

THE LADY'S MAGAZINE,

OR
ENTERTAINING COMPANION

FOR
THE FAIR SEX;

APPROPRIATED
SOLELY TO THEIR USE AND AMUSEMENT.

FOR MARCH, 1801.

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This Number is embellished with the following Copper-Plates:

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2. ZOOLOGY—SQUIRREL, AND FLYING SQUIRREL.
3. LATEST PARIS DRESS, ELEGANTLY COLOURED.
4. A NEW PATTERN for an APRON, &c.
5. MUSIC—THE CADET'S FAREWELL TO MARY; a Cavatina; written by Mr. RANNIE, and set to Music by Mr. SHIELD.

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TO CORRESPONDENTS.

THE *Cursory Lucubrador* shall appear in our next.

We received the corrected copy of *Social Hours or Skipton Fair*, but think a further revision necessary, though several of the stanzas are very good.

The contributions of Mr. Webb, of Haverhill, have been received, and will be inserted occasionally. We hope to hear again from this ingenious correspondent.

Phæbe L.'s Acrostic requires revision.

The Acrostic on Miss Cartwright has either not reached us, or been mislaid.

THE
LADY'S MAGAZINE,

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ASSAD AND ALANE; OR, THE NOBLEST MAN;
A TALE.

[From the German of Augustus Lafontaine.]

(With an elegant Engraving.)

"NO!" said Assad, and threw himself with agitation into the arms of his tutor: "No, I feel that I am not yet worthy to share the throne of my illustrious father. How much I yet want of being such a son as he is a father, and how much more still of being such a prince as he is!"

"These generous doubts, my Assad," replied Molhem, "render thee worthy of the throne: thou feelest the importance of the duty imposed on thee to be father of thy people, and how difficult it is to fulfil it. The wisdom of the state has formed thy mind amid the tranquillity of rural life and the useful labours of agriculture. Thou hast been led into the cottages of the indigent, and made acquainted with poverty and want. Thou knowest how much the poor need a father. Thy birth and years now call thee to the throne, to which experience will accompany thee. Thou wilt be the father of thy people."

"I hope that I shall be so; but, ah! my father!"—a deep sigh now burst from the breast of Assad—
"is it not cruel that to me alone,

among all my people, love must not give a wife? that the decree of a mysterious temple, of an oracle declared by the mouth of the priest, shall name the maiden on whom I must bestow my heart—that heart which, alas!"—

"It is an ancient, and to be revered, custom, my Assad."

"Ancient it may be; but is it indeed to be revered?"

"Assad, what bestows on thee alone, among all thy people, the crown? An ancient sacred custom, the right of primogeniture, calls thee from amid the thousand nobles of thy nation to the throne. The ambitious man thinks this custom as unjust as thou dost that of receiving a wife from the hands of the priest. Young prince, honour ancient customs; they support thy throne and secure the happiness of thousands who live in tranquillity under their protection. Glance thine eye on the history of thy ancestors. Has not the decree of the gods ever bestowed on the king the most beautiful, the noblest, or the wisest virgin? In the dwelling of the subject

love gives to the husband a wife; for to him love alone is necessary; on the throne the voice of the people bestows the queen, for she is to be the mother of the people. Add to this that probably the wisdom of our ancestors introduced this custom to prove the heart of the new king. The prince should be as a god, under the tyrannical dominion of no passion, since his passions are subject to the restraintment of no law. Take thy wife from the hand of the priest: it will secure thy throne, and the peace and happiness of the thousands over whom thou reignest."

"Alas!" said Assad, and again he sighed, "Is the throne worth so great a sacrifice?"

"Not the throne, not its pomp and splendour, but the safety and peace of a nation which a civil war might destroy, shouldst thou, yielding to the allurements of love, disgrace the throne. Be a man, Assad, since thou art a king."

Assad promised with a sigh; then wandered solitarily under the thick shade of the palm-trees of the garden, thought on his Alane, and was still more convinced that such a sacrifice was too great for a throne.

Nineteen years had Assad passed with his teachers in a country retirement, at a distance from the capital, where he had been instructed in useful science, and exercised in the labours of agriculture and the chase. The laws of the nation forbade the king to suffer his son to be brought up amid the corrupting splendour of the throne and the dangerous flatteries of the *grandees* and courtiers. The people chose the tutor of the heir to the crown from among the most learned and experienced sages, with whom he must reside till his twentieth year in a simple rustic habitation;—then was he called by custom to the throne, to share

with his father the labours of sovereignty.

Assad was now become a youth of noble endowments, the pride of his tutor, the darling of his father, and the hope of the whole nation. His heart had as yet experienced no disquietude. He had sometimes felt for a moment some obscure emotions of love; but, soon soothed by the lessons of wisdom, it again beat calmly. Sometimes he walked pensively in the shady walks of the garden, and listened with a sigh to the amorous song of the nightingale; but soon he hastened with cheerful activity and ardent courage to the chase of the lion, and forgot the song of the plaintive Philomel, when he heard the roaring of the monarch of the forest. Again his breast swelled with indistinct wishes, while Molhem, his principal tutor, with tears of joy in his eyes, spoke to him of the wife of his youth, and of their tender love. Then would Assad, moved with the warmest friendship for his aged preceptor, say to him, as he reclined his head on his breast, "Thy wife, Molhem, loved thee as I do, did she not? His heart was filled and satisfied with the friendship of his tutor, and he was rich because he was unacquainted with riches.

It chanced on a fine day in the spring that he walked in the woods that surrounded the rural habitation in which he resided. He had been conversing with Molhem on the means of rendering a people happy, and indulging in pleasing reveries on the manner in which he would employ these means to the benefit of the nation he was one day to govern. Pursuing these ideas, he rambled, with a smile on his countenance and joy in his heart, still deeper into the woods, when suddenly a hind started out of a thicket; Assad eagerly pursued him over hill and

and dale to the end of the wood, where he saw at a distance, under some shady palm-trees, a number of cottages, to which he immediately repaired, as he found himself much fatigued with the chace, and extremely thirsty. Before one of these cottages sat, in the gentle beams of the evening sun, a healthful old man, whose fine and cheerful countenance reflected the peace and calm tranquillity of a better world. He arose with a friendly air when he saw Assad, and came to meet him. "You are welcome, stranger," said he, in a tone of indescribable benevolence; "Do not pass my cottage. The Almighty blesses the house that receives a stranger." Assad surveyed the old man with reverence, sat down by him on the grass, and requested a draught of water.

"Alane!" said the old man, raising his voice; and immediately came a young and beauteous maiden, tall and slender as the palm-tree, and lovely as the blush of morning. "The stranger is thirsty," said the old man. Alane glanced her brilliant and innocent eyes on Assad, hastened into the cottage, and quickly returned with a cup filled with the cooling liquor obtained from the palm, and a basket full of melons, figs, ananas, and dates. She presented the cup to the youth, and, as he drank, looked on him with a friendly and cheerful smile. She then offered him the basket of fruits, pointed out to him the finest more by looks than by words, and taking from his shoulders the bow and quiver, carried them with his javelin into the cottage.

The air and mien of Alane, the gentle and pure innocence which shone in her eyes, the symmetry of her delicate features, and the expressive beauty of her countenance, instantaneously made the most forcible impression on the heart of Assad.

He surveyed her with a kind of pensive earnestness while she was taking away his weapons, and followed her with his eyes as she went into the cottage. The old man took the hand of Assad, who then asked him, somewhat confused, "Is that your daughter?" "Yes, my daughter Alane," replied he, with sparkling eyes; and immediately, in the fullness of his heart, he began to recount her praises. Alane now returned to them, accompanied by her brother, his wife, and three children. They all welcomed the stranger in the most friendly manner, while Alane stood behind, and surveyed the comely youth with secret glances.

"Will you not come into our house," said the old man, at length; and Alane, with a modest look of invitation, immediately opened the door. "Alane has got ready for you the best cushion," said her little brother. Alane blushed, and Assad, who blushed with her, went into the cottage, and sat down on the cushion which she had placed for him. With cheerful activity Alane now brought still finer fruits, and, filling with them the basket, placed it on the mat before him. Her eyes were continually fixed on him while he talked with her father.

The conversation soon became general and unrestrained, but Alane was silent. When Assad spoke to her, a delicate blush suffused her cheeks; she cast down her eyes, and laid her hands on the lips of the little boy who was prattling to her. She answered in a few words with a faltering voice, and drew the child to her again to talk to him, when Assad gazed on her with admiration.

With regret Assad perceived the night approach, and Alane sighed when her father observed that it grew late. Assad left the room to repose

repose on the couch which Alane had prepared for him. Her eyes followed him as he retired, and she remained the last in the apartment he had quitted.

Assad laid him down to take repose, with his whole soul intent on the beauteous image of the lovely maiden which was incessantly present to his imagination. He knew not himself what his new sensations were. His eyes were perpetually turned towards the place where he had last seen Alane, he stretched out his arms to embrace her image, and it was almost morning before he sunk into a slumber productive of delightful dreams. When he opened his eyes he again saw the image of Alane; her voice awakened him: the joy of innocence and heavenly kindness beamed on him from her smiling eyes when he saw her. He went to her, took her hand, and opened his lips to tell her that she was divinely fair, that he had thought of nothing, dreamed of nothing, but her; but he again closed them without being able to utter a word when he felt the hand of Alane in his. He walked with her in the avenue shaded by palm-trees. She fixed her eyes on the ground, and when she slowly raised them he cast down his. The noble youth was not less confused and timid than the modest and delicate maiden.

As they approached the cottage he gently clasped her hand in his; but he again loosed it, and both, without having spoken a word to each other, entered the house, and joined the company there.

Alane, this morning, stood as before, at a distance, and took no part in the conversation but by glances and sighs. Assad could no longer delay his departure, but it always seemed to him as if he had forgotten something, or omitted to say what

was of greatest importance to be said. It was the same with Alane; she wished to ask him to stay, whispered to herself the words in which she would invite him, but yet never pronounced them. When he at last had resolved to go, she brought him his bow and quiver, the former of which she had decorated with flowers she had gathered that morning, but not presented to him from diffidence. Assad looked first at the flowers, and then at Alane, who stood by blushing. With earnest anxious eye he gazed on her, for his heart told him that he loved her.

All now wished him a safe journey home, but Alane, who, confused and embarrassed, said nothing. Assad went up to her—"Does Alane alone," said he, "not wish me a good journey?" She looked at him, cast down her eyes, and said, with a low and tremulous voice, "Will you come again, Helim?"—(such was the name Assad had assumed)—"I will come again," said Assad with earnestness, and in a tone of voice which appeared to Alane significant. A ray of joy, inspired by hope, beamed in the heavenly eyes of the artless maiden.

Assad took his way, with a heart filled with all the disquietude of love, through the avenue of palm-trees to the wood. Often he turned his eyes towards the cottage, and still saw Alane standing on a hill, and looking after him. Fancy continually presented to him her image. She walked with him, looking as he had last seen her, tenderly pensive, and asked him a thousand times, "Will you come again, Helim?" At every shady place he sat himself down, imagined he held Alane in his arms, discovered to her who he was, formed a thousand plans to call her his; but, ah! he racked his invention to effect impossibility. Thus, at length, he reached his home,

home, with a heart filled with the most ardent love.

He now received with uneasiness and inattention the lessons of his teachers. When he went to hunt the lion he was absorbed in thought, and found no pleasure in the exercise. With his head reclined on his hand he sat in the copse; the hind sprang up near him; he seized his bow, but immediately cast it from him, to think again on the beauteous Alane. His disquietude at length threw him into the arms of the sage Molhem. Without naming to him Alane, he exclaimed with anxious perturbation—"Can the throne deserve so great a sacrifice?" The representations and admonitions of his tutor filled his heart with pain, and had their effect on his understanding; but they could not give him the will to make this great sacrifice even for the throne. Duty obtained the victory, but Love was not vanquished, but became only more powerful by every defeat. He wished to banish all remembrance of Alane, but he thought only of her. He resolved never to see her again; but he approached every day nearer to the cottage in which she resided.

At length he could no longer resist; but when he came near to the cottage his heart beat with violent emotion. He stood for a moment. "What!" said he, with a strong sensation of shame, "shall I break my resolution?" He was about to return, but Alane suddenly came running towards him from the shady palm-tree walk, loudly and joyfully exclaiming "Helim! Helim!" When she came within a few paces of him, she suddenly stopped, with an air of embarrassment, a deep blush overspread her cheeks, she slowly approached him, and said, "My father will be extremely glad to see you again Helim."

"And will not Alane be glad

too?" said Assad. She looked confused and disconcerted at this question, as if she knew not whether to answer yes or no.—"Will you not go with me to see my father?" asked she at last.—"Not till I know whether you are glad that I am come." She smiled, and said, with a deep sigh, "Yes, I am glad."

Assad took her hand, and they walked together, without again speaking, towards the cottage. They were soon perceived by the children playing before it, and welcomed with loud and joyful shouts. "Alane and Helim! Helim and Alane!" cried they, running to meet them, and then running back to the house, calling at the door, "Here is Helim! here is Helim."

Assad was received in the most friendly manner by all the family.—"Are you not very glad that Helim is come again?" said Alane, in a whisper to her little brother. Assad heard her, and saw a blush tinge her lovely cheek as she spoke.

"Helim is come again!" said the child, skipping playfully about Alane, "and now he is come I hope you will be again in a good humour, and play with us as you used to do, and not go and walk up and down in the dark palm-tree walk?" The boy crossed his hands on his breast, hung his head on his shoulder, and walked backwards and forwards, affecting a melancholy air, to jeer his sister.

Assad took the child in his arms, and kissed him.—"Every day after you was gone," said the little fellow, "Alane was very sad and sorrowful. My mother said, she seemed as if she had lost her husband, when she used to go and stand on the hill that looks towards the road you come."—Alane took the boy from Assad's arms, saying, "Come, I will give you that fine pine-apple I promised you; come to me."

"You must give me two," said the

the child: "you know you promised me two when Helim came again, and now he is here."—The heart of Assad overflowed with the purest sensations of joy and transport.

Alane took the children away, and remained out a whole hour. Presently the children came in again, and played about Assad, laughing and running away, when he asked them where Alane was. The youngest whispered him in his ear, "She has told us not to tell you, and she will give us each a fig."—"I will give you two figs if you will tell me," said Assad, jesting.—"No," said the boy, "a fig from Alane is better than two from you!"—Assad kissed the child with all the ardour of delighted love.

(To be continued.)

MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS' ROBE.

FASHIONS have been perpetually changing of late years; but when every source is rendered barren, and invention can no longer supply the deficiency, it is then that the want of novelty brings back the custom of former ages; and we have now an instance of what was fashionable many centuries ago being again sported with the same *clat*, and with the same effect.—The many lovely females of the present day, whose elegance of form and symmetry render them attractive under every disguise invented by that capricious goddess Fashion, now appear under additional advantages—a blaze of beauty to all around, though dressed only in the simple habiliments of the Caledonian queen.

Painters, particularly Vandyke, when they drew the portrait of a beautiful woman of other times, always attired her in this manner, for the sake of giving life and interest to the object; and although the

name of this dress is alone sufficient to convey its form and make to every intelligent woman of fashion, yet, as many ladies have not the same general intercourse with the world, and at the same time may not have in their possession a Vandyke, or the lovely Queen of Scotland, we shall endeavour to explain the style, the form, and make, of this attractive robe.

THE DRESS.

A black or dark brown muslin, with small embroidered sprigs of white silk, are the usual colours; made plain with long sleeves; Vandykes of white lace above the elbow; plain round the bosom, long train, and Vandyke trimmings; a Vandyke ruff of deep white lace, which falls on the shoulders.

MORAL REFLECTIONS.

ESTEEM and praise only please those who are the object of them when they exceed the truth. We prefer not being praised to only receiving precisely the praise we merit. The desire of every man is to appear to others greater than he really is; but when he cannot succeed in this, he rather wishes to be considered by them as less than he actually is, than to be viewed by them according to his real standard; for in the former case he can always console himself by contempt for judges so incapable of appreciating him truly, while in the latter his vanity has no such resource.

The habit of believing herself handsome, is too agreeable to a woman for her ever to leave it off, when she has once contracted it.

Habit is the plague of the wise man, and the idol of the fool.

A part of our lives is passed in doing ill; the greater part in doing nothing; and almost the whole in doing something different from what we ought to do.

The

Engraved for the Ladies Magazine.



Squirrel, Flying Squirrel.

THE MORAL ZOOLOGIST.

(Continued from page 71.)

LETTER XXI.

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

FROM the torpid state of the marmot, I beg leave to transfer your ladyship's attention to the vivacious qualities of the squirrel genus, of which the principal characteristics, and distinctive properties, consist in the several species having two cutting teeth in each jaw; four toes on the fore feet, and five on the hind; the tail long, and amply clothed with hair. This class of animals are beautiful in form, and adroit in manners. They are not carnivorous or noxious, are possessed of an extraordinary degree of vivacity, and are capable of being rendered docile; they therefore not only excite the admiration, but claim the protection, of the human species.

THE COMMON SQUIRREL.

This animal has large brilliant black eyes, and ears terminating with long tufts of hair. The head, body, legs, and tail, are of a bright reddish brown, and the breast and belly white. The tail is long, and clothed with bushy hair; it is of a great length, lying flat on each side, resembling a plume of feathers, which he erects as high as his head, in which position it serves to shelter him from the sun and rain. Squirrels recede more from the distinctive qualities of the quadruped tribes than most other animals; as their usual posture is sitting erect, and they employ their fore feet to convey their food to their mouth. By the fleetness of their motions, and the aerial situation they seek, they approach near to the feathered race;

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as the females build nests in trees, and they leap from branch to branch with as great facility as if they had wings. These lively animals usually subsist on buds, young shoots, and fruit of trees; such as beech mast, acorns, nuts, and almonds, and also grains and seeds; they drink dew, and do not leave the trees unless they are agitated by storms, when they take refuge on the ground. They do not frequent open countries or plains, or approach human habitations, the loftiest forest trees being most congenial to their nature. They are naturally averse to water; and it is positively asserted by many authors that, when they are under the necessity of passing a river, they employ the bark of a tree for a vessel, and use their tail so skilfully as to serve the purpose of a rudder and sails. These animals do not sleep in the winter, like the dormouse, but are equally vivacious at all seasons; and with peculiar sensibility, when the base of the tree in which they dwell is but slightly touched, they quit their habitation, and flee to another tree to seek shelter and refuge. Squirrels are of a provident nature, and collect nuts during the summer season, which they hide in the recesses of decayed trees, and as occasion requires have recourse to these magazines for their winter support. When this alimentary reserve is absorbed in snow, they dexterously disperse that congealed substance with their fore feet. These animals have a shrill voice, and when they are irritated make a kind of murmuring noise. From their light construction they rather leap than walk; and from the sharp texture of their claws, and rapid motion, speedily attain the summit of the highest trees. The habitations of the squirrel tribe are clean, warm, and proof against rain; they are

R.

usually

usually situated in the clefts of trees, and are formed of small sticks blended with moss, with two straight small apertures near the top, over which there is a conical kind of cover which shelters the whole from heat or rain. These animals seem averse to the rays of the sun, as they usually dwell in their nests during the day, and exercise their sportive gambols in the night season. By the effect of extraordinary instinct they stop up one of the entrances to their nest in that direction from which the wind blows. The female brings forth in the month of May, and has commonly three or four young at a litter. This species cast their hair in winter, and their new fur is of a redder cast than their former. With wonderful adroitness they comb and adjust their hair with their fore feet and teeth. They are of a very cleanly nature, and free from any disgusting odour: their flesh is tolerably palatable, and their skin but moderately esteemed as a fur.

There are but few varieties in the genuine squirrel species. There is a large kind of grey squirrel found on the banks of the river Obi, which is denominated the teleutskaga, or the squirrel of the Teleutian Tartars. This variety is twice as large as the common squirrel in that country, and is highly esteemed on account of the silvery hue of its fur.

There is also a white variety found in Siberia, and a beautiful black one in the vicinage of Lake Baikal; to which may be added the white-legged squirrel, which is described as having ears slightly tufted with black. The head, whole upper part of the body, sides, and toes, are of a reddish-brown hue; and the face, nose, under side of the neck, belly, fore legs, and interior parts of the ears and thighs, white. The tail is long, and covered with dusky

hairs, much shorter than those of the European kind. This individual was said to be brought from the island of Ceylon. The squirrel species inhabit Europe, and the northern and temperate regions of Asia; and it is evident from the above description that they extend as far south as Ceylon. In Sweden and Lapland they change their colour in winter, and become grey: in many parts of England there is also a beautiful variation with white tails.

THE CEYLON SQUIRREL.

The Ceylon squirrel has a flesh-coloured nose; ears tufted with black; cheeks, legs, and belly, of a pale yellow hue; with a yellow spot between the ears. The forehead, back, sides, and haunches, are black; the cheeks marked with a bifurcated stroke of black; the under side red. The tail is twice the length of the body, of a light grey hue, and very bushy; the part next the body is quite surrounded with hair; on the rest the hairs are separate, and lie flat. This species is in size thrice the magnitude of the European squirrel.

THE ABYSSINIAN SQUIRREL.

This animal has a round, flesh-coloured nose. The hair on the upper part of the body is of a rusty black hue; the belly and fore feet are grey; the soles of the feet flesh-coloured. The tail is a foot and half long. This squirrel is thrice the bigness of the European species, and is probably a variety of the preceding kind. It is described as good-natured and playful, and is averse to none but animal food.

THE JAVAN SQUIRREL.

This class of the squirrel genus is distinguished by being black on the upper

upper part of the body, and of a light brown on the lower regions. The end of the tail is black; on the thumb a round nail. This kind inhabit Java, and were first discovered by Mr. Sparrman. It is probable this is also a variety.

THE BOMBAY SQUIRREL.

The Bombay squirrel has tufted ears. The head, back, sides, upper part of the legs, thighs, and tail, are of a dull purple hue; the lower parts yellow. The tail is orange-colour at the extremity, and seventeen inches long. The body from the nose to the base of the tail is sixteen inches in length. The name ascertains its native country.

THE RUDDY SQUIRREL.

This animal is probably denominated ruddy from the circumstance of its under regions being of a blood-red hue inclining to tawny. The tail is slender, and of the same colour, marked with a black stripe; the upper part of the body yellow intermixed with dusky; the ears slightly tufted. The fore feet have four toes, with a remarkable protuberance in lieu of a thumb; the hind feet have five toes. Its size exceeds that of the common squirrel. It is a native of India, but its habits are not specified.

THE GREY SQUIRREL.

The grey squirrel appears to be a native of the northern and southern regions of the new continent, where they often do great damage to the plantations of maize, as they assemble from the mountains and join those that inhabit the plains to commit these depredations, which causes a reward to be bestowed on those who ensnare or destroy them.—These animals have untufted ears; hair of a grey hue often intermingled with black, and sometimes with

yellow. The belly and inside of the legs are white; the tail is long, bushy, and of a grey colour striped with black; their size is nearly that of a young rabbit. This species in their habitudes resemble the common squirrel; they make their nests in the concavities of trees, subsist on maize, pine cones, acorns, and mast of all kinds. They form subterraneous magazines for their winter food, but are often starved in the severe weather when their hoards are impenetrably covered with snow. When the air is intensely cold they keep in their nests for several days. They but seldom leap from tree to tree, as they commonly only traverse the bodies of those they inhabit. They are easily tamed; but, from their fleetness, are difficult to take. Their flesh is esteemed a great delicacy; and their furs, which are in high repute, are imported by the name of *petit gris*, and are used for various purposes.

THE BLACK SQUIRREL.

This animal is sometimes uniformly black; but often marked with white on the nose, neck, or extremity of the tail. It has plain ears. Its tail is shorter than that of the preceding kinds; but the dimensions of its body similar. It might be regarded as a variety of the grey species; but Mr. Catesby expressly asserts it breeds and associates in separate troops. In its propensities, habitudes, and numbers, it perfectly resembles that kind. It inhabits the north of Asia, North America, and Mexico.

There is a variety of this species with plain ears; coarse fur mixed with dirty white and black; the throat and inside of the legs black; the tail shorter than those of squirrels usually are; of a dull yellow blended with black. The size is in

general the same with that of the grey squirrel. It is a native of Virginia, where it is called the cat squirrel.

HUDSON'S BAY SQUIRREL.

This species, which are smaller than the European kind, inhabit the pine forests about Hudson's Bay, and Terra de Labrador.— They have plain ears, and are marked along the middle of the back with a ferruginous line; the sides are of a paler cast; the belly is of a light ash-colour mottled with black.— The tail is not so long or full of hair as that of the common squirrel, and is of a ferruginous or rust-colour barred with black.

The Carolina squirrel, which appears to be a variety of the preceding species, has the head, back, and sides, of a grey, white, and rust-colour hue; the belly white, divided from the colour of the sides by a ferruginous line; the lower part of the legs red; the tail brown, and mixed with black, edged with white. These animals, which are on a smaller scale than the European species, vary in colour; in general grey is the predominant hue.

THE VARIED SQUIRREL.

This animal has plain ears; the upper part of the body variegated with black, white, and brown; and the belly tawny. In size it is twice as large as the common squirrel. This species inhabit Mexico, and live in subterraneous retreats, are of an untractable nature, subsist on maize, and provide a stock for their winter sustenance. The individuals of this class vary in size and colour.

THE FAIR SQUIRREL.

This species have obtained the appellation of fair, from the hair on the body and tail being of a flaxen hue. Their ears are plain and cir-

cular, and their tails round. These animals are found near Amadabad, the capital of Guzarat; but, according to Linnæus, they are also natives of South America.

THE BRASILIAN SQUIRREL.

The Brazilian squirrel has plain ears, and a round tail. The head, body, and sides, are covered with soft dusky hairs, tipped with yellow; the tail is annulated with black and yellow; the throat cinereous; the inside of the legs and belly yellow; the latter divided with a white line which commences at the breast, is discontinued for a short space in the middle, and afterwards extends to the tail, which measures ten inches. The length of the body does not exceed eight inches and a quarter. These animals are natives of Brasil and Guiana; their manners and propensities are not noticed.

THE MEXICAN SQUIRREL.

This species are of a mouse-colour. The male is marked on the back with seven white lines, which extend along the regions of the tail; the female is only marked with five stripes. This kind are found in New Spain.

THE PALM SQUIRREL.

According to the testimony of Clusius and Ray, this animal does not elevate its tail like other squirrels, but has the property of extending it sideways. It has plain ears; an obscure yellow stripe on the middle of the back, another on each side, a third on each side of the belly; the two last in certain species are very indistinct. The remainder of the hair on the sides, back, and head, is black and red very closely blended; that on the thighs and legs of a redder hue; the belly is of a pale yellow. The hair

hair does not lie flat, but encompasses the tail, is of a coarse texture, and of a dirty-yellow hue barred with black. It is probable that in different subjects the number of stripes vary. This squirrel lives chiefly in cocoa trees, and is very fond of the sury or palm wine which is extracted from that tree; whence it has received the name of the palm squirrel.

THE BARBARY SQUIRREL.

This animal has prominent black eyes with white orbits; the head, body, feet, and tail, are of a cinereous colour inclining to red, with a lighter cast on the legs. The sides are marked lengthways with two white stripes; the belly is white; the tail bushy, marked regularly with shades of black. The size is the same with that of the common squirrel. This as well as the preceding species inhabit Barbary and other hot countries.

THE PLANTAIN SQUIRREL.

This kind has a great resemblance to the common squirrel; but is of a lighter hue, and is distinguished by having a yellow stripe on the sides extending from leg to leg. This animal inhabits Java and Prince's Island, where it subsists on the plantain and tamarind trees. It is of a very shy nature, and retreats at the approach of the human species.

The next species of the squirrel genus are those which are peculiarly characterised by having a lateral membrane extending from the fore to the hind leg. Though your ladyship's knowledge is extensive, and your mind well informed on every subject, I shall take the liberty to explain the meaning of the term *lateral*; scientific expressions sometimes being obscure, for want of properly ascertaining the ideas

they are meant to convey. The word *lateral* literally signifies any thing relative to the side, growing out, or placed on the side, in a direction parallel to the horizon.—The first of the squirrel tribe thus distinguished is

THE SAILING SQUIRREL.

This wonderful animal has a small round head; cleft upper lip; small blunt ears; two small warty excrescences at the exterior corner of each eye, with hairs growing out of them; a short neck; four toes on the fore feet; and, instead of a thumb, a slender bone two inches and a half long, situated under the lateral membrane, which serves to stretch it out. From thence to the hind legs the lateral membrane extends, which is broad, and a continuation of the skin on the regions of the side and belly. This cutaneous substance projects near the joint of the fore legs, like a kind of wing. There are five toes on the hind feet, and on those, as well as on the toes of the fore feet, these are sharp, compressed, bent claws. The tail is covered with long hairs horizontally disposed; the head, body, and tail, are of a bright bay hue, inclining in some parts to an orange tint; the breast and belly of a yellowish white. The length from nose to tail is eighteen inches; the tail is fifteen inches long. This species differ in size, and probably in colour; that described by Linnæus being nearly the dimensions of a squirrel, though other authors assert some of them are the size of a hare.

These animals inhabit Java, and some other oriental islands. From their peculiar construction they leap from tree to tree as if they flew, and will catch hold of the boughs with their tail. In consequence of the rapidity of their motion, they have been called flying cats.

THE SEVERN RIVER, OR GREATER
FLYING SQUIRREL.

The greater flying squirrel has been denominated the Severn River squirrel, because it is found in the southern parts of Hudson's Bay, about the banks of Severn River. Its back and sides are of a deep cinereous hue; at the bottom of the hair, and at the extremity, ferruginous. The under side of the body is of a yellowish-white cast. The hair is universally long and full; the tail is covered with long hairs less inclined to an horizontal position than in the European kind: it is of a brown hue at the upper part, darker at the end, and yellowish beneath the skin. The lateral membrane is disposed from leg to leg, but does not encompass the fore legs. The size is nearly the same with that of a European squirrel.

THE FLYING SQUIRREL.

The term flying seems to be partially and erroneously applied to the animals endued with a lateral membrane, which furnishes them rather with the power of leaping with extraordinary agility, than with a volent motion; as they can only move forward, and even in that direction not in a line parallel to the ground. They, therefore, in proportion to the distance they aim at attaining, mount high, and, being rendered specifically lighter by the distension of their lateral membrane, are enabled to leap to the distance of ten yards. This animal has round naked ears; prominent black eyes; a lateral membrane from the fore to the hind legs. The fore legs, for the greater part, are detached from the membrane.—The tail is clothed with long hairs disposed in a horizontal direction, longest in the middle, and terminating with a point. The colour of the upper part of the body is a brownish ash, and of the under

white tinged with yellow. The dimensions of this species are less than those of the common squirrel. This species inhabits North America and New Spain; they subsist in hollow trees, sleep in the day, and in the night appear vivacious. They are of a gregarious nature, as they are inclined to associate in herds. When numbers leap at a time, they appear like leaves blown from the trees by the wind. They are easily tamed, and feed similar to other squirrels resident on the new continent. The females produce three or four young at a litter.

THE HOODED SQUIRREL.

This animal is called the hooded squirrel, from the circumstance of its lateral membrane commencing at the chin and ears, and extending from thence to the fore and hind legs. The colour of its body is reddish on the upper part, and on the under cinereous, tinged, and inclining to a yellowish cast; the ears are large. Seba is the only author who has described this species, which, according to him, inhabits Virginia.

EUROPEAN FLYING SQUIRREL.

The European flying squirrel is so amply furnished with the lateral membrane that it extends to the very bottom of its fore feet, and forms a large wing on the exterior side. This species has prominent eyes, and the eyelids bordered with black. The ears are naked, and indented on the exterior side. The colour of the upper part of the body is a bright grey, the under regions a clear white. The tail is fully clothed with hair, round at the end, and five inches long. The length of the body from nose to tail is four inches and a quarter.

This species inhabits Finland, Lapland, and the Russian dominions from the regions of Livonia to the river Kolyma in the north-eastern districts

districts of Siberia. They are numerous in the woody mountainous tracts in those inclement climes. They are of a solitary nature, subsist in hollow trees, and wander even in the winter season. They usually reside in birch trees, and form their nests in the moss that adheres to them. They feed on birch buds, and pine and cedar cones. When they sleep they revert their tail on their back, but extend it in the action of leaping. The Germans distinguish this animal by the appellation of "king of the squirrels."

In the squirrel race agility is exhibited in varied modes of perfection: in some the common organisation of their members is exerted with uncommon force to produce this effect; in others, extraordinary appendages are annexed to qualify them for attaining aerial heights. Whether it be by the distension of a lateral membrane, or the evolution of an extended wing, that an animal is enabled to soar above the terra-queous surface, the efficient property is produced by one general cause, which manifests its omniscient power by various undefinable means. To your ladyship, who attends to the minutiae of every relative perfection, with a view to ascribe their several properties to the final Source, every remark and incitement is needless; I shall, therefore, only subjoin earnest wishes for your perseverance,—from your ever faithful

EUGENIA.

(To be continued.)

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

(Concluded from page 76.)

ONE morning, it was the eighth after our arrival in the village, one

morning I awakened after having passed a happy night, soothed by delicious dreams. The day was already far advanced, when my father, reproaching me for my indolence, gave me two letters, which he had just received for me. The handwriting of both their directions was unknown to me. The first I opened was from my friends at Lyons. "We are satisfied with you," said they, "and, after having taken exemplary revenge of the haughty Aurora, it is just that we should remember the friendship with which your talents and your conduct have inspired us. You are not made to live in the class amongst which you were born, and we offer you, with pleasure, the means of extricating yourself from all your embarrassments, without wishing that you should find your gratitude at all burthensome, since we can serve you without any inconvenience to ourselves.—You know that we pushed almost to madness the idea of revenge on Aurora, and we had each made the sacrifice of a thousand crowns to carry our plan into execution. You have not expended the third part of this sum. The rest is deposited in the house of M. ****, a notary, well known in our city, who will remit it to you on your simple receipt. The jewels, linen, lace, and clothes, with which you amused the credulity of a foolish father, and a haughty girl, will be likewise delivered to you. Take care of Aurora—We have put her into your arms, in the hope that you will never give us occasion to regret that we pushed our vengeance too far. Whenever you shall form any undertaking, command the credit, the friendship, and the recommendations of your friends at Lyons."

"Well!" exclaimed I joyfully, "half my embarrassments have vanished—

vanished—I shall be able to provide for my Aurora.”

The letter which I next opened, and which had been directed by a stranger, was from Aurora herself—“Some remains of pity,” she observed, “which I still feel for you, notwithstanding your conduct towards me, plead in your favour, and induce me to inform you, that at the moment you receive this letter I shall be at the gates of Lyons. It is my intention to enter a convent, which will rid me of your hateful presence. I am an honourable enemy, and declare that you must hold yourself ready to appear before every tribunal in France, till I have found one which shall do me the justice to break the chains of your victim, and punish the traitors by whom she has been sacrificed.”

I shall not attempt to paint the violent and conflicting emotions which agitated my mind at the perusal of this letter. One moment I determined to pursue Aurora, to detain and force her to pay due obedience to a man whom fate had made her husband—the next, I felt the most invincible repugnance to persecute a woman whom I so ardently loved—The project also was impracticable. Aurora had already departed several hours; I must have sent for horses from Montelimart, or walked thither on foot; either would have required so much time that I renounced all hopes of overtaking Aurora, and only thought of contriving the means of leaving a place which served to recall so many bitter remembrances. I had still as much money left as would enable me to reach Lyons. Before my departure I interrogated severely the curé and his niece, with respect to their knowledge of my wife’s escape. Threats and entreaties were lavished in vain; and though they were, as I have since discovered, the pri-

mary authors of the plot, it was impossible to bring them to any confession.

New embarrassments crowded upon me when I reached Lyons. Where begin my researches? how come to any knowledge, in a great city, of the asylum which Aurora had chosen? In what manner could I present myself before a father, amidst the first transports of his indignation against the criminal seducer of his daughter?—How could I wander from one convent to another without the risk of being suspected from the nature of my inquiries, and exposing myself to the danger of a dungeon where I might be plunged for having acted so abominable a part? In order to deliver myself from these perplexities, I had recourse to my engraving friends, who all advised me to remain quiet, and wait peaceably till the procedure for breaking the marriage became the topic of general conversation at Lyons. I consented to follow their counsels, to forbear inquiries alike dangerous and useless, and to take measures for improving my fortune, too well convinced that this was the only chance of hereafter regaining the heart of Aurora.

Thanks to my generous friends, after having disposed advantageously of the jewels, lace, and other valuable articles, which were useless to me, I found myself in possession of near ten thousand crowns. It was reported, at that time, that we were on the eve of a war with some of the principal powers in Europe. In consequence of this information, and with the aid of my friends, I made one of those bold speculations which if it had not succeeded would have placed me where I had set out, but which by splendid success increased more than threefold my capital.

While

While my commercial operations were going forward in profound secrecy, my story became the topic of public animadversion. The intrepid Aurora, from her monastic retreat, hurled her fulminations against me and my confederates. This want of address on her part in attacking the engravers, besides obtaining the laugh against her, was of infinite advantage to me by throwing me in the back-ground, whilst my friends were so much the more awake to my interests, as it was the best mode of defending their own. Aurora insisted peremptorily that the marriage should be annulled. The abbess of the convent in which she had found an asylum, and who was respectable for her birth as well as her good qualities, moved heaven and earth in her cause. Her father brought together his protectors and friends, and every thing threatened us with a defeat, the shame of which would have fallen on the engravers, and the weight of it on myself. The wags amused themselves in seeing the pride of Aurora made the instrument of her punishment; but no smiles can smooth the brow of wrinkled and severe justice. Already a warrant to arrest me had been issued, from which I had only been saved by the obscurity in which I lived. The affair was brought before the courts with great rapidity.

My haughty enemy had requested guards to escort her to the tribunal, in which our marriage was to be declared null or valid. She made her appearance arrayed in all her charms, which were still heightened by the semblance of the most unaffected modesty. Never had any cause assembled so immense a crowd of spectators. Aurora's counsel pleaded for her with so much eloquence that the tears of

the auditory sometimes forced him to suspend his declamation. The emotion of the judges indicated what kind of sentence they were about to pronounce, and which the feelings of the audience were powerfully impelled to sanction, when the engraver, who had sought to be the husband of Aurora, seeing that no counsel arose to plead on my side of the question, requested permission from the judges to enter on my defence. This request was immediately granted, that it might not be said I had been condemned unheard. He gave my history in a few words, in which nothing was exaggerated except the eulogium with which he honoured me.—He owned, nevertheless, that the singular circumstances of my marriage would authorise the judges to declare it null and void. He hesitated for a moment. The most solemn silence reigned throughout the assembly; when, turning to Aurora, he added, in a firm tone of voice: “No, madam, you are not the wife of the bellows-mender—but nature destines you to become the mother of his child!—Listen to the powerful cry of the infant which you carry in your womb, and then say if you desire to become free while your child is condemned to the infamy of illegitimacy?”

“No! no!” exclaimed the trembling Aurora, bursting into a flood of tears; and the whole audience, weeping in sympathy with her, joined in the exclamation of “No, no!”

This cry of maternal tenderness decided the cause. The judges declared that the marriage was valid according to the contract in which I had signed my true name, alleging also that our situations were not sufficiently unequal to authorise the dissolution of our union. But they wisely decreed, in order not to leave

the adventurer too much cause for triumph, that my wife should be permitted to reside in the convent which she had chosen for her asylum ; and injunction was laid on the husband, under certain penalties, neither to reclaim, pursue, or molest her in any manner whatever ; that the child should be baptized under my name, but that I should at no time have a right over its education. The rest of the sentence turned on objects of detail more interesting to gentlemen of the long robe than the historian. Aurora left the audience in triumph. The crowd escorted her to the convent, crowning her with eulogiums for the tender sacrifice which she had just made to the infant with which she was pregnant.

Such was the result of this celebrated trial, during the decision of which I was little at my ease.—Obliged to hide myself from every eye, I took advantage of my not being known to glide among the crowd, no one conjecturing that the bellows-mender, of whose history they heard so much, wore decent clothes, fine linen, and was a personage in no mean circumstances. The most ridiculous stories were fabricated respecting my absence and my marriage. I sometimes endeavoured to laugh with the rest, but was horribly abashed to find that even those who amused themselves most at the expense of Aurora were virulent declaimers against what they called my infamy. Agreeably to the dictates of my own feelings, and in conformity to the advice of my friends, I determined to quit Lyons, and employ my funds in some other place, where my name and history were unknown. I made choice of Paris for my residence, where, amidst an immense population, I could most easily escape observation, and also where I could employ my capital to most advantage. There, my friend,

the poor bellows-mender, with an hundred thousand livres, and the credit of his friends at Lyons, established a commercial house which succeeded beyond all his hopes. I was, during five years, the favourite of fortune, and my conscience renders me this testimony, that I had no reason to blush at any of my speculations.

My correspondence with Lyons was active. An happy accident gave me the means of rendering essential service to one of the first banking-houses of that great city.—The proprietors testified their boundless gratitude towards me, and pressed me so earnestly to pay them a visit, that the desire of yielding to their solicitations, together with the secret wish of breathing the same air as Aurora, led me to accept of the invitation. I made my appearance in Lyons with carriages, servants, and fine clothes, none of which were this time *borrowed*. Fortune had so successfully laboured for me during five years, that I had the means of supporting a magnificent style of living.

My old friends scarcely recognised me ; you may therefore imagine that it was not a very difficult task to escape the penetration of my new acquaintances. Without appearing to annex the slightest importance to the subject, I sometimes talked of the celebrated trial which had interested the city of Lyons five years before, and terminated my question by cursorily inquiring what had become of Aurora and her family ? I learnt that her father had lately died ; that losses on the one hand and ostentation on the other, joined to the sums he had lavished on the education of his daughter, had left his affairs so embarrassed, that Aurora at his decease found herself almost without resource, and, in some measure, dependent on the benevolence of the abbess of the convent

convent where she had taken refuge. I was also informed, that, although whenever Aurora appeared she was still the object of general applause, she conducted herself with so much propriety that she was not less respected than admired. The bellows-mender, it was observed, had suffered her to remain tranquil since the trial, without attempting to reclaim his lost rights.

I did not listen to these recitals without the most lively emotion. During five years' residence in the capital, young and ambitious, as well as deeply enamoured of Aurora, the ardour of my efforts to acquire a fortune which might give me the right of reclaiming her I loved had absorbed my mind; but my abode at Lyons, and the unsuspected testimony of all with whom I conversed in favour of my wife, awakened every latent sentiment of tenderness in my bosom.—The image of Aurora, of her whom I had deceived, but whom I adored, again occupied every thought of my soul—again throbbed in every pulse!—I felt how worthless was the acquisition of wealth which she refused to share.—I felt that she was necessary to my existence;—and my child—was I never to fold him in my arms?—never to feel the endearments of him who owed to me life?—never to know those parental transports, which, although I had not experienced, my heart told me must be exquisite!—I could bear these cruel reflections no longer.—I determined to behold Aurora and my child.

One of the engravers, by my order, assembled her father's creditors and discharged all his debts, purchasing for me at the same time certain pieces of furniture to which long habit had associated an idea of value in the mind of Aurora—this was the least difficult part of my enterprise.

The merchant who had given me so satisfactory an account of Aurora was a man generally esteemed.—It struck me that I might chuse him for my confidant, and advise with him what plan I should pursue.—I knew that his name alone was sufficient to smooth every obstacle in my path. He was in possession of a beautiful pavilion on the banks of the Rhône. I requested an interview in the most solitary walk of his grounds, and having obtained his promise of inviolable secrecy, "You have hitherto," said I, "seen in your friend a merchant, who, still young, owes to his talents and his probity an affluent and honourable fortune. It has been my fate to appear in a mask to the eyes of those whose esteem I most value.—I have deceived my mistress, let me no longer impose upon my friend.—You have spoken to me of Aurora in a manner the most favourable; you know the half of her history—hear the remainder. You see before you the unfortunate bellows-mender, chosen by a set of young wags as the instrument of their vengeance."

At this unexpected declaration my friend started back with surprise. It was easy for me to read on his countenance the sensations that agitated his mind.

"I am indebted," continued I, "to nature for some talents, which I have improved by self-education and study; the generosity of my employers and fortune have done the rest. I am, as you know, about to leave Lyons; but I am firmly decided not to depart without Aurora. You enjoy the esteem and confidence of the public; you will be the mediator of your friend with Aurora, and I shall owe my happiness to your intervention."

The banker, when he recovered from his astonishment, assured me that he had no doubt of effecting the reconciliation I so ardently desired.

sired. "The abbess of the convent where Aurora resides," said he, "honours me with a certain degree of friendship: it is not late, we are near Lyons, let us order horses and we shall soon be able to arrange with Aurora herself the points which seem to you, at present, so embarrassing."

I adopted this project with fond avidity. I was now no less eager for an interview than I had once been anxious to avoid it. I burnt with impatience to gaze upon Aurora and my child.

The merchant was announced at the convent under his real name, and myself as the principal of a great commercial house at Paris.—We were admitted.—Ah, what a picture presented itself to my view! Aurora, the enchanting Aurora, in all the pride of a beauty of twenty-three years of age, occupied a seat near the venerable abbess. A lovely child slept upon her knees, and seemed so entirely to absorb all the attention of its mother, that she scarcely thought of returning the usual salutations. The first instant that she threw her eyes on me, I remarked distinctly, from her involuntary starting, that my presence recalled some disagreeable ideas; but introduced by a man whom she well knew, and who was honoured with general esteem, and presented as the principal of a commercial house at Paris, those circumstances, together with the shade of twilight, so completely set all conjectures at fault, that Aurora was far from recollecting her husband in the stranger. My friend opened the conversation by some vague observations, spoke of my speedy departure for Paris, mentioned my having connections with all the great houses of the capital, and requested to know if the abbess had any orders with which to honour me.—While

this conversation passed, the infant awoke, and the sight of strangers, instead of surprising him, led him to smile. After having looked at us both with a kind of hesitation, it was towards me that he advanced. O! my friend, represent to yourself my feelings, when I found myself covered with the sweet caresses, the innocent kisses, of my child!—An emotion which I had no power to subdue made me eagerly seize him in my arms, and, throwing myself with him at the feet of my pale and trembling wife,—“Aurora!—Aurora!” I exclaimed, “your child, your child claims from you a father!—will you suffer affection for ever to be vanquished by pride?”

While I uttered these words, in a voice half choked by emotion, Aurora quivered, seemed ready to faint, and fixed her wandering eyes alternately on me, and on her child, who clung to her knees, and seemed to implore forgiveness for his father.—At length a torrent of tears bathed Aurora's face; the child, unable to comprehend why his mother wept, joined his plaintive cries to mine,—“Pardon, pardon!” I exclaimed.—Aurora's only answer was to throw herself into my arms. “I know not,” she sobbed, “whether you again deceive me, but your child pleads too powerfully—Aurora is yours.”

She pressed me against her palpitating heart:—we were unable for a long time to speak—our incontrollable emotion—the caresses of the child—the tears of my friend—the place itself—every thing served to add to our delirium.

“My children,” said the abbess, looking at us with an eye moistened by affection, “you have both performed your duty—Monsieur is too much affected to be a knave—Aurora has too much the heart of a mother to live any longer the victim
of

of foolish pride. May this marriage, which you solemnly renew in my presence, be more happy than the first! May you enjoy that lasting felicity which belongs only to virtue!"

These words, pronounced in a serious tone of voice, calmed our turbulent sensations. I related my history in its full extent, without sparing the confession of my faults, and the feelings of my remorse.—I failed not to remark with transport that the hand of Aurora often pressed mine, while I spoke of my projects of tenderness; although she testified neither pleasure nor pain when I mentioned the fortunate situation of my affairs. The part of my narration which most affected her was that which regarded the payment of her father's debts, and my attention to her feelings in saving from the hands of the creditors the pieces of furniture to which she had been accustomed from her infancy.

My friend celebrated our conjugal reconciliation by a *fête*. Near his pavilion stood a house delightfully situated, and which the heirs of the proprietor, who had lately died, had announced their intention of selling. A word which involuntarily escaped Aurora discovered to me that this acquisition would be agreeable to her. I made the purchase in her name, and, twenty-four hours after, I put into her hands the act which left it entirely at her disposal.

I returned with Aurora and our child to Paris. Whether from some remains of her former haughtiness, or from real greatness of mind, she expressed no surprise at finding herself mistress of a house decorated with the utmost taste and magnificence. I found her character much ameliorated by adversity; I found myself beloved by her who was the object of all my tenderness!

One happy year had elapsed when

Aurora entered my cabinet, her eyes sparkling with joy. "My friend," said she, "you will not refuse the invitation of your wife. I wish to give you a dinner in my house at Lyons—No objection!—This very morning I am going to set off with my son—I want to teach him how a son ought to do his father the honours of his house."

I did not fail to arrive at Lyons at the appointed time. The day had scarcely dawned when I found Aurora under arms; she was still in all the splendor of her beauty, and had adorned herself with more than her accustomed elegance.—Dinner was announced, and judge of my sensations when Aurora, giving me her hand, led me into an apartment which had been decorated by the Graces themselves—guess who were the guests she had assembled?—my ten engravers themselves!—my first friends—the authors of my fortune, of my marriage—No, my friend, I cannot paint my emotion!—During the repast, the gaiety of Aurora animated all her guests with delight and admiration.—After the desert she led us into the apartment which she had destined for me. A slight spring, touched by Aurora, undrew a curtain, which concealed two pictures finely painted. We drew near to survey them. "Oh, enchantress!" exclaimed my friends, together with myself.—The first picture represented the village-scene near Montelimart. I was kneeling at the feet of Aurora, who repulsed me with disdain, throwing a look of indignation on the coachman-engraver. Underneath was written, "*Love conquered by Pride.*" The second picture represented the scene of the present day; my ten friends at table—Aurora placed between her happy husband and the coachman-engraver, and appearing to smile on both.—At the
bottom

bottom was written, "*Pride conquered by Love.*"

Here, sir, finishes my history, at least my adventures; my present happiness I can better feel than define. Aurora made me the father of three other children, and requested that the first of them should have for his godfather the engraver whose hand she refused. This estimable man is now the happy partner of a charming woman well known in Lyons for the care which she bestows on the education of her only daughter. Aurora tells me that she shall not be completely happy till this young girl calls her mother; and, what is singular in this affair, is, that my son is of the same opinion.

THE FIRST NAVIGATOR.

(Continued from p. 81.)

FROM that day he went more frequently to the shore. Absorbed by the most serious reflections, he walked and sometimes sat upon the sands, while his mind was fixed on the island which was washed by the distant waves of the sea. In a moon-light night, when the country around was wrapped in profound silence, and nought could be heard but the roaring of the ocean, he would place himself on the extremity of the beach, and listen if he could hear any noise which might arise from that distant point which occasioned him so much anxiety.

Often did he fancy that he heard the most plaintive accents, and sometimes an agreeable voice.—Alas! he was deceived by the warm imagination of a lover.—Then would he call upon the inhabitants with a loud voice, and it seemed to him as if he received a reply from a great distance. When a star appeared in

the horizon, he supposed he saw the bright illumination of their evening fires.

"Perhaps," said he, "perhaps she is sitting yonder, alone, reflecting upon her melancholy destiny, and sighing in vain for the lost days of her youth.—Oh, winds!" he exclaimed, "why have not I your wings? Hasten ye to yonder bank, and whisper to her, an unhappy mortal languishes upon this coast.—But what do I say?—What is become of my reason? Unhappy that I am, what is the object of my love? A dream! a vain phantom! I sleep, and my fancy delineates to my mind an image in truth far more beautiful than any I ever saw. I am now awake; but, O ye gods! this image has not disappeared with my dream: deeply engraved on my memory, it reigns over my whole soul.—Nevertheless I love this vision, this phantom, which, perhaps, has not in the world its corresponding reality. It pursues me in all places; it nourishes a continual fire in my heart. Alas! too real, it forcibly drags me to the shore. Oh, blush, and return to thy reason! Be what thou wast before—contented and industrious in thy labour. Go smile at thy folly, quit this place, and return thanks to the gods for not having rendered thee a laughing-stock in the village."

But in vain was it that he endeavoured to overcome the strange passion he had imbibed: it was in vain he attempted to form a resolution to fly from the beach. In his most agreeable occupations this figure incessantly presented itself: it seemed as if an invisible divinity drew him towards the spot.

"Oh, ye gods!" he would exclaim, "will this love torment me for ever in vain? Shall a mere illusion fill the days of my youth with sufferings, while there appears
no

no hope of their termination. But surely this dream is not of that kind which could be the effect of chance? Could my imagination have conceived an idea of such beauty, which so greatly surpasses all that was ever presented to my eyes? Ah! without doubt this vision was by the inspiration of some god. But why? what could be his design, I am at a loss to discover: if the phantom I have seen actually exists in that island, why am I allowed to look upon her? Wherefore by this view am I thus distracted? Why am I abandoned without hope, without assistance, without knowing the means of attaining her? Since it is impossible by swimming to arrive at this too distant island, what method can I take? what scheme can I attempt? The gods, it is true, have given to man the most ingenious thoughts, and a mind fertile in inventions; they have liberally endowed him with these eminent faculties. But, ye gods! what human mind can contrive to walk upon the waves, or swim without peril upon the ocean like a swan?"

Sunk in a reverie, he sat on the strand, profoundly meditating upon the means to traverse the sea; for men had not as yet invented the art of intrusting themselves to its dangers. What had they to do with remote coasts, since every country where grew food for their flocks, where they found trees with salutary fruits, and where flowed a clear brook, furnished abundant supplies for all their wants.

One day as he was walking in a melancholy posture, with his eyes fixed upon the ocean, he saw something at a distance which the waves forced towards the shore. Joy and hope sparkled in his piercing eyes. The object still approached, and he at last observed floating upon the surge the enormous trunk of a tree,

which had been torn up and hollowed out by age. A timid rabbit having most probably been pursued by some hunters was saved by the aid of the tree. He had squatted down in a recess of the trunk; a thick branch hung over the part, and covered him with its shadow, while a soft breeze wafted the tree to the land by the side of the young man. At this moment he foresaw his good fortune, and rapturously leaped towards the floating trunk with joy. Plunged into new reveries, he strove to clear the obscure images that were already traced in his imagination by the sight, and which, like the shades of night, alternately vanished, and again crossed his mind. He afterwards dragged the tree upon the beach, resolving on the morrow, by break of day, to commence the work, of which as yet he had not a very perfect idea. The doubts and hopes that by turns agitated him banished sleep from his eyelids. On the following morning, supplied with a number of rough tools (for in these times of happy simplicity mankind wanted little), he flew to the shore.

"Have I not," said he, "often viewed the leaves of trees, carried by the wind from the shore, swim buoyant upon the billows? and lately I have noticed, upon the lake near our cottage, a butterfly, who, after hovering around, ventured to perch upon these trembling leaves without wetting its delicate feet. Shall I not then attempt this work, which nature has in part executed? I will now hollow this trunk, in the best way I am able, to a convenient size."

He immediately, with the most sanguine hopes, cheerfully commenced his work.

"Oh thou!" he exclaimed, "whatever thou mayest be, who hast engraved on my heart this indelible

“delible dream, hearken unto my prayers, and prosper my enterprise!”

Often he rested; and, casting a look towards the island, would cry, “Oh thou, the most charming of mortals! what are the obstacles, what are the dangers, over which love will not triumph? that delicious love, which at once occasions me joy and despair! wilt thou refuse me thy affection when I arrive upon those shores? To me, who shall have braved the gulf of the sea, love surely never urged a more daring project!”

Nevertheless his courage often gave way, and he abandoned his work.

“Fool that I am!” he would exclaim; “what folly is my enterprise! If some one were to pass, and say to me, ‘My friend! what is thy employ?’ would he not think me distracted when I should reply, ‘I am cutting this wood for my lodging, and intend to push it into the midst of the sea?’ He would certainly answer, ‘How cruel is thy father, to abandon his child in such a paroxysm of phrensy, without attempting to prevent the execution of his imprudent resolutions!’”

While thus soliloquising, he appeared much agitated, although he again resumed his work.

“But what,” continued he soon after, “if I should not succeed? I have only lost some hours’ leisure.—Can I risk less for my love?—Certainly this island is inhabited: the story which I have heard from my father makes it probable; and my dream, with which some god alone can have inspired me, renders it certain. If this island has inhabitants, oh ye gods! how unhappy must they be! If the father, if the mother, of this lovely female are dead, or should they soon breathe their last, is she not left alone,

abandoned by all, condemned to pass the prime of her youth in fearful solitude, to be a prey to melancholy and despair? No: it is compassion as well as love which has urged me to this hardy enterprise!”

It was thus he lost, and as often regained, his hopes. Some days being passed, the trunk he found was hollowed out, and had already assumed, although imperfectly, the form of a boat. He then dragged it, with some labour, to a place where the sea was inclosed between two banks; nor did he make a first trial of its success without great agitation. At length, having floated his bark, and placed himself in the middle, he committed it to the force of the winds.

In the mean time he observed carefully the faults of his work.—The waves having thrown it back upon the shore, he re-commenced his task, made improvements, and often renewed his attempts.

“Now,” said he, “half the enterprise is achieved; but how will it conclude? I am to direct my course in the open sea. How shall I arrive, even now, at this island, without exposing myself to the sport of the ocean?”

His imagination presented to him a thousand ideas, which he soon rejected.

“Yet,” continued he, “does not the swan pursue her way by impelling the waves with her large feet? and do not all the birds which swim follow the same method?—One animal has taught me to float upon the trunk of a tree, and I will be indebted to another to perfect this new invention. Suppose I construct feet of wood similar to those of the swan—I will plunge them in the water, and dispose them on each side of the trunk, so as to dive and cut through the waves.”

Transported with this thought, he

he hastened to cut the timber proper to fulfil his project, and very soon he gave it the form of oars. He afterwards entered his boat, and attempted to use them a long time without success. In the interval, he observed each day the direction of the feet of the water-birds, and as often discovered new means to govern his bark. Long time he was confined to row in his little lake; but experience having rendered him more hardy, he dared to venture into the open sea. Having safely returned, he leaped with joy upon the shore.

"Now," cried he, "have I realised this prodigy which so greatly tormented me: to-morrow, by the first rays of the sun, I will launch upon the ocean; and, if the winds are favourable, I will in this little vessel courageously undertake a voyage to the island. It is criminal not to attempt to give succour to the unfortunate, and not to brave perils, however great, when it is in our power to aid our fellow creatures."

Having uttered these words, he fastened his boat to the shore, and returned to his cabin; for the shades of night rapidly advanced.

END OF THE FIRST CANTO.

(To be continued.)

The MONKS and the ROBBER.

(Continued from page 88.)

TERRIFIED, breathless, and agitated, Juliet leaned against the balustrade, and, listening with an indescribable degree of anxiety, more than once thought she heard strange sounds near her. The agitation of her spirits bewildered her mind, and the images it presented wore the form of reality. She started, shuddered, and, losing all dread of the storm in the superior one of her situation, rushed from her place of

shelter, unable to bear the terror she suffered in it, and flew along the ramparts, regardless of the lightning blazing around her, and the rain descending in torrents on her unsheltered head.

Meanwhile the noise and violence of the tempest had roused most of the inhabitants of the castle. The lady Rodigona, disturbed by the same cause, left her apartment; and, proceeding to that of Juliet, was much surprised and alarmed at her absence. She was inquiring of her women concerning her, when Juliet rushed in, pale, trembling, and disordered; her dress dropping with wet, and with every mark of terror in her countenance and appearance. She sank upon a seat, breathless with haste and terror.—Rodigona placed herself next her, and endeavoured, with looks and language expressive of the most tender concern, to sooth her agitation, while the attendants divested her of her drenched garments.—When they were dismissed, Juliet, having by that time somewhat recovered composure, spoke of what she had seen. Lady Rodigona seemed much alarmed at the recital, and, when it was concluded, sat for some moments in silence, apparently revolving in her mind what she had heard. She sighed heavily. Juliet took her hand and felt it tremble. At this instant a tremendous crash of thunder rolled over the castle. Rodigona started at the noise. Her countenance changed: the blood for a moment forsook her lips, and her eyes glanced wildly round. Juliet beheld her perturbation with mingled surprise and concern.

"Dearest lady! wherefore thus?" said she, and pressed the hand she held. Rodigona immediately recovered herself; but her eyes were filled with tears.

"Your narrative has filled me

T

with

with melancholy retrospections, Juliet; but they are over now."

She attempted to smile; but it was indeed only an attempt. The dejection that almost continually sat on her brow soon resumed its place. Wiping the tears away, which had begun to steal down her face, she visibly struggled to conquer her emotion, and to look, to speak, with cheerfulness; but several times, as she sat, an involuntary tear started to her eye, and half-smothered sighs heaved her bosom.

She mildly reproved Juliet for venturing on the ramparts at midnight, and earnestly besought her not to go thither again at such a late hour, nor to divulge aught of what she had there beheld. "For," proceeded she, "it is only adding another confirmation to the many tales, currently reported and believed by the peasants of the neighbourhood, of similar sights seen in that part of the castle."

"Another confirmation!" repeated Juliet.—"It should seem then I am not the first who has seen there that which could corroborate those tales?"

"It was known before—fully known. I never doubted. Alas! I had too much reason for belief.—I would tell thee why I believe; but I cannot—dare not: yet I wish thou didst know."

She hesitated.

"Cease not there, dear lady," said Juliet, pressing her hand—"Speak again."

"Much have I to tell thee, could I bring myself to speak of it; but that can never be, while the horrible circumstances connected with the history are unerasd from my remembrance.—But this is a theme of pain—of anguish. Pray let us talk no more of it."

She then repeated her desire of concealing what Juliet had seen; and, quitting the subject, dis-

coursed for a considerable time upon indifferent matters.

When the light of day had gained on the shades of night, the tempest began to abate, and soon after Rodigona rose from her seat, and, turning to one of the windows, looked forth.

"The storm has ceased," said she, "and the sun rises unclouded behind yon hills. I will now leave you to repose. Endeavour to sleep, my Juliet. I will to my chamber, and strive to shake off the gloomy forebodings of evil with which my mind is fraught."

"I fear you are not well," said Juliet, again taking her hand; while tenderness and compassion were expressed in her countenance.—"Since we have been here, I have noted that you have not appeared so composed as before."

"I have not been in health for some days past: I know not what is amiss neither; but I feel an unaccountable depression of spirits.—A chilliness lies at my heart, and something seems to whisper me that I never shall behold thee more. Heaven grant the depressing prognostics of my fancy may not be realised!" Then, seeing her niece affected by the solemnity of manner and look which accompanied her words—"Gentlest of human beings!" resumed she, clasping her arms around her; "wherefore do I thus pain thee? Alas! in pain myself, I give pain to every one!"

Tears fell down her cheeks.

"Dearest Rodigona!" said Juliet, "I cannot bear to see thee thus.—Indeed, lady, you distress me."

"May you never feel the anguish that rends my heart! But wherefore wish I that? Thy bosom never can feel the complicated feelings of mine. No: you never can do as I have done! You never can destroy your own peace of mind! Your innocence will" —————

She

She paused, and seemed struggling with rising emotion, but soon spoke again—"Farewell, Juliet! Pray for me!—All good angels guard thy slumbers!"

"My dearest—my maternal friend!" exclaimed Juliet, more affected by her solemnity.

"My Juliet! my beloved daughter! farewell!"—and thus saying, she hastily left the apartment.

(*To be continued.*)

The HISTORY of ROBERT the BRAVE.

(*Continued from page 91.*)

ELVIGE was frequently present at conversations which passed between the count and countess.—One day, when they were applauding the good qualities and amiable endowments of their son, and praising by turns his figure, his graceful air, his address, and his courage, she felt her beating heart join in his commendation. Every eulogium appeared to her too feeble: it seemed to her as if even the count and countess were but imperfectly acquainted with his excellence; and she was surprised that parental affection should be less clear-sighted and just towards him than that she bore him. To the portrait they had drawn, she secretly added all the indications of a noble and generous mind which memory had engraven, together with his image, at the bottom of her heart; and which had inspired her with a thousand wishes, equally ardent and sincere, that he might become the happiest of men.

"Travelling," said the count, "is alone wanting to give the last finish to his various accomplishments.—We must soon send him to visit the most splendid courts, that he may exhibit the rich endowments he has received from nature, and the ad-

vantages he has derived from education. His understanding, his talents, his address, and his courage, will acquire him a personal glory which will render his name more celebrated; and our regret for his absence will be changed into delight, when we view him return to lay at our feet the laurels he has gathered, to impart to us his wishes, and request our experienced affection to guide him in the choice of a companion for life, of suitable rank and qualities equally illustrious."

At these words a melancholy light entered the heart of the happy Elvige, and inflicted a painful sensation. A thousand confused thoughts rapidly succeeded each other, and so distracted her attention that she no longer heard a word of what was further said. Tears, which she with difficulty restrained, were ready to gush into her eyes; and, for the first time, she felt herself uneasy at the presence of her lady and her lord. She wished to fly, but her trembling limbs refused to support her; and she was happy in not attracting any notice, till by many painful efforts she had in some measure suspended the course of her thoughts, and at last found an opportunity to escape from the apartment of the countess, and seek an asylum where she might without restraint indulge her melancholy reflections.

At the same moment chance brought her to where Roger was.—He perceived her, and flew towards her. The eagerness of his approach, and his timid and affectionate air, rendered him still more attractive and interesting in her eyes. Elvige trembled when she saw him; but she could not refrain from throwing on him some glances expressive at once of despair and tenderness.—Roger observed her blushes, and perceived that her eyes had been moistened with tears. He wished to enquire the cause of an uneasiness

ness which he felt his heart immediately participate; but, withheld by a respectful fear, and not knowing what he could, or what he ought to say, he only presented her, with a trembling hand, a rose that he had just gathered. He surveyed her with ardent feelings, but, hastily turning, was retiring to conceal his embarrassment. Having gone a few steps, however, he stopped, again turned, and hesitated.—But at this moment he hears the voice of Robert: he flies to meet him, presses him in his arms with more than usual warmth, and goes with him, but dares not communicate to him all the sentiments of his heart.

As soon as he had disappeared, Elvige took her way to the garden in which she cultivated and selected the flowers which furnished patterns for her imitative pencil. She did not stay, as heretofore, to contemplate them: she sought only to indulge her grief in solitude. She retired to a verdant arbour, and, reclining on a rustic seat, shaded with thick foliage, endeavoured to summon all her resolution to her aid, and discover the true cause of the grief and disquietude by which she was agitated.

"The young count leaves us!" exclaimed she: "I shall no more witness his sports, his encounters, his success!—He is about to enter on a scene more extensive and more worthy of him.—The world waits to admire him. Ah! who can resist him, who unites all the splendor of glory to all the means of pleasing, and all the advantages of birth?—No; I shall see him no more till he returns to kneel to his father, and solicit him to crown his wishes by bestowing on him the happy consort whom his heart shall have chosen."

As she uttered these words, a

torrent of tears gushed from her eyes, a thousand sighs succeeded, and she trembled with anxious apprehensions. She made fruitless efforts to calm the disturbance of her mind; but her grief was only increased by new reflections.

She recollected the history of the page, which had been told her by the countess when she taught her to sing the stanzas he had composed. The melancholy and tender couplets were too expressive of what she felt for her not to perceive that she loved. The veil now fell; but the same ray of light which showed her the object that had made impression on her heart only enabled her to perceive that hope had vanished for ever. Until then, a stranger to every idea of grandeur and ambition, she had exulted in the fortune of being born the daughter of a vassal of the parents of Roger, which had placed her in a situation where she had the happiness to see him continually; but now she only beheld the distance by which they were separated. Her memory reminded her of all the importance which the countess attached to the prerogatives of birth. She seemed to hear her enumerate all the illustrious ancestors of the counts of L****, and she measured the wide distance between them and the lowly daughter of Robert. She felt that all hope was lost, and that she must conceal her disappointment and grief from every eye, but especially from him she loved. That it should be concealed from him, she formed a fixed resolution; but the idea of forgetting him, or no longer loving him, she could not admit into her heart.

The unfortunate Elvige, after having a thousand times resolved to cover with an impenetrable veil her sentiments and her grief, dried her eyes, endeavoured to banish her melancholy

lancholy thoughts, and, surveying with a melancholy sigh the arbour covered with thick foliage in which her sorrow had found an asylum, promised herself to return to the same sequestered spot as often as she should have new tears to shed.

While she was indulging her melancholy, unable to draw from her heart the shaft which Love had infixcd in it—while Roger was in like manner uneasy, anxious, and irritated, at not being able to be incessantly with her—the count and countess, solely occupied with the project they had conceived, caused their son to be called to them, and declared to him that, when the year should be expired, he should leave the house of his parents, and visit the different courts of Europe. They intimated to him that he must now redouble his assiduity and attention to attain perfection in all his exercises, that he might appear with all the advantages suitable to his rank. Roger, without daring to reflect on the painful sensations this notice would occasion to his heart, observed a respectful silence; and his parents, accustomed to his obedience, were not surprised at his returning no answer.

The friendship of Roger for Robert, the great qualities which were so distinctly perceivable in the latter, and the remembrance of the signal services of his father, caused it to be determined that he should not be separated from the young count; but it was felt that it was more than ever necessary to destroy even the shadow of equality that still subsisted between them. Robert was informed that it was intended he should accompany the young count, and reminded at the same time, in the most serious manner, of the devotion, respect, and gratitude, which he owed to the son of his lord.—It was intimated to him that the

brilliant exercises of knights were not suitable to his station, and that henceforth he must content himself with more modest functions. He was now frequently directed to carry the arms of Roger. His dress was changed, and, when he rode out with his young lord, instead of taking his place beside him, he was required to follow him. Robert did not feel himself mortified by this change; his new employment was still dear to him, and he considered it as sacred. He would say to himself, “I may advance before him, to ward off the blows that shall be aimed at him!” and at this generous thought his eyes, raised towards heaven, would sparkle with a noble confidence.

Roger, however, was far from annexing any value to these exterior marks of superiority. He still saw in Robert only his brother in arms. He submitted to the command of his father, without making any objection to the ceremonial which pained his heart; but as often as he was beyond the view of the count and countess, he would extend his hand to his friend, force him to take his place beside him; and it was to Robert the companion of his childhood, and not to the brother of Elvige, that his noble heart accorded these proofs of a friendship the most delicate and the most tender.

The proposal of visiting the richest and most brilliant countries of Europe would have been exquisitely pleasing to him, had his heart been still free; but he could not avoid feeling an anxious uneasiness when he recollected that he must soon leave for a long time the object he already so ardently loved. The redoubled palpitations of his heart, his sighs, his anxiety, his grief, all convinced him that honours, riches, and glory itself, were unsatisfactory, and

and that it was only with Elvige that he could find happiness.

Without knowing, without foreseeing, without desiring love, he had yielded to all the emotions of his heart, without attempting to constrain them. He had only beheld in Elvige a lovely girl, whose father had saved the life of his parent. She was the sister of that Robert for whom, from his earliest years, he had conceived the tenderest friendship. Since he had seen her, he had only received from her proofs of attention and tenderness; and thought that the sentiment he felt towards her was only gratitude. The violent emotions of disappointment and the tortures of jealousy were unknown to him; the whole course of his life had elapsed without a cloud; nothing warned him of the dangers of love; and it was not till the bonds of that passion were firmly formed and fixed, that he discovered what they were, and felt the impossibility of breaking them.

No sooner did he perceive the real state of his heart, than the obstacles which opposed his happiness presented themselves in crowds to his imagination. He recollected with a kind of dread the inflexible character of his father, and the elevation of his rank. The honours which surrounded him appeared to him a fearful chain from which he foresaw it would be impossible to extricate himself. He said and a thousand times repeated to himself that every misfortune menaced him. But the image of Elvige was too deeply engraven in his heart for anything to efface it. No more could he hope for tranquillity and happiness, and his sufferings were the more cruel as he was obliged to conceal them from every eye, and even from Robert himself. Not that he feared to lay open to his friend his innocent and pure heart,

but generosity seemed to forbid his exposing him to share a grief which nothing could assuage. He sought solitude; he wandered through the gardens, and plunged into the depth of the woods, where he might think on Elvige, and find nothing to interrupt his melancholy reveries.

When he returned to the castle, and traversed its halls, he saw with a painful emotion, that the example of his ancestors forbade all hope. The sight of their trophies gave him acute uneasiness, and the distinctive marks of the illustrious females of his family were almost odious in his eyes. Never could he look on Robert without envying him the happy obscurity of his birth. But his ardent love was too spotless, too generous, to admit for a moment the idea of seduction. He was ignorant of the perfidious art of depicting vice in amiable colours. He adored at once the beauty, the innocence, and the virtue of Elvige, and he felt that she was entitled to the most tender and the most profound respect. He conceived that it would be an insult to her to acquaint her with a sentiment which he could not accompany with the offer of his hand. These reflections induced him to adopt the firmest resolution to conceal what he suffered; and thus his melancholy increased every day. Happily it was not observed by the count and countess, whose attention was entirely occupied by the brilliant preparations they were making for his departure on his travels.

Roger reflecting on all the dangers to which he might be exposed by the sight of her he loved, carefully avoided her presence; but soon he felt no small uneasiness lest his frequent absence should excite suspicion, and hoped to remove this by appearing to give himself up with extreme ardour to the pleasures of the chase. When in the woods, he
would

would wander far from his attendants, preferring the most lonely places, where he might be at liberty to repeat the name of Elvige, though as often as his lips uttered it tears flowed from his eyes.

Yet there were times when the exercise in which he was engaged suspended the emotions of his grief, and these were when he exercised his strength and address in attacking the fiercest wild boars. One day, one of these animals, pursued by the dogs, took shelter in a thick wood which skirted the forest on the side of the gardens, where, covered with foam, and with eyes sparkling with rage, he made head against the dogs, tearing many of them with his tusks, and opposing to them a resistance which, numerous as they were, they could not overcome. Roger, hearing the noise, hastened to the spot, and prepared to attack the furious wild beast with the weapon he usually employed on such occasions. On a sudden the animal, disengaging himself from the dogs, rushed upon him; but Roger, with his usual courage and address, gave him a mortal blow with his pike, which extended him almost motionless at his feet. The impulse was so violent that the young count fell with him. At the same moment a loud shriek was heard. Roger was on his feet in an instant, at the sound of a voice which he could not mistake, and which appeared to proceed from a kind of thicket at the bottom of the gardens, near that part of the forest. Thither he flew with the utmost speed, and what was his surprise when he perceived Elvige deprived of sense! He clasped her in his arms, endeavoured to revive her, and shuddered with despair at perceiving all his endeavours fruitless. He dared not leave her to seek for aid, and his cries, stifled by his alarm and agitation,

could not be heard. The tears which fell from his eyes moistened the countenance of Elvige, and a feeble motion then announced that she would soon again view the light. She began to respire, opened her eyes, and, with eager gaze, surveyed the objects around her. "Ah!" exclaimed she, perceiving Roger who supported her, and whom she involuntarily pressed in her arms, "is it you? Are you not hurt? For Heaven's sake, satisfy me!"—At these words she became more calm, breathed more freely, her colour began to return, and Roger no longer trembled for her life. But still alarmed at the accident of which he wished to learn the cause, he requested her, in the most pressing manner, to inform him what motive could bring her to the place where he found her. At this question Elvige felt the palpitations of her heart redouble, a crimson blush overspread her cheeks, she hesitated for some moments, and then replied, that, hearing the noise of the dogs while she was walking in the gardens, her desire to view the place had brought her to that thicket, and that her fears had overpowered her when she saw him fall after having struck the boar. "Oh heaven!" exclaimed he, with a look of tenderness which made its way to her heart, "can it be possible that the life of Roger is so dear to you?" Elvige cast down her eyes, her cheeks assumed a deeper crimson, her tongue could not utter a word. Roger, regaining his recollection, dared no longer either to question her or look upon her.—She at length summoned up strength sufficient to break this painful silence, and replied, with dignity—"Can the daughter of Robert ever forget the example of her father, and cease to love her masters?"—"Her masters!" repeated Robert with a sensible agitation:

"In pity to me pronounce no more that word, which so fearfully pierces my heart! Is there any throne which you are not worthy to ascend? Oh! why have I not a sceptre to offer you?"

At this moment the attendant-huntsmen came up, and saw the wild boar expiring. Alarmed at finding the weapon with which he had been wounded, and not perceiving Roger, they called with loud cries. The young count heard them, and felt the necessity of answering them, and the still greater of preventing them from seeing Elvige. He replied to their call; and, casting a last look on the object of his affections, which was followed by a profound sigh, rushed out of the thicket, joined his attendants, and led them with all speed from the place.

When he was gone, Elvige collected her strength, and returned to the castle, silent and pensive, and unable to forget what she had seen and heard. That Roger loved her she could no longer doubt, and still less was it possible that she should not feel the happiness that could not be the consequence of such an assurance. For a moment the misfortunes which futurity was preparing disappeared from her view; but this seducing calm vanished like the lightning's flash. She heard the voice of the countess calling her, and she must forget the tender sentiments which occupy her heart, and go obsequiously to receive her orders. She hastens, receives them, and prepares to fulfil them; while her reflections compel her to compare this humble servitude with the wishes which a moment before the amiable Roger had formed to raise her to a throne.

The young count, after having assured his attendants of his safety by his presence, again quitted them. He could not resist the de-

sire he felt to be alone, and indulge in reflecting on all he had seen or heard. Not an action, not a word, escaped his remembrance. He views Elvige sinking beneath her fears, and sees her once more reviving and fixing on him her eyes expressive of tender alarm. He seems to hear her eager and faltering voice. He recollects his own agitation, his answers, his wishes. He reflects that he can no longer preserve his secret, and that the confession of his passion can only tend to destroy the repose of Elvige. This is a crime of which he severely accuses himself; and though his oppressed heart never felt in a more lively manner the necessity of having a friend to share its pains, he renews his resolution to conceal his sentiments with an impenetrable veil. But it is in vain that he condemns himself to silence—nothing escapes the eyes of tender and true friendship.

(To be continued.)

The PRISONER ; a COMEDY.

(Continued from page 64.)

SCENE VIII.

Dorimont, Voluble.

Dorimont.

BE quick, Voluble, and help me to dress *(He puts on the coat)*.—Now don't you think I look much better, more composed and sedate?

Voluble. You sedate?—The looking-glass must be a great flatterer.

Dorimont. But, seriously, I mean to reform.

Voluble. May I ask you in what manner you intend to begin?

Dorimont. I will marry. I have had

had time, while in prison, to think over that matter.

Voluble. Would you go from one prison to another?

Dorimont. I will live like a Cato.

Voluble. Was Cato an extravagant husband?

Dorimont. I will drink, but only at home; I will dance, but only with my wife; I will play, but only with my children.

Voluble. Excellent resolutions! easily made, but difficult to execute. How long do you think to stay in this house?

Dorimont. As long as possible.—Is not this my sleeping chamber?—Can I not be in a moment in my prison, and back again in an instant here?

Voluble. But when your uncle comes?

Dorimont. Let me only have first seen and spoken to the sweet girl!—And at last,—when the worst happens,—I can only be sent back to my prison.

Voluble. But I—if I should be sent to prison too, for my share in this fine contrivance! —

Dorimont. So much the better; I shall have company.

Voluble. Excellent comfort!

Dorimont. Silence: she is coming.

Voluble. My presence, then, will be superfluous.—I have introduced you into the house; I will now introduce myself into the kitchen.

[Exit.

SCENE IX.

Louisa entering. *Dorimont* stands with his back to her.

Louisa (aside). So, this is my father-in-law that is to be!

Dorimont (aside). I wonder whether she will know me?—(Turns to her.)

Louisa (with an expression of surprise). Good Heavens! What do I see?

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Dorimont (very seriously). What's the matter, child?

Louisa. His eyes—his lips—his hair! —

Dorimont. I have, perhaps, a likeness to some of your family?

Louisa. His voice too!—If I had not within these few minutes seen him at the grating —

Dorimont. My dear child! what can this mean? You seem in some measure to have forgotten the respect due —

Louisa. Pardon me, dear father!

Dorimont. That is right; that I am, at least mean to be. But you must love me, my dear child!—you must love me!

Louisa. Yes, indeed I will; permit me to kiss your hand (She offers to lift his hand to her mouth: he presses hers ardently to his lips).—Oh, sir! excuse me.—You make me blush.

Dorimont. You see, my dearest daughter! when I am kindly used, I may be turned any way you please with a finger.—But why do you stand there in a corner? Come nearer, child; don't be afraid: I have forgiven you; and, as a proof, receive this kiss from your father-in-law.—(As he offers to kiss her, Mrs. Sterne enters.) How cursed unlucky!

[Aside.

SCENE X.

Dorimont, Louisa, Mrs. Sterne.

Mrs. Sterne. I am come to tell you, my dear Mr. Montfort! that we shall have another visitor here this evening.

Dorimont (somewhat disconcerted). A visitor! Who?

Mrs. Sterne. An old friend to our family, the commandant of the castle.

Dorimont. The commandant of the castle did you say?

Mrs. Sterne. Major Heilbron.

Dorimont. Indeed! That is excellent!

U

Mrs.

Mrs. Sterne. He bid me tell you that he will make no ceremony, but come to supper.

Dorimont. No ceremony? That is right—I hope he will make no ceremony with me.

Mrs. Sterne. He wishes to be acquainted with a man of your merit.

Dorimont. Oh, he does me too much honour. I think, however, that I have some little acquaintance with him.

Mrs. Sterne. Go, Louisa, get every thing ready, that we may treat our guests in a suitable manner.—
(*During this scene Louisa has her eyes fixed on Dorimont, and her mother is obliged to repeat her order by signs.*)

Louisa (as she is going, turns several times to look at Dorimont). What a surprising likeness!

SCENE XI.

Mrs. Sterne, Dorimont.

Mrs. Sterne. This visit from the major is a proof of his attention to us.

Dorimont. Yes, certainly, he shows great attention to me.

Mrs. Sterne. You will find him a very frank and jovial companion.

Dorimont. I am glad to hear it.

Mrs. Sterne. But in the exercise of his office, as governor, he is very strict.

Dorimont. He is? To say the truth, my dear madam, as well as I love good company, I could have wished, to-night—I am so tired—so disordered—after such an accident—seven pistols at my breast—rest, you may well suppose, would be very agreeable.

Mrs. Sterne. We will not sit long at table.

Dorimont. I could rather have wished to have supped with you alone. In our situation a third person is always an intruder. We have so many things to say ———

Mrs. Sterne. Oh, we shall have time enough for that!

Dorimont. We could talk over the matter about the sheep-farm, and the sheep, and the eighth article. You know the eighth article——

Mrs. Sterne. But your head, my dear Mr. Montfort! your head is not to-day in order for business.

Dorimont. It is still less in order for entertaining the visitor you expect.

Mrs. Sterne. If you positively wish it, I will write a note immediately to the major. Ah! it is too late!—Here he is!

Dorimont (*aside*). Now impudence come to my aid!—(*He turns his back towards the Major as he enters.*)

SCENE XII.

Mrs. Sterne, Dorimont, the Major.

Major. Good evening, good evening! You see I am come already.

Mrs. Sterne. You are welcome, major; I did not indeed expect you so early.

Major. Why, it is not above a hundred steps from the castle hither, and that distance might be considerably shortened; it would be very easy to make a door through the wall, which should open directly into this house.—But that must not be—I suppose, neighbour, that is Mr. Montfort?

Mrs. Sterne. You are perfectly right.

Major. Be so good as to introduce me to him. Tell him I am never so happy as when I meet with a cheerful companion.

Mrs. Sterne. Mr. Montfort, here is a friend of mine, major Heilbron.

Dorimont (*turns round*). I ask your pardon; my thoughts were elsewhere at that moment.

Major (*with great astonishment*). —What

—What the devil!—Is this Mr. Montfort?

Mrs. Sterne. Himself.

Major. Fire and fury! this is most amazingly strange.

Mrs. Sterne. Why so?

Dorimont (aside). Courage!

Major (feels in his pockets). I have my keys?—Yes; there they are.

Dorimont. Why do you look at me with such earnestness, major, and seem so astonished?

Mrs. Sterne. Really you surprise me much.

Major. It is not without reason, neighbour. This gentleman has such an extraordinary resemblance to a certain young man—such a wonderful likeness—

Dorimont. To whom?

Major. To a young rogue that is now a prisoner in the castle.

Mrs. Sterne. What has he done?

Major. Oh! been a rattle-brained fellow, played some tricks, got into debt, and I know not what; and so his father, who is a very worthy man, has obtained permission of the prince to send him to board with me for a time.

Dorimont (hastily). For how long?

Major. I don't know; probably three or four years.

Dorimont (aside). Oh! that is too severe.

Mrs. Sterne. Poor fellow! And are you to treat him rigorously?

Major. No; only to lock him up close, and take care that he does not get away.

Dorimont. That I suppose you do?

Major. Yes, yes; if he gets out, I'll take his place for ten years.

Mrs. Sterne. What is his name?

Major. Dorimont. I suppose he is about the age of Mr. Montfort.

Dorimont (as if recollecting himself). Dorimont? Dorimont?—I know him; we were at college together.

Major. Well then, are you not prodigiously like each other?

Dorimont. Oh! astonishingly so. At the university we were taken for brothers, and continually mistaken one for the other.

Major. That I make no doubt of. But you have a much sedater look. There is an expression of good sense and discretion in your countenance; but he is a mad-brained fellow, continually in mischief.

Dorimont. Yes, that I know to my cost: before he was put under your management he contracted debts in my name.

Mrs. Sterne. And must you pay them?

Dorimont. I have not paid them yet; but this was certainly very reprehensible conduct.

Major. Very shameless conduct, you should say.

Dorimont. I am, however, still very sincerely his friend; for, to say the truth, he is a very good-hearted fellow.

Major. Well, that I believe he is.

Dorimont. When we were boys, if I was beaten he would cry; and if I was made to fast he never could eat.

Major. I am pleased to hear that.

Dorimont. When we were at college he very rarely had any money; but when he had, I was always master of his purse.

Major. To tell you the truth, I begin to take a liking to this young man: and do you know, as he is your old friend and acquaintance, I have a great inclination to do both you and him a pleasure.

Dorimont. In what manner?

Major. But not a word! Your hand upon your mouth;—no soul must know it.

Mrs. Sterne. What can you mean?

Major. If you have no objection, neighbour, I will bring my prisoner here this evening to sup with his friend Mr. Montfort.

Dorimont (alarmed). How!

Mrs. Sterne. Do so, major; the plan is excellent.

Dorimont. You would—

Major. Do the poor fellow a kindness, and give you a proof of my esteem.

Dorimont. That is very good of you;—but—but——

Mrs. Sterne. But!—What objection can you have?

Dorimont. To confess the truth, I certainly wish well to this Dorimont; but when we last parted we were not the best friends; we had a violent quarrel. I believe we challenged each other.

Major. Pshaw! a trifle—perhaps about some girl—I'll soon reconcile you; leave that to me.

Dorimont. No, Sir; believe me our quarrel was too serious.

Major. Leave it to me, I tell you: you will find him much tamer now, and more complying.

Mrs. Sterne. And I shall have an opportunity of seeing the extraordinary likeness there is between you.

Major. So you will, neighbour; and very surprising you will find it.—I shall not be long.

Dorimont. Stop—let me entreat you; I will not engage that we shall not come to blows in your presence.

Major. No, no.

Dorimont. He is a madman!

Major. Sometimes he seems to be so.

Dorimont. A fool!

Major. That he is, but a good-natured fool—I am determined to reconcile you over a bottle of Burgundy!—I will be back again in five minutes.

[Exit.

SCENE XIII.

Mrs. Sterne, Dorimont.

Dorimont (calling after the Major). Stay, Sir, let me beg of you.—He will not really go, surely!

Mrs. Sterne. Why not? Let him do as he pleases.

Dorimont. (aside). He is gone! Now what am I to do?

Mrs. Sterne. The major is a very worthy good old man, and it will be a great pleasure to young Dorimont—

Dorimont. Dorimont!—I beg of you, madam, not to mention him to me any more; his very name puts me in a rage. If I were to see the rascal—But I am determined I will not see him; and since he is to come here, no way is left for me but to shut myself in my chamber. Good night to you!

Mrs. Sterne. Mr. Montfort, you surprise me: do recollect yourself a little.

Dorimont. Recollect myself!—I am in a rage, almost frantic—only his blood can satisfy me,—and therefore it will be the wisest part to take myself out of the way before he comes (takes a candle from the table, goes into the chamber and fastens the door). Good night! good night!

SCENE XIV.

Mrs. Sterne alone.

Mr. Montfort, hear me (attempting to follow him). He has locked and bolted the door. This is too much! I expected more politeness and civility in Mr. Montfort. The style of his letters promised very different behaviour. Remember, however, Sir, we are not married. Our lawsuit was bad enough; but I had rather have ten law-suits than such a husband.

(To be continued.)

PARISIAN FASHIONS.

(With an Engraving elegantly coloured.)

VEILS are worn as head-dresses by a great number of *élégantes*. We have lately seen many capotes of rose-coloured satin adorned with one or two white feathers: capotes of white satin, and hats of black velvet with white plumes, are likewise worn.

Spencers of white satin are worn, edged with velvet or fur; but in general they are of cloth or black velvet.

Next to white, rose is the prevailing colour in the dress of our *élégantes*. Yellow, jonquil, and violet, are very rare. We frequently see a lawn drapery upon a satin ground. The satin is sometimes embellished with flowers and foliage *applique*. *Jais* is almost gone out of fashion, and in its place are used round pearls of enamel. The flowers are still fancy ones. Among the newest we observe ananas made of feathers. The rough ribbands are exploded, and to them have succeeded spangled ribbands, spotted with small round specks, about the size of a pea, or with flies silk and gold. The white straw hats, *à la babet*, have a decided superiority. They are ornamented with a flower, and placed on the side of the head. The newest colours for robes are Egyptian earth (nearly *feuille morte*), Indian wood of a reddish brown. For full dress, robes entirely of lace are worn upon coloured satin, with a turn-up on the back; and on each side of the bosom, before a drapery fastened at the ends, is a clasp of diamonds. At the Opera on the 6th the most elegant women wore head-dresses in hair, with a demi-garland of natural lily of the valley, or silver. The capotes, still white and oblong, were ornamented with an

esprit. There were some round, of white straw, and some *paysannes*, adorned with a rose.

LONDON FASHIONS.

ROUND dress of pink silk. Over the train is worn a loose covering of black lace. Full black lace sleeves; a handkerchief of black lace crossed over the bosom, and fastened with a gold clasp. Cap of pink crape or muslin, ornamented with one large white ostrich feather.

Parisian robe of white muslin, trimmed all round with coquelicot and black velvet. The sleeves and bosom confined with velvet, and trimmed with lace. Turban of white muslin twisted carelessly, and finished with a very long end.

Hat of black velvet, turned up in front, ornamented with a white ostrich feather.

Bonnet of pink silk, trimmed round the front with black velvet, and ornamented with pink and black; black feather in front.

Cap of white lace, ornamented with lilac and black.

Cap of buff satin, covered with lace. The crown full, and confined with white ribbon; a small rosette at the side.

Cap of black lace, trimmed with gold fringe, and ornamented with gold trimming; white ostrich feather on the right side.

The fashionable style of wearing the hair;—half combed back, and tied in a bunch on the top of the head: the other half combed forwards, with or without a bandeau.

Turban of crape or muslin, made in the form of a bee-hive, and finished with a bow and end on the left side.

The hair dressed and ornamented with

with beads and white ostrich feathers.

Hat of silk and velvet, ornamented with feathers.

Several new shapes have been introduced in chips, straws, and Leghorns; split straws are preferred. Fancy feathers, particularly the imitation of the Indian plume, are much worn. Long pelisses seem generally to have given way to short ones, trimmed with lace or fur. The favourite colours are brown, purple, lilac, yellow, and scarlet.

**IDDA of TOKENBURG ; or,
the FORCE of JEALOUSY.**

(Continued from p. 101.)

BY the dim light which the lamp diffused, Henry did not at first recognize the object of his affections. But when he knew her, when he heard her voice, when he flew into her outstretched arms, and felt her press him to her heart; when the recollection of the past, the present, and the dreadful future, was all swallowed up in the feelings of love—O Julia! had count Kiburg himself beheld the scene, he would have envied the happiness of his prisoner. Canst thou, Julia, imagine the ecstatic feelings of the two lovers? Oh! could these walls sink suddenly into the earth, could this religious habit fall from me, and my lover enter with cheerful smiles, and tell me, 'Clara, thou art free, and we will be happy'—then, Julia, might I conceive what the faithful and affectionate Idda, what the astonished count, felt at their first embrace! But no; within these walls no deliverer shall enter. My prison is inaccessible even to almighty love!"

Idda long lay as if in a trance on the breast of her beloved Henry,

and the dungeon became to them the garden of paradise; for, what hell is there which love will not convert into a heaven?—At length, when their first ecstatic transports had somewhat subsided, Henry inquired of Idda by what means she had obtained admission to him. She related how she had prevailed on the guards. "And thus," said the count with a sigh, "you have come to see me once more before my death. Alas! I had finally given up all hope, and I could now almost wish that you had not succeeded in your attempt; for, who can look upon you and not wish to live? O Idda! now must I again renew the dreadful contest with the fear of death! Cruel Idda!"

"I am come to see and to deliver thee, Tokenburg."

"To deliver me! to deliver, Idda! O sport not with the feelings of a dying man!"

"I am firmly determined to deliver thee, Henry; to deliver thee even against thy will, should that be necessary. I continue to live but for thy sake, and value my life only as it shall enable me to preserve thine. Not thou thyself, not the entreaties of a whole world, shall shake my resolution. I am calm, Tokenburg, perfectly calm, for thy fortune and my fate are determined. More firmly, more fixed, the angel of destiny could not have decreed them. Believe me when I assert it, thou possessor of my heart."

"Idda, thine eye glistens as if thou wert here absolute sovereign, but its lightning cannot rend these walls. How wilt thou deliver me? how burst these strong fastenings?"

"I will be here sovereign; here will I be thy deliverer, or the victim of a cruel death. The choice is thine. Hear me, Henry! When I received the sad tidings of the misfortune

misfortune that had befallen thee, I sank into comfortless despair: I was feeble as a child; all my strength had left me, but my love had not left me. My heart would have burst with grief, without the least attempt at thy deliverance, when the monk of the castle said, 'Of what avail is lamentation? Let us act, Idda.' It seemed as if a good angel had uttered the words. I retired and prayed; but I felt that to pray was not to act, while power was left to act. 'Act, Idda, and let the feeble pray;' thus a voice within me seemed perpetually to exclaim. I considered, I reflected; my resolution was taken, and a wondrous tranquillity was diffused through my soul. I felt that the benediction of Heaven would accompany my resolution, and I came hither without a companion. On my way, a peasant related to me your unhappy fate.— I listened to him calmly, and smiled when he showed me the tower in which you were confined. I had now to prevail on the guards to permit me to see you in the prison, and I considered what I should say to them to induce them to comply with my request. With a calm presence of mind, which was the gift of Heaven, and which my own heart could never have bestowed, I addressed them, and they admitted me to you. Had they refused my request, I would have forced my way with this dagger in my hand. [She drew a dagger from her bosom, which she showed the count, and again concealed.] The half of your deliverance is effected, for I am with you. Interrupt me not, and I will unfold to you the whole of my determination, and then hear your reply.— You shall take my dress, wrap yourself in the cloak in which I came, and throw over you my veil. I will take your coat of mail, which you shall assist me to put on, and cover

my face with your helmet. We will then call the guard, and you shall go forth instead of me, and thus be delivered. Oh! I entreat you, interrupt me not, but hear me. You shall hasten to Kirchberg; collect an armed troop, and, returning hither to-morrow night, surprise the guards, force the gates, and rescue your Idda. Then will we pass, the deliverers of each other, from the arms of death to the altar, and mutually vow eternal fidelity. This, dearest object of my heart's affection! is the firm, unalterable resolution of thy Idda. Now speak, but think not to move me from my purpose."

The count of Tokenburg fell at the feet of the noble-minded Idda, and kissed with reverential affection the hem of her garment.

"O, my dearest love!" exclaimed he with ecstatic transport.

"You consent then to my proposal?" replied she, with a smile of joy beaming in her angelic countenance, and raising his hand to her lips.

"O, Idda!" returned he, "while my soul shall be capable of thought or feeling, nothing shall occupy it but the remembrance of thy generous and noble love. But to leave thee here is impossible. Go, Idda, go; thy love shall collect a host of troops; thy exalted soul shall render them invincible. Let me wait here for the succour thou shalt bring. Thy father shall aid and direct thee in thy design. Go, magnanimous Idda! hasten, and deliver me."

"My father," replied she, "is wounded; grief and anguish have preyed upon his health. He cannot be thy deliverer. Heaven has appointed me to save thee, and thou to save thy Idda. Who but thyself can lead the troops? Who else vanquish the guards? What is in my power I will do: I will remain here some hours in thy stead. Soldiers

diers will not follow me as their leader ; I shall not, indeed, be permitted again to leave the castle ; and besides, every thing must be conducted with the utmost secrecy. Thou art lost if thou dost not follow my advice. Oh, my dearest Henry ! bestow on me the joy of having been thy deliverer !”

The count took the lamp from the chain by which it hung, approached it to the damp ground, which it feebly enlightened ; then, taking the hand of Idda, “Dost thou not see,” said he, “the toad and the venomous reptile, the ancient inhabitants of this dungeon ? Dost thou not shudder ? And shall I leave thee here alone in this dreadful abode of despair ? Hast thou the courage to remain here alone ?—It is impossible ! Go, Idda, and deliver me.”

“Dost thou forget,” said Idda with a smile, “dost thou forget that I had resolved, with the dagger, to force the guards to open thy prison to me ? Dost thou not know that this dagger is destined to pierce my own heart, shouldst thou obstinately refuse to grant me my request ? Whoever fears not death may be calm in the den of the lion. Refuse no longer, beloved, dearest Henry !”

“But recollect, Idda, that thy delivery from this dungeon is almost impossible. The guards are numerous and well-armed. The road to Kirchberg is watched by flying parties, and Kiburg is near with a strong body of troops. Even supposing, what is most improbable, that I should arrive here with my followers unperceived, a blast of the martial horn shall give the signal to the partisans of Kiburg ; I shall be oppressed by numbers, repulsed, and thy anxious waiting shall end in disappointment and despair.—Leave thee here alone ! oh, it is impossible, my Idda !”

“Thou hast told me nothing new ; all this I knew before I came hither. I myself considered deliverance by force as almost impossible ; but only *almost*. It is probably possible ; and this probability is at least worth the attempt. Dost thou not think so ?—I will remain here.”

“And should no rescue come !—Remember, Idda, thou art in the power of the cruel Kiburg.—Thou must die for me, Idda.”

“Dost thou think death so terrible, knight Henry ?—I am in the power of the cruel Kiburg—I may die for thee—Thinkest thou I had not reflected on this before ?—I will remain here.”

“Idda, if thou hopest Kiburg will spare thee because thou art a woman, thou knowest not the deadly hatred of a father’s pierced and wounded heart. To him thou art no woman ; thou art the child of the man who killed his son. Idda, thou must go.”

“I will stay, Tokenburg ; I will stay. My death is not so certain as thine. Kiburg will find with astonishment me only in his power. Compassion, and, possibly, surprise, may have some unexpected effect. I do not confide much in this possibility, but it may save us, and therefore we ought not to neglect to make the experiment. Were the love of life stronger in my breast than the love of thee, I certainly would not make it. But—Let us imagine the worst. When I am brought forth, Kiburg will find in me, instead of his enemy, the affianced bride of his enemy, the daughter of the man who has slain his son. Let us suppose that he should not regard my sex, that he should not be restrained by the shame of putting a woman to death, that he should listen only to the furious voice of his revenge, and not to my prayers, and that I must die.—Be it so : I shall die for thee,

thee, Tokenburg; and that will be happiness compared with the pang of dying of despair on thy grave. Or dost thou really think that I will consent to survive thee? Then dost thou little know my love, or the firmness of my resolution."

"And shall I, Idda, in this struggle, be vanquished and despised? Shall I receive my life by the sacrifice of thine? I should become — No, Idda, thou requirest of me an impossibility."

"Who requires thee not to die with me? I did not say my life was of less value than thine; but only that without thee I cannot live. Thou too wilt not live without me, because thou lovest me. But possibly both our lives may be preserved; and while there is this possibility I will, I must, remain here. Tokenburg, be a man; destroy not our last, our only hope, because thou art too proud to accept a benefaction from a woman."

"Idda, it is impossible! Thou shalt not persuade me to quit these walls. I will remain."

"Remain, then, cruel man, and, by a stupid pride, annihilate the last hope of our love. Let it be so. I will share with thee thy despair. See, I take possession of thy prison, and never more will leave it; we will both be led to death together: of this wretched hope thy pride cannot deprive me."—She sat herself calmly down on a stone, and reclined her head, as if desirous of sleep.

"How, Idda! thou art resolved to remain here? Recollect thy death must then be inevitable."

"Dost thou trifle with my love? Must I a thousand times repeat that I am resolved to deliver both myself and me, or to die with thee. O beloved of my heart! refuse not to embrace the only means remaining to save us."—Again she repeated all

the arguments she had before urged, again she had recourse to the most earnest entreaties; till, after a long and difficult struggle, the count consented to make his escape, and leave her in the prison.

She now unbound his armour, and, modestly retiring, hastily threw off her own apparel, and placed her lover's coat of mail over her beauteous and chaste breast. She assisted him to put on her clothing, threw her veil over him, and wrapped him in the cloak in which she came. He in like manner aided her to put on his armour, still entreating her to leave him to his fate. When every thing was ready, he surveyed her with streaming eyes, fell on his knees before her, and, raising his hands towards the arched vault of the dungeon, exclaimed, "O God! thy eye observes us now! If ever a heart deserved thy aid, it is that of Idda. Let thy mercy protect unfortunate but most faithful love!"

"Now must thou go, dearest Henry! Be this our last farewell—(Idda pressed her lips to his)—This be our last kiss, or the beginning of a better fortune."—She then drew the visor of the helmet over her face, wrapped her veil around her lover, and knocked with a stone at the door, as a sign to the guard to open it.

The guard came. Tokenburg threw himself again at the feet of his Idda. She pressed him to her breast, and whispered, "farewell."—He then passed out through the narrow door of the dungeon.

"Now may heaven comfort you!" said the guard, as he went before the count; "You have performed your vow, and he may die in peace." Tokenburg hastily ascended the staircase, reached the outer gate of the tower, and passed the guards, who had laid themselves down to sleep

sleep by the fire. He proceeded along the rocky path into the plain, and soon came to the cottage of a faithful vassal of baron Kirchberg, where he made himself known, threw off his female attire, and caused the dress and armour of a soldier to be brought him. He conjured the peasant, by his oath and fealty, to observe the strictest secrecy, and hastened to Kirchberg, where, without declaring who he was, he solicited admission, as one who could give the knight some information of the count of Tokenburg. He wished to engage Kirchberg to collect his troops, and tell them they were to be employed in the deliverance of count Tokenburg. Then he would have headed them, without making himself known, lest their joy at his deliverance should betray the secret, and put Kiburg on his guard.

The unhappy father of Idda was with difficulty persuaded to admit to his presence the stranger who professed to bring him intelligence of the count of Tokenburg.—“Alas!” said he, “what can he bring? Can he tell me that the affianced husband of my daughter is saved from death?—Let him come in.”—The attendants of the unfortunate Kirchberg had concealed from him the departure of his daughter, that they might not aggravate his grief into fury and despair.

Tokenburg entered. Kirchberg feebly raised himself on his couch, and asked impatiently:—“What dost thou bring?” Tokenburg took off his helmet, and threw himself at his feet. “God be praised!” exclaimed the old man, and, joy renewing his strength, started suddenly up, and endeavoured to rush out from the room; but the count hastily seized him by the arm, and held him. “Stay, my father!” ex-

claimed he, “and betray me not.” Kirchberg struggled to get from him, to carry to his daughter the joyful tidings; but Henry would not relax his hold. “Barbarian,” exclaimed Kirchberg, aloud, “loose me! Shall my Idda be suffered to die with grief? Loose me, I say!”

The attendants of the knight hearing him exclaim, “loose me!” rushed into the chamber, and stood transfixed with admiration when they beheld Tokenburg. “Alas! how unfortunate am I,” cried the count, and quitted his hold of the baron, who ran precipitately to the chamber of his daughter, exclaiming; “Tokenburg is here, Idda! thy Henry is here!” He now for the first time learned that his daughter was gone from the castle.—“Fly! seek her! bring her hither again,” cried he to his attendants, who soon dispersed themselves over the neighbouring country in search of the wandering Idda.

The baron Kirchberg returned to the count, exclaiming, “My Idda is gone from the castle!”—“Oh Heaven!” replied the latter, “that I knew long since: to you must be imputed the destruction of us both.” He then related to the baron the noble act of Idda. A death-like paleness overspread the face of the aged knight, when he learned where his daughter was. To console him, the count endeavoured to give him assurance that she would be rescued the following night. He concealed his own anxious fears, which were greatly increased by the reflection that it was now known to so many persons that he was no longer in the dungeon of Kiburg.

They concerted their plan to rescue Idda the ensuing night. Kirchberg, feeble as he was, and distracted by his fears, hastily collected his troops. “Shall I,” said he, “do less to deliver my child than

than Kiburg has done to avenge the death of his son?"—The necessary preparations were all made; by mid-day the baron was clad in complete armour, and anxiously waited the ensuing evening that now seemed so long to delay its coming.

(To be continued.)

*To the EDITOR of the LADY'S
MAGAZINE.*

SIR,

IF you think the following Apologue will afford any amusement to your fair readers, it is at your service.

I am, Sir,

Your humble servant,

Parliament-Street.

I. P.

THE TWO DOCTORS;

AN EASTERN APOLOGUE.

AN Indian monarch entertained at his palace two men of letters; one who devoted his whole time to books was accounted a prodigy of learning—nothing could abate the ardour of his studies, so that he soon excelled his companion, who, however, was amply compensated by possessing uncommon penetration and an astonishing presence of mind. Both being ambitious of renown, they mutually envied one another, and each secretly decried his companion. Not knowing to which to give the preference, the rajah sought for a long time an occasion to put their talents to a trial. At length an opportunity presented: having occasion to send embassies to some neighbouring princes, our two scholars were appointed the ambassadors; each was to carry with him a chest, which he was given to understand was filled with magnificent

presents; the man of profound learning presented his as he had been ordered, but was struck dumb with amazement when he discovered, on its being opened, that it contained nothing but cinders; and not being able to answer the interrogatories of the monarch on this strange present, he was disgracefully driven from the court, and returned, covered with confusion, to the rajah, his master. The other ambassador likewise presented his chest, which was not more richly laden than that of his companion; but he, when he discovered the contents, without appearing at all disconcerted, replied, that the king, his master, having lately made a great sacrifice according to the rites of their religion, had appointed him to renew the alliance which had so long subsisted between them, and to strengthen it by the usual ceremonies. Thus saying, he repeated a short prayer; and, taking a cinder between his thumb and fore finger, made a mark on the monarch's forehead, who received this token of amity with every mark of respect. Our ambassador, laden with kindnesses and presents, returned home, attended by a numerous escort, where he experienced the most flattering reception from his sovereign. Every one admired his address and presence of mind, in extricating himself from so unpleasant a situation; and, finally, he received the most honourable distinctions, and arrived at the highest offices of the state; while his rival, notwithstanding his profound learning, was totally neglected, and sunk into an obscurity from which his laborious works will never rescue him.

In active life, penetration and good sense are of more value than profound erudition.

POETICAL ESSAYS.

AN ELEGY

ON THE DEATH OF A BELOVED
WIFE AND CHILD.

THE green turf lies upon that breast
Where truth, and love, and virtue
reign'd;

That soothing voice is hush'd to rest,
Whose cheering sounds my sorrows
wan'd.

Those lovely, mild, bewitching eyes
Are clos'd for ever: and that face,
Which now in cold oblivion lies,
Kind Nature deck'd with ev'ry
grace.

Devoid of envy, pride, or spleen;
Engaging, sprightly, good, and kind;
Her temper even and serene;
Her manners gentle and refin'd.

In bloom of youth untimely fell
This charming treasure of my heart;
And with her sad departing knell
Did all my earthly peace depart.

Revolving seasons but increase
The boundless measure of my woe,
And those gay scenes which whisper'd
peace

Do now but cause my tears to flow.

My only son, her last bequest,
(Which might have sooth'd my
troubled mind)

Expir'd upon my tortur'd breast,
And left me to despair consign'd.

Thus stripped of all my heart held dear,
My love! my boy! what's life to me?
No ray of hope my soul to cheer,
In this dark vale of misery.

No friendly breast on which to lay
My aching head: no voice of love
To drive my sorrows far away,
And kindly all my cares remove:

No kindred hand to close these eyes;
No wife, no son, on whom to call,

When Death shall stop my tears and
sighs:

Ah! that's th' unkindest cut of all.

When trifling woes to sleep give way,
And Silence reigns in awful state,
I through the church-yard lonely stray,
And o'er her grave my griefs relate.

Then call to mind those happy days,
When she and I together rov'd,
Through youth's alluring flow'ry maze,
The happiest pair that ever lov'd.

I thought her whisp'ring spirit said,
As my warm tears her grave bedew'd,
"Alas! my love! th' unconscious dead
From all your tears receive no good.

"Far, far beyond yon azure plain,
Your Edwin, and your Ann, enjoy
Celestial pleasure, free from pain;
Eternal bliss, without alloy.

"By pious deeds your soul prepare;
Seductive Vice's voice detest;
And we again shall meet you there:
Be good, and you'll be always blest."

Oh! when will all my sorrows end?
When comes the balm of sweet re-
pose?

Come, icy Death!—dear, dreadful
friend!

And snatch me from this load of woes.

In yonder bright ethereal skies,
My lovely Ann again I'll join;
She'll dry the tears which dim these
eyes,

And I shall ever call her mine.

Transporting thought!—and shall my
boy

Again upon my breast recline?

Oh, then again I'll taste that joy
Which once I knew, but more di-
vine!

Then firmly let me bear my fate:
(But, ah! 'tis more than mortal can.)
In heaven I may be happy yet,
With Edwin and my dear-lov'd Ann.
Wolverhampton, Feb. 18. D. T. 3.

THE POOR BEGGAR BOY.

OH! give a poor boy some relief;
 Turn Pity's soft ear to his tale;
 Whilst he tells the sad cause of his grief,
 Let the voice of Compassion prevail.
 Pale Hunger sits on my wan cheek;
 I'm lost to all comfort and joy:
 In vain food and raiment I seek;
 'Tis deny'd to the poor beggar boy.
 Time was when contented I smil'd;
 When no cares my poor breast did
 annoy:
 But, alas! of Misfortune the child,
 Now wanders the poor beggar boy.
 Those parents I lov'd are no more!
 No longer their smiles I enjoy!
 And Time can, ah! never restore
 That delight to the poor beggar boy.
 All the day, cold and hungry, I roam,
 To seek for an honest employ;
 And at night there's no cottage or home
 To receive the poor tir'd beggar boy.
 Then, O grant the small boon I require,
 From the bountiful store you enjoy!
 Let me warm my chill'd hands by your
 fire,
 And give food to the poor beggar boy.
 That your treasure may daily in-
 crease,— [alloy,—
 That no cares may your comforts
 That your years may be crowned with
 peace,—
 Is the wish of the poor beggar boy.
 Soon shall famine and sorrow combin'd
 My youth and my health quite de-
 stroy, [find
 And kind Death a sweet refuge shall
 For the wretched and poor beggar
 boy. O. W. B.

Bradford, Wilts. Feb. 6, 1801.

LINES

*Written on reading the 'Orphan Heiress
 of Sir GREGORY.'*

ACCURSED Hacket! cursed be thy
 name, [shame:
 Let after ages brand thee still with
 Murd'rer detested! righteous was thy
 fate, [gate.
 And thy foul soul full welcome at hell's-
 But thou, fair Marg'ret! thou, whose
 spotless mind [was kind,
 Was fair as heav'n, and as that heav'n

Shalt live the pride of ev'ry future age,
 Admiring still, as still they turn the
 page.

And when they read how lovely Mar-
 g'ret died, [cheek will slide
 A sigh shall rise, whilst o'er their
 A pitying tear, as like the one I shed,
 A sincere off'ring from the heart and
 head. W.

THE MURDERER.

BENEATH a cloister'd abbey's ivy'd
 tower, [away,
 By win't'ry tempests chissel'd rude
 What time dead Silence rul'd the mid-
 night hour, [sleeping lay.
 In blood-smear'd vest a murd'rer
 The crazy chimes had now their mea-
 sure toll'd, [the wood;
 Swift shot the pale blue flash athwart
 Loud o'er the rattling pile the fluid
 roll'd;
 And at his head a fearful vision stood.
 "Haste! haste! sad sleeper! lo! the
 Parcae call [mur'd low;—
 (Stern sisterhood!)—Serapis mur-
 Haste, instant, ere the chinky frag-
 ment fall, [realms of woe."
 And give thee, sleeping, to the
 All pale, (for fierce the grisly spectre
 frown'd) [ing cell;
 Upspringing, swift he fled his shelt'r-
 When, lo! that moment tottering, to
 the ground [fell.
 With hideous hollow crash the ruin
 "And, oh! some god protects the mur-
 derer's hand,
 Whose power unknown these vows
 shall hence invoke,
 And to Serapis, o'er his guardian land,
 The willing hecatomb shall yearly
 smoke."

He said—and sought again, in soft re-
 pose, [the blest:—
 Dreams, such as gild the trances of
 Again the visionary terror rose,
 And, wrapt in horrors, thund'ring
 thus address:

"Perjur'd inhuman! Heav'n's all-
 vengeful power,
 Spares guilt to fall the victim of re-
 morse;
 Be thine, to linger out life's last sad
 hour [the cross."
 In phrensied, fainting sufferance on

TO ELVIRA.

WHEN thou, my fair one, art away,
 What joy remains for me?
 What beauty can my eye survey,
 That gaze no more on thee?
 But let not frantic love repine,
 Nor mourn the absent fair;
 Whatever bounds my steps confine,
 Elvira too is there:
 For mem'ry, still to feeling true,
 Loves, with a fond delight,
 Her ev'ry beauty to renew,
 Before the mental sight.
 No toy, no trinket, I require,
 Remembrance to revive;
 For faint must be the ling'ring fire
 Such baubles keep alive.
 But ill the man his passion proves
 Whose thoughts such toys amuse;
 The heart that any fair one loves
 Can ne'er her image lose. W.

TO-MORROW.

SAY, pensive youth, why heave that
 sigh? [sorrow?
 Why trembling stands the tear of
 With waining day thy cares may fly,
 And smiling Joy be thine to-morrow.
 Does slighted Love oppress thy heart?
 Then rouse thee, lad, nor yield to
 sorrow; [part,
 What though you and your mistress
 A kinder may be had to-morrow.
 Has Fortune frown'd and Friendship
 fled? [sorrow;
 These common ills should ne'er move
 Friends by Fortune's smiles are led—
 Both may come again to-morrow.
 Hast thou relied upon the great?
 No reason this to grieve and sorrow—
 "They smile and promise—you must
 eat"— [morrow.
 Well! happier stars may rule to-
 Nor Cares that vex, nor slighted Love,
 Nor Fortune's frown, nor Friendship
 hollow,
 Nor keen Suspense, long pain can prove
 To him who fondly trusts to-morrow.
 To-morrow is the balm of Life,
 The stay of Hope, the dream of Sor-
 row;
 From Misery's hand it wrests the knife;
 Despair, alone, would shun to-mor-
 row. C.

SAPPHO TO HER LOVER.

BID me the ills of life endure,
 Ills that shall rend my heart!
 Bid me resign the hope of cure,
 And cherish endless smart!
 Bid me a weary wand'rer be—
 But never bid me part from thee!
 Bid me encounter vulgar scorn;
 And, hopeless of relief,
 Bid me awake, each sadden'd morn,
 To feed the source of grief!
 Bid me from pomp and splendor flee,—
 But never bid me fly from thee!
 Bid me o'er barren deserts rove,
 O'er mountains rude and bare;
 Bid me the keenest torments prove,
 That feeling bosoms share!
 Bid me no dawn of comfort see,—
 I'll bear it all if blest with thee!

SAPPHO.

THE NUN'S SONNET.

CONFIN'd in the convent's cold cell,
 The morn of my life pass'd away;
 Sad prey to religion I fell,
 Whilst mourning I sigh'd—well a
 day!
 Kind hope seldom sooth'd my sad
 breast,
 In vain I essay'd to be gay;
 A vision destroyed my rest,
 'Twas Henry, my love—well a day!
 Tho' the eve of my life is gone past,
 And soon I must moulder to clay;
 Yet shall I regret to the last,
 My Henry, my love—well a day!

W.

EPITAPH

ON A PIOUS YOUNG LADY.

FEARLESS and calm she met the
 fatal blow,
 And left, without a sigh, these scenes
 below:
 A band of cherubs join'd her on the
 road,
 And safe convey'd her to the bright
 abode,
 Where perfect spirits sweet commu-
 nion hold,
 And chaunt seraphic airs to harps of
 gold.
 Haverhill, JOHN WEBB.

THE SLAVE;

A PLAINTIVE BALLAD.

*Written, and inscribed to the Honourable
Mr. WILBERFORCE, M. P. by HENRY
FRANCES*.*

NEAR the gates of the palace, where
Splendor displays
The pageants of grandeur, of riches,
and show;
Where the vot'ries of Fashion tread
gaiety's maze,
Regardless of sorrow, and callous to
woe,
Sat a sad son of Africa, worn out with
grief,
Escap'd from the shackles of slav'ry
and woe,
Who, with sighs venting anguish, im-
plor'd our relief—
Crying, "Pity—oh, pity a poor
negro!"
"When forc'd," cried the slave,
"from my dear native shore,
By merciless wretches, ah! what
could I do?
Relations and friends to behold never
more,—
The ties of fond nature, alas! to
forego!—
Torn thus from my home, and the wife
of my heart—
Of liberty robb'd—choicest blessing
below!—
Galling chains and hard slav'ry fell to
my part:
But no pity, alas! to a poor negro!"
"Oh, Britons!" continued the slave
with a sigh,
"Boasting the freedom proud Albion
enjoys!
In liberty's cause, you all tell us, you'll
die,
Yet unite to bereave the POOR
BLACK of its joys.
Then tell us no more of Humanity's
ties,
Their influence soft ye could never
yet know;
That virtue you *boast* your base con-
duct *denies*,
While enslaving the naked, de-
fenceless negro.

"Then cease to *enslave* those whom
Nature *made free*,
Nor practise a traffic so loathsome
and base;
In defence of it Virtue will ne'er grant
a plea,
For *black*'s the CRIME than the
skin of our RACE;
But, alas! what avails?—of your tor-
tures I die!—
Humanity now is too late to be-
stow!"—
Here falter'd his voice, and he died
with a sigh,
Crying, "Pity, O Heav'n! upon a
negro!"

EPITAPH

ON A PROMISING YOUTH WHO WAS
KILLED BY A FALL FROM HIS
HORSE.

PAUSE, youthful reader! o'er this
marble urn,
Where sculptur'd cherubs mourn, or
seem to mourn;
Where Faith, to check a parent's rising
sigh,
Points to fair realms of immortality.
Oh ponder here, gay trifler! son of
mirth! [birth.
A place like this will give reflection
May this dread monitor, an early tomb,
With solemn voice, remind thee of thy
doom!
And may his hapless fate who mould-
ers here [ing tear!
Draw, from its briny source, the feel-
Like mine, his morning sun rose
"dazzling bright,"
And Hope presag'd 'twould shed its
rays till night,
When, lo! black clouds the pleasing
scene deform,
And life's fair beam was quench'd
amidst the storm.
Still pause, young friend! nor from
this spot depart
Till deep conviction renovate thy heart;
Then will that syren, Pleasure, cease
to charm, [warm;
And joy sublime thy tender bosom
Then Peace will strew thy future path
with flowers, [piest hours.
And this be rank'd amongst thy hap-
Haverhill. JOHN WEBB.

* The music, adapted to the words, will
shortly be published, composed by the au-
thor of the ballad.

AN INVOCATION TO HEALTH.

• WRITTEN DURING AN INDIS-
POSITION.

"O Health! can youth distrust thy worth?
Go ask the monarchs of the earth.
Imperial czars and sultans own
No gem so bright that decks their crown:
Each for this pearl their thrones would quit,
And turn a rustic, or a cit." COTTON.

O LOVELY Health! I supplicate thine
aid: [maid!

Come to my arms, thou ever-blooming
O how I long to see thy radiant face,
And sigh to clasp thee in a fond em-
brace!

Where dost thou dwell, sweet nymph?
In shady bowers,
Dost thou recline on beds of fragrant
flowers?

Or dost thou wander in the woody dell,
Charm'd with the nightly plaints of
Philomel?

I'll search thy fav'rite walk, the ver-
dant lawn,
Ere the gay sky-lark wakes the meek-
ey'd Morn,

In hopes thy fair engaging form to view,
Fair as young roses wash'd in silver
dew.

But, ah! thou'rt fled from thence.—
The freezing gale
Has robb'd of beauty every hill and dale,
And dark December, wet with drench-
ing rain,

In sullen grandeur stalks along the
plain.

But Winter will retire, and jocund
Spring
Can bear thy blessing on her flowery
wing. [raise,

O come with her, my drooping spirits
And tune my artless lyre to sing thy
praise!

Haverhill.

JOHN WEBB.

SONNET TO SENSIBILITY.

BY W. MAJOR, LL.D.

DEAR poignant source of ecstasy and
woe! [frame!

Imperious sovereign of my pliant
Through every nerve quick shoots thy
vivid glow,

And every nerve subservient owns
thy claim:—

I know thee,—mighty as the lightning's
stroke,
That vibrates through the sky to rend
the knotted oak.

Shown in terrific magnitude of form,
By thy keen optics human ills appear;
By thee I see the yet impending
storm,

And for each shaft prepare a ready tear.
With envy, malice, or aversion,
fraught,

I pierce the film that veils the doubtful
eye:—

Alas! how seldom has this heart been
taught

To read the presage sweet of rosy-
dawning joy.

ODE TO THE NIGHTINGALE.

LONE bird! that nightly sing'st in
airy nest,

And sweetly tunes thy clear melo-
dious throat;

While other birds seek their nocturnal
rest,

Thou mak'st the woods re-echo with
thy note.

Thou, first of warblers of the feather'd
race,

While wrap'd around with dark and
doleful shade,

Thou dost with plaintive voice the tale
rehearse,

How Tereus wrong'd thee when
thou wert a maid.

Thy song melodious fills the lonely
grove,

All nature's hush'd, as if thy voice
to hear;

And oh! how I thy charming warbling
love,

Which strikes so sweetly on th' at-
tending ear.

If I should chance to roam the dark-
some night;

Or cross'd in love, or sunk in world-
ly care;

Thy soothing voice would give my soul
delight,

Allay the sorrow, dry the starting
tear.

T.

FOREIGN NEWS.

Petersburg, January 23.

HIS Imperial majesty has been pleased to express his approbation to the vice-presidents of the College of Admiralty for the expedition used in building ships. The commandant of the fortress of St. Petersburg, lieutenant-general prince Dolgorukiew, has been dismissed, and major-general Sosnow appointed his successor.

Count Potosky, who had applied for the ensigns of the order of St. John of Jerusalem, has received a positive refusal.

Vienna, Jan. 24. On the 22d the cabinet courier Moriz set out from this city for Luneville. It is confidently asserted that he carries with him the ratified preliminaries of peace.

The marquis de Gallo will, in a few days, set out for Luneville, accompanied by two secretaries of the king of Naples.

Königsberg, Jan. 26. Our gazette contains the following extract of a letter from Courland, dated January 2:

"We have just received here the important intelligence that the emperor of Russia has published a notice to all neutral ships importing goods to England, that they will be detained by the Russian cruisers. His Imperial majesty has likewise appointed a minister who will go to Paris to replace baron Sprengporten, who has been recalled. This minister will probably remain at Paris as ambassador."

Stockholm, Jan. 27. Since the return of our sovereign from Russia, the greatest preparations have been making in the war department. The commander in chief of the fleet, count Wachtmeister, has been sent for here from Carlscrona, to be present at the councils held relative to the naval preparations. The ships of the line and frigates,

which Sweden is to fit out agreeably to the convention of neutrality, will be commanded by rear-admiral baron Palonquist. Should circumstances require, two grand divisions of fifty armed ships each will be besides held in readiness to serve in the Sound, as soon as the sea shall be open. The rear-admirals of the blue, M. Van Rosenstein and M. de Freese, are appointed commanders, the former of the division of Schonin, and the latter of that of Gottenberg, in this fleet.

A land army of twenty thousand men will be immediately assembled, and form two large camps, the one in Schonin, and the other not far from Gottenberg. We are assured that his majesty will command this army in person, which, in the mean time, will be under the orders of that able general baron Toll. There will be about thirty thousand men in motion, besides which the militia of the country have orders to hold themselves in readiness to march at the first notice.

From Russia we have received certain intelligence, that a much greater force, both by sea and land, than was stipulated by the convention is ready to act; should any foreign power show itself hostilely disposed towards the northern alliance of neutrality.

Three ships, which have arrived at Gottenberg from England, have brought unexpected advice of an embargo having been laid on all Swedish and Danish merchant-ships in the English harbours. This intelligence has caused the greatest sensation, both at court and on the exchange, as neither Sweden nor Denmark wished to give any occasion for hostilities on the part of England; but are only desirous to maintain the rights of neutrality, as in the time of the American war in 1780.

Vienna, Jan. 28. The formal publication of peace will be deferred to the 12th of the ensuing month, which is the birth-day of his Imperial majesty; but though it is not officially announced, it is generally believed to be certainly concluded.

Count Cobentzel, after the conclusion of the negotiations, will go as envoy extraordinary to Paris, and Joseph Bonaparte will be appointed envoy to Vienna.

It is now said that duke Ferdinand of Wirtemberg will not go as ambassador to Petersburg.

On the 25th instant an adjutant of general Moreau arrived at the headquarters of the archduke Charles at Shoenbrun, and delivered to him dispatches, which, it is confidently asserted, contained the preliminaries of peace concluded at Luneville. The adjutant was invited to the table of the archduke, and went, accompanied by two Austrian officers, to the ridotto and other entertainments, and was treated with the most flattering politeness.—He afterwards departed, carrying with him, it is said, the ratification of the preliminaries.

On the arrival here of a courier from Luneville on the 25th instant, the Neapolitan ambassador, the marquis de Gallo, set off for that town. The report that count Cobentzel will himself bring to Vienna the treaty of peace, when finally arranged, is confirmed.

To complete our regiments, a new recruiting of sixty thousand men is ordered.

As the king of Naples is not included by name in the Italian armistice, a corps of Cisalpine troops is on its march towards Naples, through the ecclesiastical states.

Feb. 12. The following notification has been transmitted from the States' chancery to the agents and states of the empire:

"The French republic has required, as an express condition of the new armistice for thirty days, that, during that time, not only the peace with Austria shall be finally concluded, but that the emperor, as head of the empire, shall act definitively for the German empire, in order to avoid the delays inseparable from a congress. The emperor has

not been able to refuse consenting to this proposition, and finds it necessary to give this notice of it to the States.—He will, on this occasion, exert himself as much as shall be in his power, for the good of the whole empire; but should the result not prove conformable to his wishes, it must be considered as a consequence of the unfavourable circumstances in which he finds himself; and such of the States as shall conceive themselves to have cause of complaint must apply immediately to the French republic."

18. The day before yesterday the ratification of the treaty of peace was sent from this city to Luneville. When the courier arrived with intelligence of the conclusion of peace, his Imperial majesty was at church. On Monday their Imperial majesties were received with loud acclamations. Their majesties have distributed, on account of the peace, ten thousand florins among the poor. Magnificent presents are preparing for Joseph Bonaparte and Moreau.

Baron Thugut has now likewise resigned the Italian department, and retired to Cracow.

The Condéan corps will now go to Minorca.

It is said, that, in certain circumstances, the Russian fleet in the Black Sea will sail against the English on the coast of Egypt.

Ratisbon, Feb. 20. It is asserted that the grand duke of Tuscany will receive the bishoprics of Bamber and Wurtzburg; and the landgrave of Hesse Cassel, Fulda.

Hamburg, Feb. 20. The note of the count De Haugwitz to lord Carysfort is a sufficient demonstration that, if England does not take off the embargo on the Danish and Swedish ships, Prussia will take a very active part in the northern confederacy. In this case, it is believed that the country of Hanover, as well as the city of Hamburg, will be occupied by Prussian troops.

The intelligence received here, of an English frigate having cut out several Swedish vessels from a port in Norway, causes great sensation, as it is considered as a formal rupture between England and Sweden. Denmark, on the contrary, endeavours to ward

ward off the blow, and has nothing so much at heart as to keep on good terms with England.

Letters from St. Petersburg mention that the sale of English property put under sequestration has begun.

New York, Feb. 20. Yesterday afternoon a salute of sixteen guns was fired on the battery by the artillery company under the command of captain Ten Eyck, in consequence of the election of Thomas Jefferson to the presidency of the United States.

The senate of the United States have passed the bill that originated in the house of representatives, for erecting a mausoleum to the memory of George Washington, with amendments that entirely alter the provisions of the bill. — Instead of directing the erection of a mausoleum, they direct the erection of a monument, for which they appropriate fifty thousand dollars, and appoint John Marshall, Bushrod Washington, John E. Howard, and Tobias Lear, commissioners to carry the erection into effect.

Bamberg, Feb. 23. Various plans of indemnities and arrangements are circulated. That which the gazettes of Franconia give most credit to imports that the whole of that circle is destined for the grand duke of Tuscany, and that the king of Prussia will be indemnified for the cession of the margraviate of Anspach and Bareuth by Hanover, the bishopric of Osnaburg, Ham-burg, Lubeck, &c. However, these are only conjectures, and it is probable that nothing is yet definitively settled between the principal powers upon the general plan of indemnities. Some persons, who have the means of being well informed, assure us that Ham-burg will preserve its independence.

Riga, Feb. 23. A notice has been published here, importing that his Russian Imperial majesty having learned that Russian products and commodities have been conveyed to England through Prussia, he has strictly prohibited the transport of all such products and commodities to Prussia, either by sea or land.

25. This morning orders were re-

ceived here prohibiting the exportation of any products of the Russian empire, either by land or water, until further directions should arrive. The prohibition extended at first only to the Prussian territories.

Stockholm, Feb. 27. A Prussian courier arrived here the 25th, and was immediately dispatched to his Swedish majesty at Gottenberg. His dispatches are said to purport, that, besides the Prussian declaration, by count Haugwitz, delivered to lord Carysfort, the king of Prussia, in a dispatch directly to London, had insisted upon the embargo upon Swedish and Danish ships being immediately taken off, and, in case of non-compliance, threatened to use reprisals upon British property. — This intelligence caused the funds to rise here. A Swedish vessel belonging, with the cargo, to some Prussian merchants, at Stetten, and taken on the 5th ult. by an English vessel of twenty-two guns, has been released by the English captain, as soon as he learnt it was Prussian property.

Hague, Feb. 28. Since the courier arrived here on the 16th, with intelligence of the peace, two other dispatches have been received by our directory. It is supposed, in consequence, that our government took a direct part in the negotiations actually carrying on under the eyes of the chief consul, relative to the indemnities we are to receive for the three provinces we have ceded to France upon that occasion, and for which she is engaged to procure us compensation. It will probably be at the ratification of the peace that the marquise of Bergen-op-Zoom, the lordship of Ravenstein, the possessions of the houses of Salm, Hohenzollern, Nassau, and the Teutonic Order, will be definitively incorporated into our republic.

The emperor of Russia has not only evinced a disposition to receive an embassy from the Dutch republic, but has just sent the necessary passports. — It is citizen W. Buys, formerly ambassador to Stockholm, who has set out in the capacity of ambassador to Petersburg.

HOME NEWS.

Southampton, February 20.

AN accident of a most melancholy nature happened here on Wednesday evening last, on the person of lady Hardy, relict of the late admiral sir C. Hardy: she was sitting alone after dinner reading, but falling asleep, her head dress approached too near the flame of the candle, and caught fire; it communicated to other parts of her dress before her ladyship awoke; on awaking and perceiving her situation, she inadvertently ran out into the passage, when the draught of air so much increased the flames, that she was found entirely in a blaze. Immediate assistance was at hand, and she was rolled up in the carpet, which instantly extinguished the fire; but her ladyship was so dreadfully burnt, that she lingered till four o'clock the next morning, in the most excruciating agonies, and expired.

Such was the presence of mind of her ladyship, when she discovered her sad situation, that she refrained crying out, lest her eldest daughter, who was in an adjoining apartment, recovering from a dangerous illness, should be alarmed. It is very remarkable that lady nearly met with the same fate twice before; the last time she was confined for four months from an injury she received from fire, and which then so affected her daughter, that her health has been ever since impaired.

Her ladyship was in lodgings, but had lately taken a house, which she was furnishing and preparing to enter when the above catastrophe happened.

Glasgow, Feb. 24. On Tuesday last a case of a singular nature came before the magistrates of Glasgow, relative to Thomas Kidd, an old infirm man, who resided in the Bridge-gate, Glasgow, in circumstances appa-

rently of the utmost indigence. For some time past he had received considerable assistance both from the Town's-hospital and South-session, though it was discovered that he had a few days before drawn from different banks in Glasgow no less than 120*l.* sterling. Actions were raised against him by the clerk of the hospital for restitution, and the Procurator Fiscal, for a fraud; and the case being clear, decree went against him in both. The poor wretch, in the agonies of avarice, in vain pretended that the money he had just drawn from the banks belonged to his son at Jamaica, to whose agent he had sent it as soon as drawn, and that it was now beyond his reach; that he had a friend to lend him enough to repay what he had received from the hospital and the session, which amounted to near 9*l.* but that he was utterly unable to pay the fine of five guineas imposed upon him for the fraud. He was committed to jail, and in a short time the cash appeared, and he was discharged in order to go into banishment from the city and royalty, which was also a part of the sentence against him.

Dublin, Feb. 28. Yesterday morning, at five o'clock, sir H. B. Hayes was escorted from the New Prison to Kilmainham prison, in order to his being sent to Cork, to take his trial at the next assizes: he is to be forwarded from one county-gaol to another, until he arrives at the place above mentioned.

In a few days, Napper Tandy, esq. will be transmitted to the county of Donegal, to take his trial at Lifford assizes.

One of the prisoners who were brought from Hamburg with Napper Tandy, and confined in Kilmainham gaol,

gaol, named Corbet, made his escape from prison last week. It is said he effected it in a disguise of women's clothes.

London, March 3. On Sunday and yesterday mornings, John Rough, assisting water-bailiff, took into custody John Coleman and Henry Soper, two fishermen, at work with their nets, at Wandsworth, fishing for smelts, contrary to law, and fourteen others; the first was stalling the tide with two anchors. His lordship, after examining them, fined the first in the penalty of seven pounds, and ordered his net and anchors to be destroyed; the others were severely reprimanded, and their nets ordered to be detained until the proper time allowed for using them to catch smelts, and were dismissed.

5. About two o'clock yesterday morning, happened at No. 10, Charlotte street, Portland-place, another dreadful instance of the extreme danger with which the fashionable articles of female dress are worn in any careless situation by a fire. A gentleman who had been on a visit to miss Sarah Riggs, and supped with her, had been gone but a very short time, when fire was by some accident communicated to her head-dress. No person was with her in the room, and ere she was aware of her danger the rest of her clothes were in flames. In her first surprise, she had run to stifle them by the window-curtains, but without effect. Her servant was at last alarmed, and called the assistance of Mr. Williams, surgeon, from the house opposite. When he came in, miss Riggs stood at the door of her apartment, holding the door with one hand, with the other the corner of a chest of drawers near it. She had seized both with a convulsive grasp, and was in the agonies of death. They could not relax her hold to remove her, but her strength was exhausted by the effort, and she almost immediately sunk down and expired. Her limbs were contracted, and her whole frame most frightfully scorched. The flames had spread over the room, and it was with difficulty that the house could be saved.

Yarmouth, March 10. The fleet in Yarmouth Roads makes a grand and formidable appearance:—Monday e-

vening his majesty's ship London arrived, and the following morning admiral sir Hyde Parker's flag was removed from the Ardent on board the London. The fleet consists of the following ships:

London	- - 98	Princess Orange	64
St. George	- 98	Monmouth	- 64
Monarch	- - 74	Ardent	- - 64
Bellona	- 74	Polyphemus	- 64
Saturn	- 74	Raisable	- 64
Ramillies	- 74	Agamemnon	- 64
Warrior	- 74	Leyden	- - 64
Ganges	- 74	Texel	- - 64
Russell	- 74	Glatton	- - 54
Defence	- 74	Madras	- - 54
Agincourt	- 64	Assistance	- 50
Veteran	- 64	Isis	- - - 50

FRIGATES.—La Desirée, La Blanche, Waakzaamheid.

SLOOPS.—Pylades, Squirrel, Zebra.

BRIGS.—Kite, Cruiser, Harpy, Lady Ann, Albion (armed ship).

GUN-VESSLS.—Biter, Hecla, Hairy, Blazer, Bruiser, Tigress, Pelter, Zebra, Pouncer, Teaser, Explosion.

Terror, and three other bombs.

Eling schooner. Besides cutters.

Inverness, March 12. This day at noon Inverness exhibited the most awful scene that it is possible to conceive, in consequence of the explosion of several barrels of gun-powder belonging to messrs. M'Intosh, Inglis, and Wilson, which had been lodged in a cellar in a lane in the centre of the town; so that the destruction and devastation are universal. Not a house escaped its effects, in a greater or less degree. The houses immediately adjoining have been razed to the foundation: others are unroofed, and the walls driven in, and the windows of hundreds shattered into a thousand pieces. But, alas! this melancholy event is rendered still more shocking by the lamentable fate of miss Fraser, Finellan, and miss Willet Fraser, one of her sisters. The latter was instantaneously killed in passing the lane, and miss Fraser is since dead. Three women and two children were buried in the ruins. The materials of the house, having been blown to an immense height in every direction, fell

fell with dreadful violence, and wounded a great many people, but few dangerously. The roofs of houses at a considerable distance have also been greatly damaged. The Hunt-house is much injured; one of the wings is so much shattered, that it is about to be taken down. The shock was felt for many miles, and afforded too perfect an idea of an earthquake, with its direct effects.

Yarmouth, March 18. His majesty's ship *Invincible*, of 74 guns, that sailed from hence on the 16th, unfortunately got on shore on the Ridge Sand, about fourteen miles from Winterton, a few hours after sailing, where she remained until yesterday morning, notwithstanding every possible exertion was used to get her off by cutting away her masts, &c. when she got off the sand, and shortly afterwards sunk in deep water. Admiral Totty and one hundred and twenty-five men only were saved; the captain and remainder of the crew perished.

London, March 12. Monday night, a poor woman, with a young child by her side, while in the act of soliciting alms from the passing stranger, in Tooley-street, sunk upon the pavement, and expired instantly. A medical gentleman, on viewing the body of the poor deceased, asserted it to be his firm belief that she had died literally of want, and was starved to death.—The scene was rendered more wretched, from the apparent agony of the helpless little boy, who incessantly kissed the disfigured countenance of its wretched mother, entreating her to awake, and speak to him. The body was conveyed to the workhouse, and the child, it is to be hoped, taken care of.

14. Yesterday, about a quarter past twelve, when the workmen were just gone to dinner, the front of one of the old houses in the narrowest part of Snow-hill fell into the street, which it completely covered, part of the house reaching so far as to drive in the window of a shop on the other side. Providentially no person was hurt, though there is not a more crowded thoroughfare in London. One of the horses of

a gentleman's carriage was a little damaged; and had the accident been three seconds later, the carriage and all belonging to it would have been crushed.

17. The gazette of this night contains the appointment of Mr. Addington, as first lord of the treasury, and chancellor of the exchequer, together with other changes of the treasury-board. The appointments of lord Hardwicke, to be lord-lieutenant of Ireland; of lord Hobart, to be one of the principal secretaries of state; and of the right hon. Charles Yorke, to be secretary at war, are likewise announced. Lord Lewis-ham is sworn in a member of the privy-council; but his appointment as head of the board of controul is not mentioned, though no doubt of it can be entertained. The appointment of lord Hawkesbury to the foreign department, and earl St. Vincent to the admiralty-board, have already appeared in the gazette.

Folkstone, March 17. On Sunday the 5th instant, an immense portion of that stupendous eminence the Cliff, bordering the sea, between this town and Sandgate, at about a quarter of a mile from hence, suddenly giving way, was precipitated below with great violence, and several smaller fragments have continued falling at different times since, some slight fissures and separations of the surface being observed previous to their descent. The earth beneath the cliff seems to have sunk originally, as there is a conspicuous depression of it in some parts, and considerable intersections in others. The loss must be rather important to the possessor of the land which has fallen, as it consisted of well-cultivated ground; and, still more unfortunately, there is no deciding at present when it will cease to decline. The foot-path from this to Sandgate went across the part which has tumbled down; and it was a very providential circumstance, that at the time it happened, which was a little after ten o'clock in the morning, no one happened to be upon the spot, as they must otherwise have been dashed to pieces by falling from an elevation of several hundred feet.

BIRTHS.

Feb. 28. The lady of John Richards, esq. of Red-lion square, of a son.

March 2. At Peckham-Rye, the lady of Henry Bell, esq. of a son.

The lady of captain Buckle, of the royal navy, of a daughter.

The lady of Henry Hulton, esq. in Lincoln's-inn-fields, of a daughter.

10. In York-place, Portman-square, the lady of sir Home Popham, of a son.

The countess of Guildford, of a son and heir.

Lady Louisa Brome, of a daughter, at his lordship's house in Cavendish-square.

The lady of John Leigh, esq. of Bedford-square, of a son.

12. At West-Moulsey, Surry, the lady of John George Nichols, esq. of a daughter.

14. At his house in Portland-place, the lady of Thomas Tyrwhitt Jones, esq. M. P. of a son.

15. At Hans-Place, Sloane-street, the lady of James Trant, esq. of a son and heir.

The lady of colonel Warren, of a daughter, at Houghton, in Hampshire.

16. The right hon. the countess of Derby, of a daughter.

At Kensington, the lady of captain Bean, of the guards, of twins.

At her house in Tothill-fields, the widow of the late Mr. Jordan James Arrow, of a daughter.

18. The lady of J. Griffiths, esq. of Grosvenor-street, of a daughter.

In Mountjoy-square, Dublin, the lady of John Deane, esq. of a son.

At his house in Russell-place, the lady of D. H. Wilson, esq. of a daughter.

21. The lady of James Hewitt Massey Dawson, esq. of a daughter, at his house in Gloucester-street, Portman-square.

MARRIAGES.

Feb. 26. At Hendon, Mr. T. Haigh, to miss Dall, of Bond-street.

Mr. Thomas Field, of Lower

Thames-street, to miss Fisher, of Blandford, Dorset.

Captain William Scott, of the Bengal establishment, to miss Henrietta Robson, second daughter of colonel Francis Robson, lieutenant-governor of that Island.

March 5. At the collegiate church, in Wolverhampton, Mr. Drummond, attorney at law, of Croydon in Surry, to miss Chrees, daughter of Mr. Chrees, attorney at law, of Wolverhampton,

At the collegiate church, Ripon, Charles Oxley, esq. to miss Margaret Lodge, second daughter of the late Edm. Lodge, esq. of Willow-hall, Yorkshire.

6. At St. George's, Hanover-square, lieut. John Lake, of the royal navy, to miss Carr.

10. At Drums, in Renfrewshire, W. Fulton, jun. esq. of Watling-street, to miss King, daughter of James King, esq. of Drums.

12. Mr. Lettice, Surgeon, of Wellingborough, Northamptonshire, to miss Marriott, of Fleet-street.

At St. George's, church, Queen-square, Mr. J. M. Bushell, of East-street, Red-lion-square, to miss M. L. Costeker, of Ashford, in Kent.

At Liverpool, Mr. T. Rochester, of London, ship-owner, to miss Mary Atkinson, of Sunderland.

13. By special licence, at Leinster-house, by the lord bishop of Down, John Joseph Henry, of Stratton, in the county of Kildare, esq. an highly esteemed gentleman of great fortune, to the very amiable and accomplished lady Emily Fitzgerald, second daughter to that illustrious character, his grace the duke of Leinster.

19. At St. George's Bloomsbury, by the rev. Joseph Phillimore, Henry Fletcher, esq. only son of sir Henry Fletcher, bart. M. P. of Ashley-park, in the county of Surry, to miss Frances Sophia Vaughan, fourth daughter of Thomas Vaughan, esq.

21. At Hampstead, Mr. Beamon, of New-Bond-street, to miss Estcott, daughter of the rev. Richard Estcott, of Exeter.

Lately, sir W. Sayer, recorder of Bombay, to miss Mary Ann Williams,

DEATHS.

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Feb. 23. At Newry, Ireland, the right rev. Dr. Lennon, titular bishop of Dromore.

Thomas Walton, esq. of Battle-bridge, St. Olave's, Southwark, in the seventy-second year of his age.

At his lodgings in the Strand, the rev. John Baker, rector of Little Cressingham, in Norfolk, after an illness of a few days.

25. At Edinburgh, Mr. William Fraser, second son of the hon. Arch. Fraser, of Lovat.

Pierce Tempest, esq. of his majesty's Stationary-office.

At Bath, Mrs. Bruges, wife of T. Bruges, esq. of Melksham.

At Bath, in her seventy-fourth year, Mrs. Johnstone, widow of general Johnstone, and mother of the countess of Jersey.

28. At his house in Rochester-row, Tothill-fields, Mr. Jordan James Arrow, joiner to his majesty's board of works, and adjutant in the Westminster volunteer cavalry.

At Elzingen, in Germany, Ralph Heathcote, esq. his majesty's minister plenipotentiary to the elector of Cologne, and to the landgrave of Hesse Cassel.

March 2. Of a decline, miss Knight, only daughter of Mr. Richard Knight, grocer, of Gracechurch-street.

At Twickenham, George Proctor, esq. of Cleever-lodge, Berks.

3. At his apartments in Dean-street, Soho, Michael Angelo Rooker, esq. R. A.

At Sydenham, in Kent, after a few days illness, Mr. John Coates, many years a respectable tradesman in Tavistock-street, Covent-garden.

Mr. M. Jackson, groom of the chapel royal, St. James's.

At the Castle-inn, Devizes, on his way to London from the Hotwells, where he had been for the recovery of that deceiving and fatal malady,

consumption, aged only twenty-six, the gallant captain B. M'Dermist.

5. At Brighton, Francis Biddulph, esq. of Charing-cross, banker.

7. Of an apoplectic fit, at his house in Old Burlington-street, sir John Call, bart. member of parliament for the borough of Callington, in the county of Cornwall.

Lately, of a fever, on his passage to Bengal, William Baymond Barker, esq. writer in the hon. East-India company's service.

11. Captain David Hotchkiss, of the royal navy, aged forty-five.

Mrs. Yonge, wife of William John Yonge, esq. of St. James's-street.

Laurence Crump, esq. of Harpur-street, Red-lion-square.

At Bushbury, near Wolverhampton, Sarah Eykin, a poor woman, at the great age of 105.

12. At his house on Richmond-green, in his 83d year, Mr. Solomon Brown, for many years bricklayer to his majesty.

At Liverpool, Mrs. Catharine Nicholson, relict of the late rev. R. Nicholson, rector of Dudcote, Berks.

In the twenty-fifth year of his age, Mr. John Lamb, late a very considerable farmer, at Geytonthorpe, in Norfolk.

At Plymouth, aged seventeen, Mr. Norton Joseph Knatchbull, midshipman of his majesty's ship Princess Royal, second son of sir Edw. Knatchbull, bart.

At her house in Welbeck-street, Mrs. Sarah Blizad.

In the eighty-fifth year of her age, Mrs. Elizabeth Victor, of Park-street, Grosvenor-square.

19. Of a decline, aged twenty-five, Mrs. Thomas Newton, of Warwick-square, most deservedly lamented.

In Dean's-yard, Westminster, lady Cope, wife of the rev. sir Richard Cope, bart.

Mr. James Wetherell, of Bond-street.