

Engraved for the Ladies Magazine.



Assad and Alane.

Engraved for the Lady's Magazine.



The Indian Rivals.

Surfaja Rajah. 1827

THE
Lady's Magazine,
OR
ENTERTAINING COMPANION
for the
FAIR SEX.

Appropriated solely to their
USE and AMUSEMENT.

Vol. XXXIII for the YEAR 1801.

LONDON.

Printed for G. G. and J. ROBINSON,
N^o 25, Paternoster Row.

in 1825, Drury Lane

THE
LADY'S MAGAZINE,
OR
ENTERTAINING COMPANION

FOR
THE FAIR SEX;

APPROPRIATED
SOLELY TO THEIR USE AND AMUSEMENT.

FOR JANUARY, 1801.

THIS NUMBER CONTAINS,

1 ADDRESS to the PUBLIC	3	12 Parisian Fashions	38
2 The Hermit of the Cliff	5	13 London Fashions	39
3 The Moral Zoölogist	9	14 The Prisoner; a Comedy	40
4 History of Robert the Brave	14	15 POETRY: — Ode for the New	
5 History of Perourou; or, the Bel-		Year...Prologue to 'The Cap-	
lows-Mender	19	tives,' lately acted at Reading	
6 Reflections on Past Times	23	School	Epilogue to the
7 Biographical Sketch of Mantac-		Theatrical Representation at	
cini	25	Strawberry-Hill	Hymn
8 The Cursory Lucubrator, N ^o 1. 26		to Nature, from the German,	
9 Account of the Women of Chio 27			46—48
10 Idda of Tokenburg; or, the Force		16 Foreign News	49
of Jealousy	29	17 Home News	52
11 Ladies' Dresses on the Queen's		18 Births, Marriages, and Deaths,	
Birth Day	35		55—56

This Number is embellished with the following Copper-Plates:

- 1 An elegant FRONTISPIECE.
- 2 An engraved TITLE-PAGE.
- 3 The HERMIT of the CLIFF.
- 4 The newest Fashionable PARIS DRESS, elegantly coloured.
- 5 A new PATTERN for an APRON, &c.
- 6 MUSIC—CELADON's Bower, a Song composed by the late Mrs. BROOKE; and set to Music by Mr. SHIELD. Never before published.

LONDON:

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

Where Favours from Correspondents continue to be received.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

THE *First Navigator of Gesner* is unavoidably deferred, but shall certainly appear in our next.

We are obliged to Laura for her communication and her hints.

C. R.'s Essay is very defective in several respects.

A. A. V. C. is referred to our Address to the Public.

The continuation of the Monks and Robbers in our next.

Alonzo's Enigmas, if they were received, have been mislaid : we fear the drawing and description of the *curious Madagascar animal* will be of little use to us.

The Italian and French Verses communicated by S. are received ; as are also Lines addressed to the shrine of the once beauteous Miss E. C.—Invocation to the Morning—the Lover's Hymn—Cupid's Frolic—and R. F.'s Acrostic.

ADDRESS TO THE PUBLIC.

THE renewal of the year again calls upon us to renew our expressions of gratitude to a liberal and candid Public, by which we have so long been favoured with the most flattering patronage. We have exerted our utmost attention and assiduity to contribute to the amusement and information of our Readers; and we perceive with pleasure that our exertions still meet with undiminished encouragement.

It is with peculiar satisfaction we find that the improvements we adopted at the commencement of our last volume have in general been received with approbation. In this respect likewise we shall not relax in our exertions: what has been approved we shall endeavour to render still more worthy of commendation. With this view we have added an elegantly coloured plate of the newest Parisian fashions, which it is our intention to continue regularly every month.

To our correspondents who have favoured us with so many valuable contributions we return our most grateful acknowledgments. We have at all times been desirous to encourage the early efforts of genius, and many of these are the ornament of our Miscellany.

cellany. If some have experienced disappointment, whose contributions, principally through inattention, were less correct, they at least receive our sincere thanks, to which many are certainly entitled from the real merit, notwithstanding some deficiencies, of the pieces they have transmitted to us.

The THIRTY-SECOND VOLUME of the LADY'S MAGAZINE, on which we now enter, commences, as our Fair Readers will perceive, with several new articles, for the completion of all of which, within the year, we can with confidence vouch; an intimation which appears the more necessary, as complaints have occasionally been made that pieces have sometimes been begun and left unfinished. The justice of such complaints we cannot but admit, and are very desirous to guard against the occasion of them; but entirely to prevent it is, perhaps, impossible, unless we were too hastily to reject many very valuable communications.—We have only to add, that the original plan of this Miscellany, which was to unite entertainment with instruction, and scrupulously to reject whatever has in any degree an irreligious or immoral tendency, shall be carefully adhered to, and that the most unremitting assiduity shall still be exerted to render it worthy the attention and patronage of the more amiable sex, to whose use and amusement it is peculiarly dedicated.

Engraved for the Ladies Magazine.



The Hermit of the Cliff.

THE
LADY'S MAGAZINE,

FOR
JANUARY, 1801.

THE HERMIT OF THE CLIFF;

A TALE.

(With an elegant Engraving.)

THE attainment, by perfidy and violence, of the object sought by avarice and ambition, is seldom followed by the satisfaction expected, and never by true happiness: a consciousness of injustice committed will still corrode the mind; and happy are those whose self-reproach leads to remorse and true repentance; and still more happy, if they find and embrace an opportunity to repair the wrongs they have done to others, and, as much as in their power, make atonement for the crimes of which they have been guilty.

Don Diego de Arrojo was a Spanish nobleman of great property and considerable estates in the province of Estremadura in Spain. He married a lady, young, beautiful, and most affectionately devoted to him, who brought him a son, and about two years after died. Grief, for the loss of a wife he tenderly loved, made such an impression on the heart of Don Diego, that he sunk into a slow decline, and at length died, leaving a considerable portion of his wealth to his brother

Henriquez, to whom he committed the care of his son, the young Diego, then about five years old, earnestly conjuring him, when on his death-bed, by all the fraternal affection he had ever felt or professed for him, to protect, and carefully to attend to the interests and education of his nephew.

The dying Diego reposed the fullest confidence in the integrity and generosity of his brother; and, though he knew that he would succeed to the whole of his large estates on the death of his son, did not think it necessary to join any other person with him in the office of guardianship; for on every occasion the two brothers had constantly manifested the most inviolable attachment to each other; nor had any circumstance at any time occurred which could cast the slightest imputation on the honour and disinterested virtue of Don Henriquez.

For some time he discharged his duty towards his nephew with fidelity and tenderness; but at length the dæmon entered his heart, and he

he began to permit himself to dwell with pleasure on the idea of the vast accession which would be made to his estate by the death of his brother's son. From contemplating this alluring prospect, he soon proceeded to wish for the event which would put him in possession of so much wealth, and, from wishing, to consider whether means might not be devised to procure it with sufficient secrecy to prevent any suspicion of the real cause. But his heart, unused to guilt so enormous and aggravated, shuddered and revolted at the idea of murder, and especially of murder to be committed on an innocent child, to protect and preserve whom he was bound by the dearest ties of consanguinity, as well as by every bond of gratitude and honour.

The temptation, however, to remove by some means the young heir out of the way, he could not entirely surmount; and at length concerted a scheme to send him to the Spanish West-Indies, where, reduced to the lowest condition of servility, there might be no danger of his returning to Europe to disturb his uncle in the possession which he had usurped of his estates. This scheme, by the aid of a large bribe to a captain of a ship, he carried into execution, and then circulated a report that his nephew had died suddenly, pretending to bury him with great magnificence, and taking his measures with so much art, that no suspicions, or none that admitted of any proof, were entertained of the atrocious act of which he had been guilty.

For some time he enjoyed a false and deceitful pleasure in the wealth and splendor to which he had attained by his crime; but at length his conscience began incessantly to reproach him with his perfidy and cruelty, till at length his troubled

mind could find no repose by day nor by night. So powerfully did the sense of his guilt act on his imagination, that he frequently started from his sleep with a kind of horror, thinking that he heard his nephew weeping piteously, and bitterly reproaching him with his baseness and barbarity. Frequently he fancied that he saw him, with a pale and haggard countenance, threatening him with dreadful vengeance. Unable longer to endure the torments of conscious guilt and remorse, he determined to endeavour to discover his nephew, if he were yet living, and to restore him to the property which was his right. But all his attempts to obtain intelligence of him, or of the captain who had carried him to America, were in vain. Resolved to make every exertion in his power to find him, he made a voyage himself to Mexico, and travelled through nearly the whole of the Spanish colonies in that part of the world, but still without success. He returned to Europe, but his distress of mind still continuing, he soon after made a second voyage to America, but without being able to gain any information which could enable him to discover the object of his search. He this time, indeed, met with several sailors who had been on board the ship which carried out his nephew, and who told him, that it had been wrecked on its return, and that the captain and many of the crew had perished in the waves. One of these recollected the boy he inquired after, but had no knowledge of what became of him.

Disappointed a second time, and overwhelmed with grief and remorse, Don Henriquez sailed again for Europe. The ship which carried him touched in her passage home at one of the Azores, where, observing the romantic appearance
of

of some rocks near the shore, and the gloomy recesses of their cliffs, his mind, now disposed to seek refuge from the tortures of conscious guilt in the consolations offered by enthusiasm and superstition, became strongly impressed with the idea that he could never hope to recover any peace of mind unless he resigned all his estates to the church, and came to live as a hermit in this dreary and almost desolate place. He accordingly, on his return to Spain, applied to the superior of a rich monastery in the vicinity of his country seat, made a full confession of the crime he had committed, and avowed his resolution to retire from the world as an expiation of it, and to bestow on the monastery his estates, on the condition, that, if the young Diego should ever be discovered, or return, the greater part of them, which was his right by inheritance, should be restored to him. The conditional grant, as may be expected, was accepted; and, after having received absolution from the reverend father, Don Henriquez, having made a legal cession of his wealth to the monastery, set out for Lisbon, and taking his passage in a ship bound for Tercera, the residence of the Portuguese governor-general of the Azores, at length reached the island where he had resolved to end his days in solitude and those pious exercises which became his unfeigned penitence.

The place he had chosen for his retirement was at the foot of a dark overhanging cliff, having in front the vast ocean. There was no cultivated land or dwelling within several miles; and it was from that distance that the hermit was obliged to fetch the few necessities he wanted, besides the roots and fruits he found in the woods, and on which he principally subsisted. A

stream of fresh water, supplied by a spring in some neighbouring hills, that found its way among the rocks to the sea, afforded him his only drink, and his bed was formed by a few rushes strewed on the rough stone of his cell.

Here Don Henriquez resided several years, and attracted the attention of the rustic inhabitants of the island, among whom *the hermit of the cliff*, as he was styled, was esteemed to be endowed with such wisdom and sanctity as have rarely been bestowed on mortals. His fame spread through all the islands, and many curious and many devout persons visited him, and by the latter even the power of working miracles was attributed to him.

One morning, as the hermit came out of his cell to take his accustomed walk in the woods, and seek a fresh supply of provisions for the day, he perceived a poor sailor, who seemed to have just gained the shore from some wreck, sitting, exhausted with fatigue, and as if sunk in despair, on a fragment of the rock. He went up to him to inquire by what accident he came there; and to endeavour, if it might be in his power, to relieve him in his distress. The astonished seaman gazed with great surprise, and even some mixture of fear, on the venerable figure he saw before him; but finding that he spoke his own language, and uttered words of comfort in a mild and encouraging tone of voice, informed him, that, on the preceding night, the ship in which he sailed tacking in a heavy gale to avoid the rocky shore on which he was now cast, he had been washed over-board by a violent wave, and after long struggling with the impetuous surges had at length clung to and climbed up the point of a rock. He had rambled about for some time, and

and at last sat down where he then was, half dead with cold and fatigue. The hermit found something in the countenance of the youth by which he was peculiarly interested. He inquired his name and his country, and received for answer 'that he was by birth a Spaniard, and that his name was Juan. Though he was so young (he added) he had suffered many hardships. The ship in which he was, when he was washed over-board, had come from the Philippines in the East Indies, and was bound for Spain. He had gone from America to the Philippines, and suffered much in the voyage. The world (said he) I find is full of suffering, and men are very wicked.'—"Men are very wicked," said Henriquez with a sigh, "and the world is full of suffering; but there is a suffering to which, from your youth and your situation, I should hope that you are a stranger—and that is the agony of a wounded conscience. I have suffered that, and am tortured by it still."—"My sufferings," said the youth, "should rather pain the consciences of others than my own. I have lived several years in a state of the most abject servitude with a cruel master in New Spain, to whom I was sold, after being treacherously carried away from my native country. I at length found means to make my escape, and got on board a ship which carried me to Lima, and from Lima to the Philippines. I was now on my way to revisit once more the country where I was born, and from which I was, at an early age, carried away when this accident befel me, which had nearly terminated at once my misfortunes and my life. I but imperfectly remember my situation in my infant years, but I can recollect that I had an uncle, a rich man, who lived in a splendid mansion, attended by a

numerous train of servants. I perfectly remember, likewise, that two ill-looking fellows seized me one day while I was in a field running after butterflies, and hurried me away to a ship, which soon after sailed, and I never more—'

"What!" said Henriquez, eagerly, "your name then is not Juan. Can you recollect that you ever had another name?"

"The name my uncle called me by was Diego, but my master in New Spain changed it to Juan. — If I recollect rightly too I have heard the name of Arrojo—'

"Gracious Providence!" exclaimed Henriquez, falling on his knees; "my nephew is restored to me, and peace of mind may again be mine."

Such an explanation now followed as left Henriquez no room to doubt that the poor sailor boy was his nephew whom he had so basely treated. He soon after found means to procure a conveyance for him to Spain, whither he accompanied him, and put him in possession of the estates to which he was entitled by birth, and which were restored by the superior of the monastery, according to the agreement he had entered into. Having performed this act of justice, Henriquez returned to his hermitage, where he passed the remainder of his days.

ANECDOTE.

M. DE LA FARRE had for a long time professed a tender passion for Madame de la Sablière. Visiting her one day, on approaching her, he suddenly exclaimed, "Good heavens! dear madam, what is the matter with your eye?"—"Ah! La Farre," replied she, "you no longer love me I am certain: I have had this defect ever since I was born, and you never perceived it till now."

The MORAL ZOOLOGIST.

(Continued from Vol. XXXI.
page 695.)

LETTER XVIII.

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

YOUR ladyship, who is so eminently distinguished by the pleasing qualifications of industry and ingenuity, will experience a relative satisfaction in contemplating the operations of the beaver genus; the distinctive properties of which are: two cutting teeth in each jaw; five toes on each foot; and a compressed tail covered with scales.

THE CASTOR BEAVER.

Beavers hold the same rank among quadrupeds which the bee does among the insect tribes; the ingenious construction of their habitations, and arrangement of their commonwealth, being very similar to the æconomy of the republic of the bees. This animal, individually, does not appear possessed of any properties which can render him superior to other animals, but rather seems to belong to an inferior class; as he exhibits no proof of ardent or brilliant qualities, and by his general habitudes indicates a supine and melancholy disposition; for, when he dwells with the human race, he appears absorbed in his own pursuits, and only qualified to associate with his own species.

He also seems neither to possess the talent of molesting others, or defending himself, and prefers retreat to encounter; though, when he is pursued, he attacks and wounds the huntsmen with great vehemence.—As in the more finished picture there is a contrast of light and shade, so in the beaver

Vol. XXXII.

there exists a contrariety of qualities which raise him to rank among the highest classes of animals. As these properties will be most advantageously displayed by a minute description, I shall give you a brief account of the structure of his body, and then proceed to the enumeration of his more peculiar qualities.

The beaver has two cutting teeth in each jaw, and five toes on each foot. He differs from other quadrupeds in having a flat oval tail, covered with scales, which serves as a rudder to direct his course in the water; and by having his hind feet webbed, and the toes on his fore feet separate from each other. He is also the only animal whose anterior parts resemble a quadruped, and the posterior an aquatic animal; and he may therefore, with propriety, be said to form the barrier between quadrupeds and fishes, as the bat does between quadrupeds and birds. His ears are short, and concealed under his fur, which is of a deep chesnut brown in temperate climes, but in cold latitudes of a dark or blackish hue. He has a blunt nose; his fore feet are small, and his hind feet large; his usual dimensions are about three feet from nose to tail; and the tail is about eleven inches long, and three broad. There are two circumstances respecting the beaver which deserve peculiar consideration; the first is the use made of his fur, and the second the wonderful ingenuity he exhibits in the construction of his habitation. This animal is invested with two sorts of hair, one of which is long, and serves the purpose of shielding him from dirt and wet; the other a short soft down, about an inch in length, and extremely fine, which defends him from the cold. The abbé La Pluche remarks, that formerly this down was manu-
C factured

factured into stuffs, hose, &c, but at present it is only made into hats and furs.

The wonderful skill the beaver manifests in the erecting of his habitation displays an evident testimony of divine wisdom in the construction of his various implements, which his animal organs may with propriety be styled. He derives great advantage from the use of his tail, teeth, and paws, in the elevation of his mansion. With his teeth he cuts the wood for his habitation and subsistence, and employs his fore feet to dig and scratch up the ground, and then to soften and mould it into clay; he likewise uses them for other purposes with great dexterity, like the monkey, squirrel, and many adroit animals. His tail he converts to the use of a hod for conveying his mortar and clay, and afterwards employs it as a trowel to spread the plaster. His scales, in these different avocations, prevent the tail receiving any injury from the qualities of the various things he carries on it; and the profusion of oil which, by his snout, he disperses over his body, preserves him from receiving any inconvenience or injury from the water. As beavers are social animals, they form themselves into separate bodies, which constitute a commonwealth, in which perfect harmony and order seem to be preserved. For this purpose they usually begin to assemble in the month of June or July, collect in great numbers from all quarters, and soon form a troop of several hundreds. The place in which they assemble is usually the spot fixed on for the establishment of their community. They invariably dwell on the banks of a brook, lake, or river. If the waters do not rise above their ordinary level, as in lakes and stagnate pools, the beavers make no bank or dam; but

when the waters are subject to elevation and inundations, they judiciously erect a mole or dike, so that the water may rise to, but not exceed, the first story of their habitations; and this, which forms a kind of bagnio or bath, greatly conduces to their domestic comfort. The part of the river they choose for the erection of their bank is generally shallow; and if there is a tree situated conveniently near to fall into the water, they begin to gnaw at the root, and by that means easily compass their design, as the tree never fails to fall across the river. When they have proceeded thus far in laying the foundation of their dwelling, they work together in cutting the branches, to make it lie level. While some of the community are thus employed, others are occupied in traversing the banks of the river in search of trees, which they deprive of their branches, and form into stakes, piles, and other necessary materials for the basis of their building. These cabins, or houses, are built upon piles near the edge of the pond, and have two apertures; the one for going on land, the other to enable the beavers to plunge into the water. These edifices are either oval or round, and vary in their dimensions, being from four to ten feet in diameter. Some of them consist of three or four stories; others have but one, and are only elevated a few feet perpendicularly above the ground, though they are finished like the others, with an arched roof in form of a dome. The construction of these wonderful edifices is amazingly strong, as they are completely plastered without and within, which renders them proof against the most impetuous violence of wind and water. Every cabin has a separate magazine or storehouse, the dimensions of which are proportioned to the number of the inhabi-

inhabitants. In this repository the various articles of food are deposited, of which every member of the community has a right to partake. These sagacious animals do not convey wood or bark into their general reservoir till it is cut into thin slices, and properly prepared for their sustenance. They prefer dry wood to that which has been soaked in water; and frequently, during the winter season, range the forests in search of fresh provisions. They are particularly fond of sassafras, ash, and sweet gum. Their summer aliment is leaves, fruits, and sometimes crabs and cray-fish: but the latter is not congenial to their taste.

It sometimes happens, that beavers erect twenty or more cabins contiguous to each other; but of this the instances are rare, as the usual establishments consist of ten or twelve families, each of which has its particular assignment in the village, its own magazine and separate dwelling. This amicable republic will not permit strangers to settle amongst them. The smallest habitation will contain from two to six beavers, and the largest eighteen or twenty, and, according to the testimony of some authors, thirty. There are generally an equal number of males and females; and, upon an average, the society consists of a hundred and fifty or two hundred beavers, who mutually labour to form their common habitation, and afterwards divide into tribes or parties, and occupy separate dwellings. In this numerous compact uninterrupted harmony subsists, as the members of it participate in each other's concerns, are actuated by the same motives, and, by genuine virtue and moderate desires, are restrained from invading each other's property. When the inroads of enemies threaten them

with impending danger, they give a general alarm, by striking their tails on the surface of the water; which occasions a noise that is heard at a great distance, the sound reverberating through the concavities of their dwelling. Each then takes his station for the common defence. Some plunge into the lake, and others take refuge within their walls, which are impenetrable to the usual mode of assault. The beavers' habitations are not only commodious and safe, but are also an agreeable retreat; as their floors are covered with branches of fir and box, which serve them for carpets; and, as they are remarkably cleanly in their nature, they avoid every kind of impurity. The window, in their apartment, that is opposite to the water, serves the double purpose of admitting fresh air, and to enable them to bathe with convenience. The greater portion of their time they sit upright, with their posterior parts in the water, which appears to change the quality of their flesh: as their hinder parts have a fishy flavour, and their anterior the appearance and taste of terrestrial animals.

Water is not only necessary to the existence of the beavers, but also agreeable to them as a recreation; and when the aperture of their dwellings, which affords them the opportunity of laying in the liquid element, is obstructed by ice, they ingeniously force their passage, and frequently swim a great way under that congealed substance; a situation that exposes them to the danger of being easily captured.

It has already been observed that these extraordinary animals assemble in the early part of the summer; in July and August they erect their dwellings; in September they collect their provisions; after which they devote their time to the enjoyment of domestic happiness and

tender attachment, as each couple join from the effect of choice, not the blind impulse of appetite. Thus they pass the autumn and winter together, in uninterrupted felicity; and, as they are perfectly content with each other's society, never go from home, but for the general good, or in quest of food.

The females bring forth their young toward the close of the winter, and have usually two or three at a birth; their time of gestation is said to be four months. In the spring the male leaves his mate in pursuit of the various pleasures the vernal season presents; and, though he occasionally returns to his dwelling, does not regularly reside there any more: but the females continue in the cabins, and are wholly occupied in rearing their offspring, which in a few weeks acquire sufficient strength to follow their dams. The male beavers thus dispersed do not re-assemble till autumn, except their cabins are destroyed by inundations, in which case they suddenly collect, and repair the breaches. It is worthy of observation that they have a particular predilection for some spots, as it has been proved by experiment that, notwithstanding their habitations have been repeatedly destroyed, they have returned to repair them, till at length, weary of the task, they have abandoned the place, and sought a more undisturbed retreat.

Winter is the season in which the hunters pursue the beavers with the greatest ardour, because their fur is then in the best condition. When great numbers of them are taken, their society by that means becomes too much reduced to be sustained as a republic; which obliges the remaining members to disperse, and degenerate into a vagabond state. As their genius consists in combined efforts, not in individual ex-

ertions; therefore, when they sink to the level of solitary existence, they sequester themselves in the dreary refuge of holes, or other secure modes of concealment.

From the testimony of various authors, it appears that besides the social beavers there are others in the same climate of a solitary nature, which some writers pretend are proscribed from the community for their crimes and offences. These animals are called terriers, because they reside in holes dug in the earth. This species of beaver are easily distinguished from the other kind, as the friction of the ground destroys the beauty of their fur. Like the social beaver they dwell upon the banks of waters, and form a pond, or dike, several feet deep, contiguous to their subterraneous recess. Besides these, there are other solitary beavers who reside at a great distance from the water.

The hue of the beaver is various, according to the climates they dwell in. Those in the northern deserts are perfectly black, and their fur is held in the highest estimation. Even in those regions there are some found white; others white spotted with gray, and some with a tint of red on the neck and haunches. Their colour grows clearer the further they recede from the north; in Canada they are chesnut, and further south of a bay hue. This species inhabit Europe from the regions of Lapland to Languedoc, the Asiatic parts of the Russian empire, and the most northern countries of America,—their numbers decreasing as they proceed southward.

The flesh of the beaver, though it is fat and delicate, has always a displeasing flavour. His teeth are used by the savages to cut with instead of knives; and his skin serves them for garments, being worn in winter, the shaggy side inwards.

The

The beaver, from the construction of his body, swims better than he walks; and, when he takes the latter exercise, carries his neck low, and his back arched. This species of animals, though they prefer fresh water and the margin of rivers, are also sometimes found on the sea coast; and, notwithstanding they are of a pacific nature, are hostile to the otter, which they chase and exclude from the waters they inhabit.

I must not omit mentioning that the male and female beavers both furnish a resinous and liquid substance, which settles into a thick consistency, called by physicians *castoreum*. This medicinal matter is contained in two large bags, situated immediately under the intestines.—When we reflect on the various endowments and properties of these animals, we cannot but admire the effect, and extend our ideas to the final cause!

THE MUSK BEAVER.

This animal has a thick blunt nose; short ears nearly concealed in the fur; large eyes; toes on each foot separate; those on the hind feet fringed on the sides with strong hairs; the tale compressed sideways, not horizontally, thin at the edges, and covered with small scales intermingled with hairs. The construction of the body is perfectly similar to that of the castor beaver; the colour is a reddish brown, the head of the same hue, and the breast and belly ash colour tinged with red. The length from nose to tail is one foot, and the tale nine inches long.

This species inhabit North America, and differ from the preceding kind in several particulars. They breed three or four times in the year, and have from three to six young

at a litter; the male and female dwell together during the summer season; and, at the approach of winter, like the castor class, form themselves into detached societies or families, and retire into small round habitations, constructed with a dome-roof, formed of herbs and reeds, tempered with clay. They do not amass a store of provision like their kindred species, but creep from under the snow that covers their dwellings in the winter season, to feed on the roots that are underneath. They annually quit their old habitations, and erect new ones. These animals have a fine fur, which is highly esteemed, and in the summer imbibe such a strong scent of musk that it may be perceived at a great distance. It is probable this odour is derived from the animal feeding on *calamus aromaticus*, which is its favourite herb. Notwithstanding this powerful effluvia, the flesh is esteemed very good to eat.

On these respective branches of the beaver genus, your ladyship, with your usual candour, will bestow the applause their merits claim. Untaught by art, and uninfluenced by imitation, they present a symbol of native architecture, uniform in its process, and invariably regular in its symmetry and proportions. Are not their edifices subjects of more stupendous wonder than the most costly palace; and the regularity of their operations a reproach to dissipated man, whose actions are wildly eccentric, and of a destructive tendency? When industry and ingenuity combine, the effects approach to perfection; which is evidenced in various instances by your ladyship, and duly acknowledged by

EUGENIA.

(To be continued.)

To the EDITOR of the LADY'S
MAGAZINE.

SIR,

I Send you a translation of a little romance, entitled *The History of Robert the Brave*. It is a posthumous work of the Count de TRESSAN, knight of the royal and military order of St. Louis, commander of the order of St. Lazarus, lieutenant-general of the armies of the late king of France, one of the forty members of the French Academy, fellow of the Royal Society, and honorary associate of the academies of Berlin, Edinburgh, Nancy, Montpellier, Rouen, &c. The design of the author is to display the character and manners of the age of chivalry, an undertaking for which he was peculiarly well qualified by the course of his studies, and his intimate acquaintance with the history and romances of those times. It is therefore deserving attention, not merely as a work of invention and amusement, but as conveying valuable and authentic information. So closely indeed is it connected with historical fact, that, we are assured by the count, several of the principal circumstances and events were found by the count in some ancient family deeds and papers, of which he had permission to make use, under condition of concealing the names of the persons and families. Yours, &c.

ELIZA M****.

The HISTORY of ROBERT, sur-named the BRAVE, created a Knight by RAIMOND, Count of St. Gilles, Roergue, Provence, and Count of Toulouse after the Death of William the Fourth, his Brother.

TOWARDS the end of the eleventh century, the count of L****, the

head of one of the most powerful and illustrious houses of Languedoc, desirous that count Roger, his only son, might not degenerate from the glory of his ancestors, but worthily bear their name, caused him to be brought up under his eye with all the attention and solicitude suitable to his high birth. The exercises which tended especially to promote strength and address were the principal occupation of the young count; and to excite his emulation, as also from a motive of gratitude, a vassal of the same age, stature, and frame of body, was selected as his companion, to assist him in these exercises.

The history of this vassal, who was named Robert, is so intimately connected with that of Roger, that, to render it complete, it will be necessary to enter into some details relative to the family of the counts de L****, and the reasons why Robert was chosen to participate in the care employed in forming and instructing the heir of this illustrious house.

The origin of the counts of L**** is lost in the obscurity of remote ages, and confounded with that of the counts of Toulouse.

Immense possessions, a great number of vassals, some of whom were very powerful, the sovereignty of considerable cities, and many strong castles, were the rich inheritances which were one day to be united in the person of Roger, and which, added to his high birth, encouraged the hope that he might one day contract an alliance with the daughter of some sovereign.

The count of L**** inhabited the castle which his ancestors had always made their favourite residence. It was situated on an eminence which overlooked an immense plain; a river flowed at its foot, and its strength and grandeur announced the power of its possessors.

The

The names, devices, and banners of the chiefs of the family adorned the numerous galleries of this ancient edifice; and the trophies which were there accumulated proved that valour had never ceased to be hereditary with the counts of L****.

The situation of the castle, the thickness of its walls, and the strength of its numerous towers, were such that it was considered as impregnable; yet, at the same time that it was rendered thus formidable, and capable of resisting the attacks of an enemy, nothing was neglected which might render it agreeable. Passages artificially constructed in the towers led to magnificent gardens, which terminated in an extensive and superb forest, surrounded with walls, in which were great numbers of fallow deer.

It was in this delightful residence that the counts of L**** held a kind of court when they were not called by their sovereigns to attend them to war, or obliged to defend themselves and support their just claims against their powerful neighbours.

The count of L****, wishing to give his whole attention to the education of his son, had adjusted all the differences which might divert him from that important care, and in the bosom of his family enjoyed a calm and constant happiness, heightened by the society of his amiable consort, all whose sentiments and habits were in conformity to his own.

The countess of L**** was the issue of a younger branch of the family of the counts of Toulouse, and had been brought up at their court. The beautiful Azalais, (such was her name) though born to inherit no very extensive domains, might have aspired to a throne; she was worthy of one from her illustri-

ous birth, her endowments, and her beauty.

The count could only obtain the preference over his numerous rivals by deeds which conferred on him true glory; and by the most respectful, tender, and constant attention to the object of his love, a thousand times had he received from the hands of Azalais, the prize which his courage, address, and ardent desire of distinguishing himself for her sake, had obtained for him in the tournaments. The habit of crowning him, and seeing him annex no value to the trophies he acquired, but in proportion as she deigned to accept the homage he offered her, at length induced her to renounce in his favour the solitude to which she seemed devoted, and a kind of melancholy she appeared unable to overcome.

Many endeavours had been made to explain the secret motive of her inclination to retirement; for Azalais was too lovely not to occupy the attention and interest the curiosity of all who saw her. Among various conjectures, it had been principally attributed to the impression made on her memory by a youth who, in the flower of his age, had fallen in a combat in a manner too extraordinary not to have excited general attention.

This youth, whom we may consider as one of the most ancient troubadours, had been brought up in the quality of a page in the palace of the counts of Toulouse. His zeal to serve Azalais had often been remarked. Perhaps he was not insensible to the power of beauty, but the immense distance by which he was separated from her had not permitted hope to arise in his heart. His wit, and several pieces of poetry, of the tender and plaintive kind, similar to those with which love inspired the unfortunate Sappho,

pho, had bestowed on him fame; but the sad and silent grief of which he appeared the prey rendered him still more noticed. In vain were all endeavours to dissipate the gloom that hung over him, and still more in vain every attempt to discover his secret, which he never disclosed. Daily wasting, like a plant that withers beneath the scorching rays of the sun, he, at length, began to revive when the count of Toulouse undertook a new war against one of his neighbours. He then seemed actuated by no passion but the love of glory. After having obtained the command of a body of men, he followed the troops of the count. Scarcely had he arrived in presence of the enemy, when he rushed, like lightning, into the midst of them. He presently fell; and his soldiers, who hastened to his assistance, having repulsed those from whom he received the mortal blow, obtained from their success only the melancholy advantage of being able to carry off his body.

After he was brought lifeless to the camp, it was discovered that he had on only armour of parade, incapable of defending him under his too feeble cuirass; they found near his heart two plates of gold, suspended by a chain of the same metal. A blow with a lance had separated them, and within appeared an ingeniously wrought device, representing a solitude and a rock, round which a Cupid was entwining flowers in such a manner as to form the two letters A and Z. The same Cupid held his fillet in his hands, which he spread over the rest of the name, as if to conceal it from all eyes. This cypher, and the ardour with which he had sought death, recalled the recollection of some stanzas that he frequently sang, and accompanied with the harp; the subject of which was a resolution

eternally to conceal a passion, the object of which was too elevated to permit hope, and to seek relief only in death.

Curiosity soon exerted every means to penetrate a secret covered with the veil of death. The two letters of the cypher beginning the name of Azalais reminded the inquirers of the eagerness he had constantly displayed to serve that beautiful lady; and it was then no longer doubted that, cherishing a hopeless passion, he had sought death to terminate his sufferings.

These circumstances and conjectures at length reached the ears of Azalais. Her innocent and pure heart had never known love; she shuddered when she learned for the first time that it might produce such calamitous effects, and then began her inclination to retirement and solitude. The leisure moments which her retreat from society procured her, she employed in cultivating those talents which nature had liberally bestowed upon her.

The remembrance of the bards, their poems, and their songs of victory were still recent in the country of Toulouse, where the druids had formerly established one of their most celebrated colleges.

The bards had long been the only dispensers of glory. The knights, who regretted these commemorators of warlike exploits, loaded with rewards and honours those who endeavoured to supply their place; and their emulation had produced the *troveurs* or *troubadours*.

The harps of the ancient bards were again revived; they were to be found in almost every castle, and, during the long evenings of winter, the company collected round their fires to listen to fragments of marvellous histories which had been preserved by tradition. If the wind did but slightly agitate the strings

strings of a harp, and produce some harmonious and lengthened tones, the whole audience were inspired with a kind of religious enthusiasm, similar to that which animated the ancient Gauls at hearing the same sounds. Like them they were inclined to believe, that the warriors slain in battle, and the ancestors of families, came to revive their memory in the minds of their kindred and friends, by invisibly touching their harmonious harps.

To this instrument the beauteous Azalais would frequently sing the stanzas of the unfortunate youth, whose story we have above related; and while, with agile fingers, she swept the speaking strings, her soul dissolved in gentle sensibility at the remembrance of his fate.

The magnificence and generosity of the counts of L**** rendered the employments in their household extremely advantageous, and they became the source of considerable wealth to those who obtained them. The count, sedulously following the example of his ancestors, secured the attachment of his vassals by benefactions; and, notwithstanding the air of superiority from which he never descended, he appeared in the midst of his family rather as a father beloved and respected than a master to whom all owed obedience.

The count, though generous to all, had always honoured with a particular favour the father of the young vassal whom he had caused to be brought up with his son. This was not on his part a blind preference, but a duty imposed by gratitude, which it gave him pleasure to discharge.

In a bloody conflict, the count, having had his horse killed under him, must inevitably have been slain, had not Robert, who, among his attendants in arms, had always

most distinguished himself, rushed between him and the enemy, and fought with such obstinate bravery as gave time for succour to arrive, and for the count to disengage himself. Sensibly affected with the important service rendered him, the count manifested the warmest attachment to his generous and courageous vassal; he gave him the command of a chosen body of troops which surrounded him in the day of battle, and never marched against the enemy without having him near his person.

A number of brilliant and perilous actions proved the undaunted valour of Robert, and continually increased the esteem and friendship with which his lord honoured him. Desirous to merit these, he was ever eager to encounter danger, till he at length became the victim of his ardent courage; but, before he fell, he a second time saved the life of his master.

The count of L****, who was brave to imprudence, after having long fought against a knight who at length fled, wishing to gain a complete triumph over an antagonist from whom he had experienced so long a resistance, pursued him into the midst of the enemy's troops. His own soldiers were unable to come up till he was entirely surrounded. After having defended himself like a hero, he was on the point of being overpowered by numbers, when Robert, rushing into the midst of the enemy, levelled the foremost to the ground, and opened a way for those that followed him. The combat was then renewed with more equality. The valour of the count and of Robert decided the victory; and the enemy were already beginning to turn their backs, when Robert received a terrible blow which stretched him on the ground,

ground, expiring in view of his master. The first emotion was to revenge him; but, in the mean time, his blood flowed in streams, and when the count returned to raise and succour his deliverer, he found him ready to breathe forth his last sigh, and with scarcely sufficient strength left to recommend to his generous bounty the son and daughter whom he left orphans.

The count shed tears of gratitude, and promised to be a father to the children. But it was in vain that he attempted to give aid to Robert: he presently expired in his arms. The count could not suffer the body of so brave a man to be left on the field, confounded with the common dead: he ordered that it should be carried to the castle, and caused it to be deposited in the vaults which were the burying-place of his family. The broken arms of Robert were placed in one of the galleries by the side of those which were already suspended there, and the name of that warrior was written under them, with a device in his honour.

After having fulfilled these first duties, the count, faithful to his promise, caused the son of Robert to be called, and told him that he would be to him a father. The son of the count, the amiable Roger, testified the most lively joy, when his father, presenting to him his young companion, commanded him to love him, and told him that thenceforth they should share the same manner of living, the same exercises, and the same sports.

The countess wishing to add her gratitude to that of her husband, took under her protection the young Elvize, the sister of Robert; and, though she was not ignorant how much her illustrious birth raised her above such a guardianship, she applied herself to form the manners

and the mind of an amiable girl of twelve years of age, whose innocent and open countenance already announced that she would one day possess all the charms that can attract and delight.

Roger and Robert, precisely of the same age, had now completed their fifteenth year. From their earliest infancy they had been accustomed to play together. Too young to distinguish the inequality of conditions, they only sought mutually to amuse and please each other, and imagined themselves destined to live continually in a similar union. The tenderest sympathy united their hearts. Equally expert in their exercises, and conquerors by turns, no jealousy occasioned division between them. Both possessed the same strength, the same activity; their stature was alike, and both were alike handsome, and perfectly well-made, leaving those who would judge between them always in doubt to which to give the preference. They might have been taken for brothers; and they loved each other as if they had been such in reality.

The count and countess soon perceiving all the advantages of such a connection, were careful not to interrupt it; and the two affectionate rivals equally received praises, caresses, and rewards.

According to the custom of those warlike times, attention was principally given to bodily exercises, and recourse had to every means adapted to increase the strength and agility bestowed by nature. Arms were given the youths proportioned to their age, which were exchanged for others stronger and heavier, as they became able to use them with facility. The ditches they leaped were gradually widened, the distances they ran lengthened,

ened, and the weight of the armour they wore on horseback increased. By attentively observing these gradations, they acquired all that art and exercise can add to strength. Two years had scarcely elapsed when they might have already entered the lists with the most famous knights, and perhaps have come off conquerors.

In the mean time Elvize, under the inspection of the countess, improved daily in personal charms and feminine accomplishments. Her extreme youth prevented the reflection that her beauty might one day become dangerous. She was permitted to share in the more tranquil amusements of Roger and Robert; and it was even observed with pleasure, that the two youths, animated with respect and esteem for her, redoubled their emulation when an opportunity presented of asking and obtaining her preference.

In the lessons they were taught, it was continually repeated that gallant knights should incessantly employ their utmost efforts to merit the admiration and esteem of the ladies. To inspire them with the desire of pleasing, and add more value to the rewards bestowed on them, the prizes were almost always adjudged by the countess, who sometimes resigned that office to Elvize, who constantly entwined the crowns of flowers, and formed the elegant designs which were presented to the victor. Roger, filled with generous ardour, exerted all his strength and all his address to merit the prize, and his heart palpitated with joy when he obtained success; but it was the love of glory alone which animated him; he did not yet feel how much the hand which bestowed the reward could add to its value and its charms.

(To be continued.)

The HISTORY of PEROUROU ; or, the BELLOWS-MENDER.

Written by Himself.

(From Miss Williams's Sketches of the State of Manners and Opinions in the French Republic.)

MY history is composed of the most singular circumstances. Condemned by my birth to vegetate among beings of the most abject class, my elevation was the work of human malice. That vice of society which ruins so many fortunes laid the solid foundation of mine. I am married rich, and happy, from having been the docile instrument of an extraordinary act of mischievousness.

I was born in one of those little hamlets situated in the neighbourhood of Montelimart. My father had made many a fruitless effort to raise himself above indigence. His last resource in his old age arose from the exercise of a talent which he had acquired in his youth, that of a bellows-mender. This, although not a very brilliant occupation, was the profession to which I was destined at that time of life when I was thought capable of earning my livelihood. Satisfied at first in following my business under the inspection of my father, nature had endowed me with dispositions for industry, and I soon rivalled and even excelled my masters. Ambition led me to imagine that my talents were fitted for a wider sphere, and some of my excursions as far as the gates of Montelimart succeeded beyond my wishes. After furnishing all I could spare for the support of my father's old age, I found means to amass a little sum of money, which enabled me to undertake a journey to Lyons. I made my appearance in that great city amply provided with such articles as belonged to my profes-

sion, and the public places and most crowded streets soon resounded with my cries. I was young, dexterous, and well-shaped; I sold my wares rapidly, and became a general favorite with the chamber-maids, which was the utmost limits of my ambition.

Returning home late one evening to my little garret, which served me for a warehouse, as well as a lodging, I was accosted by four well-dressed young men, who seemed to be taking an evening walk. We were in one of the most solitary streets of the quarter of St. Clair. They threw out a few pleasantries on the lateness of the evening, accompanied by sarcasms on my profession of bellows-mender, which I answered in a style of raillery at which they appeared surprised. I saw them look at each other significantly, and immediately after heard them say "this is our man." I own that these words made me start; finding myself alone in the dark without any means of resistance, and at the mercy of four stout young men. What would become of me, was the reflection which occupied my mind; when one of them who guessed at the cause of my terror, soon dispelled it by accosting me in a tone of affability. "Perourou" (the name which the people of Lyons give their bellows-menders,) "Perourou," said he, "you probably have not supped, nor we either. Our supper is ready; will you go with us? Our intention is to do you more good than you have any idea of. Come and sup with us; and after supper we will talk with you. Do not be afraid; we are gentlemen: if you will not enter into our schemes we shall only require your promise of secrecy, which you will run no risk in keeping."

There was something in the voice of the person who spoke to me, as

well as in the proposition itself, so seducing, that I accepted the offer without hesitation. My new acquaintances, after having made me cross several streets, brought me into an apartment elegantly furnished, where we found six other young men, who seemed to have been waiting for them impatiently. A short explanation took place concerning me, and we sat gaily down to supper. I had the honour of making the company laugh by some of my arch observations, and confirmed them in the good opinion with which it was necessary they should be impressed before they would come to a further explanation. The servants withdrew after placing the desert on the table, and during five minutes a profound silence prevailed throughout the assembly, which till then had been sufficiently noisy.

At length he who presided at the repast addressed me in the following words: "The ten persons with whom you have supped are all citizens of Lyons. We are engravers: our joint profits, with what we obtain from our families, afford us an easy independence, and we also acquire by our talents a considerable share of reputation. The happiness we enjoyed has been lately disturbed by love on the one side and pride on the other. In the street of St. Dominic lives a picture merchant, who is himself an ordinary personage, but who has a daughter eminently beautiful. The city of Lyons, extensive as it is, contains not another master-piece worthy of being placed on a level with this charming creature. Possessed of every accomplishment, and endowed with every grace, all her amiable qualities are shaded by one single defect, and that defect is insupportable pride. Vain of being the object of general admiration, she fondly imagines

gines that none ought to aspire to her hand under the rank of a prince. Her father, who is a tolerably good connoisseur in painting, but has a very limited understanding with respect to every thing else, has entirely spoiled her by adulation, amounting almost to idolatry. Novels, her looking-glass, and habitual incense from all around her, have raised self-love into vanity, and vanity into arrogance, and the most lofty disdain towards all who are not decorated with the marks of opulence or the distinctions of rank. I had the honour (for why speak in the third person, when it is my own history which I am relating,) I had the honour of engaging her notice from my connections in business with her father. Sometimes she accorded me the singular privilege of giving me her hand at a ball, or of attending her to the theatre. These slight favours turned my brain; I thought myself beloved because I was preferred to others, and ventured to unfold my pretensions to her father, who lent a favourable ear to my offers. Indeed my family, profession, fortune, and situation, gave me a right to presume that my alliance would be agreeable to the young lady. Judge of my surprise when, on the first overture respecting marriage, the insolent girl, in my presence, answered her father in a tone of the most haughty arrogance: "Do you think, Sir, that a young woman like me was born for nothing better than an engraver?"

I confess that this insolent and imprudent remark extinguished every sentiment of love in my bosom, and love when fled is easily followed by a desire of revenge. "My friends," I exclaimed, to those who now surround us, "this disdainful girl has, in my person, committed a general outrage against us

all. Espouse my cause, and let us form such a plan as shall serve to show her that she has not indeed been born to the honour of becoming the wife of an engraver.

"Such is my history. Do you feel sufficient confidence, and think yourself endowed with sufficient discretion, to merit being raised above your present condition? Beneath the abject covering which now disguises you, it is easy to discern that you have some soul and no common share of understanding—Will you venture to become the husband of a charming woman, who, to attain perfection, wants only to have her pride mortified, and her vanity punished?"—"Yes," answered I, with firmness: "I perfectly comprehend the part which you would have me act, and I will fulfil it in such a manner that you shall have no reason to blush for your pupil."

The following day we conferred together, as we did ever after, with extreme precaution. During a whole week I bathed two hours morning and evening, to get rid of my tinkering skin and complexion. In the interval of bathing the most elegant hair-dresser of Lyons gave my long tresses the form most in fashion. My ten friends furnished me with assortments of the finest linen, and the most elegant dresses for the various seasons; and were soon so fond of their work, that we became inseparable. Almost their whole time was employed in giving me instructions. One taught me to read, another to write; another some notions of drawing, a few lessons in music, a little in short of every thing; so that during three months, my time, thoughts, and attention, were wholly absorbed in my studies, and I soon perceived that this kind of life suited perfectly my taste. I felt the utmost ardour to carry to perfection these first rudiments of

my new education, which had become my chief delight: nature had furnished me not only with a disposition for study, but with a memory so retentive that my young friends observed with some astonishment the rapid progress of their disciple.

At length they thought me sufficiently accomplished to carry their projects into full execution, and I was removed from my little closet to take possession of a spacious suite of apartments in one of the first hotels in Lyons. The bellows-mender disappeared altogether, to make way for the rich Marquis of Rouperou, principal proprietor of the mines of Dauphny. It was under this title that I presented myself to the picture merchant, as a purchaser who paid little attention to a few louis, provided he met with pieces that were originals. A most perfect imitator of my experienced tutors, I had learnt to twirl my seals, display my repeating watch with an air of indifference, show the brilliant which I wore on my finger, or handle an elegant snuff-box on which was painted a fancy portrait which I modestly observed was the picture of a beloved sister.

I was desirous of pleasing, and easily succeeded; but it was not enough to impose on the father; in order to fulfil the views of my patrons, the daughter must also be deceived. While I was meditating on this point, the picture merchant gave me notice that he had just received a superb collection of engravings from Rome, requesting me to call the same morning, since he would not expose them to sale till I should have made my choice.

I hastened to his house, unconscious of the fate that awaited me. Instead of being received, as usual, by the father, it was the daughter whom till then I had in vain wished to see, or rather it was Beauty itself

which stood before my eyes, in the form of that lovely young woman.

My dear friend, a feeling heart often beats under an unpolished form. More susceptible at my age of passion than of libertinism, my palpitating heart felt all the power of beauty. A new world unfolded itself before my eyes; I soon forgot my borrowed part; one sentiment absorbed my soul, one idea enchained my faculties. The charming Aurora perceived her triumph, and seemed to listen with complacency to the incoherent expressions of passion which escaped my lips. That interview fixed my destiny for ever! all difficulties vanished before the new emotions which animated my bosom—a single instant inspired me with the resolution of devoting my days and nights to study, in order that, possessed of the advantages of knowledge, I might be less unworthy of the happiness to which I aspired.

Every morning I found some excuse for a visit to the picture merchant, every morning I had some new trinket to exhibit, or some object of taste on which to consult Aurora.

It was the season of flowers, and I presented her every day with a bouquet composed of such as were best adapted to her style of beauty; my friends often joined the sonnet, or madrigal, of which I obtained the credit, and I sometimes surprised the fine eyes of this charming young woman fixed on mine with an expression of tender approbation.

Six months passed in this manner, the engravers being too desirous of complete revenge to hazard losing it by precipitation. Every evening they required an exact account of my conduct, with which they were so well satisfied, that they furnished me with funds far beyond the wants

of the personage I represented. I received at length a formal invitation from the picture merchant to a fête which he gave in the country, and of which I was led to think myself the hero. The vain beauty behaved so respectfully towards me, loaded me with such distinguished attentions, was so lovely, so exalting, whether as mistress of the fête, or its brightest ornament, that the moment we were alone, impelled by an emotion which I was unable to suppress, I threw myself at her feet, and made her an offer of marriage. She heard me with modest dignity, while a tear of joy, which dimmed for a moment her fine eyes, convinced me that pride was not the only feeling which agitated her heart—yes, I discovered that I was beloved.

After having deceived the daughter with respect to the person, it was necessary to blind the father with respect to the fortune. This was not difficult. Possessed of little penetration, he gave full credit to the story I related of myself. My father, I told him, lived retired at his seat in the farthest part of Dauphiny. Old age and the gout deprived him of the hope of accompanying his son to the altar, but he gave his consent to the marriage, and so much the more willingly, as the fortune of his house had been considerably increased from the interest which his son had early taken in the mines of his province. I dwelt also with secret complacency on the words *without portion*, alleging that my fortune was too considerable to think of augmenting it by that of a wife. Before the end of this conversation we were perfectly agreed, for I left him absolute master of the conditions. All I required was the avoiding any expensive and unnecessary éclat, as both the family of Au-

rore and my own were at a distance from Lyons. The marriage, it was fixed, should take place on that day fortnight, and I undertook to arrange all the preliminary articles.

(To be continued.)

REFLECTIONS ON PAST TIMES.

Laudator temporis acti. HOR.

IN our times things went better! said old Cleon. Formerly, says the atrabilious moralist, morals were less corrupt.

It is certain that the women have lost their first charm by throwing off the yoke of modesty, says a severe observer. The men too, cries an old coquet, have lost that flower of gallantry which distinguished them in my young days.

Thus the present times are always in the wrong.

This mania of praising the past at the expence of the present is not new. Horace complains of it, and according to all appearances it will outlive us whatever we may do.

But have not men always been what they are, with passions and vices? and, according to the times, their interest, temperament, government, and climate, have they not ever been good or bad, gallants or politicians, tradesmen or warriors. In all times their natural restlessness has quarrelled with the present, and their vanity has been soothed with the contemplation of the past.

It may be said, that the Greeks of the Morea do not resemble those of the Peloponnesus, nor the heroes of Homer those of the Pucelle. Re-establish the accidental causes which produced the events of Marathon and Salamis, and you will have a second Miltiades and Themistocles. The same causes produce the same effects

effects under the same circumstances: little men do none but little deeds; but those are bad governments who produce little men.

Nature has either not degenerated for 4000 years, or her degeneracy is not perceptible.—She produces now, as she did formerly, remedies and poisons, monsters and heroes.

Where has it been found that we are less than our ancestors? Not certainly in history. The first known writer treats his contemporaries as a degenerate race. From century to century man has successively experienced the reproach of having lost the trace of his virtuous ancestors.

Other errors may have distinguished other times, as well as other maladies; but the sum of good and evil has remained the same.

Our fathers have successively changed their laws, customs, modes, prejudices, and medicines; but nature is eternally the same. To think that she changes is an error; to say so is a folly.

It is not the first time that political or physical revolutions have changed the face of the globe. But has any revolution destroyed in dogs their tender attachment for man? has any revolution subdued the tiger's ferocity, ravished from the bees their nectar, from lovers their jealousy?

During the short continuance of the longest life nothing changes but our manner of seeing or feeling. Objects, men, and the universe, remain in the same state: we view them in another light; we decide upon them by the relations which they have with our present taste, without remembering our past affections.

We feel before we reflect, and we enjoy before we estimate. When we first get beyond the years of infancy every thing is new, admirable,

charming—admiration precedes inquiry—Nature seems to develope, to animate, to adorn herself solely for youth.

The attraction of pleasure, rising passions, active imagination, that superfluity of life which spreads over every object the inexpressible charm of sentiment, every thing multiplies our enjoyments in extending our desires—Oh how delightful is the world at that happy period! What pleasures it gives, what prosperity it promises.—Alas! the enchanting scene vanishes with the age that produced it. Illusions of vanity replace, how ill replace, those of the heart. Interest, ambition, jealousy, &c. succeed the warmth of friendship, and the fever of love. We wish and we fear; we hope for success, and we experience disappointment; we perceive a mixture of good and evil; the world is already changed; it is insupportable.

Old age arrives; and infirmities, cares, and regret, accompany it; every thing is changed in our eyes, yet in fact nothing is changed but ourselves.

“The first thing which happens to men, after having renounced pleasures through *bienséance* or lassitude,” says La Bruyère, “is to condemn them in others. They would that that which is no longer a happiness to them should be so to no other person.”

It is thus, that, by a calculation always relating to ourselves, we think that order or disorder reign around us, according as we are well or ill affected.

We decide upon the merit of men and things by a rule, almost always false, because we are always dupes of our senses or our vanity. If the sum of our disgusts prevails over the sum of our pleasures, the world is strangely perverted; if, on the contrary,

contrary, every thing succeeds according to our wishes, we fall into the dream of optimism.

Let us leave the old to complain of, and the young to enjoy events; let us not oppose a dyke to the stream, but say of what passes in the world, with the author of the *Coquet* corrected, but in another sense:

Le bruit est pour le fat; la plainte est pour
le sot;

L'honnête homme trompé s'éloigne, et ne
dit mot.

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH of MANTACCINI.

THE FAMOUS CHARLATAN OF
PARIS.

(From a French Journal.)

A YOUNG man of good family having in a few years squandered a large estate, and reduced himself to absolute want, felt that he must exercise his ingenuity, or starve. In this state of mind he cast his eyes round the various devices which save from indigence, and are most favoured by fortune. He soon perceived that *charlatanism* was that on which this blind benefactress lavished her favours with most pleasure, and in the greatest abundance. An adroit and loquacious domestic was the only remaining article of all his former grandeur; he dressed him up in a gold-laced livery, mounted a splendid chariot, and started on the town under the name, style, and title of "the celebrated doctor Mantaccini, who cures all diseases with a simple touch, or a single look." This precious art was possessed by too many of his brethren to draw after him the whole town; he therefore undertook a country excursion, and modestly announced himself at Lyons, as the "celebrated doctor Mantac-

cini, who revives the dead at will." To remove all doubt, he declared, that, in fifteen days, he would go to the common church-yard, and restore to life its inhabitants, though buried for ten years.

This declaration excited a general rumour and violent murmurs against the doctor, who, not in the least disconcerted, applied to the magistrate, and requested he might be put under a guard, to prevent his escape, until he should perform his undertaking. The proposition inspired the greatest confidence, and the whole city came to consult doctor Mantaccini, and purchase his *Baume de vie*. His consultations, always well paid, were so numerous, he had scarcely time to eat and drink. At length the famous day approached, and the doctor's valet, fearing for his shoulders, began to show signs of uneasiness.—"You know nothing of mankind," said the doctor to him, "be quiet." Scarcely had he spoken these words, when the following letter was presented to him from a rich citizen.

"The great operation, doctor, which you are going to perform, has broke my rest. I have a wife buried for some time, who was a fury, and I am unhappy enough already without her resurrection. In the name of Heaven, do not make the experiment. I will give you fifty louis to keep your secret to yourself."

In an instant after two dashing *beaux* arrived, who, with the most earnest supplications, entreated him not to revive their old father, formerly the greatest miser in the city, as in such an event they would be reduced to the most deplorable indigence. They offered him a fee of sixty louis, but the doctor shook his head in doubtful compliance.

Scarcely had they retired, when a young widow, on the eve of matrimony, threw herself at the feet of

the doctor, and with sobs and sighs implored his mercy;—in short, from morn till night, the doctor received letters, visits, presents, fees, to an excess that absolutely overwhelmed him. The minds of the citizens were so differently and violently agitated, some by fear, and others by curiosity, that the chief magistrate of the city waited upon the doctor, and said: “Sir, I have not the least doubt, from my experience of your rare talents, that you will be able to accomplish the resurrection in our church-yard the day after to-morrow, according to your promise; but I pray you to observe that our city is in the greatest uproar and confusion, and to consider the dreadful revolution the success of your experiment must produce in every family. I entreat you, therefore, not to attempt it, but to go away, and thus restore the tranquillity of the city. In justice, however, to your rare and divine talents, I shall give you an attestation in due form, under our seal, that you can *revive* the dead and that it was our own fault we were not eye-witnesses of your power.”

The certificate was duly signed and delivered, and doctor Mantacini went to work new miracles in some other city. In a short time he returned to Paris loaded with gold, where he laughed at popular credulity, and spent immense sums in luxury and extravagance. A lady, who was a downright *charlatan* in love, assisted in reducing him to want; but he set out again on a provincial tour, and returned with a new fortune.

The CURSORY LUCUBRATOR,

N^o I.

On the STUDY of HISTORY.

FROM the proper reading of history he most beneficial advantages

may be derived; and from thence, perhaps, as useful instruction may be inculcated as can by any other means be possibly conveyed.—The perusal of the characters which the faithful historian has delineated improves the understanding; and by tracing the multifarious actions of mankind to their original source, we become familiar with the secret windings of the human mind. However, of very little benefit is the present superficial mode of reading history productive. Can it be supposed the mind will be improved by the mere *glancing* over a number of volumes? The memory, it is certain, may be burthened by a number of events, yet unaccompanied by a just conception of their *origin and nature*; and moral reflections on the *effects* they produce become as unimportant in themselves as they are unproductive of pleasure and real profit to the reader. Doubtless, though the repetition of numerous *names*, the precise *dates* of their great achievements, and the identical *places* in which they were performed, may interest the attention, and probably raise a high opinion of knowledge in many auditors, yet, to the man of real discrimination, when unattended by appropriate reflections, they appear but trifling and imperfect.

Youth, in the study of history, should be instructed in the consideration of the *moral* to be drawn from each circumstance of moment therein described, otherwise they will heedlessly wander through the most important relations with uncertainty, and without deriving either advantage or improvement. It is an opinion as illiberal as it is unjust to advance that young minds are incompetent of reflection, as in a very early period of life the powers of reason are particularly distinguishable; so that it is essentially incumbent in the preceptors of

of youth to guide them in a study so important;—first, leading them properly to contemplate the objects presented to their view with caution, and divested of prejudice; and hence their own judgments will infer the morals they inculcate. This procedure in the study of history can alone produce real knowledge, and ensure credit and applause.

Reading without meditation is inefficient of edification, and, contrary to what it should effect, is wholly unproductive of moral improvement; while, on the other hand, to reflect upon what we read, lays open to our view the secret designs of mankind, the arts and dissimulation practised to accomplish them; and thus are we inclined to guard against the like fallacies in our general as well as social intercourse with the world, to discover our own failings and imperfections, and to endeavour to correct them; and surely

Happy the man who, taught by others' woe,
Avoids the rocks from whence their sorrows flow.

This is the wisdom the proper study of history affords; all other is superficial and undeserving.

Jan. 1801.

H. FRANCES.

ACCOUNT of the CHARACTER and DRESS of the WOMEN of CHIO, an Island in the Archipelago.

(From Dallaway's *Tour in the Levant*.)

WHILE recounting the bounties of nature to this island, the singular beauty of the female inhabitants must not be omitted*. As we

walked through the town, on a Sunday evening, the streets were filled with women dancing, or sitting in groupes at their doors, dressed in the fashion of the island, which is scrupulously confined to the natives. The girls have most brilliant complexions, with features regular and delicate; but one style

che cantare, ballare, e stare in conversazione con le donnè, e non solo il giorno ma la notte ancora." *Viaggio*, p. 32. "They continually sing and dance, and converse together, not only by day, but likewise through the night."

Sandys says quaintly, "The women, celebrated of old for their beauty, yet carry that fame, I will not say undeservedly," p. 11. La Mottraye has more of the gallantry of his nation: "Les femmes de Scio tiennent le premier rang pour la beauté aussi bien que la gaieté, et, selon quelques uns, pour la complaisance, entre toutes celles de l'Archipel." T. i. p. 195. "The women of Scio claim the first rank for beauty as well as for gaiety, and, according to some, for complaisance among all the women of the Archipelago."—Sandys, when he saw them, was a young man, though an old traveller; Dr. Chandler was not so insensible. See *Travels in Asia Minor*, ch. xvi.

As a more ancient testimony, *Belon* gives a sketch in the curious language of the sixteenth century. "Il n'est autre ville où les gens soyent plus courtois qu'ils sont à Chio. Aussi est ce le lieu de la meilleure demeure que scachions a nostre gré, et où les femmes sont plus courtoises et belles. Elles rendent un infallible témoignage de leur antique beauté." L. 2. ch. viii. "There is no town where the people are more courteous than they are at Chio; wherefore it is the place of residence we should especially choose, as the women are extremely courteous and handsome. They render an infallible testimony to the ancient beauty." *Count Choiseul Gouffier* observes: "On pourroit les soupçonner d'abord de pousser un peu loin leur affabilité, mais on auroit tout: nulle part les femmes ne sont si libres et si sage." *Voyage Pittoresque*, p. 93. "We might, at first, suspect that they carried their complaisance a little too far; but we should be wrong: no where are women so free, yet so prudent."

* P. de la Valle recounts their gaiety with great delight. "Non si fa mai altro

of countenance prevails ; when, without a veil, the head is covered with a close coif, confining the hair, except a few locks round the face, which are bathed in perfumed oil, and curled likewise, as in Vandyke's or Lely's portraits. Some have veils of muslin tied *à l'antique*, and flowing gracefully behind. The shift sleeves are exposed, of thin gauze, full and open, and the outer vest does not reach far below the knees, with an apron of coloured tiffany, worn as high as the bosom. It is always of gaudy silk, thickly plaited in narrow folds, stiffened with whalebone, like a hoop, and fastened under the chin, being quite flat upon the breasts. It appears much as if one of the most fanciful of our English ladies of fashion should wear her petticoat tied round her neck, and poke her arms through the sides ; or by a more grotesque comparison, a tortoise walking upright. The slippers are loose, and sometimes embroidered, with stockings of white silk or cotton, extremely neat. The ringlets which are so elegantly disposed round the sweet countenances of these fair Chiotes are such as Milton describes by "hyacinthine locks," crisped and curled like the blossoms of that flower. No dress more unbecoming than that which envelopes their shapes could have been imagined ; but their faces make ample amends, with eyes varying with infinite expression from softness to vivacity. All the arts of ancient Greece have declined in an extreme proportion ; nor should we wonder that, if the superiority of beauty be unimpaired, the art of adorning the person be almost lost. Yet the air of the veil, the *ceinture*, and the sandals, afford us occasionally some slight glimpse of that exquisite grace which pervades the drapery of ancient sculpture.

Even in the Turkish women an air of greater freedom than of those in the capital may be observed. The face is not so closely enveloped in a mahramah, which discovers the eyes only, but gracefully obscured by a flowing veil.

We visited the English consul at his country-house among the mountains. It was about mid-day, and we were served with the customary compliment. The lady of the house had been one of the most beautiful of the Chiotes, nor had her daughter inferior pretensions. More native politeness and gay complacency could scarcely have been shown than in their reception of us. According to the universal custom among the Greeks, soon after our arrival, a servant appeared, bearing a silver salver, upon which were placed several spoons filled with conserves, which the young lady presented to us, severally, with a grace and attitude worthy the antique. Small glasses of water succeeded ; and, lastly, coffee prepared in the eastern manner. In every visit that may be made during the day, this compliment is repeated. Should the mistress of the house be young, she shows her respect to her guests by this ceremony ; if otherwise, her eldest daughter, or some other lady present, takes her place.

IDDA of TOKENBURG ; or,
the FORCE of JEALOUSY.

A TALE.

(Translated from the German of Augustus Lafontaine.)

"YOU have been weeping, Julia?"

"No, dear mother, not that I know!—the cold air——"

"May perhaps make the eyes red,

red, but cannot fill them with tears ; and here in every dimple of your cheeks hangs a tear. Dear Julia, may I not ask——?”

“Tears, mother, in the eyes of a young girl, have not always much meaning.”

“Not when the anxiety of love, and a heart ill-treated, forces them into the eyes?”

“Dear mother you are too severe. I have indeed shed tears on account of Grubenthal's love, or at least his jealousy. But must love always smile? Have you not yourself often said, that we maidens ought early to accustom ourselves to think that love, like every thing on earth, is a mixture of sorrow and joy? You see I am accustoming myself to think so.”

“You jest very unseasonably at your future fate ; I look forward to it with an anxious heart—Yes, believe me, with a very anxious heart.” (At these words madam Erloch took the hand of her daughter and pressed it to her breast.)

“With an anxious heart, dear mother! You are too anxious.”

“Can I avoid feeling anxiety when I see that your love has no other effect than to fill with tears eyes once so cheerful, and extort sighs from so good a heart. A love which so early brings forth tears affords no good sign of its nature:—Tell me, dearest Julia, why you wept.”

“You know Grubenthal's jealousy. A trifle, a mere trifle. It certainly was not worth the tears which my heart, because it was full, shed about it. Man is vain, dear mother; an eye filled with tears is always an interesting subject to a lover; and who would not wish to be interesting.”

“Grubenthal has been gone this hour; and your eyes filled with tears are not to me an interesting

object; at least not one which has any connection with pleasure.—But tell me what this trifle was.”

“You will laugh, no doubt; but love extracts poison out of every thing it sees.”

“That is a property of love with which I was acquainted. I have indeed heard that love can make a heaven of a hell.”

“Yes, dear mother; but it sometimes makes the hell before it finds the heaven in it.”

“That is rather an extraordinary maxim. But let us hear what is this hell.”

“You know, dear mother, how much I have interested myself in the affairs of our gardener since the tender, persevering, and fearless love of Barbara procured his discharge of the soldiers. As often as I see him I make him relate to me how Barbara fell on her knees before the stern colonel, her eyes streaming with tears, and spoke as if an angel prompted her, till tears started likewise into the eyes of the colonel, the officers, and soldiers, and they could no longer refuse her petition. Nothing pleases me so much as to hear Anthony tell how he was sent for from the guard-house, little expecting any such thing, and how he fell on his knees by the side of Barbara, and took her in his arms, mingling his tears with her's; that when he was told he was at liberty, he fainted with surprise, and was revived by the embraces of Barbara. I was to-day along with Anthony and Barbara, and making them tell me their story. Barbara was called away, and I staid some time with the gardener alone, who told me how dearly he now loved Barbara. I heard this with great pleasure, and promised him that I would be godmother to their first child; for which Anthony, in gratitude, kissed my hand. At that moment

ment Grubenthal came up one of the alleys and saw me. I ran to meet him, and—you know how tenderly he loves me, and how jealous he is on that account."

"On that account, Julia! because he tenderly loves you! That cannot be your real opinion; for why did you then shed tears if his jealousy is a proof of his love?—Shall I tell you why you shed them? Because you felt yourself hurt that he should suspect you were too familiar with a person of low rank."

"Yes I own, dear mother, that hurt me a little. But a great deal must be forgiven to jealousy and love, and I am glad I can forgive it."

"If love and jealousy, child, are estimated as they ought to be, according to the principles of sound reasoning, we shall find that there are several species of both. Of jealousy there is a legitimate and generous kind. A maiden is beloved, and loves in return. She attracts the attention of a man of understanding and merit who before was a stranger to her. Her lover is alarmed: he fears the amiable qualities of the stranger should make an impression on the heart of his mistress. This jealousy is the pledge of his modesty and delicacy, and the purity and ardour of his love. For this jealousy the gratitude of his mistress is due to him; for it is the triumph of her charms and accomplishments."

"This, dear mother, has certainly not been the case in the present instance, otherwise Grubenthal would have——"

"We will talk of Grubenthal presently.—This nobler species of jealousy is the offspring of refined love and modesty. But besides this there are two other kinds of jealousy, which may be called the jealousy of selfishness, and the jealousy of sen-

sual inclination. But what signify names? Let them be called what they may; it will be well, child, for you to be acquainted with their nature, that you may guard against them. You know there are florists who buy rare flowers at an extravagant price, and destroy great quantities of them, that they alone may possess them. There are thousands of envious persons who are jealous of every thing which others possess in common with them. Such envious, selfish, and mean hearts are there likewise in friendship and love. A selfish lover of this kind wishes to be the whole world to the object of his love; all whose wishes, hopes, pleasures, and whose very life, must centre in himself. A smile or friendly word bestowed on another, even pity expressed for the unfortunate, or a cheerful hour passed in the company of any other person, is with such the crime of high treason against love. Men of such a disposition are frequently as jealous of a fine piece of painting, or a rare flower or butterfly, as of the woman they love; for love with them is only a pretence to conceal their envy; and I should not have mentioned this frantic vanity, had not the name of jealousy been given to this selfish envy in love."

"This kind of jealousy, however, mother, is certainly not that of Grubenthal."

"That I am willing to grant.—There is a third kind of jealousy which is the offspring of suspicion, and a gross sensual inclination.—Julia, there are men who will not believe in any virtue in women, or that there is any such thing as innocence or unstained purity of manners in our sex, either because they have never met with an innocent heart, or because they are unworthy to meet with one. You are un-

acquainted

acquainted with the manners of what is called the great world, and judge of the innocence of the women who live in it by the pure and unblemished manners of the matrons and maidens who live here with us in the solitudes of the Swiss valleys, where innocence and constancy are the rich treasures of every cottage. You know not that there are elevated ranks of life in which innocence is a name of mockery, and conjugal fidelity an object of ridicule, where these two guardian angels of virtue are utterly contemned, and left to the lowest classes of the people. A man brought up in such society gradually loses all belief in female virtue, as he never met with an example of it, or because he judges of every heart by his own, which never yet had strength enough to withstand the slightest temptation to sensual gratification. Yet, though he may believe the corruption of manners to be general, and the existence of innocence and purity impossible, he will wish to find an exception to this in the woman he loves; for the pure moral feeling is never entirely annihilated in the most corrupted hearts. The suspicion, however, that there is no virtue, no constancy in women, is strongly rooted in him, and will still remain though the object of his affection should be innocent and sacredly pure as an incorporeal spirit. He mistrusts, he watches, he listens: the spotless heart, the guileless soul of his mistress is ever open to his view; yet still he suspects; for how many women appear innocent, yet are not so. A smile bestowed on another; a sign which he observes her make to her female attendant; a note which she receives and conceals, because it is a grateful acknowledgment for an

alms which her benevolence has bestowed in secret; a rose-bud which she seems anxious to preserve from withering; a ribbon which she wears and did not receive from him, are sufficient to excite his ever-watchful distrust, and kindle his jealousy. Then his passion bursts forth, and he raves out, frantically, that he is deceived, abused, and swears that he will no longer endure such treachery. His mistress pacifies him, tells him why she made the sign to her attendant, shows him the acknowledgment for the alms she has bestowed, informs him that the rose-bud was given her by her father, and the ribbon by a female friend, with whom, from a child, she has had the strictest intimacy, and she shows the billets she received with both these presents. He is now astonished at his error, falls at her feet, kisses her hand, and vows never to be jealous again. She forgives him, though this is repeated a hundred times, because she thinks his jealousy a proof of his love, though it is much rather a proof that he considers her as capable of being easily corrupted, and naturally inclined to dissolute manners. It is likewise a very probable proof that he has himself strayed from the paths of innocence and virtue. But this is nothing; his mistress forgives because she loves him. At length she speaks to a common labouring man, her servant, whose education, manners, and station, render it impossible to suppose, unless her character be base and corrupt indeed, that she can have conceived any improper predilection for him. Yet the lover sees her, and raves. He accuses her of a disgraceful intimacy with this man; and still she forgives him, because even this jealousy, which is so gross

a reflection upon her, is in her eyes a sign of love!—You weep Julia—I have done.”

Julia rose from her seat, walked thoughtfully, without speaking a word, up and down the room; then came back to her mother, and, sitting down by her, said, in a sorrowful tone, “Dear mother, permit me to ask you what you think of Grubenthal’s love for me? Do you think it is merely that gross inclination of which you say this jealousy is the offspring?”

“Perhaps, Julia, it would be well for you that you should believe it to be so. But I will tell you truly what I think. His love for you, I am ready to grant, is more than merely such an inclination. He admires your understanding, esteems your talents, and loves your generous, tender, and feeling heart. What alone is wanting to him is confidence in you; but confidence, my Julia, is the fairest flower of love, from which love is again reproduced. Wherever a lively, firm, unshaken confidence is wanting, love is like a tall and beauteous tree, which has lost its main roots, and which the slightest blast may level with the ground.”

“And is it impossible to be happy without this confidence?”

“The tree deprived of its strongest roots may, by accident, be spared by the winds; but who would place his parterre of choicest flowers near such a tree, because it is possible that it may be thrown down by the storm? The slightest accident, a smile, a glance, a word, may excite suspicion and jealousy; and other accidents may strengthen it; and the tenderest love, the purest innocence, will afford no protection against the fury of such jealousy.—Have you not read the tragedy of the Moor of Venice?”

“The fiction of a poet, dear mother, however admirable, can prove nothing.”

“It is admirable, because it is true to nature, and what passes in real life. Can you say that similar accidents may not happen to you? Have you not had proof that much greater trifles may excite the jealousy of your lover——?”

“But when I give him indubitable proofs of the sincerity and tenderness of my affection?”

“The more furious will he be, when his suspicions are once aroused, at the thought of the artifice and hypocrisy employed to deceive him. Whole years of the tenderest love, the firmest fidelity, the most indubitable proofs of the purest innocence, disappear in a moment before relentless suspicion. Desdemona loved the Moor, and was innocent; could that protect her from the fury of his jealousy?”

Julia, with a thoughtful and serious air, kissed her mother’s hand, and left her without speaking a word. She could not deny that all her mother had said was true; but in her heart she heard a voice which pleaded against its intended application; and the first assurance she received from Grubenthal of the sincerity and ardour of his affection erased half the impression which the advice of her mother had made upon her mind.—“There cannot be so much danger,” said she to herself. “How can he whose expressions are now so tender, so fond, load me with reproaches, and even execration! No it is impossible!”

Some days afterwards Julia received a letter from her young friend Clara, who had lately taken the veil in the convent of Fischingen, requesting that she would come and stay with her a few days. The letter was so pathetically expressive

sive of melancholy and sadness, and so earnestly pressed her to visit her unfortunate friend, that Julia could not refuse to comply with the invitation. She solicited and obtained permission from her father, and hastened, without informing her lover of her journey, to Fischingen, to listen to the sorrows, and soothe the heart, of the unhappy Clara.

"Ah my dearest Julia!" exclaimed Clara, when she saw her, the tears rushing into her eyes, and sinking on her bosom, overpowered by her feelings, "are you at length come? Do my eyes again behold the countenance of her with whom I once was so happy in the cheerful times that are past? Do I again hear a gentle voice at which my heart has no cause to fear? Alas!" added she, in a lower tone, "I am very unhappy, my dear Julia."

Family connections and interests had torn Clara from the arms of a secret lover, and immured her in the solitary gloom of a convent.—This was the first time, when, alas! it was too late, that Julia heard of the love of her friend. She could now only bestow on her a fruitless pity; she could not show her hope, but only advise her to have recourse to the sad comfort—patience.

The two friends sat in a dark walk in the garden of the convent. Julia with a faltering voice, and looks that betrayed the melancholy feelings of her own heart, endeavoured to comfort her sad companion; but Clara shook her head, and said, "No, Julia! comfort me you cannot; I did not invite you hither with the hope of receiving comfort; I wished to see you, that in your company I might once more recollect the joys of my youth. Here our sorrows end only with death. I am not the only one who sighs in this dreary mansion. Hundreds have sighed here before me,

and hundreds more will sigh hereafter, when the grave shall long have closed both on me and my grief."

Clara and Julia thus sat together till the bell called the former to the choir. In the evening, Clara, with a kind of melancholy tenderness, took Julia into the little cell which was allotted to her: "Come, my friend," said she, "I must show you the place where I weep my most soothing tears." She opened the door of a cell, in which was a small altar, with a picture over it, and which was dimly lighted by a single lamp.

Clara with a kind of enthusiasm dropped on her knees before the altar, raised her blue tearful eyes to the picture, and stretched out her arms towards it. Julia looked at the painting, which was the object that received the most light from the lamp. A young and beautiful woman in the dress of a nun was represented as conveyed to the ground by angels from the summit of a steep rocky precipice on which stood a castle. Julia attentively gazed for some time on the expressively firm but innocent and lovely countenance of this female figure.

"Here," said Clara, stretching forth her hand to Julia, "here where that innocent and lovely woman," pointing to the picture, "wept for twenty years, here where the ground still contains her tears, and the walls her sighs, here, Julia, is my grief delicious. Every evening I fall on my knees before this altar, and implore heaven to bestow on me the resolution which this woman possessed. By contemplating this patient, lovely countenance, I find myself comforted and animated. Here I pass my evenings, and read the history of this noble-minded, heaven-supported woman, to teach

me what strength the female heart possesses; and then how much am I ashamed to think that I am so weak!"

"Who is this saint?" asked Julia, in a low voice, with her eyes still fixed on the picture.

"She was no saint, Julia; she was a woman weak and sinful like me and you. The altar is dedicated to all good angels who protect persecuted innocence."

"And do you know her history, Clara? Let me entreat you to relate it to me." The two friends sat down on one seat, and viewed the picture together.

"That firm and lovely woman," said Clara, "was named Idda, and was the daughter of the baron of Kirchberg. She lived several hundred years since, in those unhappy times when the barons of Switzerland were perpetually engaged in deadly feuds and wars with each other. Idda was the most lovely maiden of her time. Her irresistible beauty, but still more the propriety and decorum of her manners, and the spotless purity of her heart, rendered her worthy the affections of the most renowned knight—See, Julia, such was her countenance!—In her father's castle she employed herself in silence and retirement with her spindle and the care of household affairs. Her pleasures were the benefactions she bestowed among the poor, and her amusement was her harp. She never went, like the daughters of other knights, to Zurich or Berne to see the jousts and tournaments, nor did she ever dance at the carousals and banquets given at the castle of her father. Avoiding the crowd and tumult of such scenes, she remained in her chamber, attended by her maids. To the poor alone and the unfortunate was she personally known; the knights had only heard the fame of

her beauty, her beneficence, her modesty, and her discretion.

(To be continued.)

LADIES' DRESSES on her MAJESTY'S BIRTH-DAY.

HER MAJESTY. A petticoat of rich lace, ornamented with a drape of beautiful point, with wreaths of royal purple silk flowers fastened up with bows of pearl and diamonds, spangles, &c. The mantua of royal purple velvet, trimmed with point lace, to correspond with the petticoat. In addition to her majesty's rich and beautiful dress, she wore a plume of about five hundred of the most scarce and natural heron feathers, which was some time ago presented to her as a present by the Turkish ambassador; there hardly ever were seen such feathers in England before. Her head was beautifully ornamented with wreaths of diamonds.

The Princess of Wales. A white satin petticoat spangled with silver, and tastefully ornamented with rich silver laurel wreaths, and trimmed round the bottom with the same; a royal purple velvet train and drape, spangled with silver, and trimmed with rich silver laurel wreaths; the pocket-holes elegantly festooned with silver laurel and deep tassels. Her royal highness looked charmingly.

Princess Elizabeth. An elegant embroidered white satin petticoat, richly ornamented with silver, scarlet, and black velvet, silver tassel fringe, laurel cord and tassels; the body and train of scarlet and silver, with fancy sleeves intermixed with gold net tassels, &c.

Princess Augusta. A rich white satin petticoat, elegantly embroidered with scarlet, black velvet and

and gold draperies, superbly ornamented with rich tassels, fringe, laurel cord, tassels, &c.; the body and train of white and gold tissue, with fancy sleeves, gold knot and tassel.

The Princess Amelia displayed her usual elegance and taste in the choice of her dress; the body and train silver tissue, richly ornamented with silver and point lace, fastened on the top of the shoulder with diamonds; petticoat of white satin, embroidered with stripes of drooping sprigs, intermixed with naval blue velvet in diamonds, trimmed with silver bullion tasseled fringe.

Princess Mary. A rich white satin petticoat, with net work of gold, coloured beads, intermixed with gold stars, had a new and singular effect, with a puce velvet border, richly embroidered in gold, with gold tassel fringe; the draperies of puce velvet, superbly embroidered with gold foil, shells, decorated with gold spangled feathers, and drawn up with rich tassels and fringe; a rich puce velvet and gold train, trimmed with gold.

Princess Sophia of Gloucester wore a white satin petticoat, richly embroidered in silver checks, with raised spangled roses, bordered with beautiful rose-coloured velvet; embroidered bulrushes. White crape drapery superbly embroidered in shells, looped with rich embroidered white satin straps of rose bulrushes, and beautifully embroidered: feathers suspended with a knot of handsome spangled rose velvet; an elegant spangled sash, bordered with rich embroidered rose velvet, which formed a most brilliant appearance. The sash was ornamented with a spangled knot of rose velvet, and handsome silver tassels. The train rose silver tissue, striped and trimmed with silver;—rich silver embroidered sleeves, fastened

with straps of rose-spangled velvet to correspond with the petticoat. Her royal highness's head-dress was an elegant silver net, with feathers and diamonds. The whole had a most splendid, new, and elegant effect.

Princess of Orange. White satin petticoat trimmed with Brussels point, and royal purple velvet, ornamented with diamonds. Mantua of purple velvet, ornamented with diamonds.

Princess Castelicicali. A brown crape petticoat, richly ornamented with drops of poppy beads, and broad waves of gold spangles, with gold fringe and tassels; a brown crape drapery, with gold spangles, and a broad gold foil, scalloped border, with poppy beads.

Duchess of Dorset. White crape petticoat, superbly embroidered in silver; drapery of violet velvet, relieved with a rich embroidery of gold and silver crape, finishing with handsome gold tassels. Mantua of violet velvet. Cap purple velvet and gold, with three handsome ti-grée feathers.

Duchess of Leeds. A white crape petticoat beautifully embroidered in gold spangles, and purple velvet stripes with waves of gold spangles, and broad gold fringe, white crape drapery, ornamented with purple velvet, and gold spangled feathers, tied up with gold cord, tassels, and broad gold fringe.

The Marchioness de Pombeira's was one of the most sumptuous dresses that ever appeared at court. It would be a vain attempt to give a perfect idea of the whole effect and the gracefulness of her deportment. It consisted of a white satin petticoat with a deep border of gold foil, spangles waved; out of each rose a rich stripe; the right side a most superb gold net, decorated between every diamond with

a loose gold tassel, bordered in Vandyke with rich dead gold tassels hanging from each point, drawn up with most magnificent large tassels, the left side two points hanging, edged in Vandyke, and bordered with rich tassels; the mantle of a brilliant coquelicot velvet richly embroidered to correspond; the sleeves and bosom of rich gold crape; the head-dress consisted of a most magnificent diadem, decorated with a most brilliant set of diamonds and a plume of ostrich feathers; a brilliant cestus round the waist.

Countess of Sutherland. Superb petticoat of brown crape, richly embroidered with gold, elegant bordering of embroidery round the bottom; drapery of the same, festooned up with embroidery, and sleeves of gold; train of yellow satin, richly ornamented with gold, and an Elizabeth ruff; head-dress to correspond, of brown velvet, ostrich feathers, and diamonds; the *tout ensemble* strikingly elegant.

The Countess Spencer. A white crape petticoat, richly embroidered with gold; tippet of white satin, ornamented with drapery in the German style; gold fringe and tassels, interwoven with wreaths of shamrocks, green and gold; her train brocaded satin, green and gold; sleeves white crape, richly embroidered with gold spangles; head-dress to correspond, richly ornamented with diamonds and feathers; on the whole, one of the richest ever beheld in court.

Countess of Kenmare. A white crape petticoat very tastefully embroidered with silver stars, sprigs, and white satin, over the right corner of which flowed a puce velvet drapery richly spangled and ornamented with real silver tassel and laurel, with festoons of laurel on the opposite corner, with a silver fringe

round the bottom; body and train of puce velvet trimmed with silver fringe, and spangled Circassian tops to sleeves.

The Countess of Chesterfield. A white crape petticoat richly embroidered with gold, pearl, and spangles, and white satin rings in imitation of trefoil; over the right corner of which flowed a gold embroidered drapery in horizontal stripes, and over the opposite corner of the coat flowed another crape drapery embroidered with gold spangles and perpendicular stripes of gold, foil rings and pearl on white satin; the whole richly ornamented with real gold Vandyke lace; trimming spangled tassels, and rich fringe round the bottom.

Countess of Mansfield. A white crape petticoat, very tastefully decorated with festoons of white pearls, and brown satin stars between each bead; over the right corner of which flowed a crape drapery richly embroidered with gold spangles, white satin and brown velvet spots surmounted with orange-coloured foil stones, ornamented with a rich border of bulrushes, gold spangled leaves, embroidered white satin, brown velvet and crescent foil stones, edged with a wreath of gold laurel; the pocket-holes were ornamented with festoons of gold laurel, and gold laurel flounce round the bottom; body and train of brown velvet trimmed with gold fringe, and embroidered Circassian tops similar to the drapery of her ladyship's petticoat.

Countess of Cardigan. A brown crape body and train, the sleeves richly embroidered with diamonds, and trimmed with gold point, &c. fastened on the shoulder; petticoat of brown crape, embroidered with gold in form of shells, with gold laurel drawn across the petticoat as drapery, which terminated on the

the left with a sash; and nothing could have been better calculated to show so fine a figure to the best advantage.

Lady Huntingfield. A white crape petticoat richly embroidered with gold spangles, pearl, and white satin rings, with perpendicular stripes of gold, foil rings and pearl on white satin, over the right corner of which flowed a similar embroidered drapery, with a very rich border of black velvet, embroidered with three rows of gold spangles, edged with cord, and gold sprays darting from it; a similar border headed a very rich real gold fringe round the bottom, the drapery was additionally ornamented with real gold spangled tassels; body and train of mazarine blue velvet, richly ornamented with real gold Vandyke fringe.

Lady Livingston. White crape petticoat, richly embroidered with gold and silver; the border scarlet velvet, ornamented in a very new style, with gold and silver tassels; a gold embroidered pointed drapery; a silver spangled sash, bordered with scarlet velvet, and gold fringe; white satin train, bordered with scarlet velvet; spangled Spanish sleeves; head-dress beautiful gold net; silver bandeau feathers and diamonds.

Lady Lucas. Petticoat, white crape, fringed with silver, and ornamented with a festooned applique of velvet on the right side, and double drapery, drawn up with oak wreaths, and silver cord and tassels; the left, festooned with silver rollo, fastened with spangled tassels; train, scarlet velvet, fringed with silver, and fine blond suit; cap, white and silver; white ostrich feather and scarlet plume de coq.

Lady Charlotte Townshend. White crape petticoat, embroidered with gold and purple velvet, elegantly

ornamented with gold fringe of tassels, and fine stone spangles; train white satin, purple velvet, and gold fringe; the body white crape, richly ornamented with gold spangles, gold frogs behind; the neck and sleeves trimmed with point lace—looked delightfully.

Lady Mary Bentinck. The elegance of this dress equals its richness; the petticoat is of white crape, strewed with shells, embroidered in silver; the draperies of wreaths of convolvulus, and artistly embroidered in foil, which have the most agreeable effect; but that which distinguishes the dress most, and renders it quite dissimilar to any thing yet made, are the borders, which are of lace and silver, imitating laurel leaves, and arranged in a peculiar manner.

Lady Henrietta Wallop. Crape petticoat, fringed with silver, and strewed with an applique of shamroc leaves, in velvet and silver spots; a drapery, festooned, with an union wreath of roses, thistle, and shamroc, and silver rollo looped up with rich silver tassels and rope; train, puce velvet, fringed with silver; the sleeves striped richly with silver net and spangles; head-dress, pearls and ostrich plume.

Mrs. Joseph Smith. A white crape petticoat richly embroidered with silver spangles and pearls, ornamented with a mazarine blue satin sash across, entwined with real silver laurel, festoons of laurel, satin ribbon to pocket-holes, and a silver fringe round the bottom, headed with mazarine blue velvet trimmed with silver.

General Observations.

Powder was universally out of use among the ladies, whose hair was chiefly dressed in braids or in curls,

curls, with bandeaux of gold or embroidery running cross in front, and diamond ornaments. These were principally in the form of tiaras, circles, diadems, wreaths of flowers and aigrettes. Feathers were universal, but of different lengths. They were the white ostrich, the bird of paradise, Argus, pheasant, and Macau plumes. The princess Augusta wore six short feathers, in various directions, falling different ways; the princess Elizabeth, three long ostrich, and three red feathers; and the princesses Mary and Sophia six short feathers, and bandeaux through their hair, profusely ornamented with jewellery. The union wreath was also much in vogue, consisting of roses, thistles, and shamrocks entwined. The Collet necklaces were most in fashion, and clasps for girdles and buckles of diamonds and topazes. The imperial handkerchiefs were also much worn. The clothes consisted, as usual, chiefly of rich embroideries, and rich tissue trains.

PARISIAN FASHIONS.

(With an Engraving elegantly coloured.)

THE present fashionable wig has the hair hanging loose over the forehead, so low as the eyebrow, and down the sides of the face, and upon the neck behind, nearly of the same length, all round in loose curls. It then attaches close to the top of the forehead by a braid, brought close behind the ears, and is combed smooth to the crown of the head, where it is confined by a second twisted braid. It then continues narrowing for a few inches, when it is bound by a third braid, parallel to the second, leaving the ends of the hair hanging out bushed.

This wig is very plain, never having any ornament except a rose, or some other single flower, on the front braid, a little behind the right temple.

The white bonnets are still of that shape which approaches the antique head-dresses. Almost all the *négligé* caps are in the *mob* or the *biggin* style. Black velvet hats, trimmed with black ribbon, are still in fashion, with the soft feathers called *pleureuses*.

The handkerchief is crossed upon the bosom, in a narrow stripe, running through a slider on the breast, leaving it equally exposed above and below, and the ends tucked down under the chemise. It is generally scarlet, or sky-blue.—Capucine and coquelicot are also prevailing colours. The robe is white, with a very short waist, and pizenges on the sleeves. The length of the trains has caused the mode of tucking up the robe in walking to be changed: that represented in the plate is almost generally adopted. A few *élégantes* have resumed the crosses.

Of the tea-table apparatus, the sugar-chest is the most curious: it is exactly in the shape of an urn, the sides of which form a case for the spoons, the bowls of them standing out, and forming a chain round the circumference.

MALE FASHIONS.

The pantaloons *à la marinier* are not in general use. Some fashionables wear the pantaloons close, others have resumed the breeches. As the waistcoat is extremely little and short, the former must reach very high. The coat is still short, and cut round at the skirt. The hair is worn close and smooth, except on the forehead, from which it hangs in loose curls.

Engraved for the Ladies Magazine.



H. Mulready.

PARIS DRESS.

The frocks of the young men are as *dégagée* and as short as last summer; but their riding-coats are very large and full. At the balls they wear a black coat, and white waistcoat, black breeches, white stockings, and a cocked hat. The ladies' head-dresses in hair are adorned with a diadem of leaves or diamonds. The most favourite *capotes* are white satin trimmed with white comet in silver pearl, and ornamented with an *esprit*. The shagged ribbons of the *pouceau* colour are still fashionable.

On the 24th of last month we remarked, at the opera, head-dresses in hair *à la Ceres*, having in front two sheaves of ears of corn, in silver or gold, united in a diadem. Nets *à la Circassienne*, of silver thread, large behind, and coming close round the forehead. Hive hats, of satin or crape, prepared by the milliners, to be moulded by the hair-dresser into the form of the antique head-dresses. Crosses diamonds, *aigrettes* of diamonds in several branches. Almost all the robes were cut *à la Turque*, and trimmed with tinsel. Some were of rose-coloured or white satin. A very great number of white or black crape. Some glittered in a shower of steel. The *capotes* were ornamented in front with three white feathers, or an *esprit*.

LONDON FASHIONS.

CAPS of white satin, with a round light knot of pink feathers in the front, and running up in sprays or small plumes, are much worn at theatres.

Caps wholly composed of white lace, with a crescent of pearl and a small pearl feather, are adopted by the votaries of simple elegance.

Hats are of brown chip, ornamented with corn flowers, generally scarlet.

Velvets on the head are disappearing; straw, in various shapes of motley hues, are in general substituted.

Dress hats turned up in front, of crape or satin, with single ostrich feathers, are very predominant. Scarlet feathers seem likely to assert their empire in female dress.

Large silk shawls, with deep fringes, are very general.

Velvet spencers, with jackets, have recently appeared.

Half pelisses, trimmed with lace and fur, are very usual.

Plaids are also general.

Slate-coloured muslins, trimmed with narrow fur of scarlet dye, have just been seen.

In full dress, white crapes, ornamented with scarlet, or orange-colour, are worn.

Purple crapes, or dresses of white silk, festooned up with wreaths of roses, thistles, and shamrocs, are fashionable.

Coloured muslins trimmed with swansdown have been recently introduced.

Artificial flowers highly scented are worn in the bosom; some of the fashionable male *Ephemera* are even seen with myrtle.

Military sashes of various colours are reviving; they are worn across the left shoulder, and tie loosely. Sashes of silver, or embroidered crapes, are worn in the same manner.

Silver nets are seen on the head, with tassels of spangles; also single high feathers. The union wreaths appear on the head; the hair is worn in simple ringlets.

Crosses of white cornelian, edged with gold, are universal, and bestow, even to modern belles, a certain nun-like air.

To the EDITOR of the LADY'S
MAGAZINE.

SIR,

AS the dramatic pieces I before sent you have met with so favourable a reception, I now transmit a translation of a Comedy in one Act, from the German of Kotzebue, on the plan of which is founded the popular French Comic Opera, entitled *Le Prisonnier, ou La Rassemblance*, which in the year 1798 was acted at Paris a hundred times successively, and has been read here, with great applause, at Le Texier's and Nugent's Rooms. I have again taken the liberty to alter the names of two or three of the characters, to avoid such harsh sounds as Mr. Schlichtmann, Klotz, &c.

Yours &c.

ELEANOR M****,
Twickenham, Dec. 22, 1800.

THE PRISONER.

A Comedy, in One Act.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Major HEILBRON, commandant of a fortress.

DORIMONT, prisoner in the fortress.

MONTFORT, uncle to Dorimont.

Mrs. STERNE, a rich widow.

LOUISA, daughter of Mrs. Sterne.

VOLUBLE, servant to Montfort.

A Corporal.

The scene lies in the house of Mrs. Sterne, which is adjoining to the fortress.

SCENE I.

Louisa alone, standing before a table under an open window, and ironing some fine linen. A guitar is heard, played at a distance ; Louisa listens attentively, and forgets her work.

WHAT a voice!—How moving!—Poor young man!—Time must be very tedious with him, no doubt!—I believe he is going to

sing again (*listens very attentively, and lets the iron stand on her work*).

SCENE II.

Louisa, Mrs. Sterne.

Mrs. Sterne (entering). Louisa !
Louisa (not hearing her). I wish I could understand all the words.

Mrs. Sterne (louder). Louisa !

Louisa (starting, and hastily shutting the window). Mamma !

Mrs. Sterne. Why do you shut the window in such a hurry ?

Louisa (confused). Shut the window, mamma ! I—I will open it again.

Mrs. Sterne. No, no ; there is always a bleak wind blows from the court-yard of the castle (*comes to the table, and takes up the iron*). Why, child ! What have you been doing ?

Louisa. Ironing, mamma.

Mrs. Sterne. And letting the iron stand on my best Holland handkerchief ! See here is a great hole burnt in it !

Louisa. Indeed ! A hole !

Mrs. Sterne. How has this happened ?

Louisa. I cannot conceive.

Mrs. Sterne (more seriously). I must know.

Louisa. I was not careful enough.

Mrs. Sterne. What was you thinking of ?

Louisa. I was listening to music in the castle.

Mrs. Sterne. Music !—in the castle !—That cannot be. Since I have been in this house, I never heard any music there, but what the cats make.

Louisa. A guitar.

Mrs. Sterne. The commandant is a brave old officer, but has as great an aversion to music as a lion to the crowing of a cock.

Louisa. But, for some weeks past, there has been a young man in the dark tower which joins to our house.

Mrs.

Mrs. Sterne. A prisoner?

Louisa. I suppose so; the governor would not, I imagine, lodge a visitor there.

Mrs. Sterne. And this young man plays on the guitar?

Louisa. He sings too with such a pleasing and plaintive voice—

Mrs. Sterne. That my best handkerchief has had a hole burnt in it.

Louisa. He complains so piteously that he is forsaken by all the world.

Mrs. Sterne. It is his own fault; he has been at some slippery tricks I'll warrant for him.

Louisa. Perhaps so; but he is not guilty of any atrocious crime.

Mrs. Sterne. How do you know that?

Louisa. He has such a fine open countenance.

Mrs. Sterne. Indeed! I thought my innocent daughter had been employed at her work, and not studying physiognomy in the countenances of the prisoners.

Louisa. He often looks through the iron grating so mournfully and tenderly.

Mrs. Sterne. Very moving, no doubt!—And you?

Louisa. I, generally, look down on the ground.

Mrs. Sterne. But not always?

Louisa. If I did not sometimes look at him, he would be still more melancholy.

Mrs. Sterne. Oh, certainly! And how long has this game been playing?

Louisa. For a fortnight past.

Mrs. Sterne. And this was the reason you removed the table you work at from the corner where it stood and placed it before the window?

Louisa. Perhaps it was one reason.

Mrs. Sterne. You told me it was for the sake of the light.

VOL. XXXI.

Louisa. Yes, it is much lighter there.

Mrs. Sterne. Then be so good as to remove the table back to its former place.

Louisa. If you desire it, mamma (she removes the table).

Mrs. Sterne (going). Have you prepared the chamber I told you to get ready for our visitor? Is every thing in order?

Louisa. Yes, it is quite ready.

Mrs. Sterne. Your intended father-in-law will be here to-day or to-morrow morning.

Louisa. Did you not tell me this was to be his sitting room, and that his sleeping chamber (pointing to two doors).

Mrs. Sterne. I did.

Louisa. There will then be no occasion to fasten up the window.

Mrs. Sterne. Why not?

Louisa. Because the fresh air will be very agreeable.

Mrs. Sterne. Louisa, Louisa, I can forgive your burning my handkerchief; but beware how you suffer a flame to kindle in your heart.

[Exit.

Louisa. My heart!—is warm, I own, very warm—but as to a flame—No, no, the window shall rather be fastened up for ever.—I will open it once more, however—(opens the window). He is gone!—He is neither singing nor playing—all is silence! (listens) Perhaps he is grieved and sad because I shut the window. I wish I could let him know how sorry I am.

SCENE III.

Louisa, Voluble.

Voluble (entering with a portmanteau which he throws down on the ground). Holloa! ho! Who is here?

Louisa (starting, and hastily shutting the window). Pray who are you, my friend!

G

Voluble,

Voluble. I? I am the estafette of Cupid, the chamberlain of Hymen, and (*bowing affectedly*) an admirer of the Graces.

Louisa. What does all this mean?

Voluble. In plain prose, Mr. Montfort will be here to-day or to-morrow.

Louisa. My future father-in-law?

Voluble. Yes, miss, the very same.

Louisa. And where is he now?

Voluble. He turned a little out of the road to visit an old acquaintance, but he will not make a long stay.

Louisa. Very well; his apartment is quite ready: that is his sleeping chamber. I will now go and inform my mother (*Going—returns*).

A-propos! Does your master love fresh air?

Voluble. Fresh air? Yes, extremely.

Louisa. He does not mind a little draught of wind?

Voluble. Mind a little wind!—Heaven bless you! he was a sailor half his life.

Louisa. I would advise him then to have the window often open; there is a very pleasant warm breeze comes in.

Voluble. A warm breeze! in the month of November!

Louisa. O yes there is! and if my mamma should wish to have the window shut, you have only to say that your master can't bear it shut—You understand me. [*Exit.*]

Voluble. Hang me if I do understand you! The wind is so bleak that my fingers are half frozen, yet I must keep the window open!—But you are younger than I am, and I suppose your blood is warmer than mine. Let me see—this is the bed-chamber; our portmanteau must take up its quarters there.—

[*Rolls the portmanteau before him on the ground; but just as he is going to open the door Dorimont opens it on the other side. They stand and gaze on each other with great surprise.*]

SCENE IV.

Voluble, Dorimont.

Voluble. The deuce!

Dorimont. Am I in a dream?

Voluble. Dorimont!

Dorimont. Voluble!

Voluble. What devil——

Dorimont. Hush! For Heaven's sake do not betray me!

Voluble. What is there to betray?

Dorimont. Quick! Tell me where I am?

Voluble. Where you are?—A curious question!

Dorimont. Who does this house belong to?

Voluble. Don't you know?

Dorimont (impatiently). No; no.

Voluble. But how did you come hither?

Dorimont. Instead of answering me, you must ask questions.

Voluble. Do not be offended; you come so without ceremony, and in dishabille; you must surely be on a very familiar footing here.

Dorimont. No, indeed I am not: this is the first time in my life that I ever was in this house.

Voluble. How then did you get into your uncle's bed-chamber?

Dorimont. My uncle's bed-chamber!—Is my uncle here?

Voluble. Not yet, but he soon will be.

Dorimont. What does he come here for?

Voluble. To marry.

Dorimont. In his old age!

Voluble. On that very account he wishes to enjoy repose.

Dorimont. Marriage is an odd means of procuring repose.

Voluble. You are in the right. I am sorry for him. He leaps out of the frying-pan as they say, I doubt. You know what a tedious law-suit he has been engaged in for these fifteen years?

Dorimont. With a widow of the name of Sterne?

Voluble.

Voluble. The same. The lawsuit is the frying-pan; and the widow Sterne, I am afraid, will prove the fire.

Dorimont. I understand you; they have at last come to an accommodation.

Voluble. Yes; they entered into a correspondence by letters; at first cold, and distantly polite—"I have the honour to be your humble servant;" then "your most obedient and respectful servant"—"your devoted"—"your most devoted"—and, at last, "your affectionate," and "most tenderly affectionate."

Dorimont. This house then—

Voluble. Belongs to the lady who is to be your aunt.

Dorimont. And the charming girl with the sparkling eyes, the coral lips, the ivory neck—

Voluble. Enough; I know who you mean already—Is miss Louisa.

Dorimont. Miss Louisa?

Voluble. The daughter of Mrs. Sterne, and the most lovely of all cousins.

Dorimont. Of all mortals.

Voluble. Granted.—But now be so obliging as to gratify my curiosity a little. I have heard strange things of you.

Dorimont. What have you heard?

Voluble. Why, indeed, nothing very extraordinary. They say you have spent more than you had; and that your good old father has been obliged to pay your debts.

Dorimont. Has he paid them?—I am glad of that!

Voluble. That you had a duel with a gamester, and dangerously wounded him, and that your father has had him cured at a great expense.

Dorimont. Is he cured? I am glad of that!

Voluble. That you are fond of Champaigne, and in one of your drunken freaks had broke the superintendant's windows, and that your

father has been obliged to have them mended.

Dorimont. Has he had them mended? I am glad of that!

Voluble. Yes—but they say your father was not so glad; but found it necessary to shut you up in a prison, that you might have time to sleep off the fumes of your debauch.

Dorimont. That is very true; he put me under the care of his friend here, major Heilbron.

Voluble. The governor of the castle?

Dorimont. Who provided me with a very commodious apartment.

Voluble. With iron bars before the windows.

Dorimont. Where I reside in perfect safety.

Voluble. Well secured with locks and bolts.

Dorimont. He likewise is very careful of my health.

Voluble. By regularity in diet.

Dorimont. In fact, my father is in the right. I know that he is still fond of me; though he has sent me here to do penance for a short time.

Voluble. But what penance do you do here? How came you in this house?

Dorimont. In the strangest manner in the world.—You know I am sometimes rather impatient and hasty.

Voluble. Sometimes—I know you are.

Dorimont. I had seen the charming girl you tell me is to be my cousin at the window. I soon grew rather uneasy at my confinement; and, just by way of passing the time, began to break in pieces every thing I could find in the room.

Voluble. Mighty well!—There's another pretty bill, I'll warrant, for papa to discharge.

Dorimont. There was an old table fastened, with a green curtain hanging before it. I was vexed at its firmness; and, exerting all my

strength, crash it went, and lay at my feet.

Voluble. Bravo!

Dorimont. I directly perceived a trap-door in the place where it had stood, on which was nailed a small piece of paper. I tore it off, and read the following almost illegible words, written on it with a black-lead pencil—"To my unfortunate successor. Your freedom is in your power. Ten years I inhabited this prison, detained by honour; but love sweetened my sufferings.—You, if you are detained by no such bonds, may escape through this secret passage. It leads to the adjoining house."

Voluble. I think I understand the rest. You lifted the trap-door—

Dorimont. Went down, groped my way through a dark passage, touched a spring, open flew a door concealed by tapestry —

Voluble. And here you are in your uncle's bed-chamber:—I congratulate you. But now you must think about being gone, before the governor discovers that you have made your escape.

Dorimont. I shall not be missed immediately. It is past noon, and it will be late in the evening before any of the attendants go to my apartment.

Voluble. You will stay a while then.

Dorimont. I mean so to do. I know that my father cannot live without me; but in a few weeks will restore me to liberty, and till then—

Voluble. You mean to content yourself with the spare diet that is allotted you.

Dorimont. If I can but see and speak to the charming creature that engrosses all my thoughts!—

Voluble. Where would you speak to her?

Dorimont. Here, certainly.

Voluble. But in what cha will you appear.

Dorimont. That I was considering. Advise me, Voluble. You are a clever fellow at these things.

Voluble. Oh, your most humble servant!

Dorimont. You must assist me?

Voluble. In what manner.

Dorimont. Will my uncle be here soon?

Voluble. Not before the evening; and perhaps not till to-morrow.

Dorimont. There is time enough then.—The widow and Mr. Montfort have no acquaintance with each other but by letters that have passed between them, have they?

Voluble. No.

Dorimont. They have never seen each other?

Voluble. Never.

Dorimont. So much the better—I have thought of a scheme—I will personate my uncle.

Voluble. You personate old Mr. Montfort?

Dorimont. He is not so very old; he is only about forty.

Voluble. And you are five and twenty.

Dorimont. What does that signify—It will be understood that I have taken care of myself.

Voluble. Indeed the widow will perhaps not be very scrupulous about your appearing too young.

Dorimont. So I think.

Voluble. But if she should propose to marry you immediately?

Dorimont. I shall have the utmost respect for the rights of my uncle. I only wish to see and converse with my unknown charmer.

Voluble. But recollect your appearance. Is that a fit dress to woo a lady in?

Dorimont. You are right; but I have an excuse for that—I have fallen among banditti who have
torn

torn my clothes off my back, and plundered me of all I had.

Voluble. But if your uncle should unexpectedly arrive?

Dorimont. Then I must vanish.

Voluble. But can I vanish.

Dorimont. You shall have ducats.

Voluble. Ducats? Where will you get them?

Dorimont. Oh, I shall see better times.

Voluble. Indeed, Sir, you assign me a part—

Dorimont. Act it well and you will do honour to your genius.

Voluble. My genius!—Yes, but my back—

Dorimont. Silence: some one is coming.

(To be continued.)

INSTANCE of the SAGACITY of
a CAT.

MANKIND in general seem to agree in celebrating the courage and invincible fidelity of the dog, while the unfortunate cat is the general object of dislike, and is considered as being incapable of a permanent attachment. A French journal contains an account which at once proves the sagacity and faithful affection of a cat.

“A physician of Lyons, of the name of Martin, states, that he was required by a justice of peace to examine the body of a person who had recently been murdered. He accordingly went and found, in a small room, the body of a young pregnant woman bathed in blood. A spaniel sat at her feet, licked them from time to time, and howled in the most piteous manner. It did not bark when they entered, but

showed the most unequivocal signs of grief. A large white cat also attracted their attention: it was sitting on the top of a chest of drawers at the end of the room; it was immoveable, with its eyes fixed upon the body, and its looks at once denoted horror and fear. After a slight examination of the body, he told the justice of peace that he would return the next morning at ten o'clock, with some other medical persons, to open the body in the presence of the persons suspected of having committed the murder. He accordingly went there the next day; the first object that struck their attention was the cat in the same place, in the same attitude in which she had been the preceding evening, and her looks had acquired such a degree of horror and ferocity that some apprehensions were entertained that she was mad. The room was soon filled with officers of justice and others; there was a considerable noise from the rattling of their arms, and from the conversation which ensued, but it neither caused the cat to alter her position, or withdraw her attention from the corpse. He was proceeding to open the body, in order to extract the child from the womb, and the persons suspected of the murder were brought into the room: at that instant the eyes of the cat sparkled with fury, her hair rose up, she sprang into the middle of the room, stopped for an instant, and then laid down by the side of the dog, and seemed to partake in his indignation for the murder, and in his fidelity for his mistress. These mute but terrible witnesses did not escape the observations of the persons accused, they appeared greatly shocked, and all their boldness left them.”

POETICAL ESSAYS.

ODE for the NEW-YEAR, 1801.

BY HENRY JAMES PYE, ESQ.
POET-LAUREAT.

FROM delug'd Earth's usurp'd domain,

When Ocean sought his native bed,
Emerging from the shrinking main,
Rear'd many a mountain isle its head,
Encircled with a billowy zone,
Fair Freedom mark'd them for her own.

"Let the vast continent obey,
A ruthless master's iron sway,
Uncheck'd by aught from pole to pole,
Where swol'n Ambition's torrents roll;
Those seats to tyrants I resign,
Here be my blest abode, the island
reign be mine!"

Hating the fame where Freedom sat
enshrin'd,

Grasping at boundless empire o'er
mankind,

Behold, from Susa's distant towers,
The Eastern despot sends his mighty
powers:

Grecia, thro' all her rocky coast,
Astonish'd views the Giant host;
Not the fam'd strait by bleeding heroes
barr'd,

Nor Cecrops' walls her hallow'd altars
guard;

While each bold inmate of the isles
On Inroad's baffled effort smiles,
From ev'ry port, with cheering sound,
Swells the vindictive Pæan round,
And Salamis, proud from her sea-girt
shore,

Sees o'er the hostile fleet th' indignant
surges roar.

Fiercer than Persia's sceptred lord,
More num'rous than th' embattled
train,

Whose thirsty swarms the sea-broad
rivers drain,

Lo! Gallia's plains disgorge their
madd'ning hoard;

Wide o'er Europa's trembling
lands

Victorious speed the murd'rous
bands;

Where'er they spread their
pow'rful sway

Fell Desolation marks their way!

Unhurt amid a warring world, alone
Britannia sits secure, firm on her
island throne.

When thunders roar, when light-
nings fly,

When howling tempests shake the sky,
Is more endear'd the shel'ring dome,
More sweet the social joys of home;
Fondly her eye, lo! Albion throws,
On the tried partner of her weal and
woes;

Each tie to closer union draws,
By mingled rights and mingled laws;
Then turns averse from Gallia's guilty
field,

And tears, with gen'rous pride the
lilies from her shield.

Albion and Erin's kindred race,
Long as your sister isles the seas
embrace,

Long as the circling tides your shores
that lave,

Waft your united banners o'er the
wave,

Wide thro' the deep commercial
wealth to spread,

Or hurl destruction on the oppres-
sor's head;

May Heaven on each unconquer'd
nation show'r

Eternal concord and increasing
pow'r;

And as in Hist'ry's awful page,
Immortal Virtue shall proclaim

To ev'ry clime, thro' every age,
Imperial George's patriot fame;

That parent care shall win her warmest
smiles,

Which rear'd 'mid Ocean's reign the
empire of the isles.

PRO-

PROLOGUE to THE CAPTIVES.

*Acted at Reading School, October 15, 16,
and 17.*

Spoken by Mr. JOLIFFE.

SOME twelve years since, domestic
annals say,
Here first a school-boy Thespis dar'd
to play,
With puppet forms endeavour'd to be-
guile
The tedious hour, and raise the gen'-
rous smile.
No spacious canvas could the artist
boast:
His castles nodded—from a sheet of
post.
Now sooth'd by love, now mad with
frantic rage,
A six-inch hero trod a two-foot stage;
While, lost in grief, the straw-stuff'd
maiden stood, wood.
And vainly strove to move—a man of
Soon his dramatic genius taught t'
aspire [mire,
Above the management of rags and
Consign'd the wooden Garricks to the
shelf, [myself;
And sought the aid of puppets—like
With bold attempt presented to your
view
The melting scenes which matchless
Shakspeare drew;
With Plautus strove your laughter to
provoke
At tales of merriment and comic joke.—
To-night once more we stretch th' ad-
vent'rous sail,
And trust our little vessel to the gale.—
Protected by the safety of the coast,
No nautic skill, no pilot's art we boast;
With joyful hearts our annual course
renew, [view.
For Favour's harbour brightens on our
Our play (for prologues of the play
should speak)
Has every title to the pure antique.
No plaster figure cast by modern rule,
By some vile bungler of the German
school,
But simple grace, by Plautus nobly
plann'd, [hand.—
The finish'd statue of a master's
Ye gentle Fair, whose smiles before
have charm'd
Our youthful bosoms, and whose praise
has warm'd,

With kind indulgence hear our an-
cient play,
Whose verse salutes you with unwont-
ed lay.—
Tho' strange the inharmonious speech
appear,
Form'd to delight alone the classic ear;
Tho' vain th' untasted dialogue be
found, [sound,
And cheat the baffled sense with empty
Haply the action of our busy scene,
The actor's gesture, habit, voice, and
mien,
May please the heart to candour still
inclin'd, [mind.
And win a plaudit from the partial
Mean time, with anxious hope, and
fearful breast,
To nicer judgments we submit the rest.
Happy, if now our poet's Doric strain,
With grateful charm, the scholar can
detain;
Can Learning's studious thought with
mirth beguile,
And draw from Science one approv-
ing smile:
Happy if they *, whom prompt affec-
tion calls [walls,
A while to linger from the Muses'
With patient ear the drama shall at-
tend,
And deign our well-meant efforts to
commend;
With fav'ring look the actor's toil re-
gard,
And with fresh wreaths adorn the an-
cient bard.

EPILOGUE

*To the Theatrical Representation at
Strawberry-Hill.*

*Written by JOHANNA BAILLIE,
And spoken by the Hon. ANNE S. DAMER,
Nov. 1800.*

WHILST fogs along the Thames'
damp margin creep,
And cold winds thro' his leafless wil-
lows sweep;

* Addressed to the visitors, the vice-
chancellor of the university of Oxford, the
president of St. John's, and the warden of
All Souls, college.

And

And fairy elves, whose summer sport
 had been [green,
 To foot it nightly on the moon-light
 Now, hooded close, in many a cower-
 ing form, [storm;
 Troop with the surly spirits of the
 Whilst by the blazing fire, with saddled
 nose, [ous prose,
 The sage turns o'er his leaves of tedi-
 And o'er their new-dealt cards with
 eager eye
 Good dowagers exult, or inly sigh;
 And blooming maids from silken
 work-bags pour
 (Like tangled sea-weed on the
 vexed shore)
 Of patch-work, netting, fringe, a
 strange and motley store;
 Whilst all, attempting many a different
 mode,
 Would from their shoulders hitch
 Time's heavy load—
 Thus have we chose, in comic sock
 bedight,
 To wrestle with a long November
 night!
 "In comic sock!" methinks indig-
 nant cries
 Some grave, fastidious friend, with
 angry eyes,
 Scowling severe—"No more the
 phrase abuse;
 So shod, indeed, there had been some
 excuse;
 But in these walls, a once well-known
 retreat,
 Where Taste and Learning kept a
 fav'rite seat—
 Where Gothic arches, with a solemn
 shade,
 Should o'er the thoughtful mind their
 influence spread;
 Where pictures, vases, busts, and pre-
 cious things, [kings,
 Still speak of sages, poets, heroes,
 On which the stranger looks with pen-
 sive gaze—
 And thinks upon the worth of other
 days!
 Like foolish children, in their mimic
 play,
 Confin'd at grandame's on a rainy
 day,
 With paltry farce, and all its bastard
 train,
 Grotesque and broad, such precincts
 to profane!

It is a shame!—But no: I will not
 speak— [cheek."
 I feel the blood rise mantling to my
 Indeed, wise Sir!—
 But he who o'er our heads these arches
 bent,
 And stor'd these relics, dear to senti-
 ment
 More mild than you, with grave pe-
 dantic pride,
 Would not have rang'd him on your
 surly side.
 But now to you, who on our frolic
 scene
 Have look'd well pleas'd and gentle
 critics been;
 Nor would our homely humour spurn—
 To you—the good, the gay, the fair, I
 turn,
 And thank ye all. If here our feeble
 powers
 Have lightly wing'd for ye some win-
 try hours;
 Should these remember'd scenes in
 fancy live,
 And to some future minutes pleasure
 give;
 To right good end we've worn our
 mumming guise,
 And we're repaid and happy—aye,
 and wise.
 Who says we are not, on this sombre
 birth
 Gay Faneys smil'd not, nor heart-
 light'ning Mirth:
 Home let him hie to his unsocial rest,
 And heavy sit the night-mare on his
 breast!

HYMN TO NATURE.

FROM THE GERMAN OF STOLBERG.

HOLY Nature, heav'nly fair,
 Lead me with thy parent care;
 In thy footsteps let me tread,
 As a willing child is led.
 When with care and grief oppress'd,
 Soft I sink me on thy breast;
 On thy peaceful bosom laid,
 Grief shall cease, nor care invade.
 O, congenial Pow'r divine,
 All my votive soul is thine!
 Lead me with thy parent care,
 Holy Nature, heavenly fair!

FOREIGN NEWS.

Constantinople, November 28.

THE grand vizier will begin his operations against the French in Egypt, as soon as he hears that the English troops shall have arrived on the coast of that country.

The captain pacha has left behind him a Turkish squadron before Alexandria, consisting of three ships of the line and four frigates, under the command of the captain bey, or the vice grand admiral. He has himself returned hither, after having in vain endeavoured to renew the negotiations with the French.

On the 23d of November, the day after the arrival of the captain pacha, we had a more dreadful hurricane here than the oldest people have ever remembered. At the same time a fire broke out in the Greek quarter of the city, by which several houses were laid in ashes, and many lives were lost.

A great many reinforcements and transport recruits have been sent to the army of the grand vizier. But the greatest part of the latter desert immediately on their arrival. The report that a part of the French army had mutinied, and gone over to the Turks, is not confirmed.

On the 7th inst. a corps of janissaries, consisting of more than 6000 men, was defeated by the rebels in Romelia, and lost two pieces of cannon, and most of its field-pieces.

Malaga, Nov. 30. The English have made a new attempt on a vessel in this harbour, which has had a different result from the former attempt. An English frigate had been cruising off this place for several days, approaching so near, at times, as to receive the fire of our batteries. On the 30th ult. after being in sight all day,

VOL. XXXII.

she stood off towards the evening. But about one next morning she stood close in to the road, and, with the assistance of some Swedish vessels lying at anchor, sent in four armed boats, with orders to get possession of a French galliot, which was likewise anchored there. The four boats silently approached the French vessel; but the crew of the latter being on their guard, received them with so warm a discharge of musketry, that three of the boats were compelled to sheer off. The fourth, which carried 20 men and the officer who conducted the enterprize, persisted in attempting to board; but a single volley having killed 18 of the crew, the remaining two instantly effected their escape.

One of the English sailors was taken out of the water, and carried on board the French privateer.

Constantinople, Dec. 10. A very unpleasant circumstance has happened here which may have important consequences. A quarrel happening between a part of the crews of the captain pacha and some Russian sailors, they came to blows, and some of the Russian officers were killed. They have been buried with great ceremony. The Porte has offered any satisfaction, but the Russian ambassador, general Tamara, who has dispatched a courier to Petersburg, has declared, that the nature and acceptance of the satisfaction must depend on the pleasure of his court.

Munich, Dec. 10. Within these two days the French have made repeated attacks with a part of their left wing on Muhldorf and Wasserburg, but were every time repulsed with loss. It is however probable that these were really feints to conceal the true object of their attack. In the night

H between

between the 9th and 10th, general Moreau forced the passage of the Inn at three places, viz. at Rosenheim, Olt and Neuquern, and Ursaru. On the day before the French had likewise alarmed the whole Austrian line with false attacks.

General Moreau proposes to dine at Salzburg on the 12th. When the French are in possession of Salzburg, they are in the neighbourhood of Linz, and the theatre of war will soon extend to the vicinity of Vienna.

Leghorn, Dec. 11. Yesterday the English commander gave notice to neutral ships that they might leave the harbour freely during the space of ten days. The captains of those ships replied that so short a space of time would be insufficient for them, because they could not hope to obtain a convoy during the limited period. The English commander replied that he had not the power to grant them two days more; but that he expected admiral Keith every moment, who perhaps might allow them a longer delay.

Vienna, Dec. 17. His royal highness the archduke Charles being recovered from his indisposition, which some time ago obliged him to quit the army, his Imperial Majesty has been pleased again to confer on his royal highness the command of the army in Germany. His royal highness quitted Prague on the 14th inst. to take upon himself that command; but is resolved, at the same time, to retain the chief command of the Bohemo-Moravian legion, and has previously appointed general count Sztarray to the command of that legion.

His royal highness the archduke John has sent reports, dated the 9th, 10th, 11th, and 12th instant, from the head-quarters at Frosburgh, Theissendorf, and Salzburg; according to which the line of the corps of prince Condé was attacked by the enemy on the 9th, in the neighbourhood of Neubayern, who overpowered the post of Neubayern, and thus advanced to the right banks of the Inn.—Agreeably to the statements sent in at the same time by his royal highness, the loss of his army, since the renewal of hostili-

ties, amounts to 918 men in killed, and 3514 in wounded; the number of prisoners and missing had at first been stated at 5396 men; but, as of the latter many have since joined their corps again, the exact number of prisoners cannot as yet be stated with certainty.

—*Court Gazette.*

Two days ago the English ambassador, lord Minto, received dispatches from London, by a courier, upon which he had a long conversation with our minister of state. Since that time it is reported that the court of London had released our court from all obligations, in case of an opportunity offering itself for concluding a separate peace with advantage. Should this be a fact, we may hope, if not for a general peace, yet for a peace between France and Austria. After the battle of Hohenlinden, general Moreau sent an officer to the archduke John, to offer peace, and to declare that he was authorised by his government, till he should arrive at Linz, but not after the French army had advanced beyond Linz.

The prince-bishop of Salzburg arrived here yesterday, with a numerous suite. Many of the inhabitants of the bishopric of Salzburg have also arrived here.

Ratisbon, Dec. 22. We received information yesterday evening, that a very bloody engagement had taken place between Feich and Nuremberg. The first regiment of Austrian hussars has suffered much. The lieutenant-colonel of this corps is mortally wounded, as likewise are count Dietrichstein, and major baron Steigentesch, who has been brought into this place. Major Bach, of the regiment of Wolfregg, is killed. In consequence of this engagement, field-marshal Kleinau removed his head-quarters to Feucht.

According to letters from Passau, of the 18th, two French columns had advanced on the 17th as far as Obernsberg, but had retreated on the day following. It is supposed they have marched towards Reid. All the Austrian troops who were at Passau have left it, and as yet that city is in no danger. The bridges have been cut down,

down, but so as to admit of being speedily replaced.

Petersburgh, Dec. 23. Our court gazette of this day contains an account, that the Lesquis Tartars having made a hostile irruption into the territory of Grusinia, which is under the dominion of Russia, major-general Lafareu, with two battalions, in conjunction with 10,000 Grusinian troops, on the 31st October (old style), attacked and completely defeated them, leaving 1500 Lesquis dead on the spot. Their Czarovich Alexander was likewise wounded. The Grusinians gave no quarter to the Lesquis. The Russian troops scarcely suffered any loss.

Paris, Dec. 26. Another attempt has been made upon the life of the chief consul. On Christmas eve he went to the opera to hear Haydn's celebrated oratorio of The Creation. In the rue Nicaise, one of the most frequented parts of Paris, a one-horse chaise was placed in such a way as almost to block up the passage. His coachman, however, contrived to pass it with great address and rapidity, and almost immediately afterwards a violent explosion was heard, which broke the glasses of the carriage, killed and wounded several persons, did great damage to the adjacent houses, and broke all the windows in the neighbourhood. The explosion was from a barrel iron-hooped, and said to have been filled with powder and balls. To this barrel there was affixed a large tube solidly fixed, furnished with a lock, but having the butt-end cut down. This machine was to have been placed on a small carriage, which was to have issued out from a gateway unexpectedly, and at an appointed time to obstruct the passage of the street, and then, by means of a cord which was to draw the trigger, to overturn whatever was within the circle of its operations.

The danger from which Bonaparte escaped did not prevent him from going to the oratorio. As soon, however, as the account of it had reached the opera house, the oratorio was not suffered to proceed, and the audience insisted upon the curtain being drop-

ped. Bonaparte remained the whole time. All the ministers and counselors of state, the generals, and several members of the legislature, immediately hastened to the Thuilleries to congratulate him on his escape. The next day a solemn deputation from the senate, legislative body, and tribunate, waited on him with addresses.

Hague, Jan. 3. Our envoy at Paris, Schimmelpenninck, from whom we received a courier the day before yesterday, states in his dispatches, that Moreau, on the first proposal for a new armistice, answered, that hostilities could not cease till the preliminaries of peace were actually signed. As an armistice, therefore, was signed on the 25th of December, many assert that the preliminaries of peace must be already signed.

Lisbon, Jan. 4. His majesty's ship the Brilliant, captain Paget, was nearly lost a few days ago on the Bar, a moving sand at the mouth of the Tagus. She fired minute guns all day; the boats went to assist her, but, seeing the danger, were afraid to approach. When the Brilliant was sailing apparently on inevitable destruction, the wind fortunately changed about, and carried them off. The pilot was to blame.

Paris, Jan. 5. The telegraph announced yesterday on all points that the army of the Rhine is within five days' march of Vienna; that the army of Italy has gained a great victory and passed the Mincio; that an armistice has been concluded; and that Austria treats separately from England.

The fleet off Brest received, by the same way, orders to display their flags, and to announce this happy news by a general salute.

Citizen Pichon has been some days gone on his way to America, charged with a mission to the United States.

When the archduke Charles sent to Vienna to represent to the emperor the necessity of making peace, Mr. Wickham set out also from the Imperial head-quarters, to prevent such a measure, so fatal to the interests of his master. The archduke Charles's messenger got before him by bribing the drivers.

HOME NEWS.

Dublin, Dec. 26.

A most daring robbery was committed a few evenings back in Stephen's green. Some villains had the audacity to bring a chairman's bearer to a house; on its being opened they rushed in, and, while a party of them loaded the bearer with the most valuable articles which they could collect, the others prevented any out-cry or alarm being given until their companions got clear off with the booty.

Another robbery still more singular and daring took place several days ago. A gang of six ruffians having been informed that there was a considerable sum of money in specie on board a vessel lying in the Pigeon-house dock, they had the temerity to go on board as officers of justice searching for suspected and accused persons, but were disappointed of their expected booty, having got no more than seven guineas. On their return they robbed a carriage, and then proceeded into Fingall, where they attacked and plundered one or two houses; after these feats they went towards Drogheda, in the neighbourhood of which town they attacked some dealers, who raised the country on them; a pursuit took place, and they were overtaken; but resisted the attempt to secure them with such desperation, that they killed one of their pursuers and wounded another. One of the villains was, however, taken, and has turned approver, having given information before Mr. Alderman Fleming against his companions.—The whole gang, it is said, were county of Wicklow men.

London, Dec. 29. A gentleman of Leicestershire, who lately died, has left to the hon. T. Erskine an estate in that county, and another in Derbyshire, subject to some legacies to be paid thereout, of the value of 25,000*l.*

This gentleman was totally unknown to Mr. Erskine, and in his will he has stated, that the cause of this bequest was from the noble and patriotic defence which he made at the state trials in 1794, for Mr. Hardy, Mr. John Horne Took, and others.

Jan. 1. This being new year's day, the day appointed by his majesty's royal proclamation for the Union between Great Britain and Ireland to take place, his majesty held a grand council at St. James's palace. The members who attended were, agreeably to the act of union, sworn in of his majesty's most honourable privy council; the deliberations lasted till a quarter past three, when the council broke up.

On this occasion the royal union standard was hoisted at the Tower, the union flag on St. Martin's steeple, the union jack on the parade in front of the horse-guards, and a new standard in the court-yard of St. James's.

As soon as the deliberations of the council were over, about three o'clock, a signal was given from the gardens of the palace, by an officer holding up a white flag, for the park-guns to be fired, which were answered by the Tower, to announce the event. The bells of the different churches also rang on the occasion.

From the great fall of snow on Monday and Tuesday night, the mail coaches could not reach town yesterday for some hours after their usual time; many did not arrive at all, but the mails were forwarded in carts and post chaises. The Bath and Liverpool came in at half an hour after ten; the latter was in several parts of the country six feet deep in snow, and one of the horses nearly perished on the road. The Worcester was in a much worse situation, having sunk in some

some places twelve feet—it did not reach town till six o'clock last night.

2. On Christmas-day a bed of strawberries, in the ever-greens in Woburn park, the seat of the duke of Bedford, was in blossom; and in a garden belonging to Mr. Barnwell, at Crawley, near Woburn, on the same day, an apple-tree was in blossom—a gooseberry bush was likewise in blossom.

Manchester, Jan. 3. On Sunday evening we had again an alarm of fire, at a factory in this town; but by immediate and active assistance it was extinguished without very material damage. We are very sorry to add, however, about three o'clock on Tuesday morning, there was a more serious alarm at a factory on Oxford-road, principally occupied by Mr. Dean. It had taken fire, and the flames had so far spread before they were discovered, that all attempts to extinguish them were fruitless, and in a very short time every article was destroyed, and the walls only left standing.—Mr. Dean's property was insured, but another tenant of a part of the building will be a considerable sufferer. We are glad to contradict a report of this factory having been wilfully set on fire, as there is not the smallest foundation for it.

Liverpool, Jan. 5. Captain Hue, commanding at this port, on Tuesday last took possession of the Angola, Russian merchant vessel, the only ship of that nation here. The crew found on board were conducted to prison, under the guard of an officer and a party of marines from his majesty's ship Actæon. For this capture, it is supposed, the captain will share about eight hundred pounds.

Hull, Jan. 5. The emperor of Russia has lately compelled the British merchants at Petersburg to pay 104,000 roubles, the value of a Russian ship and cargo of masts and naval stores, captured by one of our cruisers on her passage to France, and condemned as a lawful prize in our admiralty court five years since, of which no complaint was ever made by the Russian government.

The following extract of a letter from the master of one of the ships

detained at Riga, dated Wolmar Dec. 2, 1800, has been communicated to us: "They took the people from all the ships on the 23d ult. excepting the mate and two hands left in each; they have marched us about eighty English miles to the eastward from Riga; the place is named Wolmar, and we are billeted about the town, two or three in a house, with the inhabitants; there are sixteen of us masters, at this place, with our crews: we have liberty to walk about, and no way at all confined; the sailors are allowed near a rouble (2s. 6d.) each per week, and we the same; but provisions at present are very dear."

By a private letter to a merchant in this town, we learn that a Swedish vessel loaded for a house in London, the captain of which, contrary to his promise on oath, made his escape from Riga; on which account the house which loaded him has been obliged to make a deposit of 10,000 roubles: it further adds, that the Swedish consul's counting-house is sealed up on account of the above-mentioned ship escaping.—The accounts from our sailors are favourable, and they meet with good treatment.

Last week, at a meeting held at the Exchange, it was unanimously resolved that a subscription should be opened here for the relief of our unfortunate and brave countrymen now captives in Russia, and their families in England.

London, Jan. 7. Yesterday the master and wardens of the baker's company waited upon the lord mayor, at the Mansion-house, respecting the assize of bread; when his lordship, after inspecting the returns of the meal-weighers, ordered the price of bread to continue at 1s. 9½d.

Roses, auriculas, anemones, violets, carnations, polyantheses, and blossoms of beans, in full perfection, were gathered in open ground on the 31st of December last, in the garden of lady Seymour, at Wells.

Dublin, Jan. 9. This day the great seal of Ireland being delivered up to his excellency the lord lieutenant by the right hon. Arthur lord viscount Kilwarden, C. J. K. B. and Barry viscount

viscount Avonmore, C. B. E. two of the lords commissioners for keeping the great seal of Ireland in the lord chancellor's absence, the same was defaced in his excellency's presence: and his excellency was thereupon pleased to deliver to their lordships a new great seal of the united kingdom, to be used in that part of the united kingdom called Ireland, and to direct that the same be made use of (*pro tempore*) for sealing all things whatever which pass the great seal.

His excellency held a privy council at the castle, yesterday, when the alteration to be made in the seals, in consequence of the union, were ordered by proclamation.

London, Jan. 10. Several journey-men tailors were yesterday convicted at Bow-street of unlawfully combining to raise their wages, and sentenced to imprisonment.

St. Ives, Jan. 10. The following extraordinary incident occurred here yesterday:—A bullock walked into the passage of the Royal-oak public-house in that town, and, the staircase-door being open, went up stairs into the dining-room, and ran with such violence against the window as to drive the whole into the street, where the animal fell also (the height of more than ten feet), but received no material injury, although so much terrified, that it ran with great precipitancy down to the bridge, and being stopped there, it leaped over the side thereof into the river, when it was carried down the current so rapidly, from a very high flood, that it has never since been heard of.

Plymouth, Jan. 12. Yesterday afternoon arrived here his majesty's ship Captain, of 74 guns, captain sir R. J. Strachan, from the coast of France, in a very leaky condition, having been ashore about eight days ago, near the place where his majesty's ship Marlborough was lost, by which she received considerable damage in her bottom: she was accompanied to the Sound by his majesty's ship Fishguard, of 38 guns, captain T. B. Martin, lest the leak should increase so much as to render it necessary for the crew to abandon her, in which case they would have had her assist-

ance: as soon as she appeared off this port, signals of distress were made, and all the boats from the ships in the Sound, Cawsand Bay, &c. went out and towed her up Hamoaze immediately: her stores are now taking out, for the purpose of being taken into dock to be inspected.

Portsmouth, Jan. 13. To-morrow another embarkation of troops commences at this port.—Their destination is at present a secret.—It is generally believed they are going to the West Indies.

14. Yesterday morning, about half an hour after three o'clock, a fire broke out at the Rose and Crown public-house, the corner of Tothill-street, in Dartmouth-street, Westminster. The fire was discovered by one of the privates in the foot guards, who alarmed the watch; but before the family were apprised of their situation, the flames had taken full possession of the lower part of the house, and were bursting through the shutters of the tap-room window. The lodgers in the second floor were first alarmed, and in danger of suffocation from the smoke and heat; providentially no accident happened in their escaping over the tops of the houses.

Dover, Jan. 15. Orders were yesterday received here to detain all Russian, Danish, and Swedish ships, at this port. About ten vessels, Danes and Swedes, are detained. A large Danish West-Indiaman, which sailed from hence yesterday, we hear, is detained and carried into the Downs.—Several Danes and Swedes are in sight; but the orders not appearing to extend to bringing them in, they passed unmolested.

Plymouth, January 15. The French brig cartel, which arrived at this port yesterday, brings intelligence that news had arrived at Nantes, before she sailed, of peace having been concluded between the French and the emperor of Germany, and that, in consequence, a grand and general illumination took place throughout France on the evening preceding her departure.

London, Jan. 15. Two of his majesty's messengers were yesterday robbed by two highwaymen, in going to Windsor.

BIRTHS.

BIRTHS.

Dec. 22. On Sunday, in Upper Guildford-street, the lady of David Bevan, esq. of a daughter.

On Friday, the 12th inst. in Manchester-square, the lady of T. W. Milner, esq. of a son.

31. The lady of John Brett, esq. of a daughter, at their house in Baker-street, Portman-square.

Jan. 1. Mrs. John Schneider, of Finsbury-square, of a still-born child.

At his house, in Jermyn-street, the lady of John Torrane, esq. of a daughter.

5. In Palace-yard, lady Auckland, of a daughter.

At Lancaster, Mrs. Braithwaite, wife of capt. Braithwaite, of a daughter.

At Monymusk, lady Grant, of Monymusk, of a daughter.

7. The lady of the Portuguese consul general, of a son, at his house in Upper Charlotte-street, Fitzroy-square, on Monday last.

At Knightsbridge, Mrs. Marsh, wife of William Marsh, esq. of a daughter.

13. Yesterday morning, in Grosvenor-place, the hon. Mrs. Cornwall, of a daughter.

15. At his lodgings in York, the lady of Benjamin Agar, esq. of Stockton, of a daughter.

At Brownsend Castle, lady Mary Anne Sturt, of a daughter.

MARRIAGES.

Dec. 22. At St. Mary's church, Islington, Leonard Barnard, esq. of Woodford-bridge, Essex, to Miss Newstead, of Islington.

23. At Beverley Minster, Mr. John Hawkins, currier, of Hull, to miss Sarah Beaumont, of the former place.

Mr. William Crabtree, cloth-dresser, to miss Mary Briggs, both of Leeds.

At Sandal, Mr. Sykes, of Hasting-leigh, to Mrs. Horsfall, of Sandal, widow of the rev. John Horsfall, late vicar of Gedney, in the county of Lincoln,

30. Joseph Arundel Sparks, esq. of Bridgnorth, late a captain in the Ancient British light dragoons, to miss Best, of the Lodge, near Worcester.

At Fulham, Mr. George Hyde, of Old Burlington-street, to miss Da Costa, daughter of Benjamin Da Costa, esq. deceased.

Richardson Turkington, esq. of Armagh, to miss Rigby, daughter of Mr. Rigby, of Suffolk-street, Dublin.

At Wexford, captain Lindsey, of the Sligo militia, to miss Johnston, daughter of doctor Johnston.

Jan. 1. At Bishopsgate Church, Mr. Charles Ashbee, of Poole, to miss Butler, of Wilson-street, Finsbury-square.

By the rev. Mr. Collett, Mr. Richard Brydges, sadler, of the Haymarket, London, to miss Little, only daughter of Mr. Little, an eminent farmer of Teddington, near Tewkesbury.

John Brooks, esq. of Great Queen-street, Westminster, to miss Harriet Sophia Egerton, youngest daughter of the late colonel Charles Egerton.

3. At Edmonton, by Mr. professor Lloyd, the rev. James Dashwood, of Downham, Norfolk, to miss Sarah Lloyd, of the same place.

At Holme, Scotland, J. Troup, esq. to miss Jane Rose, second daughter of John Rose, esq. of Holme.

5. At the collegiate church, Manchester, M. J. G. Penny, of Worton-house, Isleworth, to miss Burton, daughter of Daniel Burton, esq. of Manchester.

8. At Heythorp, in Oxfordshire, Mr. Thomas Slater, of Pembroke-college, to miss Pearson, daughter of the reverend John Pearson, curate of that place, and a lineal descendant of the venerable prelate of that name.

At Manchester, Edmund Henry Lushington, esq. of London, to miss Philips, daughter of Falkner Philips, esq. of the former place.

9. At St. Paul's, Covent-garden, Nathaniel Huson, of the Inner Temple, esq. barrister at law, and LL. B. to miss Mattocks, only daughter of George Mattocks, esq. of Liverpool.

13. At Bruton, Somersetshire, by the rev. Dr. Goldesbrough, Mr. Charles Woollam,

Woollam, of Ely-place, to miss Ward, of Bruton.

At Mary-le-bone church, by the rev. Dr. Neave, Robert Jenner, esq. of Winneau Castle, Glamorganshire, to miss Frances Lascelles, eldest daughter of the late general Lascelles.

At Edinburgh, capt. Charles Dallas, of the hon. East-India Company's service, to miss Haldane, eldest daughter of the late George Haldane, esq. of Gleneagles.

15. Mr. John Evans, of Lime-street, to miss Bartrum, of Chester-place, Lambeth.

At Alnwick, capt. Hutchinson, of the artillery, in the hon. East-India Company's service, to miss Lambert, daughter of Anthony Lambert, esq. of Alnwick.

The rev. Isaac Mann, of Holt, in Norfolk, and late of Caius College, Cambridge, to miss Leaky, of Great Russel-street, London.

16. At St. James's church, T. Fewster, esq. of Thornbury, near Bristol, to miss Lackington, of Charles-street, St. James's.

17. At Worthing, in Sussex, Mr. Robert Holden, of Little Eastcheap, eldest son of Robert Holden, esq. late of the island of Jamaica, to miss Ann Kellermann, third daughter of Jacob Kellermann, esq. late of the same island.

At Edinburgh, the right hon. lord Downe, to miss Margaret Jean Ainslie, eldest daughter of sir Philip Ainslie, of Pilton.

By the rev. L. Panting, Mr. George Trower, of Old Broad-street, to miss Stonestreet, of Clapham, daughter of the high sheriff of the county of Surry.

At Camberwell, Surry, Robert Bayly, esq. of King's-bench-walk, Temple, to miss Joules, eldest daughter of the late Mr. Joules, of Winchester.

20. James Hume Spry, esq. of Aldergate-street, to miss Robinson, of Charter-house-square.

22. At North Cave, James Bacchus, aged 97, to Mary Watson, aged 27.

At Durham, John Goodchild, of Pallion, in the county of Durham, esq. to Mrs. Mowbray, widow of George Mowbray, late of Bishopwearmouth, esq.

DEATHS.

Dec. 20. At Clifton, near Bristol, in the 15th year of his age, John Harness, eldest son of Dr. Harness, commissioner of sick and wounded seamen of the royal navy.

25. At Chard, in Somersetshire, Dr. Toulman, aged 61, many years a surgeon at Hackney.

In Great Portland-street, Oxford-road, capt. Francis La Grange Wadman, of the royal invalids.

27. At Alton, in Hampshire, the rev. L. Docker, aged 72.

28. Of a consumption, at the Hotwells, Bristol, in the 27th year of her age, Mrs. Kingston, wife of James P. Kingston, esq. late captain in the 46th regiment.

Jan. 2. At Hertford, the hon. baron Dimsdale, aged eighty-nine.

At his house in Camberwell, Wm. Reade, esq. of the Long-room, Custom-house, after a service of 50 years.

Mr. Francis Walsh, jun. of Bartholomew-close.

In the 71st year of his age, the right hon. Joshua Cooper.

3. At Chatham, William Cayley, esq. commander of his majesty's ship *Invincible*, and son of the late sir George Cayley, bart.

4. In Pall-mall, Mrs. Ford, wife of the rev. Dr. Ford, prebendary of York.

At Bath, miss Williams, sister to sir Robert Williams, bart. M. P.

7. At Horseley-house, near Dudley, Joseph Amphlett, esq.

9. The rev. George Buckley Bower, M. A. archdeacon of Richmond, in the diocese of Chester.

10. At his house in Knightsbridge, W. Barrett, esq.

Mr. Samuel Burch, of Stepney-green, rope-maker.

At his house, at Walthamstow, in Essex, John Rigg, esq. aged 82 years.

16. Earl Powis, at Racket's hotel, in Dover-street. His lordship dying without issue, the title is extinct.

In Spring-gardens, J. Devaynes, esq.

At her mother's house in Grafton-street, miss Beachcroft.

17. Miss Steward, Charlotte-street, Portland-place.