

THE LADY'S MAGAZINE,

OR
ENTERTAINING COMPANION

FOR
THE FAIR SEX;

APPROPRIATED
SOLELY TO THEIR USE AND AMUSEMENT.

FOR JULY, 1801.

THIS NUMBER CONTAINS,

1 Sketch of the Life of Kotzebue, 339	12 Idda of Tokenburg, 374
2 Moral Zoölogist, 345	13 Parisian Fashions, 377
3 The Praise of Time; an Essay, 351	14 London Fashions, 378
4 The most wretched State of Man; an Apologue, 352	15 Anecdotes, 379—380
5 Letter of Helen Maria Williams, 353	16 POETICAL ESSAYS: Allan and Ellen. Verses written at an Inn. Ode to a beautiful Wo- man. Sonnets to Phœbe and Mary. Verses to a Lady sing- ing, 381—384
6 Account of Christian - Henry Heinecken, 355	17 Foreign News, 385—387
7 The Three Brothers of Bagdad, 357	18 Home News, 388—390
8 History of Robert the Brave, 362	19 Births, Marriages, 391
9 On Artificial Flowers, 368	20 Deaths, 392
10 Unambitious Piety, ibid.	
11 On the Cultivation of Benevo- lence in Children, 369	

This Number is embellished with the following Copper-Plates:

- 1 Portrait of KOTZEBUE, the celebrated German Dramatist.
- 2 For the MORAL ZOOLOGIST—The JERBOA and DORMOUSE.
- 3 Fashionable PARIS DRESS, beautifully coloured.
- 4 A New and Elegant PATTERN for a VEIL, &c. &c.
- 5 MUSIC.—A favorite CANZONET, composed by the celebrated VINCENZO MARTINI, Author of LA COSA RARA, &c. &c. — The Poetry by MR. RANNIE.

LONDON:

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

Where Favours from Correspondents continue to be received.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

WE would recommend to our correspondent who favours us with the *Monks and the Robbers* to transmit longer continuations, that the story may be the sooner brought to a *conclusion*; for which several of our readers have, and we think not without reason, intimated a wish.

The Tale entitled *Zoe, or Contrasts in Love*, is intended for insertion.

E. D.'s Essay is received, and shall have a place.

The Lines by Elvira require correction.

The Invocation—Ode to Health—The Fisherman, a true story—and the Village Wake, are received.

Engraved for the Lady's Magazine.



KOTZEBUE.

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THE
LADY'S MAGAZINE,

FOR
JULY, 1801.

SKETCH OF THE LIFE OF KOTZEBUE.

(With an elegant Portrait.)

AUGUSTUS VON KOTZEBUE, the celebrated German dramatist, was born at Weimar, in Upper Saxony, a town remarkable for being the birth-place, or the residence, of a great number of the most distinguished German writers. His mother, who was early left a widow, denied herself many of the pleasures she might have enjoyed, that she might dedicate her whole time and attention to the education of her children. She engaged tutors for the instruction of her son; but he has declared that he was much more indebted for his acquirements to her taste and discernment than to their exertions and abilities. From his mother, he tells us, he imbibed a taste for reading, almost at the breast, so that, even when he was not more than four or five years old, books were more the objects of his notice than the toys in which children usually delight. Don Quixote and Robinson Crusoe were the books which in his early years made the greatest impression on his mind, especially the latter, of which he was so enthusiastically fond, that his most ardent wish was to make a voyage in a leaky ship, be wrecked on an uninhabited coast, where he alone of all the crew being saved should build him a house with the shattered remains of the vessel.

His first attempts in verse were made when he was about five years old, and soon afterwards he wrote what he considered and called a comedy, though it would not more than fill an octavo page. He was sensible that to bear any resemblance to a real comedy it ought to be much longer, but was, as he says, unacquainted with the art of spinning his thread to a proper length.

The following anecdote, relative to this part of his life, we shall give in his own words:

‘I met with an accident which, by checking a growing propensity in my heart to avarice, was the occasion of my being transformed from a semi-miser to a semi-spendthrift.

‘The circumstance occurred when I might be about nine or ten years old, at which time I lived with my mother in the Yellow Castle, as it is called, at Weimar. —She constantly gave me a few *groschen* every week, to spend according to my own fancy; but, instead of spending, I used to hoard them up carefully in a green silk purse, which soon became my idol. It was laid under my pillow at night, and was my play-thing by day, often serving me as a ball to throw up into the air, or against

the wall, and catch again with my hand.

‘My little treasure already amounted to some dollars, when one day I happened to be going up stairs, playing, according to custom, with my beloved purse as a ball. It was a quadrangular stair-case, forming a well from the top of the house down to the very cellars.—When I was at the top, my purse fell, as I thought, to the bottom. But in this I was perhaps mistaken, since, though I ran down immediately, and searched all about for it most carefully, it was no where to be found. It is probable, therefore, that it might lodge upon the steps of the stair-case, and was caught up by somebody then passing. Be that as it may, it was gone irrevocably, and with it went my propensity to saving. From that hour the *groschen* were always spent almost as soon as received. Thank God! I have never since been tormented with avarice.

‘Who can say what might be the consequences of this apparently insignificant adventure? what might have been my fate had I never lost my purse? and what influence this unexpected turn in my character may not have had upon the fate of many other of my fellow-creatures. And, to carry our speculations still farther, who knows what might be the situation of the person who found the purse, or by whom it may perhaps yet be found? It is very possible that it might, or may, fall into the hands of one to whom the possession of a few dollars was, or may be at the moment, an object of the greatest importance. In short, what prophet or seer can develop the many adventures to which the falling of my purse has led, or may lead.’

He attributes to the following incident the cause of his becoming a

dramatic writer. The late player Abbott came with his strolling company to Weimar, and fitted up the riding-house as a theatre. Never within the memory of young Kotzebue had Weimar been visited by any players, and his curiosity was excited beyond all bounds. It will easily be imagined, therefore, how great were his transports when Musæus, the amiable and admirable Musæus, who had always noticed him in a very particular manner, came and requested his mother to let him accompany him to the play.

He entered the theatre with a kind of sacred awe, and his expectations were raised to the highest pitch. The piece was Klopstock’s *Death of Adam*. Musæus placed him on a bench, that he might see over the heads of the other spectators. When the curtain drew up he was all attention; not a word, a look, or an attitude escaped him, and he returned home in an intoxication of delight and enthusiasm.

As a theatre was soon after established at Weimar, under the patronage of the duchess Amelia, our young author was gratified with an opportunity of frequently enjoying these representations; and so often did he resort to them, and so great was his attention, that he assures us he could repeat the whole of Lessing’s *Emilia Galotti*, without ever having seen the book.

At this time he was a pupil of Musæus, in the gymnasium of Weimar, who encouraged his scholars to make voluntary essays in composition and read them to him. At that time ballads, formed on terrific legends of knights and ghosts, were, as indeed they now are, much in vogue. Young Kotzebue, therefore, composed a ballad in the very highest flights of the ruling taste. It contained a sumptuous banquet and a horrible murder; a ghost appeared

appeared preaching repentance, and the obdurate sinner was at length carried away by the devil. The versification was, however, easy and correct.

‘On the following Saturday,’ says he, ‘I scarce knew how to wait for the appointed hour before I produced this master-piece. The important moment arrived—my heart palpitated—I ascended the rostrum, and read my performance with a tremulous voice.—But how did my eyes sparkle, how did my bosom swell with transport, when, at the conclusion, Musæus said,—Oh words never to be forgotten!—“Good! very good!—from what almanack did you borrow it?”—Conceive, reader, if thou canst—but no, it is impossible to conceive with what exultation I answered—“It is my own writing.”—“Indeed!” said Musæus. “Well, well, bravo! go on!”—I was almost beside myself, and would not have parted with the feelings of that moment to purchase a kingdom. With cheeks glowing with delight, I returned to my seat; and, as I observed that the eyes of all my school-fellows were fixed upon me, I concealed my face, with ostentatious modesty, in the blue coat which all the scholars were obliged to wear.’

Our young author soon after proceeded to write a comedy which he entitled *All's well that ends well*, which had a strong resemblance to the *Count of Olsbach*, and which the celebrated Goethe, who frequently visited at his mother's house, expressed a wish to read, and honoured with his perusal.

At the age of sixteen Kotzebue left Weimar to become a student in the great academy of Jena, where he made a considerable proficiency in the ancient and several of the modern languages. But these stu-

dies did not damp his ardour for the stage; they rather tended to increase it. As the students had erected a private theatre there, it may be supposed that he was not long before he applied to be admitted to take a part in this amusement. His request was immediately granted; and as it was not customary for ladies to appear on this stage, the youth and delicate appearance of Kotzebue occasioned female characters to be frequently allotted him, and he performed them with very considerable applause.

After continuing at Jena a year, his sister married, and settled at Duisburg on the Rhine, whither he accompanied her, proposing to spend a year at that miniature university. Here one of his first anxieties was to establish a private theatre. He found little difficulty in collecting together a number of young men all ready to strut their hours as kings, heroes, or generals; but it was a more arduous task to find a place suitable for these representations. ‘This little town,’ says he, ‘as is commonly the case with little towns, was enveloped by a thick cloud of prejudices. The few who possessed taste had no room large enough to answer our purpose, and those who had rooms would not suffer them to undergo such profanation. In this distress, from whom will it be supposed we received assistance?—But that would never be guessed. It was even from the venerable fathers of the convent of the Minorets. With the utmost courtesy and politeness they offered us the use of their cloister, attended at our rehearsals, laughed at our jokes, and related with no small pleasure how they themselves had formerly played Scripture stories.—In the cloister of the Minorets’ convent, to the astonishment, the delight, and the scandal, of the Duisburg public, we performed

performed the play of *The Rivals**. Since the creation of the world never probably was the cloister of a convent so profaned; and whoever had seen such a place crowded with females dressed in their best attire might well have asked himself—"Where am I?—Is this a dream, or am I really within monastic walls?"—The most ridiculous part of the story was, that, for want of a sufficient number of performers, I played two characters; no less than Julia and the young 'squire Ackerland. Wherever these two were to appear together, I providently made such alterations as would adapt it to my purpose; and in the damsel's character I wore a dress so contrived that it might be changed in an instant when I was to make my appearance as the clownish 'squire. By these, and the like means, did I compel every difficulty to vanish before my theatrical rage.

About this time our young author made several attempts in different species of composition.—'But still,' says he, 'in writing, my mind did not emit one spark of originality. A romance which I began at Duisburg was the exact counterpart of *Sophy's Journey from Memel to Saxony*. No more than four sheets of this were ever completed. Two other productions I did finish; the first was a comedy called *The Ring, or Avarice is the Root of all Evil*, founded, as usual, upon an old and worn-out story. A young woman, supposed to be dead, was, by desire of her lover, buried with a valuable ring he had presented to her, upon her finger, which in the night the ghostly father comes to take away, when she awakes to his no small astonishment and confusion.—This piece I had the assurance to

send to Schröder, who returned it with a very polite letter of rejection, which I received at the moment I was meditating in triumphant exultation on the vast honours that awaited me on its performance. I railed unmercifully at Schröder, for not understanding his own interest better; and in the warmth of my indignation quarrelled with the ungrateful dramatic muse, whom I resolved to forswear for ever. To console myself, I immediately wrote a romance of eight or ten sheets, which in my own opinion was no way inferior to Werter. The story was indeed much more terrific, since the hero threw himself from a rock, and was dashed in pieces. Weigand, at Leipsick, was at that time the principal publisher of all the fashionable romances, and to him, therefore, was my offspring sent for his decision upon its merits. For some time I hastened anxiously twice in the week to the post-house, in hopes of receiving tidings of my darling. At last came a letter, and a letter only, by which it was plain that my manuscript was not returned, and I instantly concluded for certain that it was already consigned to the press. Think, then, with what humiliation and confusion, on opening the letter, I read that Mr. Weigand was amply supplied with such articles for several fairs to come, and that my manuscript should be at my service whenever I would have the goodness to pay the postage. The latter clause was added, because, in full confidence of the value of my merchandize, I had sent the parcel unfranked, meaning the carriage to be deducted from the profits of the work. He doubtless supposed that here he had me secure, and that, from paternal affection, I should readily pay whatever was necessary for the release of my child. But

* Probably a translation of Mr. Sheridan's comedy of that title.

he was terribly mistaken. What! should my hero not merely throw himself from a rock for nothing, but must I even pay for it?—No: this was too much! this was a humiliation not to be endured!—In short, our author made no further inquiry after his manuscript.

He now (in the year 1779) returned to Jena, and applied himself with tolerable diligence to the study of the law, at the same time attending lectures on history from Muller, studying logic and metaphysics with counsellor Ulric, and improving himself in languages under Boulet and Valenti. His leisure hours, he tells us, were devoted heart and soul to the private theatre, at which he produced a tragedy called *Charlotte Frank*, and performed one of the principal characters in it; but it was not very favourably received. He soon after, however, ventured upon a comedy, called *Wives-a-la-Mode*, which succeeded much better, and contained some strokes of genuine comic humour. Several anecdotes of the town were covertly interspersed in it, and these obtained the piece more applause than perhaps it deserved. He was about this time the principal cause of instituting a club, from which he derived considerable improvement.

In his nineteenth year he closed his academical career at Jena, when, in order to give a public proof that he was not trifling away his time solely with the belles lettres, he took the character of an opponent at the conferring of a doctor's degree. Soon after he returned to Weimar, where he studied the pandects very diligently, was examined by the principals in the law, and admitted as an advocate. 'Here,' says he; 'while I was waiting for clients, I continued to be myself a zealous client of the Muses.' He

produced several poetical trifles; a collection of tales published by Dyck at Leipzig, and a comedy, in three acts, called *The Triple Vow*, written with the intention of being played at a private theatre at Weimar, after the duchess's delivery, if the child proved a son; but, as she unluckily produced only a daughter, the performance fell to the ground, nor has the piece ever appeared in print. He also wrote, at the request of a friend, some criticisms in a literary publication.

In the year 1781 Kotzebue went to Petersburg, where he was appointed to a public employment; but of what nature does not distinctly appear. His predecessor in this office, the celebrated poet Lenz, had excited, he tells us, much dissatisfaction, because, instead of attending regularly to the necessary public business, his attention was frequently diverted to some poem he was writing, for which there was no necessity at all. He resolved, therefore, to take warning from his example, and, avoiding the rock upon which he had split, to forgo the muses entirely. But general Bawr, under whose superintendence the office he held was placed, meeting by chance with the collection of tales already noticed, the name caught his attention, and, on inquiring particulars concerning the author, he learned, to his no small surprise, that it was the same Kotzebue who then laboured under him at a very different employment. He purchased the book, and producing it unexpectedly to our author, bestowed on it so much applause, that his ruling passion soon revived, and he began to devote all his leisure hours to his former literary pursuits.

A German theatre had been for some little time established at Petersburg, but the receipts of the

house were very small, and the whole institution was on the point of falling to the ground, when an intriguing actress of the name of Fiala applied to general Bawr, entreating him, as a German, to take it under his protection, and to use his influence with the empress for procuring its enrollment among her imperial theatres. This was accordingly done, Bawr undertook the direction himself, and from that moment Kotzebue was restored to his true element.

He now wrote a tragedy in five acts, called *Demetrius, Czar of Moscow*, taken from the well-known story of the true or false Demetrius, who, according to report, was murdered when a child at Uglitsch, but who afterwards appeared, supported by the Poles, and dethroned the traitor Boris Godunow. Historians are divided on the question whether or not this Demetrius was an impostor; but Kotzebue did not think it proper to make the hero of his piece an impostor, and therefore represented him as the rightful dethroned prince. Verily splendid dresses and decorations, after the old Russian costume, were prepared for the representation of this piece; and as the czarina had consigned the entire management of the theatre to Bawr, he thought his own approbation sufficient, and that it was unnecessary to lay the manuscript before the theatrical censor. But when the intended day of representation approached, and had been announced in the public prints, the governor of the police sent one morning to the theatre, prohibiting the performance. Fiala, thunderstruck, hastened to general Bawr, and the general to the governor, to assure him that the tragedy was perfectly inoffensive. But this signified little. It appeared that Peter the Great had issued a ukase expressly declaring Demetrius an impostor;

and this being still in force, was more incontestable evidence against him than any other could be in his favour. In vain did our author urge that he was wholly ignorant of such a ukase; it was still asked how he dared, in the very face of an imperial decree, to present his hero to the public under the title of Czar of Moscow.

The governor of the police at length, however, consented to the representation of the piece, out of respect to general Bawr, but not without first sending an officer to enjoin the author to make such alterations, that Demetrius should be publicly unmasked, and displayed before all the people in his true character of an impostor. Kotzebue replied that the piece might as well be thrown at once into the fire as thus mutilated. At length, however, through the intercession of the general, the performance of the play, as it was written, was permitted, on condition the author should, in his own person, make a solemn declaration that he was firmly convinced that Demetrius was an impostor, and in representing him otherwise had only been guilty of a poetical licence.

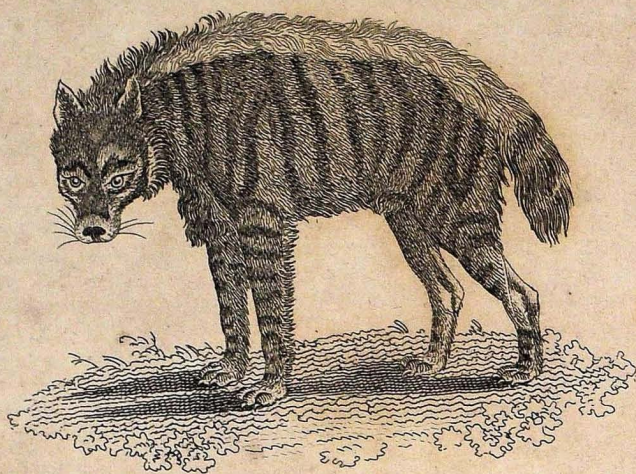
(To be concluded in our next.)

MODERN REFINEMENT.

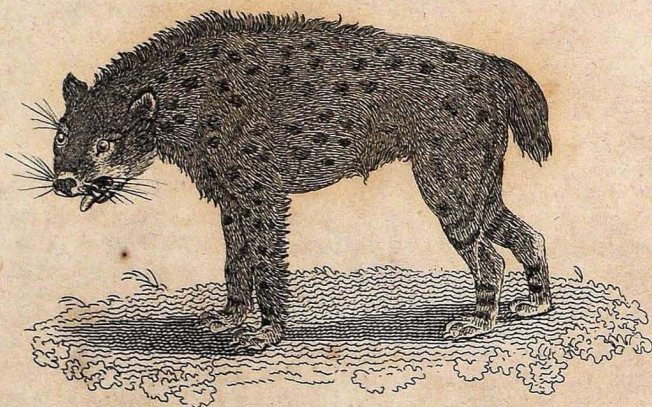
A Lady not many days ago took her daughter to a boarding-school in the country, for the purpose of tuition; when, after the first salutations were over, the matron fixed her eyes upon some worked picture-subjects in the parlour; and pointing to one more attractive than the rest, asked 'What is that?'—'That,' replied the tutoress, 'is Charlotte at the Tomb of Werter.'—'Well I vow,' rejoined the lady, 'it is vastly beautiful.—Betsey, my dear, you shall work *Charlotte in a Tub of Water*!'

The

Engraved for the Lady's Magazine.



Hyæna.



Spotted Hyæna.

THE MORAL ZOOLOGIST.

(Continued from p. 298.)

LETTER XXV.

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

TO your ladyship, whose piety excites you to contemplate the works of nature with intent to delineate their beauties, and ascribe their perfections to their native source, every genus of animals is a varied prospect of divine skill, as each abounds with evident proofs of the wisdom of the Supreme Being. As in a journey we esteem a variegated country the most desirable, so, in our mental progressions, various and different views are not only the most pleasing, but the most edifying mode of research. If the eyes were constantly employed on one object, however pleasing or harmless its tendency, the optic nerves would be weary, and naturally seek new subjects for contemplation. As Providence has ordered all things for our delight and convenience, he has wisely ordained a perpetual variety in the change of the seasons, the succession of day and night, and an infinitude of variations in the material substances that immediately strike our senses; and thus, amongst many other instances, the animal genera present innumerable distinctions, to improve our minds, and relieve our ocular perceptions.

The next tribe of animals I shall recommend to the attention of your ladyship is the shrew genus, which forms the link between the rat and mole genera. The distinctive properties of this class are two cutting teeth in each jaw, pointing forward; long slender nose; small ears; and five toes on each foot.

THE MUSKY SHREW MOUSE.

This animal has been denominated the Muscovy or musk rat,

and the long-nosed beaver; because it affords a kind of perfume nearly resembling the genuine musk, and in some parts of its construction and mode of life is similar to the castor beaver.

The musky shrew mouse has a long slender nose; very small eyes; no external ears; and a tail compressed sideways, not horizontally like the beaver's. The head and back are of a dusky colour; the belly of a whitish ash hue. The length from nose to tail is seven inches; the tail is eight inches long.

This species inhabit the river Volga, and the neighbouring lakes; and, as they are slow in their motions, never migrate far from the banks of the waters they frequent. They dwell in holes which they make in the cliffs, with an entrance far beneath the lowest fall of the water. They subsist on fish, and are devoured by the pikes and siluri, to which they give so strong a flavour of musk as to render them uneatable. The skins of these animals are esteemed by many as an antidote against infectious diseases, and as an effectual preservative from moths.

THE PERFUMING SHREW MOUSE.

The very name of this animal implies that it possesses an odoriferous quality; which is of such a strong musky nature, as to render every thing highly perfumed that it approaches. This species inhabit Java, and some other oriental islands; they subsist on rice, and are not hostilely pursued by the feline race. The perfuming shrew mouse has a long slender nose. The upper jaw extends far beyond the lower. The upper fore teeth are short; the lower long, slender, and incurvated. It has long white whiskers, small eyes, and transparent broad round ears;

the hair on the head is short; the body is of a pale sky blue colour; the belly of a lighter cast; the feet are white. The length from nose to tail is about eight inches; the tail is three inches long.

THE MEXICAN SHREW MOUSE.

This animal has been ranked as a mole by M. de Buffon, though it is evident, from the construction of its ears, that it is of the shrew genus. That able naturalist has given a description of this species by the name of Tucan. The Mexican shrew mouse has a sharp nose, and small round ears. It has no visual organs. In the upper and under jaw are two long fore-teeth. This animal is so thick and fleshy, and its legs are so short, that its belly nearly touches the ground; it has long crooked claws, a short tail, and tawny hair; the length from nose to tail is nine inches. This species inhabit Mexico. They burrow, and make a great number of subterraneous recesses; but they have so slight a portion of memory as not to find their habitation when once they quit it. They subsist on roots, pulse, and grain, and their flesh is eatable.

THE BRASILIAN SHREW MOUSE.

This animal has a sharp nose, and teeth; it is of a dusky colour, and marked along the back with three broad black strokes. The length from nose to tail five inches: the tail is two inches long. This species inhabit Brazil: they are not fearful of cats, or pursued by them.

THE MURINE SHREW MOUSE.

The murine shrew mouse has a long nose, hollowed on the under part; very long hairs about the nostrils; and round ash-coloured ears, almost destitute of hair; the body and head of a cinereous hue. The size nearly that of a common mouse.

The tail is a little shorter than the body, but not so hairy. This species are found in Java.

THE FÆTID SHREW MOUSE.

This animal is evidently the shrew mouse described by Buffon; and undoubtedly had the appellation of fætid annexed to it, from the offensive odour it diffuses, which is of an extremely noxious quality; the feline race will kill this kind of shrew mouse, but never eat it. This animal has short round ears; small eyes nearly hid in the fur, and a long slender nose. The head and upper part of the body are of a brownish red hue; the belly is of a dirty white cast. The length from nose to tail is two inches and a half; the tail is an inch and a half long. This species are diffusively dispersed; they inhabit various parts of Europe, Kamtschatka, the environs of the Caspian Sea and the Arctic regions; they dwell in old walls, heaps of stones, or holes in the earth, and frequently infest hayricks, dunghills, or any situation replete with filth. They subsist on corn, insects, or any sort of gross food they can obtain; as, like the swine species, they delight in every kind of impurity. The females of this species have usually four or five young at a birth. In the month of August there appears to be a great mortality amongst these animals, numbers of them being found dead at that season.

THE WATER SHREW MOUSE.

This animal, according to M. de Buffon, was discovered by M. Daubenton; though Pennant seems to assert it was known in England long before, and thus describes it: The water shrew mouse has a long slender nose; very minute ears; and small eyes, nearly concealed in the fur. The colour of the head and upper part of the body is black; the

throat, breast, and belly, are of a light ash colour. Beneath the tail is a triangular dusky spot. Its dimensions are larger than those of the preceding kind; as its length from head to tail is near four inches, and the tail is about two inches long. This species inhabit Europe and Siberia; they burrow in the banks of lakes and rivers, and are often found in fenny situations. They are reported to swim under the water, and chirp so much like a grasshopper as often to deceive the ear. These animals have been called blind mice, though they have eyes.

The water shrew mice are usually taken at the head of fountains or springs, at the rising or setting of the sun; as, during the day, they generally secrete themselves. The female brings forth in the spring, and has usually nine young ones at a litter.

THE MINUTE SHREW MOUSE.

The minute shrew mouse is of a disproportionate construction, as its head is nearly as big as its body. It has a very slender nose; broad, short, naked ears; whiskers reaching to the eyes; and small eyes, capable of being drawn in. Its hair is of a fine glossy appearance, grey on the upper part of the body, and white underneath. This animal has no tail.

This species inhabit Siberia, in the vicinage of the Oby and Kama. They frequent moist situations, and live in nests beneath the roots of trees; they have the faculty of digging; run swift; subsist on seeds, and have the voice of a bat. According to Linnæus, this animal is the smallest of the quadruped tribes; but Dr. Pallas is of opinion, the next species, which is denominated the pygmy shrew mouse, is still smaller; as the weight of one of

that kind does but very little, if at all, exceed half a dram.

THE PYGMY SHREW MOUSE.

The pygmy shrew mouse is of the same construction and colour as the fœtid kind, but of a paler hue. The tail is slender at the base, and suddenly grows to a remarkable degree of thickness and rotundity, but gradually lessens to the extremity. This species are very numerous about the rivers Jeneise and Oby.

THE WHITE-TOOTHED SHREW MOUSE.

This animal is of a dusky cinereous colour; has a white belly, a slender hairy tail, and remarkable white cutting teeth.

THE SQUARE-TAILED SHREW MOUSE.

The term 'square-tailed' implies that that part of this species is inclined to a quadrangular construction. This animal is of a dusky ash colour; but the belly of a paler cast, and the cutting teeth of a brownish hue. This kind of shrew mouse diffuses no offensive odour.

THE CARINATED SHREW MOUSE.

This animal is denominated the carinated shrew mouse, because its tail, which is slender and taper, is ridged on the under part. The body is of a dusky, cinereous, or ash colour, whitish on the belly. The fore teeth are of a brownish cast. There is a white spot beyond each eye.

THE UNICOLOR SHREW MOUSE.

This animal is uniformly of a dusky ash colour. The base of the tail is narrow, and of a compressed or flattened make. This and the three preceding species were discovered by professor Herman in the vicinity of Strasburg.

In a class of animals remarkable for no superior instinctive faculties, we are only enabled to trace the progress of common operations; which, with justice and propriety, we may conclude, serve some wise purpose, tending to complete the general union of systematic accordance. It is consistent with the universal harmony that subsists, that many of the brute tribes should be but moderately endued; as by a commixture of active principles and passive qualities, the balance of animal perfection is preserved. Your ladyship, whose comprehensive mind ever seeks to revert to moral causes for every apparent consequence, will, I am persuaded, with your accustomed candour, grant, that in the animal world, even to the highest class endued with rationality, moderate abilities serve particular and essential purposes, and are conducive to the general good. If all were brilliant, all sagacious, in the lower order of beings, the invention of man, and the utmost exertion of his powers, would be required to restrain their varied efforts, and to counteract their pernicious consequences. In the dispensation of instinct, as well as in every other allotment, that portion is bestowed which perfectly accords with the circumstances and construction of the being to whom the gift is assigned: to those who are destined to range the forests in quest of food,—speed, courage, and strength, are amply granted; to others who are to live by stratagem, wily and provident qualities are given; and to many who live in reclusive situations, and subsist on those articles of food which their residence conveniently presents, no further degree of instinct is necessary, than what immediately conduces to the preservation of the species, and the local accommodation

of each individual. Your ladyship, who is liberally endowed by nature, and embellished by mental cultivation, affords an evident proof, that superior abilities are the highest and most distinguished blessing that can be dispensed; as wisdom, when it is duly blended with piety, which comprehends the whole class of virtues, elevates the human mind to almost a celestial state of beatification, and inspires that genuine reverence and affection which actuates your ladyship's faithful

EUGENIA,

LETTER XXVI.

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

YOUR ladyship will, I trust, be not displeased with the next class of subterranean inhabitants, which are comprehended in the mole genus. The principal generic characteristics of this tribe are, a long nose; the upper jaw much longer than the lower; no external ears; scarcely any apparent fore legs; very broad fore feet; and very small hind ones. From the circumstance of having canine teeth in each jaw, this genus forms an exception to the class in which it is placed, but agrees in every other property.

THE EUROPEAN MOLE.

This animal, though he is not wholly destitute of the organs of sight, has such minute eyes, so thickly concealed in the fur, as to afford him but a very slight portion of visual perception; but this defect is amply supplied by a delicate sense of touching and smelling, a skin of a superlative soft texture, and propensities tending to insure domestic peace. With respect to his external construction, the mole

has a long nose or snout; the upper jaw much longer than the lower one; no external auditory passages, except an orifice; very small eyes hid in the fur; six cutting teeth in the upper, and eight in the lower jaw, and two canine teeth in each. The anterior part of the body is thick and muscular; the hinder part of a tapering form. The fore feet are broad, formed like hands, with five toes, and placed obliquely; on each toe are strong claws. The hind feet are small, with five toes on each. The tail is short; the skin of so tough a texture as to be scarcely penetrated with a knife; the hair short and close set, and of a softer texture than velvet, commonly of a black hue, sometimes spotted with white, and in some individuals quite of that colour. The length of the head and body is nearly six inches; the tail is one inch long. This species inhabit Europe (though none are found in Ireland), the temperate and southern regions of Russia and Siberia. There is such a mutual attachment between the male and female of this species, that the enjoyment of each other's society seems to constitute their entire happiness; insomuch that they appear to be averse to, and shun, every other kind of intercourse. This state of perfect tranquillity, arising from domestication, renders the mole species objects of envy, rather than contempt; as without shining abilities, which are often a snare to, and impede the happiness of, the possessors, they partake of the comforts best suited to their capacity of enjoyment, by intuitively forming a subterranean habitation, secure from the attacks of men and the depredations of inferior animals. The mole burrows with great rapidity; as the hand-like form of his fore feet accelerates his progress in

the earth; he also employs his hind feet in flinging back the soil. These animals dexterously close the entrance of their retreat, and seldom migrate from it, unless it is demolished by the machinations of art, or the inroads of water, deluges being the greatest calamity incident to the mole species. They delight in a soft soil, stored with succulent roots, and abounding with insects and worms, which constitute their chief subsistence. They usually make a round vault in the meadows, and a long trench in gardens and cultivated grounds, the soil of the latter being easier removed. As these animals but seldom emerge from their dark recesses, they have few enemies to encounter, and easily elude the pursuit of the carnivorous tribes; but when they are taken, they utter a sharp scream. If an inundation takes place, and dislodges these animals, great numbers of them are drowned in the endeavour to gain elevated ground; and the young and adults, that remain in their holes, always perish. The females of this species have four or five young at a birth, and bring forth in the spring. They form a nest of moss, for the reception of their offspring, a little beneath the surface of the earth, under the greatest hillocks. In dry weather they make none of those elevations, usually called mole-hills, as they are obliged to sink deep in the ground to seek for food. These animals rear their young with great attention; and, as the means of avoiding human discovery, never issue from their recesses but at an aperture at a great distance from the nests, and on the slightest alarm precipitately flee with their young, which they courageously protect.

It is a false opinion that moles sleep the whole winter, as in fact they take but little rest in that season

son; they are found only in cultivated countries, and do not exist in frigid regions. They are peculiarly noxious to gardens by loosening the roots of plants, and flinging up the earth.

Pennant specifies a yellow variety of this species, found in North-America, which is larger than the preceding kind; being above six inches in length, and the tail one inch long. The hair is of a soft, silky, glossy texture, and of a yellowish brown hue at the extremity, and dark grey at the roots; of a bright cast about the head, and of a darker shade about the regions of the rump. The belly is of a deep ash brown hue; the feet and tail are white.

THE VARYING MOLE.

This animal has a short obtuse nose; the space between the tip and corner of the mouth covered with pale brown hair; and a broad whitish bar extending from the corner of the mouth along the sides of the head. The colour on the upper part of the body is variegated with green and copper colour; the lower part of the body is of an ash brown hue. In the upper jaw there are two sharp cutting teeth, in the lower the same; and on each side of them a sharp canine tooth. On the fore feet are three toes with very large claws; that on the exterior toe considerably the biggest; on the hind feet are five small toes, with weak claws on each. It has a round rump, and no tail. The length of the head and body is four inches.

This species inhabit the Cape of Good Hope, not Siberia, as Seba imagined.

THE RADIATED MOLE.

The radiated mole inhabits the northern parts of the new continent.

It forms subterraneous retreats in different directions in uncultivated lands, subsists on roots, and has uncommon strength in its legs. This animal has a long nose, on the edges of which there are radiated tendrils. The hair on the body is dusky, very short, fine, and compact; that on the nose is longer than on any other part. The fore legs are small but broad, with five long white claws on each; the hind legs are scaly, with five toes on each foot. The length from nose to tail is three inches three quarters; the tail is slender, round, and taper, and rather more than an inch long.

THE LONG-TAILED MOLE.

This animal is also a native of North-America, and has a radiated nose. The fore feet are rather of a broad construction; the hind feet very scaly, with a few hairs dispersed on them; the claws on the fore feet are like those of the common mole; those on the hinder feet very long, and slender. The hair on the nose and body is soft, long, and of a rusty brown hue. The tail is two inches long, and covered with short hairs. The length of the nose and body is rather more than four inches.

THE BROWN MOLE.

The brown mole has a slender nose; the upper jaw much longer than the lower; two cutting teeth in the former, four in the latter; the two middle ones very small; no canine teeth. The fore feet are very broad; the nails long; the hind feet small, with five toes on each foot, armed with claws. The hair is soft and glossy, brown at the extremity, and dark grey at the roots. The tail and feet are white; the former is slender, and not an inch in length. The body from nose to

to tail is five inches and a half long. This species are natives of North-America, from whence, with the three preceding kinds, they were sent into Europe. This and the radiated mole are classed by Linnæus in the shrew genus; but on the authority of Pennant, from the variation of teeth, formation of nose, and common habitudes, they seem nearer allied to the mole genera.

THE RED MOLE.

The form of the body and tail of this animal is similar to the European kind. It has three toes on the fore feet, and four on the hind. Its hair is of a cinereous red hue. According to the testimony of Seba, it is a native of the new continent; but he does not ascertain whether of the northern or southern regions.

In the mole genus, we may decisively ascertain the individual benefits which arise from domestic comforts, and circumscribed enjoyments. In the human race, as well as in the brute genera, the most substantial delight is derived from social intercourse, and domestic harmony; as that mode of happiness must be of a fugitive and extraneous nature which is sought from foreign objects, and purchased at the expence or by the violation of a family compact. In a domestic state all rational enjoyments centre; all beyond that sphere are insipid or noxious; and in this rational circle the affections are exercised, and the combination rendered permanent by mutual attachment. Your ladyship, who never migrate but in charity to your friends, or to prosecute some laudable design, will admire the tender attachment of the mole, even though, as Pope elegantly expresses, you compare his "dim curtain to the lynx's beam." Whatever the proportion of sight,

the grant of other senses counteracts the deficiency, and excites your ladyship's admiration, as well as that of

EUGENIA.

(To be continued.)

The PRAISE of TIME.

(From a French Journal.)

FOR ages past, Time has been the subject of reproaches and invectives; he has been treated as the universal destroyer, accused of overturning every thing, ruining the most solid monuments, leading in his train old age and death, and, in fine, covering the world with ravages and ruins. Let us endeavour to vindicate this venerable power from the injustice of his calumniators, by showing that, if he is the author of some inevitable evils, he amply compensates for it by the numerous benefits which he bestows on mankind.

Let us follow man from his birth to the tomb. *Time* enables him to walk and speak. By *Time* his limbs are strengthened and his organs developed. By the aid of *Time* he adorns his mind with the various knowledge that may contribute to his happiness. His heart speaks, his passions awaken, accumulate, and swell; the storm arises; and the disturbed mind, the sport of a thousand contrary winds, is dashed from rock to rock at the mercy of the waves. In vain Reason presents her torch, the thick clouds obscure its light; this compass itself, agitated by the tempest, serves only to lead astray, by its frequent oscillations. Who then appeases the multitudinous billows? who re-establishes the calm, and conducts the shipwrecked mariner to a safe harbour?—*Time*.—*Time* alone extinguishes the flame of desire, represses the tumult of the passions,

and

at length restores tranquillity and happiness to the heart of man.

Should the fortune of any one not be sufficient to his wants, whatever exertions he may make, the competence and ease to which he aspires can only be acquired by the aid of *Time*. *Time* alone can by degrees make known his merit, and open to him the road to honours and lucrative employments.

Lelia complains that *Time* has withered her charms. But has she not been sufficiently indemnified for this loss? An equivocal conduct had cast on her reputation a disagreeable stain. *Time* has caused her faults to be forgotten, and restored her to respect and esteem. Her heart was consumed by a frantic passion for an ungrateful object, and her life became a torment to her. *Time* has destroyed the enchantment, and given again tranquillity to her soul. A cruel malady slowly undermined her wasting frame; every remedy failed; *Time* alone has been able to make a perfect cure.

Cephise has lost a beloved husband. Her friends in vain attempted to console her; they but irritated her grief. *Time*, with beneficent hand, has shed his soothing balmin to her ulcerated heart; and Cephise, forgetting the dead, has resumed, in favour of the living, her former gaiety and charms.

Linval sought to please the young and amiable Cidalise. In vain he displayed all the accomplishments which nature and education had bestowed on him; all his efforts were fruitless. Linval had recourse to *Time*; and *Time* softened the heart of his mistress, put a period to her rigours, and crowned the wishes of the fortunate Linval.

Sainville was overwhelmed with debts. He called a meeting of his

creditors, who granted him the *time* he requested. *Time* brought on the death of a relation to whom he was heir, enabled him to marry a rich and handsome widow, and, in consequence, to pay his creditors.

By the aid of *Time* every thing is done; but without *Time*, nothing. "I would undertake your business," says a friend to you, "but I have not *time*." Why does this literary work contain so many errors? Because the author did not employ the *time* necessary to render it correct. Why is my eulogium on *Time* so short, when the subject furnishes such ample materials for enlargement? Because I have not time to say more.

THE MOST WRETCHED STATE OF MAN:

An Apologue.

IN a conference held between some Greek and Indian philosophers, in the presence of Chosroes king of Persia, the following question was proposed for solution:

"What is the most wretched state in which a man can find himself in this world?"

A Greek philosopher said it was to pass a feeble old age in the midst of extreme poverty.

An Indian asserted that it was to suffer sickness of the body accompanied by pain of the mind.

As for me, said the visir Buzurgmehr, I think that the greatest of miseries a man can experience in this world, is to see himself near the close of life, without having practised virtue.

This opinion received the general approbation of this assembly of sages, and Chosroes ordered that it should be engraved on a marble tablet, and fixed up in the principal square

square of Ispahan, to offer to the people a subject of meditation, and remain an eternal lesson of wisdom.

Time, which devours all things, has destroyed this tablet; and in Persia, as with us, it is forgotten that the greatest of miseries in this world is to approach the close of life without having practised virtue.

LETTER of HELEN MARIA WILLIAMS on the DEATH of her SISTER.

[From Sketches of the State of Manners and Opinions in the French Republic.]

YOUR kind letter, my dear friend, deserved a far speedier reply. I felt gratefully the sympathy you express for our misfortune, though amidst the first bitterness of my distress my heart rejected the motives of consolation you placed before me: Yes—even the voice of friendship was irksome to the first impatience of sorrow. Ah! can you wonder at the excess of my affliction? Can you wonder that my heart was almost broken, when you recollect what I have lost? The grave, the relentless grave, for ever covers from my sight my sister!—My eye meets no more the dear companion of my childhood—the beloved friend of my life! she who shared in all its destiny, all its emotions—all its interests—all that has left the traces of existence on the memory or the affections!—she on whom I ever leant for consolation!—whose placid sweetness soothed my too acute feelings, and whose uniform cheerfulness of disposition corrected the habitual melancholy of mine.—No!—the world has nothing to offer me that can compensate for the loss of my sister—nothing, nothing can fill the void she has left in my desolated heart!—Her virtues

VOL. XXXII.

were of that kind that shed unvarying peace over domestic life—that assuage the ranklings of discontent, and dissipate the gloom of those every-day cares which poison domestic comforts.—You know that she was neither destitute of taste, literature, or any of the accomplishments which are fitted to please in society.—But precious above all others are those qualities which are best discovered in the mild intercourse of family connections!—dear above every boasted attainment acquired to compel applause from the world, and proud of no other triumph, are those dispositions which cheer the hour when no stranger is present to admire, and shed the sweet influence which links the heart to home!

How cruel too were the circumstances of her death!—Sudden death is perhaps a good to the sufferer, but how terrible a stroke to the survivors!—She had passed the day in company; her complexion was clear, her countenance gay and animated; at nine in the evening she was taken ill, and the day following she expired. Oh! I shall never forget her last look! I see her still—a mortal paleness overspread her face—her cap had fallen off, and her fine auburn hair hung over her shoulders; her features were so placid that she seemed still to breathe; to feel the agonizing tears with which a mother, a husband, a sister, bathed her face and hands. She had reached the last month of her pregnancy; her unborn infant perished with her, and found a grave in its mother's womb. Alas, alas, my Cecilia! for you nature seemed to suspend the benignant law which shields the pregnant mother from the attacks of disease, and guards her life till she has transmitted life to her child! But why should I repine that the

2 Z

unborn

unborn infant reposes with its mother in the grave? Is life then such a blessing, that I can wish it had been preserved when it would have begun under such cruel auspices?—to be born the unconscious murderer of her by whom life was bestowed! no maternal bosom to repose on! no maternal heart to beat quick with transport at the first feeble cry which proclaims the newly-arrived stranger; never to be folded in a mother's arms; never gazed on by a mother's eye! but to come into the world a mourner; to awaken to existence, and excite no sweet sensations, no tender hopes, no delicious promises!—to be surveyed with bitterness; perhaps repulsed by the impatience of unavailing sorrow. Oh no!—thrice happy to have been snatched from such a destiny; tears enough have been shed over the infants she has left. Unfortunate children! others indeed will watch over you, will cherish you, but who will love you like a mother!—a mother!—alas! you must repeat no more that dearest, tenderest of names, which you had just learnt to utter! she on whom you call can hear you no longer! I must teach you—cruel task! to forget her; you must cease to inquire of me what is become of your mamma; you must cease to ask me when she will come back. If I could bear all this, at least my mother's feebleness must be spared; the bitterness of her anguish must be soothed, and my own must be stifled, even while my heart is breaking.

I was condemned, my dear friend, to perform the last sad duties to my sister in gloomy silence; denied the relief of breathing a complaint:—I was forced to steal, unobserved, to the chamber of death; and, kneeling by the coffin where she lay, listen, in the pre-

sence of a few friends, to the hasty service, which, while the municipal officer and his attendants waited at the gate of the hotel, was performed by M. Marron, the protestant minister, and often interrupted by an emotion he was unable to suppress.

The preceding day I had made such arrangements as I could, to have a spot of earth opened to receive her dear remains, a little separated, so at least I was taught to believe, from the enormous pit, where, in this country—boasting of its superior civilization, but more barbarous in its treatment of the dead than the wandering hordes of the desert—the sacred relics of those we have loved and honoured are rudely thrown amidst the common heap. Inhuman, savage interpretation of equality! which forbids the tribute of those harmless distinctions, those symbols of respect that are so dear to the superstition of tenderness!—inexorable law! which, more merciless than death itself, robs us of all traces of the form we cherish!—Yes: here the mourner is bereaved of the last fond allusions that soften the agonies of separation, and sanctify the sod where those we love are laid!—here no tears ever bathe their hallowed turf; no flowers are ever strewn over that yawning gulf, that undistinguishing receptacle from which imagination recoils, and where the grave assumes a new horror! Oh! my sister! my sister! a tree, indeed, a solitary tree, near the foot of which I am told she rests, will perhaps enable me to point out one day to her children the spot where their mother was interred—

'And is it then to live?—when *such* friends
part,
'Tis the survivor dies.'

ACCOUNT of CHRISTIAN-HENRY HEINECKEN, a Child of uncommon Attainments at a very early Age.

[From *Juvenile Biography, or Lives of celebrated Children, with Moral Reflections*, by Mr. Josse: Translated by Mrs. Cumming.]

THIS child was a true literary phenomenon; and, had not writers of veracity related various details respecting his precocious learning and the manner in which he was brought up, we should be tempted to call in doubt many astonishing particulars of his life. Indeed, what is more singular than to see quite an infant speak correctly, have just ideas, and reason sensibly, while still at the breast? Such a prodigy proves to us the sportiveness and predilection of nature, which is pleased to bestow a wonderful genius upon some, whilst she scarcely grants common sense to so many thousands of individuals, who can only be considered as vicious, disgustingly ugly, or absolute drones. But education having great influence, it being the only supplement to the natural qualities, which man is very often destitute of, it is of great importance to select the best models, and to set them before our pupils, as it is the most powerful means of exciting in them a sense of honour and emulation. Thus, and not by idle exhortations, we may inspire them with a taste for study and the love of glory.

Christian-Henry Heinecken was born at Lubeck, in Lower Saxony, in the year 1720. His father, a professor of history in the university of Leipsick, was a man of consummate erudition, and he especially possessed the no less uncommon than difficult talent of being a good teacher. Having but this only son, he attempted, by way of

amusement, to teach him to speak when only eight months old. He at first showed him, as much as possible, every object around him; and he afterwards articulated, in a distinct voice, the name, use, and properties of each. A short time after these first lessons, the instructor was much surprised to hear his scholar pronounce not only words, but even sentences, which were neither void of reason nor sense.

What deserves particular notice respecting little Henry's instruction is, that his father did not teach him the sciences by writing, nor by reading, although he read very well, but only by word of mouth. We shall presently see that this method is the easiest and by far the quickest; for, when about two years old, this tender child was already acquainted with the principal events of the sacred history, and even related them with tolerable exactness.

Before he was three years of age he had likewise acquired extensive notions of geography, and of the Greek and Roman history; but, in order to impress them more deeply upon his mind, care was taken to make upon numbered cards designs of the principal occurrences in these histories; and by this means he recollected them so well, that he gave an immediate answer to the different questions put to him. By pursuing this plan young Christian, moreover, became acquainted with the genealogy of the principal families of Europe. But this increase of knowledge is no favourable testimony of the taste of his master; and it is a pity that this child's memory was burdened with a nomenclature as useless as insipid and disgusting. Simply by conversation little Heinecken learnt the Latin and French languages; and he spoke them as well as the German, which was his native tongue.

Henry's reputation daily increased, and was already known in foreign countries. A number of illustrious personages, and amongst others the King of Denmark, testified a desire to see this extraordinary child, who was accordingly carried to Copenhagen, under the care of his mother. What is related of this little prodigy could scarcely be credited, had not Martini attested it in a convincing manner; in a dissertation published in 1730. Heinecken appeared before the king with all the graces of childhood, and that noble assurance which a secret sense of distinguished merit inspires. A stature much above his age; one of the most happy countenances, with large blue eyes glistening with infantine gaiety; a look that announced as much wit as good sense; a rosy complexion; beautiful flaxen hair falling in ringlets upon his forehead; all these advantages together gave a prepossession in favour of this learned child from his cradle.

But the moment he opened his mouth, his distinct and grave speech, his agreeable accent, the silver and soft tone of his voice, attracted the particular attention of every one. He then delivered a Latin oration, which lasted about twenty minutes; and, although in presence of a most respectable and numerous company, this child was in no wise disconcerted, nor was his memory defective. After this discourse, which drew upon him the warmest applause, little Heinecken recited in French an ingenious apologue, in verse, containing things extremely flattering to the queen and princesses, who were present. When the young orator had ended, as he was of a charming figure, several ladies took him upon their knees, and caressed him in the kindest manner.

A child of five years old, haranguing a crowned head, in the midst of a number of officers and courtiers, was certainly a phenomenon well worthy of admiration; but there is another particular still more astonishing. The king of Denmark, approaching Heinecken's mother, to felicitate her upon having so amiable and learned a son, asked her how they had been able to teach him so many things in such a short time. 'Sire,' answered she, 'I can assure your majesty that we have never teased him a single moment for that purpose; it is almost of his own accord, and by conversing with his father, that he became so well informed. He has a natural disposition for learning.'—'Then it is a long time since you weaned him,' continued the monarch.—'O! no; he still sucks; it is his chief comfort.' At these words Madam Heinecken requested the king's permission to suckle the little one; for, added she, he is so much the more thirsty, as he has made greater efforts to merit the suffrages of a prince no less enlightened than just and virtuous. The tender mother having uncovered her bosom, the little orator immediately began to imbibe the sweet nectar with as little ceremony as he had delivered his harangue. No one then could refrain from admiring on one hand, a beautiful nurse, twenty-two years of age; and, on the other, a young child who, like Cupid upon the knees of Venus, displayed, in a sportive manner, the knowledge of a man, and was yet at the breast.

The journey of the son and his young mother crowned them both with honour. After having been every where well entertained, and having received those flattering marks of distinction that are so voluntarily shown towards rising merit,

merit, little Heinecken took leave of the court, from which he departed loaded with praises, toys, and rich presents; and he had, besides, a library well furnished with books, no less instructive than scarce and curious.

When the young pupil was returned to Lubeck, his father determined that he should regularly pursue his studies; and for that purpose taught him to write. Indeed, what learning children acquire is very soon forgot, or they have only a confused idea of it, if the things they have heard, or those they read or already know, are not carefully fixed on their mind by means of characters. It is impossible for them ever to acquire any solid information or knowledge, if they do not, now and then, write observations and notes upon what they read.

Young Christian was then weaned, that he might be fit to continue, or rather to begin the classics in a regular manner. After having been parted from his mother for nearly three weeks, in order to accustom him to his new mode of living, the poor little child absolutely could not bear such a cruel separation: he night and day lamented his sad lot; he would take no sustenance, and visibly decayed. At last he fell into a consumption, and died in about five weeks.

To the EDITOR of the LADY'S
MAGAZINE.

SIR,
HAVING met with the following little Tale in a French Journal published in Germany, I have amused myself with translating it. If you think proper to insert it in your agreeable Miscellany, it is at your service, and you will oblige

Your's, &c.

ANNA B***N.

Shrewsbury, May 17, 1801.

The THREE BROTHERS of BAGDAD.

AN ARABIAN TALE.

THREE brothers, Selim, Rustan, and Mirza, having succeeded as joint-heirs to a moderate fortune, were preparing to divide it among them, when Mirza, the youngest, said to the two others: 'This property, which, divided among us, is but little, would be very considerable if it appertained to one of us only. A great fortune is more easily doubled than a small one increased. We have all three been brought up to commerce; but Selim, our eldest brother, understands it best. Let us each entrust him with our portions: we will labour under his directions; and if he prospers, as we have the greatest reason to expect that he will, we will divide the profit.' Rustan consented. 'But,' added Mirza, 'let us swear the most entire submission to his orders, and acquiescence in his plans: since we have committed our fortunes into his hands, we must place the most implicit confidence in him, and he is incapable of abusing it. Union, as one of our doctors has said, is the mother of strength, and the sister of happiness.' They accordingly solemnly engaged to be guided in every thing by Selim, who, now become rich by having at his disposal the fortune of his two brothers, engaged in very considerable enterprizes, in all of which he was successful. His warehouses were soon the best furnished of any in Bagdad, with the merchandize of the Indies, the Isles of the East, and of the Archipelago. The furs of Astracan, the rich silks of China, and the variegated cottons from the banks of the Ganges, were found in them in unexampled abundance. Nothing was talked of in Bagdad but Selim the merchant. All the ladies of beauty and fashion were

his

his customers. It one day chanced that one of these came to the shop of Selim to make some purchase. She was veiled according to the custom of the east, and followed by a young female slave. Her elegant and majestic stature inspired a prepossession that her countenance was beautiful. She bought several articles of dress. Rustan that day officiated in the shop; and, as his person and air was pleasing, the lady, taking him for his elder brother Selim, made him many compliments on his great reputation as a merchant, and the prosperity of his commerce. Rustan replied, that he was not at the head of the business, which was directed by his brother Selim, but that he was one of the partners, and a proprietor of a third of the stock.

He had his views in making this communication. He conjured Fatima, such was the name of the lady, to do him the favour to throw up her veil for a moment, that he might see the lovely lips from which he had heard such agreeable compliments; and she complied with a request, which the women of Asia rarely grant to those of the other sex to whom they are indifferent. Rustan was astonished at her beauty; and saw her leave him with regret. He caused her to be followed by a slave, and learned that she was the daughter of a merchant who had died about two years before, and left her heiress to a moderate fortune; that she lived very retired with an old female slave, and the young one he had seen with her in the shop; and that she was entirely at her own disposal. He did not neglect the next day to send a very tender letter, in which, according to the style of Arabian gallantry, he compared her to all the flowers of the parterre; and concluded by offering her his hand. The offer

was accepted, and he hastened to communicate his happiness to his brother Selim, who congratulated him, and said: "You put into my hands three thousand sequins, when we began business together; there are thirty thousand as your principal and profit. But I rather suppose that it is not your wish to quit that commerce by which you have been enriched; and, if so, why should you leave your brothers? Come, and reside, together with your wife, in my house, which is yours. Let me continue to make use of your capital; especially as I have now an opportunity to employ it to particular advantage, both to you and to myself. Live with us; and I shall feel a pleasure in assisting you to bring up your children; we will teach them the profession of their fathers; and they shall be successful, like us, and happy."

Rustan consented; but his wife Fatima, who had ambition and pride, was mortified by the reflection that he was but second in the commerce of which Selim was the head; and that every thing was under the direction of the elder brother. She ardently wished to see her husband at the head of a business equally extensive, and enjoying the same reputation. She inspired him with a kind of jealousy which she called emulation, and persuaded him that his honour required that he should become the rival of his brother, and obtain an equal commercial reputation in Bagdad, and fame in distant countries.

He yielded to her suggestions, separated from his brother, and told him that he proposed to embark his riches on board a vessel, and sail for the island of Serendib, whence he doubted not he should bring back such valuable spices that his voyage would be sufficient to enrich him beyond his utmost wishes.

‘My brother,’ replied Selim, ‘remember the precept of Saadi: “Riches are at the bottom of the sea, but security is on the shore.” Why should you expose all that you possess to the mercy of the winds and of the waves? Leave at least one half in my hands. Fortune has been favourable to you here, and this, perhaps, is a reason why she may be adverse to you elsewhere. Why should you tempt her? Why are you weary of being happy?’ Rustan did not listen to this advice, but bade adieu to Selim.—‘Farewell,’ said Selim, in return, ‘may you not one day regret your house at Bagdad.’

Rustan was not contented with leaving Selim; he persuaded his younger brother also to leave him; representing to him that it was disgraceful for him to be any longer dependent on an elder brother. Mirza, therefore, resolved, likewise, to withdraw his capital, and follow Rustan.

Selim, obliged to advance such great sums at a time he least expected it, was at once greatly grieved and perplexed by the departure of his two brothers. He seemed to foresee the mischiefs which this separation must produce. He likewise immediately after sustained a loss, which at any other time would have been of little consequence, but now became serious. He was unable to make good his engagements, and requested time. His creditors were alarmed, and believed him ruined. The departure of his brothers likewise excited a suspicion that his affairs were deranged. He was pressed on every side, and obliged to sell commodities of great value at a low price. The jealousy and envy which his opulence had inspired deprived him of assistance in his distress; and, indeed, greater sums than it was in

the power of any of his rivals to advance were necessary for his effectual support. He therefore took a desperate resolution: he sold off every thing, paid his creditors, and with the little which was left, the wreck of his fortune, set out for Bassora, resolving no longer to remain in a city which, after having beheld his prosperity and splendor, was now a witness to his misfortune and disgrace.

When he arrived at Bassora he engaged in a small business in the retail way, which succeeded tolerably well. He gained money, and projected a journey to Grand Cairo, from which he expected to derive very considerable profit. He set out with one slave and one camel; but, at the distance of a few miles from Bassora, was attacked by robbers, who took from him all he had, killed his slave, and left him for dead. A peasant of the neighbourhood finding him weltering in his blood, but perceiving life in him, took him to his cottage, gave him every assistance in his power, and he at length recovered. The peasant, though he was poor, gave him at his departure some small pieces of money, and Selim took leave of him with his eyes overflowing with tears of gratitude.

‘Have you no relations or friends, who can assist you?’ said the peasant.

‘I had two brothers,’ replied Selim; ‘but, perhaps, I have them no longer: at least they are not brothers to me. I have loved them. I have done every thing in my power for them, and they have abandoned me.’

Thus saying, he again wept violently, and took leave of the peasant.

The little money that Selim had received was soon expended, and he was reduced to ask alms, to subsist himself on the road to Mos-soul.

soul. On his way he met with a company of *calenders*, or begging dervises, who were preparing themselves a repast of dried fish, locusts, and dates, which they took out of their wallets. He requested them to let him share their meal.

'Alas!' said one of them, 'what can you ask of poor dervises, who scarcely have wherewith to subsist themselves? All we can do is to pray to Mahomet for you. But the austerity of our way of living will not suit you.'

'Every thing suits him who suffers hunger,' replied Selim; and he was about to reproach them with their harshness, when two of the company fell upon his neck, and bathed him with their tears. They were his brothers.

The three brothers, after becoming more composed, appeared equally surprised to find themselves in so deplorable a state. Selim related to the other two his adventures, and received from them in return an account of their misfortunes.— They had made considerable profit at Serendib, but on their return had been taken by a corsair. The wife of Rustan, and themselves likewise, had been sold for slaves; but they had found means to make their escape, and, in the disguise of dervises, lived by soliciting alms.

Selim was too generous to remind them that they had brought on themselves their own misfortunes, and at the same time been the cause of his.

'Since we have again met,' said he, 'I augur more favourably of our destiny. We have never been unhappy but when we have been separated from each other. Let us labour in concert to repair our misfortunes. Let us quit this vile habit, in which we can only lead an obscure and contemptible life. Idleness and disgrace procure nothing,

while every thing may be obtained by industry and courage. Let us go to Mossoul; we have all some knowledge of trade: we will endeavour to enter into the service of some merchant. Let us render ourselves useful, and we may again be happy.'

His brothers having suffered so much for not having followed his advice, were now ready to do whatever he proposed. They went therefore to Mossoul; but all their inquiries were fruitless. All the places in the shops and warehouses were occupied, and they were reduced to act as porters without doors. The three brothers took their stations in different quarters of the city, and by their industry and fidelity procured themselves a subsistence. It was perceived that they possessed understanding, and they were employed in preference to others.

One day, when Selim had brought some large bales to a merchant who dealt in stuffs, he sat down to rest him on a stone seat in a spacious court-yard, while some other parcels should be brought to him, which he was to carry back. He usually received his orders from a clerk; but, on this occasion, the master of the warehouse came himself. He opened the stuffs that had been brought before Selim. They came from Bagdad. 'See,' said he, 'what beautiful pieces these are; Selim himself never had finer.' At the name of Selim, the merchant observed that his porter appeared very much agitated. 'What is the matter with you my friend?' said he. 'Nothing,' replied the porter; but in despite of his utmost exertions the tears gushed from his eyes. 'Did you know Selim?' said Jeffer, (this was the name of the merchant): 'Did you ever serve him?'— 'I did know him,' said Selim.— 'He was a very honest man,' added Jeffer;

Jeffer; 'I was very sorry for his misfortunes, though I never could conceive the cause of them; for no man kept his affairs in better order, or possessed a greater genius for trade.' The longer Jeffer spoke in this manner the more Selim was affected, and at last could no longer refrain from avowing that he was himself the unfortunate Selim, and that what had been said had made the more impression on him, because, when the bales were opened, he had perceived, by a certain mark on them, that the stuffs had formerly been in his warehouses, and the sight of these remnants of his once flourishing trade had pierced him to the heart. Jeffer was greatly moved at seeing so great a merchant reduced to so low a condition, and immediately offered to make him one of his principal clerks. Selim accepted the offer with gratitude. His exertions and his judgment rendered him every day more dear to his master; and he industriously sought an opportunity to procure similarly advantageous places for his brothers in the same house.

One evening, as he was passing under a very low window, which was that of the apartment of the women, in the most private part of the house of Jeffer, he heard himself called by his name, and on looking back was surprised to see Fatima, the wife of Rustan, his sister-in-law. She informed him that she had been brought to Mossoul by a Syrian merchant, and sold to Jeffer, who was passionately fond of her. She inquired of him after Rustan, assuring him that nothing could diminish her love for him, and that she should never cease to mourn her separation from him. Selim told her that Rustan was at Mossoul, but that he certainly should not inform him of a discovery which could only tend to increase

his grief, without its being possible that it should be remedied. Fatima appointed Selim to meet her in the same manner the next evening, at the same hour, and desired him in the mean time to consider what was possible to be done in so perilous a conjuncture. Selim, on his side, knew not in what manner to act. To discover all to Rustan would be to plunge a dagger into his heart, and perhaps to engage him in hazardous projects; and to attempt to assist Fatima to elope, would be to repay the bounty of his benefactor with the blackest ingratitude.

He returned, however, to the window, at the hour appointed. Fatima told him that she most ardently wished to see her husband, and that it was in his power to procure her that pleasure; that it was only necessary previously to inform Rustan, and contrive that he should be employed in the house a part of the day; for then in the evening she might see him at the same window from which she was then speaking to his brother. Selim represented to her the danger to which she would expose both her husband and herself; but she conjured him so earnestly not to refuse her request, that he promised to communicate all that had passed to Rustan. He accordingly went to him, and they concerted together the necessary arrangements. Rustan was at the place of rendezvous at the time appointed; but a female slave, who had overheard a part of the conversation between Fatima and Selim, and who thought an elopement was intended, had discovered all that she had learned to Jeffer.

This worthy merchant could scarcely believe that Selim could be capable of an act so basely perfidious; but the slave assured him that she had heard them fix the

hour; and that if he would only go to the place at the time appointed, and surprise them, he would be convinced of the truth of all she had said. In fact, at the moment when Rustan, brought by Selim, approached the window, Jeffer appeared with his sabre in his hand, and followed by several of his slaves armed.

‘Wretch!’ said he to Selim, ‘before I cause thy head, and that of thy vile accomplice, to fall at my feet, tell me what could induce thee to be guilty of such detestable treachery. Is it thus I am to be rewarded for all my benefactions?’

Selim, trembling, declared the whole truth. Fatima bathed with her tears the knees of Jeffer.

‘He is my husband,’ said she. ‘I was his by the affection of the heart, and the law of the prophet, before my adverse fortune delivered me into your hands as your slave.’

Jeffer was humane: he felt the calamity which had at once overwhelmed the whole of this unfortunate family, which had made the wife a slave, and the husband a wandering fugitive.

‘I have already had pity on thy brother,’ said he to Rustan, ‘and I will not withdraw my bounty: I will even extend it to thyself, and thy other brother Mirza. Heaven has given you into my hands; and as often as the prophet shall cast his eyes on the house of Jeffer he shall see monuments of mercy, and shall shed upon me prosperity and peace because I have done good.’

The three brothers afterwards lived together with Jeffer, and became his partners. He restored Fatima to Rustan, and gave his two daughters in marriage to Selim and Mirza. There was no more among them either jealousy or disunion: they loved each other, and they were happy.

The HISTORY of ROBERT the BRAVE.

(Continued from page 314.)

THE sun began to decline towards the horizon when the travellers entered a forest which they were obliged to cross. The silence of the woods was only interrupted by the trampling of the horses, and the last notes of the birds retiring to rest. The thoughts of Roger were fixed on his beloved Elvige, and those of Robert employed on the means of acquiring glory, when, on a sudden, they heard the forest resound with shrill cries. The two friends looked on each other: they were actuated by one wish; and, exciting their horses to their utmost speed, directed their course towards that part of the forest whence the sounds appeared to proceed.

They had not gone far before they saw, through the trees, a mule richly caparisoned galloping without a rider, and presently after came up to a lady, whose cries, redoubling at their approach, seemed to implore their assistance. A few paces from her lay two men stretched on the ground, who appeared to be expiring of wounds which they had received. The clashing of arms was heard at some distance further; and thither the two friends flew, impelled by the same ardour.—They found the combat extremely unequal. Six horsemen attacked at once a single knight, who, mounted on a superb courser, and arrayed in rich armour, defended himself like a hero. His assailants could be no other than assassins. Robert and Roger, therefore, immediately rushed, sword in hand, upon them, and quickly laid two of them at their feet, while the knight himself disabled a third. The three others then attempted to fly; but Rainulf, who followed

followed his masters, having come up, made such an effectual opposition to their retreat as gave time to their pursuers to overtake them, and in a few moments they fell, pierced with wounds, and were trampled under the feet of the horses.

The unknown knight, after having testified his gratitude to his defenders, and expressed the admiration with which their valour inspired him, requested them to accompany him to his lady, and assist in completely dissipating her fears. As soon as she perceived them, she hastened to meet them; and the apprehensions of her agitated mind were appeased, and changed into the liveliest emotions of joy, when she was assured that the excellent armour of the knight had preserved him from receiving any hurt by the blows of the assassins. Every assistance was now given, with the utmost care and dispatch, to the two attendants of the knight, who had been severely wounded; after which Robert and Roger offered to take their leave and proceed on their journey: but as night was fast coming on, the lady and the knight earnestly entreated and prevailed on them to accept a lodging at their castle, which was situated at a little distance from the forest.

On their way, the knight informed them that having come to pass some days at his country-mansion, the fineness of the weather had induced him to make an excursion into the forest; where he was with his lady, without suspicion of danger, when he was attacked by the six robbers with whom they had just been engaged. He likewise informed them that he held a principal office at the court of the count of Toulouse.

The opportunity was too favourable not to be seized. Roger and

Robert, therefore, informed the knight of the object of their journey, and their design to offer their services to his illustrious sovereign.— They told him, at the same time, that it was their intention to solicit permission not to declare their real names till they should have rendered them illustrious by their achievements.

The knight gave his applause to this noble project, and promised them all the assistance and support in his power at the court of the count of Toulouse. He did not offer to question them relative to their birth; but their demeanour, their arms, and the address and valour they had displayed in the combat in which they had afforded him such timely and effectual assistance, induced him to conclude that their extraction must be equal to their courage. He assured them that the illustrious Raymond would see with the utmost pleasure two knights of merit so rare combating under his banners.

As soon as the two friends were alone, and could mutually communicate their thoughts, Roger imparted to Robert a new project which he had conceived while they were on the way.

‘My friend,’ said he, ‘I hope I shall in combat prove myself your equal, we will act in concert in opposing every danger; but henceforth it is my wish that you alone should command: let me obey; and by no means refuse me this request, for our happiness depends upon it. You know with what attention and severity it is usual to judge of the actions of men to whom obedience and respect are accorded. By thus forcing every eye to fix on you, it will more evidently appear how truly deserving you are of general homage.’

The modest Robert long resisted this

this command, but at length was obliged to yield to the ardent friendship of his noble companion.

The two friends soon after arrived at the court of the count. The knight, who was to present them to that prince, had preceded them some hours, and related the adventure he had met with, and the fortunate assistance he had received from the gallantry and prowess of two strangers. He explained the motive which induced them to conceal their names. Raymond possessed all the qualities which characterise a great sovereign: his achievements were already loudly proclaimed by fame, and valour was one of the virtues which he prized the most. After hearing what the knight related, he received the two friends with the greatest respect, and assured them that he would give employment to their valour.

An opportunity to display their strength and address soon presented itself. During the time of peace, jousts and tournaments were the principal amusement of the count of Toulouse. The arrival of the two strangers, and the wish to make trial of their powers and skill in martial exercises, gave occasion to one of these brilliant festivals.—The generous Raymond adopted this means as the best to authorise them to appear at his court without having first declared the secret of their birth. He conceived that nothing could more certainly prove the nobility of their extraction, than encounters which might enable them to show their skill and superiority in exercises which were then only known to and practised by those who had a right to aspire to the order of knighthood.

When the day appointed for the tournament had arrived, the count of Toulouse, accompanied by a brilliant train of courtiers, took his

place at the bottom of the lists.—

The two friends presented themselves at the barrier,—Roger having previously required that the armour of Robert should be more ornamental and conspicuous than his own. It was easy to surpass them in magnificence, but no knight equalled them in dignity of air and demeanour. As soon as they were perceived by the count of Toulouse, that prince condescendingly advanced to meet them, and conducted them to the front of the balcony in which the ladies were seated.—The grace with which they saluted them, and their address in managing their horses, engaged the general attention, and convinced all the knights that they would find in them rivals well capable of disputing the prize with them.

Every kind of glory was aspired to by the count of Toulouse. He delighted in these exercises, the images of war, and had frequently gained prizes himself. He wished that his name should be joined with those of the knights who proposed to joust with the two strangers. But fearing that he might not be sufficiently favoured by that chance which was to determine who should be the first combatants, he hastened to present his gauntlet to Robert, and offered to break a lance with him; but Robert, too respectful to accept abruptly such an honour, leaped from his horse, and, embracing the knees of the count, declared to him that, in his quality of simple candidate for the order of knighthood, he did not conceive himself entitled to accept the signal favour offered him by so great a prince. The illustrious Raymond, pleased with this noble modesty, and fearing that it might prevent his antagonist from exerting against him his utmost powers, would not insist on his proposal. He even retired

retired out of the lists, that he might leave the two candidates more at liberty to avail themselves of all their strength and address.

The most distinguished knights, and such as were most accustomed to conquer, were those whom the lots appointed to combat first.—The two strangers modestly accepted their challenge, but respect did not enchain their arms. Robert felt the necessity of fulfilling the great hopes of his friend, and Roger aspired to acquire crowns which he might one day lay at the feet of Elvige. Not one of the combatants could resist them: they gained every prize contended for on that day; and, though some of the vanquished might be jealous of their success, the number of their admirers was far greater. The count of Toulouse, persuaded that he could not confer too much honour on such brave strangers, assigned them a residence in his palace, and in a short time their politeness and exemplary modesty won the hearts of all with whom they associated.

The admiration, respect, and fear, which the great achievements of the count of Toulouse had inspired, compelled, for some time, the princes, his neighbours, not to disturb his tranquillity. The duration of this calm caused the tournaments to be frequently repeated, and the two friends always proved themselves so formidable, that no person dared to challenge them.—They had never yet contended against each other; and nothing had shown which of the two was superior. It was wished, therefore, that they should enter the lists together; and this contest, which the count of Toulouse himself proposed, could not be refused. On the day appointed an immense multitude of spectators surrounded the lists.—The barrier opened; the signal was

given; they rushed to the charge; but at the instant they met, without having previously communicated their intentions to each other, the same sentiment animated both; both acted from the same impulse; each yielded to his friend; and their two lances, lowering at the same moment, were broken against the ground.

At this proof of friendship, so generous, so affecting, which no person could entertain the thought of attributing to a fear of engaging each other, the count ordered that the contest should cease, divided between them the prize proposed for the conqueror, and promised that he would never again separate them either in tournaments or in battle.

The opportunity to employ their valour more usefully at length presented itself. One of the most powerful of the princes who were neighbours to Raymond obliged him to take arms to repel his attack and unjust claims. The vassals of the count of Toulouse loved with enthusiasm their sovereign, whom they had almost always seen crowned with victory. A new war promised them new laurels. As soon, therefore, as he had displayed his banner, they hastened with transport to receive his orders; and Robert and Roger had their station appointed by his side.

When all preparations were complete, Raymond, after having obtained information of the position of the enemy, by a skilful manœuvre gained the advantage of the ground, and reduced them to the necessity of fighting in a situation in which they could not avail themselves of their whole force. Despair on the one side, and the habit of conquering on the other, rendered the battle extremely bloody. Robert and Roger, ever under the eyes of the count,

count, frequently astonished him by the force and rapidity of their blows. He, likewise, urged by their example, and wishing to show himself at once a general and a soldier, rushed into the midst of the battle; but, being always preceded by the two friends, who made a dreadful carnage of all who advanced to attack him, he could scarcely find an opportunity to strike a single stroke, and his eager courage was enchained in despite of himself.

The victory did not long continue doubtful: it was gained by Raymond, and his judgment enabled him to make the utmost advantage of it. The enemy was forced on every side, retired in the utmost confusion, and was utterly unable to attempt any new attack till he had repaired his losses.

The war, however, was not terminated for some time, and combats were frequently repeated; but the count of Toulouse, aided by the valour, and sometimes by the counsel, of the two friends, continually triumphed. His assailant was compelled to receive the law of the conqueror; and Raymond saw the number of his vassals and the wealth of his domains considerably increased.

This prince, too great not to render a just homage to heroism, declared openly that it was to the valour of Robert and Roger that he was indebted for the greatest part of his success. He was the more earnestly desirous to prove to them his gratitude, as all their ambition seemed to be limited to meriting his esteem; and this noble disinterestedness rendered them in his eyes still more deserving of reward. He therefore thus addressed them, in the presence of his whole court:

‘Your valour has acquired me so much glory and riches, that it is but just I should bestow on you the part

to which you have such an indubitable right. No longer conceal your birth; it cannot but be illustrious. I only desire to know it, that I may invest you with certain fiefs, by which I wish to attach you to my states.’

‘My lord,’ immediately replied Robert, ‘the esteem with which you honour us is the greatest reward we can wish. The praise you have bestowed on us is an assurance to us that we have acquired glory. Yet my companion in arms and myself think we are still far from having completed the course, and reached the goal we proposed to ourselves to attain. When you question us concerning our birth, you remind us that it is still necessary that it should be illustrious, to justify your generous gifts. Permit us not to accept them till we shall have signalised ourselves still more by our achievements, and it shall no longer be necessary that we should derive glory from our ancestors.’

Raymond could not but admire the noble spirit of this refusal.

‘It is my duty,’ said he, in reply, ‘to fulfil my promise. I will not ask you what was the rank of your fathers; but on your return you must yield to the most valuable of my rights, that of proving my gratitude and rewarding courage. The rewards I mean to bestow are not gifts; I only wish to present you with a small part of what your courage has conquered.’

At these words, Robert and Roger, penetrated with the most lively admiration and the most profound respect, embraced the knees of the count of Toulouse, and no longer refused to accept his benefactions.

While the two friends every day gained to themselves new admiration and esteem at the brilliant court of the illustrious Raymond, the anger of the father of Roger began to

to abate of its violence. In the first moments of his indignation the severe character of the count had prevented him, in some manner, from feeling any regret. He had for a considerable time entertained the hope that he should soon see his son return and implore his clemency at his feet: but after long and fruitless expectation, indignant at his silence, he had, as it were, commanded himself to forget him. He would permit no person to pronounce his name in his presence; and several months had already elapsed, when the uneasiness which he could not overcome, and the solitude with which he was surrounded, began to weigh heavily on his heart. Nature resumed her rights, and a thousand painful reflections attacked him in despite of himself. Sometimes he reproached himself as the cause of the continual tears which he saw the countess shed, and could not refrain from mingling with them his own. A kind of general consternation seemed to pervade all his domains. His melancholy vassals kept a mournful silence, and the eyes of all seemed sorrowfully to interrogate him concerning his son. His disquietude and grief continually increased, and he was at length unable any longer to combat the emotions of his heart. He resolved, therefore, to endeavour to discover and recall the fugitive; but he promised himself not to pardon him but on condition that he should acknowledge his fault, and solemnly abjure at his feet the weakness which had rendered him so culpable.

As soon as he had taken the resolution to relax in his severity, he sent off one of his esquires for the court of France, with letters for his

son, in which he permitted him to hope for his pardon, if he punctually fulfilled his orders. He commanded him immediately to leave the two culpable vassals, who had dared to favour his flight, and return with the esquire whom he had sent for him.

The emissary of the count, after many fruitless researches, returned at length with information that Roger had never made his appearance at the court of France, and that he had not been able to discover any thing which would point out the way he had taken, or show where he was. This intelligence greatly aggravated the grief which preyed on the heart of the countess; but it only excited anew the indignation of the count. His son, in choosing an asylum, had not been guided by what he knew to be his wish. He, doubtless, only concealed himself the more effectually to withdraw himself from his authority. He now was resolved to think only of punishing him: to yield would be to share his crime. He answered only by stern looks to the tears which he saw shed; and the mother of Roger herself dared not intercede for her son. Robert became more than ever an object of hatred; and the unhappy Elvige, shut up in the tower, would have been ignorant of what was passing around her, had not her attendant and faithful friend informed her of all the particulars she was able to learn. She placed all her hopes in the assiduous services which Robert would no doubt render to Roger; and the rigour of her fate, and the pains of absence, were assuaged, as often as she retraced the features of him she loved.

(To be continued.)

On ARTIFICIAL FLOWERS.[*From the Journal des Dames et des Modes.*]

PARIS is the first city in the world for artificial flowers.

If an imitative art has reached perfection when its productions rival those of nature, we may say that that of the artificial florist has no further progress to make.

To such perfection has it been brought, that more than once natural and artificial flowers have been placed together, and a gardener asked to view them at a little distance and point out the former; but the cultivator of the parterre has been almost constantly deceived by the art of the imitator; because the latter had contrived to introduce some apparently natural defect, or had placed on his flowers some insect common in gardens, which gave an air of truth that would deceive the most experienced eye.

The milliners and dealers in various fashionable articles having exerted their genius in the adjustment of artificial flowers, and brought them into general use, the makers of them have been obliged to fabricate them of materials of less value, that they may afford them cheaper; and thus paper and other common substances are substituted for silk. But the ingenuity of the artist is still the same. These gross materials become animated under the hand of the artificial florist, and when seen at a little distance rival the finest productions of nature.—At the same time, the price of these garlands and bouquets is reduced to so small a sum as is scarcely credible.

It is especially in the imitation of the plants of our meadows, and those delicate grasses whose pedicles are almost as fine as hairs, and whose

flowers are scarcely discernible, that the artificial florists effect things truly surprising.

But the florist, like all other artists whose labours are employed on objects of luxury, is frequently obliged to sacrifice the truth of imitation to the caprice of his customers. After having exhausted all the treasures of Flora, the extravagant fancy of dealers or coquettes becomes his only guide. When the ladies have adopted a colour, and brought it into vogue, they wish to see it every where: the artist, therefore, is forced to invent things absurd and monstrous in order to live.—Thus, a few months since, the beautiful imitations of nature were obliged to give place to *yellow roses with black leaves, and black roses with yellow leaves.*

All artists of taste were mortified, and ashamed of their own work; but—*it was the fashion.*

UNAMBITIOUS PIETY.

IN an obscure village of the province of Beira, in Portugal, there lived, in the reign of John II. a friar named Fernandez de Mendoza, a man greatly beloved for his piety and simplicity of manners, which, with an extensive knowledge of the civil law, made his name known at court, though he never had the honour to pay his respects there. He was far advanced in years when he received a letter from the prime-minister, congratulating him on his preferment to a vacant bishopric, which his majesty had named him to fill. Fernandez, though extremely indigent, expressed the greatest uneasiness at this unexpected honour, —or rather burden as he considered it,—and, in all due sense of gratitude, entreated his majesty to make
some

some other choice. His letter concludes with these words:

'I am unable, sire, to perform the important rites of that sacred office, being an entire stranger to the relative duties of the pastor and the flock. From my youth I have been the inhabitant of a cloister; and to be drawn from thence, and interrupted in my meditations, in the decline of life and abilities, when my feeble state demands repose, will make me the most miserable of mortals: therefore I beseech your majesty, in the name of all that is sacred, to permit an infirm old man to die in peace in his humble cell.'

The king, after repeated solicitations, at length acceded to his prayer.

The relatives of the friar, however, were much grieved at his refusing the proffered dignity; alleging, that he had frustrated their hopes of having a tomb in the parish-church on which posterity might read, *'Here lies the most reverend father in God, the bishop of ****, of the family of the Mendozas.'*

'In place of that inscription,' said Fernandez, 'let this be put on my tomb, and it will not dishonour your family—*Here lies poor friar Mendoza, who refused a mitre.*'

On the CULTIVATION of BENEVOLENCE in CHILDREN.

[From 'Letters on Education, by Elizabeth Hamilton.']

BENEVOLENCE, in a general sense, includes all the sympathetic affections by which we are made to rejoice in the happiness, and grieve at the misery, of others. It disposes the mind to sociality, generosity, and gratitude, and is the fountain of compassion and mercy. All the

qualities belonging to benevolence have a tendency to produce peace and complacency in the breast; so that the happiness of the individual as well as of society is intimately concerned in their cultivation.—The passions which it inspires are all of the amiable class, as love, hope, joy, &c.; and these passions in their turn increase the disposition to benevolence, a disposition for the growth and nourishment of which the goodness of Providence has in the state of infancy made ample provision.

The helplessness of the infant state is protracted in man to a period far beyond that of other animals; and this helplessness, by inspiring compassion and tenderness in the breasts of adults, has a powerful tendency to keep alive the spirit of benevolence in the human heart. Wherever human policy has counteracted the wise designs of nature, by taking children from their parents at an early age, and separating them into a distinct society, for the purpose of education, the sympathetic affections have become extinct; a striking instance of which occurs in the history of ancient Sparta, where the murder of infants was in certain circumstances not only enjoined by the laws, but permitted by the parents without the least remorse.

Luxury, which is ever at war with nature, has, perhaps, in no instance done a greater injury to the interests of benevolence, than by introducing, as a fashion, that premature separation of children from their parents, which the Spartan legislator enjoined as a duty. If the exercise of parental tenderness softens the heart, so as to render it eminently susceptible of all the sympathetic and social affections, it is the interest of society that the objects of it should not be suddenly removed from the parental roof.

According to the wise provision

of nature, the fond endearments of parental love not only increase the benevolent feelings in the breast of the parent, but produce a disposition to them in the breast of the child, which is soon made sensible of the source from whence its happiness is derived. A judicious parent will take advantage of this circumstance, to encourage the growth of benevolence in the infant mind.

The pleasures they receive from others naturally incline children to sociality and good-will; and were they, while they receive them, always made sensible of their own helplessness, they would at the same time be inspired with the feelings of generosity and gratitude. But the tenderness of parents so seldom is judicious, that the wise provision of nature for inspiring children with benevolence is commonly rendered abortive; and, instead of the amiable dispositions arising from love and gratitude, the seeds of moroseness, anger, revenge, jealousy, cruelty, and malice, are often prematurely planted in the little heart.

Let us examine into the cause of this. And here the doctrine of association presents us with a clue, by means of which we may easily explore the labyrinth.

Nature early impels the mind to seek for happiness; but before the dawn of reason and experience, the judgments concerning it must be erroneous. In infancy, all ideas concerning it are comprised in the gratification of *will*; the propensity to this gratification is encouraged by frequent indulgence, till every notion of happiness becomes connected with it. The idea of misery becomes consequently associated with disappointment; and how far these associations may affect the mind, by producing the malevolent passions, will appear evident on a very little reflection.

We have already remarked that

the painful sensations make a more vivid as well as a more lasting impression than the pleasurable; from which it evidently follows, that the happiness derived from the gratification of *will* can never bear any proportion to the misery occasioned by its disappointment.—Where the propensity to this gratification is strengthened by indulgence, the frequent repetition of disappointment will deeply impress the mind with the feelings of resentment, and thus render it liable to the reception of all the malevolent passions connected with it; while the pleasurable sensation occasioned by indulgence will produce no other effects than to augment the desire of future gratification.

An admirable illustration of this doctrine is given by Hartley, who, after observing that the gratification of self-will, if it does not always produce pleasure, yet is always so associated with the idea of pleasure in the mind, that the disappointment of it never fails to produce pain, proceeds as follows: 'If the *will* was always gratified, this mere associated pleasure would, according to the present frame of our natures, absorb, as it were, all other pleasures; and thus, by drying up the source from whence it sprung, be itself dried up at last; and the first disappointments would be intolerable. Both of which things are observable in an inferior degree, both in adults and in children after they are much indulged. *Gratifications of the will without the consequent expected pleasure, disappointments of it without the consequent expected pain, are here particularly useful to us.* And it is by this, amongst other means, that the human will is brought to a conformity with the divine, which is the only radical cure for all our evils and disappointments, and the only earnest and medium for obtaining everlasting happiness.'

By

By the above reasoning, which is, I think, conclusive, it evidently appears that were the constant gratification of will possible, (which, in the present state of things, it certainly is not) it would only tend to make the being so gratified miserable. The constant gratification of self-will must necessarily exclude the exercise of all the grateful passions. Where success is certain, hope can have no existence; nor can joy be produced by attaining that which is considered as a right. Let hope and joy be excluded from the human mind, and where is happiness?

Further, the habitual gratification of will not only precludes the grateful passions of hope and joy, but tends to produce all the unamiable and hateful passions and dispositions of the human heart. Anger, peevishness, and pride, are almost without exception produced by the constant gratification of every wayward desire. The first is the father of revenge and cruelty; the second, of displacency and discontent; and the third, of arrogance, ingratitude, and contempt. Think of this, ye mothers, who, by a weak and blind indulgence of the infant, will lay the foundation of future vice and misery to your ill-fated offspring!

Were the happiness of the *child* and the happiness of the *man* incompatible, so that whatever contributed to the latter must be deducted from the former, the overweening indulgence of parents might be excused, and the common apology, *viz.* 'that as life is uncertain, the poor things ought to be permitted to enjoy the present,' accepted as satisfactory. But may we not appeal to every person who has had the misfortune to live for any time with a family of spoiled children, for a sanction to our assertion, that the gratification of will has only been productive of misery?

In the career of indulgence the fondest parents must somewhere stop. There are certain boundaries which folly itself will not at all times be willing to overleap. The pain of the disappointment that must then ensue will be intolerably aggravated by all the discordant passions fostered by preceding indulgence.

A child, whose infant will has been habituated to the discipline of obedience, submits to disappointment as to inevitable necessity with cheerfulness. Nor will disappointment to such an one so frequently occur, a wholesome check having been early put upon the extravagance of desire. Whilst, on the contrary, the satiety consequent upon the fruition of every wish sets the imagination to work to find out new and untried sources of pleasure. I once saw a child make itself miserable for a whole evening, because it could not have the birds that flew through the garden, to play with. In vain did the fond mother promise that a bird should be procured to-morrow, and that it should be all his own, and that he should have a pretty gilded cage to keep it in, which was far better than the nasty high trees on which it now perched.

'No, no, that would not do; it must be caught now; he would have it now, and at no other time!'

'Well, my pretty darling, don't cry,' returns mamma, 'and you shall have a bird, a pretty bird, love, in a minute;' casting a significant look on her friends, as she retired to speak to the servants. She soon returned with a young chicken in her hand, which she covered so as not to be immediately seen.

'Here, darling, is a pretty, pretty bird for you; but you must not cry so. Bless me, if you cry at that rate, the old black dog will come and fetch you in a minute. There now,

that's my good boy! Now dry your eyes, love, and look at the pretty bird.'

At these words little master snatches it from her hand, and, perceiving the deception, dashes it on the ground with tenfold fury. All was now uproar and dismay; till the scene becoming rather too oppressive even for the mother, a servant was called, who took the little struggling victim of passion in his arms, and conveyed him to the nursery. Such are the effects of the unlimited indulgence of self-will! Yet this fond mother persuaded herself that she obeyed the dictates of pure affection! Had she, however, been accustomed to reflect upon the motives that influenced her conduct, she would have found selfishness in this instance to be the governing principle.

Parental affection has been described by many philosophers as a refined species of self-love. Considered merely as an *instinct*, it undoubtedly is so. But the same instinct in the brute creation only leads to the care and protection of their young, and, I may add, to the education also; the care of the dams in this particular, both in the feathered and four-footed race, being well known. But never does it lead to a false and dangerous indulgence.

Were parental affection in man, as in the brute creation, merely instinctive, instinct might be trusted to as an unerring guide. But to man a higher behest is granted, and therefore in him instinct is feeble and uncertain. And yet by mere instinctive tenderness do parents permit themselves to be governed, in opposition to the dictates of that reason which would teach them that true affection ought to study the *real* and *permanent* happiness of the beloved object.

It is not uncommon for parents,

while they forego the exercise of their own reason, to trust to the future reason of their children for counteracting the effects of their injudicious management. But does experience justify their confidence? I believe every person who has traced the rise and progress of the passions in individuals will answer in the negative.

The frequent recurrence of any passion, even from our earliest years, begets a tendency to that passion, till it is strengthened into a habit, and becomes as it were interwoven with the constitution. How difficult, how next to impossible, it is then to conquer, all can witness!—Reason may govern, and religion may in some measure subdue it, so as to prevent its excess to the prejudice of society, but by nothing less than a miracle can it be totally eradicated from the breast. The more worthy the heart, the more delicate the conscience, the more bitter will be the sensations of regret and self-abhorrence which a person liable to the dominion of passion, and at the same time under the influence of principle, must frequently endure. How many are the agonizing tears shed in private by the irascible! while, perhaps, the sudden ebullition of wrath that brought them forth may have fixed a dagger in the heart of a friend, doomed there to rankle for ever. And yet anger, being a passion which quickly vents itself by explosion, and is then annihilated, is less generally obnoxious than peevishness or pride which have no crisis, but which continue to operate without rest or interval.

Which of these passions will be most powerfully excited by the early indulgence of self-will, and the frequent disappointments inevitably consequent upon such indulgence, depends, perhaps, upon the organization or constitution of the infant.

In robust habits, the passion of anger is most frequent; while in the more delicate peevishness is commonly generated. By pride both are aggravated to an extreme degree; for pride, restless as a jackall, is perpetually on the hunt to find food and nourishment for these tormentors. At every disappointment of the self-will that has been accustomed to habitual indulgence, pride takes the alarm, and calls on anger or peevishness to revenge the injury.

And here it is worthy of remark, how the passions act and re-act upon each other. The frequent gratification of will engenders pride, and pride augments the desire for the gratification of will, till it becomes insatiable. Hence the love of power predominates, and hence a disposition to tyranny appears to be inherent in the mind of man.—Many, alas! are the tyrannical husbands and fathers that have been formed in the nursery!

The unamiable passions, like the lean kine in Pharaoh's dream, which devoured the goodly, have a strong tendency to destroy the amiable.—Indeed, they are, in a great measure, incompatible with each other. The social affections are kept alive by a sense of mutual dependence and mutual obligation. But pride acknowledges no dependence; and arrogates to itself all the attentions and good offices of others, not as a matter of favour, but of right.—Hence, while it is ever ready to take offence at the slightest neglect, it is never warmed by kindness into gratitude.

Observe the boy who has been a mother's darling, and to whom his sisters have from infancy been obliged to do homage. How often are their endeavours to please him received with contempt, while the most trifling offence is aggravated

into an injury! Follow him into the world. There, alas! mortification and disappointment attend his steps, for there no one regards him in the light in which he has been taught to regard himself. No one comes up to his ideas of propriety in their conduct towards him. If favoured by fortune, he may, indeed, meet with many flatterers, but he will never make a friend. The irritation to which he is perpetually exposed will by degrees expel the feelings of benevolence from his heart; and, perhaps, even the parent, to whose fond indulgence he owes his misery, may be the first to feel the effects of his malevolence and ingratitude*. Indignant at the world, which he thinks in league to torment and vex him, he perhaps resolves to make himself amends in the tranquillity of domestic life, and makes choice of such a partner as he imagines will be most obsequious and obedient. Dreading the control of reason, he carefully avoids a woman of cultivated mind; and is, perhaps, made sensible, when too late, that it is not always the most weak who are the most conformable. In his family, however, he resolves to rule; and there he does rule with despotic sway. Perhaps he meets with a partner who is led, by love of peace and sense of duty, to study the gratification of his will in the most minute particulars. But his will soon becomes too capricious for gratification. The passions which he has indulged are incompatible with the enjoyment of satisfaction,

* The just and striking point of view in which Dr. Moore has placed this subject in the life of Zeluco must speak more forcibly to the heart than volumes of reasoning. It is a picture which every mother ought to study. But, alas! where is the mother whose fond partiality will allow her to see one feature of Zeluco in her own spoiled darling?

tranquillity, or contentment. The gratification of these passions may wound his conscience, and irritate his feelings, by a sense of having inspired hatred or contempt in the breasts of others, but can never bring peace to his heart. The pleasure of making others miserable has little in it of the nature of felicity.

Yet may we sometimes observe the wife of such a man as I have here described, endeavouring, by means of unlimited indulgence, to excite the very same passions and propensities in the breast of her son, of which she has felt the fatal consequences in the husband; as if she resolved to revenge on some other woman all the misery she has herself endured!—Her daughter-in-law may share her fate, and probably imitate her example; and thus may pride, cruelty, and injustice, be produced in the family, *ad infinitum*!

IDDA of TOKENBURG.

(Continued from p. 322.)

'PALE, motionless, and sunk in a wild and dreadful stupor, sat the count: he could not heave a sigh, or utter a word; for anguish and remorse had fettered his tongue.—At length he cried out, in a fearful tone, "Idda!"—and in this exclamation all seemed to hear the sentence of death which he pronounced on himself. He rushed down the stairs to his attendants, covering his face, that the murder of Idda might not be read in the paleness of his countenance, and in his wildly-rolling eyes.

'But the angels of Heaven had borne on their wings, the innocent Idda down the yawning gulf. A bush spread out its branches, and

broke her fall; and thus she fell from one bush to another, till at length she reached unhurt the soft moss which covered the bottom.—She had fainted from terror; but a gentle shower restored her to herself. She looked around her, amazed, without at first knowing where she was; but soon she recollected all that had passed, and lifted her eyes, filled with tears of thankfulness, to Heaven, which had so wonderfully preserved her. She walked on the bottom, where the moist ground only produced reeds and the poisonous fungus; and afterwards climbed up, on the side next the castle, to a projection where elders and wild mulberries grew.

'Idda beheld the rays of the sun, which could not reach the bottom of the cavern, still reflected by the leaves of the trees above; and heard below her the hissing of snakes, and the cries of the venomous lizard. She shuddered at her dreadful situation, but still more when she thought of the rage of the count. With long and painful exertions she sought a passage out of the cavern, but always in vain. When with much labour she had reached a considerable height, some impassable cleft, or overhanging rock, obliged her to return.

"Oh, Tokenburg!" exclaimed she, and stretched out her hands towards the castle at the top, "have I deserved this from thee?"

'At length she gave up all hope of finding any way out of the cavern; and with the hope she resigned the wish.

"Yes," said she, "gracious Heaven! thy decree is right. It is better to die, than to live with such a man."

'She again descended to the projecting precipice, recommended herself to the protection of the holy virgin,

virgin, reclined her head on the soft moss which covered a part of the rock, and sank into a gentle slumber, with tranquil courage, regardless of the snakes and venomous reptiles.

Henry now made preparations to seek the body of his murdered Idda. With tears and heavy sighs his servants fastened together ladders and long ropes to descend into the cavern. The count then went with them into the wood, on the other side; the ladders were made fast to strong oaks, and, by the aid of ropes extended from rock to rock, they descended into the dreadful gulf.

At length they saw, by the light of torches, the bottom; and count Henry ordered them to let him down with ropes, notwithstanding all their entreaties that he would not expose himself to such a danger. The cavern, the lower it was descended into, became continually darker; but the torches from above gave light, and the count had one in his hand when he was let down. At length he reached the bottom, and looked on it with shuddering; for he dreaded the fearful sight he expected to find. With a wild gaze he walked slowly forwards, and trembling cast only half glances on the other side of the rock, where he supposed the mangled corpse of Idda must lie. But he found her not at the bottom, though he made the most careful search. At every step he took he trembled with anxious dread; and as often as he shook his torch to revive its flame, he shuddered anew.

"Idda," said he in a faint voice, "Idda, forgive me!"

But he found not the body which he dreaded so much to find.

"Alas!" said he to himself, "she hangs among the trees on the side of the rock, and I am here of even the wretched consolation of burying her."

He raised his torch, and looked among the trees and shrubs above him, but neither there could he see what he sought. He now ascended the rock, applied his torch to various parts, but still saw nothing. At length he heard near him a sighing voice. He thought it was the complaining ghost of Idda, started with wild affright, and dared not look around him.

Again he heard a sigh, and at length fearfully turned his eyes and saw—oh, Heavens!—his innocent Idda calmly sleeping in a hollow of the rock. A sudden transport of joy deprived him of utterance. He was all eye; and now he gazed repentantly on Idda, and now looked up with ecstatic thankfulness to heaven, when he observed that she had received no wound nor injury. He threw himself prostrate before her, kissed the hem of her garments, and bathed her feet with warm tears.

Idda moved in her sleep, and then opened her beauteous eyes. She started up, terrified, on the rock, and still more dread did she manifest when she perceived the count. She gazed on him wildly, for a moment, as he lay before her, as he stretched out to her his hand, and with repentant and humble looks, and in a low and inexpressibly moving voice, said to her—

"My innocent Idda!"

Hastily she covered her eyes, and turned her face from him.

"Idda!" exclaimed he; "dearest Idda, pardon!"

She took her hands from her eyes, turned, and again gazed wildly on him. Then suddenly she raised her arms, and looking upwards to the starry heavens—

"Count Tokenburg," said she with a solemn voice, "above those stars resides the Judge of us both, and my avenger; I will pray to him that he may forgive you what you have done unto me."

"The

“The count embraced her knees, and said—

“Oh, Idda, forgive me the sudden and violent passion—that raging jealousy which so dreadfully blinded my reason!”

“Idda replied calmly—

“Count, when I gave my life for yours, you swore to me never to doubt my affection and fidelity, though an angel from heaven should declare me false, and attest the accusation on the body of the Redeemer. You have broken this oath, and murdered me. For that I yet live is the miracle of the angels who protect innocence, and bore me on their wings unhurt. With respect to you I am dead, count Tokenburg. Take me out of this cavern, or leave me here to perish with hunger, as seemeth to you good. I am no longer yours.”

“She turned coldly from him, with fixed resolution.

“Cannot repentance move thee, my Idda?” said the count, and kissed the edge of her garment. “The mercy of Heaven may be obtained by penitence; the Judge of the World is to be appeased by repentance.”

“God is all-powerful, and can suffer no injury;—but what shall protect my weakness against your blind pride, against your frantic passion? No, count Henry, I now know that jealousy is the offspring of pride and hatred, and not of love.”

“Of hatred! Oh, Idda! I conjure thee do me not this injustice.”

“Or of contempt; for what is love without confidence?—Take me out of this cavern.”

“By the time the morning began to dawn they were both drawn up out of the dreary gulf. But though count Henry now fell at the feet of Idda, embracing her knees, and with many tears and sighs entreated her to forgive him, and return with

him to the castle; and though all his attendants and vassals came round her, and joined with him in his supplication, she stedfastly refused.—Henry was at length almost inclined to employ force; but his servants would not have dared to lay their hands on the saint whom Heaven had so wonderfully preserved.—Idda resolutely left her kneeling suppliants, and took her way to Fischingen. The count and his attendants followed her to the gate of the convent.

“When she arrived there, the abbess likewise joined in entreaties for the count; but Idda would not consent again to live with him, but passed the remainder of her life here, in sacred silence and retirement in this cell.

“When a nun once asked her—“Idda, how couldst thou withstand so much love?”—she replied:—“Love didst thou say? Can that be love which will suffer the mere sight of my ring in the hand of another to erase from his remembrance my tried fidelity and affection?”

“She yielded not to the request of her relations, nor to that of count Kiburg, whom she honoured as her father, but remained and died here in the convent. In her last confession she declared that she had never ceased to love count Henry, though she would never consent again to live with him. She dedicated this altar, and the picture over it, to the angels who had borne her down the rock. A learned monk wrote her history as she related it to him, and deposited a copy of it in the convent.

“See, Julia, this was Idda’s cell; here she abode, and prayed for forgetfulness of her love and firmness of resolution. Here, where we sit, she related to the monk, with bitter tears, her fate, her fidelity, and the reward

reward she received for it, from the jealousy of the man she tenderly loved.

(To be concluded in our next.)

PARISIAN FASHIONS.

(With an Engraving elegantly coloured.)

IN full-dress our *élégantes* continue to dress their heads simply in hair; and to wear diadems. The *capotes* have almost all a large bunch of ribbons, or crape, in front, which are white, jonquil, lilac, and rose. The yellow and white straw hats are very common. One of the most striking head-dresses is the hat *à la Uhlan*, the crown of which is in the form of a lozenge, and the front a little turned up or pointed like a helmet: its colour is jonquil, rose, or all white, with feathers of the same; or striped with broad stripes, lilac and yellow, or lilac and rose, with flat feathers to match. This head-dress, *piquante* by its novelty, displays much ingenuity in its plan and execution.

Besides *jais*, pearls, and flowers, fruit, particularly olives, are used in the trimming of robes. Frequently we see an *échelle* of ribbons or flowers descending from the cestus down to the bottom of the robe. Sometimes this ornament is only two large flowers, attached one to the cestus, the other to the bottom of the robe, following the direction of a third flower placed upon the diadem.

The prevailing colour for hats and *capotes* of Florence, or crape, is deep violet, with jonquil ribbons or draperies, and Egyptian earth-brown, with lilac ribbons or draperies. The ribbons are only striped one way, that is breadthways.— They wear the *fichu chemises* trim-

med, and without a cape for the neck. The cloaks are mostly trimmed with lace. Oblong mobs, in imitation of the antique head-dress, and square cornettes, are still the fashion for morning. The cestuses cross upon the back, and are knotted before. The number of robes with low waists increases. In a few months we shall probably come to the point from which we set out. Muslins, with large flowers, white upon white, are very much used for *fichus* and robes. Among the fancy bonnets, we observe the small boat shape, a white crown, in *organdis*, with a drapery of crape of Egyptian earth-brown, or apple-green; and *capotes* of white crape, *parsemées*, with blue-bottle flower *applique*.— The necklaces, still very long, are now composed of two tubes of elastic meshes, joined at equal intervals by ribbons of elastic gold web. The newest ear-rings are of amber, generally square, or of an octagon shape. The watches are worn in a round ball isolated, or in the centre of a square medallion.

The fashionables imitate the oblong head-dresses of the antique shape, closed with silver *chefts*.— The *capotes* are composed of two colours; a soot crown, and green draperies; a green crown, and jonquil draperies; and a lilac crown, and draperies of Egyptian earth. Crape *parsemé*, with *applications* of satin peas. The long waists augment in number, and yet there is reason to doubt whether the fashion will become general. After having paid tribute to them, a great many *élégantes* resume the short-waisted robes; and some, though they ordered long-waisted dresses, had not courage to wear them. The long shawls are those now in fashion, of muslin, of Turkish crimson, and Turkish blue; also square Scotch shawls, of silk and cotton,

with large flowers upon a brown St. Theresa mantle ground. Spencers, trimmed with lace, are worn for half-dress. The muslins are either figured with white flowers or large diamonds. Serpent bracelets, in imitation of the necklaces and earrings, are also in repute.

The number of straw hats diminishes in the class of well-dressed women. The *coiffures* of highest pretensions are of the antique shape. Among these a yellow crown, with braids of hair across, and a chaplet of leaves round the forehead, is the greatest favourite. The robe is worn very low upon the shoulders, and the draperies are tied up with pearl cords. Crape with compartments is gone entirely out of fashion. Lozenges and wolf's teeth are used almost exclusively for the ends of the sleeves, the bottom of the robes and shells. For half-dress, our *élégantes* wear spencers, with open embroidery, or trimmed with lace. The *fichu chemises*, and silk or cambric gloves, still maintain their influence. A few *élégantes* have resumed high-heeled slippers. At Longchamp, several Amazons mount the bonnet with a bunch of feathers, and loop in zig-zag; husars, &c.

The men, without changing the shape of their coats, have adopted very large buttons (near an inch, or a full inch in diameter) of white metal, polished; or yellow dead-gilt and the edge polished. Velvet collars to riding or other coats are no longer worn.

LONDON FASHIONS.

Walking-dresses.

A Round dress of lilac, or other coloured muslin; full sleeves of

white muslin and lace; the dress cut low round the bosom, and worn with a handkerchief. Bonnet of white chip, and lilac crape, ornamented with a large round feather, which is fixed in front to hang over the left side.

An open robe of white muslin, with full long sleeves confined to the size of the arm in three places; petticoat of the same, with a narrow flounce at bottom. Witching hat of white chip, lined with pink, and turned up on one side; a bow of pink ribbon on the left side.

Head-dresses.

A round hat of brown willow, turned up on one side with a bow, and ornamented with an ostrich feather of the same colour.

A bonnet of lilac crape, a crape rose and ostrich feather in the front.

A bonnet of white chip turned up on one side, and lined and ornamented with pink; white ostrich feather on the right side.

A turban of white crape, or muslin, ornamented with several white ostrich feathers, which are fixed a little on the right side, to hang carelessly over the head.

A cap of white muslin ornamented with wreaths of white ribbon, and a bunch of ivy leaves.

A turban of pink crape, ornamented with bugles of beads; two pink ostrich feathers, fixed in front, to fall over the head.

A hat of white chip, turned up all round, the crown covered with white crape; a bow behind, and at the side.

A large straw bonnet, turned up behind with a button, and tied under the chin with blue ribbons.

The Obi hat, of straw or chip.

Miscellaneous Observations.

The favourite colours are lilac, buff,

buff, yellow, and pink; feathers and flowers of all kinds continue to be universally worn as ornaments.

HISTORICAL ANECDOTE.

ON a tablet hanging up in the church of Allhallows Barking, Tower-street, it is thus written:

'This church was much defaced and ruined by a lamentable blow of twenty-seven barrels of gunpowder, that took fire on the fourth of January, 1649, in a ship-chandler's house, over against the south side of the church, and afterwards was repaired and beautified again by a voluntary contribution of the parishioners.'

The account of this disaster is as follows:

'One of the houses in this place was a ship-chandler's, who, on the fourth of January aforesaid, being busy in his shop barrelling up gunpowder, it took fire, and in the twinkling of an eye blew up not only that, but all the houses thereabouts, to the number (towards the street and in back alleys) of fifty or sixty. The number of persons destroyed by this blow could not be known, for the next house but one was the Rose Tavern, a house always full of company at that time of night, and that day the parish dinner was at the house; and in three or four days after, digging, they continually found heads, legs, &c. miserably torn and scorched, besides many whole bodies, with not so much as their clothes singed. In this accident there were two things very remarkable; the mistress of the house of the Rose Tavern was found sitting in her bar, and one of the drawers standing by the bar-side, with a pot in his hand, only

stified with dust and smoke; their bodies being preserved whole by means of great timbers falling across, one upon another.

'Also the next morning there was found upon the upper leads of Barking Church, a young child lying in a cradle, neither child nor cradle having the least sign of any fire or hurt. It was never known who the child was, so that one of the parishes kept it for a memorial.— "And in the year 1666," says Mr. Stow, "I saw the child then grown up to be a proper maiden, and came to the man that had kept her all that time, when he was drinking at a tavern, and he asserted the above circumstance to be true."'

Antiquities of London and Westminster, by Nicholas Bailey, Author of the Dictionary.

CHARACTERISTIC ANECDOTE OF QUEEN ELIZABETH.

THE following anecdote is a very curious illustration both of the character of this great princess, and of the bad taste of the pulpit eloquence of her age. It is related by a contemporary; and that the *naïveté* of the style may not be lost in the narrative, it is transcribed as it appeared in the original writing:

"There is almost none that waited in queen Elizabeth's court, and observed any thing, but can tell it pleased her very much to seeme to be thought, and to be told, that she looked younge. The majesty and gravity of a sceptre born 44 yeeres could not alter that nature of a woman in her. When bishop Rudd was appointed to preach before her, he wishing, in a godly zeale, as well became him, that she should think sometime of mortality,

being then 63 yeeres of age, he tooke this text, fit for that purpose, out of the Psalms. Ps. xc. v. 12.—*'O teach us to NUMBER our dayes, that we may incline our hearts unto wisdom!'* which text he handled most learnedly. But when he spoke of some sacred and mystical numbers, as three for the Trinity, three times three for the heavenly hierarchy, seven for the sabbath, and seven times seven for a jubile; and lastly, seven times nine for the grand climacterical yeere (her age), she, perceiving whereto it tended, began to be troubled with it.—The Bishop discovering all was not well, for the pulpit stood opposite to her majestie, he fell to treat of some more plausible numbers, as of the number 666, making *Latinus*, with which he said he could prove the Pope to be Antichrist, &c. He interlarded his sermon with scripture passages touching the infirmities of age, as that in Ecclesiastes xii.—*'When the grynders shall be few in number, and they wax darke that looke out of the windowes, &c. and the daughters of singing shall be abased,'* and more to like purpose. The queen, as the manner was, opened the window; but she was so farre from giving him thanks or good countenance, that she said plainly—*'he should have kept his arithmetic for himself, but I see the greatest clerks are not the wisest men,'* and so went away discontented.

"The lord keeper Puckering, to assuage the queen, commanded the bishop to keep his house for a time. At last, to show how the good bishop was deceived, in supposing that she was so decayed in her limbs

and senses as himself, perhaps, and others of that age were wont to be, she said she thanked God that neither her stomach, nor strength, nor her voice for singing, nor fingering instruments, nor, lastly, her sight, was any whit decayed; and to prove the last, before us all, she produced a little jewel, that had an inscription of very small letters, and offered it first to my lord of Worcester, and then to sir James Croft, to read, and both protested *bona fide* that they could not; yet the queen herself did find out the poesie, and made herself merrie with the standers by upon it."

ANECDOTE of Dr. RESBURY.

DR. Resbury, a divine in the reign of Charles the Second, while walking in the streets of Windsor, observed a person pass him, and turn frequently, to consider him with attention. Offended at length by an observation so pointed, he roughly reprov'd the stranger for his impertinence; who bowing, and civilly asking pardon, informed the doctor, that he was a painter, and was then engaged in designing a picture of Nathan reprov'ing David, and never had he seen a face so reprov'ing as that of his reverend antagonist. The doctor, enraged, used still harsher language.

'It is enough, sir,' replied the artist, 'I have got as much as I desire, and am greatly indebted to you'—saying which, he coolly walked away.

POETICAL ESSAYS.

ALLAN AND ELLEN.

[From *W. Dimond's Petrarchal Sonnets.*]

WHAT wand'ring fire, so pale, so
blue,
Steals flick'ring by yon moulder'd
tow'r,

And wavers o'er the weedy pool,
Where vap'ry mists of twilight
low'r?

Ah! know you not yon moulder'd
tow'r,

All fall'n to ruin and decay,
Records a castle strong and fair,
Though now its glory's pass'd away?

Earl Bertram rear'd the lofty pile,
(Whose wreck you only now behold)
In peace he was a statesman shrewd,
In war he was a warrior bold.

Fair Ellen bloom'd his only child,
And heiress of his vast domain,
Which stretch'd beyond his gates to
where

Yon mountains dimly skirt the plain.
Not feath'ry flakes of falling snow,
That light within the moon-ray's
gleam,

With half such dazzling whiteness
show,

As did the front of Ellen beam.
Twin roses blush'd on either cheek,
The violet claim'd her dark blue
eye,

The cowslip ting'd her yellow hair,
And all their sweets partook her
sigh!

External charms I may pourtray—
But where shall I expression find,
To speak the beauties of her heart,
Or paint the radiance of her mind?

No poor man ever told his tale,
Or way-worn pilgrim crav'd relief,
But Ellen cures on ev'ry want
Bestow'd, and tears on ev'ry grief.

Both barons bold, and brave sir
knights,

By sighs and vows her love essay'd;
But Allan only of the throng
With *love's return* inspir'd the
maid.

No splendid race could Allan boast,
And scant his share of fortune's
store;

His vet'ran sire, when dying, left
His blessing and his sword—no
more!

What though he could not trace his
blood

From noble villains curs'd in death;
Still was his honour free from taint,
His fame unsully'd by a breath!

But ah! Earl Bertram frown'd on
vows

Ungrac'd by birth or shining ore;
He bade the gallant youth begone,
Nor ever woo his daughter more.

Fair Ellen vainly wept, and kneel'd,
Low on the earth for pity pray'd;
He sternly chid her from his sight,
She sigh'd, and tremblingly obey'd.

And now the doubtful glooms of night
In length'ning shadows 'gan to
close,

Sad Ellen to her chamber sped
To court oblivion, not repose.

A fearful storm did rage without,
Loud peals of thunder shook the
sky,

And dimmest darkness veil'd the
plain,

Save when the lightnings glar'd on
high!

The sturdy oak, and hardy pine,
From earth were by their roots
upturn;

And lowly shed, and lofty spire,
Were in the whirlwind's fury
borne,

The

The blast now rock'd the shaking
walls,
And roar'd around each quiv'ring
tow'r,
When deep the castle-bell toll'd forth,
With heavy stroke, the midnight
hour:

In fervent zeal fair Ellen pray'd,
And told her beads, resign'd and
meek;

Yet oft the pearly exiles stray'd,
In liquid mazes, down her cheek.

On Christ's blest form she bent her
gaze,
The hallow'd cross her lips did
press;

Yet oft a sigh, she blush'd to own,
Would still her vagrant thoughts
confess.

While thus she stray'd from God to
Man,
A well-known accent caught her
ear,

And, sinking on her rising heart,
Thrill'd ev'ry nerve with pleasing
fear.

With grief, with joy, with dread, yet
hope,

" 'Tis he himself, my Love!" she
cry'd;

With trembling haste she drew the
bolt,

And op'd the yielding lattice wide:

The hollow gust swept moaning by,
The ivy bough did flap about,
The owl did hoot upon the tow'r,
And rain-drops patter'd from the
spout:

She cast around a fearful glance,
The forked lightning shot by
bright,

And, flashing on the rampart-wall,
Gave Allan to her aching sight!

"O Ellen dear!" he falt'ring cry'd—

"Forgive this act of desp'rate love!"

"Upbraid me not, but let my pangs
Thy gentle heart to pity move.

"To-morrow's dawn I quit this land,

"Ah! never to return again;

"But in some distant clime expire,

"Far, far beyond the rolling main.

"O! I could say a thousand things,

"And still a million leave to tell;

"Yet ere I go, I only crave

"The solace of a last farewell!"

"A last one be't!" exclaim'd a voice,
Half-drown'd by rage, and boist'rous
ire.

Yet Ellen knew the bloody threat,
And, trembling, knew her bloody
sire.

She heard the deadly rapiers clash,
She heard the deaf'ning murd'rous
roar,

She heard her Allan's dying groan—
Then sank to earth, and heard no
more!

Like some sweet flow'r, whose fragile
form

The churlish blast had rudely
blown,

More lovely in her droop she seem'd,
Unconscious of the grief she'd
known.

But ah! too soon oblivion fled—

Her bosom heav'd a gentle throe,
She op'd her eyes once more on life,
And with it on despairing woe.

An unsheath'd sword, all bath'd in
blood,

First met her eyes' unsettled roll;

Remembrance at the sight leap'd up,
And flash'd its horrors on her soul!

"O! heav'nly pow'rs! does Allan
live?"

Was all her quiv'ring lips could sigh.
Earl Bertram catch'd the anguish'd
sound,

And scowl'd indignant from his eye.

"Degen'rate wretch! behold this
sword!

"It weeps the caitiff's heart's best
blood.

"If for his body thou inquir'st,

"It floats adown the neighb'ring
flood."

With frenzy'd mien she heard the tale;
Her starting eyes glar'd madly
round;

She scream'd a loud, delirious laugh,
Then wildly sprang from off the
ground.

She flew along the castle's halls,
Unstopp'd by bar, by bolt, by grate;
She bounded o'er the draw-bridge
fleet,

And rush'd beyond the outer gate.

With breathless speed she hurried on,
Unstopp'd by thorn, by brier, by
wood;

And leaving all pursuit behind,
Too soon she reach'd the fatal flood.

Its troubled waters curling foam'd
In black'ning eddies 'gainst the shore,

And, sullen murmur'ing as they dash'd,
Return'd the thunder's distant roar.

The dawn-light trembled in the East,
A feeble gleam, on shunning night,
And glimm'ring o'er the gloomy flood,
Gave Ellen death in giving sight!

A pale dead corpse, all gash'd with wounds,
Lay bleeding on its wat'ry bier.

O God! her pangs! when she beheld,
In that pale corpse—her Allan, dear!

She look'd a thought too big for speech;
Then shrieking with convulsive start,

'O! Christ, the Saviour, take my soul!
'And thou, O Allan, take my heart!'

She sprang amid the circling wave,
And clasp'd her clay-cold love around;

Their bodies sank below the tide,
Their spirits brighter regions found!

Five ages now have well-nigh roll'd,
Since both in sacred earth were laid;
The solemn bell was duly toll'd,
And pious masses o'er them said.

Yet oft, the hamlet-peasants tell,
Two shadowy forms are seen to glide

With printless step o'er yonder dell,
And mourn along the conscious tide.

And oft a fire, so pale, so blue,
Steals flick'ring by yon moulder'd tower,

And wavers o'er the weedy pool
Where vap'ry mists of twilight low'r.

Then, Trav'ller, weep with pitying pain

The victims of ill-fated love!
Nor let bold Man on earth arraign
What gracious God remits above!

VERSES

WRITTEN AT AN INN.

WHEN early the sun sinks in winter
to bed, [with red—
And the western horizon gleams faintly

When the mists of the ev'ning rise
thick from the vales,

A darkness creeps on, and hush'd
silence prevails;

At th' approach of night's gloom o'er
the rest of his course,

The Traveller mourns for himself and
his horse,

And bewails his hard fate, forc'd alone
thus and weary,

His way to pursue through roads dirty
and dreary;

But when safe in his inn, and his horse
at the manger,

How snug he reflects on past darkness
and danger!

His fire now so warm is, his steak so
well dress'd, [the best—

His wine (gin and sloe juice) so truly
The arm-chair so easy, the bed-room

so neat,
The warming-pan ready, and Molly

so sweet— [brevy,
So gratefully slumber encircles his

No hero more blest than our traveller
now.

Can an inn then such comfort impart
'midst the squall

Of Waiter! Boots! Chambermaid!
Ostler! and all?

Far from home, far from spouse, far
from children and friend,

Can the Traveller fancy all care at an
end?

The reason my muse in few words
shall explain:

To contrast we owe all our pleasure
and pain;

For cause and effect are confounded in
this,

That bliss leads to woe, and then—
woe leads to bliss.

ODE

TO A BEAUTIFUL WOMAN,

Supposed to be written by Horace.

BY G. DYER.

WHY, when I view those cherry
lips,

That breast of sweets, those eyes
of fire,

While fancy from thy mouth rich nectar
sips,

And round thy neck entwines each
young desire—

Why

Why should I ask, if twenty years,
Or twenty more, matur'd those
charms?

Thy breath, more soft than spring, thy
lover cheers;

And more than summer lingers in
thy arms.

The muse for thee is proud to sing;

The graces lead the dance for thee;

The nymphs to thee their sweetest
flowrets bring;

Oh! then it surely cannot winter be.

What tho' the bloom of life were fled,

The heats of love all pass'd away;

Yet wisdom could on age new lustre
shed,

As a sweet glory gilds the parting
day.

SONNET TO PHŒBE.

By the Author of 'The Curfey Lucubrator.'

HOW oft in melancholy's gloom I
stray,

To ev'ry sense but of misfortune
lost,

Revolving deep within my mind, the
day

When first my heart in mutual love
was crost!

Alas! yet, PHŒBE, but alone for you
My bosom heav'd its tend'rest softest
sigh;

And tho' the fatal barrier fortune
threw,

Ne'er shall your image from my
fancy fly.

And ah! where'er should fate your
steps decree,

O'er mountains rude, o'er rocks or
barren plains;

Whate'er your lot—be you from sor-
rows free,

Exempt from care and life's cor-
roding pains!

E'en such the wish of Henry's heart
sincere,

And such the pray'r his latest breath
will bear.

July, 1801.

SONNET TO MARY.

WHEN busy crowds are wrapt in
sleep,

And slumbers o'er the eyelids creep;

When midnight darkness veils around,

And solemn stillness reigns profound;

Ah! then, dear girl, my mind is free

Sweetly t' indulge my thoughts on
thee.

As one that's exil'd from his home,

And forc'd in distant climes to roam;

Whose cheek with tears is furrow'd
o'er;

Who thought to see that home no
more;

Views with delight the dawn appear,

That brings him with his wife and
children dear;—

With equal hopes I long to see

The happy nuptial morn that gives my
love to me.

LEANDER.

Kelvedon, Essex.

TO A LADY,

ON HEARING HER SING A SONG OF
HER OWN COMPOSITION.

BY G. DYER.

SO bright thine eyes! so kind thine
heart!

So sweet thy voice! such grace and
ease!

In every breast is left a dart;—

How couldst thou only hope to
please?

The heedless youth, who durst to gaze,

Is led thine easy prey along;

And those, who can resist a face,

Feel the keen arrows of thy song.

But is there to thy face or voice

Who can his warmer love refuse?

He has but left the poet's choice,—

To fall the victim of thy muse.

FOREIGN

FOREIGN NEWS.

Constantinople, May 27.

NOTWITHSTANDING all the success of the English in Egypt, many persons here are anxiously impatient for further intelligence from that country, and appear surprised that the French are able to hold out so long, and that the fate of Egypt is not yet decided.

The attendant of the captain pacha, who brought the account already published of the taking of Rhamanich by the English under general Hutchinson and the Turks, has been presented by the grand signior with a considerable sum in money, and a valuable pelisse. By the taking of Rhamanich, the communication between Alexandria and Cairo is cut off.

The crew of a ship of war which arrived here yesterday from Aboukir say, that the French in Alexandria may probably not surrender so soon as had been expected.

We are also under some anxiety here, lest the French should make some attempts from Italy on the Turkish coasts, and against the Morea; on which account three ships of war have sailed with all dispatch for the latter.

At Smyrna the failure of the great commercial house of Nicholas Bratio has occasioned many other bankruptcies of importance.

The Porte now refuses to allow the new republic of the Seven Islands a free trade in the Black Sea. The Russian ambassador exerts himself in their favour.

Smyrna, May 27. The English accounts which we have received here from Egypt state that general Menou has broke up from Alexandria with 3,000 men, and that general Hutchinson, with 5,000 English troops, has marched in quest of him. General Baird, with 9,000 men, is in full march from Suez for Cairo.

VOL. XXXII.

The blockade of Alexandria by sea is extremely difficult; the harbour of that city can only be blockaded so long as the wind is favourable; should a storm arise, the English ships must leave their station. Consequently the introduction of French succours is always possible.

Constantinople, June 3. The latest accounts from Egypt state, that the advanced guard of the captain pacha had defeated a corps of 300 French cavalry, which was advancing to succour the posts at Rhamanich. The armies of the grand vizier and of the captain pacha are prosecuting their march by different routes towards Cairo, where they will endeavour to arrive at the same time.

The corps of the captain pacha consists of 17,000 men, and the army of the grand vizier of 35,000, among whom are 5000 English troops from the East Indies, and 12,000 men who follow the baggage.

It is said that Murad Bey is dead. The report that Cairo is taken is not confirmed; but we expect to receive the news very soon. To-day the Spanish envoy De Corral notified his arrival, and by his secretary of legation and drogman made the customary compliments to the reis effendi and the kiaya bey. To-morrow the drogman of the Porte will make the answering compliments to the Spanish envoy.

Ancona, June 8. The three Neapolitan frigates, which have arrived here, are intended, it is said, to carry French land forces to Egypt. Other Neapolitan ships are expected, which will join admiral Gantheaume's squadron, who is now at Messina, waiting for a Spanish fleet; after the arrival of which they will all sail together for Egypt.

Naples, June 8. As the French are making great preparations to send succours

succours to Egypt from this and other Neapolitan ports, admiral Warren, it is said, will cruise in these seas, to watch the motions of the French.

Milan, June 12. The report that the pope has offered to cede his ecclesiastical territory to the king of Sardinia is unfounded. The first consul has, however, applied to the pope to dispense with the celibacy of the clergy, to acknowledge the constitutional priests, &c. but the pope has given a refusal.

A corps of French troops are assembling in Tuscany, the destination of which is not known.

A report has been in circulation here for some days, that the pope had left Rome, and the French taken possession of the city; but our gazettes only say, that French troops have passed and daily pass through Rome to Naples. The French generals Casabianca and Martin are arrived at Rome. As the pope, on account of the state of his finances, has been unable to restore the horse-guard, the Roman nobility have offered to form a corps at their own expence, and this offer has been accepted with thanks. The secretary of state has nominated the officers, and appointed the dukes Mathi and Braschi to be commandants of this guard.

An English frigate from Egypt has arrived in the harbour of Venice, but brings no new intelligence. The army of our republic will, for the future, consist of 40,000 French and 12,000 Cisalpine troops. The expence of supporting them, which will probably be borne by our state alone, is estimated at seventy millions of melinleri annually.

The English take the greater part of the ships bound for Italian ports in possession of the French.

General Moncey has now the command in chief of the French Cisalpine army, and the train of general Brune will return to Paris. General Moncey will have his head-quarters at Cremona, and the French army will form a line from Verona into Romagna. Ligurian troops now occupy Loane, as well as Oneglia.

There is a talk of a union of Parma

and Placenza with the Cisalpine republic.

Constantinople, June 12. On the 10th instant lord Elgin received dispatches from lord Keith and general Hutchinson, upon which he sent the following official communication on the 11th to the Turkish and all the foreign ministers: That as all the communication between Alexandria and Cairo had not as yet been totally cut off, the French had collected a vast quantity of provisions, which they intended to convey to the garrison of Alexandria. On the 23d of May the escort consisted of 500 soldiers, who had mounted about 200 camels, and were accompanied by 100 foot; but in the neighbourhood of Alexandria the English troops fell upon this important supply, took the whole escort prisoners, and sent the peasants home with empty waggons. As great want prevailed in Alexandria, general Hutchinson expected the place would speedily submit to a capitulation, which he was on the point of proposing.

In the forts round Cairo there were about two or three thousand French troops, but they were blockaded by the Turks.

A corps of French troops, which had held out till now in an advantageous post, seeing the danger of being surrounded, resolved to embark for France; but the English surprised and made them all prisoners.

Rome, June 15. The French minister Cacaault has given in a memoir containing the demands of Bonaparte in favour of the French clergy. As the pope cannot grant these, citizen Cacaault has left Rome, and gone to Florence; and the pope has sent cardinal Gonsalvi to Paris.

On the part of France it has been required, that there shall be a patriarch established in France, who, like the ancient patriarchs of Constantinople, Alexandria, &c. shall be the head of the clergy, and independent of the pope: that the French law of divorce, and the new oath of the clergy, shall be sanctioned, &c.

His holiness has for several days past been very unwell. It is not believed that he will grant the demands

of the French, with respect to the constitutional clergy in France, as the consequences would be too inconvenient to the other clergy.

Milan, June 16. A letter from Florence of the 11th says, the army of observation is now on its march against Rome. According to other letters from Naples, the chevalier Acton has set out in great haste for Palermo. The first consul has issued a decree, that the Cisalpine government shall provide a monthly fund of 200,000 livres, to be applied to the repair of the fortifications of four places, Legnano, Peschiera, Roua d'Anjo, and Pizzighitone. The works of these four places shall be carried on with the utmost activity. At the end of each month, commissaries shall inspect the state of these places, and draw up a statement of the progress of the works, a copy of which shall be sent to the first consul, and another to the Cisalpine government. A committee has accordingly been appointed, empowered to appropriate twenty millions of national property to provide for this demand and other purposes.

St. Petersburg, June 19. To day several principal Russian merchants were sent for by our minister who conducts the affairs of trade, and assured that they might now continue their commerce with England as heretofore, as all disputes with Great Britain were accommodated.

Brandenburg, June 20. It is believed that the recall of the Prussian troops from the territory of Hanover will not take place till the wisdom of our monarch, guided by his justice, and a mature consideration of political circumstances, shall find such a recall practicable and advisable.

Paris, July 6. The brig the Lodi arrived at Nice the 23th of June. She left Alexandria the 19th of May. She took on her passage a Turkish

vessel laden with horses. She brings no details of the military events which have taken place since the landing of the English. General Menou had sent triplicates of all these details by avisos, which sailed a few days before, and which have not yet arrived, perhaps owing to their having been taken or delayed in their course. On the 19th of May the French army was master of Cairo and Alexandria. The English had cut the bank of the lake Madie, and turned the waters into the lake Marcotis; by this means they had inundated 50 leagues of the country round Alexandria, which has considerably strengthened their position of Aboukir, and rendered the French fortifications of Alexandria impregnable. General Menou, who was in person in that city, was abundantly provided with military stores and provisions for several years.

The first consul has suffered for a long time from a rheumatism contracted at the army.—Citizen Corvisart, his physician, has thought the season favourable to attempt to free him from it.—He has applied blisters to the breast and arms successively. This treatment, the effect of which has been very favourable, has prevented the first consul from coming to the last parade, and giving the usual audience to ambassadors this day. He has not ceased a single day to do business with the consuls and ministers, and held this morning a council general of finance, which takes place the 6th of every month, and at which all the ministers and the director-general of the public treasury attend. C. Corvisart thinks that the first consul will be able, without inconvenience to his health, to attend next quintidi, at the fête of the 14th of July.

On the 8th at four p. m. the troops of the consular guard will go to the Champ de Mars to manœuvre there.

HOME NEWS.

Lympington, July 2.

ON Tuesday last their majesties, accompanied by the princesses and prince Adolphus, honoured this place with their presence. On their entrance, the volunteers of the town, a party of the Scots Greys, Christchurch cavalry, 85th regiment, and Flint militia, were under arms to receive them.—After passing the lines, amidst the loudest acclamations of loyalty and joy, they repaired to the town-hall, where a dutiful and loyal address was read, and afterwards presented. On leaving the hall the royal family visited Walthampton, the seat of sir H. Neale, bart, where they dined: but the weather inclining to wet, prevented them seeing to advantage the gardens and plantations, though much pleased with what they saw. In the evening the royal family returned to Cusnells, where they stay till Friday, and then proceed to Mr. Rose's cottage, near Christchurch, where they take the water for Weymouth. His majesty appeared in fine health and spirits, and conversed very familiarly with sir H. and lady Neale, hon. capt. Grey, lord Amelius Beauclerk, hon. capt. Paget, Mr. Rose, and other gentlemen present. So deep an impression did the loyalty of the inhabitants of this place make on the royal bosoms, that his majesty remarked to the queen, "No need of a regiment here to guard us, Charlotte."

Dublin, July 4. On Wednesday last, Logan and Hogarty were executed at Naas, pursuant to their sentence; the former for the murder of the late Mr. Spencer, of Rathangan, and the latter for the murder of lieutenant Giffard, in May, 1798.

Monday, Michael Brosna, capitally convicted by a general court martial, for murder, was taken from the Prevot prison, Limerick, on board the Duff gun-boat, lieutenant Wing, to Tarbert,

from whence he is to be transmitted to Castle Island, there to be executed pursuant to sentence.

Tuesday morning, Joseph America, a private in the Hompesch dragoons, was shot in the Mandyke-field, Cork, pursuant to the sentence of a court martial, for disobedience of orders, and unsoldierly conduct towards his officers. He met his fate with great firmness. The whole garrison was present at the execution.

Christchurch, July 4. Their majesties and the princesses yesterday embarked on board the yachts, and sailed with a propitious gale for Weymouth.

Weymouth, July 4. Their majesties and the princesses, except the princesses Sophia and Amelia, after dining yesterday on their arriving at Gloucester Lodge, walked on the Esplanade, accompanied by the earl and countess of Uxbridge and daughter, generals Garth and Manners, major Desbro', colonel Cartwright; captains Bowen, Clark, and Paget. In the evening the whole town was brilliantly illuminated: colonel Manningham's camp, Mr. Stacy's hotel, and the circulating library in particular. A number of beautiful fireworks were let off. Their majesties expressed themselves highly gratified with the loyalty evinced by the inhabitants.

On Wednesday morning two privates of the York hussars were shot on Bincomb-down, near Weymouth, pursuant to the sentence of a court martial, for desertion, and cutting a boat out of the harbour, with intent to go to France; but by mistake they landed at Guernsey and were secured. All the regiments; both in camp and barracks, were drawn up, viz. the Scots greys, the Rifle corps, the Stafford, Berks, and North Devon militia. They came on the ground in a mourning-coach, attended by two priests; after marching along the front of the line, they returned

returned to the centre, where they spent about twenty minutes in prayer, and were shot at by a guard of 24 men; they dropped instantly, and expired without a groan. The men wheeled in sections, and marched by the bodies in slow time.

Eastbourne, July 9. A most melancholy accident happened in this neighbourhood: Two young men, who were here for the benefit of sea-bathing, of the name of Stratton, being out shooting at Beachy Head, the eldest at the top and the other at the bottom of the Cliff, the horror of the latter can better be conceived than described, when he saw his brother fall headlong from the summit, and dashed into a thousand pieces. The deceased was a young man who had just come to a large fortune by the death of his father, and was a very promising youth. There are some suspicions that he destroyed himself purposely, as his gun and shot-belt were found on the top of the Cliff, and he was observed of late to be very thoughtful.

Newcastle, July 11. On Tuesday night a heavy storm of thunder, lightning, and rain, came on here: A similar awful visitation was repeated on Wednesday, but with greater violence; the rain descended in such torrents as to give the Castle-stairs, the Long-stairs, and other passages to the lower parts of the town, the appearance of cataracts. Several houses in the Close, and in the neighbourhood of the Stockbridge, were knee deep, and household furniture of various kinds floating on the water. The streets and common sewers were never known to have received so thorough and brief a scouring, and the general temperature of the air has been since considerably moderated. The parched surface of the ground is also beginning to assume a new verdure, and vegetation of every description seems likely to be materially benefited. We have not heard of any serious accidents from the lightning; a cow belonging to a poor woman named Hudspeth, of Gatehead, was killed while grazing on the Windmill hills.

Salisbury, July 11. In a cartel vessel

which arrived this week from France, came over one Stephen Buckle, a waterman; the relation of the manner of whose captivity may not prove uninteresting to the public, while it may act as a caution to unsuspecting watermen to be more on their guard when they take out in their boats for pleasurable excursions. Three gentlemen had hired the above person to take them to the Isle of Wight, and they had not proceeded farther than Calshot Castle, when they rose upon the poor boatman, gagged him, tied him hand and foot, and threatened him with immediate death if he made the least noise or resistance. He implored for mercy, and offered them his assistance in any undertaking, if they would spare his life; on which he was released, and was told they were French prisoners, and desired to make to the nearest port in France, at his peril. The darkness of the night, and calmness of the wind, favoured their intentions: and after rowing two days and nights in a small open skiff, without having the least sustenance, they arrived safe at Cherbourg. The waterman was interrogated at the Custom-house as to the prisoners' escape; when, after giving the particulars, and identifying the persons, saying that they threatened to murder him, &c. the officers took the three Frenchmen into custody, to take their respective trials—a proof that justice there still rears her head. The poor man's case being made known to the government, he was ordered to be liberated, and his boat restored. He would have been ranked as a prisoner of war, but for the activity of a once inhabitant of this town, whose kindness and hospitality many gentlemen captives of this place have before most amply experienced. The waterman reports that he observed great activity in the dock-yard, and the preparations making for invading this country were constantly dinning his ear.

London, July 11. On Thursday afternoon a jury sat at the Duke of York public-house at Battersea, on the body of miss Hompesch, the daughter of general Hompesch, who
shot

shot herself. After breakfast, she retired into a room, a little armoury of her father's, the walls of which are decorated with swords, pistols, &c. like the guard-rooms at St. James's, and taking a loaded pistol shot herself below the left breast, aiming at the heart. She did not, however, exactly succeed, as she lived a quarter of an hour. The report attracted the family, and surgical assistance was obtained; but it was all useless. Her age was sixteen.

From the testimony of a female servant of Mrs. Richardson, at whose house general Hompesch and his daughter resided in Battersea fields, it appeared that the deceased was for some time in a desponding way, the cause of which she would not communicate to any one; that on the day previous to the melancholy catastrophe she wrote two letters, one to her father, and the other to a friend in Germany. These letters were found on a table in the apartment where the rash act was committed. In the letter to her father she begged, as her dying request, that her heart might be sent to her dear friend in Germany. Several professional gentlemen attended on the jury, when the head was opened, and likewise the body, from whence the heart was taken out by the express desire of the general, to be sent according to the tenour of the deceased's letter.

The jury brought in their verdict *lunacy*, and yesterday the body was conveyed to Newington church-yard for interment, attended by one mourning coach.

The deceased was a natural daughter of general Hompesch (an only child), beautiful in her person, and amiable in her manners. Excessive sensibility to a circumstance of a domestic nature is the cause assigned for her melancholy fate.

The canal to Paddington was opened yesterday morning for trade, with a grand procession along the Paddington line to Bull's Bridge at Uxbridge. Exactly at nine o'clock the committee, with their friends, in two pleasure-boats, set sail, with colours and streamers flying, each vessel being towed by two horses. At twelve o'clock the

company were met at Bull's Bridge by the city shallop (having on board the sub-committee of the Thames navigation), and several pleasure-boats, with large parties of ladies.

A very hot press has taken place on the river Medway and at the Nore. All the ships of war fit for immediate service at Chatham and Sheerness are getting ready for sea with all possible dispatch. It is supposed that they are destined to reinforce admiral Dickson's squadron off the Texel. Intelligence has reached government, that the Batavian fleet will put to sea on the first favourable opportunity. They have likewise received accounts that a great number of troops are collected in the vicinity of Boulogne, to be embarked on board the flotilla of gun-boats daily expected there from Havre.

The following letter was transmitted this evening by Lord Hawkesbury to the Lord Mayor:—

*Downing-street, July 11,
half-past eight, p. m.*

"My lord,

"I have great satisfaction in informing you, that captain Blake, of the Dispatch cutter, is just arrived from St. Petersburg, and has brought a convention, signed on the 17th of June, by lord St. Helen's and count Panin, on the part of his majesty and the emperor of Russia, by which all differences between the two countries have been amicably adjusted.

"Their Danish and Swedish majesties have been invited to accede to this convention. I have the honour to be, &c. &c.

(Signed) "HAWKESBURY."
"*The right hon. the Lord Mayor.*"

13. Saturday afternoon, a poor distressed woman, in Thames-street, hired a boat to cross the river to the Bankside, Blackfriars, in pursuit of a wandering husband; failing in finding him, she returned in the boat to look for him near her own home; being again disappointed, she hired another boat to go Vauxhall, to look for him there; not finding him, she hired a fresh boat to return home, when, in an agony of despair, she threw herself into the river near the Adelphi, where she immediately sunk.

BIRTHS.

BIRTHS.

June 25. The lady of George Herbert, esq. of Hans-place, Sloane-street, of a daughter.

The lady of Robert Bomford, esq. in Great Quebec-street, Portman-square, of a son.

The lady of Francis Fownes Luttrell, esq. commissioner of the customs, in Powis-place, of a son.

29. The lady of sir Wm. Clayton, bart. at his seat at Harleyford, of a daughter.

July 2. The lady of capt. Huxley, of the 2d West India regiment, of a daughter.

8. Lady Folkstone, in Old Burlington-street, of a daughter.

The hon. Mrs. Greensell, lady of Pascal Greensell, esq. at Taplow, of a daughter.

The wife of Thomas Davis, of Castle-yard, Bankside, of a fine boy, being her first child. She has been married eleven years, and is in the 53d year of her age.

10. The lady of S. H. Myers, esq. at the Grove Cottage, Cheltenham, of a son.

The right hon. lady Leslie, at his lordship's house at Shrub-Hill, near Dorking, of a daughter.

11. The lady of J. M. Mostyn, esq. Baker-street, of a son.

The lady of John Chamier, esq. at his house in Queen Anne-street West, of a son.

The lady of Richard Slater Milnes, esq. M. P. for the city of York, at Fryston, near Ferrybridge, of a daughter.

19. The right hon. lady Elizabeth Halliday, lady of capt. Halliday, of Berkeley-square, of a daughter.

20. The lady of Wm. J. Champion, esq. at Danny, in Sussex, of a son and heir.

MARRIAGES.

June 25. Benj. Bond, esq. banker, to miss Shaw, only daughter of John Shaw, esq. of King-street, Cheap-side.

29. At St. George's, Hanover-square, Mr. Wm. Saxton, of Wey-

mouth, to miss Branth, of Berkley-square.

At Mary-le-bone church, John Jolliffe Tufnell, esq. eldest son of William Tufnell, esq. of Langley, in Essex, to miss Pilkington, daughter of the late sir Michael Pilkington, bart. of Chevet, Yorkshire.

At St. George's church, Bloomsbury, Mr. T. Hornsey, of Tooley-street, Southwark, to miss Salter, of Peter-street, Bloomsbury.

30. At St. Luke's, Chelsea, Hicks Wells, esq. of Hornton, in Oxfordshire, to miss Mary Ann De la Touche, of Chelsea.

At Filey, R. Shepherd, esq. of Leberston Hall, near Scarborough, aged 81, to Mrs. Ann Watson, aged 24. By this union the bridegroom becomes brother to his son, and uncle to his grandson—the father and son having married two sisters.

At Froome, Mr. John Cooke, aged 76, to Mrs. Pope, who, on the morning of the tender sacrifice to Love and Hymen, attained her 80th year.

At Wentnor, Salop, Richard Finch, aged 17, to Mrs. Ann Wigley, aged 89.

July 2. At St. Pancras, Charles Rainsford, esq. of Farnborough, Berks, to miss Marianne De Dompierre, of Grenville-street.

Mr. C. Richardson, of Limehouse, to miss H. Greene, of Great Prescott-street.

Capt. Archibald Campbell, of the 88th regiment, to Miss Macdonald, of Devonshire-street, Portland-place.

7. Mr. Richard Brown, wine merchant, of Mark-lane, to miss Moravia, of Old London-street, Fenchurch-street.

At St. George's, Hanover-square, by the Rev. R. P. Goodenough, the rev. R. F. Onslow, eldest son of the dean of Worcester, to miss Harriot Foley, third daughter of the hon. Andrew Foley, M. P.

9. At St. James's, Garlick-hill, Joseph Cade, esq. of Garlick-hill, to miss Wade, of Hampstead.

At Downe, Kent, James Oliver, esq. of the royal navy, of Great Prescott-street, to miss H. M. Omer, of Downe-hall.

11. Mr.

11. Mr. Wm. Daniell, of Howland-street, to miss Westall, of Upper Charlotte-street.

By special licence, at the dowager lady Burgoyne's, Oxford-street, the right hon. lord Ongley, to miss Burgoyne, only daughter of the late sir John Burgoyne, bart.

13. At Eltham, in Kent, by the rev. Shawe Brooke, R. S. D. Light, esq. to miss Henrietta Miller, second daughter of the late John Miller, esq. of Carey-street.

18. Francis West, esq. of Postwick, in Norfolk, to miss Maria Baker, of Westham, Essex.

At Newington church, by the rev. Mr. Dickenson, Mr. George Cottam, of Walworth, to miss Philipps, of Newington-place.

20. At Mary-le-bone church, Wm. Hoghton Dalton, esq. of Bath, to miss Louisa Smith, of Robert-street, Adelphi Terrace.

At Islington church, by the rev. Mr. Newton, Samuel Hollingsworth, esq. of Hollingby, to miss Martha Elizabeth Karr, of Highbury-grove.

DEATHS.

June 25. At Coates, near Edinburgh, the right hon. Elizabeth, countess dowager of Glencairn, in the 77th year of her age.

At Chelsea, Mrs. Mary Mosley, widow of the late Mr. Nicholas Mosley, of Palmer's Green, Middlesex.

26. At his apartments, Ludgate-hill, sir Thomas Hope, bart. eldest son of the late sir Archibald Hope, of Pinkee-house, near Edinburgh.

At his house in Upper Belgrave Place, Ralph Collier, esq.

At the seat of sir Henry Goodricke, bart. in Yorkshire, Mrs. O. Sloper, wife of Orby Sloper, esq. of the 4th dragons.

28. At his seat at Corbally, county of Clare, Wm. Spright, esq. formerly a captain in the 65th regiment.

The rev. Dr. Ferris, dean of Battle, Sussex.

At Bath, the rev. Wm. White, rector of Yelling, and an alderman of Portsmouth.

Of a fever, the honourable miss Ann Ryder, daughter of lord Harrowby.

At his house in Upper Belgrave Place, Ralph Collier, esq.

In Leicester-square, George Dashwood, esq. of Steeple-Aston, in the county of Oxford.

July 4. At the Hot Wells, Bristol, James Butler, esq. of Cheapside.

5. At an advanced age, at his seat at Bunhey Park, Nottinghamshire, sir Thomas Parkyns, bart. father to the late member for Leicester, lord Raneliffe.

6. At his seat at Fen Park, near Devizes, in the county of Wilts. James Sutton, esq. formerly representative in parliament for the borough of Devizes, and brother-in-law to the present chancellor of the exchequer.

7. At Whitby, near Scarborough, in the eleventh year of her age, miss Phil. Sarah Hubbersty, second daughter of Zachary Hubbersty, esq. late of Winchester-street, London, deceased.

At her apartments in King-street, Westminster, Mrs. Gibbons, relict of Tho. Gibbons, esq. of the treasury.

At Canonbury, Islington, Mrs. Wilson, wife of John Wilson, esq. of Leadenhall-street, merchant.

At her house, at Kew, Mrs. M. Ayleworth.

Lately, Mr. Pawsey, of the Horse-shoes, Haverill, Suffolk. Mr. P. from some unknown cause, for several weeks previous to his dissolution refused every kind of sustenance, and literally starved himself to death.

July 8. At Sheffield, Mrs. Curr. In approaching the fire her clothes caught the flames, and she was burned so severely that she only survived a few days.

Mrs. Kirkman, of Darcey Levey, Lancashire, who was married in 1761, and in 1781 had borne 20 children.

10. At Epsom, sir Griffith Boynton, bart.

18. At Kensington, in the 67th year of his age, Walter Blunt, esq.

At his seat on Enfield Chase, general Flower Mochet, colonel of the 9th regiment of dragons.

21. At Theobald's Park, Herts, sir Geo. Wm. Prescott, bart.

25. At his house at Blackheath, at the advanced age of 85, the right hon. the earl of Dartmouth.