

THE LADY'S MAGAZINE,

OR
ENTERTAINING COMPANION

FOR
THE FAIR SEX;

APPROPRIATED
SOLELY TO THEIR USE AND AMUSEMENT.

FOR AUGUST, 1801.

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This Number is embellished with the following Copper-Plates:

- 1 THE REWARD of FILIAL PIETY.
- 2 For the MORAL ZOÖLOGIST—COMMON RAT—WATER RAT—MUSK RAT.
- 3 Fashionable PARIS DRESS, beautifully coloured.
- 4 New and Elegant PATTERN for a VEIL, &c. &c.
- 5 THE POWER of MUSIC; an ELEGANT DUETTINO, composed by the late wonderful MOZART.

LONDON:

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

Where Favours from Correspondents continue to be received.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

THE communications transmitted under the signature *Catharine* have been returned as requested.

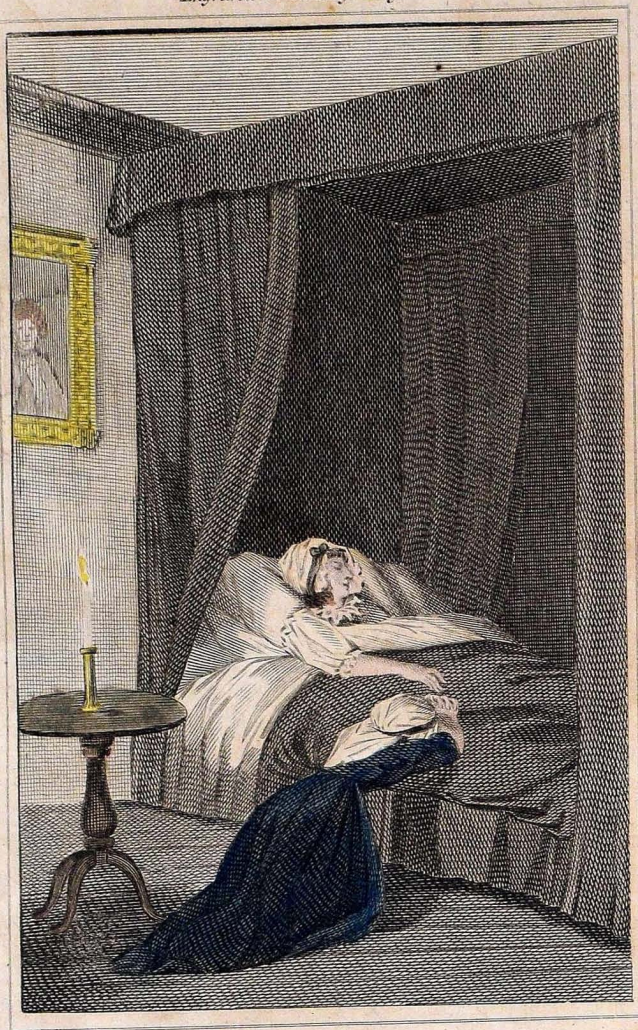
C. G.'s packet is received, and its contents will be made use of occasionally.

Honoria's Essay is intended for insertion.

The *Fragment* by L. M. is too much of a fragment.

The Lines addressed to a young Lady on her Birth-Day are received; as are the Ode to Plenty—The Nettle and the Rose, a Fable—The Rivals, an Anecdote in Rhyme—and R. T.'s Enigma.

Engraved for the Lady's Magazine.



The Reward of Filial Piety.

THE
LADY'S MAGAZINE,

FOR
AUGUST, 1801.

THE REWARD OF FILIAL PIETY;

A TALE.

(With an elegant Engraving.)

EXHAUSTED by grief and want Amelia languished on the bed of sickness. Her husband, who was an officer in the navy, had been employed in the service of his country on a distant expedition, and in an heroic but too desperate attempt upon the enemy the boat in which he was sunk, and not a man on board it returned to his ship. When tidings of this fatal event reached the unhappy Amelia, she sunk into a state of continued dejection and melancholy. Her circumstances, which were before not affluent, now approached fast to absolute indigence, till at length she had nothing to subsist on but the little that her daughter Alicia could procure by almost incessant labour. But Alicia was the guardian-angel of her mother. She laboured for her by day, she watched over her by night; she prayed for her, she comforted her, and by her exertions and filial tenderness preserved the life of her from whom she had herself received life.

Alicia was not deficient in those external endowments which are appropriate to her sex. Though she was not what a dealer in Circassian slaves might have esteemed a perfect beauty, her strong and culti-

vated understanding, and her exalted virtue, illumined her countenance with gently-pleasing charms, which continually became more powerful the oftener she was seen and conversed with. Their force was even felt and acknowledged by one whose soul was by no means congenial to her own. A youth of fortune, immersed in all the follies of fashionable dissipation, had seen her, and learned her story at the house of Mr. Merton, the opulent conductor of some extensive manufactories, who supplied Alicia with the work with which she supported her sick mother. Not doubting in the least that her situation would render her an easy conquest upon his own terms, he found an opportunity to express the ardent passion he had conceived for her, offering her, with as much delicacy as he was capable of, an ample settlement well secured for herself, and a provision for her mother sufficient to protect her from want. Alicia replied, that the latter condition was the only one which to her had the semblance of temptation; but while it was in her power to support her mother by her labour, she should certainly not submit to an infamy, which, instead of preserving her life, would more probably

bably hasten her end, by plunging her still deeper in grief and despair. The man of fashion continued his pursuit of her for some time, and employed all the arts he was master of; but, finding them without effect, at length left her for another whom he found less inflexible.

Mr. Merton, who had been informed of the whole process and failure of his fashionable friend's suit, now found his attention forcibly drawn towards the virtuous Alicia; and the more he conversed with her the more he admired her, till at length she inspired him with an irresistible love for her. He had not yet reached the middle age of life, was a man of probity and generosity; and when he avowed the passion he had conceived for Alicia, he soon made an equal impression on her susceptible heart. The day of their union was fixed without delay, and the health of Amelia began to be rapidly restored at the prospect of her daughter's approaching happiness.

On the evening preceding the day appointed for the marriage, as Amelia, Alicia, and Mr. Merton, were sitting together, a gentleman in the uniform of a naval officer entered, and threw himself into Amelia's arms.—It was her husband, who had been taken up by the enemy when his boat sunk, and long detained a prisoner in the West Indies. He had found means to make his escape, and immediately after, having the command of a sloop of war given him by the admiral on that station, had the good fortune to capture a very valuable prize, and had now returned home to clasp to his arms his Amelia, and witness the happiness of his daughter, which she had merited and obtained by her filial piety and her other virtues.

SKETCH of the LIFE of KOTZEBUE.

(Concluded from page 344.)

THE tragedy of Demetrius, all obstacles being at length removed, was performed before a numerous audience, whose curiosity was considerably increased by so many demurs. 'It was received,' says our author, 'with an applause to which the forbearance generally practised towards youth could alone give me any pretension.' About the same time Kotzebue likewise produced a comedy, entitled the *Nun and the Chambermaid*, which proved extremely successful, but was never published, the copy having been, by some accident, lost.

In the year 1782, some of the friends of our author, who had influence at court, proposed to procure him a place, to which they thought it would prove a strong recommendation in his favour, were he to write a volume of moral tales and fables for young princes, and dedicate them to the grand duke's son. Though he felt little inclination for such a task, he complied, and four sheets of the work were printed, and embellished in a most superb manner, by his publisher at Petersburg. 'Convinced, however,' says he, 'on reading them over, that I had no talent for this species of writing, I resolved not to prosecute a plan by which I should only expose myself; so paying the publisher all that he had lavished on expensive decorations, the work was consigned to eternal oblivion. The impression of my fables cost me many hundred rubles, but my vanity did not breathe a single sigh over their destruction.'

Our author now went to reside at Reval, and to him the people of that place are indebted for a theatre, which has had great success, and which opened with a play written
by

by himself, called *Every Fool has his Cap*, which had a resemblance in the plot to Moliere's *Miser*—it has never yet been published. He had previously written two plays, which he terms the two first dramas he ever wrote, that he considers as possessing some degree of merit. These were the *Hermit of Formentera*, and *Adelaide of Wulfsingen*. The former was represented at the private theatre, but we know not whether the latter has been performed at all. It has, however, been translated both into French and English, and abounds with interest and situation.

About this time, he tells us, he had conceived the idea of writing the history of Henry the Lion, duke of Brunswick, a hero whose various and in many respects romantic fate had always extremely interested him. He had collected a considerable stock of materials for his undertaking, and had even prepared some detached parts of the history; when two works appearing nearly together, the one historical, the other a sort of romance, in both of which duke Henry was one of the most conspicuous personages, he entirely laid aside his plan. He soon after engaged in the publication of a monthly work, to which he affixed the whimsical title—'For the Mind and Heart.'—It was carried on for a year, but did not receive sufficient support to encourage the prosecuting it farther. Some pieces written for this work are published in the four volumes of his *Miscellaneous Writings*.

'In the autumn of 1787,' says our author, 'I was first seized with an illness, which for several years held me suspended between death and what is, perhaps, still more to be deprecated than death itself, the apprehension of sinking into a confirmed melancholy. It was during

the height of this disorder that I wrote *Misanthropy and Repentance*, (the *Stranger*) and the *Indians in England*. These two pieces were finished in the space of not more than eight or nine weeks. Never, either before or since, did I feel such a rapid flow of ideas and imagery as during that period; and I believe it to be undeniable, that by some kinds of illness, particularly in those in which the irritation of nerves is increased, the powers of the mind are abundantly elevated, as diseased shell-fish alone produce pearls.

'Many very absurd things have been said and written upon the subject of my play of *Misanthropy and Repentance*. Among other accusations brought against me, it has been urged that I have not administered strict poetical justice in granting unqualified pardon to Eulalia, and restoring so great a criminal to her station in society, and to every joy in life. But no one seems to have considered the dreadful punishment she has necessarily incurred from the reflexion upon her own misconduct, or to have examined whether any pardon could release her from those reflexions; and whether a woman with such a mind, labouring under the pressure of a sullied conscience, could ever be happy again. To Ziegler* alone do these ideas appear at all to have suggested themselves, yet his view of the subject is extremely perverted; and, by taking the unjustifiable liberty of recalling Eulalia's seducer again to life, he has wholly frustrated the moral in view. I, therefore, wrote the *Noble Lie*; from which, if I have again brought forward a woman de-

* Ziegler, as appears from Kotzebue's preface to his *Noble Lie*, wrote a drama as a continuation to *Misanthropy and Repentance*.

viating from chastity, a subject on which the impure imaginations of the critics delight to dwell, I am confident as fine a moral may be deduced as ever was preached from the pulpit, or represented on the stage.'

In the year 1790, Kotzebue produced the *Virgin of the Sun*, the *Child of Love*, (Lovers Vows) and *Brother Moritz the Humourist*. This year he likewise proceeded in the collection of his smaller works.

In the same year, our author, who had been some time married, lost his wife, whom he most affectionately loved.—'Poignant anguish for her loss,' says he, 'drove me as a fugitive into the wide world. I fled to Paris, and remained for half a year amid the bustle of that capital, without so much as giving a hint to our ambassador of my being there. But wearied, after a while, with living in the midst of such convulsions, I transferred my abode to Mentz, which then enjoyed profound peace and tranquillity. Here I arranged for the press a detail of the heavy calamity I had experienced, and of my subsequent wanderings, which was soon after published, under the title of *My Flight to Paris*.'

During his residence at Mentz, Kotzebue, disgusted at the licentiousness and extravagant absurdities he had witnessed among the Parisians, wrote a piece in ridicule of them, under the title of the *Female Jacobin Club*. This gave great offence to the violent partisans of jacobinism, while, at the same time, his *Philosophical Picture of the Reign of Louis the Fourteenth* equally excited the jealousy of the opposite party. The latter work he sent in manuscript from Mentz to his publisher at Strasburg, which occasioned some correspondence between them;

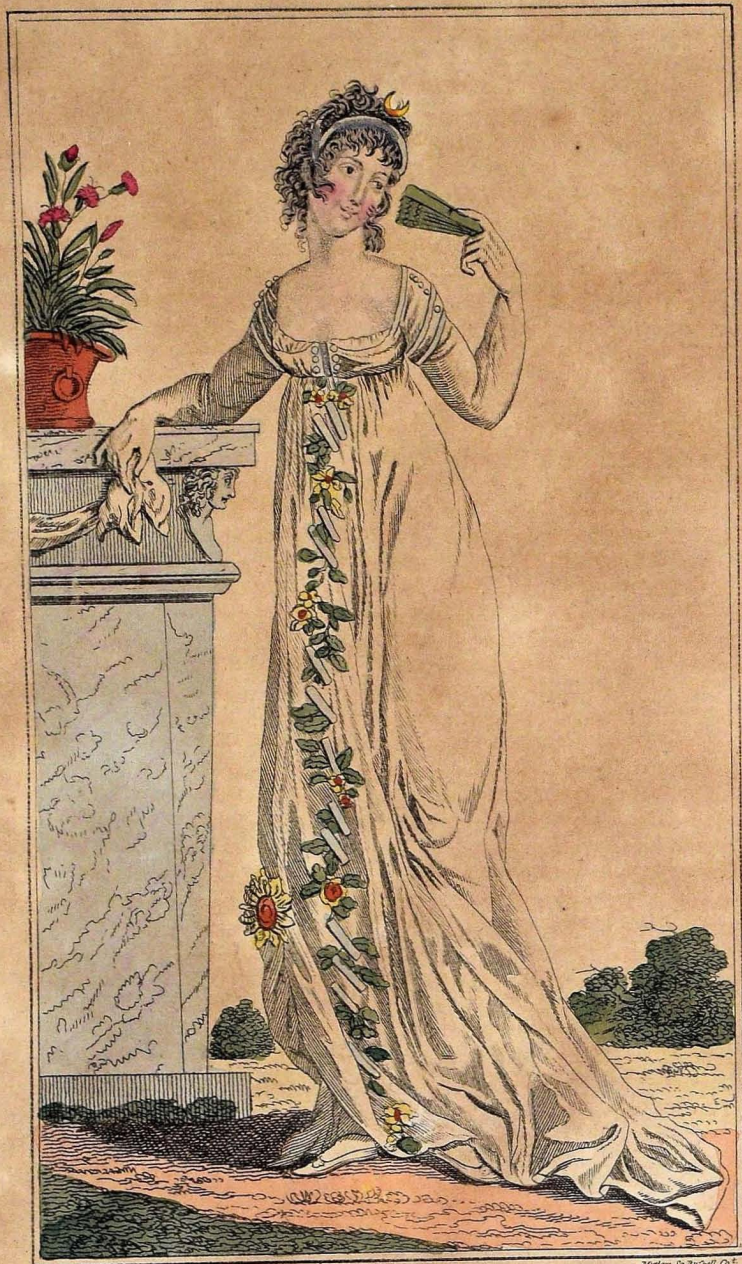
when he found that the letters he received from Strasburg were constantly opened before they were delivered to him. He complained of this to the Russian minister at Mentz, who inquired into the matter, but could procure him no satisfaction: it was affirmed that they came thither opened. 'Never to this day,' observes our author on this subject, 'have I been able to trace out by what means it could happen, that the honour of being suspected as a spy, or concealed jacobin, was conferred upon me; but it appears to be my hard fate, that while the zealous friends of the jacobins and their associates proscribed me as the advocate of despotism, the real supporters of that monster consider me as a dangerous democrat, whom they cannot watch with too jealous an eye. I could cite many extraordinary incidents in corroboration of my position, if a man always dared to say all that he can.'

It is certain that he has been suspected of being too ardent a supporter of liberty and popular power; and it is supposed that his *Count Benyowski*, from some expressions in it, and allusions to certain anecdotes, gave great offence to the late empress of Russia, and occasioned him to resign his situation as president of the college of justice in the Russian province of Livonia, where he had written many of his dramatic pieces.

After his resignation of this place he repaired to the court of Vienna, where he was soon after appointed director and dramatist of the Imperial theatre; a situation which he filled with the greatest satisfaction to the emperor, the court, and the public.

Some time after the accession of the late emperor Paul I. to the

Engraved for the Ladies Magazine August 1801.



W. & A. G. & Co. Del.

PARIS DRESS.

throne of Russia, Kotzebue, in consequence of some private affairs, returned to Reval, where he was immediately apprehended by order of the emperor, though on what account does not appear to be distinctly known. He seemed, however, to be in no small danger of banishment to Siberia, when the caprice of the monarch not only pardoned his supposed crimes, but took him into especial favour, and appointed him to be director of the theatre at Petersburg, in which office he was continued by the present emperor.

The last intelligence that has been received of this celebrated dramatist is contained in some articles which appeared in the German journals in the course of the month of July last. They import that Kotzebue had presented to the new emperor of Russia a plan of reform to be introduced in the theatre, and requested leave to resign in case it should not be adopted. He obtained his removal from his place of director to the theatre, agreeably to his request; and, as commonly happens in similar circumstances, was honoured with promotion to a degree higher, namely, that of chancellor of the college. The emperor has also given him since his dismissal a pension of twelve hundred rubles, a sum equal to his salary, though he had been only eight months in office. He has since left Russia, and on the 19th of July arrived at Berlin, on his way to Weimar, his native place.

and to wear diadems. 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 *capotes* have, almost without exception, a large bunch of ribbons or crape upon the *devalut*: the fashionable colours are white, jonquil, lilac, and rose. The yellow and the white straw hats are very common. One of the most striking head-dresses is the *chapeau à la Hulan*, the crown of which is in lozenge, and the front a little turned up, or pointed like a helmet. This hat is much worn by the *élégantes* of Longchamps: its colour is jonquil, rose, or all white, with flat feathers to match. This head-dress, *piquante* by its novelty, displays much ingenuity in its plan and execution. The young men have ceased to wear velvet collars to their riding or other coats.

The crape *capotes* are generally of two colours, strongly contrasted, Egyptian earth and pale green; lilac and canary yellow; jonquil and coquelicot. The same taste, for two striking colours pervades every other part of dress: a red shawl and a yellow robe, a blue robe and an orange shawl; a slate-coloured robe and a crimson cap are very often to be seen upon the same person. In general, however, the shawls are white. The *élégantes* of the first class, who only use them as a security against cold at night, at balls and spectacles, have resumed the stuff shawls.

The manner in which the ribbon is placed upon the crown of the straw

PARISIAN FASHIONS.

(With an Engraving elegantly coloured.)

IN full dress our *élégantes* continue to dress their heads simply in hair,

straw hats has experienced a slight variation. It is interwoven across, so as to pass alternately, inside and outside, at equal distances. The antique head-dresses, in oblong puffs, are still worn in full dress; the puffed part frequently takes in the veil, which forms a floating drapery on one side. The newest hats are of an oval shape, and striped, in fringe and crape; the fringe always white, and the stripes on the little intervening bands, some deep colour, such as orange brown, Egyptian earth, dark green, clouded upon the edges.

The silver ribbons have nearly exploded the use of flowers. Among the few still worn, we observe the tobacco and laurel flowers, the rest are fancy. The long waists are gaining ground. The newest ear-rings are amber—the shapes squares and octagons. The little green parasols, or *ombrettes*, have now a fringe, or embroidery of silver spangles, upon the edge.

The collar of the coat of the Parisian men of fashion is not more than a finger's breadth; their waist-coat begins to come down lower than the breast of the coat; the boots pass the knee, and the leaf of the hat increases every day.

'Pay a visit,' observes a Paris journalist, 'to one of our divinities of the day, and you will fancy yourself transported into the regions of chaos. You will find the stair-case of Italian marble; the anti-chamber French; the bed, Egyptian; the chairs, Grecian; the chimney-piece, Prussian; the candelabra, Etruscan; the vases, Japan; the hangings, Roman; the statues, imitations of

the antique; and the fortune of the owner, *very modern*; in a word, the *tout-ensemble* of the house will be found a complete anachronism.'

In the same style, also, thanks to fashion, our finest women, after having made a Flemish breakfast, a French dinner, and taken Italian *sorbetti*, end the day by drinking tea in the English manner. In the same style also, collecting into the narrow space of twenty-four hours the manners and customs of four or five different nations—they breakfast at Brussels, dine at Paris, lunch at Milan, sup at London, and sometimes, if we believe scandal, go afterwards to sleep at Lesbos, Paphos, or some other favourite retreats of Venus.

LONDON FASHIONS.

FANCY dress of worked muslin, trimmed with lace and silver; the sleeves full, and confined with silver. Turban of crape, ornamented with silver; white ostrich feathers in front.

Walking dress of white cambric muslin, made tight over the bosom, with a collar to turn back, trimmed all round with lace; long sleeves, confined above the elbow in two places; petticoat of the same, with a narrow flounce round the bottom. Bonnet of green silk, tied down with a handkerchief; nankeen shoes.

The prevailing colours are buff, white, and lilac. Buff flowers have been adopted. A new fancy hat, which is likely to become a favourite, has just been introduced into the circles of fashion, made of straw, intermixed with clouded floss silk. Buff and Imperial clips are generally worn.

THE MORAL ZOOLOGIST.

(Continued from p. 351.)

LETTER XXVII.

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

OUR next view of animated nature will present a varied prospect of vivified perfection in the hedgehog genus, which by the nature of its spines approaches nearer to the porcupine class than to any other. The distinctive marks of this genus consist in the several individuals having five toes on each foot, and a body covered with short spines.

THE COMMON HEDGE-HOG.

This animal is so peculiarly constructed that he can defend himself against the assaults of his enemies without exertion, and wound without a martial encounter, as he is endowed by nature with an irresistible coat of mail, with the additional advantage of contracting himself into the form of a ball, which enables him to defy every attack of his adversary. The hedgehog is of a timid nature, and is not constructed for feats of agility, or effectual retreat; but these defects are amply counterbalanced by his natural corporeal weapons of defence, which are exercised in due proportion to the assaults he receives, and the exigency of his situation. The hedgehog has a long nose, and nostrils bordered on each side with a loose flap; short, round, broad, naked ears; small eyes; short legs, destitute of hair, and of a dusky hue; five toes on each foot, the inner toe shorter than the others; weak claws. The upper part of the face, sides, and rump, are covered with strong coarse hair of a yellowish colour, intermingled with cinereous; the back with short

spines of a whitish colour, with a bar of black through the centre. The under part of the body is clothed with strong hair. The tail is one inch long, and the length of the head and body about eight inches.

This species inhabit Europe, Madagascar, and various parts of Russia; they subsist on worms, insects, fruits, and some kind of vegetables, and will also eat flesh raw, or in any other state. These animals are found in woods under the trunks of old trees, in thickets, hedges, and at the bottom of ditches covered with bushes; and also in clefts of rocks, and other secure situations. It is not clearly ascertained whether they ascend trees, but it is fully proved they dig the earth a shallow depth with their noses. Hedge-hogs neither approach human habitations, nor stir from their retreat in the day, but traverse the neighbouring country during the night in search of food. As they sleep during the winter, it is not probable they amass provisions (as some authors assert); their flesh has not an agreeable flavour, and at present no use is made of their skin. When these harmless animals are assaulted, they have recourse to no mode of defence, but rolling themselves up like a ball, which effectually defends them from receiving injury. Most dogs are averse to encounter the hedgehog; but the fox has courage to engage with him, as he craftily wounds his adversary's feet, and then sucks his blood.

Though naturally inoffensive, the hedgehog, when he is urged by hunger, becomes so cruel as even to destroy his own offspring, and in a state of confinement manifests various proofs of mischievous ingenuity. When the hedgehog is rolled up, and by that means be-

comes invulnerable, there is no mode of compelling him to relinquish that secure state, but by plunging him in water, which causes him to dilate his limbs, and resume his native form. The females of this species have three or five young at a litter, and usually bring forth in the beginning of the summer; their offspring in an infant state are white, and the buds, or rudiments of the spines, only apparent through the skin.

THE SIBERIAN HEDGE-HOG.

This animal, which is a native of the southern deserts from the Don to the Oby, is less than the common kind; but in the regions beyond Lake Baikal they are considerably larger than that species. The Siberian hedge-hog has a long, slender, extended upper jaw; large oval ears, naked and brown on the edges, the interior parts lined with soft white hairs. The tail is shorter than that of the common kind. The upper part of the body is covered with slender brown spines, at the base, and near the extremity, encompassed with a white circular mark. The limbs, and under regions of the body, are clothed with a beautiful white fur of a soft texture. This species, in their habits and generic qualities, resemble the common hedge-hog; they grow very fat, and usually live in holes a few inches deep; they subsist on insects, and eat those of the most caustic qualities without receiving any injury, which has been ascertained by experiments; some individuals having been known to devour an hundred cantharides.

THE ASIATIC HEDGE-HOG.

This is evidently the tondrac described by M. de Buffon. In size this animal resembles a mole. It has a long slender nose; short

round ears; and short legs. The upper part of its body is covered with short spines of a white hue, marked across the middle with rust colour. The face, throat, belly, and legs, are clothed with whitish fine stiff hair. The tail is short, and covered with spines; about the nose are some hairs above two inches in length. M. de Buffon specifies another variety of this species, which he denominates the tanrec. This animal is on rather a larger scale than the preceding, its spines are only on the top and hinder part of the head, and on the upper part of the neck and shoulders; those on the neck are erect; the parts of the body not furnished with spines are clothed with yellowish bristles of unequal length, interspersed with black. These animals are native inhabitants of Madagascar, and several oriental islands. In their mature state they attain to the size of a rabbit, grunt like hogs, and grow very fat; they are also very prolific. They burrow on land, but frequent shallows of salt or fresh water. They remain torpid six months, and during that period lose their hair. Their flesh has an insipid flavour, but is nevertheless eaten by the Indians.

THE GUIANA HEDGE-HOG.

This animal, which is a native of the new continent, has no external ears, but only two auditory orifices. It has a short thick head. The back and sides are covered with short spines of an ash hue tinged with yellow; and the face, belly, legs, and tail, clothed with soft hair of a whitish cast. The space above the eyes is of a chesnut colour; the hinder part and sides of the head are of the same shade, but of a deeper hue. The length from nose to tail is eight inches. The tail is short, and the claws long and crooked.

The

The peculiar construction of the hedge-hog affords a pleasing variety in the animal world; and suggests the moral reflection, that security often consists in the possession of those qualities which defend the possessor from the attack of his enemies, rather than by those which impel him to encounter, and consequently become the victor, or the vanquished. To this corporeal armour we may compare the mental weapons of defence which every rational being should be accoutred with. To your ladyship, who are armed *cap-a-pee* with every effective virtue, and fortified with well-assured trust in a superior and never failing mode of defence, a comparative definition would prove prolix and unnecessary; as you are confessedly hostile to every species of frailty, and a faithful ally to every kind and degree of social virtue. That the happy effects of these combined excellencies may prove as great a blessing to yourself as they do to your fellow-creatures is the ardent wish and expectation of your ladyship's sincere friend

EUGENIA.

DIVISION I. SECTION IV.

Animals simply digitated, without cutting or fore-teeth, with a frugivorous and herbivorous appetite.

Genus.	Species.	Genus.	Species.
Sloth,	- - 2	Armadillo,	- 6

LETTER XXVIII.

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

As every degree of excellence consists in a comparative estimation of inferior qualities, our sensations will naturally incline us to view the sloth genus (which is the next subject we are to contemplate) with a slight portion of admiration when

brought in competition with other members of the brute creation more amply endued with perfections.—The distinctive properties of this class are—canine teeth and grinders in each jaw, but no cutting or fore-teeth in either; the fore-legs considerably longer than the hinder ones, and long claws.

THE THREE-TOED SLOTH.

The name of this animal suggests the idea of its peculiar characteristic; which is a remarkable degree of slothfulness, and inability to make any agile efforts, or even move to any considerable distance. The two species which constitute this supine genus in many particulars have a perfect similitude, yet in others so essentially differ as to require a separate generic distinction.

The 'three-toed sloth,' or 'ai,' has a black obtuse nose, rather lengthened; small external auditory organs; minute black eyes devoid of lustre, and of a heavy cast; with a dusky-black line extending from the corner of each. The face and throat are of a dirty-white hue; the hair on the body and limbs is of a long shaggy texture, and of an ash-brown colour; the tail so short as to have the appearance of a mutilated stump; the legs are thick, long, and awkwardly situated; the face is destitute of hair. There is a black line on the spine of the back. On each side of the shoulders the hair is blended with a ferruginous or rust cast; the other parts of the back and limbs are irregularly spotted with black. There are three toes on each foot armed with long claws. This animal in dimensions resembles a middle-sized fox. This species have but twenty-eight ribs, and the 'unan,' or 'two-toed sloth,' has forty-six, which is sufficient to ascertain and justify a distinct classification. These animals manifest

such slight traces of animation, that they form the last class, and constitute the lowest term of existence in the quadruped tribes. They are endued with no inherent means of offence or defence, and can neither dig, soar high, or take refuge in the earth. On a candid survey of the various defects and imperfections of these races, we may venture to pronounce them the most scantily endued, if not the most miserable of beings. From the peculiar construction of their organs of motion, they are under the necessity of not wandering far from their native spot, as in the space of a day they can scarcely travel fifty paces. From the structure of their teeth, they cannot seize animal prey or herbage; they are, therefore, reduced to the necessity of climbing to the branches of trees to subsist on the leaves and wild fruits. They are often many days executing this arduous design, and consequently during that space endure the most acute hunger. When they attain the desired height, they never leave the tree till they have stripped it of every appearance of verdure; and when this resource of sustenance fails they remain inactive; and, when urged by the demands of appetite, roll themselves up like a ball, and suffer themselves to fall from the tree, as they are unable to descend by any other means. When they have thus reached the ground, they continue at the foot of the tree and devour all the vegetables they find there. These animals are endued with amazing strength in their feet and claws; and their usual posture is, hanging suspended with their bodies downwards. They are of a ruminating nature, as they have four stomachs, and can endure such long abstinence from food that some individuals have been known to subsist forty days without nutri-

ment. Providence, whose mercies are extended to the lowest order of animated beings, has wisely ordained that sloths can exist for several weeks without drinking, as when they are placed in trees they cannot possibly come from thence in search of liquids. The flesh of these animals is not very unpleasant to the taste, therefore men and beasts of prey pursue them for the purpose of food; which, from their defenceless state, renders the species not abundantly numerous. As motion is uncongenial to the sloth, whenever he is reduced to the necessity of action, he utters plaintive accents that excite sensations of pity accompanied with disgust, and prove an effectual means of defence, as even ferocious beasts shun the sound with tokens of horror. This note, which is only uttered in the night season, according to the testimony of some authors, is only an ascending and descending hexachord. To add to the displeasing appearance of this animal, its mouth is never free from foam, and its countenance is so expressive of distress that it awakens compassion, and extinguishes the desire of adding to the afflictions of such an apparently wretched being. Sloths cannot endure cold, and appear to dread and be averse to rain. Though they seem incapable of receiving pleasure, they are at least exempt from acute painful sensations, which is evident from their not making resistance against violent assaults, and also by their existence not closing after their heart and bowels have been extracted. This species inhabit the eastern districts of South-America.

THE TWO-TOED SLOTH.

The 'two-toed sloth,' or 'unau,' has a round head; short prominent nose; ears lying flat on the head like those of the human species;
two

two long claws on the fore-feet, and three on the hind. The fore-legs are much longer than the hinder ones. The hair on the body is long and rough in some parts, curled and of a woolly texture in others; pale-red above, and ash underneath; and in some of a yellowish-white hue on the under part, and of a cinereous cast above. This variegated mixture produces an effect like withered herbage, as the quality of the hair is harsh and dry. This animal has no soles to his feet, and is destitute of a tail. The length of that deposited in the British Museum is eleven inches, but probably those dimensions were taken from a young subject.

This species are natives of South-America, and also of the Island of Ceylon, and the Paliacal Mountains in the vicinity of Madras. M. de Buffon positively fixes their residence in the southern parts of the new continent; though it is appears evident, from the testimony of various travellers, that they are found in the regions above specified, and probably also in Guinea; as there is an animal described as common in that country by the name of 'potto,' which in its habitudes and construction appears nearly allied to, if not a member of the sloth genus.

When we reflect on the supine qualities of this class of animals, we must arrange the advantages, and regularly state the account of the beneficial consequences of such inactive properties, before we consign the individuals to an imaginary degree of wretched existence.—Your ladyship, who ever searches beneath the surface, and by that means fathoms and ascertains the due proportion of every relative connection and dependence, will, I doubt not, with your usual candour, acknowledge, that acute sensations tend more frequently to increase

the measure of our sufferings than to extend our enjoyments. When we define the usual allotment of happiness, we shall clearly perceive it consists rather in an exemption from pain than from any other cause. Extreme sensibility subjects those who are under its dominion to a variety of sufferings, which an obtuse mind avoids by the hebetude of its feelings; therefore, we may reasonably conclude, that those beings which have the slightest perceptions are at least the farthest removed from misery, if not the nearest allied to pleasure. Thus, however unfavourable or unequal the faculties to substantial delights, the being thus circumscribed, by being ignorant of superior advantages, retains its native happiness, as it is unconscious of the benefits others enjoy. The sloth appears the very antipodes, in the scale of animal being, to those vivacious qualities which grace the general tendency of your ladyship's actions. From their operations, yourself, and those with whom you are connected, derive the most salutary consequences, while you exhibit a bright example of the happy effects of lively efforts; more especially when we reflect on the innumerable non-entities, or human sloths, that encumber the earth, and serve to no other purpose than to devour sustenance, and excite sensations of contempt and disgust. That your ladyship's attractive conduct may awaken them from their mental apathy is the zealous desire and hope of your sincere friend

EUGENIA.

LETTER XXIX.

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

As the operations of nature are inscrutable, and often above our comprehension,

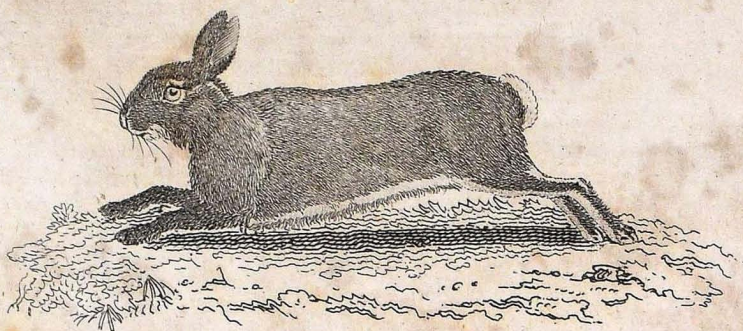
comprehension, yet invariably deserving of our admiration and attentive research, the armadillo genus affords a wide scope for wonder and philosophic investigation. Every species of this class of animals are covered on the head and upper part of the body with a kind of shelly substance similar to bone. Various animals of the quadruped kind are distinguished by properties apparently heterogeneous from the genera to which they belong. The manis by his scales approaches nearly to the lizard, and many of the finny tribes; and the porcupine by his quills, which in their construction resemble the spines of feathers, seems to have some affinity to the winged inhabitants of air; but the armadillos form a distinct and separate genus, as they are not in their nature analogous to any of the quadruped genera. These extraordinary instances of variegated skill are unquestionable proofs of the omniscient power of the Supreme Being in the various productions of the animal world, of which the armadillo is a distinguished instance; as its properties are original, and unparalleled in their nature and tendency. The distinctive marks of this genus are, no cutting or canine teeth; the head and upper part of the body defended by a crustaceous covering; the middle with pliant bands formed of various segments, reaching from the back to the edge of the belly. This class is divided into several species, distinguished by the number of the bands on their body, and by other generic essential variations.

THE THREE-BANDED ARMA- DILLO.

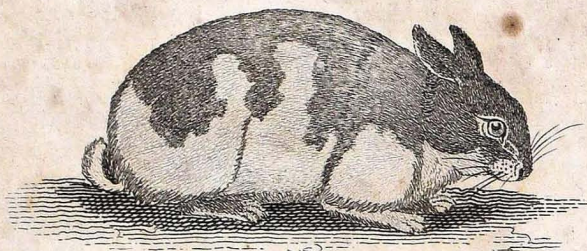
This animal has short, broad, round ears; small eyes; and is incrustated on the head, back, and rump, with a crustaceous substance, divided into compartments, of a

yellow-white hue, in the form of pentangular tuberculated segments. It has three moveable bands on the middle of its body; five toes on each foot; and a short tail, which does not measure more than two inches in length. Its body is nearly a foot long; the head of this animal is of an oblong construction, and nearly of a pyramidal form; on the top it is covered with an entire mass of crust or crustaceous substance, resembling an helmet. The native armour of this animal is rendered flexible by various joints, insomuch that it can roll itself up like a ball, which it invariably does when it sleeps or is touched by any object. It then has more the appearance of a shell-fish than of a terrestrial animal. This, as well as the succeeding species, are native inhabitants of the southern parts of the new continent. Their common habits are very similar. They burrow in the ground; the smaller kind in moist places, and the larger in dry situations and distant from the sea. All the different species of this animal, when they are overtaken, roll themselves up like balls. If they are surprised, they take refuge in their holes; and think themselves secure from the assaults of their enemies, if they can hide their head and part of their body. When they are contracted into their circular shape they are invulnerable. These animals are commonly chased with small dogs. They commit great depredations in the plantations and other cultivated grounds; and subsist on potatoes, melons, and roots. They drink a vast deal, and acquire a great portion of flesh. This harmless species are very prolific, as the female brings forth every month, and has usually four young at a birth. The flesh of the armadillo is delicate food, if the animal is not old; for then it has a disagreeable musky flavour.

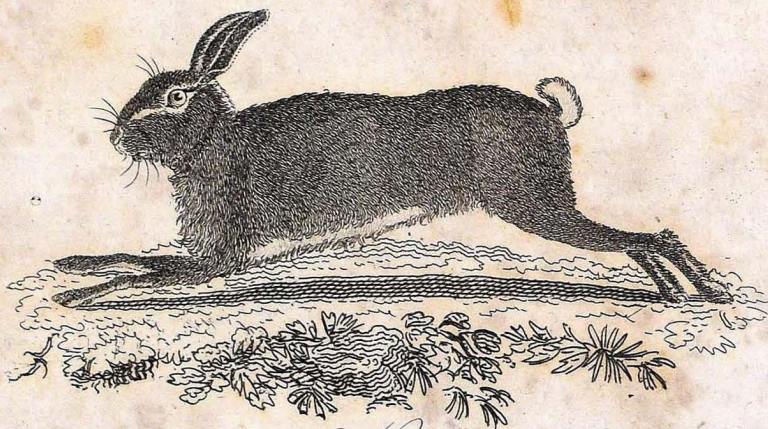
Engraved for the Lady's Magazine.



Rabbit.



Domestic Rabbit.



Hare.

THE SIX-BANDED ARMADILLO.

The six-banded armadillo is larger than the three-banded. The crust on the head, shoulders, and rump, is formed of angular pieces. It has six pliant bands on the back; between which, and also on the neck and belly, are a few hairs dispersed. The tail is not so long as the body, and thicker at the base than at the extremity. It has five toes on each foot. Its ears have neither hair nor crust on them, and are of a brown hue. The formation of the head and snout resembles that of the swine species. The colour of the body inclines to a reddish-yellow hue. Those spaces on the body that are not covered with the crustaceous substance have a kind of granulated skin. These animals dig with great facility, as their snout and claws are peculiarly adapted to that purpose. They usually live concealed during the day, and search for food in the night. Their common sustenance is fruits, roots, insects, and, according to some authors, small birds. This species inhabit Brasil and Guiana.

THE EIGHT-BANDED ARMADILLO.

The eight-banded armadillo is on a smaller scale than the six-banded. It has eight bands on the sides; four toes on the fore-feet, and five on the hind. Its length from nose to tail is ten inches; and the tail exclusively measures nine. The head of this animal is small; the muzzle sharp; the ears erect, and rather long; the eyes small and black. The colour of the back is an iron-grey; the tail and flanks of a whitish-ash cast, intermingled with iron-grey spots. The belly is covered with a granulated skin of a whitish cast interspersed with hairs. This species are natives of Brasil, and are esteemed more desirable for food than the preceding kind.

THE NINE-BANDED ARMADILLO.

This animal has long ears; the crust on the head, shoulders, and rump, is divided into compartments of an hexangular form; the nine bands on the sides have transverse marks in the shape of a wedge; the breast and belly are covered with long hairs. It has four toes on the fore-feet, and five on the hind.—The tail is longer than the body, and the whole length of the animal is about three feet. Like the preceding kind, it inhabits South-America.

THE TWELVE-BANDED ARMADILLO.

The twelve-banded armadillo seems to be the largest class of the whole genus. It differs from the other kinds by not having its tail encrusted; its muzzle also is not so slender; its head larger; and its legs and feet thicker. Upon the breast, belly, legs, and tail, there appear vestiges of scales interspersed with tufts of hair: also in various parts of its armour there is a mixture of bristly hair. The head is about seven inches in length; the body about twenty-one inches. The ears are broad and upright; the crust on its shoulders is marked with oblong compartments, those on the rump are of an hexangular form. It has twelve bands on the sides; five toes on each foot; those on the fore-feet armed with large claws; there are lesser ones on the hind feet.

THE EIGHTEEN-BANDED ARMADILLO.

This animal has a very slender head, and small erect ears. The crust on the shoulders and rump is formed of square pieces. There are five toes on each foot. The length from nose to tail is about fifteen inches; the tail is about five inches and an half long. The body from

from the shield of the shoulders to the tail is covered with eighteen moveable bands connected by a flexible skin. From the superior number of the joints, and their peculiar construction, it is reasonable to imagine the eighteen-banded armadillo contracts and rolls himself up with greater ease than the other kinds. This species, like the former, are natives of South-America.—Some authors have ascribed to the twelve-banded armadillo the quality of having a musky odour, but all agree in the testimony that the flesh of the three and eight-banded kind is as good as pig. The crustaceous substance with which these animals are armed is a kind of bone, which by the action of fire may be separated into distinct particles. When the armadillo is in its genuine state, these particles are compacted with such elegant symmetry as to form the most beautiful mosaic work, over which there is a kind of transparent skin that appears like a high varnish. The interior parts of these animals are constructed like those of other quadrupeds, though their external appearance is so essentially different. These animals walk quick; but can neither run, leap, nor climb to any height: therefore their only refuge is in the ground, where they are said to bury themselves during one-third of the year. When they are vanquished they roll themselves up, and never distend their armour till they are impelled by the heat of fire. If they are pursued on a height they escape by contracting their bodies into their congenial circular shape; and, thus defended, roll down any precipice without receiving the least injury. They are chased with great avidity, as their flesh is esteemed delicate food, and their crust is converted to various ingenious purposes and uses.

The curious workmanship of the

crustaceous clothing of the armadillo exhibits the superiority which the works of nature display, when compared to the most complete productions of art. In vain would the most skilful artist endeavour to execute one segment with such symmetry as is invariably manifested in every branch of this fortified genus. The minutest atoms tacitly proclaim—

‘The hand that form’d us is divine:’

yet we are too often deaf to their monitions, and blind to the perfections they display. Though martially accoutred by nature, these animals appear not to be actuated by hostile pursuits; but, possessing a pacific disposition, commit no outrages on inferior animals, and prove hurtful in no other respect but in the necessary encroachments their sustenance requires. Thus your ladyship will perceive, though they are enshrined in a kind of fortress, they do not become formidable from possessing security; but rather shrink from encounter, though apparently qualified to ensure conquest. I hope it will be deemed a pardonable digression, if I express a wish that your ladyship receives as much pleasure in my repeated recitals as arises from the hope of my labours being beneficial and acceptable, which is all the reward required by your affectionate

EUGENIA.

(*To be continued.*)

ACCOUNT of a PHOCUS or SEA-CALF, found near BASTIA in CORSICA.

(*From a French Journal.*)

THE phocus, that singular amphibious animal, which seems to be the model after which the ancients have described

described the tritons, the syrens, &c. is common no where but in the North Seas. We very seldom see it in our seas, and particularly in the Mediterranean. The fact which we are going to relate must therefore be interesting to naturalists.

A wood-cleaver, who worked in the month of March last in the vicinity of Bastia, discovered upon the shore an animal with which he was unacquainted, and the view of which inspired him with terror.—It was a phocus asleep upon the beach. The wood-cleaver called some neighbours; the animal was taken, and put into a tub full of water. The following is a description of it. It was four feet long, with a round head, about six inches in diameter, resembling, in some respect, that of a calf; but in the place of ears nothing was perceivable, except very narrow apertures, almost hid with hair. Its skin, very thick and hard, was also covered with hair, sleek, short, and oily. This one was a female; its eyes were somewhat like those of an ox; it had a fierce look, and yet an air of mistrust. Its nostrils were flat, and from them ran almost constantly a mucus of a very fetid smell, particularly when it was out of the water. The neck was thick, but of much less circumference than the head. Very near to the neck came out the arms, or rather membranous hands, generally in a position very close to the body: each finger had four fangs and nails. One would suppose at the first look that these hands were without hair, but the hair was only shorter upon them than upon the other parts. The paws behind were nearly a foot in length, almost touched each other, and laid in the direction of the tail: this tail, which terminated in a rounded point, might be about two inches and a half long, and about

twelve or fourteen lines broad; it proceeded from between the two apparent feet, or back fins. Such was nearly the figure of this animal, which they were able to preserve only twenty-four days, although the greatest care was taken of it. It would not eat; its appetite failed from the moment it came into human hands: it refused little fishes, fresh meat, fresh grass, bread, wine, &c. The sixth day they gave it a preparation of tea in cow's milk. It swallowed it very well, but it refused a second dose. They conceived an idea of letting it plunge into the sea, after a collar had been put upon it, to which was attached a long cord. It plunged very deep, and remained a long time out of sight, under water: it was with difficulty that they forced it to return on board. We may presume that in these immersions, which were frequently repeated because it seemed to like them, it might have nourished itself with some fish. It was endowed with a considerable degree of intelligence. For example:—it took delight in being caressed near the head, and testified its gratitude by faint cries, and a winking of its eyes. When the man to whose care it was entrusted, and who had given it the name of Moro, would say to it, 'Give me thy hand, poor Moro!' it would raise the fore-arm, stretch out the hand, and, bending in the fangs, really squeeze the hand presented to it.

Although its conformation did not permit it to be very active, it walked, or rather crawled, with considerable swiftness. One day that its keeper, thinking it asleep, had left the door of its chamber open, the animal went out, and descended seven or eight steps to look for him, where he was walking upon the esplanade. It was remarked that it did not deviate a line from

the path which the person of whom it was in search had gone an hour before. We should have hardly believed these circumstances, if they did not constitute part of an account sent by the prefect himself of Golo, who has been an eye-witness of them. It was intended to send it to Paris, but the animal was soon perceived to be in a languishing state. The mode of living to which it was confined was, perhaps, less the cause than a wound on the right foot, which it had received it is not known how, and which every day grew worse. What hastened its death was, that the sea being extremely agitated for two days by a very violent north wind, it was impossible, during that time, to put it in the water as usual. The third day it went into the sea, only to breathe there its last sigh.

On AFFECTATION.

'I hate the face, however fair,
That carries an affected air.
The lisping tone, the shape constrain'd,
The studied look, the passion feign'd,
Are fopperies, which only tend
To injure what they strive to mend.'

THERE is no situation in life in which affectation can be said to be becoming or commendable—however sanctioned by fashionable pride or heedless folly; nor is there any one rational feeling of the human heart that can possibly be excited by the indulgence of so odious a practice. Momentary entertainment is sometimes furnished by it for the gaping multitude; but, in the contemplative mind, it generally creates disgust, at the expence of such persons as endeavour to deform nature by the extraordinary affected manner in which they speak or move. For who, in the name of

wonder, can see a female, enriched with all that nature from her ample stock could give, twisting her neck into such postures as can only serve to remind one of the pillory, and distorting those features, originally intended 'for softness and sweet attractive grace,' into an hideous grin, without any visible cause of alarm or indisposition; or listen to the man who is continually interlarding his frivolous discourse with a hem or damme! whilst he is flourishing his gold-headed cane with an air, sporting (according to the jockey phrase) his tortoise-shell snuff-box, or traversing the pavement with all the economy and exactitude of a dancing-master,—without feeling contempt, mingled with a degree of pity, for the visible poverty of their minds; in which to be rich is to possess what far surpasses the glittering appendages of worldly worth, and to feel the noblest sensations of a favoured and exalted being.

Affectation is a compound of pride, folly, and ignorance; and yet there have been instances of its attaching to some of the most eminent, and—I had nearly said—exalted characters; men whose piety and learning have been acknowledged and esteemed, and whose writings have been read with a degree of transport and pleasure.—To account for such a ridiculous infatuation is scarcely possible; but to endeavour to root out a habit so hateful, and so frequently in use, may not be an unimportant task: and (however the ideas contained in this essay may meet with approbation or contempt from such persons as spend the greater part of their time in a vortex of rich and luxurious dissipation, or those to whom a constant or frequent attendance on their looking-glass have made affectation habitual) I shall endeavour to point out, as far as my humble

humble powers extend, the absurdity of affectation, and the littleness of such minds as cherish it. And, although I perceive I am about to treat on a subject which many abler than myself have treated before me, yet I may probably take a different path; by which, should I cause but one person to be sensible of the folly they have so long cherished, the purpose of this essay will be fully answered.

Nature, which abounds with numberless beauties, revolts against a folly which, if not checked at its first advances, never fails to deform her most admirable workmanship, and render disagreeable features formed to attract or command.—In fact, it appears a strange paradox—that those who possess the most graceful persons, or on whom has been lavished a greater degree of beauty than on the generality, should be the first cherishers of affectation, which, in spite of all their efforts to conceal, (for it is so generally despicable, few persons will own the infection) will discover itself, and, by its unamiable foppish and fantastical display, form such a hateful contrast in those once lovely features, as rather disgust the eye than charm the sense or please the fancy; and I have frequently been astonished and disgusted at the extraordinary language it will produce, even by persons on whose education no expence has been spared.

To take an account, and depicture the great variety of shrugs, attitudes, gestures, grimaces, and contortions, attendant on this deforming folly, would be endless and useless, as the constant practice must be under the eye of every one who gives himself the trouble of observation: I shall, therefore, proceed with my ideas, in giving an outline, or the principal requisites for polite affectation; not that I would

be supposed to give instruction for its attainment, but rather, as those ingredients are in opposition to the construction and dictates of nature, to produce a conviction on the minds of such as have long accustomed themselves to so detested a habit, probably without a knowledge of its existence, or the ungraceful qualities it possesses.

Polite affectation then is contained in the following articles:— You must, in the first place, never be in a state of health; that invaluable blessing, without which every enjoyment of this life is rendered useless, must be totally banished, as it is considered very unpolite to be well. To point out the absurdity of this rule, few comments I think need be made; and, as they must naturally arise, I shall leave them to the mind of the reader. A constant cold, or head-ach, or some other fashionable disorder, which is generally politely termed the spleen, must prevail. You must be in a dreadful alarm and constant agitation should a cat enter into the room, or a mouse move the curtain. You must speak little, and that in a very low key—not uttered without an evident impediment in the throat, by which your words may be very much disguised, as to speak plain is termed vulgar in the extreme—lest your nerves should be affected so as to produce a fainting-fit, which, by the bye, if it can possibly be produced, is the very master-piece of polite affectation in an affected lady.—What can be a more striking picture than the poet gives us in the following lines:

‘Knowing her own weakness, she despairs
To scale the Alps, that is, ascend the stairs.

And help—oh, help!—her spirits are so
dead,
One hand scarce lifts the other to her head.
If there a stubborn pin it triumphs o’er,
She pants, she sinks away, and is no more

Let the robust and the gigantic carve,
Life is not worth so much—she'd rather
starve.

But chew she must herself—Ah, cruel fate!
That Rosalinda can't by proxy eat.'

YOUNG.

To acquire the above-mentioned qualities, and arrive at the degree of perfection so admirably described, one would suppose required a long and painful education; yet we see them daily practised, and by some actually considered as an additional grace or embellishment of person, to adorn which art has unweariedly laboured, and fancy bestowed her richest gifts; and, as this is an age for improvement, and the prosecution of every study that is supposed to adorn, enlighten, or amuse mankind, it is a subject of wonder to me; that (for the instruction and benefit of every young miss or master, who is intended to be an idle observer, or a trifling performer on the stage of this world, by parents who consider riches as the only step to happiness), among other absurdities, a kind of school or theatre has not been established, in which this fashionable and polite accomplishment might be reduced to a science; the several characters frequently rehearsed, and made so perfect as never to be at a loss for the proper accompaniment of a laugh, a grin, a shrug, a wink, a sneer, or any of the other attendants in the train of affectation; which, however pleasing or grateful to such as will have no leisure for reflection, must by the sensible observer be ever held in contempt.

TOM JONES.

Norwich, July 6, 1801.

ANECDOTE

Of ADMIRAL SIR T. HOBSON.

THIS extraordinary man was born at Bonchurch, in the Isle of Wight. He was left an orphan at a very

early age, and apprenticed by the parish to a tailor—a species of employment ill suited to his enterprising spirit. As he was one day sitting alone on the shopboard, casting his eyes towards the sea, he was struck with the appearance of a squadron of men-of-war coming round Dunnose; and, following the first impulse of his fancy, he quitted his work and ran down to the beach, when he cast off the painter from the first boat he saw, jumped on board, and plied the oars so well, that he quickly reached the admiral's ship, where he entered as a volunteer, turned the boat adrift, and bade adieu to his native place. Early the next morning the admiral fell in with a French squadron, and in a few hours a warm action commenced, which was fought on both sides with equal bravery. During this time Hobson obeyed his orders with great cheerfulness and alacrity; but after fighting two hours he became impatient, and inquired of the sailors what was the object for which they were contending? On being told the action must continue till the white rag at the enemy's mast-head was struck, he exclaimed: 'Oh, if that's all, I'll see what I can do!' At this moment the ships were engaged yard-arm and yard-arm, and obscured in the smoke of the guns. Our young hero took advantage of this circumstance, determined either to hawl down the enemy's colours, or perish in the attempt. He accordingly mounted the shrouds unperceived, walked the horse of the main-yard, gained that of the French admiral, and, ascending with agility to the main-top-mast head, struck and carried off the French flag, with which he returned; and, at the moment he gained his own ship, the British tars shouted 'Victory,' without any other cause than that the enemy's flag had

had disappeared. The crew of the French ship being thrown into confusion, in consequence of the loss of their colours, ran from their guns, and, while the admiral and officers, equally surprised at the event, were endeavouring to rally them, the British tars seized the opportunity, boarded the vessel, and took her. Hobson at this juncture descended the shrouds with the French admiral's flag wound round his arm, and displayed it triumphantly to the sailors on the main-deck, who received his prize with the utmost rapture and astonishment. This heroic action being mentioned on the quarter-deck, Hobson was ordered to attend there; and the officers, far from giving him credit for his gallantry, gratified their envy by brow-beating him, and threatening him with punishment for his audacity; but the admiral, on hearing of the exploit, observed a very opposite conduct. 'My lad,' said he to Hobson, 'I believe you to be a very brave young man; from this day I order you to walk the quarter-deck, and, according to your future conduct, you shall obtain my patronage and protection.' Hobson soon convinced his patron that the countenance shown him was not misplaced. He went rapidly and satisfactorily through the several ranks of the service, until he became an admiral.

ON CONVERSATION.

THE desire of pleasing in conversation is one of the most innocent endeavours at superiority which vanity inspires. Nothing is more agreeable than that talent by which a man commands attention when he speaks. To excel in this art, which depends neither on science nor on virtue, it is sufficient to be happily endowed by nature. In vain, with-

out this rare quality, may we aspire to please in conversation. Far from acting a brilliant part, we shall only fatigue those who hear us. The great attainment is to leave to every one a hope that he shall, in his turn, contribute to amuse or interest the circle in which he finds himself.—Salleys of wit, lively repartees, and original remarks, frequently excite laughter, without pleasing, especially those who feel they are not capable of the same; but a good teller of a story pleases generally. We listen with pleasure to a person who relates with grace anecdotes or stories, or who levels sarcastic strokes at the characters or singularities of individuals; the reason of which is, that we almost identify ourselves with him, and frequently applaud not so much what he has said, as what we think we might ourselves have said in the same circumstances. This powerful motive, which takes its birth from curiosity, is also the aliment of vanity. From it we presume that we are capable of speaking in our turn; and he who has scarcely any coherence in his ideas, believes himself, nevertheless, capable of relating the incidents of a story, and modestly forms his little plan of repeating it in a circle more or less brilliant.—Another hears it told without envy or uneasiness, because he does not suppose that the faculty of telling a story requires any distinguished abilities.

It is not my intention, however, to prescribe rules for conversation; I only intend to point out some defects which render the greater part of persons more tiresome than amusing. Were we to attempt to cultivate this study in the circles of the day, we should find it difficult to succeed, now that play forms the occupation of the greater number, and its partisans consider all the time passed in conversation as lost.

Every

Every one endeavours to render himself agreeable in conversation; but often when he wishes to please he produces a quite different effect. He who possesses the happy talent of pleasing ought to exert it with discretion, and especially be careful not to talk too much. Prudence will teach the wise man to avoid improper subjects, and to suit his discourse to the company in which he is: he will not talk on scientific disputes to the ladies, nor on fashions and dress to the learned.

Every one has his habits and his foibles, which he finds it difficult to correct. It is very common, for instance, to meet with persons who cannot speak without an excess of gesticulation and grimace. Let us leave these Harlequin talkers to act their pantomime before their looking-glasses. In this class may be placed the buffoons and mimics who ape their acquaintance, and, like bad painters, are obliged to give the names of those whose likenesses they pretend to exhibit.

Next to these may be ranked the finespeakers, emphatical haranguers, who listen with complacency and pride to their own pompous and sonorous periods. They are followed by another set—the mysterious whisperers, the dealers in pithy half words, who throw in a few unfinished sentences, and scarcely suffer themselves to speak loud enough to be heard. There are also those with Stentorian lungs, who inquire after our health in the voice of the town-crier.

The prattle of harmless frivolity suits extremely well with the organs of a handsome woman who accompanies it with the graces; but is as improper in the mouth of a man of solidity and gravity as for a bishop to dance in his lawn sleeves.—Many persons have habitually adopted certain words which they

place at random. Others treat the most trivial subjects with seriousness and solemnity. There are others who wonder at every thing; even at what o'clock it is, or what weather it will be. And, lastly, we meet with some who are as sparing of their words as others are profuse, and who never articulate more than a yes or a no.

To conclude, we ought to consider the organs of speech as those of our understanding; never to debase them by making them the instruments of vice or illiberal satire; and to indulge somewhat less our pride by renouncing the habits which tend to depreciate this noble prerogative of man, by which he is especially distinguished from the brute.

EUGENIA.

CELEBRATION of MIDSUMMER.

To the EDITOR of the LADY'S
MAGAZINE.

*Chilandover (near Penzance),
July 2, 1801.*

SIR,
THE custom of celebrating Midsummer by fires and various sports, was, I apprehend, very general among the ancient Cornish. At present it seems to be nearly confined to the towns and villages of Mount's-Bay, the inhabitants of which have never yet relaxed in their zeal for this usage.

Being at Penzance the 23d ult. I observed the young people all alert in the preparations for their favourite festival. No sooner had the tardy sun withdrawn himself from the horizon, than the young men began to assemble in several parts of the town, drawing after them trees and branches of wood and furze; all which had been accumulating week after week, from the beginning

ning of May. Tar-barrels were presently erected on tall poles; some on the quay, others near the market, and one even on a rock in the midst of the sea; pretty female children tript up and down in their best frocks, decorated with garlands; and hailing the Midsummer-eve as the vigil of St. John.

The joyful moment arrives! the torches make their appearance! the heaped-up wood is on fire! the tar-barrels send up their intense flame! the ladies and gentlemen parade the streets, or walk in the fields, or on the terrace that commands the bay! thence they behold the fishing-towns, farms, and villas, vying with each other in the number and splendor of their bonfires. The torches, quick moving along the shore, are reflected from the tide; and the spectacle, though of the cheerful kind, participates of the grand. In the mean time rockets and crackers resound through every street; and the screams of the ladies on their return from the show, and their precipitate flight into the first passage, shop, or house, that happens to be open, heighten the colouring and diversion of the night. Then comes the finale: no sooner are torches burnt out, than the inhabitants of the quay-quarter (a great multitude), male and female, young, middle-aged, old, virtuous and vicious, sober and drunk, take hands, and, forming a long string, run violently through every street, lane, and alley, crying, 'An eye! an eye! an eye!' At last they stop suddenly; and an eye to this enormous needle being opened by the last two in the string (whose clasped hands are elevated and arched), the thread of populace run under and through; and continue to repeat the same, till weariness dissolves their union, and sends them home to bed, which is never till near the hour of midnight.

Next day (Midsummer-day) happened to be rainy this year, by which means the festival was rendered imperfect. The custom is, for the country-people to come to Penzance in their best clothes, about four or five o'clock in the afternoon; when they repair to the quay, and take a short trip on the water. On this occasion numbers of boats are employed, most of which have music on board. After one cargo is dismissed, another is taken in; and till nine or ten o'clock at night the bay exhibits a pleasant scene of sailing-boats, rowing-boats, sloops, sea-sickness, laughter, quarrelling, drum-beating, horn-blowing, &c. &c. &c. On the shore there is a kind of wake or fair, in which fruit and confectionary are sold, and the public-houses are thronged with drinkers and dancers.

Such is Midsummer in this part of Cornwall; and on the eve and feast of St. Peter, which follows so closely upon it, the same things are acted over again.

T. J. R.

ANXIETIES OF DELAYED EXPECTATION.

[From 'The Lounger's Common-place Book, or Miscellaneous Anecdotes,' &c.]

HE who has been half his life an attendant at levees, on the faith of an election promise, a watering-place squeeze-o'-th'-hand, or a race-ground oath; or he who, vegetating on a fellowship, with vows long plighted so some much-loved fair, is waiting, watching, or wishing for the death of a hale rector, at fifty-four; persons of such a description may perhaps be interested or amused by the following little narrative founded on fact, and in the memory of some of my readers.

The incumbent of a valuable living

ing in a western county had for some years awakened the hopes and excited the fears of the members of a certain college, in whom the next presentation was vested—the old gentleman having already outlived two of his proposed successors.

The tranquil pleasures of the common-room had very lately been animated or interrupted by a well-authenticated account of the worthy clergyman's being seized with a violent and dangerous disease, sufficient, without medical aid, to hurry him to his grave. The senior fellow, who, on the strength of this contingency, had only the day before declined an advantageous offer, was congratulated on the fairness of his prospects, and the after-dinner conversation passed off without that uninteresting *non-chalance* for which it had been lately remarkable.

The pears, the port-wine, and the chesnuts, being quickly dispatched, Avidio hurried to his room; he ascended the stairs, tripped along the gallery, and stirred his almost-extinguished fire with unusual alacrity; then drawing from his portfolio a letter to his mistress, which, for want of knowing exactly what to say, had lain for several weeks unfinished, he filled the unoccupied space with renewed protestations of undiminished love; spoke with raptures (raptures rather assumed than actually felt, after a sixteen years' courtship) of the near approach of that time when a competent independence would put it in his power to taste that first of earthly blessings, nuptial love, without the alloy of uncertain support. He concluded a letter more agreeable to the lady than any she had ever received from him, with delineating his future plans, and suggesting a few alterations in the parsonage-house, which, though not a modern building, was substantial and in excellent repair—

thanks to the conscientious and scrupulous care of his predecessor, in a particular to which he observed so many of the clergy are culpably inattentive!

The letter was sent to the post, and, after a third rubber at the warden's, who observed that he never saw Mr.***** so facetious, a poached egg, and a rummer of hot punch, the happy man retired to bed, in the calm tranquillity of long-delayed hope, treading on the threshold of immediate gratification.

Avidio waited several posts without receiving further intelligence, and passed an interval which, the moment doubt interposed, was unpleasant and irritating: he filled up the interval, as well as he was able, in settling his accounts as bursar, getting in the few bills he owed, and revising his books, which, as the distance was considerable, he resolved to weed before he left the university. Considering himself now as a married man, he thought it a piece of necessary attention to his wife to supply the place of the volumes he disposed of by some of the miscellaneous productions of modern literature, more immediately calculated for female perusal.

At the end of three weeks—a space of time as long as any man of common feelings could be expected to abstain from inquiry—after being repeatedly assured by his college associates that the incumbent must be dead, but that the letter announcing it had miscarried, and being positively certain of it himself, he took pen in hand; but not knowing any person in the neighbourhood of the living he hoped so soon to take possession of, he was for some time at a loss to whom he should venture to write on so important a subject.

In the restlessness of anxious expectation, and irritated by the stimuli of love and money, in a desperate

perate and indecorous moment he addressed a letter officially to the clerk of the parish, not knowing his name. This epistle commenced with taking it for granted that his principal was dead, but informing him that the college had received no intelligence of it—a circumstance which they imputed to the miscarriage of a letter; but they begged to know, and, if possible, by return of post, the day and hour on which he departed. If, contrary to all expectation and probability, he should be still alive, the clerk was in that case desired to send, without delay, a particular and minute account of the state of his health, the nature of his late complaint, its apparent effects on his constitution, with any other circumstances he might judge at all connected with the life of the incumbent.

On receiving the letter, the ecclesiastic subaltern immediately carried it to the rector's, who, to the infinite satisfaction of his parishioners, had recovered from a most dangerous disease, and was at the moment entertaining a circle of friends at his hospitable board, who celebrated his recovery in bumpers.

After carrying his eyes over it in a cursory way, he smiled, read it to the company, and with their permission replied to it himself in the following manner:

'SIR, *Stalbridge, Nov. 1, 1736.*

'MY clerk being a very mean scribe, at his request I now answer the several queries in your letter directed to him.

'My disorder was an acute fever, under which I laboured for a month, attended with a delirium during ten days of the time, and originally contracted, as I have good reason for thinking, by my walking four miles in the middle of a very hot day in July.

'From this complaint I am per-

fectly recovered, by the blessing of God and the prescriptions of my son, a doctor of physic; and I have officiated both in the church and at funerals in the church-yard, which is about three hundred yards from my house; the report of my relapse was probably occasioned by my having a slight complaint in my bowels about three weeks ago, but which did not confine me.

'As to the present state of my health—my appetite, digestion, and sleep, are good, and in some respects better than before my illness, particularly the steadiness of my hands. I never use spectacles, and, I thank God, I can read the smallest print by candle-light; nor have I ever had reason to think that the seeds of the gout, the stone, the rheumatism, or any chronic disease, are in my constitution.

'Although I entered on my eighty-first year the second of last March, the greatest inconvenience I feel from old age is a little defect in my hearing and memory. These are mercies, which, as they render the remaining dregs of life tolerably comfortable, I desire with all humility and gratitude to acknowledge; and I heartily pray that they may descend, with all other blessings, to my successor, whenever it shall please God to call me.—I am, sir, your unknown humble servant,

'ROBERT WRIGHT.

'P. S. My clerk's name is Robert Dowding. Your letter cost him four-pence, to the foot-post who brings it from Sherborne.'

Such an epistle from so good and exemplary a character, and under such circumstances, could not fail producing unpleasant sensations in the breast of the receiver, who was not without many good qualities, and, except in the present instance, did not appear to be deficient in feeling and propriety of conduct.

*The HISTORY of ROBERT the BRAVE.**(Continued from page 367.)*

WHILE the father of Roger made vain efforts to forget his son, the count of Toulouse every day derived new advantages from his services and those of Robert. So discerning a chief soon perceived in what manner he might most usefully employ their courage. After having several times witnessed the valour of Robert, and frequently experienced his zeal and his ability, he employed him in expeditions equally important and perilous, which were constantly crowned with victory. The name which Robert had chosen at the time of his arrival at Toulouse was already become illustrious and celebrated. Roger had accompanied him in all his combats, and shared in all his dangers; but, faithfully adhering to the plan he had formed to compel all eyes to be fixed on his companion, he constantly honoured him as his leader and chief; and by his example prevented the other warriors, whose achievements had not been more brilliant than his own, from attempting to dispute pre-eminence with him.

The count of Toulouse, convinced that riches were not a sufficient reward for the services of the two strangers, resolved to testify his gratitude and esteem, in a manner conformable to their wishes, by arming them knights, without requiring them to reveal the secret of their birth. He wished thus to prove to all the world that they owed to their illustrious deeds alone the honour of being raised to this exalted rank. He proposed to give the greatest splendor and solemnity to this ceremony; but, before it took place, he appointed Robert to conduct a new expedition.

One of the most powerful and enterprising of the castellains of his

states, after having for a long time exercised his patience, forced him to exert against him the whole extent of his power and all the severity of the laws. This knight, too ambitious and eager to increase his domains, did not hesitate to employ the most unjust and violent means to attain his end. The law of force and courage appeared to him the only one which was to be respected.—Rendered by success unbouudedly presumptuous and arrogant, and being possessor of a castle which he considered as impregnable, he showed not the least deference to the wise and moderate counsels which were frequently given him by the count of Toulouse. He had even carried his audacity so far as to threaten to ravage the domains of the count himself, if he attempted to defend those whom he chose to attack. Liberal to profusion towards those who enrolled themselves under his banner, he had collected a body of troops extremely formidable, and every day new petitioners implored the justice and protection of the count of Toulouse against this destructive scourge of their possessions and their tranquillity.

Raymond, considering it as his sacred duty to repress and remedy these multiplied enormities, had assembled his barons, and summoned the castellan to appear at his court, to give an account of his conduct, and hear the sentence which should enjoin him to make reparation for the numerous acts of injustice of which he had been guilty. A refusal to obey this order, conveyed in the most insolent and provoking terms, was the only answer the castellan returned; the barons, therefore, after having adjudged him guilty of felony, declared all his possessions forfeited, authorised the count of Toulouse to re-annex them to his domains, and engaged

engaged to assist him to make war on and subdue this refractory subject, who had at once violated the laws of natural justice, and rebelled against the authority of his legitimate sovereign.

The generous Raymond had appointed Robert to this expedition only in the persuasion that, at the same time that he afforded him an opportunity to acquire new glory, he should give him the right to take the spoil of the conquered enemy. He confided to his command a numerous body of troops, with orders to seize immediately by force on all the possessions of the castellan.

The two friends were never separated: they marched together to execute the orders they had received. The extreme promptitude with which Robert surrounded the castle, and the excellent disposition he made of his troops, rendered it impossible that the castellan should receive any succours. The latter, however, aware that he should not always be permitted to commit acts of injustice with impunity, had provided himself with provisions sufficient for several months. Robert, who entertained no doubt that this precaution had been taken, resolved to employ the most effectual methods to reduce an enemy whom he considered as the most flagitious of men, since he only employed his courage, his riches, and the advantages he derived from birth, in acts of oppression and rapine.

The first care of the two friends was to reconnoitre all the passages by which it was possible to approach the castle, and they soon were compelled to acknowledge that nature and art had united to render them impossible to be forced. Robert, solicitous to spare the blood of his brave warriors, would not expose them to useless combats. He threw up, therefore, in front of the passages

to the castle, intrenchments sufficiently strong to guard against surprise. He foresaw that such a precaution would more distress his enemy than an attack by open force, as it would show him that he must remain shut up in his castle till want of provisions should compel him to submit to the clemency of the conqueror.

This prudent conduct on the part of Robert produced all the effect that he expected from it. The castellan, irritated at the inactivity in which his troops were left to waste away, and indignant at the thought that time alone would be sufficient to conquer and deliver him up to the resentment of the count of Toulouse, resolved to exert all his force and all his courage to surmount the obstacles by which he was held enchained. After having selected the bravest and most determined of his soldiers, he made a desperate attack, in the midst of a very dark night, on the intrenchment placed before the principal defile that led to the castle. But it was in vain that he hoped to surprise the vigilance of Robert. A martial shout gave notice of his approach; the soldiers hastily assembled, and supported the attack. He indeed overthrew a number of the foremost, and endeavoured to penetrate into the intrenchments; but here his course is arrested by Robert, who, notwithstanding the darkness of the night, distinguished him by the violence of his blows, and will yield to no one the honour of combating so formidable a rival. He follows him in all his motions, and parried all his blows, dealing at the same time terrible ones himself. The castellan, defended by an armour almost impenetrable, redoubles his efforts to triumph over an enemy who excites his astonishment; but while he still makes the

most violent exertions in hope of victory, he hears the cries of his followers in confusion, who can no longer resist the soldiers of Robert, but are beginning to flag. He now fears that he may fall into the power of his rival, who orders his troops to endeavour to surround him; and retires slowly, but fighting obstinately, every step. Robert does not allow him to relax for a moment; but when he has reached the entrance of the defile, with the turnings and means of defence of which he is unacquainted, he restrains his ardent courage, and returns to the camp.

This fruitless attempt did not deprive the castellan of hope.—He attributed his ill success solely to the confusion produced by the darkness of the night. He proposed to make another effort, but first resolved to have recourse to an expedient by which he hoped to terminate a war, the issue of which he began to fear. Full of confidence in his prodigious strength, and in his habit of conquering in single combat, he sent a herald at arms to present to the two friends a challenge conceived in the following terms:

‘You are only known by the address with which you gain prizes in games and tournaments. Women alone ought to annex value to such laurels. If you possess courage, if you are worthy of the elevated rank to which you aspire, no longer conceal yourselves behind your numerous defenders. Take the field both of you against me alone. Engage me, unaided by my followers, in martial combat. If you are conquerors, my defeat will crown you with glory, and render you masters of all that I possess. Appoint the hour and place of combat, and I will meet you alone. But should you refuse this challenge, you can-

not but be cowards; your soldiers will blush at having you for their leaders, and mine will learn how easy it is to conquer you.’

The two friends trembled with indignation when they read this insolent defiance. Roger wished instantly to send his pledge, and present himself alone to fight the castellan; but Robert, faithful to his duty, and the orders he had received from the count of Toulouse, thought only of executing them, and did not conceive that he had a right to repel an injury merely personal.

‘Return,’ said he to the herald, ‘to him who sent you. Tell him that I have received orders to punish him, and not to avenge myself for his insults. If the chance of arms should afford me an opportunity to engage in combat with him, I trust I shall compel him to treat me with more respect. This is the answer which my honour and my duty oblige me to return.’

The castellan, on receiving this reply, abandoned himself to his rage. He proclaimed publicly the refusal he had received. He branded the two friends with cowardice, and declared to all around him that they did not come to attack him as warriors, but as base assassins.—Immediately every preparation was made for his new enterprise; which, the more he considered it, the less he was inclined to attempt by night. He felt that his soldiers would have need of his example, and that he himself should better be able by day-light to direct their motions. He hoped, likewise, that by choosing the moment when the twilight began to dawn, he might cause all the confusion of a surprise; and he resolved, therefore, to fix that time for his attack.

As he was persuaded that the two friends would be actuated by the most eager desire to avenge the insult

insult he had offered them, he did not doubt but they would unite their forces to oppose with more vigour any attempt he might make. He supposed, too, that they would double the troops posted to defend the passage he had already attempted to force; and he hoped to deceive them by ordering only a false attack on this side, while, with the choicest of his troops, he should issue by the other defile. All his measures were taken according to this plan, the execution of which he superintended himself.

The night during which he made these last preparations had now elapsed, and the twilight began to appear. The castellan, clothed in a strong but light armour, that he might be the better enabled to fight on foot, issued forth at the head of his troops, determined to conquer or perish. But all his projects and foresight failed him; Roger and Robert had not joined: each was at his post, nor entertained the thought that his companion could need assistance. It was against the intrenchment where Roger commanded that the castellan directed his attack.

As soon as he appeared, a martial shout convinced him that all hope of surprising his vigilant enemy was at an end. Disappointed in this, he listened only to his rage. He advanced before his soldiers, and was ready to burst into the intrenchment, when Roger appeared prepared to repel his assault. Immediately the two chiefs recognise each other by their armour. Equally inflamed with rage, equally animated with the thirst of vengeance, and fearing to be separated by the crowd of combatants, each makes at the same instant a sign to the troops who follow him to advance no further.

‘Castellan!’ exclaimed Roger,

‘you have not feared to insult me: you believe me a coward. Let us not uselessly shed the blood of others. I accept your challenge. Let us command our warriors to wait till we shall have decided our quarrel.’

At these words a barbarous joy arises in the heart of the castellan: he doubts for an instant whether he had rightly heard; but seeing Roger give the signal to his men to halt and suspend their attack, he returns precipitately towards his own troop, and, believing himself certain of victory, orders his soldiers to stop, and commands them, with a loud voice, to retire without fighting, should he fall beneath the blows of so feeble an adversary.

This new insult cannot add to the courage of Roger; he replies to it only by leaping the trench which separates them, and advances singly to meet the castellan. The warriors on each side remain motionless, and observe a profound silence.

The two rivals, sword in hand, advance, survey, menace, and attack each other. Fire flashes from their armour. The castellan, of larger bodily size, more furious, and better armed, showers thick his blows, which Roger, more skilful and cool, parries and returns with effect.—Without losing ground they alternately recede and advance, and each endeavours to discover the defect of the armour of his adversary. They aim new strokes which fall upon their bucklers, while the eye is unable to follow their swords, as they fly, and glance, and clash in the air. No blood, however, as yet flows, victory appears still to remain doubtful, and it seems as if fatigue alone could terminate the contest.

At length the castellan, resolved to conquer or fall, throws away his buckler, retreats some paces, grasps
with

with both hands his weighty sword, and, returning like a thunderbolt, makes a fearful stroke at his antagonist. The blade divides the buckler of Roger, cuts through his cuirass, and, the point wounding his breast, draws forth a stream of blood. Roger staggers under this terrible blow; and the castellan, animated by hope of victory, prepares to repeat it; but Roger, availing himself of the moment when his enemy raises his arm, takes advantage of a defect in his coat of mail, strikes a blow which penetrates to his heart, and extends him dead at his feet.

At the same instant shouts of victory were heard in the camp of Roger, but it was not by the troops who surrounded him that they were raised: they were too much alarmed at perceiving that it was with difficulty he could support himself. These shouts were a thousand times repeated by the soldiers of Robert; who, after having repulsed the attack made upon him, had flown to the assistance of his friend. He found him covered with blood, and, rushing towards him, followed by his victorious band, the soldiers of the castellan, too feeble and too discouraged to sustain his attack, retreated, abandoning the body of their chief.

Roger first dispelled the fears of his friend with respect to his wound, which he assured him was but slight. Both, then, at sight of their vanquished enemy, felt pity succeed to their animosity, and they regretted that he should have disgraced his high birth and courage by an unjust and ferocious ambition. Robert, after having given orders that the body should be buried, and placed a guard of honour over it, thought only of the wound of his friend, for whom he anxiously procured every assistance.

In the mean time the soldiers of the castellan returned to the castle,

where the daughter of their deceased chief, the beautiful Adela, came eagerly to meet them. Fearful and trembling, she perceived their consternation, and dreaded to inquire its cause. She endeavoured to preserve the uncertainty in which she was, but soon was it cruelly dispelled by the officer who commanded under the orders of her father, who threw himself at her feet, and inquired what were her commands. She could only answer by an exclamation of despair: tears and groans stifled her voice, and her women bore her to her apartment, where she abandoned herself to her grief.

As soon as the first violence of her feelings had somewhat abated, the commandant sent to request permission to present himself before her, and forced her to suspend for a few moments her tears, to prescribe in what manner he should act. He then informed her that the body of her unhappy father still remained on the field of battle; and at the very instant when she felt her despair redouble, it was necessary to determine whether she would continue to defend the castle, or throw herself on the clemency of the count of Toulouse.

Adela was ignorant both of the cause of this war, and of the numerous acts of injustice of which her father had been guilty. She had just completed her twentieth year, and her time had been employed in cultivating those accomplishments which might embellish the graces bestowed on her by nature. Warlike achievements were too foreign to her ideas and character for her to attempt to form any judgment of them. She had never been acquainted with the projects of her father. She knew that the count of Toulouse was his legitimate sovereign, and she had frequently heard the castellan himself extol the justice and generosity of that prince. She
was

was unable, therefore, to conceive whence this animosity originated, or what was the cause of the vengeance he pretended to exercise. Still less did she know that it was for her alone that her father abandoned himself to the most unjust ambition.

The castellan, actuated by an extreme affection for his daughter, and seeing that she united to her illustrious birth all the gifts which nature could bestow, had frequently regretted that he was not the equal of the most powerful sovereigns.—He could have wished to have left her a throne for an inheritance; and, though this was not in his power, he thought he might at least imitate the numerous examples of knights who by their valour had enlarged their domains, and rendered themselves independent. He was the more confident he should obtain success in such an attempt, as he had hitherto found no person able to resist his attacks, or contend with him in single combat. Excited by his ardent courage, which was not guided by justice and reason, considering the right of conquest as the most noble and legitimate of claims, and already very powerful from the possessions he had inherited from his ancestors, he had carried desolation and ravage through the lands of his neighbours. In vain had the count of Toulouse sent orders to him to restore the possessions he had usurped; he had only answered by insulting menaces.

Such were the melancholy explanations which Adela received when she inquired of the persons around her concerning the cause of this war. She could not but condemn the unjust conduct of her father, while she lamented his fate; and, convinced that she neither ought nor was able to attempt any further resistance, she sent to the commander of the

troops of the count of Toulouse, to declare, that she was ready to obey the orders of her sovereign, and only wished to know them that she might execute them. At the same time she requested permission to bury the body of her unfortunate father in the tomb of his ancestors.

As soon as Robert had received this message, he returned, for answer, that the count of Toulouse, ever generous, and ever ready to pardon, wished not for vengeance. He also gave orders that the remains of the castellan should be conveyed to the castle; and even directed that all honours should be rendered to the body which were due to the rank of a knight renowned for his bravery, and whose faults could now only be judged by Heaven.

(To be continued.)

EMILY VERONNE.

(Continued from page 319.)

YOU may conceive the hurry and clamorous confusion of embarkation better than I can describe it to you, which, to a mind oppressed as mine already was, almost overpowered my senses: and, to add to my trouble, the captain of my troop being indisposed, the arduous task all devolved on me, but little capable, of keeping order among the men; who, regardless of all remonstrances, and actuated by motives inconsistent with the cause they are engaged in, delight in murmuring and insulting their officers; who, should they rigidly enforce the authority invested in them, only incur still more their contemptuous behaviour. I shall dwell no longer on a subject so unpleasant: suffice it to say, we were all very soon stowed up together on board crowded transports; and, with a fair wind, orders

orders being given for sailing, proceeded down the Channel. Now had I time to turn my thoughts on my own unfortunate situation, with no friend to alleviate, or for one moment to soothe, the anguish of my bosom. As the vessel I was in contained none but the privates and subaltern officers, as interest procured for the others better accommodations on board the ships that composed the convoy than I was compelled to submit to, who possessed nought but poor simple merit to recommend me. A thousand distressing circumstances, which I had feared would happen before I left England, I thought must be now realised. My bewildered brain represented the vile Belac as bearing away the idol of my soul to some sequestered spot, where I could never find her more. I seemed to see my poor unhappy parents borne down with grief and infirmities, brought on by their son Edward's profligacy, sinking into their graves; and the hapless Susan cast on an unfeeling world, without a single friend even to commiserate her woes. Thus hour after hour have I traversed the deck, till anguish of mind has nearly overpowered my senses; when, sinking into a stupid reverie, my faculties were so absorbed that I no longer knew my cares. This suspension of mental distress would calm the tumults of my bosom: I reversed the scene. My fertile imagination, ever most delusive where warmest wishes are, would oft anticipate my glad return; recalling to my recollection my beloved Emily, ingenuous and lovely as at the first time I saw her, welcoming my return: my Susan, too, artless as ever, still retaining that affection for me she was ever wont. Thus, alternately cherishing hope and despair, I spent my evenings on deck; till worn out by fatigue, both mental and

bodily, I was compelled to go below, where the insufferable heat almost overpowered me. The soldiers, although inured to hardships, could not support it: many died on their passage. The pale luminary of night, as she cast her silver rays over the wide immeasurable deep, afforded me some little comfort: I derived a momentary pleasure from reflecting on the probability that my dear friends in England might be similarly engaged with myself—their eyes might at the same time be directed to the same object. There is a soft pleasing influence which this nocturnal orb possesses over mankind, transporting the contemplative soul to realms beyond the reach of its rays, and calming all the throbbing passions of the breast to tranquillity; at least so I ever found it. Divesting myself of all sublunary enjoyments, so delusive and uncertain, my thoughts soared far above this little scene of pleasures, to those blissful shores where all disappointments and cares peculiar to this world are for ever at an end. The vast expanse of waters, as I cast my eyes around, gently undulating in a calm and serene night, faintly illumined, afforded me an immense fund for contemplation; and, thank Heaven! I profited by it; otherwise, how could I have supported those trials destined for me to undergo?—I have made some digression from my narrative, in relating the resources I resorted to for consolation, but will now regularly proceed.

After the usual time we gained the entrance of the Delaware, and went on to Philadelphia, where we landed, receiving immediately strict orders instantly to assemble our whole force, and pursue our route to New York with the utmost expedition. At first we were uncertain where the main body of the army was stationed, but the desolated state

state of the country did not suffer us long to remain in suspense as to its progress. The face of this once-flourishing colony exhibited a scene enough to shock humanity: smouldering ruins of houses; large tracks of land where the corn and other produce was entirely destroyed; miserable wretches driven from their habitations to wander up and down a prey to hunger, after being cruelly deprived of a comfortable home abounding with all the necessaries of life;—tender connexions, dearest relatives, fallen victims to the sword of a merciless enemy, highly incensed against an inoffensive people, who were compelled to commence hostilities to maintain their liberties.

‘Oh War! what art thou, that at thy dire approach thou frightest pale-faced Humanity afar? Can there be music in dying groans, that thou delightest in the incarnadined field? The widow’s agonies, the orphan’s tender plaints, can they delight thee? Can there be a wretch so vile as to be the instigator, the prosecutor of a war unjust, which brings with it such accumulated horrors to mankind? No; Heaven forbid the suggestion! Earth fosters not such a being; it is the intimation of a higher power. Yet should such a one exist, (which I sincerely hope and trust is not the case) know, every gun that roars—poor, mistaken, deluded, abject man! thou receivest in thy callous bosom; the sword that is aimed against the devoted soldier’s life pierces thy insatiate soul! Though thy proud towering spirit may for a time support thee, plunging thy hated, sea-sick, life-wearied bark in tides of blood, to bear thy ambition up, still the rude storms of conscience will intrude, and devouring vultures of eternal destruction open their dire horrid jaws, swallowing thyself and all thy poor glare of greatness!

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‘One day in particular, a circumstance that I can never forget—no, never while I live can that impressive day be erased from my memory—it was that on which was fought the memorable battle of Bunker’s-hill, which proved fatal to many a brave soldier. In the evening, after much of my toilsome duty was over, (labouring under an unusual depression of spirits, which I could not overcome,) to indulge reflexion, and enjoy the calm serenity of the evening, I walked, disconsolate and sad, I scarce knew whither, till at length I found myself near the scene of bloodshed. Feeling I could not calm the perturbations of my own breast, I thought possibly I might in some degree obtain satisfaction by rendering assistance to some unfortunate object who might have escaped general observation, and yet lay suffering unattended to; and thus, by laudably seeking the good of a fellow-creature in distress, forget my own care. As I conjectured, so it was: when near the entrance of a thicket I stood still, and was struck with a heart-rending sigh. I listened with great earnestness: again it was repeated more heavy than before. I pressed hastily forward, when, by a glimmering light through the foliage, I discerned a person lying in a deplorable condition on the earth. His apparel, though much defaced by blood and dirt, plainly showed him to be of an elevated rank in the army. I soon discovered that the crimson gore in which he was weltering issued from a wound in his head, which had bled so much as nearly to deprive him of life. I instantly bound up the wound with a handkerchief, and applied some restorative drops, when he opened his languid eyes and rather revived. Never shall I forget the grateful look he cast on me, although a death-like paleness

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enveloped

enveloped his fine features. There was all that bespoke the valiant soldier and truly worthy man.— He faintly described to me the situation of his corps during the engagement, which I knew had suffered considerably. At intervals he sank in my arms, quite exhausted. I begged permission to go for medical assistance, but my entreaties were vain.

“No,” said he, “stranger, all worldly aid can be of no avail. I have long ceased to enjoy life.”

‘Here he heaved a heavy sigh, which I thought would have been his last. Anxious to acquaint me with the post he that day maintained, fearing I did not before understand his imperfect account, he thus continued—

“Impetuous, and regardless of my own life, I was galloping to save a party of my countrymen from being destroyed, when the enemy discovered us sooner than I expected. Most of the corps were slain. I fell from my horse, senseless; but, recovering, crawled to this spot unobserved, to breathe out my last breath unmolested, and offer up my dying prayers for the welfare of an aimable girl in England, whom I have loved to the last hour of my existence with the most unbounded affection.”

‘He now appeared to pause; but the cold shiverings of death suspended all power of utterance. He put his almost inanimate hand to his bosom, drew out a miniature which fell from his fingers, and, in almost inarticulate accents, said—

“Generous stranger, if ever you reach England, bear that picture to a dear girl named Emily Veronne. At sight of it, perhaps, her gentle bosom will heave one sigh at the remembrance of the depredator who deprived her of a treasure she so much valued. To you I recom-

mend her. You, benevolent stranger! are, perhaps, that lover which robbed me of all my hopes. Farewell! I find” —

‘He would have proceeded, but the accents died upon his tongue. He looked unutterable language, threw back his head on my arm, and, with a deep sigh which yet vibrates on my ear, expired.’

During the whole of this recital Emily and her father appeared uncommonly interested; but when her name was mentioned, and the miniature was produced, she could restrain her feelings no longer, but burst into tears. Mr. Veronne was struck motionless to hear of the death of such an amiable character; particularly as he considered his daughter as the chief instrument which occasioned his premature end, by driving him to acts of desperation. He shut himself up in his apartment, and would see no one to comfort him, till his own good sense told him how wrong it was to indulge such unavailing sorrow. In the course of a few days he regained his usual composure.

Norton fearing, from Emily’s evident interest in this officer’s fate, that he had been deceived, begged Susan to explain as far as she knew relative to this affair. As she was acquainted with every thought of her friend, by her desire she related every particular to her brother, who appeared perfectly satisfied with the conduct of Emily, and felt with redoubled poignancy for the unfortunate captain, since he knew, by sad experience, what he had suffered, though assured of her affection: what then must be his sensations when no hopes remained of gaining her love? The tears of pity glistened in his eyes as he surveyed the countenance of his sister. He retired from her presence to calm his wounded bosom, and suffer them to indulge their own reflexions;

reflexions — conscious that Emily must naturally be much hurt to hear of the premature death of a worthy young man who had cherished for her the most violent affection, affection which she could not return: Thus rendered insensible to all the joys of life, he left England regardless of all danger, rushing on with the wildest enthusiasm, foremost in all posts of peril, and at last fell a victim to his temerity.

A week had elapsed ere the subject of the narrative was again resumed; when Norton, at the express desire of Emily and Susan, commenced as follows:—

‘Captain Thomas, for such I afterwards found the name of this stranger to be, was interred with all military honours, sincerely regretted by all those who knew him. We had many engagements afterwards; but, in all my troubles, the miniature I was in possession of was a consolation. The moment I saw it I recognised the features of one whose original was deeply engraven on my heart; for, although it was your mother’s likeness, your own never could have been taken better had you sat to an artist. When I heard your name repeated, Heavens! what sensations filled my soul! I dreaded to hear another word, lest my peace should be destroyed for ever by a confirmation of your treachery, as I then thought it; for nothing less could I expect than that your vows were given to the officer, accompanied by your picture.— Then I could account for your remissness in writing. “Faithless girl!” dropped from my lips, ere the words which removed my doubts were pronounced. His disgust of life, the word *depredator*, and a closer examination of the picture, showing me the placid features of your dear invaluable parent, again established my good opinion of your constancy. I

conjectured the whole truth. You alone was again sovereign of my heart: your mother’s miniature the very idol of my soul, which I almost worshipped night and day. But, time after time, receiving no letter to ease my anxious inquiries quite disconcerted me. I knew something very particular must have happened to prevent your writing. To Susan, to my father, I wrote in vain; no answer did I ever receive.— Time passed on with leaden wings; and one day, being out with a detachment of cavalry reconnoitring the out-posts, we fell in with the piquet-guard of the enemy, who attacked us with the fury of madmen. Overpowered by numbers, all my small party were put to the sword, and I was left apparently among the number of the slain. Thus fortunately escaping their notice, and recovering, (as I had only received a blow on the head) I made the best of my way to the woods, where I wandered about until I was quite worn out by fatigue. Unable to tell whither to direct my course, seating myself under the shade of some large trees, I fell asleep, and was awoke again by a shrill shriek, as of some one in distress: I instantly arose, and, clapping my hands to my sword, rushed forward to see from whence it proceeded. Who can conceive my sensations when I saw a company of Indians, with a ferocity in their looks I can but ill describe, intent on seeing their chief inflict the death-blow on a beautiful female on her knees before him, with her hands folded together in a supplicating posture. He who had just raised his tomahawk to put an end to her life, on seeing me advance with an intent to rescue her, immediately executed his diabolical purpose, for fear I should have followers who might prevent the bloody deed.—

My heart revolted at the bare idea of my life being saved by such barbarians, and determined me to be revenged on them for the death of the unfortunate female who lay extended before me and served as an object to instigate me to it. I knew I must fall a victim, therefore was determined to sell my life as dearly as possible. But Heaven directed it otherwise; for, going forward, with an intent of striking off the head of their chief with my sword, my foot tripped against a stone, and I instantly fell to the ground. I was taken up almost senseless, and but little able to resist the humiliating sensation of having my sword wrested from my hands. My blood chilled within my veins, for fear I should be scalped, like many other unfortunate wretches who had fallen into their hands; but by concealing my own feelings, and tacitly submitting to all their indignities, I escaped every violence, and so far gained on their confidence as to be permitted to travel with them without my hands being confined. Thus, fortunately, I had opportunities to conceal my miniature.

I continued with this horde of wretches many wearisome months, and witnessed many scenes from which I recoiled with horror, but never could I escape their vigilant eyes. The sweet cheering hope of again seeing my friends in England alone enabled me to struggle with the feelings of nature, and repress them in their presence. In one of our perambulations I saw that astonishing display of the grandeur of nature which is exhibited where Lake Eric falls into Ontario, down a stupendous precipice of the river Niagara. Were I to describe it, my small share of eloquence could not do justice to so sublime a scene. On the banks of Lake Eric we fell in with a party of unfortunate wretches,

who were all soon dispatched, one only excepted, who was more submissive than the rest. I had now a valuable acquaintance in a companion with whom I could converse in my own language. Wondering why we were reserved, unless for greater tortures, we consoled with each other on our misfortunes, as his were similar in every point of view to my own, daily endeavouring to devise some means for our escape. Our very souls sickened at the barbarity the Indians daily inflicted on the objects of their vengeance; till at length, disgusted and weary of life, we determined at all events to make one grand effort to escape, trusting to Heaven for success.—We became more than usually active in their sports, conformable to their wishes, and participated, with pleasure but ill feigned, in their different modes of life: they, consequently, gave us more liberty, and ceased to watch us with their wonted vigilance, of which we took advantage; and one day, when they were deeply engaged in hunting, pretended to be weary; and, feigning sleep, two of the party sat down with us, and actually did fall asleep. We instantly arose and fled, with all the speed we were masters of, to an adjacent wood, where we rested, to concert measures for our future proceedings. We travelled by day, and rested by night in trees, to avoid being devoured by wild beasts; and, after a perilous journey, arrived at Quebec, where we made known our unfortunate case; and some humane gentlemen, commiserating our distress, clothed us, and gave us money to bear our expenses home. We got safe on board a ship bound for Jamaica, where we fell in with another ship bound for England, in which we once more embarked.

(To be continued.)

ON the PERSONS, MANNERS, and
CHARACTER of the RUSSIANS.

[From Tooke's *'Survey of the Russian Empire.'*]

THE Russians are a moderate-sized, vigorous, and durable race of men. The growth and longevity of this people are very different in different districts; but in general they are rather large than small, and they are commonly well-built. It is very rare to see a person naturally deformed; which, doubtless, is chiefly owing to their loose garments, and the great variety of bodily exercises. All the sports and pastimes of the youth have a tendency to expand the body, and give flexibility to the muscles.

Easy as it is occasionally, by comparison, to discriminate the Russian by his outward make from other Europeans, it will, however, be found very difficult to point out the principal lineaments of the national physiognomy, as speaking features are in general extremely rare. The following may be deemed common and characteristic: a small mouth, thin lips, white teeth, little eyes, a low forehead. The nose has a great variety of forms; it is most frequently seen to be small, and turned upwards. The beard is almost always very bushy; the colour of the hair varies through all the shades from dark-brown to red, but it is seldom quite black. The expression of the countenance is gravity and good-nature, or sagacity. Hearing and sight are usually very acute; but the other senses more or less obtuse by manner of living and climate. The gait and gestures of the body have a peculiar, and often impassioned vivacity, partaking, even with the mere rustics, of a certain complaisance, and an engaging manner.

The same features, on the whole,

are conspicuous in the female sex, but in general improved, and here and there actually dignified. A delicate skin and a ruddy complexion are, in the vulgar idea, the first requisites of beauty; in fact, rosy cheeks are perceived more commonly among the Russian women than in other countries, but no where is paint so essential an article of the toilet as here, even among the lowest classes of the people. As the growth of the Russian ladies is not confined by any bandages, stays, or other compresses, the proportions of the parts usually far exceed the line which the general taste of Europe has prescribed for the contour of a fine shape. The early maturity of girls, at which they generally arrive in the twelfth or thirteenth year, is only to be accounted for, in so cold a climate, by the frequent use of hot-baths, which, while it accelerates this, also brings on an early decay of beauty and solidity of bodily frame. Married women seldom retain the fresh complexion and the peculiar charms of youth beyond the first lying-in. By their baths, their paint, and the great submission in which they live with their husbands, the moderate share of beauty with which nature has endowed these daughters of the northern earth is generally faded at an age when the husband is just entering on his prime.

The general disposition of the Russian people is gay, careless even to levity, much addicted to sensuality, quick in comprehending whatever is proposed, and not less prompt in its execution; ingenious in finding out means of abridging their work; in all their occupations ready, alert, and dexterous. Violent in their passions, they easily mistake the golden mean, and not unfrequently rush into the contrary extreme. They are attentive, resolute,

lute, bold, and enterprising. To trade and barter they have an irresistible impulse. They are hospitable and liberal, frequently to their own impoverishment. Anxious solitudes about the future here cause but few grey pates. In their intercourse with others they are friendly, jovial, complaisant, very ready to oblige, not envious, slanderous, or censorious, and much given to reserve.

The common and middling class of Russians are a race much hardened by climate, education, and habits of life, having their own peculiar usages, which have a greater affinity with the Asiatic than the European, only without the effeminacy. They sleep on the floor, the hard benches, or the boards placed shelf-wise for that purpose; in the summer contentedly lying down in the open air, in the field, or the yard of the house, as they do in the winter on the top of the oven, without beds, or merely on a piece of felt, sometimes with and often without any pillow, either under a thin covering or in their clothes. After performing their evening devotions, accompanied with frequent prostrations and crossings, before the sacred figures of the saints, they betake themselves early to rest, and rise again betimes in the morning, wash themselves, renew their pious orisons, and proceed with alacrity to business. Into the houses of the great and opulent, even at a distance from chief towns, feather-beds and late hours, with other luxuries, have long since found their way.

In the article of dress they adhere as faithfully in the country towns and villages to the manners of their fathers as they do in food and lodging. The noblesse, all the officers in the civil department, and, besides the light troops, the soldiery all over the empire, the merchants of

the chief towns, and those who trade with them, the mine owners, and almost all the people of quality throughout the empire, dress after the German fashion; and the ladies, even in the remotest and most retired parts of the country, appear more modishly attired than would easily be imagined. The burghers and mercantile class, however, generally speaking, stick close to the national dress no less than the peasantry: Of this I shall speak a little more particularly.

The men let their beards grow, which are commonly long and bushy: the hair is cut and combed: their shirt is short, without any sort of collar, and made of white, blue, or red linen. Their trowsers are loose, and tied below the knees. The shirt usually hangs over the trowsers, and is girt round the waist with a string. Stockings are not so commonly worn by the lower class of people as leg-wrappers, which they tie about their feet and legs with pack-thread, so as to make them look very thick. Shoes are worn by the better sort, and mat-slippers by the common people; but half-boots are in very general use. Over the shirt they wear a short breast-cloth, or a vest furnished with buttons. The coat is made so big as to allow of one side lapping over the other before, with little buttons, close sleeves, and a collar. The skirt is made with gathers at the hips, and reaches below the calves of the legs, and the garment is girt about with a sash that passes twice round the body. At the sash commonly hangs a long-bladed knife, in a sheath. The covering for the head is either a flat fur-cap, with a narrow brim; or, in other places, a cap which forms a bag of a span in depth, in which they keep their handkerchief on their head. In summer they go with flapped high-crowned

crowned Dutch hats, ornamented with a narrow ribband of some gaudy colour. The materials of the dress vary according to the rank and circumstances of the wearer; the rich wear fine broad-cloth, sometimes decorating the edges with gold cording, and little silver buttons for fastenings: common people clothe themselves in home-spun cloth, and for summer in linen, made likewise at home. A well-dressed Russian makes a very good figure. In winter the common people wear sheep-skins, with the woolly side turned inwards: the better sort put on furs of a higher price.

The habits of the clergy, as well in their every-day wear as when officiating at the altar, are in the oriental style; the latter of different colours, often in brocade, mostly very rich. The monks are always clad in black, and are also distinguished by their high pasteboard caps wound about with crape.

The women wear stockings or eg-wrappers, and shoes, like the men; sometimes picked-pointed slippers. The lower class frequently go barefoot, or simply in slippers on their naked feet. Their shifts are white; but in Daouria the female peasants put on silk-coloured shifts of gauze or cotton: they are fastened about the neck with a collar, and decorated with fancied ornaments of needle-work. The vest, called saraphan, is close about the neck without sleeves, and sits tight to the body down to the hips, from whence it spreads, without gathers, and reaches down to the shoes: on the facing it is garnished with a thick row of little buttons from the top to the very bottom: it is, however, girt with a sash, to which the bunch of keys is suspended. The quality of the saraphan is various, according to circumstances, — of glazed linen, silks, frequently edged

with fur, or lined with it throughout. The dress of the lower sort of females in winter is more complete, consisting of coarse cloth, or sheep-skin, with sleeves. Another dress is the usual woman's gown, and a contushe without sleeves, called a dushagrek. The dushagrek is also worn on the saraphan without a gown. In the winter they wear furs made after the manner used in Poland, with pointed sleeves. As this is usually a present made by the bridegroom, and the best piece of dress, the common people, in order to make a show of it, go, the whole summer through, to church, to make visits, &c. in the pellice. They also wear necklaces of corals, pearls, or golden chains, ear-rings of precious stones, and decorate their fingers and wrists with rings and bracelets.

The head-dress is somewhat different in different districts. The girls in general wear their hair uncovered more than the women; the former plait it in three plaits, with ribbands and beads tied to the points of them. In Iver, Novogorod, &c. they wear a band across the forehead, bedizened with pearls and beads of various colours, which give the appearance of a tiara or open coronet. At Voronetz, and the parts adjacent, both women and girls wear coifs made to fit the head with cheek-pieces and tresses. — About the Oka, at Murom, and the country round, the caps are in the form of an upright crescent. In the governments of Moscow, Yaroslaf, Kaluga, and the circumjacent parts, the coif has a stiff flap before, like a jockey cap, which is decorated with tresses, pearls, and various coloured stones; on this they hang, in the Tartarian fashion, a veil, but which they usually keep thrown back. The veil is generally of silk, set off with gold or silver lace. In their ordinary dress, they lie on the

the veil over the hair without any cap. In western Russia caps are in use that are a kind of fillet, with tresses, pearls, and stones. Numbers wear caps having a stiff rim one or two inches broad, like a small skreen, or a flapped hat. Persons of consequence, in towns, wind pieces of silk about their heads in such manner as to let the hair hang down in ringlets from under it; and these head-dresses have very much the resemblance of a high turban. A complete woman's attire is expensive, but remarkably handsome.

Paint is as necessary an article in the dress of a Russian lady as linen. The freshest and ruddiest young women put on both white and red; and as this practice is prejudicial to natural beauty, therefore such antiquated dames as would not appear hideous are forced to continue it. Fine white paint is made of pulverised marcasite, or, more commonly, white lead. The rouge in the shops seems to be compounded of Florentine lake and talc with powder of marcasite: red tiffany is also very much worn. The village-foasts gather the roots of the *onosma echinoides* of Linnæus, or the *lithospermum ardense*, which, after being dried, they moisten with their tongue and then rub their cheeks with it; or they extract the colour with boiling water and alum from the rind of these roots. Some rub their cheeks with river-sponge, till the skin is sufficiently thinned or inflamed for being transparent to the blood.

The intercourse between the sexes is more free than elsewhere, particularly in the country, on account of the contracted space of their habitations and sleeping rooms, their baths, the simplicity of their conversation, and their artless songs. The behaviour of husbands towards

their wives is, in general, comparatively with European manners, rough and austere. The wives must work hard, and are often obliged to be the tame spectators of their husband's intemperance and irregularities without daring to complain; but to this they are so early accustomed, that they are seldom heard to vent a murmur, even while smarting under very severe treatment. In larger towns, however, and even among people of condition, the lady is in quite a contrary predicament; and they are either very much slandered, or many a kind husband sometimes gets a rap of the slipper. It is a maxim with parents of the common class never to become dependent on their children, and, therefore, to keep the management of the house in their own hands till they die. Indeed the laws of the land are more favourable to widows and mothers than they are in other countries.

With substantial people the marriage-contract is made with mercantile punctuality. The common sort generally enter into the nuptial state as soon as they can; and as house-keeping is not expensive, and as education is neither attended with cost nor trouble, they live as much at their ease as before. The betrothing is performed with ecclesiastical rites, generally eight days previous to the marriage, and is indissoluble. During this interval the bride is only visited by the bridegroom, and the girls of her acquaintance, who amuse her with singing. On the last evening the young women bring the bride into the hot-bath, where they plait and tie up her hair, all the while singing ballads descriptive of her future happiness.

The marriage is solemnised in the church; before the altar, whither they proceed with the figure of some saint carried before them.

During

During the ceremony a crown is put on each of their heads. The priest, with due forms, changes their rings, reads to them an admonition of their reciprocal duties, gives them to drink of a cup in token of the present union of their fortunes, and dismisses them with his blessing. At their return from church the father of the bride presents the young couple with a loaf of bread and some salt, accompanied with a wish that they may never know the want of either; for which they thank him on their knees, and they then sit down to the wedding-supper.

IDDA of TOKENBURG.

(Concluded from p. 377.)

WHEN Clara had ended her narrative, Julia arose and contemplated the picture for a long time with serious thoughtfulness. She then abruptly said—‘Good-night, Clara!’ and, fixing her eyes on the ground, with a sad and pensive air, retired to her chamber. She did not sleep, for the fate of Idda was continually before her eyes.

The next morning she again repaired to Idda’s cell, and again contemplated the picture with eyes not so much expressive of pity as thoughtfully attentive.

‘What are you thinking of, Julia?’ asked Clara.

‘And it was jealousy, then, which threw her down that fearful precipice.—’

‘Into the dreadful cavern. Oh! you should see the cavern. The eye loses itself, and can find no bottom, when it is viewed from the balcony from which he threw her down. Time has destroyed Tokenburg; but, in memory of Idda, preserved the window where the atrocious deed was perpetrated.—’

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When I was a novice I frequently resorted thither to indulge my melancholy, and pay the tribute of my tears to suffering innocence.’

Julia wished to see the cavern, and the abbess sent with her, as a guide, the son of the steward of the convent. As it was a hot day, Julia did not set out till the evening; and then, leaning on the arm of the young man, took her way through the valley to the ruins of Tokenburg. Her guide led her up the rocks by a narrow path overgrown with bushes; and the nearer she approached the remains of the castle, the more serious and pensive she became, her thoughts being employed on the observations and admonitions of her mother, and the jealousy of Grubenthal. When they at length arrived at the place, the youth led her through the ruins to the window from which she could look into the dreadful cavern.

‘This is the window,’ said he, ‘from which the countess was thrown down.’

Julia approached the edge of the precipice, and her guide put his arm round her, that she might not fall when she looked down into the tremendous depth below. She started back, feeling her head begin to grow dizzy; and lost in a thousand thoughts of Idda and Grubenthal, she, as it were mechanically, for a moment, reclined her head on the shoulder of the young man and sighed. Her guide still held his arm round her; probably because he might fear she was unwell.

At this moment a man started forward towards them from behind the ruins with rage flashing in his eyes. With a menacing voice he cried out to the young man—‘Who are you, fellow?’

The youth seeing his wild and threatening looks, and hearing him speak in such a furious tone of

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voice,

voice, supposed him to be a robber or assassin, and immediately left Julia, leaped over a part of the ruins, and fled among the rocks, with all the speed he could make, back to the convent.

It was not a robber, it was not an assassin, but Grubenthal. He had learned the hasty departure of Julia for the convent of Fischingen. Not long before he had an altercation with her on account of her talking with the gardener. She had forgiven him, indeed, but still when he left her he could discern a cloud upon her brow. She had now departed without giving him any intimation of her intended journey.

‘Why should she act thus?’ said he to himself. ‘Has she indeed no affection for me? Is she gone merely to avoid me?’

Thus did one idea after another torture his suspicious heart, till he became half-distracted with doubts of the love and fidelity of his Julia. Her mother had formed a just opinion of him. In his early youth, he had served in the Swiss guard at Paris; and in that luxurious capital had conversed with so many licentious women, that he no longer believed any of the sex could be innocent.

His ill opinion of the disposition and character of women contributed, on the present occasion, to aggravate his fears and his uneasiness: ‘Whoever trusts to them,’ thought he to himself, ‘must expect to be deceived.’—He therefore set out privately for Fischingen, to watch the conduct of Julia, and took up his residence in a cottage in the vicinity of the convent. On the first day after his arrival he took his walks of observation about the convent, but without seeing Julia: on the next, returning from a similar excursion, he saw, at a distance, a young lady of a tall genteel figure

leaning on the arm of some youth. They passed out of the valley through the bushes on the other side. He was convinced it was Julia: it was her figure, her walk, her hair.

‘But why is she in such a place at such a time, when the evening is coming on’—thought he, with a suspicious shake of the head:—‘with a man too, who, to judge by his appearance, is only of the common class?—What can this mean?—Why did they leave the road, to go through the bushes where there is no path?—Why are they alone, thus in the dusk of the evening?—Treacherous deceiver!—Am I not an egregious dupe?’

The affair of the gardener now rushed into his head, and, as the youth wore a green coat, he began to suspect it was him. He hastened after Julia, and when he came nearer could no longer doubt it was her, as he had obtained a side view of her face. She went with the youth through the pathless grass and bushes, and up a rising ground, to the ruins. He concealed himself, in violent agitation of mind, behind a part of the old castle-wall, and saw the young man throw his arm round Julia, who at first seemed to shrink from his embrace; but afterwards—O madness!—she reclined her lovely cheek upon his shoulder, and stood, as it were, folded in his arms. He now rushed furiously forth from his hiding-place, and the youth fled.

Julia was extremely terrified, but quickly recognised Grubenthal.

‘At last, then,’ exclaimed the latter, frantic with jealousy and rage—‘at last the veil which has so long blinded my eyes has fallen off;—or will you still deny—’

‘You have terrified me greatly, Grubenthal! What do you mean?’

‘Very right! What do I mean? Very right. I am a rude uncourteous

teous

teous lover, to come here with my passion to disturb so sweet an hour, and an assignation which perhaps cannot be speedily re-arranged!—Very right!—What do I mean?—Ha! ha! ha!

‘Grubenthal, you are very impertinent, and even insolent. This is intolerable! I command you not to say a word more on the subject: not one word more.’

‘Not a word! That is very fine; very fine, indeed. No, I am not so tame, that I can see things with my own eyes, and yet be silent. Or am I still to believe your syren song? Am I to believe that you and that fellow you had with you came here to pray? Only be so good as to tell me—to command me—what to believe.—What shall I believe?’

‘Nothing, sir; your insinuations are so base, as well as ridiculous, that I should be ashamed to return any answer to them but my contempt.’

‘Contempt!—Am I then to be despised—treated as ridiculous, and despised?’

‘It may come to that, sir, if you continue thus to render yourself contemptible.’

‘Who was that man, Julia?—Let me have no falsehood, I advise you.’

‘Mr. Grubenthal, for the last time, I command you not to waste another word on this subject. I will absolutely give you no answer.’

‘By Heavens! this is asking too much!—Oh, what are women!—Julia, I tell you—I advise you—I entreat you—to answer me. I am no longer master of myself.’

‘That I perceive, sir; therefore let us go—’

‘You shall not stir from the place, though a yawning gulf should open to swallow us up.—You shall not stir from the place.—Who was the man I saw with you?—I will have an answer—by all that is dreadful, I will.’

‘But I will give you none,’ replied Julia with firmness.

‘None? Shall I then be deceived, duped, and not suffered to inquire? Julia, answer me. Who was your companion? I am a man who will not—’

‘You are certainly not a man whom I can intrust with my honour and my peace.’

‘No, no: but you can intrust them to the fellow you came with to see the ruins?’

‘Certainly; sooner than to you.’

‘Indeed! What further proof can I need to convince me that your heart is false, and that you have ever been a hypocrite? Julia, who was that man?’

‘That you shall not know, Grubenthal; I am firmly resolved.’

‘I shall not know? Julia, I will know.’

He seized her violently by the arm, and, with fiercely-rolling eyes, looking first at her, and then into the fearful gulf on the brink of which they stood—‘Julia,’ exclaimed he wildly, ‘how easily could I throw you down this dreadful precipice, and myself after you! How near does my passion approach to this phrensy!’

Julia was terrified at the furious agitation in which she saw him, and answered—‘Well, Grubenthal, you shall know his name: you shall know every thing: I will not conceal the minutest circumstance. But you shall then likewise hear me.—What do you wish to know?’

She retired some steps backwards, and sat down upon a stone.

‘Who was that man—the man who was with you?’

‘The son of the steward of the convent.’

‘How long have you been acquainted with the fellow?’

‘Since four o’clock this afternoon, when my aunt, the abbess of the

convent, called the young man, and said to him—"Jacob, go with this lady, and show her the ruins."—That moment our acquaintance commenced.'

'Oh, I must have the truth!'

'You may ask my aunt. I can bring incontestable proof.'

'Why did you come here—here—to this lonely place?'

'To see this place, where I now stand, and where, some hundreds of years since, the lord of the castle, a count of Tokenburg, in a fit of jealousy, threw his innocent wife down the dreadful precipice. The history is very instructive, Mr. Grubenthal, that I can assure you.'

'You embraced the lad, probably, because the story was so instructive?'

'Embraced him!—What do you mean?—The young man put his arm round me when I looked down, as was natural, that I might not fall. My head grew dizzy when I looked into the fearful cavern, and I leaned it unconsciously on the shoulder of the lad: that too was natural.'

'But you started when I came; and the young man who holds you when you look into a cavern where there is nothing to be seen, and on whose shoulder you lean when your head grows dizzy, ran away as fast as he was able. Why did he run so?'

'Probably, because he thought you had no good design; for you rushed from behind the wall with a countenance as if you had committed or intended murder.'

'Julia, Julia, may I believe you may I?'

'You may, Grubenthal; for I can give you, as I said, the most incontestable proofs of the truth of what I say. I will not leave you till you shall hear the whole confirmed by the lad himself; by my aunt, and my friend Clara, who will

tell you the occasion of my coming hither. You shall see, likewise, the picture of the unhappy but innocent woman who was thrown down this precipice by her jealous husband. You shall, if you please, read her affecting history; and then you may visit these ruins, as I did, and find them interesting and instructive.—To conclude: I will affirm, with the most solemn oath, that during the whole of this excursion my thoughts were employed on no other objects than Idda of Tokenburg and yourself. Now let us go. You shall be convinced.'

'Oh, Julia! I am already convinced. Do not look so serious, Julia; but forgive me my foolish suspicion. I know your goodness, dearest Julia.'

'Yes, I will forgive you; but only on one condition.'

'Any condition, Julia; only name it, and, on my honour, I will consent.'

'I forgive you, then, on condition that you no more make any pretension to my heart or my hand.'

'You jest too severely, too cruelly, Julia.'

'Jest! No, I am most serious. I have now learned, Grubenthal, that all jealousy is not a proof of love. Yours, at least, only proves that you confound me with the wretched creatures with whom you conversed at Paris.'

Julia spoke with so much firmness that Grubenthal was much alarmed. He, however, flattered himself that it was only a transient fit of anger, and that by professions of humility and repentance he should be able to appease and reconcile her. But in this he was mistaken. Julia continued inflexibly firm in her resolution, though Grubenthal entreated with tears in his eyes, and though her heart pleaded strongly in his favour. She entirely broke
off

off her connexion with him, and, that she might not see him, remained in the convent with her aunt till he had left that part of the country. To do this cost her eyes many tears, and her heart many sighs; but she continued firm in her resolution.

‘For,’ said she to her friend Clara, ‘you should have seen him on that evening. He seized me fiercely; his eyes rolled wildly. I had nearly met the fate of Idda. And who knows whether there are angels always ready to break the fall of an innocent woman whom her frantic husband throws down a precipice? It is better to avoid such dangers while it is in our power.’

ANECDOTE.

THE celebrated financier Bouret was connected, in his youth, with the famous actress Gaussin; and, having at that time nothing but expectations, he gave her his signature to a blank paper, to fill up at her pleasure when he should have acquired a fortune. He became farmer-general, and was not without some uneasiness on account of this paper. Mademoiselle Gaussin returned it to him, containing only these words: ‘I promise to love Gaussin as long as I live.’

TAKE CARE OF EVERY THING.

[From the French.]

MY friend, you are scarcely arrived at Paris, and you already give yourself up to all the pleasures which the capital presents; whither are you hastening at this early hour? I am going to meet two young men who have shown me the greatest

friendship, and who have promised to make me acquainted with every thing curious that Paris contains. My friend, *take care* of your curiosity. They have an infinite acquaintance, and they appear to be on the best terms with the principal persons of the government; they have promised to patronise me, and to get me — My friend, *take care* of patrons, of men of importance, and, above all, of their promises. They will take me to dine at one of the first taverns. My friend, *take care* of their appetite, and, above all, of the bill. From that we will go to the theatre. My friend, *take care* of your pockets. On leaving the theatre, they will introduce me at the house of a charming woman, who, from the account that they have given her of me, desires very much to be acquainted with me, and has already conceived a particular affection for me. My friend, *take care* of her desires, of her affection, and, above all, of the experience of your young men. They have assured me that every day there are elegant parties at her house; that they play at bouillotte, and they wish to teach me the game. My friend, *take care* of your masters, of their instructions, and, above all, of your purse. They told me that I should meet a man of fortune there, who is at present under some difficulties; he wishes to borrow a sum of money; he is a man of honour, and they have made me promise to do him this service. My friend, *take care* of the goodness of your heart; *take care* of men of fortune under difficulties; and, above all, of borrowers. But they will give me good securities and a reasonable interest. My friend, *take care* of every thing that they will show you — of every thing they say to you — *take care* of every body — *take care* of every thing — and, above all, *take care*!

POETICAL

POETICAL ESSAYS.

BALLAD.

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

THE night was dark, the rain did
pour,
And bitterly did blow the wind;
A sad youth at a fair maid's door,
Willows wreathing,
Deep sighs breathing,
All on the cold damp earth reclin'd:
'Ah! canst thou hear thy true-love sigh,
And canst thou, cruel, bid him
mourn?
Lo! at thy door he's come to die,
Willow wearing,
All despairing,
Unable t'endure thy scorn!
'No heart so hard, save only thine,
But melts when I my griefs relate;
The very willow-trees incline,
Hear my ditty,
Weep in pity,
'And droop their heads and mourn
my fate.
'Around my form the bleak gust sweeps,
The night-storm drenches where I
lie,
A chilly faintness o'er me creeps;
Tears are flowing,
Life is going,
Take pity, maid, or else I die!
'Alas! my hours have run their date,
The hand of Death is on my breast;
Thy cruel heart hath doom'd my fate:
Yet while living
Thee forgiving,
I crave alone *this poor request*;
'One sorrowing tear my passion give,
When dead I'm found beside thy
door;
And let me in thy bosom live,
Mem'ry leading,
Mercy pleading,
When love and life shall both be
s'er!

No more he said, but droop'd his head,
The death-films glaz'd his dimming
eye;

His spirit from its mansion fled,
Unrevealing,
Silent stealing,
And breath'd its flight in one short
sigh!

Now, where his cold remains are laid,
Her sad song coos the turtle-dove,
And willows hang their pendent shade,
Fondly weeping
Where he's sleeping,

Record—THE YOUTH WHO DIED
FOR LOVE!

TO AN OLD MAN.

BY MR. COLERIDGE.

SWEET Mercy! how my very heart
has bled [grey hairs
To see thee, poor old man! and thy
Hoar with the snowy blast; while no
one cares [sied head!
To clothe thy shrivell'd limbs and pal-
My father! throw away this tatter'd
vest, [my garment—use
That mocks thy shiv'ring!—Take
A young man's arm! I'll melt these
frozen dews
That hang from thy white beard, and
numb thy breast.
My Sarah, too, shall tend thee, like a
child: [recess,
And thou shalt talk, in our fire-side's
Of purple pride, and scowls on
wretchedness.
He did not scowl, the Galilæan mild,
Who met the Lazar turn'd from rich
man's doors,
And call'd him friend, and wept
upon his sores!

TWO SONNETS, BY T. JONES.

LINES

I. TO MYRA.

Written in Absence.

SMILING and lovely is the face of
 day; [its joy!
 Would I could now, with thee, partake
 But threat'ning storms my hopes of
 peace destroy,
 And day's fair proffer'd pleasures
 die away; [spects gay
 For distance parts us, and the pro-
 No transports yield—'Tis you my
 thoughts employ.

Wrapt in remembrance, distant fields
 I tread, [rill,
 Sit on the margin of some murmur ring
 Or traverse Mouthold's* high aspiring
 hill,

Where once yon ruin'd turret †
 rear'd its head,
 And ruffian legions fearful terrors
 spread, [still:
 And o'er thy virtues, Myra, ponder
 Then, as each charm of nature meets
 my view, [you.
 Imbibe new hopes of quick return to

II. VISION.

WHY, treach'rous Fancy, with insi-
 dious aid, [mind repose,
 When fresh'ning slumbers would my
 Dost thou still paint the well-remem-
 ber'd maid, [woes?
 Charming, alas! but to increase my
 Oft have I rov'd, and bless'd each ob-
 ject round, [prest;
 When on my arm the gentle Myra
 Heard her soft voice; transported at
 the sound, [breast.
 Have caught the airy vision to my
 Ah! why enwrapt, in midnight's sable
 hour [sense,
 Steal with thy artful magic o'er the
 Shaping her lovely form with skilful
 pow'r; [prospect hence?
 Then, waking, drive the pleasing
 Yet 'tis ungracious, thus to chide the
 few [renew.
 Sweet hours that objects of such bliss

* A very high hill near the city of Nor-
 wich.

† A relic of Kitt's Castle, which still re-
 mains.

ON THE DEATH OF THE MUCH AD-
 Mired AND REGRETted MISS
 GODDARD.

AH! where shall now the Thespian
 Muse retire,
 Vent forth her griefs—her heavy sighs
 respire,
 Since Goddard (Nature's child) is torn
 away,
 To grace that stage where none but
 angels play?
 Weep, weep, Thalia's sons! Your
 sprightly train
 Such force, such sweetness, ne'er may
 meet again.
 Ah! weep, ye lovers of the mimic art,
 Her who could swell with magic pow'r
 the heart:
 Ye view'd her matchless, with supe-
 rior mind;
 Her language, as each act, to nature
 join'd
 Such ease, such grace, her ev'ry move-
 ment weav'd,
 Each breast for her fictitious sorrows
 griev'd.
 Who saw, but lov'd? who listen'd, but
 admir'd?
 'Twas native beauty by each grace
 attir'd.
 Well was she skill'd to call the heav-
 ing sigh, [eye:
 Or pity's tears that dim the sparkling
 In Juliet's love could ev'ry heart en-
 gage;
 In Teazel's scandal, or Elvira's rage;
 In gentle Cora—bless the mother's
 state—
 Feel Haller's sorrows, or Statira's hate:
 Blithe comic scenes of lightest mirth
 could paint,
 And justly smile the sinner or the saint.
 If public actions such enchantments
 prov'd,
 Who knew her private but admir'd
 and lov'd?
 With soft affection, duteous, kind, and
 true, [them few.
 Her virtues none excell'd—equall'd
 Death, envious Death, outstripping
 restless Time, [ing prime.
 Relentless seiz'd her in youth's bloom—
 The loss her friends with sympathy
 deplore,
 And sigh that Goddard now shall
 please no more. T. JONES.

LINES

ON THE DEATH OF AN INFANT.

BOUND for the regions of eternal day,
Where saints and angels endless bliss
enjoy,
Eliza's spirit early took its way
To those bright realms where grief
cannot annoy.
Envied release! should future life suc-
ceed,
Where not a vice has o'er the bosom
stole,
Thy faultless heart (while here how
many bleed!)
Meets the reward of an unblemish'd
soul.
Yet o'er thy urn we drop the woe-
fraught tear,
And to thy mem'ry breathe the heav-
ing sigh,
Since thy lov'd voice no more salutes
the ear;
No more thy pleasing form attracts
the eye.
Thy playful attitudes no longer please;
No more thy father takes thee to his
arms;
Nor dost thou now cling round thy
mother's knees,
Blessing thy parents with thy infant
charms.
Ah, Death relentless! Thou, with
haggard mien,
That so alarm'st the man of worldly
fame!
To this sweet babe thy terrors were
not seen,
Nor dread had she to hear thy so-
lemn name.
Few years were past, and those in harm-
less mirth,—
Tracing the paths of innocence she
smil'd,—
When Sickness bent the rose of health
to earth,
Ere Vice, insidious, had her heart
beguil'd.
'Tis past; the awful scene of Death is
o'er;
Few joys she lost—for few this world
can give:
But life is gain'd, to last for evermore!
Who but like her would die, in joys
to live? TOM JONES.

STANZAS.

(Written by a young Lady of thirteen.)

HUSH, lovely babe! enjoy those sweets
of sleep,
Which grief thy mother's woe-worn
frame denies:
Wake not, sweet babe, to hear thy pa-
rent weep;
She'll fan thy redd'ning features
with her sighs!
No more will thy fond father's circling
arms
Press his lov'd image to his throbb-
ing breast;
Nor will he more bedew thy op'ning
charms
With tears which valour cannot e'en
repress.
Stern, cruel Death! thou unrelenting
pow'r!
Whom Sympathy ne'er taught the
widow's sigh!—
How often dost thou fade the fairest
flow'r,
And blast the brightest hope of plea-
sure nigh. J. S****H.
Tooley-street, Southwark,
July 8, 1801.

THE RAINBOW; A-SIMILE.

'Vapours, how like the vague desires
That cheat the heart of man!—
CUNNINGHAM.

SEE how yon bow extends along the
sky!
See how it glows with ev'ry tint and
hue!
But, ah! how soon the transient colours
fly!
They vanish e'en while we ad-
miring view!
How like that bow are all our plea-
sures here
Pourtray'd by Fancy on an empty
shade!—
Ye thoughtless gay, the moral deign to
hear—
'Thus life itself, with all its joys,
must fade!' PASTOR.
Dean-street, Tooley-street,
Southwark.

FOREIGN NEWS.

Milan, June 12.

THE reports 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 Loano, as well as Oneglia.

VOL. XXXII.

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.

25. The last accounts which we have received here from Egypt came down to the 2d of June, and mention, that the army of the grand vizier had formed a junction near Cairo with the corps under the capitan pacha. The grand vizier waited for this junction to undertake an attack upon Cairo, where there is still a French corps, which principally endeavours to defend the forts there.

We have not as yet received any account that the English troops from the East Indies, which have landed at Suez, have joined the grand vizier. In the
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action which took place on the 18th May between the French and the grand vizier, a corps of Turks bravely maintained their ground against almost an equal number of French, who endeavoured to attack the rear of the grand vizier, till they received a reinforcement of 4000 men, which compelled the enemy to retreat. The disagreement which prevails among the French generals has been of great advantage to the Turks and English.

We have received advices here, that the squadron of admiral Gantheaume was seen on the 12th of June, off Cape Spartimento, on the coast of Calabria; the next day, the squadron of admiral Warren appeared in the same seas: It is believed here, that an engagement must have taken place between the two fleets, at the entrance of the Adriatic; the French admiral, it is supposed, intended to take on board more French troops at Otranto or Brindisi, and then proceed to Egypt, or possibly make an attack on some of the Turkish provinces in the neighbourhood of the Adriatic.

28. The whole of the Turkish and English force, which has formed a junction against the French at Cairo, is estimated at 42,000 men. A corps of English, under general Hutchinson, has likewise joined the army of the grand vizier, and the corps of the capitan pacha.

Hanover, June 28. On the 15th inst. our ministry gave in a note to the Prussian privy-counsellor, M. Dohm, on the subject of the continuance of the Prussian troops in the Hanoverian territory. It states the alteration in political circumstances, particularly in the north of Europe, that has lately taken place, and expresses a confidence that His Prussian majesty, in his wisdom and justice, and in consequence of his friendly connexions with the king of England, will now withdraw his troops from the territory of Hanover.

Italy, July 8. Accounts have been received at Rome, that the French minister at war has sent orders for the evacuation of the papal fort of St. Leo, and the province of Monte Feltro, by the French troops. All Italian emigrants have been obliged to leave Leghorn, where general Murat is taking

every measure to prevent any provisions being sent thence to the English Porto Ferrajo.

The first dispatches which the pope has received from cardinal Gonsalvi, at Paris, are of a very satisfactory nature.

Leghorn, July 13. If we may believe news from Porto Ferrajo, 500 militia made a sortie on the morning of the 17th of last month, and attacked about 600 French. The latter, making an evolution, formed themselves into a semi-circle, and suffered the enemy, who advanced imprudently, to approach. They then surrounded them, and, taking them in the rear, opened a heavy and warm fire of musquetry and grape shot. The carnage was very considerable.

Strasburg, July 15. The dispatches which the brig Lodi has brought from Egypt have as yet only been published by extracts. A letter has however been received here from a person belonging to the army on board the Lodi in the road of Nice, which states that the situation of affairs in Egypt is not the best possible, of which there are two principal causes:—First, the disagreement between several of the generals, especially between Menou and Regnier. And, secondly, the plague which broke out in Cairo and Upper Egypt a short time before the attack of the English, and prevented the necessary measures being taken to collect the whole army, and attack the English on every side before they had time to establish themselves on shore. Before the Lodi sailed, above 50,000 persons had already fallen victims to this dreadful disease. In Cairo nearly 1000 die daily. Many of the French have been carried off by this distemper, which is the more serious a loss, as the number of French troops is now greatly diminished. In Upper Egypt Murad Bey, five other inferior beys, and 1200 Mamelukes, have died of the plague.

Ratisbon, July 17. We are now able to state with certainty the following facts relative to the misunderstanding in the Upper Palatinate: The lordship of Schonen, and some other lordships, are Bohemian fiefs, to the sovereignty of which both Bohemia and the Palatinate advanced claims, and the government of Bohemia sent Austrian troops to take possession of the little town of Schansee.

The

The commander of the elector Palatine, who was there, retired with his guard without offering resistance, and not a man was either killed or wounded. The report that five thousand Austrians had entered the Palatinate was exaggerated. The dispute is now in a train of negotiation between the two courts, and will probably be adjusted in an amicable manner. The march of a number of battalions of electoral troops for the Upper Palatinate has no connexion with this affair, and was in consequence of the removal of the regiments of the Palatinate of the Rhine.

Brussels, July 23. In the negotiations for peace with England, the first consul, it is understood, insists especially on the restoration of the Cape of Good Hope, and of the French ships taken by the English at Toulon. These points occasion much difficulty on the part of the English government.

At Boulogne, Calais, and Dunkirk, there are now 20,000 troops assembled for embarkation.—The English cruisers, which form a cordon from Havre-de-Grace to Dunkirk, have been reinforced with sixteen ships of war, and hold Boulogne and Havre-de-Grace blockaded.

Amsterdam, July 27. A great number of gun-boats fitted out and equipped in the Zuyder-Zee have received orders to repair to the Texel, where they will serve for the defence of the road of that port against all attempts of the English fleet under admiral Graves. Every thing leads us to believe that the enemy, seeing such numerous forces as those now cruising off the Texel, means to attack the division of the Dutch fleet at anchor there. Some light vessels are already come to reconnoitre the interior of the road. All the batteries of the Helder, and those raised upon that western part of the coast of Holland, are in the best state, and furnished with a sufficient number of troops to serve them.—On the side of the Meuse measures of precaution are also taken, as well in the Isle of Gorée, as in the vicinity of Helvoetsluys. In this state of things we expect immediately maritime events of the highest importance in the North Sea. It is thought that the arrival of general Augereau, who is expected every moment on his return from Paris,

will determine the sailing of our fleet under the command of admiral de Winter, and its destination. It is certain, that the English cruisers placed at the mouth of the Scheldt have lately stopped some fishing vessels upon the coast of the Isle of Walchern. The enemy interrogated the owners as to the number of troops in the Isles of Zealand, as also the effective force of the division of Gallo-Batavian ships of war which are in the port of Flushing, as also in the Western Scheldt.

Brussels, July 27. The sailing of the Batavian fleet is no longer talked of. The troops embarked on board the division lying at Helvoetsluys will be landed in a few days, and encamped in the Island of Gorée. The greatest activity, however, prevails in the dock-yards of the republic, and the fleet will be reinforced by some ships of the line and frigates lately launched, and which are getting ready for sea.

Calais, July 29. All communication with England is absolutely shut up, except for M. Otto and government, whose packets are the only ones that go and come freely. Even private letters are not received at this moment. All the passengers who attempted to embark within these several days past for Dover have been sent back without being permitted to go on board.

Vienna, August 1. Accounts have been received here from Malta, that admiral Gantheaume has actually cast anchor on the African coast, thirty German miles from Alexandria; but a squadron detached from lord Keith's fleet making its appearance, he ordered his ships to slip their cables, and returned. The English, however, took eight empty French transports.

According to accounts from Constantinople, the grand signior has sent presents of great value to the grand vizier, the captain pacha, and lord Keith.

On the 9th of July, the chevalier de Corral, the Spanish minister at Constantinople, had his audience of entry of the Caimacan.

The property left by the late elector of Cologne is very considerable; the money and effects amount to seven millions of florins, and the notes and state obligations to a much higher sum.

HOME NEWS.

London, August 1.

THE gipsies had a grand field-day at Norwood. There was a prodigious assemblage of the different gangs, and their tents formed a sort of street, where a sumptuous feast was cooked. The grass was bespread with a variety of excellent dishes, and they sat around, according to the Eastern fashion, cross-legged, enjoying the good things of this world in abundance. The gipsy king presided with a prodigious long pipe, assuming a sort of sullen dignity, during which time he preferred smoking real Virginia to arguing on the escape of Gantheaume, or the fall of omnium. The proprietor of a barrel-organ attended, and amused the company with the favourite song of 'The Grinder;' and while the company's hearts swelled with joy, they retired, after an eloquent speech from their prince, and a benediction from their chaplain, having first agreed to celebrate the birthday of the former on the same place the ensuing summer. The display of *beautiful gipsy women* on this occasion, and their *correct* behaviour, attracted the notice and admiration of many elegant and accomplished strangers.

3. The marquis of Abercorn proposed on Saturday last to accompany the marchioness and lady H. Hamilton in a phaeton, from the Priory, Stanmore, to Harrow. When mounting the coach-box, about eleven o'clock in the forenoon, the marquis observing to the servant that one of the horses appeared somewhat restive, it was changed for another, and his lordship proceeded. Scarcely, however, had he advanced two hundred yards from the Priory, when the horses unfortunately took fright, and set off with an alarming rapidity. The ladies, apprehensive of the most dangerous consequences, shrieked with such violence, as, for the time, deprived the marquis of that presence of mind so necessary at such a

critical juncture. Endeavouring in vain to stop the horses, and perplexed and agonised for the fate of the marchioness and his charming daughter, he threw himself from his seat, and, by the desperate expedient, broke both his legs! The one fracture was under, and the other above the knee! The marchioness and lady Hamilton still kept their seats, notwithstanding the horses ran with uncommon celerity along the Harrow road. At the turning of a lane, when the horses made a sudden spring forward, the marchioness and lady Hamilton were thrown into a hedge, and, happy to relate, experienced little or no personal injury.—The marquis was with great difficulty carried home; the ablest assistants procured, and his legs set in such a manner as to promise the desired effect. He was yesterday as well as could be expected.

Yesterday, about three o'clock, a violent whirlwind took place in Dr. Lettsom's garden, at Grove-hill. Its violence was so powerful, as to raise up the covers of the melon-frames nearly thirty feet high; the frames and glasses were shattered to pieces; two large bell-glasses shared the same fate. The gardeners near the spot escaped the shower of broken glass, &c. by making the quickest retreat. Colonel Ironside, colonel Elliot, and other visitors at Grove-hill, were spectators of this curious phenomenon. The hot- and green-houses in the vicinity of the whirlwind suffered no injury.

5. The coroner's inquest sat on the body of Edward Bibbs, who was killed in a battle, on Monday evening the 3d instant, in a field near Newtown, in the parish of Baschurch. The battle consisted of twenty-six rounds; towards the latter part of it, the daughter of the deceased, about twelve years of age, the youngest of four children, broke through the crowd, which was
numerous,

numerous, and had prevailed on her father to go home with her: unfortunately her filial duty was not properly seconded: she was separated from her father for the last time, and he was encouraged fatally to go on; and in a few minutes received the blow which put an end to his existence.

6. Yesterday evening, about six o'clock, as two poor labouring men were at work upon the old houses, now taking down at the end of Butcher-row, close to the gate of the New-inn, the walls tumbled in. One of the men was entirely buried in the ruins, and the other, all except his head. They were immediately extricated, and sent to the hospital, the one in a coach, and the other on a bier; but the latter, we are concerned to state, expired on the way, and the former is not likely to recover. A little girl of the neighbourhood is missing. She was seen in the course of the day picking up the rotten bits of timber, and it is feared she is in the ruins. The workmen continued to search until it grew dark, but without finding her.

Sheerness, August 6. Yesterday the Charlotte tender, formerly attached to admiral Græme, commander-in-chief of this port, but now to lord Nelson, in returning from the Berchermar, Dutch floating-battery, captain Fraser, stationed near the Middle-sand to guard the Swin-passage, was taken possession of by about thirty Dutch prisoners, who have for some time been employed as volunteers by rear-admiral Rowley in fitting out the ships at Chatham, and were on their return to that place, having just completed the Berchermar. The manner they effected their plan was, that when the tender had got out of sight of the ship, the tide coming against her, obliged the master to come to anchor: while his men were busied in furling the sails, and himself forward in seeing the cable run out, these fellows knocked him down, broke open the arm-chest, and possessed themselves completely of the vessel. In the night they got her under weigh; but for want of knowledge as pilots, they ran her a-ground on the East Barrow Sand, where eleven of the most determined of them, after cutting the ten-

der's rigging, got into a four-oared boat (the only one belonging to her), and pushed off either for the coast of Holland or France; where it is to be hoped some of our cruisers will pick them up. The vessel, and all those that the boat could not carry, are again in this harbour.

Chester, August 7. On Sunday afternoon this city was visited by one of the most awful storms of thunder and lightning ever remembered by the inhabitants. The peals of thunder were so awfully terrific, and the lightning so uncommonly vivid and incessant, as to occasion an interruption in the evening-service at the cathedral.

The electric fluid did considerable damage to the house of Mr. Chamberlain, at the top of Smith's-walk; it entered the house by a chimney, and forced its way to the wire of the bell in the drawing-room, which it melted; also the top and bottom of a large oval looking-glass, under which it perforated the wall in a zig-zag direction, about two inches deep, to the bottom of the room; it then re-entered the chimney, and descended into the parlour, the fire-grate of which it loosened, and from thence into the dining-room, ran up an iron pillar, and made a hole in the ceiling of about eight inches diameter, and forced a brick out of the wall; it then entered a room in the upper story, attracted, it is supposed, by the weights of the window, which were cast-iron, the casement of which it tore to pieces, and threw a part of it into an adjoining tree, breaking all the windows in the room, and part of those in the dining-room; and though the whole of the family were at home, they received no injury, except the fright they were thrown into by this awful visitation of nature; but every part of the house appeared to them to have a blue cast; and the smell of sulphur was so strong, as nearly to deprive them of the power of breathing.

A young woman was thrown into a strong convulsive fit, occasioned by the loud claps of thunder, and almost immediately expired. This storm was also very severe in the neighbourhoods of Shrewsbury and Liverpool. We have not heard of damage being done

to any amount by this tremendous storm, save that a thatched barn (providentially empty) was set fire to by the lightning, at Elton, about eight miles from this city, and entirely consumed.

London, August 7. Yesterday omrning, about four o'clock, the warehouse of Mr. Harris and Co. wholesale tea-dealers, in Abchurch-lane, was discovered to be on fire; and the flames raged so rapidly, that neither the contents of the house or warehouse could be saved. Above one hundred chests of tea were consumed; but luckily, from the active exertions of the different fire-engines, the flames were stopped from totally destroying the adjoining houses and warehouses, although many of them are materially damaged, particularly towards Sherborne-lane, near the Post-office.

8. Yesterday and on Thursday thirty-six biscuit-bakers, out of upwards of one hundred, belonging to the king's mills at Rotherhithe and the Victualling-office at Deptford, appeared before the magistrates, at the instance of the commissioners of his majesty's Victualling-office, on a charge of conspiring to enhance their wages, and demanding particular privileges. They were convicted by the magistrates, and sentenced to three months' confinement. From this decision they made an appeal to the quarter-sessions, and were therefore discharged under sufficient security to abide the decision of a full bench of magistrates.

Admiralty-office, August 8.

Copy of a letter from lord viscount Nelson, K. B. vice-admiral of the blue, &c. to Evan Nepean, esq. dated on board his majesty's ship *Medusa*, off Boulogne, the 4th instant.

'SIR,

'The enemy's vessels, brigs, and flats (lugger-rigged), and a schooner, 24 in number, were this morning, at daylight, anchored in a line in front of the town of Boulogne: the wind being favourable for the bombs to act, I made the signal for them to weigh, and to throw shells at the vessels, but as little as possible to annoy the town; the captains placed their ships in the best possible position, and in a few hours three of the

flats and a brig were sunk; and, in the course of the morning, six were on shore, evidently much damaged: at six in the evening, being high water, five of the vessels which had been a-ground hauled with difficulty into the Mole, the others remained under water; I believe the whole of the vessels would have gone inside the pier, but for want of water. What damage the enemy have sustained, beyond what we see, is impossible to tell. The whole of this affair is of no further consequence, than to show the enemy they cannot, with impunity, come outside their ports.—The officers of artillery threw the shells with great skill; and I am sorry to say, that captain Fyers, of the royal artillery, is slightly wounded in the thigh by the bursting of an enemy's shell, and two seamen are also wounded.—A flat gun-vessel is this moment sunk. I am, &c.

(*Gaz.*) 'NELSON AND BRONTE.'

17. An account was received at the Admiralty this morning, that an attack had been made on the night of the 15th instant, by the gun-boats and craft under the command of vice-admiral lord viscount Nelson, on the enemy's flotilla, moored at the mouth of the harbour of Boulogne; and that, notwithstanding several of the enemy's vessels had been carried by the intrepidity of the officers and men employed on this enterprise, the vessels had been so chained together, fastened at the same time to the ground, and so near the shore, as to be commanded by musquetry from thence, which kept up a constant fire on our boats, that it was found impossible to bring any of them off.

Upwards of one hundred officers and men have been killed and wounded on this occasion, but the loss of the enemy has not been ascertained.

Deal, August 17. Lord Nelson returned to the Downs last night, after an unsuccessful attempt upon the gun-boats at Boulogne, in which two hundred and fifty men were killed and wounded. Some reports say three hundred. Captain Parker has lost his thigh. Two lieutenants were killed.

Our men got possession of some of the enemy's boats, but were not able either

either to bring them away, or destroy them, the fire kept up from the enemy's batteries being so extremely heavy.

The attack began at half past eleven on Saturday night, and continued till three the next morning.

BIRTHS.

July 24. At Leixlip, the right hon. lady Augusta Leith, of a son.

26. At Cowley-grove, the lady of John Geers Cotterell, esq. colonel of the Herefordshire militia, of a son.

28. At his house at Mortlake, the lady of James Hawkins Whitshed, esq. rear-admiral of the red, of two sons.

August 1. The right hon. lady Charlotte Strutt, of a son, at colonel Strutt's in Seymour-street.

The lady of Charles Thomson, esq. of a son, at his house in Queen-square, Bloomsbury.

4. At his house at Craven-hill, the lady of sir William Beechey, of twins.

8. The lady of Charles Bosanquet, esq. of a son.

10. At his house in Grosvenor-place, the lady of Joseph Lyons Walond, esq. of a son.

14. At Richmond, the countess of Glasgow, of a daughter.

At Dersingham, near Lynn, Norfolk, the lady of Henry Prescott Blencowe, esq. of a son.

MARRIAGES.

July 21. At Bath, the rev. Thomas Blakeney, of the county of Roscommon, to miss Alicia Newcombe, second daughter of the late primate of Ireland.

At St. George's, Hanover-square, T. W. Broadbent, esq. to miss Eliza Farnworth, daughter of Mr. J. Farnworth, of Whitchurch, Salop.

At Hastings, captain Columbine, of the royal navy, to miss Ann Curry, second daughter of Thomas Curry, esq. of Gosport.

At Richmond, in the county of Surrey, by the rev. Mr. Wakefield, Ralph Riddell, esq. of Felton-park, in the county of Northumberland, to miss Blount, of the former place.

At Lee, in Kent, by the rev. Samuel Greame Marsh, capt. Williams, of the 29th regiment of foot, to miss Marsh, youngest daughter of the late Samuel Marsh, esq. of Belmont, Middlesex.

At the cathedral, by the rev. Dr. Powys, dean of Canterbury, Philip Burrard, esq. to miss Sarah Naylor, second daughter of the rev. Christopher Naylor, of Canterbury.

23. At St. George's church, Hanover-square, Mr. John Marks, builder, of Prince's-street, to miss Andrews, of Abridge.

At Kenton, Mr. Beard, of that place, to miss Bartlett, of Teignmouth.

Same day, capt. Bartlett, of Teignmouth, to miss Beard, brother and sister to the above.

25. At Bath, Laurence Hickey Jephson, esq. of the county of Tipperary, to the honourable miss Martha Prittie.

28. At West Monkton rectory-house, by the lord bishop of Bath and Wells, the rev. Dr. Crossman, rector of Blagdon, to miss H. More.

31. At St. Mary's, Islington, Thomas Philipps, esq. of the City-chambers, to miss Charlotte Arbouin, fourth daughter of the late M. Arbouin, esq.

At Queen's-square chapel, J. S. S. Smith, esq. of Conduit-street, to miss Turner, of Queen's-square, Bloomsbury.

At Woodford, in Essex, lieut.-col. Hutchinson, of the 49th regiment, to miss Letitia Vaillant, youngest daughter of Paul Vaillant, esq. of Pall-mall.

Thomas Grenville, esq. of Leighton Buzzard, Bedfordshire, to miss Hornsby, of Grafton-street, Fitzroy-square.

August 1. At Southampton, sir Edmund Carrington, of Ceylon, to miss Paulina Belli, youngest daughter of John Belli, esq. of Southampton.

4. The right rev. lord Aylmer, to miss Louisa Call, second daughter of the late sir John Call, baronet.

6. At St. George's church, Hanover-square, by the rev. J. A. Carr, William Blackett, esq. only son of sir Edward Blackett, bart. of Matten, in Northumberland, to miss Keene, eldest daughter of Benjamin Keene, esq. of Weston-lodge, in Cambridgeshire.

At St. George the Martyr, by the rev. Mr. Pratt, John Campbell, esq. of Edinburgh,

Edinburgh, writer to the signet, to miss Sophia Stewart, youngest daughter of the late Duncan Stewart, esq. of Ardsheal, Argyleshire.

Brigadier-general Danne, to miss White, sister to the right hon. lord viscount Bantry, and niece to the right hon. lord viscount Longueville.

At Lambeth, Thomas Cresswell, esq. of Gould-square, to miss Old, of Newington-place.

8. At Hatfield, by the rev. Mr. Keet, Mr. Carr Lucas, to miss Penrose, daughter of James Penrose, esq.

At Bishops-waltham, Hants, George Skottowe, esq. to miss Robinson, only daughter of captain Robinson, of the royal navy.

Mr. George Taylor, banker, Bartholomew-lane, to miss Gray, of Walworth.

12. At Plymouth, lieutenant Bowker, of his majesty's ship Prince, of ninety-eight guns, to miss Yates.

At Limerick, Philip Wm. Russell, esq. to miss Bennett, daughter of the late James Bennett, of Ballistone, esq.

Mr. Thomas Binless, of Basinghall-street, to miss Jackson, of Gower-street.

16. Mr. Thomas Parker, of Bridge-street, Westminster, to miss Mayo, of Oxford-street.

17. At St. George's church, Hanover-square, by the rev. John Davies, of Trinity-college, Cambridge, John Hawkins, esq. of Sunbury, in Middlesex, to miss Sibthorp, daughter of Humphrey Sibthorp, esq. one of the members of parliament for Lincoln.

DEATHS.

July 19. The hon. and rev. Philip Howard, rector of Handsworth, and brother to the earl of Suffolk.

22. At his lodgings in London, Dr. Fowler, of York.

Captain James Bradby, of his majesty's ship Andromeda, and son of rear-admiral Bradby.

Mrs. Finch, of King-street, Covent-garden.

24. At Plymouth, Mr. Joseph Brook-
ing, aged eighty-six, for many years

town-steward of the borough, and the oldest freeman in the town of Plymouth.

At his house in Hatton-street, Joseph Warner, esq. F. R. S. at the advanced age of eighty-five.

28. At Marlow, in Bucks, aged 32, the rev. Thomas Langley, A. M. rector of Whiston, Northamptonshire.

Mr. James Masters, of the Strand.

At his house at Chatham, after a short illness, John Mawby, esq. late major of the 18th regiment of foot, in the seventy-second year of his age.

30. Miss Ann Forbes Barnes, youngest daughter of John Barnes, esq. of Walthamstow, Essex.

Mrs. Merry, of Queen Ann-street West, relict of John Merry, esq. of Micklefield.

Mrs. Haynes, wife of Mr. William Haynes, of Clayton-place, Kennington.

At Wallington-park, at the age of seventy-five, the right hon. sir Grey Cooper, bart. His death was sudden.

31. At Farnham Royal, near Windsor, John Williamson, esq. in the forty-third year of his age.

August 4. At his house at Dulwich, in Surrey, George Giles, esq. late associate of the Norfolk circuit.

Mrs. Browne, wife of Jas. Browne, esq. of Bridge-street, Blackfriars.

5. At his house at Clapham, Joseph Shrimpton, esq.

At Woodstock, the rev. T. King, D. D. chancellor of Lincoln.

8. At Charlton-house, near Sunbury, Middlesex, Mrs. Tayler, widow of the late Richard Tayler, esq.

10. At Liverpool, Mr. Wild, upwards of twenty years prompter of Covent-garden theatre.

James-Edward Lewis, esq. aged 25, lieutenant in the royal navy, and eldest son of Jas. Lewis, esq. of Powis-place.

13. At Ellon-castle, in the county of Aberdeen, the right hon. George Gordon, earl of Aberdeen, in the eightieth year of his age. His lordship is succeeded by his grandson, lord Haddo.

15. Mrs. Elmslie, wife of John Elmslie, esq. of Berners-street.

At his house at Westham, in the county of Essex, Christopher Barton Metcalf, esq.