise of cavalry consists of what they call *el harka*, which is, running full speed, about a quarter of a mile, or less, till they come to a wall, when the rider fires his musket, and stops his horse short, turning him at the same time. This amusement, of which they are ridiculously fond, they continue several hours, wasting much powder to little purpose, as they do not improve in the direction of the piece, having no ball with the charge, nor mark to fire at. Their pieces have nothing in them but gunpowder rammed down; for if they had wadding, many accidents would happen, from their discharging them close to one another's faces. Ten or twenty horsemen suddenly dart off, one half turning to the right, and the other half to the left, after firing, so as not to interfere with each other.

The men who ride these *sh'ru-bah er'reeh*, as well as the Arabs, who ride the heeries, have their bowels relaxed at the termination of their journey; for which, on leaving the desert, they drink a draught of camel's milk*, called *haleb ning*, which, being rejected by the stomach, they drink again. This second draught, after remaining a longer time, is sometimes also rejected. The third draught, finding the tone of the stomach somewhat restored, remains, and turns to nourishment.

THE

ELVILLE FAMILY SECRETS.

A NOVEL.

[Concluded from p. 122.]

IT has been observed that the countess, the mother of Elgiva, passed a miserable time when her daughter first left England. Almost driven to despair, at thus losing the prop which had sustained her fragile form for sixteen wearisome years: and immediately after an account arrived of the only hope of her unfortunate sister, the amiable Randolph being found murdered in the forest. Every one around her expected that this shock would have been too much for her delicate constitution; but she recovered to experience yet greater misery; the number of her woes was not complete. She received, as has been said, letters from Ardgour and Elgiva, informing her of the rash step they had taken, imploring her forgiveness, which was no sooner asked than obtained. She promised them every thing they could wish now poor Randolph was no more, if they would return, and afford her the only comfort she could now hope for—her daughter's society. Donald was outrageous when he heard of their union, vowing vengeance on Lord Ardgour for thus depriving him of his cousin; saying, one had fallen a victim to his presumption, and the other should not long remain in quiet possession of her. This declaration satisfied those who heard it, that he was the instigator of the murder of the unfortunate Randolph; but

* A food of extraordinary and incredible nourishment, and a sovereign remedy for consumption.

as no one could bring proof, and no one cared to interfere, dreading the same fate, he for the present eluded the hand of justice; but a secret horror pervaded the frame of his mother. Whenever he came in her presence, a something whispered, he must be accessory from the hatred he had always expressed towards the unhappy victim. The body of her unfortunate Randolph was conveyed to the spot which contained the ashes of her ever-lamented husband, where a costly monument was erected to his memory: and where, when she paid the debt of nature, she intended to rest herself. Having now no tie to keep her in Scotland, as neither had her sister, she proposed to visit once more her native country. Lady Holden readily assented to her desire, but first wished to prevail on her daughter and husband to return. She had received letters importing that, after a tempestuous and perilous voyage, they arrived in France, and were married. Elgiva could not recover the shock of her cousin's untimely death, although in the presence of an affectionate husband. Her mother's uneasiness on her account was ever uppermost on her mind, and she begged of Ardgour to return, as the only means of restoring tranquillity: this he willingly assented to, as, through the intercession of Lady Holden, his family had forgiven him. Every preparation was made for their reception; every one was overjoyed at the arrival of the youthful pair; even Lady Glendarn smiled in their presence, but soon returned: she could not support the idea of her poor murdered son being refused for Ardgour, yet thought she would not,

by any means, cast a gloom over such a joyous scene to her sister: Donald looked on their happiness with the malice of a fiend, vowing he would not long live to witness it.

Lady Holden, her only wish thus accomplished, complied with her sister's proposal of visiting England. She once more wished to see the spot which contained the last relics of Burns, and then return to Scotland, and terminate her days with her daughter, who very reluctantly consented to her departure. The military appearance of the borders tore open again the wounds in the bosom of Lady Glendarn: the last time she visited there under such different circumstances, recalled forcibly to her remembrance the most interesting scenes of her life. They arrived at Morden castle. Edward was absent: his countess received them with kindness, expressing her regret that her husband deprived her of such society. They soon took their leave of her, but not without desiring her to express their wishes, now they were advancing into years, to forget all former causes of disputation, and be friendly, particularly as the objects of his resentment were sunk into oblivion. She promised to use her influence to attain so desired an end, and they separated to pursue their journey to the burial place of the once gallant Burns, on whose grave the countess of Holden lingered, when she received express orders from Lord Ardgour, to return immediately to Scotland, if she ever wished to see her daughter alive again, as she was dangerously ill. She summoned all her resolution to her aid, and traveled incessantly till she reached Scotland. She repaired immedi-

ately to Ardgour's castle—she flew to her daughter's apartments, sinking with fatigue: What were her feelings on seeing the once-beautiful Elgiva, her features distorted and swelled, writhing in agony insensible—and in her ravings, calling on her cousin Randolph! Her mother, in the paroxysms of her despair, in vain begged to know the nature of her disease, till, when she left her room, an old domestic informed her it was from poison, administered by a page, hired by the brutal Donald, who had publicly declared he would sooner suffer death than see Lord Ardgour in possession of Elgiva. Lord Ardgour was distracted at the idea of losing her. She soon became exhausted with her ravings—convulsions soon succeeded—she never spoke to her afflicted mother, but expired on the evening of the day she arrived. She was conveyed from her apartments insensible, and so continued several days; till time, that certain conqueror of such unavailing grief, mellowed down her despair into a settled sadness; when the two persecuted sisters agreed to retire to some sequestered spot, remote from the world, and wait the messenger of fate, who was to reunite them to their dearest connexions. Donald, although escaping from the eye of justice, was overtaken for crossing one of the passes of the mountains: a banditti met him, ransacked his baggage, and, after cruelly mangling him, terminated his sufferings, by throwing him down a rugged steep, where he dashed from one precipice to another into a chasm of a rock, where his mutilated body was found: a sad lesson to those who follow his wicked steps.

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Lord Ardgour did not long survive his beauteous Elgiva: excess of grief and indignation robbed him entirely of his reason: he wandered from his home to her grave, till, reduced to a skeleton, he was soon confined to his room, and at length, worn out, expired, a victim to that passion, which was wrapped round the vitals of his existence.

Ethric Elville was created Lord Elville by the death of his brother, who was killed by an arrow from an unknown hand. No sooner had he taken his title, than he discharged all his brother's wicked followers, released numberless emaciated wretches from their dungeons, and married a lady more distinguished for her virtues than personal beauty. All being amicably adjusted between the two nations, they lived both a public and private pattern of excellence many years, blest in a numerous race of children who inherited their goodness of heart. The two retired countesses spun out their miserable thread of existence, reciprocally shedding tears for the sorrows of each other; the one surviving the other not more than a month, when they were joined with the ashes of their respective lovers, leaving convincing proof that earthly happiness is not always bestowed in proportion to virtue. The only consolation the good derive, poor Matilda possessed, though great and long was her travel of sorrow in this world. She had always one great comfort the virtuous only possess, and that was, her conscience never reproached her with the stings of having ever committed an unworthy action.

THE END.

S A

ON GOOD TEMPER.

(From a Treatise on the Passions illustrative of the Human Mind — by a Lady.

Good Temper, for her own true sake,
Friends out of enemies will make.
Her smile excites a latent glow
In hearts that once were cold as snow.

NO term is more abused or worse understood than this. Gay, dissipated, polite characters, without a spark of feeling or generosity, generally acquire this appellation from the unthinking crowd.

If a person is fond of company, he naturally is of a cheerful disposition, but not necessarily of a good temper. A fondness for company necessarily produces an obliging carriage and a lively deportment, otherwise the person would not be acceptable; and if he were not acceptable, society would no longer be a pleasure, because he would meet with no courtesy; therefore the desire of being pleased unavoidably produces a wish to please. But this is a very superficial source of urbanity, for as it arises from no other motive than a selfish desire of amusement, it extends to no other end; and were any real feeling or sacrifice demanded of it, it's deficiency would become apparent.

In general it may be taken as a rule, that those persons who are excessively fond of company are of a lively, but not of a good temper.

Many people suffer an alteration of their whole deportment on the appearance of company — a

decided indication of insincerity, vanity, and a selfish disposition. The ready manufactured smiles with which those people greet strangers is a fatal prognostic of evil within. Real benevolence is extremely opposite to all this. A person of real unaffected feeling would naturally take an interest in the objects surrounding him at home; he would not be able to behold people continually before him, mingling in all the scenes of life, without finding sentiments of concern and tenderness awakened towards them. In short, nothing but singular depravity on their part could prevent them from becoming the first objects of his care; but this is far from being the case with people of the world. Their whole ambition is almost always to shine in society, there their philanthropy ends; whilst in the domestic circle they indulge those tyrannical and bitter humors, which frequently compose the other ingredients of their character.

Vivacity is generally mistaken by the multitude for good temper, but the fact is, that good temper is of a much milder nature. And where there is much vivacity there is seldom that sweetness and quiescence, that tenderness and humility which best agree with the idea of good temper.

The thinking part of mankind are well enough aware of the difference between good temper and good humor. Good humor is that hilarity and politeness which a person discovers in company who is fond of it. Good temper is that disposition to oblige which arises more from benevolence than politeness, and which considers the

good of mankind out of company as well as in.

There is a kind of jollity which belongs to men who have made their way in the world, which inclines them to mirth and enjoyment. Finding themselves perfectly at ease, they look round with a merry complacency, which is taken by the world for good temper; whilst in reality this species of cheerfulness has but a very superficial influence on the heart, and often leaves a man boisterous, irascible, unfeeling, and brutal; but still all complacency is good as far as it goes: when it proceeds from the heart, it helps to mitigate the roughness of the nature; yet the complacency of the sycophant is extremely prejudicial to the temper, as was observed in treating on that passion; though, such is the sovereign ignorance of mankind, that a parasite who lives in every body's favor often passes for a person of extreme good temper.

To judge of a person's temper, you should observe his conduct towards his inferiors, and the sentiments he expresses for those who are below him, distinguishing between moroseness and pride; for pride is a different passion. General manner means very little in regard to the temper in a man of education; moments of passion and cases of self-interest are far more decisive.

Much may be inferred of a man's temper by his mode of pronouncing dislike: a bad temper often betrays itself by an abrupt, harsh, and stinging manner of expressing disapprobation. A good temper may be animated in declaring disgust, but not intolerant and destroying.

Good temper is goodness of

heart; that general disposition to love and cherish mankind which makes a person consider the whole human race as brethren and sisters, and which certainly breaks out in graciousness of manner; but it is most conspicuous in acts of forbearance. Graciousness too nearly resembles the vain substitute affected by people of the world, to be admitted by itself as the evidence of good temper; but when you see a man very calmly enduring at one time, and very vigorously acting at another, if with the greatest quietness of injuries, his language is animated and energetic, be assured he possesses a god-like temper and an enlarged mind.

A good disposition does not consist in being always cheerful, but in being always obliging. Many people have the most agreeable easy way of laughing instead of complying, and will evade every concession with a jocularly and good humor that exempt them from all grudge, and even procure the verdict of 'he is good tempered too!' when at the same time this good tempered person is incapable of one humane feeling, and would walk over murdered carcases to a ball with all possible composure.

There is something rather retired and still in good temper; it silently surveys mankind, and feels rather than proclaims that they are precious; it is perfectly modest, and therefore makes no mention of itself; it is more intent on the happiness of others than on it's own, and therefore has an accommodating principle which appears on all occasions. The sacrifices it makes are without hesitation or ostentation; it has no pleasure in caricature or satire,

but wishes to place every thing in fair proportion.

A good temper considers and promotes the happiness of others; when that is accomplished, the silent satisfaction of surveying it produces angelic complacency.

A person eminently possessed of good temper cannot avoid knowing it; there are in life so many occasions that vibrate between good and bad temper, and so many examples of the failure of others, that when a man feels himself pardoning and enduring more than ordinary, he cannot escape knowing his superior generosity.

A native innocent good temper is the beautiful, the invaluable compensation which the justice of nature makes to deficiency of intellect; not that all deficiency is so enriched, but this sweetness generally resides with those who are not destined to shine; there is also a liberality of mind which very much resembles the most beautiful temper, and is in fact superior to it, because, resulting from principle and reflection, it has a more spacious and solid basis. This is what a philosopher acquires, whose just meditations and rational inquiries lead him to consider truly the importance, capabilities, and rights of man; he then perceives such irresistible beauty in proportion and harmony, that he fears to destroy it by inflicting misery or affixing ridicule.

This species of good temper is favorable to the understanding, by promoting the love of inquiry into the fitness of things. It is also

favorable to the temper, and is abstemious.

The touchstone of good temper is seen when a person lives with people who are disagreeable to him. A man may bear much from those he loves, but the thing is how to meet injuries from those he dislikes; and here nothing but the sovereign magnanimity of true philosophy, or the unspeakable treasures of that sweetness bestowed on the favorites of nature, can assist him.

Nothing is more true than that a person of a bad temper may live harmoniously with those who surround him, and appear in that circle to possess good temper and affection. This happens when the persons with whom he lives have acquired an influence over him, and have captivated his imagination. The natural anesence of his disposition then is shed abroad. These are not people of shining abilities, as may be inferred from the circumstance of their acting under influence. Indeed if they were capable of shining they would extract their happiness out of society; for a man cannot help wishing to show his talents where he is certain of pleasing.

Native good temper is not favorable to the intellects; it promotes indolence and prevents reflection. It is highly sensual.

What charm can best retain the heart,
When Beauty's rays no longer dart?
When age has wrinkled o'er the face,
What power can Love's impression trace,
But thine, Good Temper—who wilt bloom
Amidst a thousand years to come;
For wrinkles on thy lovely face
Could never make the slightest trace.

POETICAL ESSAYS.

THE MARINER.

SOFT came the breath of spring, smooth
 flow'd the tide,
 And blue the heaven in it's mirror
 smil'd;
 The white sail trembled, swell'd expand-
 ed wide,
 The busy sailors at the anchor toil'd.

With anxious friends, that shed the
 parting tear,
 The deck was throng'd, how swift the
 moments fly;
 The vessel heaves, the farewell signs ap-
 pear,
 Mute is each tongue, and eloquent
 each eye.

The last dread moment comes! the sailor
 youth
 Hides the big drop, and smiles amid his
 pain,
 Soothes his sad bride, and vows eternal
 truth,
 Farewell, my love—we shall—shall
 meet again.

Long on the stern, with waving hand he
 stood,
 The crowded shore sinks lessening to
 his view,
 As gradual glides the bark along the
 flood,
 His bride is seen no more—'Adieu!
 adieu!

The breeze of Eve moans low, her smile
 is o'er,
 Dim steals her twilight down the crim-
 son'd west;
 He climbs the top-most mast, to seek
 once more
 The far-seen coast where all his wishes
 rest.

He views it's dark line on the distant
 sky,
 And Fancy leads him to his little
 home,
 He sees his weeping love—he hears her
 sigh—
 He soothes her griefs—and tells of joy
 to come.

Eve yields to night, to breeze to wintry
 gales,
 In one vast shade the seas and shores
 repose;
 He turns his aching eyes—his spirit
 fails—
 The chill tear falls—sad to the deck he
 goes.

The storm of midnight swells, the sails
 are furl'd,
 Deep sounds the lead, but finds no
 friendly shore;
 Fast o'er the waves the wretched bark is
 hurl'd;
 'Oh Nancy!—Nancy, we must meet
 no more!'

Lightnings that show the vast and foamy deep,
The rending thunders, as they onward roll;
The loud, loud winds, that o'er the billows sweep,
Shake the firm nerve, appall the bravest soul.

Ah! what avails the seaman's toiling care,
The straining cordage bursts, the mast is riv'n;
The sounds of terror groan along the air,
Then sink afar; the bark on rocks are driv'n.

Fierce o'er the wreck, the whelming waters pass'd,
The helpless crew sunk in the roaring main,
Henry's faint accents trembled in the blast,
"Farewell, my love! we ne'er shall meet again!"

Oft, at the calm and silent evening hour,
When summer breezes linger on the wave,
A melancholy voice is heard to pour
It's lonely sweetness o'er poor Henry's grave.

And oft, at midnight, airy strains are heard
Around the grove, where Nancy's form is laid;
Nor is the dirge by village-maidens fear'd,
For lovers' spirits guard the holy shade.

St. J. H. Mts. Wm.

July 13, 1810.

LINES

ADDRESSED TO A BEAUTIFUL YOUNG LADY.

SWEET maid! a humble pen permit
To paint each matchless grace;
Thy sprightly air, thy sparkling wit,
And ev'ry charm to trace.

That winning smile is only thine,
Inspiring warm desire;
Those eyes with lovely lustre shine,
And glance with fervid fire.

Thy auburn tresses boast a charm,
Where loves and pleasures play;
That breast of snow might rage disarm,
And lead to bliss the way.

With ev'ry beauty thou art blest,
And joy was made for thee;
Then, Mary, give my passion rest,
And yield those charms to me.

J. M. L.

June 8, 1810.

LINES

WRITTEN ON THE DEATH OF AN INFANT SISTER.

FAREWELL! my dearest sister, Jane,
adieu!
Regret shall paint thy lovely form to sight;
But hope shall rise immortalised with you,
To realms of bliss and everlasting light.

At thy sweet age, distressing to the heart
Of thy fond mother is thy last faint breath;
Thy tottering infancy, alas! must part
From thy dear parent, and must yield to death.

O may thy seraph soul arise in peace,
At that great day of awe-inspiring name,
When this too-trifling world to exist shall cease,
With all it's boasted grandeur and it's fame.

May that Almighty Pow'r who calls thee hence,
Relieve thy mother's weight of earthly woe;
Teach her submission to that Providence,
From whom our comforts and our blessings flow.

Farewell ! my dearest sister, Jane, adieu !
 Regret shall paint thy lovely form to
 sight;
 But hope shall rise immortalis'd with
 you,
 To realms of bliss and everlasting
 light.

C. T.

And says I to her, one warm day,
 'I love you, Kitty, dearly;
 Says she to me—' Pray get away,
 Nor talk to me so queerly.'

Says I again—' Well don't be proud,
 There's many more I fancy,
 So looking round amongst the crowd,
 I fix'd my eye on Nancy *.

C. T.

TO ELIZA.

ELIZA, listen not to those
 Who would my many faults expose,
 And praise their deeds of glory;
 I envy not their mighty fame,
 Their self-inspir'd and virtuous name,
 Their self-extolling story.

Let those with puff'd-up pride confess,
 My faults are many, their's much less,
 If that rewards ambition;
 I scorn such mean, such selfish ways,
 'Twill never admiration raise,
 Whate'er be man's condition.

My num'rous faults I frankly own,
 Am happy if my foes have none,
 But man's corrupt in nature;
 At best made up of simple dust,
 Return to which he shortly must
 A poor and helpless creature.

Contempt will spurn the bigot's pride,
 His folly wise men will deride,
 Yet pity his undoing;
 The most distinguish'd can but boast
 An empty name, too weak at most,
 To save his soul from ruin!

C. T.

SONG.

THERE was a maid I lov'd so well,
 They call'd her smiling Kitty,
 A name how good! no tongue can tell,
 How fair she was and pretty.

Hinderwell, July.

DEAR sir, accept this trifle from my
 muse,
 And publish it or not, as you shall choose;
 I own 'tis worthless; yet I should be
 proud
 To have my humble name plac'd in your
 crowd
 Of correspondents. (Pray my humble
 strain
 Forgive) dear sir, your servant I remain.
 C. C. R.

Far from the throng of citizens I dwell,
 Sweeter the joys my youthful heart does
 prove,
 Joys which more pleasure to my mind
 can give,
 Than such as are the source of wealth
 and pride,
 These may awhile delight, but soon are
 fled;
 My soul disdains them, and to shun their
 reach,
 Steps back, and by experience finds that
 joys
 Attend a country life, to some unknown;
 Since I the pleasures of retirement knew,
 All others fail, comparatively mean,
 The charms of friendship to my mind
 convey
 Bliss inexpressible, and rapture sweet,
 That cannot be describ'd, pure gift of
 heav'n.
 Mortals may here enjoy thee uncon-
 trol'd,
 E'er call'd to prove thee in a happier
 clime;

* Between you and me, Mr. Editor,
 this is a fact.

Could I the wealth of all the world possess,
Taste all the sweets of luxury, the gold
Of India count, and grasp it as my own,
Love, friendship, peace of mind, (which unto me
Is of great worth,) would quickly then retire,
Mine heart forlorn, and destitute my soul;
'Tis happy then for me that heav'n decreed
More pure substantial joys, than empty show,
Than gaudy trifles, or than glitt'ring pride:
Tongue can't express the pleasures that my soul
Can feel, when wand'ring down yon fields, the doves
Tell the soft tale of love; nor they alone,
The tribe of feather'd songsters tune their lays,
Pleasing they warble, while the enamel'd mead
Charms us with beauteous flow'rs of many kinds,
Of many hues. No more I'll say but this—
True pleasure here does reign, and here alone;
And let the critics laugh, they harm not me,
Constant unto my fav'rite theme, I here
Love, peace, and friendship, unmolested prove.

C. C. R.

MUSIC.

FAV'RITE of heav'n, thou gift divine,
From climes celestial sprung,
From climes where songs of triumph swell,
And hymns of joy are sung.

Thy pow'r can calm the troubl'd mind,
And set our souls at rest,
Thy gentle sway can rage disarm,
And sooth the savage breast.

When care or grief afflicts the mind,
When dead to joy and peace,
'Tis thine to cheer the drooping heart,
And bid our sorrows cease.

Thy pleasing charms attract our souls,
Our minds from earth remove,
They gently draw our willing hearts,
And lift our thoughts above.

To sing our glorious maker's praise,
O may we here combine,
And when from these faint joys removed,
Where brighter glories shine;

There turning sweet our golden harps,
We shall in concert join,
And spend our everlasting days
In harmony divine.

C. C. R.

SENTIMENT.

LET concerts and balls amuse the gay fair,
While in search of true pleasure they rove,
And to pass o'er their time, to the glass they repair,
Vainly striving their charms to improve.

Such trifles as these with indifference I view,
Since life's but a dream or a shade;
Let truth be my mirror, and prudence my guide,
These are beauties which never will fade.

Industry I learn from the sweet roving bee,
Contentment is plac'd in my heart;
Not all the fine toys of the rich and the great,
Such delight and such pleasure impart.

C. C. R.

FOREIGN NEWS.

Bucharest, June 8.

THE grand event of the union of our province to the Russian empire, was effected to-day in a most solemn manner. Early in the morning discharges of artillery announced it to the inhabitants of that town. The troops were under arms. His Excellency General Engelhardt, accompanied by all the Authorities, went to the principal church. After grand mass, *Te Deum* was sung. The General gave a grand dinner to all the Council, to the principal Officers, to the heads of the Clergy, the most distinguished people of the town, and to the Consuls from foreign governments; Baron de Werther, Chamberlain to his Majesty the King of Prussia, going to Constantinople in quality of Minister, was invited to the fête, and took a part in it.

In the evening all the town was illuminated. The inhabitants of Wallachia are hereby sheltered from the vexations of the Turks, and consider it as the greatest happiness of their lives to live under the dominion of a prince of their own religion.

Cádiz, July 12.—The French make no progress in their works before this fortress, whilst ours are prodigiously increasing. It is certain, that Massena has written to his Emperor, that he would not venture, even with 100,000 men, to attack the English in the strong positions they at present occupy. It is reported, that Lacy, who marched for Ronda, has fought an action in the vicinity of that place, in which, with a battalion of the

Royal Guards of Spain, and another of the Light Infantry of Valentia, he routed the French, who fled with precipitation into the town, which, according to report, they have since evacuated.

In Galicia the armament and fortifications make such great progress, that the inhabitants are confident they have nothing to fear. If their resources are adequate to the patriotism of that province, they can undoubtedly bring into the field more than 60,000 men.

On the 5th instant a French privateer from Rota captured a brig, which had just sailed out of the bay; but the English and Spanish flotilla having gone in pursuit of them, both the brig and privateer were forced to run ashore.

It appears, that in the action of Ronda, the battalion of the Guards suffered considerably, in consequence of the ardor and intrepidity heroically manifested upon all occasions by this corps of honor, which counts among it's members the immortal Alvarez and Herrasti.

His Excellency Signior Don Nicolas Sierra, Minister de Gracia, is provisionally charged with the Secretaryship of the Cabinet, and also of Finance and Marine. Signior de Bardaxi is appointed Secretary at War.

The light parties continue to perform prodigies of valor in all parts of the country.

Several deputies to the Cortes have arrived, and among others those of Aragon and Navarre.

Lisbon, July 21.—All the different corps of the enemy which, under the

command of Regnier, occupied Menda, Almendralejo, &c. have evacuated that part of the province, and passed the Tagus, with the intention, no doubt, of forming a junction with the Grand Army under Massena, which remains within the territory of Castile, having reduced the fortress of Ciudad Rodrigo on the 10th. The Allies are in front of them; and should the French advance to court a meeting with them, the Allies, by taking their stand on any of the excellent positions of the Beira, will most certainly beat them.

Don Evanisto Perez de Castro, Spanish Chargé d'Affaires, embarks this day for Cadiz, to fill the office of principal Secretary of State and Cabinet. He will be succeeded here by Don Juan Del Castello y Caros, as Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary.

Gottenburgh, June 22.—We have this morning received the unwelcome intelligence that the convoy for England, which sailed from Hawk roads on the 16th inst. having been becalmed on the Scaw on Tuesday following, was attacked by the Danes, and a considerable part of it taken; the number of the captured vessels as well as the force of the enemy, is variously stated; some accounts, rating the former at 28, others at 42; and the latter as consisting of 5 gun-brigs of 20 guns, and 2 schooners; and by others as a swarm of gun-boats, row-boats, &c. From the marked concert which the enemy acted with, there is no doubt the design was pre-concerted, and that they were apprised of the sailing of the convoy, and of the force which protected it, by some of their agents, who infest this and every other part of the Baltic.

Helsingburgh, July 19.—Monsieur Alquier, Ambassador from the Court of France to that of Stockholm, is hourly expected here from Copenhagen. Part of his establishment and equipage have already arrived.

Stockholm, July 19.—On the 13th inst. the solemn interment of his Royal Highness, our late beloved Crown Prince, took place in the church of Riddarholm. The procession, which followed him to the grave, consisted of all the high Officers of the Crown, the President and Members of all public Boards, and superior Courts of Justice, Commanders, and Knights of the Royal Orders, and the horse and foot guards.

The order issued some time ago, that the Knights of the Antient Orders of

France are neither to wear the insignia of those Orders, nor introduce them in their titles, has lately been renewed by his Majesty.

Paris, July 21.—It is confidently stated, that his Majesty the Emperor intends to set off for Amsterdam the day after his birth-day.

His Majesty has nominated two of the most considerable Dutch merchants Members of the Council of Commerce.

Letters from Spain of the 12th ult. speak of several fruitless attempts having been made by the Spanish insurgents to possess themselves of the city of Leon. They were uniformly repulsed by the garrison, which consisted of 260 men, belonging to a Swiss regiment. The inhabitants evinced the best dispositions. General Mahi had subsequently approached Astorga, with between 4 and 5000 men; but the garrison of that place compelled him to make a precipitate retreat with a considerable loss, occasioned by the fire of the cannon on the walls.

From the 2d to the 7th inst. there arrived at Bayonne from St. Sebastian's, one American vessel and eleven Spanish, some in ballast, and others laden with coffee, cocoa, &c.

An article from Amsterdam, dated the 15th inst. says—'Our marine still affords considerable resources; but this branch of the service is a whole year in arrears. We have at Helvoetsluys two ships of 80 guns each, and two frigates completely equipped, and hauled out into the road. New orders have arrived for the formation of our crews. We have in the Texel, or at Amsterdam, seven sail of the line, several of them carrying 80 guns; also two frigates, and a proportionate number of brigs. All these vessels are equipped and ready for sea. We have also on the stocks here 3 ships of 80 guns each, the building of which has hitherto gone on but slowly; and there are two sail of the line and two frigates on the stocks at Rotterdam; which makes our fleet in all 16 sail of the line. The preparations already made to give activity to our dock-yards, lead us to hope that we shall soon have, in the roads of the Texel and the Meuse, squadrons ready to join that of Antwerp.'

Paris, August 1.—Their Majesties have resided at Trianon since Monday.

The Queen of Bavaria was safely delivered of a Princess, in the night of the 24th ult., at the Castle of Nymphenberg.

The City of Amsterdam has sent a

Deputation to Paris, to present to his Imperial Majesty the homage of its inhabitants. Colonel Carrega, on the 12th ult. with a crew of seamen under his orders, went on board of the Admiral Zoutman, of 80 guns, at Medemblik, but owing to the neap-tides, it is impossible before the 20th to get her raised upon the camels, on which she is to be conveyed to the Vlieter; whence she will proceed to join the squadron under Rear-Admiral Lemmere, at the Texel.

St. Petersburg, June 7.—The papers belonging to the vessels that arrive here undergo the most rigid examination. It is extremely probable that numerous confiscations will take place.

[From the Court Gazette.]

‘Immediately after the reduction of Bazardschik, a detachment of our troops under the command of Adjutant-General Prince Dolgorucky (5), took possession of the fortifications of Geregri, Burna, Kowarna, and Balcisk. The enemy, who had evacuated the latter place, were come up with, on their retreat, by the cavalry under the command of Major-General Anselm, and were compelled to disperse with the loss of their artillery.

‘In the mean time Major-General Woinow, who had marched with a detachment of the same corps, occupied the town of Kladuschki, from which the enemy, alarmed by our advance, made a precipitate retreat.

‘In these actions, Major-Generals Prince Dolgorucky, Woinow, and Anselm, particularly distinguished themselves.

‘While these events were in train, the corps under the command of Lieutenant-General Count Langeron commenced the siege of the fortress of Silistria on the 23d of May. After seven days’ operations from the opening of the trenches, it was compelled to surrender on the 30th, to the victorious Russian arms. Our troops entered the place the same day.’

Dantzic, July 1.—Since it has been ascertained that a numerous hostile fleet has entered the Baltic, the troops of his Prussian Majesty are in motion at all points, to line the coast; and, in case of necessity, to prevent any landing on the part of the English, and completely cut them off from all communications with the Continent.

In the vicinity of Colberg, some English sailors, who came on shore to pur-

chase some provisions, have been made prisoners.

The extremity of the peninsula of Hela, which belongs to our territory, is again occupied by a detachment of Polish troops from our garrison. The works there have been extended, and put again in an excellent state of defence. The English men of war occasionally approach the coast, but it is at a respectful distance.

Vienna, July 1.—Letters from Wallachia state, that the Russians gained another decisive victory on the 16th of June, over the Turks. Ismael-Bey, and Prince Kallimachi, with 4,000 men, are said to have been taken prisoners. The Turks besides had 10,000 killed and wounded. The Russian corps that crossed the Danube, some time before at Hirsowa, makes great progress.

‘From the Turkish Frontiers, July 1.—The Grand Vizier has sent the Pacha Solman Beg from Schumla to the headquarters of the Russian General in chief, Count Kamensky, for the purpose of proposing a suspension of hostilities; but the said proposal has not been accepted by the Russians, in consequence of the Emperor Alexander being finally determined not to make peace on any other conditions than those already made known to the Porte, nor to enter into any negotiations without the said conditions being previously acceded to. The principal demands of Russia are the cession of Moldavia and Wallachia, to the left bank of the Danube, and a contribution of 30 millions of piastres. The Russian army is making very considerable progress.’

‘*Trieste, July 1.*—The English flotilla, which is cruising between our ports and Venice, still continues to molest our navigation and maritime trade.

‘According to accounts from Zara, a very severe conflict took place on the 20th ult. off the Isle of Pantadura, between an Italian flotilla and two English frigates of 44 guns. The flotilla made a very vigorous resistance, but were at length obliged, after having sunk four of the enemy’s launches, considerably damaged the frigates, and spent all their ammunition, to run ashore; where all the vessels were burned by the seamen, in order to prevent their falling into the hands of the English.’

Silistria, June 12.—Varna has made proposals of capitulation. The Grand Vizier has solicited an armistice for two days.

HOME NEWS.

Cambridge, July 23.

A FEW days since, as Mr. and Mrs. Barber, with two other ladies, were returning to Cambridge from Heasingfield, in a vehicle called a Pic Nic, which carries two persons before and two behind, the horse being irritated by flies, turned his head in such a manner as to get entangled with the harness, and tore the bridle from his head; he then ran away, when the parties were thrown out, and at Lord's Bridge Mrs. B. was flung with such violence over the bridge, that, striking against a projecting part, she was killed on the spot.

A girl, about twelve years old, having coveted a watch which belonged to a carter in Dundee, a near neighbour of her father, she, by the assistance of a key, entered the carter's house, and had got possession of the object of her wishes, when, hearing a footstep on the stair, and conscious of the crime she was committing, she ran to the fire-place, and ascended the chimney. The hue-and-cry was instantly raised, and the thief was discovered sitting on the top of the chimney at least fifty feet from the ground. A crowd of people assembled in the street, and eyed with horror her perilous situation. A constable, who was employed to take the thief, having thrust his head and shoulders out of a sky-light, the girl's terror became extreme; and, scrambling down the outside of the chimney, she ran along the roof of the house to the very edge of the eaves-drop. Some humane people prepared blankets to receive her, in case she should fall; but the girl continued, however, to run on the roof, and was at last taken, by the

united efforts of a messenger, a town-officer, and a slater.

Dublin, July 24.—Pursuant to the resolutions of the Common Council, entered into at the Quarter Assembly last Friday, the Committee, then appointed, met this day at the Exhibition House, William-street, in order to forward such measures as may be considered most conducive to effect the repeal of the Union. A Resolution to call an Aggregate Meeting has, in consequence, been resolved on. The following is a list of the Committee for repealing the Union:

Aldermen — Exshaw, Howison, Sir Wm. Worthington, Reed, Hone, Archer, Cash, Bloxham, Alley.

Commons — Messrs. Craven, Hutton, Eaton, Tudor, Ferall, Stephens, McKenny, Neville, Harty, Hamilton, Dixon, Davis, Gonne, Minchin.

Vestries, we understand, are to be summoned throughout the several parishes of the metropolis, in order to take into consideration the Resolutions proposed and carried on Friday last, at the Quarter Assembly, in William-Street.

London, July 26.—Yesterday morning, one of the most deliberate and horrid suicides was committed by a young man of the name of Tranter, a footman in the employ of the Prince of Wales. He entered Carlton-house as early as between five and six o'clock, and went into the servant's-hall, where he was found writing by another servant named Barr, who had got up early. They conversed together without his perceiving anything extraordinary in Tranter's conduct or behaviour. At length Barr left the hall, and when he was in another part of the house heard the report of a pistol. He

had no suspicion that it proceeded from the hall, but returned there as he intended, when he found Tranter in a different part of the hall, and at the instant called to him to know what was the matter, but received no answer; and on looking at him, he perceived blood flowing from his stomach, and that he had shot himself with one of his traveling pistols, which are always kept loaded; his waistcoat was on fire, occasioned by the wadding of the pistol. Barr was so much alarmed at the horrid sight, that he ran out to fetch the gate-porter to assist. On his return with the porter, just before they got to the hall-door they heard the report of a pistol and it's fall. They found that Tranter had been so completely determined on his own destruction, that he had got off his waistcoat, which was on fire, and, in his wounded state, he had got across the hall, about ten yards, and procured another loaded pistol, and discharged the contents into his left side.

Barr asked Tranter what induced him to do the rash act? He replied, 'he had done it himself, and it was no business of his or any body else.' Tranter lived about twenty minutes. The letter he was writing proved to be a letter addressed to his sister's husband, bequeathing all his property to his sister, amounting to about 500*l.* except 40*l.* to be given to a natural child.

He appeared to be in very good health and spirits on Tuesday. He neither assigned any cause for the rash act, nor can any conjecture be formed as to the cause, except a report of a disappointment in a love affair. He had lived with the Prince between seven and eight years. Previous to that he lived with the Duke of Queensbury as a running footman. The body was taken to St. Martin's bone-house.

London, July 30.—Yesterday morning, about four o'clock, a most alarming and destructive fire broke out in the Printing-office of Mr. Gillet, in Flangesword-alley, Fleet-Street. In a short time the office was completely consumed. The flames then communicated to the dwelling-house of Mr. Gillet, Mr. Gale, and Messrs. Jukes, Willis, and Co. all of which were partially damaged. The dwelling-house of Mr. Swan, Printer, Salisbury-square, was totally destroyed. The fire raged for two hours with unabated violence. We are happy to learn that no lives were lost. Through the indefatigable attention of the neighbours, most of the property in the dwelling-

houses was preserved; but every article in the Printing-office was destroyed.

Bristol, Aug. 14.—On Sunday morning a dreadful fire broke out on the premises of Messrs. Pyer and Co. Druggists, in Redcliffe-street, Bristol. Mrs. Pyer having lain in only five weeks, a fire was lighted to air a small room, used both as a parlour and counting-house, which was divided from the shop by the only flight of stairs that led to the upper part of the dwelling-house. In the above-mentioned room, at a quarter past seven, Mr. Pyer had seated himself on a stool to read a prescription just received, and in the act of quitting it to go into the shop, the stool fell against either a six-gallon bottle of spirit of turpentine, or one with three gallons of spirit of wine (filled to order on Saturday night, and placed under the desk for greater safety), which broke, and the contents communicating with the fire-place, the whole room was instantly in a blaze. Mr. Pyer ran up stairs, followed by the flames, and got his wife from bed into the front-room on the first floor, and proceeded to seek for the rest of his family; but the flames had spread so rapidly as to fill the stair-case and landing-places to the skylight, which blew up, and all communication between the front and back rooms was thus cut off. The situation of all the wretched inhabitants now became truly desperate. A child of four years old was thrown by a maid servant, who jumped after it, from the first story window into the street. The child's fall was broken, it is hoped, so as to prevent any serious injury; but the servant was much bruised, and conveyed to the Infirmary. The shopman, after hanging by his hands from the second story window several minutes, was taken down by a ladder, which also, with his assistance, rescued Mr. and Mrs. Pyer. Every possible exertion was made to extricate a nurse and two children from the upper back room, but without success; for when in about two hours the flames were sufficiently mastered, the remains of the poor woman were found, with those of the newly-born infant on her bosom, and the other of two years old, lying beside her, on the wreck of their bed, in a state too shocking for description.

London, August 20.—Saturday morning, a woman passing over Blackfriars Bridge at a quick pace, suddenly stopped, and sat down on one of the seats; a crowd of people was quickly brought together by

her loud moanings, and she was very soon delivered of a still-born child. In the bustle, the woman slipped away, and the body of the infant was taken to St. Bride's work-house.

Aug. 7. At the Winchester assizes on Friday, John Britton, captain in the West India rangers, was indicted for the wilful murder of his son, George Britton, by beating him and kicking him about the body. It appeared in evidence that the prisoner had repeatedly beat his son very violently, and Mr. Powell, a surgeon, had no doubt that the mortification, which was the cause of his death, ensued from the contusions on the back, which were the aggregate of several days' beating. The indictment, however, having stated the deceased to have been killed on a specific day, when it turned out that he had died of the aggregate ill-treatment he had received on several days, and that the chastisement inflicted on him on any one day would not have been sufficient to have caused death, the judge directed the acquittal of the prisoner.

A few days ago as Mr. Joseph Gillman, carrier, between Bakewell and Sheffield, was mowing some grass for his horse which stood by him, he struck it on the side to make it give room; the animal threw up its heels at him, and he, endeavouring to avoid the stroke, fell upon the edge of the scythe, which passed through his bowels and killed him.

As a cartman, with loading, was passing the bridge near Ayle, in Ireland, a few nights since, one of the arches suddenly gave way, and the man, horse, and ear were precipitated into the water, a depth of 30 feet. The horse was killed on the spot, but the man escaped.

A woman, named Hall, died lately at Sunderland, at the advanced age of 106. Her twin brother died about five years ago, aged 101, and her mother attained 108.

Salisbury, Aug. 7. Thomas Jones, alias Hughes, and Richard Francis, were indicted for a burglary in the shop of Mr. Bennett, a silversmith and jeweller, in the market place of Salisbury, and stealing therefrom gold and silver watches, rings, chains, seals, and other articles of jewellery, to the amount of 1000*l.* and upwards. It appeared in evidence, that the house had been made fast, as usual, on Thursday evening, and at 5 o'clock in the morning of Friday it was discovered that a panel had been taken out of the shutter of the shop door,

and that a pane of glass had been taken out, by which means an aperture was made, sufficient to have admitted either of the prisoners. There was also a panel forced out of one of the shop shutters, and the two panels were fastened in again with brads. It was proved that the two prisoners hailed Richardson, the driver of the Taunton coach, which was on its way to London, 25 miles from Salisbury, at one o'clock in the morning; they wanted inside places, but they were accommodated on the roof. Richardson had heard of the robbery committed at Salisbury as he passed through, and he suspected the prisoners. They had with them a bag, and the coachman having communicated his suspicions to Mr. Manning, a passenger, the latter took an opportunity to feel the bag, and he was satisfied it contained rings, watches, &c. The coachman was relieved previous to the arrival of the coach at Basingstoke, but Mr. Manning rode outside with the prisoners until the coach arrived at Egham, when he caused them to be secured. On them were found several of the stolen articles, which were identified by the prosecutor. The bag contained the whole of the remainder of the property, which was also identified. The defence was, that the prisoners had found the property upon the road.—*GUILTY, Death.*

Glasgow, Aug. 8. During a thunder-storm here on Sunday last, about a quarter past four, the lightning struck the top of Lord Nelson's monument, and most materially injured that elegant structure. On the north side, the column is torn open for more than 20 feet from the top, and several of the stones have been thrown down. On the west side the effects of the destructive fluid are visible in more than one place; and on the south side there is a rent in the column as far down as the head of the pedestal. A number of the stones are hanging in such a threatening posture, that a military guard as very properly been placed round the monument, to keep at a distance the thoughtless or too daring spectators.

Dublin, Aug. 9. At twelve o'clock, as Lieutenant Malone, of the 75th regiment, and a Mr. Ayckbown, were walking on Lower Ormond quay, by mere accident, and through the darkness of the night, they happened slightly to jostle a person. They immediately apologised for the accident in the civilised terms, but the irritated ruffian thrust the point of his umbrella with such violence against Lieu-

tenant Malone, that striking him over the corner of the eye, Lieutenant Malone died on Thursday morning.

Aug. 10. As a lusty gentleman was passing along Turnmill-Street, Clerkenwell, he narrowly escaped being harpooned with a large bacon-knife, darted through the window of an opposite chandler's-shop; and which, after slightly scratching his hand, struck against the wall close by his side, and fell at his feet. Upon inquiry it appeared that the owner of the shop, quarreling with his wife, darted the knife at her, but fortunately missed his aim in that instance, as well as the random hit in the other case.

A few days ago, Mr. M'Donald, of the Greyhound Inn, Malmesbury, perished in one of his casks, being suffocated by the impure air: he has left a widow and five children. The cask was only 6 feet 2 inches in depth, and the deceased was 5 feet 10 inches high. A pail of cold water thrown into a foul cask previously to entering it would effectually preclude any ill effects.

London, Aug. 13. On Thursday afternoon a fatal accident happened to a fine boy, between three and four years old, the son of Mr. Gifford, a messenger of the House of Commons.—Mrs. Gifford having made tea, left the table in search of something, when the little boy instantly laid hold of the tea-pot, put the spout in his mouth, and swallowed a quantity of the boiling liquid. He lived in the most excruciating agony until about four o'clock on Friday morning, when he expired. The child had been accustomed to the bad habit of drinking cold tea out of a tea-pot, which led to this disaster.

BIRTHS.

July 25. At Culham-house, Oxfordshire, the lady of John Phillips, Esq. of a daughter.

27. At his house in Portland-Place, the lady of R. Hall, Esq. of a son.

In Burlington-Street, the Lady of Colonel John Wilson, 4th Ceylon regiment, of a daughter.

Aug. 3. At Brighton, the Lady of Joseph Blake, Esq. of Devonshire-Place, of a son.

4. At his house in Portland-Place, the lady of R. Hall, Esq. of a son.

5. At Clanville-Lodge, near Andover, the lady of Brownlow Mathew, Esq. of a son.

9. At Parsonage-House, Upper Letcombe, Berks, Mrs. Randolph, of a daughter.

11. At his house in Bloomsbury-Square, the lady of Peter Blackburn, Esq. of a daughter.

14. Mrs. Robert Brown, of Wellfield-house, Streatham Common, of a daughter.

15. Mrs. Creed, the wife of Richard Creed, Esq. Hans-Place, of a daughter.

19. York-Place, the lady of Major-General Crosbie, of a daughter.

MARRIAGES.

July 23. At Ormesby, in the county of Norfolk, by the Reverend Dr. Price, rector of that parish, Mr. John Warner Waskett, of Hockham, in the same county, to Miss Cooper of the former place.

At St. Mary, Newington, Martin Diederich Rucker, Esq. of Upper Thames-Street, to Sarah, second daughter of Mr. John Evans, of Walworth.

24. At St. Andrew's, Holborn, J. F. Rattenbury, of Gray's-Inn, Esq. to Anne Maria, only daughter of Capt. H. L. Ball, Royal navy.

25. At Kirkthorp Church, near Wakefield, by special licence, by the Rev. George Frederick Travel, John Henry Smyth, Esq., eldest son of the Rt. Hon. John Smyth, of Heath, to Miss Sarah Caroline Ibbetson, second daughter of the late Henry Ibbetson, of St. Anthony's, in the county of Northumberland.

26. At Tottenham, Mr. A. Hurrell, of Termitts, near Wiltham, Essex, to Miss Jane Bennet Chandless, of Stamford-Hill.

At Islington church, Dr. Buxton, of Fenchurch-Street, to Janet, eldest daughter of Joseph Travers, Esq. of Highbury-Grove.

Aug. 2. The Rev. John Cholmeley, second son of the late M. Cholmeley, Esq. of Easton, Lincolnshire, and brother to Sir Montague Cholmeley, Bt., Rector of Brandiston, Norfolk, to Selina Eliza, third daughter of Richard Puller, Esq. of Great Winchester-Street.

At St. Georges, Hanover-Square, James Staveland, of Gray's-Inn, Esq. to Ann Ew-

bank, third daughter of the late John Abraham, Esq. of Tottenham.

4. At St. Mary-la-bonne church, the Rev. Richard Hartley, of Newcastle-upon-Tyne, to Jane, daughter of Nathaniel Bishop, of Gloucester-Place, New-Road, Esq.

At the seat of Sir Robert Preston, Bt. at Woodford, Lieutenant General Sir David Baird, Bt. K. B. to Miss Preston Campbell, of Fernton and Lochlane, in the county of Perth.

6. At Woodford church, by the Rev. F. Nolen, Michael Henry Perceval, Esq. to Miss Flower, eldest daughter of Sir Sir Charles Flower, Bt. After the ceremony, they set off for Devonshire, and will afterwards proceed to Falmouth, to embark for Quebec.

7. At Chelsea church, by the Rev. John Nottidge, Mr. John Thomas Nottidge, of Bocking, Essex, to Miss Louisa Robinson, of Cheyne-Row, Chelsea.

9. At Hamstead, David Powell, Esq. of Loughton, Essex, to Miss G. Hoare, daughter of Samuel Hoare, Esq.

At St. James's, Clerkenwell, by the Rev. Henry Foster, A. M., Mr. Charles Burls, of Cheap-side, to Eliza, only daughter of Mr. John Parrow, of King-Street, Clerkenwell.

13. At Little Horsted, Sussex, by the Rev. Sir Henry Poole, Bt., Sir George Clerk, of Penniwick, to Miss Maria Law, second daughter of Ewan Law, Esq. and niece to Lord Ellenborough.

14. At Northfleet, Benjamin Sharpe, Esq. of Fleet-Street, banker, to Ann, eldest daughter of Benjamin Kennet, Esq. of Northfleet, Kent.

18. At St. George's church, Hanover-Square, John Guise, Esq. of Lower Grosvenor-Place, to Miss Maria Westmacott, second daughter of the late Richard Westmacott, Esq. of Mount-Street, Grosvenor-Square.

DEATHS.

July 20. Mrs. Eliza Wardell, aged 45 years, wife of Capt. T. Wardell, Patriot-Square, Hackney; and daughter of B. D. Duppa, Esq. Malmaine Hall, county of Kent, regretted by all her acquaintance; she has left seven children to lament her loss.

24. After a severe and lingering illness, Mr. Henry Freame, of Corsham, Wilts, aged 70 years.

29. At Newington, Surry, Charles John Wye, Esq. late of Lincoln's-Inn, aged 28.

26. At his house, Stratford Green, John Hawes, Esq. in the 75th year of his age.

27. Suddenly, Miss Grasswell, eldest daughter of Mr. Grasswell, of Craven-Street, Strand.

28. At Stoke Newington, Mrs. Mary Johnston, wife of Ebenezer Johnston, Esq. after a long and painful illness, which her religious principles enabled her to bear with a patience and fortitude not frequently witnessed.

80. Mrs. Collinson, of Wanstead, Essex.

Aug. 5. In Great Cumberland-Street, Lady Ennismore, of Ennismore, in the county of Kerry, Ireland.

6. Mrs. Hilder, wife of Mr. John Hilder, attorney at Law, Seven-oaks, Kent, only daughter of John Crunden, Esq. of Hereford-Street, Oxford-Street.

7. At his house, Earl's Court, Thomas Forsyth, Esq. of Upper Wimpole-Street.

8. At Plaistow, in Essex, Joseph Sheppard, Esq.

10. At half-past two o'clock in the morning, at the Earl of Buckinghamshire's, Roehampton, the Honorable Catherine Isabella Vansittart, second daughter of Lord Auckland, and wife of the Right Hon. Nicholas Vansittart.

11. In Gloucestershire, where he had gone for the recovery of his health, W. M. Vaughan, Esq., late surgeon of his majesty's ship Centaur.

At her house, Manor-Place, Walworth, after a long and exceedingly painful illness, which she bore with exemplary patience and christian fortitude, Mrs. Elizabeth Woodyer, relict of the late Richard Woodyer, Esq. 'She knew well, lived well, and died well.'

12. At Exmouth, Devon, Miss Lewis, daughter of the late Mr. Edward Lewis, of Upper Thames-Street, London, merchant.

13. At his lodgings, Great Russell-Street, Major Silvester Ramsay, late of the Hon. East India company's service.

17. After a short illness, Miss Mary Ann North, of Aldermanbury Postern, in the 16th year of her age.

19. At Francis Greggs, Esq. Wallington, Surry, Caroline, the wife of J. G. Children, Esq. and eldest daughter of George Furlong Wise, Esq. of Woolston, near King's-bridge, Devon.

New & Elegant Pattern for a Veil, or Bottom of a Dress. Engraved for the Lady's Magazine.

