THE

LADY'S MAGAZINE,

OR

ENTERTAINING COMPANION

FOR

THE FAIR SEX;

APPROPRIATED

SOLELY TO THEIR USE AND AMUSEMENT.

FOR APRIL, 1801.

THIS NUMBER CONTAINS,

This Number is embellished with the following Copper-Plates:

1 IDDA of TOKENBURG.
2 ZOOLOGY—The MARMOT and PORCUPINE.
3 FASHIONABLE PARIS DRESS, &c.
4 A New and Elegant PATTERN for a VEIL, &c.
5 MUSIC—FRIENDSHIP THE BLISS OF UNION. The Words by Dr. WATTS; the Music by Mr. BARRE.

LONDON:

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Where Favours from Correspondents continue to be received.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

THE conclusion of the tale of *Assad* and *Alane* will be given in our next.

The political *Allegory* is unsuitable to our plan.

A. Stow's packet is left to be returned, as desired.

Jocundus will excuse our inserting his lucubration, as it is rather more merry than decent.

The verses to the memory of Miss Goddard are very incorrect.

Cupid's Revenge, the Happy Peasants, and I. B.'s Enigma, are received, and under consideration.

Engraved for the Lady's Magazine.

Idda of Tokenburg.

THE

LADY'S MAGAZINE,

FOR

APRIL, 1801.

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

(Continued from page 155.)

(With an elegant Engraving.)

THE fears of the count were not without foundation. Soon was the report generally spread, "Count Henry of Tokenburg, who is to be the husband of Idda, is at Kirchberg: he has escaped"—But how he had escaped was only known to Idda and her father.

The rumour ran from cottage to cottage till it reached the ears of the old count Kiburg, to whom it was communicated by one of his attendants a few hours afterwards. Kiburg became furious, and immediately ordered that inquiry should be made of the guards. They answered with a contemptuous laugh, "He is still in the tower, unless he has digged a way to Kirchberg under ground." One of the guards went to count Kiburg, and said to him, "My lord, dismiss all apprehension on this subject, and rely on us. I saw the prisoner this morning, when I carried him his usual allowance of food."

At the same moment a messenger hastily entered the apartment, and exclaimed, "Count Tokenburg is at Kirchberg! I have spoken to the seneschal, who asked me with a sneer, "Why does not your master keep his cage closer shut than to let the bird fly away?" I answered, "The cage is shut close enough, and the bird safe." The seneschal laughed, and they all laughed, and said, "Tokenburg is with our master; we have seen and spoken to him."

"Bring the prisoner before me," cried Kiburg, with fury in every feature, "he shall not live another hour! Bring him instantly!"

Idda had passed the night calm and tranquil. She saw, indeed, and shuddered, the noxious reptiles that crawled on the damp ground of the subterraneous dungeon; but soon she laid herself down, resigned, on the stone which, covered with a little straw, was to serve her for a bed. Her courage did not forsake her, and a ray of cheerful hope, such as ever shines upon virtue amid the darkest gloom, beamed in her heart. She slept for about half an hour, for the first time during the three last calamitous days. In the morning, when the guard came, she drew the visor over her face, and counterfeited as if she slept, that she might avoid speaking to him. The guard said, compassionately,—"Thank heaven! he is still in his first sleep," and departed softly, that he might not awaken his prisoner.

After some hours Idda again heard the key grate in the lock, and the sound of a number of feet on the stone-steps of the dungeon. "Ah!" thought she, "should that be Tokenburg!" and she gazed with eager attention towards the door. A party of the guards entered, and one of them said, "Knight, commend thy soul to God; thou must perform thy last journey." A faint trembling, a chilly damp ran through the limbs of Idda; she sank on her knees,

and prayed for consolation and protection to her father and her lover. The guards stood mute, and disturbed her not, till she rose, and went with them up the steps. When she came into the light of day, she cast her eyes, with outstretched arms, once more towards Kirchberg ; then patiently followed her leaders to the haughty Kiburg.

Two folding doors opened, and Idda entered, attended by the guards into the spacious hall of the knight. When she saw, in the middle of it, a heap of sand, and the executioner standing with the instrument of death, she trembled, and was obliged to support herself by leaning on one of the soldiers. At the farther end of the hall, sat, clad all in black, the count Kiburg, his lady, and his two daughters. The countess shrieked aloud, when she saw, as she imagined, the murderer of her son, and the two daughters turned pale, and shuddered with a sentiment of pity. Kiburg came forward, and said, in a furious tone, " Tokenburg, thou cowardly murderer of my son, thou shalt not long have the pleasure to see me in mourning. Wretch ! through thee I am deprived of my son. My wife, my daughters, must soon be without a protector ; my race, my name, must be effaced from the earth ; and thou, murderer, thou hast done this ! The blood of my son be upon thee, and upon Kirchberg and his house ! Yes, I hope I shall soon be able to send after thee the other murderer and his daughter.—Executioner, do thy duty."

The guards now seized Idda, who, at the first words of Kiburg, had sank on the breast of one of them, pale, with closed eyes, and fainting.

One of the guards took off her coat of mail, while another loosened her helmet. Instantly appeared to view her snow-white maiden bosom, which her long flaxen hair, that fell from under the helmet, again immediately covered. The guards drew back astonished ; the executioner, who had already drawn his sword, let it fall trembling. A death-like silence prevailed through the hall.

Kiburg fixed his eyes wildly on Idda. " What is this ?" exclaimed he, at length, " Where is Tokenburg ? Who is this woman ?" None of the guards answered : they trembled with fear ; conscious that to them was to be imputed this transformation. The daughters of the count came forwards, and compassionately led Idda to a seat, and bathed her temples with wine, till at length she opened her beauteous eyes. " Who art thou, damsel ?" now again exclaimed the old count Kiburg. Idda endeavoured to speak, but was unable, till she had taken a little wine, which the countess brought her. The count, who saw her in the armour of Tokenburg, believed that he had made prisoner a woman in the battle. He ordered the guards, whose guilt he did not suspect, to withdraw. Idda sank on her knees before him, and addressed his heart with supplicatory looks, till again he cried out, " Tell me who thou art ?"

" I am," said Idda, with a feeble and trembling voice," the unfortunate daughter of Kirchberg, the affianced bride of count Henry of Tokenburg."—Wildly now exclaimed the old knight, with a furious joy, " The daughter of Kirchberg ! then have I taken a valuable prize : Now can I rend the heart of the murderer !" He turned from Idda, who had stretched out her hands towards him. Her posture he saw not, but he observed the compassionate looks which the countess and his daughters cast on the unhappy damsel. Fiercely he said,

" Look

"Look not on her so piteously; in her veins flows the blood of her cruel father. Blind and furious hatred put arms in her hands: against my life was her sword drawn. She would have rejoiced with her bloodthirsty father, had I and my son both fallen together. — Wretch! why didst thou go with thy father into the battle?"

"I did not go with him, count Kiburg. Ah! could I have saved your son, you would now be the happiest of fathers. I did not go out against you; I ———"

"What! did not my sword strike you down? Did I not deliver you, a prisoner, into the custody of my soldiers?"

"You never took me prisoner, count Kiburg; I have delivered myself up to your vengeance. Tokenburg was it whom your sword struck down, and whom you sent prisoner into the tower."

"Tokenburg! Unhappy woman, how cam'st thou in the murderer's place?"

"Kiburg, you loved your dear son; would you not willingly have died for him? I am willing to die for count Tokenburg, whom I love as dearly as you loved your son. Pity me, count Kiburg, as I pity you, as I always have pitied you! for I know how dreadful it is to lose those we love. Pity likewise Tokenburg and my father! they are more unhappy than you."—The countess of Kiburg dissolved in tears, and the daughters were overpowered with feelings of the tenderest compassion.

"How didst thou release my prisoner from the dungeon?"

"By my love. The guards could not refuse to my prayers, to my tears; they could not refuse to humanity the request to let me see him once more. I saw him, count Kiburg—Ah! I found it much more difficult to persuade him to make his escape, than your soldiers to let me into the dungeon. He put on my dress, threw my veil over him ———"

"And fled?—A mean, contemptible, cowardly murderer!"

"No, count Kiburg, not mean, not contemptible. Had he not gone, instead of one victim you would have found two—me and him; for I was determined either to die for him or with him. At length he reluctantly consented to go;—not to make his escape—no—but to deliver me from the dungeon, or to meet death."

"Let him, then, deliver you, if he is able!"

"Fate did not so decree, count Kiburg. Your vengeance was to be satisfied. Be it so: I am content. He will have the comfort to know that my heart was faithful to him even to death, and that I willingly resigned life for his sake. Your vengeance, however, he cannot escape, for he will not survive his Idda. But, I entreat you, accept my blood for the blood of my father. Grief will end his life soon enough. For me, I hope, in the abodes of the blessed, I shall appease and reconcile your son; and then, glorified spirits, we will together receive our now implacable fathers, and put an end to that enmity which on earth rendered you childless and wretched. Death is terrible, count Kiburg; but I do not refuse to die."

The aged count turned away, towards a window, to conceal the emotion which he involuntarily felt; but his eye glanced on the grave of his son, which might be seen from that window, and the half extinguished fury of his heart flamed again with redoubled violence. "No!" exclaimed he, dreadfully, "no!" He raised Idda from the ground, and drew her to the window. "See!" said he, "see there

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is the grave of my son! and in thy veins flows the blood of his murderer. No, I cannot pardon,—thou must die."

Idda stretched out her hands towards the grave, and said, with pathetic solemnity, "Noble youth! exalted spirit! son of him who dooms me to death,—may my blood appease thee, and reconcile thee to my father! Meet and receive me on the threshold of heaven! then will it increase the happiness of us both, that we were victims to appease the enmity of our fathers, and we will together pray for their peace and happiness. Count Kiburg, I am ready; but I entreat you let me hear you say that you do not hate me, and bless me. Give me, likewise, a blessing to carry to the spirit of your son; call me for this once your daughter!" She threw herself on her knees before him, and pressed his hand to her lips.

The countess wept aloud in pity, and the daughters of Kiburg kneeled with Idda, and embraced her; the countess likewise inclined her head over her, and mingled tears with hers. "O my father!" exclaimed Idda, "I have the blessing of thy wife, and the blessing of thy daughters, give me now the kiss of a father, that I may carry it to thy son! Send to thy son thy blessing by thy daughter!"

The old count felt a new sensation, a sentiment of love and pity, labouring in his breast, and tears rushed into his eyes. It was as if an unknown invisible power compelled him to embrace the unhappy maiden, who kneeled before him. Idda threw her arms around his neck, and her warm tears trickled down his cheeks:—"My father! my reconciled father!" exclaimed she, loudly and repeatedly. The countess threw her arms around her husband, while the daughters embraced his knees. Overcome by the feelings of affection, Kiburg cried, "My daughter! may heaven bless thee!" With this, all animosity against Idda ceased. "My daughter! my daughter!" said the countess—"Our sister! our sister!" exclaimed the two daughters.

The old knight frowned, and shook his head, as not yet reconciled to his new sensations. The daughters brought Idda clothes, and assisted her to dress. The count looked on in silence. He wished to speak, but was ashamed to utter the harsh words that occurred to him. Sometimes his countenance resumed its former gloom, but soon it vanished, dispelled by the supplicating looks of the countess and his daughters. He cast his eyes on the grave of his son, but even his spirit appeared to be in league with Idda, and the father found in his grave no longer nourishment for his desire of revenge, but only love for Idda.

Idda, while in the dungeon, had sought comfort in the little hope remaining to her, and repeatedly reflected on what she should say, and how she should act, to disarm the anger of a father whose heart was rent with grief and despair for the loss of his son. On her entrance into the hall, indeed, the sight of the heap of sand, and the executioner, deprived her of recollection; but when she again recovered, and found herself in the friendly arms of the countess and her daughters, she resumed her courage. The father renewed his rage by thinking on the death of his son; but Idda spoke so prudently, and so pathetically, that she extinguished his anger as speedily as it was kindled.

The execution of Idda was now no longer thought of; the heart of the count even revolted at such cruelty:

cruelty: but how much did she gain upon his affections, when he saw her kneeling and praying on the grave of his son. He went to her, and on that grave was the most perfect reconciliation sealed. He now took her in his arms, and repeatedly called her his daughter, his beloved daughter. She threw herself before him, on the grave, and said, "If I am thy daughter, my revered, my beloved father, forgive my father and my husband!"—He answered her not, but turned away, though not angrily. Idda threw herself on the grave, and, weeping, exclaimed, "Thou blessed spirit! Oh! thou certainly hast forgiven them!" The old man suddenly turned round—"Idda!" said he, "to forgive is sweeter than to take revenge—that thou hast taught me. My sword shall henceforth be drawn against neither—this I will solemnly promise thee. I leave vengeance to heaven; but ask of me no more: my heart can grant no more." Thus saying, he hastily left her, and retired.

(To be continued.)

ANECDOTE.

A Court-buffoon having offended his sovereign, the monarch ordered him to be brought before him, and, with a stern countenance, reproaching him with his crime, said to him, "Wretch! you shall receive the punishment you merit: prepare yourself for death!" The culprit, in great terror, fell on his knees, and cried for mercy.—"I will extend no other mercy to you," said the prince, "except permitting you to chuse what kind of death you will die: decide immediately, for I will be obeyed." "I adore your clemency," replied the crafty jester, "I chuse to die of old age."

ACCOUNT *of the New* COMIC OPERA, *entitled* THE BLIND GIRL, *or* A RECEIPT FOR BEAUTY, *performed for the First Time at the Theatre-Royal Covent-Garden on Wednesday April 22.*

THE CHARACTERS ARE,

Don Gallardo (Viceroy of Peru), -	Mr. Munden.
Don Valentia (his son-in-law), -	Mr. Betterton.
Roderic (friend to Valentia, - -	Mr. Claremont.
Bonito (an apothecary), - - -	Mr. Townsend.
Frederick (an English surgeon), -	Mr. Incledon.
Splash (his servant),	Mr. Fawcett.
Sligo, - - - -	Mr. Johnstone.
Young Ynca (a descendant from the ancient sovereigns)	Mr. Hill.
Signiora Dolorosa de Gallardo, - -	Mrs. Mattocks.
Clara Bonito (the blind girl), -	Mrs. H. Johnston.
Viletta, - - - -	Miss Sims.
Corello, - - - -	Miss Waters.

THE outlines of the fable.—Frederick, a surgeon, and his servant Splash, two Englishmen, having been shipwrecked, arrive at the gates of the city of Lima, in South America. Almost on the instant of their appearance, Don Valentia, son-in-law to the viceroy, and infamous for his libertinism, attempts to carry off Clara Bonito, the blind girl, from her family. They hear her cries, rescue her from the ravisher, and restore her to her father. Splash, who is nearly famished, hearing from his master that he had, when in England, invented a cosmetic, of extraordinary virtue in repairing decayed beauty, determines to try whether, by turning quack, and offering it to sale, he may not extricate himself from the danger of perishing by absolute want. With this view, he takes the opportunity of a large concourse of the inhabitants to make a ludi-

crous

crous parade of the efficacy of the nostrum. Bonito, the father of the blind girl, anxious to shew his gratitude to the preservers of his daughter's honour, invites the strangers to his house. Frederick, having examined Clara's eyes, acquaints Bonito of the probability of restoring her sight, and it is determined that the operation shall be performed.

The viceroy's lady, who is very ugly, hearing of Splash's specific, resolves to try its powers, and dispatches Sligo, an Irishman, a kind of master of the ceremonies to the viceroyal court, a superintendant of miscellaneous services, an overseer of odds and ends, a hotch-potch comptroller of bits and scraps, and grand regulator of this, that, and t'other, to introduce the new doctor to her excellency.

Don Valentia's passion for Clara increases with the defeat of his plan to carry her off, and, under the pretence of generously assisting her father, but with the real design of making him instrumental to his child's dishonour, lends, in conjunction with Luposo, one of his confederates, a considerable sum of money to Bonito, on the express condition that he shall return it only when both the lenders are present.—Bonito is, however, tricked out of the money by the knavery of Luposo, who escapes to Europe. Clara having recovered her sight by the skill of Frederick, Don Valentia's passion being further inflamed by this unexpected addition to her beauty, he determines, unless Bonito will sacrifice his daughter to him, to reduce him to beggary, by exacting from him the whole sum which had been lent. Bonito is accordingly imprisoned for having paid to Luposo what should have been given only in the presence of both. Splash in the mean time succeeds, by the admirable virtue of his nostrum, in conferring on the face of the vice-queen the appearance of greater youth and beauty; he is offered dignities and honours, but selects that of chief judge. In this situation he gives an exemplary instance of his sagacity, by freeing Bonito from the persecution of Don Valentia; for when the cause is heard, he decrees that as, according to the bond, both parties were to be present on the delivery of the money, and Luposo could not be found, justice required that Bonito should be liberated. Frederick and Clara are then united.

The interest is increased by interweaving in the main business of the opera the assassination of Don Roderick by the Ynca of Peru, the chastity of whose sister that libertine had brutally violated.—The Ynca is also brought before the tribunal of Splash, and sentenced to the same punishment as that before inflicted on Roderick for the violation of the sister's honour—a month's banishment from the court.

The scenery and dresses are splendid, and a great part of the music is beautiful. Incledon, who was in fine voice, sang one air, ending "All's well," most delightfully, and was encored. Fawcett, who exerted his talents very happily, had a humorous song, describing himself as a vender of cosmetics, in about a hundred English towns, whose names are thrown together drolly: it kept the audience in a roar, and was encored. Mrs. Johnstone performed the blind girl with becoming simplicity and spirit; and Mrs. Mattocks displayed her usual broad humour with success. Munden, Miss Waters, and others, deserve particular praise also. The scenery, music, and acting, would support a piece of less intrinsic value. The Blind Girl possesses much merit, though it has some faults.

THE

THE FIRST NAVIGATOR.

(Continued from p. 137.)

Canto II.

CUPID (who, without being perceived, always remained near the youth, to incite him to his work) now flew, on swift wings, by the light of the refulgent moon, through the vapoury night, and took his rapid course towards an island inhabited by Æolus. The roaring of the winds, inclosed within the deep cavern of a rock, was heard afar. The sounds resembled those of a tempest when the ocean is agitated, while he descended upon the craggy eminence which raised its lofty head from the bottom of the sea. The god was seated on a part near the entrance. The noisy flight of the various gales was as the buzzing of the bees round their hive. They issued forth, and returned, without ceasing.

He ordered some to agitate the ocean, some to bellow among the mountains, and others to gather in a storm upon the guilty. He charged the mild breezes to blow round the peaceable cottages of the country, and refresh the young rustic at his work. But his empire had now no charms for him. Often he rested upon the damp rock, supported by one knee, while his temples were covered with his hand, over which flowed the ringlets of his hair. Full of vexation and melancholy, he contemplated the waves that rolled their enormous mass to the pale and trembling rays of light. He was tormented with a violent passion for one of the Nereides. Cupid fluttering on a former day above the rock, and observing him idle and carelessly reclining at the entrance of his cavern, wounded him with one of his sharpest arrows. The son of Cytherea now heard him groan; and, remaining near, listened to his complaints.

"Oh, fairest nymph!" said he, in a languishing tone:—"the most amiable of the lovely train of Thetis!—the most beautiful of all the nymphs who sport in the sea!—will my sufferings never excite either your tenderness or your pity? Alas! how severe are the pangs love has made me feel! In vain the officious winds convey to you my sighs! You are not sensible of that ardour which consumes me; but view with indifference my passionate glances, while you swim lightly upon the waters which reflect your bosom of alabaster. If by chance I perceive you rush above the waves, I view your beauteous form with delicious transport; but when you plunge towards the bottom, and escape my greedy eye, alas! a cold terror overcomes my senses. How am I charmed when I see you playing with your sister nymphs upon the transparent ocean, while your sport whitens the tranquil sea:—but a jealous rage seizes my heart when in your lively gambols you pursue with branches of rush the sea gods, who, crowned with reeds, often turn suddenly and catch you in their nervous arms. Your moist limbs escape indeed their efforts, while, concealed below the waves, you unexpectedly appear afar off with a jocular laugh. But when they follow you under the surface of the waters, when I can no longer view you, but lose sight of you together, or when one of them by surprise rises you above with merriment, ah! then I turn from you with fury, stamp the earth with my feet! for you smile, and are far from being indignant at their audacity.—Alas! you feel not the torments which destroy me. It is then I seize a fragment of the rock to exterminate

thee for thy rashness. I call to the most impetuous winds; I order them to raise a tempest, and obscure an object which is odious to me. Yet the fear of too greatly offending you obliges me to let the stone fall from my hand; I command the winds to return to their cavern, and resign myself to an impotent rage. With languishing looks I continually seek you; and when the murmuring of the waves awake me, while it is night, I fancy that you swim by the side of the shore; I call to you in vain, and I curse the darkness which veils you from my sight.—Oh! why are you not a child of the earth? The perfidious waves will not permit me to follow you with my sighs. Come, ah! come upon my shores! you shall here find most pleasant grottoes; my zephyrs shall refresh you with their breezes; they shall assemble for thee, from every part of the world, the most exquisite perfumes; their fruitful breath shall propagate and surround my island with delicious shades. Be then the sovereign of the winds. Come with that enchanting air which you possessed when I first surprised you upon my banks; where, seated upon the flourishing grass, your lily limbs shone in the sun, and the transparent drops fell upon the green turf, as the dew of the morning which flows from the new-blown roses. Conceal not yourself from my embraces; return not to the waves, as on that day when I attempted to overtake you—Alas! you then precipitated yourself beneath the water, and left me a prey to all the agitations of love!"

Thus mourned the king of the winds, when Cupid approached him.

"I have heard your complaints, powerful monarch!" said he.—"I am son to the goddess with the beauteous girdle; it is in my power to alleviate thy torments; and I swear to you by high Olympus, that if you will deign to grant me my request, the most piercing of my arrows shall wound the insensible daughter of Nereus. She shall herself visit thy shores with an aimable blush of modesty, and recompense thy sufferings with full tenderness and warmth."

"Oh son of the potent Venus!" answered Æolus, with an agreeable surprise, "what is it you desire of me? I can recompense but faintly those blessings you have promised by a great and solemn oath."

"Hear then what I require," replied Cupid. "From this hour inclose your winds within the cavern till the last rays of the setting sun shall plunge into the tranquil sea; and give me a thousand zephyrs, who, during that time, shall obey my commands."

Æolus, with a formidable voice, immediately summoned the wandering winds;—the winds obeyed, and arrived from every part. The god instantly confined them within the cavern, and presented a thousand floating zephyrs to the son of Venus.

"Soon," cried Cupid, "you shall receive the reward of your services. Your wishes shall be accomplished. Now I go where my affairs call me."

He said, and took his flight, with his retinue of zephyrs, towards the shore, where, through the twilight of the morning, he perceived the enterprising youth, who, transported with joy at the view of so fine a dawn, found his soul filled with the most happy presentiments. The sea, calm and tranquil, gently trembled beneath the rays of the sun, and he saw more distinctly than ever the land opposite to him. The shore echoed delightfully the warbling of various birds; two doves took their flight

over

over his head towards the island, whilst the softest breezes blew through the shaded groves. Such was the calm which reigned upon the sea when Venus issued from its foam; such was the serenity of the sky, the tranquillity of the ocean; thus were the banks enamelled with various flowers, which contemplated her dazzling beauty; while the winds, amazed, suspended their flight, and the amorous zephyrs caressed the goddess with a thousand kisses.

The youth, whom love had animated with courage and ardent desire, now entered his bark.

"Oh, Neptune! sovereign of the sea!" said he, "and you, ye gods, who inhabit the empire of the waves! be favourable to my enterprise. It is not audacity, it is not a culpable presumption which has tempted me to this hardy project: no—it is a sentiment the most pure. It is a passion with which the gods themselves have inspired me. It is a virtuous desire to risk dangers to succour the unfortunate. Oh, let me then attain the shore of yonder island! And thou, O deity! who hast caused me to love, abandon me not amid the dangers of this daring attempt, with the idea of which thy powerful influence inspired my mind."

(To be continued.)

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

SIR,

WHEN we are at peace with the world, and the world is at peace with us, the summer ramblers of England visit the continent, and go through France to Swisserland, where, without any relish of the peculiar circumstances of the country, they spend their time most dolefully. At their return they triumph over the ignorance of those who never strayed from home, and assure them of the infinite pleasure they have received from their tour.

But when war confines us within our own island, we go as far as we can, that is to the sea-coast, which must serve instead of going farther.

All well-frequented watering-places offer to the attentive observer a great variety of characters more or less amusing. Some few really come for health, some for pleasure; but with most the motive is idleness—persons to whom not only the day but every hour is much too long—persons, as Ranger in the play expresses it, "who had rather go to the devil than stay at home." Sometimes we meet with an agreeable exception, and sometimes with an oddity.

A week's residence at Weymouth gave me an opportunity of conversing with a singular character. We had often met—at the coffee-house—at the library, and had made some little progress toward an acquaintance; when, without any provocation on my part, he seemed rather to shun than to seek me. However, we were accidentally imprisoned in the *camera obscura*, and could not well avoid going down the hill in company together, when he expressed himself nearly in this manner: "I am afraid you think me something worse than an odd fellow?" To which, receiving no reply, he continued—"I confess the apparent absurdity of my way of life. It is upon a principle which differs so much from common custom, that it lies perfectly open to attacks which I shall not even attempt to repel. I am content to be thought incapable of defending myself; and, if non-resistance in one party can communicate any

honour to the other, my adversary may enjoy all the triumph of such a victory: my system is my own, and made for myself alone.

"In my early days I was not long in observing that by far the greatest part of life's troubles were not upon our own account but that of others: that it was in the power of one person to make a hundred miserable, by their partaking of his personal afflictions; but that he could make but one happy by partaking of his personal pleasures. This is undoubtedly a losing trade, but yet this is the commerce of society. A man of a philanthropic temper becomes acquainted with those about him; his acquaintance with some produces friendship, and his friendships produce sorrow.—Every trouble of mind, or disease of your friends, affects you: it is true you also participate their pleasures, as far as they can be communicated; but these are not in equal proportions.

"Should your friend increase his possessions, you are not the richer; but if he is in want, you are the poorer. If he be in health, as it is a thing in course, you do not rejoice; but if he is sick, you mourn. If he possesses an agreeable wife, you have none of his pleasure; but if he loses her, his pain is poured into your bosom.

"Suppose life passes without any exertions of friendship, but merely in a belief that if they were required they would be made: I then see my friend advance in years; he loses his person and strength by degrees; Death sets his mark upon him, and at last claims him for his own.—What I see in him he sees in me; and all those sensations are multiplied according to the number of our intimate connections.

Fully sensible of this truth, I very early in life determined to have no friend at all. To accomplish this intention, my plan has been to shift my residence from place to place; to have many acquaintances, but no friends. The common scenes of public amusement I visit occasionally, and sometimes bury myself in London. If I wish to improve, I retire; if to amuse myself, I join in such accidental parties as occur; and, like the butterfly, play among the flowers, but fix on none. If an acquaintance with an agreeable person improves too fast, and I begin to feel something like an attachment, I take it as a hint for shifting my quarters, and decamp before the fetter is fastened. To confess the truth, I more than suspect that I have been too long acquainted with you: I shall quit this place immediately, lest to-morrow I should feel myself your friend."

He then redoubled his pace, as if willing to avoid my reply. I indulged him in his wish, and was not sorry to be excused from continuing a conversation I could not support with any other than common arguments, which seldom have any effect upon those who so boldly differ from principles long established and supposed to be true. I. C.

The MORAL ZOOLOGIST.

(Continued from page 127.)

LETTER XXII.

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

IF contrasts duly blended produce harmonic perfection in the article of sound, why may not opposite qualities and corporeal habitudes, judiciously combined, constitute animal unity and order? It is evident this is the case, as all the parts of vivified nature

nature are indued with external varied forms, accompanied by internal opposite propensities; yet the general œconomy is preserved, and universal skill manifested in the designation, execution, and preservation of the whole. In proof of this assertion, there needs no other evidence than what contemplation, tutored by the suggestions of reason, will afford; therefore permit me to recommend the dormouse genus to your ladyship's consideration—the distinctive properties of which consist in the animals of this class having two cutting teeth in each jaw; four toes on the fore feet, and five on the hind; naked ears; and a long tail covered with hair.

THE STRIPED DORMOUSE.

This animal has prominent eyes; plain ears; the ridge of the back marked with a black streak; each side with a pale-yellow stripe, with a line of black above and below. The head, body, and tail, are of a reddish-brown hue; the tail of a darker cast; the breast and belly white; the nose and fur pale-red. This species inhabit the northern regions of Asia, and the forests in the northern parts of the new continent. They burrow, and never climb trees but as the means of escape from pursuit. The subterraneous retreats these animals form are constructed with great ingenuity and skill, and each of them have two apertures, that the entrance into them may not be impeded by one being stopped up. These dwellings consist of a long gallery, with branches on each side, each of which terminate in a recess or chamber. In these several apartments they distinctly lodge their various articles of food; such as acorns, maize, hiccory-nuts, and their favourite aliment the chinquapin-chesnut. This species have cheek-pouches, which they store with food in their depredations on cultivated grounds. They but seldom stir from their habitations in the winter season, unless they are urged by hunger, when their store of provision fails. They would be destructive to plantations, gardens, &c. if the feline race were not hostile to them, and consequently destroyed great numbers. They are of a wild untractable nature, and scarcely ever rendered docile, bite desperately, and their skins are but slightly esteemed.

THE FAT DORMOUSE.

M. de Buffon specifies three peculiar species of this animal that have the generic property of sleeping or remaining torpid during the winter, which he thus classes: the fat squirrel, the garden squirrel, and the common dormouse. It is evident the two first are the fat and garden dormouse, which I shall proceed to describe. The fat dormouse has thin naked ears; the body covered with soft ash-coloured hair; the belly of a whitish hue; the tail thickly clothed with long hair. Its dimensions from nose to tail are six inches: the tail is four inches and a half long, and the body not so slender as that of the common squirrel. These animals sink into a torpid rather than a dormant state, owing to the natural coldness of their blood, which does not exceed the temperature of the air in heat. Thus their inactivity being alone produced from defect of natural warmth, when they are sheltered from the severity of the weather they do not sink into a benumbed state, but perform their common functions without abatement or interruption. In manners, disposition, and habitudes, the fat dormouse nearly approaches to the common squirrel, but differs in the following particulars. He does not make

make a nest at the summits of trees, but forms a bed of moss in the hollows of their trunks, or in the clefts of rocks: he also is not easily tamed, as he always retains some portion of his native wildness, and bites desperately with his fore teeth. These animals grow very fat, yet are remarkably agile, and leap from branch to branch with great facility. The females have usually four or five young at a litter, and with exemplary courage and affection protect their offspring. They inhabit France, the southern regions of Europe, and the south-western districts of Russia. They subsist on fruits and acorns, and by the ancient Romans were esteemed delicate food. In Italy, where they are yet eaten, pits are dug to ensnare them, which method generally proves successful. Their flesh is in the best condition whilst they are torpid.

THE GARDEN DORMOUSE.

This species are native inhabitants of all the temperate European latitudes, extending as far as Poland and Prussia, the regions in the vicinity of the Wolga, and other southern parts of the Russian empire.—In these countries they are numerous, and are destructive to gardens, as they subsist on fruit, and, when they cannot find succulent kinds, eat nuts and plants. The garden dormouse has a large space of black round its eyes reaching to the base of the ears, and another extending behind the ears. The head and upper regions of the body are of a tawny hue; the under part is white tinged with yellow; the tail is four inches long, and bushy at the extremity; the length of the body from nose to tail is five inches. These animals secrete themselves, and dwell in holes of old walls, concavities of decayed trees, magpies' nests, or any secure recess they meet with. Cold reduces them to a torpid state, from which they are roused by a due application of heat. The female has five or six young at a litter. The flesh of the garden dormouse is not eatable, and they have a disagreeable odour, similar to that of the domestic rat.

THE COMMON DORMOUSE.

This animal is nearly the size of a mouse, but fatter and of a more plump construction. It has round naked ears, and prominent black eyes; the body of a tawny-red hue; the throat white; the tail is two inches and a half long, and tolerably furnished with hair, particularly at the extremity. The common dormouse is a native of Europe. Like the fat and garden kind, it rolls itself up and sleeps during the winter: when the weather is warm, it revives and takes food, but speedily relapses into its dormant state. They subsist on nuts and fruits; sit on end to eat their food like the squirrel tribes; form magazines of nuts, &c. for their support, and but seldom migrate far from their residence; they usually dwell in thick hedges, and in the concavities of dwarf trees, or thick bushes near the roots, and form their nests of dead leaves, moss, or grass. The females have commonly three or four young at a litter. Notwithstanding these animals have no disagreeable odour, their flesh is not pleasant to the taste.

THE EARLESS DORMOUSE.

This species are denominated earless because their auricular organs are so minute as to be scarcely visible. The earless dormouse has a flat head; blunt nose; prominent black eyes; upper lip divided; long whiskers; head, back, sides, and front of the fore legs, of a pale ferru-

gineous

Engraved for the Lady's Magazine.

Jerboa.

Dormouse.

gineous hue, blended with black.—From the shoulders to the hinder parts a white line extends, and above each eye there is another similar. The belly and feet are of a dirty-white hue; the tail is hoary on the sides, and black in the middle; the hind legs are black on the back part and naked; the toes are long and distinct; the claws long, and the knob on the fore feet large. The dimensions of this animal are nearly those of a common squirrel, but the general appearance and construction is broader and flatter.—This kind of dormouse is found, about eight hundred miles beyond the Cape of Good Hope, in the mountain Sweburg. They burrow, and subsist on bulbous roots, frequently walk on their hind feet, or stretch themselves flat on the ground. They never climb trees. They make a warm nest, in which they form a recess to dwell in, and stop up the common aperture with various materials. They often remain in their habitations for several days. They are of an inoffensive nature, as they never offer to bite or make resistance.

In a class of animals that sleep by far the greater part of their existence, it would be useless to search for entertainment or improvement; yet, even from these supine members of the animal creation, we may derive the instructive moral of the substantial advantages arising from active measures, and lament that too large a portion of the human species waste the most considerable part of their lives in useless pursuits, actual indolence, or hurtful occupations. It might be happy for the community if these time-killers were absorbed in sleep rather than in the prosecution of mischievous avocations, which often serve no other purpose than to disturb the industrious, and ensnare the innocent. Your ladyship, who employs every moment in some laudable pursuit, will readily admit that negative good must be preferred to positive evil, and that the mode you adopt will ever be revered by

EUGENIA.

LETTER XXIII.

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

EVERY attempt to reduce the operations of nature to a regular system must betray our inability, and manifest the superior excellence of those innumerable qualities we vainly imagine we can fathom and ascertain. This truth is clearly exemplified in the jerboa genus, which is a kind of exception to the quadruped tribes, though evidently appertaining to that class. Its principal characteristics are: two cutting teeth in each jaw; very short fore legs; very long hind legs, similarly constructed to those of cloven-footed water-fowl; very long tail, tufted at the end.

THE EGYPTIAN JERBOA.

This animal inhabits Egypt, Barbary, Palestine, the deserts between Balsora and Aleppo, and those between the rivers Don and Wolga, and the hills in the neighbourhood of the Irtish. It is evidently the "daman Israel," or the "lamb of the Israelites" of the Arabs: it is also supposed to be the "saphan" mentioned in the Holy Scriptures, and the "mouse" specified in the sixty-sixth chapter of Isaiah. The Egyptian jerboa has thin, erect, broad ears; dark prominent eyes; long whiskers; fore legs an inch long, five toes on each; the inner toe, or thumb, scarcely visible, all furnished with sharp claws; the hind legs two inches and a quarter in length, of a slender construction, and covered with short hair, exactly resembling the legs of many birds; three toes on each foot, covered above

above and below with hair, the middle toe the longest, and on each a sharp claw; the upper part of the body thin, or compressed sideways; the regions about the rump and loins large; the head, back, sides, and thighs, covered with long hair, ash-coloured at the roots, and pale tawny at the tips; the breast and belly whitish; across the upper part of the thighs an obscure dusky band; the hair long, and of a soft texture. The length from nose to tail is seven inches and one quarter; the tail is ten inches long, covered with very short coarse hair, and terminating with a thick black tuft. These animals usually conceal their fore feet, which are too short to touch the ground, and are seldom used but for the purpose of conveying food to the mouth, and consequently always stand and walk on their hind feet. They run fast; but, when they are pursued, have recourse to leaps to effect their escape. They are of a mild harmless nature, yet cannot be tamed beyond a certain degree. They burrow like rabbits, and in some parts of their construction resemble those animals. They sleep rolled up, take rest in the day, and and are active in the night.

THE SIBERIAN JERBOA.

By some authors this animal has been styled the "flying hare." It is described to have a truncated nose edged with white; lower teeth of a slender construction, and twice the length of the upper; the ears large, pointed, and tipt with white; the hair on the back very soft, of a tawny hue, and grey beneath; the legs and under parts of the body white; half the tail next to the body covered with shortish white hairs; from thence to near the end there are long black hairs; the extremity is furnished with a large white feathered tuft for the space of an inch. There are five toes on the fore feet; on the hind legs, an inch above the feet, there are two long toes armed with nails. The back part of the legs is destitute of hair. The length of the body is eight inches and a half; the tail is ten inches long. This species chiefly inhabit the regions from the river Irtish to the Caspian Sea.

There is a variety of this species denominated the "middle jerboa," which in dimensions resembles a rat. In colour it is similar to the former, or "great jerboa;" but is distinguished by having the rump on each side crossed with a white line. There is, besides the preceding, another variety with a more extended nose, shorter and broader ears, thicker tail not so beautifully tufted, shorter hind legs, and a longer and thicker coat. This middle kind is only found in the eastern deserts of Siberia and Tartary, beyond Lake Baikal; in Barbary, Syria, and even as far as India. Exclusive of these variations, there is a pigmy kind of jerboa, which inhabits the same regions as the great species; from which it differs by wanting the white circle round the nose, and having a less tuft to the tail. It is perfectly similar to the middle jerboa in form, but very inferior in size.

These three animals have similar habitudes. They burrow and form their retreats very speedily, as they dig not only with their fore feet or hands, but also employ their teeth and hind feet in flinging the earth up, of which they raise an heap at the entrance of their subterraneous dwellings. These recesses are many yards long, in an oblique winding direction, but a small space below the surface of the earth. This entrance terminates in a large nest or space appropriated to the purpose of containing herbs and other articles of food. Notwithstanding there

there is apparently but one common entrance, these sagacious animals form a kind of communication or passage, through which they can easily break an opening to the surface of the ground in any case of exigency. The jerboas, though they are of a chilly temperament, keep in their holes during the day, and migrate from thence in the night only. They sleep rolled up, with their heads between their knees; and when they are alarmed or pursued take to flight by leaps, which they perform with such rapidity that their feet cannot be perceived to touch the ground. They do not go straight forwards, but in a zig-zag direction till they gain their subterranean asylum. When they leap they carry their tails stretched out, but in standing or walking support them in the form of an S; the lower part touching the ground, so that they seem to direct the course of their progress. When they are taken by surprise they sometimes go on all fours, but soon leave that unnatural position and resume the bird-like attitude, which is the most suitable to their construction. In digging or eating, they drop on their fore legs, but in the latter often sit erect like a squirrel, and frequently hop like a crow. They are easily tamed, but always seek warm situations, and portend bad weather by wrapping themselves up in any thing of a convenient texture; and in their unrestrained state stop up the apertures of their recesses to keep out the cold. In a wild condition they subsist on oleraceous plants and tulip-roots. The diminutive stature of the pigmy kind is ascribed to the saline qualities of their food. When they are domesticated, they are not averse to raw meat, or the entrails of birds. These animals are esteemed delicate food by the Arabs, and are the prey of small rapacious beasts. The Mongols entertain the opinion that they suck the sheep, as they are frequently found amongst the flocks in the night. They breed in summer, and the female has probably eight young at a litter. They fall into a dormant state the whole winter, and subsist without taking food.

THE CAPE JERBOA.

This animal has a short head, broad between the ears; the mouth placed far below the upper jaw; the lower jaw very short, two great teeth in each. The ears are thin and transparent, and one-third shorter than those of the common rabbit. It has long whiskers, and large eyes. The fore legs are short, with five toes on each, and a great protuberance next to the inner toe; there are four toes on the hind feet. The claws of the fore toes are crooked, and two-thirds longer than the toes: the claws on the hind toes are short. The colour of the upper part of the body is tawny; the under regions are of a cinereous hue, mixed with black hairs. Two-thirds of the tail are tawny, the remainder is black. The length of the animal from nose to tail is one foot two inches; the tail is near fifteen inches long; the ears are nearly three.—This species inhabit the great mountains far north of the Cape of Good Hope. They are very strong, and will leap the amazing height of twenty or thirty feet, whence they are called by the Dutch "jumping hares." When they eat they sit upright, with their back bent, and their legs extended horizontally. They use their fore feet in eating like squirrels, burrow in the earth, and sleep with their heads between their hind legs, and with their fore legs hold their ears over their eyes.

THE TORRID JERBOA.

This species is only mentioned by Linnæus; and, according to his testimony, inhabits the regions of the torrid zone. This kind of jerboa has naked oval ears; long whiskers; four toes on the fore feet; the hind feet the length of the body, of a thick strong construction, and thinly clothed with hair; five toes on each hind foot; scarcely any neck. The tail is the length of the body with very little hair on it.—The colour of the upper part of the body yellow, the lower white.—This animal is about the size of a mouse.

The singular construction of the jerboa tribe excites our astonishment, when we reflect that their formation seems adapted to aërial pursuits, yet their habitudes are perfectly terraqueous. This heterogeneous combination is the wonderful effect of Divine Omniscience, which blends with perfect skill those qualities that seem the least accordant. Your ladyship, whose constant aim is to point out the universal display of divine wisdom, will give due praise to the infinite variety of means that testify the exertions of Providence on behalf of his frail creatures. How absorbed in mental apathy must those persons be, who neglect to ascribe every possible perfection to its native source! An exhortation to afford the just tribute of adoration is needless to a heart like your ladyship's, devoted to every pious purpose: therefore, I shall only subjoin my wishes that your example may produce the happy effect of diffusive imitation, and conclude with the assurance that I am unfeignedly your sincere friend,

EUGENIA.

(To be continued.)

The CURSORY LUCUBRATOR. N° III.

On the IMPERFECTIONS *of* MANKIND.

"Shall little haughty Ignorance pronounce
His works *unwise*, of which the smallest part
Exceeds the narrow vision of her mind?"
THOMSON.

AS every system, however fanciful, in any degree practicable, must consist of different parts, subordinate one to the other, so every living creature must be created with distinct members, having subserviency to each other. Subordination is the very fundamental essence of the creation; and, therefore, cannot be excluded in its varied operations. Thus the Almighty made a just discrimination in the formation of the universe, and by a just distinction of ranks among beings founded the existence of the whole on a stable permanence; bestowing on the various species of beings diversified endowments, and on certain of his creatures degrees of perfection exclusive of others: yet those who are not particularly distinguished in understanding, strength, and beauty, &c. are unjustly stigmatised with ignorance, weakness, and deformity; though it were injurious to their omniscient Author to repute as *evils* such *imperfections*, since, had we the ability of ascertaining the intention of the dispensation of the Almighty in these instances, they might, perhaps, be proved *necessary goods;* for,

"Who sees not Providence all good and wise,
Alike in what he gives and what denies?"
POPE.

The infinite wisdom of God appears more conspicuous in no part of the creation than in the distinctions

tions he has ordained among beings; and it should seem repugnant to reason to exclude from the world an inferiority of creatures. Every situation of life has its respective portion of blessings allotted to it; and it is incumbent on us all, therefore, to render one another as comfortable as our several situations will admit. The dispensations of Providence have been most eminently bounteous; for, though he has refused to many of his creatures a state of superiority, yet his wise and good distributions to that class of beings are equally subjects of admiration. Again, though the Almighty has endowed brutes with a degree of excellence in particular respects, to which man, with all his undoubted capacity and superior qualifications, can never arrive; yet, also, has he rendered those animals at once subservient to his comfort and convenience, and productive of his daily nourishment.

It has been urged, that the Divine Author of the Universe hath bestowed a greater share of blessings on certain of his creatures than on others: to which I answer—That it is actually essential to the very purposes of existence that some individuals should possess a more partial proportion of riches, health, and understanding, &c. and his sapience wisely suggested it; though our reason must convince us he has, with a more impartial hand, dispensed the participation of happiness. His beneficence always administers to our necessary defects a sufficient equivalent to our particular situations and circumstances, which fully counterbalances our wants and imperfections. Plato, speaking on this subject, justly observes, "God is good; for he bestows all that is good upon all his creatures, according to their several capacities. Each is as happy as it can be, or as its nature permits; and if any one thinks the several creatures could have been happier, it is because he does not understand their natures."

Let us consider the casualties of life.—To mention only sickness and poverty, will not health and an unforeseen competency requite the pains of the one, and compensate the distresses of the other? Doubtless: and particular blessings will be the more exquisitely enjoyed, after feeling the disagreeable sensations that result from the want of them; while, on the other hand, should they become the constant attendants of our lives, we become most ungratefully thoughtless of their value. A life unchequered by disappointments of our desires and expectations, or misfortunes ruffling our passions, would, in the present state of nature, be an existence of insipidity; so that, on the score of human calamity, complaints are without foundation, since what we call the hardships we undergo conduce to our interests, and crown our very sufferings with pleasure. Hence, then, we should infer that, as there is no prosperous state of life without its allaying cares, so there is no affliction without its advantages.

Common sense will not allow us to expect a uniformity of conditions, or, in other words, all exemption from poverty; as it will appear evident, from the natural passions of men and the instability of human affairs, that poverty is actually essential to the subsistence of the world. Let us for a moment conceive all men on a level, both in rank, fortune, and capacity, living at their ease; and immediately, as no one will submit to the authoritative commands of another, or yield to the drudgeries of life, so all laws of restrictive government must be

dissolved; agriculture, and every useful art, would be neglected; and a general apathy must consequently involve the human race in universal penury and destruction. Wherefore those speculative philosophers and *levelling* politicians, who argue for this *equalising* system, would do well to consider the ruinous consequences that would follow the adoption of a measure so pregnant with mischief: nay, let them be assured, however desirable even a *reform* in the religion or civil government of any state may appear, the cause will never be benefited, much less effected, by enthusiastic fanaticism, or seditious rebellion.

The wise man will hence perceive the excellency of the present state of things. Some mortals, I admit, experience want to the greatest extent; yet charity steps in to their aid, and softens the bitterness of necessity. It is this virtue that incites men to distribute the superfluities of life, and alleviate the pressure of distress. To administer succour to the desponding heart,—to mitigate the sufferings of the afflicted,—and extend relief to the poor and needy,—are duties God demands us to fulfil: nay, he also requires of us to contribute our assistance to general necessity, and promote, *as far as in our power*, universal happiness, by preventing misery from passing that threshold over which it would obtrude.

But let us return to the subject of agriculture.—To the labours necessary in the business of husbandry, the Almighty might have dispensed with our attention, since at his supreme *fiat* the earth might spontaneously yield her most abundant fruits.—Yet, as it is certain the most rigid toil cannot suppress the malign frailty of our nature, what scenes of discord, animosity, and licentious profligacy, must have been the issue of universal inactivity! So that, in fact, we should consider that this labour, like all other necessary employments enjoined by our divine lawgiver, was intended to avert the dreadful effects of inordinate excess, and to insure those permanent benefits to society which are ultimately derived from it.

Learning and genius are certainly invaluable to their possessors, and productive of most invaluable blessings: the deficiency of them, however, may be considered as fully requited by that most useful endowment common sense, immediately concentrating an earnest inclination for, and gratifying advantage in, the more busy and laborious avocations of life. Thus we see, in this particular, the Almighty in his endowments to men proportions every one in his capacity, from the king to the peasant, to meet the exigencies of the situation nature ordains him to fill, and

"We must infer, in wisdom were it best,
While all *subordinate* must all be blest."

It has been urged, that if riches and the sources of sublunary indulgences had been more impartially distributed, there would have been *less* pretence for murmur and discontent. But from this opinion reason obliges me to dissent; for experience evinces, there are a certain class of persons in the world who, however pre-eminent in point of rank or fortune, will still ambitiously aspire to a more exalted sphere: nay I am bold to declare such a desire will ever actuate the wishes of men, since, let their elevation in life be high as it may, they know Infinity hath the power of exalting them.

It is undoubtedly true there are many casual *evils* incident to mankind which even Omnipotence could not separate from human nature

nature without suppressing superior good. Much has been said respecting the pains and torments attached to all creatures possessed of life, especially man. Here I beg leave to reply, and I trust the position will not appear presumptuous, that as some mortals have been exempt from those bodily miseries, pains, and diseases, by which others have been most poignantly tortured, it may be presumed that all men might have avoided them, had their own private conduct rendered them worthy of such an exclusion. The happiness of life has been justly described as depending upon our own discretion; and, in short, the natural evils of life are in number very few, when placed in competition with those that are produced by our own immediate folly and baneful vices.—'*Frustra mala omnia ad crimen fortunæ relegamus, nemo nisi suâ culpâ diu dolet.*'

But even in the very nature of pain there appears a something productive of pleasure; and the opinion has the rather been pressed upon my judgment by a conviction that the Almighty would not have permitted the *one*, had it not been for the purpose of heightening the relish and enjoyment of the *other*. This idea likewise receives corroboration from the concomitancy of both in every case in nature. Scarcely can an instance, I believe, throughout its whole series, be adduced contrary to this suggestion; since our gratifications are almost always either obtained by the antecedent sufferings of others, or followed by the subsequent misery of ourselves. Gracious Heaven not only permits man to derive benefits from the various species of animals which supply his wants by their labours, but suffers the sacrifice of their bodies to fulfill the great end of existence. Yet whilst we receive the advantages derived from the kid or lamb that bleeds for our subsistence, humanity compassionates its destruction—the generous feelings of the heart will be actuated with the most lively solicitude to mitigate its torments, by adopting the most lenient methods of imposing them. Evidence, thus substantiating the connection of pleasure and pain, strongly intimates that utility exists in the latter; and it would be arraigning the wisdom of a beneficent Creator, to suppose it inefficient of the best purposes: for, how abundantly has experience taught us to justify God's goodness in his '*ways to men!*'

To conclude: On the works of Providence, man is too generally inclined to form unqualified decisions, and on his inscrutable designs indulge the most presumptuous conjectures; thus arrogating, as it were, to himself, an erroneous conceit that all nature's works were purposed for his service, and designed to render obedience to his pleasures: so that it is extremely natural to premise, that whatever thwarts his intentions, or annoys his purposes, however romantic or chimerical, he will be led to consider as an evil of the greatest magnitude. What can this be termed but the most ridiculous of opinions? Can any thing be deemed more absurd than the prepossessing ourselves that the whole world was made to be subservient to each individual's will and direction? However, leaving sceptics to dispute as they please upon the works of Providence, I cannot, when I maturely consider the subject, conceive the imperfections discoverable among mankind can be reputed evils, inasmuch as it may without difficulty be maintained, that to produce a universality of beings, all of an equality in rank, capacity, and talents, enjoying alike perfect

perfect felicity, would have been almost impracticable for Omnipotence itself.

To say no more,—whenever we contemplate the universal wisdom, conformity, and order, that uniformly pervade the creation, every susceptible heart must expand with gratitude and reverential awe to its stupendous author, while

"Myriads of modes resistlessly evince
God, his creation, and his providence;
Proclaim that wisdom, might, and will divine,
Which needful are to make and to combine,
Needful to rule, and which, by fittest laws,
Must deal for ever stations, joys, and woes."
WISE.

March, 1801.

HENRY FRANCES.

EMILY VERONNE.

(Continued from p. 86.)

IN the afternoon they were standing near the window of their apartment, when an elegant phaeton driving furiously past attracted their attention: in it were a lady and gentleman; and in the features of the female, Emily instantly recognised those of the haughty Theresa Orville. The gentleman, Susan informed her, was a Frenchman of mean extraction; but gay, and of an insinuating address, with whom Theresa had long carried on a correspondence; for, notwithstanding the plebeian race he sprang from, he possessed a sufficient share of that levity and attractive gaiety peculiar to his countrymen to render himself perfectly agreeable in the eyes of miss Orville, in express contradiction to her father's commands, who had received some intimation of her proceedings.

Unhappy old man! that storm which has been long impending will soon burst over thy aged head!—Instead of teaching thy children a lesson of humility and obedience, (necessary in some degree in all ranks of society, however elevated they may be) thy constant study was to inculcate into their juvenile minds a sense of their consequence, and the homage they were entitled to, not once considering how prone youth are to adhere to every vicious principle, without a preceptor.—Hadst thou early instilled into the infant mind of thy daughter a love of virtue, and to regard the favours fortune showered on her as precarious perishable things, instead of a consciousness of her greatness, thou wouldst not have mourned the ingratitude of an undutiful child, who deserted thee in thy old age, disdaining thy advice, flying to the society of a mere flirty coxcomb, who bestowed as much time on the labours of the toilette to ornament his vain empty person as the most celebrated modern belle could do.

The carriage they were in belonged to miss Belac, who encouraged the attention this facetious Frenchman paid to her friend, who determined to risk her father's resentment, and indulge the passion she had long cherished in her bosom for him. She did not notice Emily, as the horses went with incredible celerity, keeping pace with the aërial imagination of their driver. Mr. Veronne entering prevented any farther discourse on the subject: a sigh heaved the bosom of Emily at the idea of the misery this thoughtless woman was bringing on herself, without once admitting a moment's serious reflection.

Susan and Emily now became inseparable friends, spending much of their time in walking, and extending their walks at every opportunity to the woods and grounds around Orville castle, to view the former scenes of their happiness, if

if happiness they could term it, with so many vexatious occurrences daily to combat with :—but then they had a Norton to console and soften every care; now the uncertainty of that dear friend's fate was alone the incident which disturbed their peace. To admire what once gave him pleasure, and converse on his amiable qualifications and greatness of soul, was the only employ which afforded them satisfaction. Every gate and turn of the path in the woods was some fresh source whereon busy recurring memory might dwell with a kind of melancholy pleasure ever to be desired by the breast of sensibility. Even the minutest circumstance which happens in company with those we love occurs anew to our recollection, when chance directs us after a long absence to the spot where it was transacted; especially when by some unforeseen event we endure the poignant anguish of a long, perhaps final, separation, or otherwise indulge a hopeless passion.

One evening, invited by the calm tranquillity of the air, they strolled, almost unconscious whither, along the meadows contiguous to the house they resided in; each absorbed in a pleasing reverie, often more satisfactory to a mind but ill at rest than the most eloquent companion; who might only disturb and chase away the ideal imagery of the bewildered brain from whence some delusive prospect arises, while the very soul dwells on the fleeting phantom with rapture. Thus were their minds alternately agitated by hope and fear, when they found themselves in the sequestered vale which led to Mr. Norton's house, and that before either had interrogated the other on the subject of their ramble, or where it was to terminate. A gleam of satisfaction beamed on their countenances when they found themselves so near a spot endeared to their hearts by many a fond remembrance.

'Ah!' sighed Susan; 'Lucius once enlivened this sweet rural retreat by his presence. Even in childhood he betrayed the manly disposition which has since gilded his humble name with honour.—Then my dear father and mother were inmates of this little cottage of content; but now how changed the scene!'

The violence of her emotion almost overpowered her tender nature, and she leaned on the arm of Emily for support. When a little recovered from the violence of her sensations, she exclaimed—'How truly do I now feel the justness of that observation of my favourite Blair:

"Blessed, thrice-blessed days! but, ah! how short!
Bless'd as the pleasing dreams of holy men,
But fugitive, like those, and quickly gone.
Oh, slipp'ry state of things! what sudden turns,
What strange vicissitudes, in the first leaf
Of man's sad history! To-day most happy,
And, ere to-morrow's sun has set, most abject!"

Emily felt the full force of the quotation, and endeavoured to pour consolation into the wounded bosom of her friend: but, alas! she required that consolation herself she vainly attempted to bestow. Pensive and disconsolate they crossed the well-known coppices and verdant enclosures, when the dark shades of the fir-wood impeded their further progress, and had nearly overcome the distressing sensations which a view of Susan's former habitation had naturally excited.—Ascending a hill, they stood some minutes on the summit, admiring the wild romantic scenery around; when a rustling among the briers and underwood of a thicket near them assailed their ears, and a pointer

pointer darted from the bushes just where they were standing. They started, and each involuntarily turned round, when they saw a person with a gun over his shoulder, partly concealed by the branches, apparently watching their motions.—Conjecturing him to be a sportsman, and conscious two females in such a remote unfrequented place must excite curiosity, they proceeded on their way back. The person quickened his pace, and soon came up to them, when Emily was almost ready to sink to the earth at sight of Belac. He accosted her with an air of familiarity, expressed his happiness at such an unexpected rencontre, and asked many questions whither she could be wandering in such a dreary place? He, at the same time, cast a penetrating glance on Susan, whom he pretended he had not the pleasure of knowing; notwithstanding the friendship which existed between him and her unfortunate brother Edward, whom he in no small degree contributed to bring to the untimely death he suffered. He afterwards very politely begged permission to escort them to their place of destination, giving his servant the gun, and telling him he might go home with his horse, as he should walk, or otherwise send for his carriage. In vain Emily remonstrated against his accompanying her: he still persisted in it; swearing no power on earth should prevent him, when, after such a long absence and fruitless search as had been made, he had thus miraculously discovered her.

They soon arrived at their residence, when he apologised to Mr. Veronne for his intrusion; but his anxiety for the safety of miss Veronne and her fair companion, whom he had accidentally met in a very dreary place, alone induced him to enter the apartment of a gentleman he had not the happiness of knowing. Emily then informed him it was her father. After some common-place compliments, and a little uninteresting conversation, he took his leave, much to the satisfaction of Susan and Emily. Mr. Veronne, on this occasion, begged of his daughter to consider of the impropriety of extending her walks so far of an evening, and made some farther inquiries about Belac, which Emily answered to the best of her knowledge; but did not by her account impress her father with a favourable opinion of him.

Emily and her friend were now very busy in concerting measures to avoid Belac; but none which they could propose were considered as effectual, except immediately leaving the place, which met their approbation; and they had the satisfaction of hearing Mr. Veronne say that, if agreeable to them, he intended the next morning to set off, and make an excursion into Kent before he returned again to Hampstead. This plan they were much delighted with, and, in the ecstasy of the moment, forgot they had yet another person wanting to render their happiness complete. A last farewell they must at all events take of their favourite ruins. The gloomy woods and lengthened vistas recalled, in ideal visions, many former scenes to their hearts; when, seated on the beloved seat, they cast their weeping eyes on the work of Norton's hands, and invoked Heaven to protect and restore him to them.—They then reluctantly took a lingering, 'perhaps,' exclaimed Emily, 'a last look!' at the well-remembered spot; reached their house without any molestation, and the next morning commenced their journey, without even informing Susan's aunt or sister whither they were going.

They travelled by easy stages, stopping

stopping as long as their inclinations led them at every place worthy notice. Emily expressed a wish not to visit the watering-places, under pretence of a dislike to public scenes; but, in reality, from her fear of meeting Belac, who said he was going there very shortly. At Deal they stayed a few days, delighted with the situation of the house they resided in, which commanded a fine prospect of the sea and the shipping in the Downs. At Dover they resided a fortnight, spending much of their time in walking, to explore the curiosities it contained. The cliff, immortalised by our great dramatic bard, Shakspeare, claimed much of their attention. Emily and Susan would here frequently walk on the heights about the castle, viewing the beautiful appearance of the cliffs between Calais and Boulogne, the sun shining bright on them from the westward, and fancying every vessel which spread her gently-swelling sails to the breeze, and bore for Britain's coast, might contain their long-regretted friend.—But soon the pleasing delusion vanished: no such friend ever arrived.

The next place they stayed at was Canterbury,—Mr. Veronne wishing his children to see the cathedral.—'A walk amongst the tombs,' he would say, 'especially in an ancient venerable edifice, naturally tends to suggest reflections of a pleasing though melancholy nature, truly interesting, useful, and instructive. The long-drawn aisles, and dreary pensive vaults,' added he, as he entered, 'diffuse over the mind a seriousness and solemnity to a person of sensibility not unpleasing; while the wandering eye is attracted on every side by the storied urn and animated bust, which commemorate the virtues of the mouldering dead; such as the great abilities of the statesman, or achievements of the martial hero.

"We read their monuments; we sigh; and while
We sigh we sink, and are what we deplored:
Lamenting or lamented all our lot."

'This is most truly asserted by Young,' said Mr. Veronne.

Emily concurred in the same sentiments. On entering this ancient structure,—a repository of many honoured dead,—the elaborate work of hands long sunk into oblivion,—the solemn silence which reigned throughout, the awful grandeur that at once strikes the astonished eye, sensibly touched her heart. Susan caught the infection, and they burst into tears, perhaps half excited by another subject; for, when the spirits are depressed, the smallest circumstance imperceptibly aggravates the sensation. Mr. Veronne begged them not to give way to any childish weakness; if they did, he would depart without showing them where the costly shrine of the once far-famed Thomas à Becket stood. They promised to comply with his admonitions, and proceeded on their way to view every part worth notice; even the dreary prison where, it is affirmed by some, king John of France was confined, when brought over prisoner by Edward the Black Prince, though it is more generally believed to have been a place of confinement for the monks when guilty of any irregularities: even this was not disregarded.

The next subject which Mr. Veronne thought might, if properly considered, convey much moral instruction, was the elaborate monument of archbishop Chichley.—'It will serve,' said that truly worthy man, 'as an antidote against boasting of any personal beauty our fragile form may possess; for, there!' pointing to the marble tomb before him, 'there we see how soon this frame, though in all the vigour of youth, may be reduced, like that

shocking spectacle!' pointing to the figure of the prelate at full length. 'Blooming in manly grace, he lies on a table of marble, supported by Gothic pillars, very rich with carving and gilding. Underneath he is represented, as at his death, emaciated, and this once fine form reduced to a mere skeleton.—'Stay, my dear girls,' said Mr. Veronne, 'reflect a moment upon the sad scene before you. Derive a piece of useful information from this silent marble. Remember that your health and youth may promise you a long series of years; yet how little are such things to be depended on! Consider that, even in the twinkling of an eye, your appearance may be rendered as dreadful to look upon as the sad figure of the once youthful Chichley.'

Sensible of the truth of this observation, they left the cathedral, and returned to their inn in High-street. The bustle of such a house but ill accorded with the tranquillity of their dispositions, and they determined on the morrow to resume their journey homeward; but in the mean time they wished to see all they possibly could of this ancient city. They took a walk around the environs, and from thence to a place called Dungil-hill, a very high mount, supposed to be originally thrown up by Ghon, a Dane, to erect a tower on. There is a circular walk to the summit, from whence is an uninterrupted view of the city and adjacent country. They descended the hill, and walked along the terrace formed on the top of the rampart within the wall, passing the old watch-towers, which forms an exceedingly pleasant and much-frequented promenade for the inhabitants. Here they met Belac, with a lady, splendidly attired, leaning on his arm. He had been informed they were gone into Kent; and, directly concluding the watering-places were their object, had searched every place where he thought there was any possibility of finding them. At length, mortified beyond measure to think a man of his spirit had spent so much time in seeking a girl whose rigid virtue might preclude his views if found, and finding a dashing lady more accommodating, he was returning to London with his new acquisition, when he met with Mr. Veronne and his daughter. He slightly noticed them in passing, and proceeded on his way. This Emily attributed to his being with the lady, which, in fact, it was, and begged her father strenuously to oppose his visiting them, as she knew him to be a very dissipated young man. Mr. Veronne was no stranger to his immense fortune, for his splendid establishment was the theme of all; but his private character he was an utter stranger to, except what his daughter now told him. Her account he in some degree credited, and promised to be very cautious how he acted towards him. In the morning they again resumed their journey. The ride was quite uninteresting till they reached Boughton-hill, where the prospect over a vast tract of fine picturesque country is truly sublime. This induced them to alight and walk down; when, just as they reached the bottom, and were preparing to re-enter their chaise, Belac passed them on horseback. No sooner did he see the objects he was in pursuit of, than he stopped, asked their motive for travelling so early, the route they intended to take, and various other questions. They did not choose to answer in the manner he wished, and he rode by the side of them till they reached Sittingbourn, a pleasant town on the road, where they alighted, and stayed to dinner:—Belac was of the party, and very assiduous to the ladies. In the afternoon

noon his servants and carriage arrived, but no lady. To suppress any doubts which might arise on that head, he said the lady who was with him the preceding day was his cousin, whom he had taken to Barham Downs on a visit. He much wished Emily to take a seat with him in his phaeton; but this was declined by her, with that air of disdain which plainly denoted the little influence he had over her.

In driving very fast through Rochester, he was nearly thrown out, by running over a heap of rubbish: the suddenness of the jerk threw him with violence on some part of the chaise, and caused a contusion in his head; so that he was unable to proceed on his journey. Common humanity induced Mr. Veronne to see him properly attended to; and, finding it was likely to be of no bad consequence, he pursued his way, much to the satisfaction of his daughters, and the next day reached their delightful villa, without seeing or hearing any thing more of their officious companion.

The PRISONER; *a* COMEDY.

(Concluded from p. 148.)

SCENE XV.

Mrs. Sterne, Louisa.

Louisa.

WHAT! are you left alone, dear mother? Where are the gentlemen?

Mrs. Sterne. Mr. Montfort has, without ceremony, gone to bed.

Louisa (with an air of alarm). I hope he is not ill?

Mrs. Sterne. No; he is perfectly well.

Louisa. Such behaviour is not, however, very polite in a suitor on the point of marriage with you.

Mrs. Sterne. Oh, we had not proceeded quite so far as that.

Louisa. But what is to become of the supper we have prepared?

Mrs. Sterne. We shall have another guest in Mr. Montfort's room. The major has found so great a likeness between him and one of his prisoners that he is gone to fetch him.

Louisa (joyfully). Indeed! Does he, too, observe the likeness?

Mrs. Sterne. But the polite Mr. Montfort, who it seems once had a quarrel with this young man——

Louisa. A quarrel!

Mrs. Sterne. Will not see him on any account.

Louisa. But might we not reconcile them?

Mrs. Sterne. That we would wish to do; but Montfort is so revengeful he talks of nothing but having his life.

Louisa (terrified). His life!

Mrs. Sterne. If he has a heart so full of gall and malice, it would have been no matter if the robbers had discharged the seven pistols they held to his breast.

SCENE XVI.

Mrs. Sterne, Louisa, the Major, Dorimont (in a brown coat).

Major. I have brought him.

Louisa (aside). It is he!

Mrs. Sterne. Well, this is a most extraordinary likeness!

Dorimont (speaking with a milder voice). Pardon me, ladies, I am almost blinded by coming so suddenly into the light.

Major. My dear neighbour, I here introduce to you a sober hermit, who has for some time renounced the vanity of the world.

Mrs. Sterne. He should have chosen a more agreeable hermitage.

Dorimont. I am under great obligations to the major.

Major. Pshaw! let me have no compliments!—Come, my boy, you must now forget all your troubles.

Dorimont. That I may easily do here.

Louisa (whispering to her mother). Don't you think, mamma, he is a very agreeable young man?

Major. But where is Mr. Montfort?—Does he still refuse to shake hands with his old friend?

Dorimont. I hope he will not be implacable on account of an unmeaning indiscretion of youth.

Major. Pho! such freaks happen every day among young people, and they forget them again as soon as the glass begins to circulate. If you have been in the wrong you shall make an apology, and we will speak for you. Then you shall shake hands, drink together, and all will be over.

Mrs. Sterne. I am afraid, major, we are reckoning without our host.

Major. Why so?

Mrs. Sterne. Mr. Montfort seems determined not even to be in the same room with this gentleman.

Dorimont (affecting much concern). Good Heavens!

Mrs. Sterne. He is gone to bed quite in a rage, and locked and bolted himself in his chamber.

Louisa. Oh! he is a spiteful, disagreeable man!

Dorimont. I am extremely sorry he should be so implacable:—I had hoped that time, my misfortunes, and especially your mediation, would have reconciled him to me. I am ready to confess myself in the wrong, and humbly to entreat his forgiveness.

Louisa (aside). What a mild, good-tempered young man!—Oh, my heart!—*(To him).* Sir, you must have passed many irksome hours in that dark tower.

Dorimont. There were moments when my confinement was not only tolerable, but even agreeable to me.

Louisa (aside). He means when he saw me look as if I pitied him.

Major. Hem! hem! This is very unfortunate that Mr. Montfort should behave in this manner!—Where is he?—I wished so much that you should see the extraordinary resemblance———

Mrs. Sterne. Oh, this gentleman is much younger!

Louisa. His voice is much softer.

Major. Yes, yes; and he is taller too, by at least an inch. But of this we might satisfy ourselves in a moment, if Mr. Montfort were here. Where is his chamber?

Mrs. Sterne. There is the door.

Major. Come, then, Dorimont; we will lay siege to him, and proceed by sap and battery till we force him to a capitulation.——*(Knocks)* Holla! ho! Mr. Montfort!

Dorimont (knocks likewise). Dear Mr. Montfort!

Major. Come out!

Dorimont. I entreat you!

Mrs. Sterne. He makes no answer!

Louisa. A spiteful, ill-natured man!

Major. Mr. Dorimont is willing to ask your pardon for any offence he may have given you.

Dorimont. Let me entreat you to be reconciled, and to be again my friend. If I have done you any injury, I am sure I am sincerely sorry for it.

Mrs. Sterne. No answer!

Louisa. He has no more feeling than a flint!

Major. Hold! hold! I think I hear his voice!

Dorimont. Let me come, sir.—*(Takes the place of the Major, and lays his ear to the key-hole).* Did you answer? What do you say?—Not a word! I am sorry for it.

Major.

Major. Let him go to the devil then.

Dorimont. This is carrying resentment too far.

Mrs. Sterne. He shall never be my husband.

Louisa. I could tear his eyes out!

SCENE XVII.

Enter a Corporal.

Corporal. Major, here is a stranger at the door who wishes to speak to you concerning a prisoner.

Major. What the deuce! This was unexpected. Then, my young sir *(to Dorimont)*, you must not be seen here: I may pay dearly for it. Come, we must be gone.

Dorimont. How unfortunate am I! Just as such an opportunity was afforded me ———

Louisa (half-aside). Indeed, it is very unlucky!

Mrs. Sterne. I hope the major will frequently do us the pleasure he has now intended us.

Major. Yes, yes; another time he may stay longer. Corporal, here are the keys; take the prisoner back into the tower.

Dorimont. Farewell, then, till it is my good fortune to see you again.

Corporal. Come, sir, no delay!

[*Exeunt Dorimont and Corporal.*

SCENE XVIII.

Major, Mrs. Sterne.

Major. I must go, too, now, and receive the stranger, though I am sorry to leave you so abruptly, neighbour.

Mrs. Sterne. The stranger I find is now in this house; so that, if you please, you may speak to him here, without depriving us of your company.

Major. I shall, very willingly, if it meets your approbation.

Mrs. Sterne. I will directly go and invite him in.

Louisa. And I will go and breathe a little fresh air. *(Opens the window and leans out at it.)*

Major. A stranger! at this late hour! What can he want?

SCENE XIX.

Major, Louisa, Mr. Montfort.

Mr. Montfort (in a riding-dress). I ask your pardon, major, for following you into a house where you are visiting.

Major. Your servant, sir.—I had intended to pass a cheerful evening here, had not your business prevented ———

Mr. Montfort. I hope it will not prevent you.

Major. You will perhaps honour us with your company. But may I enquire your business?

Mr. Montfort. My nephew, young Dorimont, is in your custody; is he not?

Major. He is.

Mr. Montfort. How does he behave himself?—What do you think of him?

Major. I am very well pleased with the young man: indeed, I like him much.—He may be wild and extravagant; but there is nothing bad in him. He has a good heart, and a tractable disposition.

Mr. Montfort. I am glad to hear this from you.

Major. When, on the other hand, I think of that odious Montfort ——

Mr. Montfort. Montfort! Why so?

Major. Oh, he is a very devil!

Mr. Montfort. Do you know him?

Major. Know him? Yes: he is here now.

Mr. Montfort. Where?

Major. There, in that chamber, asleep.

Mr. Montfort. Asleep! I assure you, major, that he is awake.

Major. I do not care whether he is awake or asleep: I care nothing about him.

Mr.

Mr. Montfort. This is very extraordinary!

Major. But to return to your nephew ———

Mr. Montfort. Very true: the praise you bestow on him gives me reason to hope that he is not unworthy my regard, and the part I have taken in his behalf. His father has forgiven him. I have brought the order of the prince directing you to set him at liberty.

Major. Welcome, then, most heartily welcome!—No person can do me a greater pleasure than to bring me such orders. It is with the most heartfelt satisfaction that I hear the key grate in the lock for the last time.—Oh! what a pleasure it is to me to enter a dungeon at such an unseasonable hour, and say to a poor prisoner, when he looks up with surprise and anxious expectation,—'Courage, my boy!—All sufferings have an end!—Here! off with his chains; and a good journey to you.—Remember me; but never come to see me again!'—Then, when he stands like a statue, when his lips quiver, and tears trickle down his long beard ——Oh, my friend, that is a pleasure ———

Mr. Montfort. Which, if you please, I will share with you immediately.

Major. Come along; let us go.

Mr. Montfort. I have, too, some business in this house, which concerns me personally.

Major. We will return hither, and sup together. But whoever has it in his power to afford comfort and relief to his fellow-creature in distress, if he delays only a quarter of an hour, is no man for me.—*(To Louisa, who is listening)* You must join in our joy, too, my young lady!—Dorimont is at liberty.

[*Exit with Mr. Montfort.*

SCENE XX.

Louisa, Mrs. Sterne.

Louisa. Oh, mamma!—He is at liberty!—he is at liberty!

Mrs. Sterne. What is the matter?

Louisa. He is at liberty!

Mrs. Sterne. Who?

Louisa. The prince was here, and has brought an order from his uncle.

Mrs. Sterne. The prince?

Louisa. No, no; his uncle.—— His father, and the prince ———

Mrs. Sterne. Are you mad?

Louisa. I have myself seen the order.—His father has forgiven him.

Mrs. Sterne. Who are you talking of?

Louisa. Of the young prisoner who was here just now.

Mrs. Sterne. Is he at liberty?

Louisa. He is. His uncle is a kind-hearted and most amiable man.—They are gone to fetch him: yes, indeed, they are gone to fetch him.

Mrs. Sterne. He will sup with us then at last:—I am heartily glad of it.

SCENE XXI.

Louisa, Mrs. Sterne. Dorimont, in the brown coat, enters by a side-door.

Louisa. Here comes that ill-natured, spiteful man!

Dorimont. Well, ladies, is that polite Mr. Dorimont still here?—If he is, I must retire again.

Louisa. For Heaven's sake!——

Dorimont. I will not disturb such good company.

Louisa. Then you will do very right.

Mrs. Sterne. Indeed, Mr. Montfort, your conduct is very extraordinary.

Dorimont. Upon my honour, madam, I cannot act otherwise.

Louisa.

Louisa. An excellent apology!

Dorimont. My little daughter-in-law, too, is out of humour with me.

Louisa. Yes, my rude ill-humoured father-in-law.

Mrs. Sterne. The major takes it very ill that you should refuse him your company.

Dorimont. Oh! we shall have enough of each other's company.

Mrs. Sterne. I doubt that.

Dorimont. So much the better.

Mrs. Sterne. He has been knocking at your chamber-door, and you never so much as answered him once.

Dorimont. I answered him as much as I was able.

Louisa. What with one single, surly No!

Mrs. Sterne. And the good young Dorimont—

Louisa. Yes; one must have a heart like a tiger.

Dorimont (aside). Dear delightful anger!

Mrs. Sterne. We could have wished to have seen you together, to have observed the extraordinary resemblance—

Louisa. Resemblance!—I don't know in what it consists. I am sure any body, with half an eye, may perceive the very great difference.

Dorimont. The very great difference. Ha! ha! ha!

Louisa. Yes, Sir, you may laugh as much as you please; I, at least, shall never mistake one for the other, I am sure.

Dorimont. This Dorimont seems to have made a great impression on you.

Louisa. He has on us all, Sir, because he is the direct reverse of some persons.

Dorimont. Indeed, Miss! What, I suppose you think now you offend and mortify me very much?

Louisa. The young man is mild, courteous, possessed of sensibility, and I am sure not of a malicious and revengeful disposition.

Mrs. Sterne. She is in the right; and I hope, Mr. Montfort, now you are cool, you will yourself perceive—

Dorimont. I perceive nothing. It is possible that I may be in the wrong; but, in one word, this Dorimont and I can never be two persons in one room.

Louisa. How spiteful!

Dorimont. And if he were to dare to make his appearance in my presence, I would throw him out of the window.

Louisa. Would you? You may talk big now, because he is not here; but I can tell you he is not afraid of you.

Dorimont. Indeed! Do you think so?

Louisa. You think you may brag as you please because he is in prison; but, if he were to come, you would tell another story.

Dorimont. Possibly! But he will not come.

Louisa. Do not be too sure of that, Sir. He will sup here to-night; for he is at liberty.

Dorimont. How?

Louisa. Yes, yes, as much as you may be vexed at it, it is true. I tell you he is at liberty. His uncle has prevailed on his father to forgive him, and has brought the order of the prince to release him from confinement *(Dorimont skips about the stage, laughing aloud).* Ho! ho! What, you endeavour to hide your mortification under a feigned laugh; but it won't do. I can see through it. You are ready to burst with spite and vexation.

Dorimont (throwing himself suddenly at Louisa's feet). Dear and most exquisitely amiable girl! I thus most ardently solicit your heart and your hand.

Louisa.

Louisa. What is this?

Mrs. Sterne. Mr. Montfort, are you mad?

Louisa. What can this mean?

Mrs. Sterne. His head must be disordered.

SCENE XXII.

Enter the Major and Mr. Montfort by the side-door.

Major. There they are all together. Do not be alarmed, young gentleman.

Dorimont (springing up) Uncle! my dear uncle! *(falls on Mr. Montfort's neck).*

Louisa. His uncle!

Major (to Mrs. Sterne). I have the honour, Madam, to present to you the real Mr. Montfort.

Mrs. Sterne. What, another Mr. Montfort?

Mr. Montfort. Yes, Madam. I hope you will receive me favourably, and forgive the extravagant freaks of this young rogue. The door behind the tapestry, which is now open, will explain every thing.

Mrs. Sterne. What? it leads into the tower?

Dorimont. To Louisa's heart.

Louisa (blushing). Agreeable deceiver!

Mrs. Sterne. I still but half understand—

Major. After supper we shall have time to explain more fully all the circumstances, while the glass goes round. A glass of wine and a pleasant story warm the stomach and rejoice the heart.

THE END.

The MONKS *and the* ROBBERS.

(Continued from p. 139.)

CHAP. XXVI.

WITH a mingled emotion of commiseration and astonishment, Juliet mentally recapitulated the words of Rodigona in the preceding conversation; dwelt upon her manifest disorder and alarm; the mysterious expressions that escaped her, and her charge to conceal what she had seen, and endeavoured to conjecture some reasons for things so extraordinary; but, as formerly, she wearied herself to no purpose: yet, though convinced of that, her thoughts perpetually reverted to the subject.

While her mind was so employed, she felt oppressed with more than usual sadness. The singular behaviour of her aunt, her discomposed and sorrowful appearance, and, above all, her uncommon solemnity at parting, pained and disturbed her. Deeply affected by her aunt's distress, saddened by her own misfortunes, and exhausted by the occurrences of the night, she now sought in sleep a short suspension from care: but the emotions which had agitated her when awake retained their influence while she slept, and disturbed her slumbers with terrific dreams. At length, after a restless and unrefreshing sleep, she arose, and, hearing from her attendants a strange account of the lady Rodigona being discovered near her chamber in a state of insensibility, from which she was not as yet recovered, hastened immediately to her, much concerned and alarmed at the information.

Rodigona, after leaving Juliet's apartment, was proceeding to her own, when, entering suddenly the corridor that led to it, she met father Apostolico, her lord's confessor, who, having been detained by Tancred to a late hour, and further by the storm, was now about to return to his convent. At this unexpected meeting the friar started with manifest tokens of confusion, and in the sudden movement, his cowl, which he always appeared anxious to keep close

close drawn over his countenance, fell back upon his shoulders. Surprised, disconcerted, and thrown off his guard at first by the rencounter, his consternation was considerably augmented at this accident: but, in a moment recovering his presence of mind, he hastily replaced the hood.

Now there had always been an air of reserve—of mystery—about this priest, which Rodigona had often thought very extraordinary. When first he was introduced at the castle, his voice had startled her, and the concealment of his face strengthened the surmise that his voice had first occasioned; but when she reflected on the improbability of that surmise, the terror which had accompanied it subsided: yet, at particular times, when she heard him speak, a secret dread stole upon her heart, and her former suspicion returned, but still with no more reason for it than before. The moment, however, of elucidation was now arrived, and suspicion was at once converted into certainty, when the removal of his cowl discovered a countenance too strongly impressed on her remembrance, though years had made some alteration, not to be immediately recognised; and the recognition, in her troubled state of mind, was a circumstance of agony—of horror inexpressible. She screamed aloud,—her feelings, roused before to a degree of susceptibility almost insupportable, overpowered her, and she sank senseless on the floor.

Some domestics, happening to be near, heard the scream, and ran immediately towards the place; but before they entered the corridor the monk had retreated out of it, and left their lady extended on the floor, deprived of sense and motion. They conveyed her to her chamber, and called immediate assistance.

When Juliet entered, they had just restored her to animation, but her frame was still convulsed with the agony she had endured; drops of sweat stood upon her forehead; her eyes wandered incessantly round the apartment, and her whole appearance showed the agonised state of her mind. She spoke, but her words were wild and incoherent, and shortly after fell into violent convulsions, a rapid succession of which destroyed, at length, all expectation of her recovery. She lived, however, through the day, but at night began to show evident symptoms of approaching dissolution, and towards midnight those symptoms greatly increased.

The last throes of life now convulsed her frame; the damps of death hung upon her brow; she gasped convulsively. A hollow groan burst from her bosom, and in a few minutes all was quiet.

"The pulse beats not," exclaimed Innocent, who had been summoned from the convent to her aid, and now held one of her hands, "She's gone for ever!"

Juliet heard him, and fell senseless beside the lifeless corpse of her aunt. The attendants bore her from the apartment, and Innocent accompanied them.

(To be continued.)

On SEDUCTION.

OF the numerous evils to which society is liable, perhaps there are few but may claim as their original source the vile and unpardonable purposes of the seducer. From the artful insinuations of a designing villain, who, with well masked hypocrisy, so far engages the affections of an innocent and unsuspecting female, as to rob her of the fairest gem that can possibly add lustre to her person or character,

the consequences are so great and numerous as to require but little comment. Every day presents to our view melancholy instances of crimes, the nature of which is so flagrant as to give to humanity a sensible shock, originating frequently in one rash step. From this source it is that our streets are crowded with numerous unfortunates, objects of our compassion and disgust, who throw out their blandishing allurements to catch the unwary passenger; and, with infamous behaviour, and blasphemous language, not only insult the ear of modesty, but frequently corrupt the unheeding youth of the other sex; who, caught by their loose carriage, and led by the unrestrained impetuosity of their own passions, too frequently heightened by their enticing stratagems, become their victims; and, by yielding to this pernicious temptation, in an unguarded moment, not only sacrifice their peace of mind, by immerging into a guilt of conscience, but perhaps into disease of body: and the instances are not few, in which young men, who otherwise might have become useful members, perhaps ornaments, to society, have to date the whole of their misfortunes, and some their deaths, from this fatal period.—Hence, then, we trace in the smiles of the seducer the indirect features of the murderer. He is, perhaps, as dangerous a person, and to be avoided with as much caution, as the hardened villain who stabs you in the dark.

The fire of youth frequently precipitates the heedless and unthinking into errors, which the reflection of a future moment would condemn and abhor; it therefore becomes the person who devotes a portion of his time to the study of nature and mankind, to point out a rule of conduct by which such fatal mistakes may be avoided. To show the unguarded the depth of the dreadful precipice, of which they stand lingering on the edge, I shall quote a passage from an ancient philosopher, who says, "Our passions are involuntary, but not so is our gratification of them." They are as monsters, who continually oppose us in our passage through life, but which, by the exertion of that invaluable faculty bestowed on man alone by our all-seeing Father—reason, we might overcome, and leave vanquished on the plain. Reason is, or should be, the basis or foundation of all our actions, the stimulus to those of a great and noble nature, and the bar that shuts out all those of a base and gross tendency.

If we cast our eyes around into society, is it not a little extraordinary to find almost every member of which it is composed differ in opinion from his neighbour, and yet every one is convinced his own opinion is the best, and tries every means in his power to gain adherents thereto? Thus opinions are frequently formed by habit and custom; for, to whatever we have long habituated ourselves, we form an opinion of its propriety, and become prejudiced in its favour.

"Pen the body up
In solitary durance, and in time
The human soul will idly fix its fancy
E'en on some peg stuck in the prison's wall,
And sigh to quit it." MOUNTAINEERS.

Is it then to be wondered at, that, the mind being polluted and prejudiced by the vicious courses of the body, those whom inexperience and impetuosity rather urge to the vicious than the virtuous course, should endeavour to lure that sex from which they have experienced the greatest injury, into the same gulf they have fallen into themselves?

To trace all the evils produced by the seducer would protract this essay to an unusual length. But I

cannot

cannot dismiss the subject without a few observations on the still deeper-dyed scoundrel who seduces the wife of his friend; for surely, if there is a greater degree of guilt attached to the one than the other, the heaviest load must fall on the man who, cherished by the hospitality, welcomed by the smiles, and enlivened by the friendship of the unsuspecting husband, artfully watches for an opportunity to wound him in the tenderest part, by seducing the wife of his heart, the mother of his smiling innocents, who daily cling about his knees, and lisp in artless accents the happy words of Father! Mother!—Oh, how base and ignoble must such a wretch appear!

All must allow the beautiful, the enrapturing sight of a fine woman. At her approach the heart becomes irresistibly attached; and, if the acquisitions of education and politeness are added to the charms of person, how much must the object be enhanced in value! Let the unfeeling sensualist look at this enrapturing combination of charms,—now so lovely, so bright, so obvious, and diffusive,—and let him reflect, that by one act which may afford him a momentary pleasure, how blurred and debased, how abject and wretched, he makes her who was once innocent and happy! The lovely and enchanting form that he has torn from the tree of virtue was one of its most delightful blossoms!

One would think a view even of these momentary embarrassments which must follow would be sufficient to deter the most assiduous in their pursuits. But common observation convinces us there are such persons as never bestow a single moment on reflection; who, surrounded by affluence, by which they imagine they may obtain all temporal enjoyments, rush into the most ignoble intemperance and alarming debaucheries; and who, equally regardless of the present voice of reason or future rewards and punishment, exult in guilt.

TOM JONES.

Norwich, February 25, 1801.

The HISTORY *of* ROBERT *the* BRAVE.

(Continued from p. 144.)

ROBERT had for a long time observed the pensive air and increasing melancholy of Roger, and had frequently pressed him to tell him its cause. The desire of sharing the pains of his friend had alone prompted him to make this inquiry, but he had never permitted himself to be too importunate or urgent.—Perceiving, however, that Robert appeared to become continually more solicitous to avoid him, he resolved to question him, not relative to the secret which he appeared so anxious to conceal, but on the cause of that seeming estrangement which had given so much alarm to his friendship.

One day, when he observed Roger, more absent and gloomy than usual, directing his steps toward the forest, he followed him, and soon overtaking him, without giving him time to recover from his surprise, threw himself at his feet.

'Am I, then, no longer your friend?' said he. 'You incessantly fly me: you suffer grief, of which you will not permit me to partake. Conceal your secret; I respect it: but deign to console my trembling friendship.'

At these words, Roger, unable to resist the emotions he felt, advanced towards Robert, raised him from the ground, and clasped him to his heart.

'Ah, my friend!' exclaimed he,

'how little you know the importance of the request you have made! But I cannot refuse you. You will shrink with alarm; but hear my fatal secret. I love; my father is inflexible; and my mother prizes only the splendour of birth.'

'Can you then have made a choice which you cannot avow?'

'Oh, no! never did Heaven form a maid so perfect! But how great is my surprise!—You yourself compel me to name her! Are, then, the eyes of a brother blind or unjust?—Your sister'————

'My sister!' repeated Robert, with consternation; and his arms, which clasped Roger, relaxed their hold, his eyes declined to the ground, and he kept a mournful silence.

At this alteration in his manner, despair changed the features of Roger.—'Alas!' exclaimed he, 'this is too much!—my friend likewise abandons me!'

These words were pronounced in a tone so feeling, that Robert, alarmed and still more affected, again encircled him with his arms.—'What then can be your hope?' rejoined he: 'What projects can you form?'

'My hope! my projects!—I could only love. My heart was a prey to all the ardour, to all the disorder of that powerful passion, before I thought of the obstacles that opposed my wishes. I now perceive them all: I despair of overcoming them; and I only wish to die. But you—oh, you who have explored my heart! who alone are acquainted with my fatal secret! watch attentively over all my actions; read all my thoughts; recollect that love may lead me astray; observe all my steps; moderate my transports; be my guide; but, especially, never cease to be my brother and my friend!'

As he uttered these words, he hid his face in the bosom of Robert; their arms entwined, their tears mingled; and, animated by the same sentiment, they renewed the oath of eternal friendship.

A moment of silence succeeded this delicious effusion of the heart: it was interrupted by a train of reflections which they communicated to each other. They repeated, with common consent, that this fatal secret must remain concealed from the knowledge of every one but themselves.

'Soon,' said Robert to his companion, 'you will remove from your present place of residence; the variety of scenes you will meet with in your travels will mitigate your grief; a thousand new objects will present themselves to your view; and I please myself with the thought that they may sufficiently occupy your mind to efface from it the remembrance of my sister. Doubtless she is ignorant of the sentiments with which she has inspired you?'

This question, so natural and simple, made Roger tremble. But, with his customary frankness, he described the adventure of the thicket, the circumstances of which were too strongly impressed on his memory and his heart for him to forget one of them; nor could the delicacy of Robert find any thing to blame in the transaction.

'I lament my sister,' said he, in reply; 'for I too distinctly foresee that she cannot be indifferent to you. May the moment of our departure be hastened! During your absence, my sister will better perceive the impossibility of her being happy, and the efforts of her reason will render her calm. I do not wish you to fly her, till the very moment when you must leave her: you are too generous, and you appear to me to love her too much, not to

to respect most anxiously her tranquillity.'

Roger promised carefully to observe in every respect the dictates of delicacy and prudence; but he did not make the vain vow to renounce the thoughts dearest to his heart, nor even to turn away his eyes, should any happy accident present Elvige to his view.

If the certainty of the most tender return of his affection would have been sufficient to render Roger happy, he must have been so could he have read the heart of Elvige; but what tears must he not have shed could he have known the pangs she suffered! For whole days it was only by the most violent struggles that she could restrain her grief.—All her thoughts were distressful. The moment of happiness which she had tasted, in learning that she was loved, had vanished like a shadow, and had only been succeeded by the prospect of the insurmountable obstacles which must separate her eternally from Roger. The pains which he must himself feel afflicted her still more than her own sufferings. She had a heart too tender and too affectionate to believe that he could ever cease to love; though sometimes her generosity prompted her to form the wish that he might: a cruel wish; which was ever followed by a torrent of tears. During night, fatigue and sleep for some hours closed her eyes, and suspended her sufferings; but no consoling idea presented itself at the moment of her awaking; and at the return of day she found it necessary to collect all her strength, to restrain her tears, and efface the traces of those that had flowed.

While she seemed only to exist that she might suffer, the time fixed for the departure of Roger approached. Shuddering at the sole idea of a separation so cruel, but faithful to the promise that he had made to Robert, or rather faithful to his promise to respect the peace of mind of Elvige, he summoned up sufficient strength to avoid her.—But he loved and frequented the places which she had appeared to prefer. Often he observed that she took pleasure in the flower-garden, and especially in the grove in which it terminated. Careful to avoid giving her cause of uneasiness, he never went thither but when she was absent. The only happiness he could enjoy was that of occupying the place she had lately filled.—One day, when she had returned to the castle, he hastened to an arbour covered by the verdant foliage of the trees of this grove, and, casting his eyes around, beheld, with a sigh, the mossy bank on which she had sat but a moment before. He approached it with ardent enthusiasm, when his attention was fixed by an object which could have been left there only by her. It was a case similar to those which contain portraits. But what could it contain? His curiosity could not be restrained: he opened it with precipitation, and uttered an exclamation of surprise when he recognised his own features.

It was, in fact, his portrait, drawn by the hand of Elvige, whose love and ingenuity had enabled her to produce a most perfect likeness.—Among the valuable effects which adorned the castle were several pictures most exquisitely finished, though the names of the masters whose works they were were not known. One of the most perfect of these represented Achilles discovered by Ulysses, at the court of Lycomedes. The youthful hero was represented with a helmet already on his head. With his right-hand he brandished a glittering sword, and with his left disdainfully reject-

ed

ed the female ornaments which the daughters of the king presented to him.

The noble figure of Achilles, his extreme beauty, and the warlike ardour which sparkled in his eyes, too much reminded Elvige of the young count, for this picture not frequently to engage her attention. It was placed in a retired apartment, which was seldom entered, and it was here that she usually studied to improve herself in that art of which the countess could give her but a very imperfect knowledge. The hope of being able one day to pourtray the elegant features of Roger had animated her in her first attempts. Her hand, accustomed to depict the delicate forms and colours of flowers, was soon able to represent with exactness other objects; and in a short time the perfect copies she had produced of the figure of Achilles persuaded her that she might with equal success produce the likeness of other features much more dear to her heart. Those of Roger were in so lively a manner impressed on her memory, that his presence was not necessary to enable her to trace them. Were he present, to take his portrait might only give him uneasiness; and, besides, she despaired to equal the symmetry of his countenance. She felt the necessity, too, of concealing this secret from every person in the castle, and especially from Roger. A thousand times she threw aside and recommenced her work, and a thousand times she despaired of being able to approach to the beauty of her model. Each new attempt, however, improved the resemblance, and added new charms to the portrait; and that which she had left on the mossy bank, in the arbour, was the most perfect of them all; but it was also the only one which she had preserved.

While Roger surveyed it with astonishment, while he covered it with kisses, and thought, with inexpressible happiness, that Elvige would have taken less care to conceal the perfection to which she had attained in this art, had it not been connected with the secret of her passion, she had returned to her apartment, and there, certain that she was exposed to no inquisitive eye, she wished again to inspect her favourite work. But how great was her alarm when she found that she had it not!—Where could it be?—She did not continue long in doubt: she recollected that she had been looking at it in the arbour; and there she must certainly have left it. She immediately hastened thither, and found there Roger, who held it in his hand, and, after having pressed it to his lips, concealed it in his bosom.

'Give it me!' exclaimed she, extending towards him her suppliant arms.

At this exclamation, at the sight of her, the young count could no longer restrain his transports. He fell at her feet, seized one of her hands, and, pressing it to his heart, 'Do you not feel how it beats for you?' said he. 'Never will it cease to love you!'

Elvige, astonished and perplexed, had neither strength to repulse him nor to listen to him. She endeavoured to raise him, but the efforts of her feeble arms were insufficient. In vain she solicited that the portrait might be restored to her; Roger, before he would return it, asked a thousand questions. But while the ardour of his passion sought expressions, and could find none sufficiently forcible, a sudden shriek from Elvige compelled him to raise his head; and his confusion became extreme when he perceived his mother, who at this moment had come down the garden, and stood motionless with surprise before the arbour,

arbour, on seeing her son on his knees before the daughter of Robert. The young count arose, and, in the utmost confusion, entreated his mother to hear him.

A glance expressive of anger and contempt preceded the answer which he received—'To your father,' said she, 'you must explain your conduct: I will not participate in your fault by suffering him to remain ignorant that you have so far forgotten your duty and your birth, as to throw yourself at the feet of the daughter of one of his vassals.'

In vain was it that Roger redoubled his entreaties, that he repeatedly declared that he alone was culpable, and followed her with the most pressing solicitations. She returned him no answer. At the moment they entered the castle the count met them; and his presence so terrified his son, that, without speaking a single word, he hastily retired to his apartment, to reflect on the means he should have recourse to to justify Elvige, and ward off from her the anger of his father.

The lively emotion that appeared in all the features of the countess soon induced the count to interrogate her. He had observed the precipitate retreat of Roger. The embarrassment which his questions evidently produced caused him to multiply them; and he insisted on an explanation. The countess now began to regret that she had not listened to what a son, whom she so tenderly loved, might have said in his justification. She feared the effects of the anger of his father.—But the recollection of her high birth mingling with her fears, she thought it was absolutely necessary to deprive Roger of every hope that any thing could ever favour the passion she suspected him to entertain, and which, in her eyes, was only a shameful degradation of himself. This latter idea made her resolve to conceal no part of the scene to which she had been a witness.

The count, reddening with anger and indignation at the disgrace with which he conceived his son had already covered himself and his family, exclaimed that he would that instant treat him with the contempt he merited, and banish him from his presence.

At this threat, the countess, restored to all the tenderness of a mother, thought only of moderating his resentment. 'Beware,' said she, 'of depriving him of your example. If you remind him of his great ancestors, and the elevation of his birth, he may soon be brought to blush at his weakness. Let us separate him from Elvige; it will be easy to remove her from his sight. Let him receive from you an absolute prohibition ever to seek, to see, or speak to her; and you may be certain that you will force him to obey your command, when you assure him that, if he shall dare to disregard it, your vengeance shall fall upon her. His friendship for Robert is also to be suspected; but it will be easy for us to watch them, and, when we shall think it necessary, our authority may separate them. Roger will soon set out on his travels, and the splendour of the courts he will visit will remind him of his illustrious origin; and, when he shall return from his tour, the humble daughter of Robert will no longer be to him a dangerous object.'

This advice was approved by the count, who sent his commands to his son to appear before him.—Roger well knew the inflexible character of his father, and felt that the least delay would render him criminal in his eyes, and increase his anger at Elvige. This powerful consideration

consideration had its full effect, and he obeyed the summons, after having vowed to himself to submit without a murmur to every remonstrance and every injunction of his father, except he should command him to forget, or no longer to love, Elvige.

'Be thankful,' said the count, when he saw him, 'to the indulgent prepossession of your mother. She assures me that you already blush at your humiliating error, and that you will, for the future, implicitly obey her commands and mine. Pass through the halls of the castle, and every object on which you can cast your eyes must remind you of the dignity of your ancestors. Be not reduced to blush in their presence, and to renounce their glory, by yielding to sentiments unworthy of you. Your youth and your inexperience shall now be admitted as your excuse: we will forget the indignity you have offered us; but be careful that you do not make the least attempt again to see the object of a passion so disgraceful both to yourself and your parents. Should you disobey, we will listen only to our just vengeance against an ungrateful vassal who has, no doubt, but too much encouraged your weakness. Resume your usual exercises. The moment of your departure approaches: soon shall you go to present your first homage at the feet of your king. I have obtained for you permission to appear at his court: he will receive you in an honourable manner. Redouble your care and your efforts that he may find you worthy of his bounty; and think only of the glory which it will be necessary for you to acquire, to equal your ancestors.'

Roger respectfully retired; the threat which his father had uttered against Elvige compelled him to be silent. He went in search of some solitary place, in which he might freely abandon himself to his grief. He, however, felt a kind of satisfaction in recollecting that the name of Robert was not pronounced. He ventured to hope that suspicion would not attack the brother of Elvige, and that he might see him again. He wished to fly to him that instant; the tears which he should shed in his bosom it appeared to him would be in some degree consoling. But, too anxious and too doubtful to abandon himself to this eager wish, he walked with irresolute steps he scarcely knew whither. He wished that some fortunate chance might present to him the friend of his heart, and some hours elapsed while he hesitated between the fear and necessity of seeing him again.

The tranquillity which he observed to prevail in the castle, by degrees re-animated his confidence. He turned his steps towards the gardens, which he slowly traversed through their whole extent, and it was not till he approached the forest that he perceived Robert, who during a part of the day had wandered in the woods, and had no knowledge of the misfortune which menaced his sister and his friend. The moment they perceived each other they hastened their pace; and when they met, the eyes of Roger suffused with tears informed Robert that he was a prey to the severest grief. The latter eagerly inquired of his friend the cause of his affliction, and the young count related to him all that had passed.

Robert, in consternation at the recital, was sensible of the full extent of this misfortune; but the charms of friendship had the power to suspend, for a moment, their sufferings. At length long and plaintive sighs burst from the bosom of Roger; a torrent of tears flowed from his eyes; the weight which oppressed him appeared to be lightened;

ened; but nothing could revive hope now extinguished in his heart, and he soon relapsed into his former grief and despondency.

Robert made new efforts to rouse him from his gloomy melancholy. —'Expect every thing from the future,' said he; 'the day of your departure approaches; in a short time you will leave these places where your grief cannot but perpetually increase.'

The idea of his departure only gave new force to the despair of Roger. 'Alas!' exclaimed he, 'shall I abandon Elvige!—I, who am the cause of her misfortune?'

'What can you do for her?' answered Robert. 'Would you increase the rigour of her captivity, by refusing to obey the commands of your father? Be more generous; it is her brother—it is your friend, who conjures you! Add not to the anger already conceived against her. Depart without a murmur, without the least sign of reluctance. Fly her!—May you forget her, and may she likewise forget you!'

He has never loved sincerely who can believe that his love can ever be extinguished. The exhortations of Robert tended only to irritate his friend. 'You talk of the future, said he—'to that alone I trust for happiness. My father flatters himself that the splendor of the courts I shall visit, or the beauty of the objects that may present themselves to my view, may change the sentiments of my heart. Let him rely on this frivolous hope: I will not attempt to undeceive him. Time, in the effect of which he confides, will teach him whether the lover of Elvige be capable of change. He cannot, at least, require that any other than Elvige should receive from me vows which would be as perfidious as odious to my heart. I swear to submit to death rather than betray the fidelity which I dedicate to her from this moment.'

The voice of Roger grew animated while he uttered these words. It seemed to him that happiness was necessarily attached to his constancy; and this he felt that nothing could vanquish; an assurance which gave him additional strength to support his misfortune.

'Yes, my friend!' said he to Robert, 'I promise to obey; but you, alone, for the future, shall know my real thoughts. My father shall not see my tears flow; he shall not hear my sighs: I will no more ask him to bestow on me happiness.'

These resolutions, which Robert dared not attempt to object to at this moment, rendered the young count more docile to the counsels of friendship. He promised the readiest obedience to the orders of his father, and vowed to make every sacrifice which might secure the tranquillity of Elvige. Hope, whose uncertain promises have ever the power to alleviate present calamities, rendered Roger more resigned and more calm.

When he appeared again in the presence of the count, he showed no indication of the troubled state of his mind; but all his strength seemed ready to forsake him, when, for the first time since he was surprised in the arbour, he again saw his mother. She was no longer accompanied by Elvige. When he perceived this, a dreadful pang shot through his heart. He, however, overcame his feelings, and suffered no expression of his emotions to escape him. The count and countess, satisfied with his silence and respectful submission, hoped every thing from absence and time.—They resumed their former tenderness towards him, and the indifference with which they avoided speaking of Robert at length dissipated the disquietude of the two

friends, and relieved them from the fear of a separation.

(To be continued.)

PARISIAN FASHIONS.

(With an Engraving elegantly coloured.)

THE head-dresses *à la Ceres*, with ears of corn, as represented in the engraving, are a prevailing fashion. Hats of black velvet, which had gone out of fashion, have been again taken into favour. Shawls of Cashmire, whose fineness constitutes their value, would be much worn, were thirty-five *louis* (guineas) a price suitable to every one's pocket.—We see scarcely any long shawls. Black spencers are almost generally adopted. White straw-hats are the general fashion. In full dress, the head-dresses in hair are formed upon satin. At Longchamp we lately noticed a great many yellow straw hats, without a leaf, of an oval form, with a plume of frizzed straw on the left side; white hats, with a drapery of crape, jonquil or lilac, and some hats of pistachio green. Among the most tasteful head-dresses we have remarked crape *capotes*, of two colours, with transverse stripes, and antique helmets formed of these same crapes, and ornamented with two round plumes. Short *chignons* accompany some head-dresses *à la paysanne*. The Amazons appear to prefer yellow casimir, trimmed with black, to blue cloth.

The men, without changing the shape of their coats, have adopted very large buttons, from eleven to twelve lines in diameter (an inch and a half), of plain white metal, or yellow gilt, hollow, and finely polished.—With the exception of a few locks, which hang in twisted ringlets on the eyes and cheeks, our men of fashion wear their hair very short. The coat is not quite so ridiculous as lately in the height of the collar; but what it has gained in that point, it has lost in an increase of plaiting on the shoulders, and is not besides less clumsy and short. The pantaloons, as also the *culottes*, reach almost up to the armpits, and the waistcoat just up to the top of the cravat.

The last brilliant assemblage at the opera concert presented nothing but an immense variety of imitations, more or less exact, of the antique head-dresses, formed of hair, of bands of a rose colour, or white satin; of fillets of diamonds or *jais*, and garlands of foliage or flowers, tastefully and elegantly disposed upon a *tout ensemble* of an oval shape.—We noticed also many white plumes, and some *esprits*, or demi-turbans of white satin: veils *à la Iphigenie*, surmounted with a crown of roses; plain straw hats, and plain hats of black velvet, but no *paysannes*, or *capotes*, or head-dresses of hair. The most fashionable robes were white, rose, or black crape, with short sleeves.

LONDON FASHIONS.

FULL dress of fine white muslin; the bosom trimmed round with lace, and fastened on the shoulder with a gold button; the sleeves full and trimmed with lace; the bottom of the train trimmed round with gold trimming. Cap of point lace, ornamented with gold; three white ostrich feathers on the left side.—Gold necklace, &c.

Morning dress of thick white muslin drawn close round the bosom with a frill, and trimmed all round with the same; long sleeves made full, and confined in their places with bands. Hat of white silk or chip, with a deep loose veil.

Dress of white muslin, with a Spanish sleeve. Handkerchief of pink and black silk, crossed over the bosom

bosom and fastened behind. Cap of lace or muslin, trimmed with puffings of white ribbon; bows of white ribbon on the top; deep lace border.

Walking dress.—The cape robe made of thick white muslin, trimmed round the neck with lace; the sleeves long and very full. Bonnet of white silk, trimmed with orange-coloured ribbon.

Black cloak lined with lilac, and trimmed with broad black lace.—Straw bonnet tied down with lilac.

Evening dress.—Flesh-coloured muslin, trimmed all round with black Vandykes; the bosom trimmed with broad black lace. The petticoat and under-body of white sarsnet. Cap of white lace, with a deep border on one side; band of white satin, and bugles round the front; white ostrich feathers.

Evening dress of white muslin and black silk; sleeve of lace and muslin. A white cap ornamented with flowers.

Dress of white muslin, with a black velvet spencer, trimmed all round with gold twist, and button-holes worked with gold. Cap of white crape or muslin, trimmed with gold; white ostrich feathers.

Observations.—In chips, straws, and Leghorns, several new shapes have been introduced, particularly the Bath slouch, the queen Elizabeth's and the witch's hat.—Sarsnets, in a variety of figures, are much used in bonnets. Bugles, beads, flowers, feathers, and very deep lace veils, are much worn. Spencers, cloaks, in silk and muslin, have been generally adopted.

RUSSIAN POETRY.

A POEM has lately appeared at Petersburg, which, if the critics of Russia are to be believed, may rival the productions of the Muse in more temperate climates. It is the work of Michaia Lomonossow, the professor of chemistry, and member of the Academy at Petersburg, and is addressed to his excellency Juan Iwanowitz Chouvalow, as an epistle. The subject of it is the 'Utility of Glass.'

The poet describes this as 'the wedlock of Fire and of Nature, anxious to produce a child worthy of them both.' Man, condemned to sufferings, seizes the prize, entrusts to it the precious deposit of juices extracted from different vegetables, and which are destined to restore health to him when in sickness.

From this useful employment of it, he soon diverts it to joyous and festive purposes; at his table it gives energy to his hospitality; on his toilet it enables him to appear with more elegance and dignity: it forms the ornament of the fair, rounded into beads: it serves as a fence between man and the inclement atmosphere, while it allows him to feel all the pleasures of light.

But its transparency is not merely to assist him in seeing what is at hand. He soon employs it to bring before his eyes what is removed to a very great distance from mortal ken, and, by means of it, explores the mechanism of the heavens.—Pushing his application of glass still farther, he robs the sun of a spark of its heat, and conveys it to himself by the electric cylinder.

From this sketch it will be seen that Lomonossow has taken a wide field; and he has, if, as we have already observed, our authority may be depended upon, treated it in a very able manner. The conquest of the New World, the fable of Prometheus, &c. form episodes.—The poem is said to have all the splendor of its subject, without its fragility.

POETICAL ESSAYS.

LUCY GRAY.

BY W. WORDSWORTH.

[*From the Second Volume of 'Lyrical Ballads.'*]

OFT I had heard of Lucy Gray,
And when I cross'd the wild,
I chanc'd to see at break of day
The solitary child.

No mate, no comrade, Lucy knew;
She dwelt on a wild moor,
The sweetest thing that ever grew
Beside a human door.

You yet may spy the fawn at play,
The hare upon the green;
But the sweet face of Lucy Gray
Will never more be seen.

'To-night will be a stormy night,
You to the town must go,
And take a lantern, child, to light
Your mother through the snow.'

'That, father! will I gladly do;
'Tis scarcely afternoon—
The minster-clock has just struck two,
And yonder is the moon.'

At this the father rais'd his hook,
And snapp'd a faggot band;
He plied his work, and Lucy took
The lantern in her hand.

Not blither is the mountain roe,
With many a wanton stroke
Her feet disperse the powd'ry snow
That rises up like smoke.

The storm came on before its time,
She wander'd up and down,
And many a hill did Lucy climb,
But never reach'd the town.

The wretched parents all that night
Went shouting far and wide;
But there was neither sound nor sight
To serve them for a guide.

At day-break on a hill they stood
That overlook'd the moor;
And thence they saw the bridge of wood
A furlong from their door.

And now they homeward turn'd, and cry'd,
'In heav'n we all shall meet!'
When in the snow the mother 'spied
The print of Lucy's feet.

Then downward from the steep hill's edge
They track'd the foot-marks small;
And through the broken hawthorn hedge,
And by the long stone-wall:

And then an open field they cross'd,
The marks were still the same;
They track'd them on, nor ever lost,
And to the bridge they came.

They follow'd from the snowy bank
The foot-marks, one by one,
Into the middle of the plank,
And further there were none.

Yet some maintain that to this day
She is a living child,
That you may see sweet Lucy Gray
Upon the lonesome wild.

O'er rough and smooth she trips along,
And never looks behind;
And sings a solitary song
That whistles in the wind.

EPIGRAMS.

I.

'Miserum est alienæ incumbere famæ.'
JUV.

'MY ancestors acquir'd a name
That brilliant decks the roll of fame;
Laurels in war my grandsire won;
My father in the senate shone;
My ——' "Stop, sir—say what *you* have done?"
'Done! all their honours I inherit!'
"True, great sir, all—except their merit!"

II.

'Interdum Vulgus rectum vidit.'
HOR.

PATRICIUS cried—'While you've existence,
Keep, son, plebeians at a distance!'
This speech a butcher overheard,
And quick replied—"I wish, my lord,
You'd thus advis'd, before your son
So deeply in my debt had run!"

THE SOLDIER'S FAREWELL.

NOW the sun, with splendor rising,
Glitter'd on our bay'nets bright;
And the colours, gayly waving,
Flutter'd on the mountain's height.

Now the first battalions, marching,
Gain'd the neighb'ring rising ground;
And the rear still slowly foll'wing,
At our right were wheeling round.

In the camp, the drum still sounding
Fill'd with thund'ring din the air;
And the trumpet, shrilly echoing,
Bade the cavalry prepare.

Henry 'spied the lovely Mary,
As the verdant plain she crost,
Drooping, like the tender flow'ret
Nipt by winter's cruel frost.

Quick he flew to meet the maiden;
Transient joy o'erspread his face;
And, the blue-ey'd fair addressing,
Bade her fears to hope give place.

'Ever dear and lovely Mary!
Stop those tears that flow for me.
Think I go to fight for glory!
Think I go to fight for thee!

'Would'st thou have me then dishonour'd,
Branded with a coward's name?
Would'st thou have me leave my standard,
And a soldier's honest fame?

'Well I know thy heart, my dearest!
True to honour—true to me:
For my safety thou'rt alarmed;
Distant danger thou canst see.

'Sure a pair so fond and faithful,
Ruthless War could never part:
Sure such pangs as check my utt'rance,
Never rent the lover's heart!

'Yet, my dear, I know my duty;
Know my task, and must obey;
From thy dear, thy lov'd embraces,
I must tear myself away!

'I must go to distant regions,
To assert my country's right:
I'll preserve my life with honour,
Or will perish in the fight.

'Yet when thund'ring cannon roaring,
Hurl destruction on the foe,
O'er the wide-spread wat'ry ocean,
Still my thoughts to thee shall flow.

'Smile, my love, once more upon me;
Cheer me with one parting smile.
Hark! the trumpet calls me from thee.
Yes, dear maid! we part awhile.

'We shall meet again, my dearest!
Who my throbbing pain can feel?
See! our troop is ready mounted!
Once again, dear maid, farewell!'

J. HAWKSWORTH.

White-Lion-street, Pentonville, Feb. 1.

IMPROMPTU,

TO MISS W****W, WHOSE CHEEK WAS WOUNDED IN STRUGGLING TO AVOID A KISS.

FOOLISH Dorinda! why, with so much care,
Elude the kiss of warm yet chaste desire?
For this thy cheek, so rosy and so fair,
Bears the strong mark of Love's celestial ire!

Hadst thou but acted well thy sex's part,
And suffer'd me to join my lips to thine,
Thy lovely cheek had then been free from smart,
And all the anguish had been justly *mine!*

For, ah! those ruby lips—for bliss design'd—
Convey most fatal poison to the mind.

SIMPLE SIMON.

Lichfield, March 12.

TRANSLATION OF A FRAGMENT OF SIMONIDES.

An Imitation of which appeared in our Magazine for December last.

WHILE roaring in the sculptur'd chest
The wind forbade the sea to rest,
That heav'd and trembled at the blast;
Round Perseus her fond arm she * cast,
'O child,' she said, 'what pangs I know!
Yet thou,' (nor ceas'd her tears to flow)
'With pure and peaceful slumbers blest,
Canst in this joyless mansion rest,
Where darkness pours its deepest shade,
And hardly does the moon pervade,
That glimmers through the brazen nails,
While thy sweet face the purple veils.
Thou, nor the waves that by thee flow,
Nor heed'st the winds that howling blow;
But did, to thee, this scene of fear,
Tremendous as it is, appear,
Thy little ear thou'dst surely lend,
And to thy mother's sorrows bend:
Sleep on, my child, I charge thee sleep;
O could I hush the angry deep!
Or my unmeasurable woes
Within my troubled breast compose!
But frustrate thou, O father † Jove,
This cruelty, these ills remove:
Bold as it is, I dare demand
Justice at thy almighty hand;
And to the injur'd mother done,
O be that justice, by her son ‡!'

DAPHNE: A PASTORAL.

TO THE MEMORY OF MRS. T****.

YOUNG Corydon retir'd beneath an oak,
All pensive, weeping, leaning on his crook:
His fleecy flock were straying wide around:
His pipe neglected laid upon the ground:
His grief was lovely Daphne, dead and gone;
And thus the woeful shepherd made his moan.
"Ye groves, your fair umbrageous robes unbind,
That they may fall with every passing wind;
Ye lofty trees, your beauteous foliage shed;
Throw off your gaudy pride, for Daphne's dead!
O! come with me, the fate of Daphne mourn,
And shed your fading glories o'er her urn!
Ye purling rills, that gently glide along,
In silence creep, and quit your murmuring song!
Ye gentle lambs, that crop the flow'ry mead,
Forsake your pasture, and forget to feed!
Ye birds, on airy boughs that strain your throats,
Be silent, and forget your native notes;
No longer make the groves and forests ring,
For she, who once as well as you could sing,
Is now no more!—the gentle Daphne's dead,
And all her pleasing notes for ever fled!
Come, all created beings! with me mourn
The fate of lovely Daphne, dead and gone!
"But, see! where Daphne wond'ring mounts on high,
And seeks a refuge in the distant sky;
Where suns eternal in their spheres do shine,
And one successive spring for ever reign:
Where fields and groves for ever fresh appear,
And grace the beauteous scene from year to year;
Where no cold blasts disturb the peaceful shore,
But calms succeeding calms for evermore:
"There she, with angels, joins the living choir,
Exalts her voice, or strikes the golden lyre!
There, in perpetual sunshine, Daphne lives!
Lo! such the joys th' Almighty Being gives,
And ever will, to such as here proclaim
His sacred word, and fear his holy name.
"O! may we all attain that happy shore,
When here below our time shall be no more!"

T.

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* Danaë, the daughter of Acrisius, king of Argos,

† Father. Jupiter was the father of Perseus.

‡ Her son. Perseus afterwards killed Acrisius.

REFLECTIONS,

OCCASIONED BY VIEWING AN ASSEMBLAGE OF FLOWERS BLOOMING ON THE GRAVE OF AN ANCESTOR.

FAIR Spring's in full blossom; gay flow'rets arise,
And deck the green turf where my ancestor lies;
Whose selfish descendants no tribute have paid,
To rescue his name from oblivion's shade.

Though careless survivors no tribute will pay,
Nor place a memorial to shelter his clay;
Yet Nature, more grateful, presents her gay bloom,
And bids her sweet offspring adorn his grass tomb.

But soon, ye bright charmers! your tints will decay,
Stern Winter will sweep all your beauties away;
Keen frosts are approaching; loud Eurus will blow,
And cover this spot with a mantle of snow.

Significant emblems are ye of my state:
Youth's joys though they blossom, how transient their date!
Life's winter's advancing, and Time swiftly flies,
To lay this frail frame where a grandfather lies.

These eyes then no longer well pleas'd will survey
Creation attir'd in her splendid array;
No longer these ears will attend with delight,
While Philomel chaunts her soft carol at night.

This tongue must lie silent, this heart cease to beat;
These hands lie inactive, and useless these feet;
This curious structure, divested of breath!
Must fall into ruins,—a prey to grim Death!

Since Life's on the wing, and pale Death's on his way,
To crumble this body to primitive clay,
May Wisdom instruct me the span to improve!
And at last may I mount to the regions of Love!

Haverhill. JOHN WEBB.

ADDRESS TO A VIOLET.

SWEET azure flow'r! thou bloom'st in humble beauty
Within the thorny dell; and peep'st from earth,
As if afraid to show thy velvet head,
Whilst March, with sleety storm, and blast tempestuous,
Holds his rough reign.
Sweetest of Flora's offspring!
Well may the sportive Zephyrs play around thee,
Softly recline upon thy fragrant bosom,
And load with odoriferous balm their wings!
Sweet, lowly harbinger of rosy Spring!
Although thou dwell'st with pointed thorns environ'd,
The gorgeous robes that eastern monarchs wear
Boast not such purple; neither can Arabia,
With all her spicy, aromatic groves,
Dispense perfumes so grateful to the sense.
If I should pluck thee from thy mossy bed,
Withering, thou would'st retain thy native odours,
And yield delicious fragrance after death.
Sweet vi'let! emblem just of humble Virtue—
Sequester'd from a world of noise and folly,
She lives in scenes of rural solitude;
Yet there, ev'n there, she sheds a radiant influence
O'er all her little sphere; and, though stern Death
Assault her with his all-benumbing touch,
She shall not perish, but shall ever bloom:
For virtuous actions blossom in the tomb.

Haverhill. JOHN WEBB.

LINES

Occasioned by the sudden Decease of the Hon. HENRY HOBART, *M. P.*

BY HENRY FRANCES.

O DEATH despotic! whose all-conq'ring hand
O'ercomes alike the monarch and the slave;
Whose tow'ring might no mortal can withstand,
But bows submissive to thy throne—the grave!

How oft, when Pleasure courts to festive joys,
And all portends to jollity and ease,
Death unexpected comes—their mirth annoys,
And bids at height of bliss the banquet cease.

Ah! what avails to greatness, wealth, or pow'r,
With all the pageantry of state below,
In life's sad closing scene—terrific hour!—
When Death remorseless gives his fatal blow.

The trappings of parade afford not peace;
They blaze, the meteors of a prescrib'd time:
But virtue only 'tis, when life shall cease,
That gives a passport to a happier clime!

LOVE.

O LOVE! thou softest passion of the mind!
Whose wond'rous chains the willing captive bind!
Say, why with eager haste we run to meet
Thy joys so painful, and thy pains so sweet!
Fantastic charmer! shall we never know
Whence springs this mighty weight of human woe?
Slaves to thy power, to *freedom* born in vain,
We hate our *liberty*, and hug *thy chain*.

TOBACCO.

HAIL, Indian plant! to ancient times unknown;
A modern truly thou, and all our own.
While through the tube thy virtues are convey'd,
Thou giv'st the *statesman* schemes, the *student* aid;
But soon as pulveris'd in smart rappee,
Thou strik'st sir Fopling's brain—if brain there be;
He shines in dedications, poems, plays;
Soars in Pindarics, and asserts the bays.
Thus dost thou every *taste* and *fancy* hit;
In *smoke* thou'rt *wisdom*, and in *snuff* thou'rt *wit*.

SONNET TO VIRTUE.

THE foaming surges, which the furious storm
Has rous'd to vengeance, wreak their dreadful ire
Upon yon frowning rock's terrific form,
Against which winds and roaring waves conspire.

But all in vain! his deepest pond'rous base
Is fix'd in earth, immoveable and sure—
In spite of persecution keeps its place,
And in its mighty strength abides secure.

The virtuous man thus braves the thund'ring shocks
Of envy, sickness, loss of friends, and death;
Their fierce assaults, and wild commotion, mocks,
And calmly sees their fury sink beneath:
Serene and cheerful, lives his little span,
And yields his breath in peace with God and man.

Wolverhampton, February 18.

D. T. S.

FOREIGN NEWS.

Naples, Feb. 18.

CITIZEN Beaumont, aid-de-camp of general Murat, has arrived at Naples. The embargo has been placed upon all English ships. All the English merchants who are at Naples have demanded passports of general Murat, in order to repair to their native country.

Copenhagen, March 21. The English fleet which sailed from Yarmouth, under admirals Hyde Parker and Nelson, has now made its appearance near the island Anholt, in the Cattegat.

Yesterday afternoon an English frigate arrived at Elsineur with a flag of truce, and brought dispatches for Mr. Drummond, the English minister here, who, to-day, presented a note to the ministry, and had an interview with count Bernstorff. After this interview Mr. Drummond prepared for his departure, and has actually set out this evening for Elsineur, accompanied by Mr. Vansittart.—This afternoon orders were given to occupy the coast with military. For this purpose, the light infantry in garrison in the citadel will be detached till further orders.

We are assured that in the note or ultimatum, presented by Mr. Drummond, to the secretary of state, count Bernstorff, our government is required to secede from the northern alliance, to grant the free passage of the Sound to the English fleet, and that the Danish ships are no longer to sail with convoy. Should these terms not be acceded to, Mr. Drummond was to ask for passports, which have accordingly been given to him, as well as to Mr. Vansittart. On the part of England, it was demanded that our answer should be given in six hours. At first it was also reported that Mr. Drummond had had a second interview with count Bernstorff.

Paris, March 21. The legislative body formed itself into a secret committee, after which the president read the following law:—

"The legislative body, consisting of the number of members prescribed by the 90th article of the constitution, having heard the project of the law read on the presentation to the legislative body of the treaty of peace, concluded at Luneville; having also heard the orators of the tribunate, and those of the legislative body, and collected the suffrages in secret scrutiny, decrees:

"The treaty, concluded at Luneville the 9th of February, 1801, and of which the ratifications have been exchanged at Paris the 16th of March, shall be promulgated as a law of the republic."

Brunswick, March 22. We learn that the answer of the British cabinet to the Prussian declaration has been received, and that, in consequence, several regiments at Berlin have received orders to hold themselves in readiness to march; the same orders have been sent to the Prussian army of observation in Westphalia. The military route of the duke of Brunswick has of course been changed: his highness is to command the Prussian army, and will arrive at Minden on the 28th inst. This army is to occupy part of the electorate of Hanover, particularly the mouths and banks of the Elbe, Weser and Ems.

Lisbon, March 25. Our situation here is very critical indeed; the question is now decided, and war, open war, is the result. The French have asked such exorbitant terms of this court as leave no doubt that Portugal has been promised to Spain, and that the French, in return, are to possess Gallicia. The prince of Brazil attends the army in person. The sol-

diers, horse and foot, have already marched towards the frontiers. Government has 90,000 men able to bear arms, 30,000 of whom are regulars, and provisions for 100,000 for six months. At Fort St. Julian there are 360 pieces of cannon. The gentlemen of the factory are packing up their wines and effects, and preparing for their departure, if necessary. The plate in the churches is seized to assist in carrying on the war. The soldiers pay has been advanced two vintems, about 2½d. per day.

Berlin, March 28. General Kleist is to command the troops destined to occupy Hanover. There was yesterday a grand conference between the king, the duke of Brunswick, and count Haugwitz.

A grand council of state has been held at Potsdam, at which the duke of Brunswick, count Haugwitz, &c. were present. Besides the corps forming the garrison of Berlin, several other regiments of hussars have received orders to march. The governor of Magdeburgh, general Kleist, commands the corps destined to take possession of part of the Hanoverian territories, and is already on its route.

Bremen, March 31. No change has hitherto taken place in the march and the movements of the Prussians, if we except that the Danes are to occupy Hamburg and the banks of the Elbe, while the Prussians are to confine themselves to the banks of the Weser and of the Ems.

We have this moment learnt, that the Danes took possession of Hamburg the day before yesterday (the 29th of March), at nine in the morning, by capitulation, and with the consent of the Prussian minister. The trade of the place is not interrupted, and the posts and couriers will travel as usual. The Danes have, however, sequestrated every thing belonging to the English government. The duke of Brunswick is expected at Minden on the 5th inst. and the Prussian headquarters were to reach Bremen between the 6th and 10th inst.

Amsterdam, April 4. The enemy are still cruising before the Texel, with four sail of the line and several frigates: one of these frigates having approached too near the harbour to examine the strength of our fleet, was sunk by the batteries. Two of our ships brought yesterday into port four English prizes richly laden. General Augereau is expected here to-morrow, and is going to Alkmaar.

Several merchants have received letters from Berlin, announcing the marching of 35,000 Prussians to seize Hanover. They add, that lord Carysfort was to quit Berlin on the 26th ult. —Count Haugwitz has transmitted a fresh note to that ambassador, in which he declares, that the troops of his Prussian majesty are about to occupy Hanover, and that all these ports will be shut against the ships of his Britannic majesty.

Wesel, April 4. It is not the duke of Brunswick that is arrived at Minden, but several general officers. The duke is gone to receive his majesty's final orders at Potsdam. There is in Minden and the environs a corps of about 12 or 15,000 men: besides that, different regiments have already made movements for descending the Elbe, the Weser, and the Ems, to their mouths. In case the duke should refuse the command of the army, which is to change the face of Upper Germany, as is generally reported, general Kleist will be entrusted with the expedition.

Copenhagen, April 4. The day before yesterday, the 2d of April, was a truly glorious day for Denmark, and will be distinguished in the annals of Europe. The English fleet, under the command of admiral sir Hyde Parker, having passed the Sound the 30th of March, proceeded, on the 1st of April, about four in the afternoon, in two divisions, under the command of vice-admiral Nelson, and passed our line of defence at such a distance as to be out of the reach of our shot, and anchored about half a German mile to the eastward of the Lunette Quintus.

On the 2d of April, about half past ten in the morning, the two divisions of the English weighed anchor, and approached our line of defence. These divisions consisted of 15 ships of the line, and 25 smaller ships, and the right wing of our line of defence, which was attacked, consisted of 8

block

block ships, and five smaller vessels. The engagement was begun by one of the former, named the Povesteen, captain Lasson, and an English frigate. The battle lasted between four and five hours, during which time the cannonade was incessant. About three in the afternoon it somewhat slackened, and admiral Nelson sent a boat with a flag of truce on shore, with offers to negotiate. His proposals were —1st, That Denmark should recede from its alliance with Russia—2d, That he should be permitted to repair his ships in our docks—3d, That the wounded on board the English fleet should be taken care of in our hospitals. The two first of these articles were positively rejected, with the declaration that Denmark still possessed courage and strength sufficient to defend her independence; with respect to the third, it was answered that Denmark would never omit to exercise the duties of humanity even towards an enemy.

An armistice, however, was agreed on, which still continues.

Yesterday morning several more flags of truce came on shore, and about two in the afternoon admiral Nelson himself came on shore to hold a verbal conference with our hereditary prince. The issue of this conference is not yet known, but it is observed that the armistice still continues, and we entertain a hope that peace will be restored in a manner honourable to Denmark, for only such a peace is the general wish.

Konigsberg, April 4. According to some accounts from St. Petersburg, count Woronzow, the late ambassador to the court of London, has been appointed minister for foreign affairs.

Berlin, April 4. Yesterday the unexpected, but undoubtedly certain, intelligence was received here, that his Imperial Russian majesty, Paul I. died suddenly of an apoplexy, on the 24th of March. The dispatches to the Russian ambassador were brought by a courier, and were signed by the new emperor, Alexander. Early this morning his Prussian majesty received the same intelligence by an estafette.

Vienna, April 4. His Imperial majesty has resolved to make a journey, on the 9th, accompanied by the archduke Charles, to Budweis, to muster, and afterwards disband, the legions assembled there. After his return he will do the same by the Hungarian insurgents.

The following ordinance has been issued here: "As in consequence of the restoration of peace, the number of foreigners travelling in the Austrian states will be greatly augmented; the increased number of inhabitants in the capital and the principal provincial towns, and the consequent advance of the price of provisions, will require a continual attention: his Imperial majesty orders, that all well-disposed foreigners, or such as are engaged in actual business, shall receive every accommodation, both on their arrival and during their stay in the hereditary states; but that proper precautions shall be taken to prevent the entrance or stay in these states of all persons of doubtful and improper characters, and such as have no real business. With this view, his Imperial majesty directs that no person, of whatever rank he may be, shall enter the Austrian states without a pass, for the obtaining of which foreigners shall apply to the principal state chancery, or, in a foreign state, to the nearest Austrian minister, resident, or consul, and, with the exception of persons generally known or of distinguished character, shall apply, furnished with proper testimonies of their personal circumstances, character, and business." The next of the ordinance relates to the forms and particular regulations.

Hamburg, April 6. Early this morning a Russian officer, lieutenant Beyder, arrived here as a courier on his way to London, with an account of the death of his Imperial Russian majesty Paul I. who died of an apoplexy, in the night between the 23d and 24th of March. The grand duke Alexander was immediately proclaimed emperor by the title of Alexander I.—Lieutenant Beyder carried a letter from the new emperor to his Britannic majesty.

HOME NEWS.

Birmingham, March 24.

LAST night, between seven and eight o'clock, a number of working people assembled riotously in and about the market-place, and proceeded to the houses of the principal bakers, whom they have frequently visited in a similar way, from whence they carried off all the bread, demolished the windows, and departed. The military were soon under arms, and had little difficulty in dispersing them. In the house of Mr. Allen, Dale-end, four were taken into custody by the soldiers, and by them conveyed to the dungeon, amidst the groans and hisses of the riotous. Such excesses are always attended with fatal consequences to some, and a heavy expense to the whole town.

27. A dreadful accident happened about ten o'clock at night, at the dwelling-house of John Pearce, at Carlon, near Mitchell, in Dorsetshire, in consequence of the tremendous lightning. The house was torn in a most shocking manner; the planching burnt as it were with fire; J. Pearce and his family were very much hurt, particularly his wife, who was scorched in a most dreadful manner.—A travelling boy who was in bed, was buried in the ruins; also two other travellers, who were in bed, were so much scorched that their recovery is doubtful.

Sunderland, March 28. Yesterday afternoon a tumult took place in the corn market here, in consequence of the price of wheat, 40s. being demanded by one of the dealers for a boll of that grain:—The populace immediately raked the kennels for dirt, with which they besmeared the farmer, who was glad to retreat to the Fountain Inn, the windows of which house were assailed with stones and brick-bats, as were also those of the Half-Moon and Queen's-Head. Besides the damage sustained in the brittle materials of the houses attacked, a quantity of corn was madly trodden under foot, and several of the farmers carts were hurried into the Wear, one of which was seen floating to sea the next morning. A Justice of the Peace, with a few constables, seized upon one of the insurgents, and committed him to the cage; but he was soon after liberated by a detachment of the rioters.—Things continued thus till about nine o'clock, when the Justice, with an increased body of constables, again made his appearance, and read the riot-act on the steps of the George-inn, by candle-light; but with so little success, that it was deemed prudent to plant a military guard round his house during the night. In the midst of the fray a party of the Lancashire militia was called out; they loaded, but received no orders to fire.

Milford, April 1. A most scandalous transaction took place at Haverfordwest, on Saturday last (market-day): Some persons, from what motive cannot easily be imagined, posted a paper in a public part of the town, stating that barley and fine wheaten flour would on the following Monday be sold by a gentleman at Milford to the poor, at a price little more than half the average of the market, namely, barley at 5s. 6d. a Winchester bushel, and fine flour at 3½d. per lb. The disappointment occasioned by this hand-bill was not so great as it should seem the author intended; for, on the first intimation of it at this place, persons were sent in different directions to set the poor right on the subject; and although a few came from distant parts, the number was small,

small, compared with what otherwise would have been the case.

Dublin, April 2. On a speculation that the suspension of the *Habeas Corpus* Act had expired, and that the account of its continuance could not have arrived, several of the state prisoners on Thursday and Friday caused themselves to be brought before the Judges by habeas corpus; but as the news of the royal assent to the suspension reached this city (by means of one of the wherries) in forty-one hours after it had occurred, they were remanded to their several prisons.

Yesterday arrived from England, 200 of the 21st light dragoons, with their horses, &c. They were immediately billetted, and found in comfortable quarters, by Mr. Dawson, the high constable.

That amiable young nobleman lord Cloncurry arrived in town last week from England, to the great joy of his tenantry and the poor on his estates. His lordship appears in good health and spirits, notwithstanding his long confinement.

Yarmouth, April 5. Last night arrived the Prince of Wales packet, Deane, from Cuxhaven, without mails, with a messenger from Egypt, and some passengers, by whom we learn, that several French ships laden with ammunition and stores for the service of the French army in Egypt, have been captured by our ships of war. It is said also that the Danes have taken possession of Hamburg and Lubeck, after some resistance from the inhabitants of the latter. Sailed the Ranger sloop for the Downs, with a fleet of merchantmen, which she convoyed from Hamburg. The King George, Flynn, and Prince of Orange, Bridge, are in the roads with the mails for Hamburgh of the 31st ult. and 3d inst. waiting a wind to sail.

Lifford, April 7. The long depending trial of Napper Tandy is over. Several applications to put off the trial were refused by the court, and arguments in point of law over-ruled; on which Mr. Tandy's counsel threw up their brief.

Mr. Tandy then addressed the court in a short but impressive speech, avowing every thing set forth in the indictment, and said his heart disdained a falsehood.

Judge Chamberlain begged he would weigh well the consequence of such a declaration: that sentence of death must instantly follow.

Mr. Tandy answered, he was not afraid to meet death in any shape; he knew well the awful sentence of the law—he was ready to receive it with the resignation of a christian, and with the firmness and fortitude of a man.

The Judge (Chamberlain) then passed sentence, which is to take place the 4th of next month.

Plymouth, April 7. Last night late, in apprehension of a riot at Dock, general England issued orders to all the troops, volunteer and associated cavalry and infantry, of Plymouth Dock, and Stonehouse and Stoke, to be under arms at their different parades at nine o'clock. At eight o'clock this morning the queen's dragoons, royal artillery, Wilts, 1st Devon regiment, Dock cavalry and infantry, with four light nine-pounders, and two howitzers, assembled in Fore-street Dock. At Stonehouse, Pridham's volunteers; at Stoke, Scobell's royal artillery; in their barracks, the West Hants. Bedford, and 2d royal Surrey regiments; on the glacis of the citadel here, the Plymouth regiment of volunteers, colonel Hawker; Langmead's volunteers; Plymouth blues, major Culm; Plymouth rangers, major Julian; and the Plymouth cavalry, captain Hilley, assembled in great strength, and sent the returns to general England, by lieut. col. Hawker. The general was so much pleased at their alacrity, in turning out so respectable a body of men under arms, that he sent a very handsome letter to all the volunteer corps, with his particular thanks, and desired their respective commanding officers to dismiss them for the present, as Dock was very quiet, but to be in readiness to turn out at a moment's warning, if necessary. A troop of the flying horse artillery, with their field-pieces, have just arrived from Bodmin. The butchers have agreed to sell, on Monday next, beef and mutton at 7d. per lb. and the bakers to

sell

sell flour at 1s. 10d. per quarter; the bakers have also determined, by an advertisement, not to give more than three guineas per sack for flour, after Monday next.

Warminster, April 7. Tuesday morning a large body of people collected, who went with a paper to the gardeners, compelling them by threats to sell their potatoes at reduced prices; and towards the evening, the mob having much increased, and becoming more serious, the high constable, with other peace-officers, very spiritedly seized some of the ring-leaders, and lodged them in custody; and we are happy to say, that by their timely interference, and the assistance of a party of the 2d, or royal north British dragoons, the peace of the town and neighbourhood has been preserved.

London, April 7. By dispatches received yesterday from Constantinople, we learn that sir Ralph Abercrombie sailed from the bay of Macri on the 23d February, with a fair wind. His destination was Aboukir, which, being situate on a kind of point, so as to be enfiladed by a cross fire from the ships, offers the most eligible point of attack. They had been detained a fortnight by contrary winds. Lord Elgin writes, under date of the 6th of March, that the fleet was out of sight before the advices were sent off to him.

Bath, April 10. The colliers in the neighbourhood of Manglesfield, Kingswood, assembled yesterday to the amount of 2 or 3000, when they were met by some active magistrates, who remonstrating with them on the danger and absurdity of their conduct, they promised immediately to return to their duties, and we learn this morning that all are dispersed and every thing quiet.

A very decent looking woman arrived on Monday at Southampton, in the Cowes packet, from the Isle of Wight, and soon after set off in a returned post-chaise for Winchester; but she had no sooner left the town than she severed her head from her body; and had not the driver of a waggon passing by discovered the blood, and alarmed the postillion, it is probable the latter would not have known the circumstance until his arrival at Winchester. The chaise was at the time near four miles from Southampton. The unfortunate woman, whose age appeared to be sixty, had been housekeeper near fourteen years to a respectable family in the Isle of Wight, and who, on leaving it, had expressed a wish that she should accompany them. A love affair with a butcher, who afterwards slighted her, is supposed to be the cause of her committing this rash action. She was brought back to Southampton, her head nearly off.

Bristol, April 14. The garrison of this city was under arms from Saturday se'nnight till Friday, in consequence of the colliers from the adjacent pits having threatened to regulate the markets. The Inniskillen dragoons have had constant patroles along the different avenues, to protect the property of the market people: many of the farmers, however, were deterred from attending the markets, and the city was in consequence subjected to some inconvenience.

Cork, April 14. Yesterday Robert Higgins was executed at Gallows-Green, pursuant to his sentence, for the murder of Daniel Haynes. This unhappy wretch made a full confession of his guilt, which for enormity has seldom been equalled: It having appeared that under the semblance of friendship he seduced the victim of his treachery from his family and home, and on the road to this city basely poisonedhim, by inducing him to eat part of a sweet cake, which he had previously prepared for his diabolical purpose; he had hoped that the poison would have operated before his arrival at Cork, and that while on the road he would have an opportunity of robbing his murdered friend, who, it seems, had a considerable sum of money about him; but Providence ordered it otherwise, and Haynes survived long enough after he came to town to disclose sufficient for leading to such circumstances of guilt as caused the conviction of Higgins.

London, April 15. This morning captain Otway, of the London, arrived at the Admiralty, with dispatches from

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sir Hyde Parker, off Copenhagen. These dispatches contain the account of a most desperate action having taken place in the Baltic. The battle was fought on the 2d of April. Eighteen Danish ships were destroyed, and one taken. Two hundred and fifty British seamen are killed, and four hundred wounded, Among the officers killed, are captain Riou of the Amazon, and captain Mosse of the Monmouth. Sir T. B. Thompson has lost a leg.

The park and tower guns were fired to announce this news, and an Extraordinary Gazette was published in the evening.

16. Last night an Extraordinary Gazette was published, containing an account of the victory obtained near Copenhagen. The engagement was extremely severe, as severe, according to the opinion of lord Nelson, as any one in which his lordship was ever engaged. The Danes seemed to have made very formidable defensive dispositions. They had assembled ships of the line, pontoons, galleys, fire-ships, and gun-boats, which were flanked and supported by extensive batteries on the two islands called the Crowns; the largest battery was mounted with from 50 to 70 pieces of cannon. These were again commanded by two 74's, two 64's, and a large frigate: But what difficulties are too great for the valour and skill of British seamen to overcome? The Danes were attacked by twelve sail of the line and four frigates, commanded by lord Nelson. The result was, the capture or destruction of 18 sail of ships, including in that number seven sail of the line. Our loss was considerable: it consisted of 943 killed and wounded. The enemy lost four times that number.

BIRTHS.

March 25. At his house in Gower-street, the lady of William Busk, esq. of a daughter.

At Greenwich, the lady of J. H. Bond, esq. of a son.

31. The lady of Lambert Fowler, esq. of Soho-square, of a daughter.

The lady of Randle Wilbraham, esq. of Rode-hall, Cheshire, of a son and heir.

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

Of a son, Mrs. H. Perigal, of Newington-place.

At Limerick, the hon. Mrs. Green, lady of John Green, esq. of Greenmount, of a son.

April 2. The lady of Edmond Thomas Waters, esq. of Bedford-row, of a daughter.

In Great Russell-street, the lady of Edward Shepherd, esq. of a son.

6. The Lady of G. H. Rose, esq. M. P. of a son.

7. The lady of John Allnutt, esq. of Mark-lane, of a daughter.

In Great Queen-street, Lincoln's-inn-fields, the lady of Henry Jackson, esq. of a daughter.

10. The lady of W. H. White, esq. of Parliament-place, Old Palace-yard, Westminster, of a son.

18. At his house in Great Cumberland-place, the lady of William Bushby, esq. of a daughter.

MARRIAGES.

March 22. At Islington church, by the rev. W. Lucas, Lawrence Williams, esq. of the Army Pay-office, to miss Mary Barclay, daughter of James Barclay, esq. of Tyndale-place, Islington.

At St. James's church, by the right rev. the lord bishop of Gloucester, Thomas Gooch, esq. son of sir Thomas Gooch, bart. and major in the light dragoons, to Mrs. Ph. Sm. Webb, relict of the late Ph. Sm. Webb, esq. of Milford-house, Surry, and daughter of the late sir Robert Barker, bart.

26. At St. George's church, Bloomsbury, the rev. C. Pilkington, of Magdalen College, Oxford, to miss H. Williams, of Charlotte-street, Bloomsbury.

By the Rev. T. Bracken, Thomas Clarke, esq. of Swakeley, Middlesex, to miss Hawkins, daughter of Charles Hawkins, esq. of Sackville-street.

28. At Hamburg, Samuel Petrie, esq. to Miss Harriet Jackson.

W. H. Surman, esq. of Oxendon-street, Leicester-square, to miss E. Jarvis, daughter of the late captain John Jarvis, of the royal navy.

31. At All-Hallows church, Thames-street, Mr. Francis Blacket, of South Shields, to Mrs. Janson, widow of the late Mr. Francis Janson, of Upper Thames-street.

April 2. At St. Peter's Lepoor, Broad-street, Thomas Reeves, esq. merchant, of New Court, Broad-street, to Mrs. Bradstreet, of Hem Hill, in the county of Surry.

David Garnett, of New Basinghall-street, esq. to miss Webster, of Clapton.

3. John Stubbs, esq. Banker, of Walsall, to miss Edge, of the same place.

6. At Dromore, in Ireland, the hon. and rev. Pierce Meade, son of the late earl of Clanwilliam, to miss Percy, youngest daughter of the lord bishop of Dromore.

7. By special licence, at Dorset-House, the right hon. lord Whitworth, K. B. to her grace the duchess of Dorset.

10. At St. Andrew's, Holborn, Mr. Sherwood, of Bank-street, Cornhill, to miss Russell, of Holborn.

At St. James's church, John Emes, esq. of Paternoster-row, to miss Robins, of Itteringham, in Norfolk.

Henry Kolle, esq. of Addle-street, to miss Horton, of Newgate-street.

By the rev. T. Bracken, Thomas Clarke, esq. of Swakeley, Middlesex, to miss Hawkins, daughter of Charles Hawkins, esq. of Sackville-street.

15. At Spetchley, in the county of Worcester, Robert Canning, esq. of Lincoln's-inn, to miss Berkeley, eldest daughter of John Berkeley, esq. and niece and coheiress of the late sir Walter Compton, bart.

18. At Letton, Joseph Blisset, of Clifton, Gloucestershire, esq. to miss Elizabeth Freeman, second daughter of John Freeman, of Letton, in the county of Hereford, esq.

21. The hon. miss Lascelles, to Mr. York.

At St. George's, Hanover-square, major William Howe Campbell, of the 55th regiment, to miss Eliza Turner, daughter of sir Charles Turner, bart. of Kirkleatham, in the county of York.

DEATHS.

March 22. Miss Ann Smith, youngest daughter of Donald Smith, esq. banker, in Edinburgh.

25. Aged seven months, the hon. Joseph John Yorke, youngest son of the earl of Hardwicke.

At her house in John-street, Bedford-row, Mrs. Le Coq, relict of the late John Le Coq, esq.

In New Broad-street, Mrs. Taddy.

Miss Eliza Dearsley, daughter of W. Dearsley, esq. of Weymouth-street.

27. At Edinburgh, Mrs. Isabella Grant, daughter of the deceased lord Elchies.

At Yarmouth, aged 60 years, capt. Philip Deane, of the Diana packet.

At Leicester, Mrs. Miller, wife of captain Miller, of the royal regiment of Horse Guards, and second daughter of David Staig, esq. of Dumfries.

31. In the 57th year of his age, Thomas Gill, of Birmingham, esq.

Suddenly, Mrs. Walsby, relict of the late Mr. Robert Walsby, of Bishopsgate-street.

At his house in Red Lion-square, William Fowle, esq. in the 74th year of his age.

The hon. Mrs. Howard, wife of the hon. and rev. Mr. Howard, rector of Handsworth, near Sheffield.

April 2. Of a decline, in the 18th year of her age, miss Mary Hopkins, daughter of Mr. William Hopkins, of Maiden-lane, Wood-street, Cheapside, goldsmith.

3. At Lisle, in Flanders, William Parr, jun. son of William Parr, merchant, of Finsbury-place.

Henry Mason, esq. formerly an eminent solicitor, in Cursitor-street.

5. At Mickleham, near Leatherhead, Surrey, on his road to Brighton, Thomas Warner, esq. of Surrey-square, Kent-road.

6. At his house in Cavendish-square, the infant daughter of sir William Bangham, bart.