

THE LADY'S MAGAZINE,

OR
ENTERTAINING COMPANION

FOR
THE FAIR SEX;

APPROPRIATED
SOLELY TO THEIR USE AND AMUSEMENT.

For SEPTEMBER 1801.

THIS NUMBER CONTAINS,

- | | |
|---|--|
| 1 The Treacherous Confidante,.....451 | 14 Eulogium on the Art of a Lady's
Hair-Dresser,.....488 |
| 2 Historical Anecdotes of London-
Bridge,.....454 | 15 On the Effects of Modern Publica-
tions,.....489 |
| 3 The Will of Peter Pithou,.....456 | 16 Parisian and London Fashions, 492 |
| 4 The Moral Zoologist,.....457 | 17 POETICAL ESSAYS: The Fish-
erman. Verses to Lady Gordon,
with a Present of Roses. The
Maniac Boy. Ode to Truth.
The Common Cause, &c. &c.
&c.....492—496 |
| 5 Politeness of a Bishop,.....461 | 18 Foreign News,.....497—499 |
| 6 The Monks and the Robbers,.....462 | 19 Home News,.....500—502 |
| 7 Fashionable Embarrassments,.....464 | 20 Births,.....503 |
| 8 History of Robert the Brave,.....467 | 21 Marriages,.....ibid. |
| 9 Periander of Corinth, or Revenge: a
Tale,.....471 | 22 Deaths,.....504 |
| 10 Zoe, or Contrasts in Love; a Tale, 477 | |
| 11 Reflexions on Men,.....480 | |
| 12 On the Strawberry Plant, and In-
sects found on it,.....481 | |
| 13 The Cursory Lucubrator, No VI. 485 | |

This Number is embellished with the following Copper-Plates:

- 1 THE TREACHEROUS CONFIDANTE.
- 2 For the MORAL ZOÖLOGIST—THE CAMEL.
- 3 Latest Fashionable PARIS DRESSES, beautifully coloured.
- 4 A New and Elegant PATTERN for a VEIL, &c. &c.
- 5 MUSIC.—ALWIN and RENA, a Ballad; composed by Mr. W. BARRE.

LONDON:

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

Where Favours from Correspondents continue to be received.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

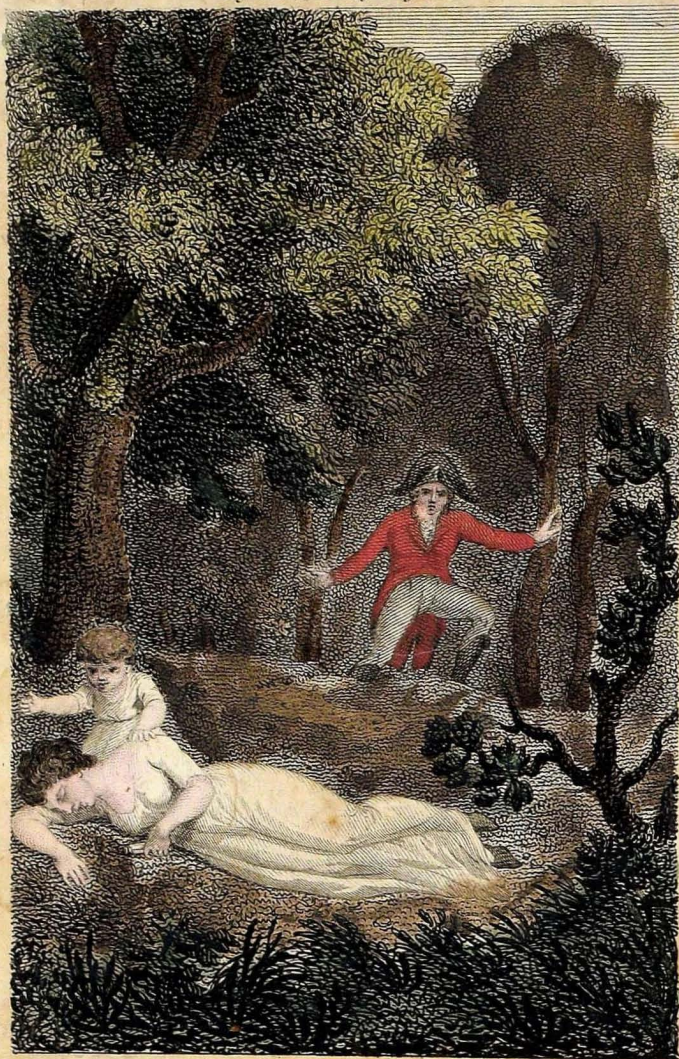
WE should be obliged to the lady who transmitted to us the beginning of the tale entitled, '*Count Schweitzer*' for a further continuation, and an estimate of the length to which it will extend.

The letter of *Civis* has merit, and we agree with the author in sentiment; but he must have observed, that political discussions are inconsistent with the plan of our Miscellany.

We are sorry to be reduced to the necessity of informing T. D. that his Essay is rejected, because in many places it is so incoherent as to be unintelligible.

The fragment from Yarmouth has been received; as have also,—Lines addressed to the Memory of Miss A. B. by Selinda—The Tick of the Watch, a Poem—Sumoner, a Romantic Poem—Lines to the Memory of General Abercromby—Elegy by J. S****h—and Sonnet to Mary, by Leander.

Engraved for the Ladies Magazine



The Treacherous Confidante!

THE
LADY'S MAGAZINE,

FOR
SEPTEMBER, 1801.

THE TREACHEROUS CONFIDANTE;

A TALE.

(With an elegant Engraving.)

CONFIDENCE is the soul of friendship, and friendship the balm of life; but when friendship and confidence are abused by treachery, the evils and miseries that may be the consequence are immeasurable; nor can any punishment be too great for a crime so base and malignant.

Mr. and Mrs. Everard had entered into the connubial union with a sincere and ardent affection for each other. Possessed of a plentiful fortune, and respected and beloved by their neighbours, they passed their days for the first two years after their marriage in a continued succession of innocent pleasures and acts of beneficence, in which they enjoyed real happiness. Their residence was almost always in the country; for though Mr. Everard occasionally visited the capital, he was always eager to return to the arms of his Maria, who having little relish for the noisy entertainments of the town very seldom left her rural abode. A smiling boy had blessed their loves, and the attention and care of Mrs. Everard was entirely employed in the nurture and management of her darling child.

But this happiness was not to continue without a cloud. Mrs. Eve-

ward, when at boarding-school, had contracted a very strict intimacy with a miss Norberry, whose character, though apparently similar, was in reality the reverse of her own. She was selfish, vain, deceitful, and vindictive.

From the time of her leaving school, Mrs. Everard had not seen her till about two years after her marriage, when some accidental circumstances bringing them once more together, they soon renewed their former acquaintance, which was the more acceptable to miss Norberry, as misfortunes (many of them incurred by her own imprudent and reprehensible conduct) had rendered a friend possessed of the affluence and liberality of Mrs. Everard particularly acceptable to her. She formerly possessed a small fortune, which she had dissipated, and she was now reduced to the verge of absolute want. Mrs. Everard, to whom she told a very melancholy tale, (though by no means in every particular consonant to truth) very sincerely commiserated her situation, and took her to reside with her as her friend and companion.

Miss Norberry was handsome in her person, and in her manner particularly graceful and genteel. In

consummate artifice and dissimulation, she had, perhaps, never been surpassed by any of her sex, and she loved to be continually engaged in intrigue. She had not been long in her friend's house before she fixed on Mr. Everard as one whose open and unsuspecting character rendered him a proper subject on which to practise her usual arts. For it is to be observed, that to her real history, as well as her character, Mrs. Everard was an utter stranger; and had she known the licentiousness of her manners for the two or three last years, she would sooner have taken a serpent into her bosom, than have received her into her house.

Her behaviour was at first exemplarily modest and humble. This was succeeded in a little time by a cheerful ease and hilarity, which was extremely engaging, and which she soon found attracted the attention and made a favourable impression on Mr. Everard. As she had carefully studied, and well understood, all the arts of insinuation and flattery, she soon impressed him with an idea that she greatly admired the accomplishments bestowed on him by nature and education, and especially his good sense. The gratitude, or perhaps the vanity, of Mr. Everard, returned his good opinion in a very liberal manner; and it became manifest, that she had acquired not a little of his favour. Still, however, he did not proceed so far as she intended to lead him—that is, an amorous attachment, from which she conceived substantial profit might be derived in the form of a settlement. She had recourse to all her arts, and was well convinced that she had made a very sensible impression on his passions; but still she failed of ultimate success. This failure she attributed, and indeed rightly, to the sincere affection which subsisted

between him and his lady, and which she now resolved, if possible, to destroy.

To effect this, the great engine she resolved to employ was jealousy, with which she endeavoured to poison the mind of Mrs. Everard: while, at the same time, by ambiguous expressions, she instilled similar insinuations into the heart of her husband. A gentleman who occasionally visited at Mr. Everard's was the person she pointed out as the paramour of Mrs. Everard, and she made such an artful use of incidental circumstances, that Mr. Everard began to listen to her. To Mrs. Everard she addressed herself with the utmost professions of confidential friendship, and related a regular fictitious tale of an infidelity on the part of her husband, which had come to her knowledge in a very extraordinary manner. She told her likewise that he had made amorous advances to her, which, if her virtue had not inclined her to spurn at, her sincere friendship and affection for her would have made her refuse with disdain. As a proof of his wishes to form such an attachment, she referred her to an attentive observation of his general behaviour towards her; and if so much was visible when she was present, she needed entertain no doubt that he proceeded much farther when she was absent. 'I assure you, however,' added she, artfully, 'I do not believe he has any love, or even any violent passion of any kind for me; his behaviour is merely the consequence of the natural levity and licentiousness of his character; and I really believe he would behave the same to almost any other woman in the same situation.' This she said as a kind of apology for her still continuing where she was, and to prevent too much of Mrs. Everard'

Everard's jealousy from falling upon her, which might have tended to defeat her plans.

By thus practising alternately on the minds of this too credulous pair, she at length produced an open and violent rupture between them, each supposing the affection of the other estranged by being disposed elsewhere. Mr. Everard now fell rapidly into all the lures spread for him by Miss Norberry: but in proportion as he began to think of really forming a connection with her the external appearance of his regard for her diminished; and Mrs. Everard was convinced that she was her faithful friend, and had rejected all his offers with disdain.

But the loss of the affection of her husband sank deep into the heart of the unhappy Maria, and she determined not to survive it. Oppressed with the most heart-felt anguish, she walked out with her child to the entrance of a wood, which terminated the pleasure-grounds near their house, and the gloominess of which suited her melancholy ideas. She kissed, with lyster tears, her smiling infant, and then swallowed the contents of a phial of laudanum, with which she had purposely provided herself.—‘O, Henry Everard!’ said she, ‘my death will at least prove the sincerity of my affection for you, and how little I have deserved the treatment I have suffered from you!’ Having thus said, she laid herself down to wait the expected approach of death; while her child, unconscious of what she was doing, played carelessly around her.

It chanced, that Mr. Everard had that morning walked out into the same wood, where he had indulged in melancholy reflections—for his heart was not yet so weaned from his Maria, that he could give her up without a sigh. As he

walked, he revolved in his mind their former happiness: he thought of the child he tenderly loved; and re-considered all the insinuations and pretended proofs of Miss Norberry, by which she had induced him to suspect her on whose innocence and affection for him he would before have staked his life: he passed them all in review, found them feeble and unsatisfactory, and resolved that he would endeavour to obtain some still stronger before he condemned her. At this moment her exclamation struck his ears. He stood for a moment astonished and confounded—then rushed through the trees, and found his wife extended on the ground. He tenderly took her in his arms, and with a feeble voice she told him what she had done. He conveyed her into the house, and procuring immediate medical assistance a discharge of the poison from her stomach was obtained, and, by proper treatment, any fatal consequences prevented—though she remained for some weeks very feeble, from the effects of the deadly potion she had taken, and the previous anxiety of mind which she had suffered.

But the remedy which most of all contributed to restore her to perfect health and happiness was the full and fair explanation which now took place between her and her husband, by which all the artifices of Miss Norberry were detected, and all the doubts which either had entertained with respect to the affection and fidelity of the other completely removed. Their former love for each other returned with double force, and their happiness seemed only to be increased by this temporary, though severely painful, interruption of it.

As for Miss Norberry, she was immediately convinced, that Mr. Everard's house was no longer a place

place for her, and left it precipitately. She afterwards formed a connexion with a man of dissolute character, with whom she went to London, where she passed through all the gradations of prostitution, and ended a wicked life in a miserable manner.

HISTORICAL ANECDOTES of LONDON BRIDGE.

(From the History of the Rivers of Great Britain.)

THE year of the foundation of London Bridge is not ascertained by antiquarian sagacity; but it appears to have been built between the years 993 and 1016, since, in the first of them, Unlaf the Dane, according to the Saxon Chronicle, sailed up the river as far as Staines; and, in the latter, Canute king of Denmark, when he besieged London, caused a channel to be formed on the south of the Thames, about Rotherhithe, for conveying his ships above the Bridge. If any credit is to be given to the traditionary account of the origin of the ancient wooden bridge given by Bartholomew Linstead, the last prior of St. Mary Overy's convent, London is indebted for this structure to that religious house. Stow seems to be of this opinion; but the persons who continued his work allow no other merit to the monks of this convent, than that they gave their consent to the erection of the bridge, on receiving a sufficient recompence for the loss of the ferry by which they had been supported; and that this conjecture is not without foundation appears from the appropriation of lands for the support of London bridge at so early a period as the reign of Henry I. In the year 1136, it was consumed by fire; and in 1163 it was

in such a ruinous state as to be rebuilt under the inspection of Peter, curate of St. Mary Colechurch in London, who was celebrated for his knowledge in the science of architecture. At length the continued and heavy expence which was necessary to maintain and support a wooden bridge becoming burdensome to the people, who when the lands appropriated for its maintenance proved inadequate to their object were taxed to supply the deficiencies, it was resolved in the year 1176 to build one of stone, a little to the west of the other, and this structure was completed in the year 1209. The same architect was employed, who died four years before it was finished, and was buried in a beautiful chapel, probably of his own construction, dedicated to St. Thomas, which stood on the ninth pier from the north end, and had an entrance from the river, as well as the street, by a winding stair-case. In the middle of it was a tomb, supposed to contain the remains of its architect. But though so much art and expence were employed in building the bridge with stone, it suffered very much from a fire in the streets at each end of it; so that from this accident, and other circumstances, it was in such a ruinous condition, that king Edward I. granted a brief to the bridge-keeper, to ask and receive the benevolence of his subjects through the kingdom towards repairing it. It would be equally irksome and unnecessary to enumerate all the casualties which befel London bridge, till the corporation of London came to the resolution in 1746 of taking down all the houses, and enlarging one or more of its arches, to improve the navigation beneath it; but it was ten years before this resolution was carried into effect. The space occupied by the piers and sterlings of this

this bridge is considerably greater than that allowed for the passage of the water; so that half the breadth of the river is in this place entirely stopped. But instead of making reparation, the whole ought to have been removed, as a very magnificent structure might have been erected at a much less expence than has been employed in maintaining the present nuisance to the river and disgrace of the city. The last alteration cost near 100,000*l.* and without answering its principal object, which was to diminish its fall at the ebbing of the tide, and consequently to lessen the danger of a passage which has proved a watery grave to so many people. This vast work appears to have been founded on enormous piles driven closely together; on their tops were laid long planks, ten inches thick, strongly bolted; and on them was placed the base of the pier, the lowermost stones of which are bedded in pitch to prevent the water from damaging the work; around the whole were the piles, which are called the *sterlings*, designed to strengthen and preserve the foundation: these contracted the space between the piers in such a manner as to occasion at the return of every tide a fall of five feet, or a number of cataracts full of danger, and, as they have proved, of destruction. This structure has been styled by ancient writers the wonder of the world, and the bridge of wonders; and how well it deserved this pompous character will be seen from the description of its form and condition, previous to that alteration to which it owes its present appearance.

The Thames in this part of it is 915 feet broad, which is the length of the bridge. The street that covered it consisted, before the houses fell to decay, of lofty edifices, built

with some attention to exterior regularity. It was twenty feet wide, and the buildings on either side about twenty-six feet in depth. Across the middle of the street ran several lofty arches, extending from side to side, the bottom part of each arch terminating at the first story, and the upper part reaching near the tops of the houses, the work over the arches extending in a straight line from side to side. They were designed to prevent the buildings from giving way, and were therefore formed of strong timbers bolted in the corresponding wood-work of the houses that flanked them. Thus the street on the bridge had nothing to distinguish it from any narrow street in the city, but the high arches just described, and three openings guarded with iron rails, which afforded a view of the river. But the appearance from the water baffles all description, and displayed a strange example of curious deformity. Nineteen unequal arches, of different lengths and breadths, with *sterlings* increased to a monstrous size by frequent repairs, served to support a range of houses as irregular as themselves; the back parts of which, broken by hanging closets and irregular projections, offered a very disgusting object; while many of the buildings overhung the arches, so as to hide the upper part of them, and seemed to lean in such a manner as to fill the beholder with equal amazement and horror. In one part of this extraordinary structure there had formerly been a draw-bridge, which was useful by way of defence, as well as to admit ships to the upper part of the river, and it was guarded by a tower. It prevented *Fauconbridge*, the *bastard*, from entering the city in 1471 with his armed followers, on the pretence of liberating the unfor-

unfortunate Henry from his imprisonment in the tower. It also checked, and, indeed, seemed to annihilate, the ill-conducted insurrection of sir Thomas Wiatt, in the reign of queen Mary. In the times of civil dissension, which rendered this kingdom a continual scene of turbulence, and bloodshed, this tower was employed to expose the heads of traitors; and an old map of the city, in 1597, represents this building as decorated with a sad and numerous exhibition of them. But though the passage over the bridge is very much enlarged and improved, and forms a very handsome communication between the city of London and borough of Southwark, we cannot but lament—as if the miserable contrivance of the bridge itself were not a sufficient impediment to the navigation—that the four arches which have been so long occupied by an engine to supply the neighbourhood with water still continue to be incumbered with it.

The WILL of PETER PITHOU.

PETER PITHOU was an eminent French lawyer, the friend of the illustrious de Thou, and the chancellor de l'Hôpital. He wrote his will in elegant Latin, which contains perhaps rather moral than pecuniary directions. It begins thus:

‘In the midst of the treasons and of the perfidies of the most corrupt age that the world ever saw, I have been as much as possible the slave of my word.

‘I have constantly loved and cultivated my friends with the whole force of my heart. I have rather

endeavoured to disarm my enemies by kindness, than to revenge myself of them by doing them mischief.

‘I have loved my wife as myself; I have never indulged my children improperly; and my servants I have treated as men.

‘As a child, a boy, and a man, I have ever paid great deference to age.

‘My country has ever concentrated all my affections. I have anxiously desired the amendment of the state, but always by moderate and just means. Full of respect and veneration for purer antiquity, I have never been the dupe of novelty.

‘I have always feared, and avoided as a serpent, all vain disputes and cavils respecting divine matters.

‘I have always been well assured, that knowledge and openness of mind lead more directly to their point than ignorance and intrigue.

‘I have never been so happy as in those days in which I have been able to be of use to my country and my friends.

‘I have ever preferred the art of judging well to that of speaking finely.

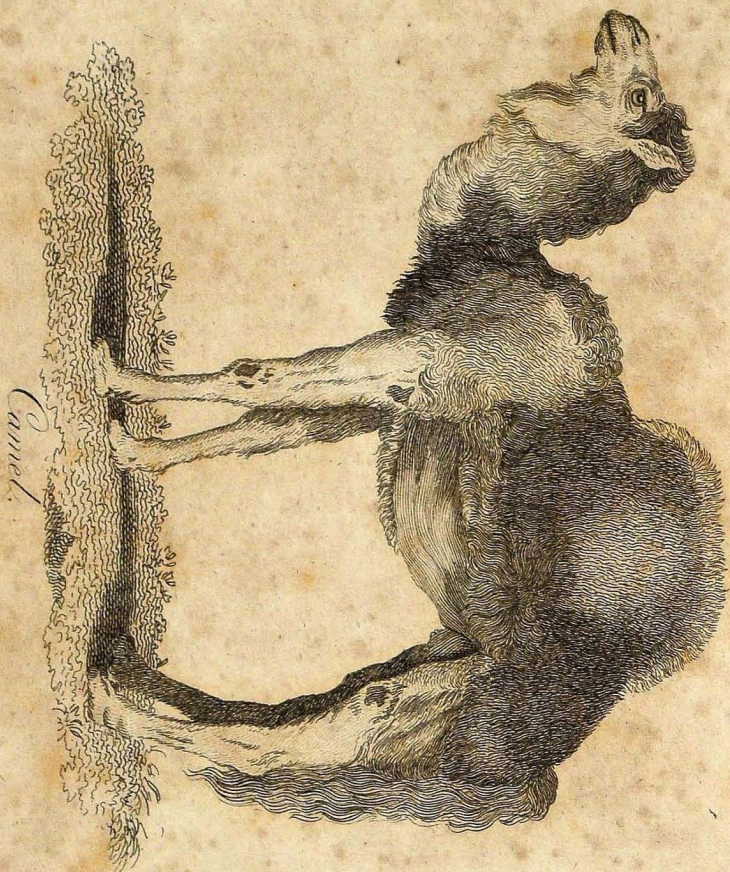
‘I trust rather to the decision of the law, than to that of my own judgment, the disposal of all that I die worth.

‘I trust that all the tenderness I have received from my dear wife will be transferred to my children; and that she will take care of their education in the same manner as if I were living.

‘I bequeath to posterity this faithful picture of my own mind, which I hope they will receive with the same simplicity with which I have portrayed it.’

This will is dated Nov. 1, (his birth-day) 1587.

Engraved for the Ladies Magazine.



Camel.

The MORAL ZOOLOGIST.

(Continued from p. 408.)

DIVISION I. SECTION V.

Animals simply digitated, without teeth. Insectivorous appetite.

Genus.	Species.	Genus.	Species.
Manis,	- - 2	Ant-eater,	- 4

LETTER XXX.

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

AS our beneficent Creator dispenses those gifts which perfectly accord with the general advantage of each individual, he has granted to those animals that have no teeth a tongue of an extraordinary length, endued with a glutinous saliva; and by giving them an insectivorous appetite has thereby rendered mastication unnecessary to their existence.— Thus, when viewed through this medium, seeming defects appear but a varied mode of perfection, and every distinction of form a new instance of omnipotent skill. Your ladyship, on due consideration, will find that the manis genus approaches so nearly to the lizard tribe as to form the link between genuine quadrupeds and the reptile class. The characteristic qualities of this genus are: the back, sides, and upper part of the tail, covered with large strong scales; a small mouth; long tongue; and no teeth.

THE LONG-TAILED MANIS.

Various authors have bestowed the name of 'scaly lizard' on this animal and the succeeding species, which is improperly applied, as they are viviparous, and lizards oviparous. Exclusive of this distinction, lizards are uniformly covered with a smooth variegated skin, the spots on which resemble scales; but the long-tailed manis has no scales on the throat, breast, and belly; the

remaining part of the body being covered with hair. The short-tailed kind have also the parts before specified covered with a smooth skin, destitute of hair. The scales with which these animals are furnished do not adhere to the body by any but the under part; consequently, like the porcupine's quills, they may be elevated or depressed at pleasure; and constitute such a formidable armour, that even lions and other rapacious animals cannot vanquish them, as they have the faculty of contracting themselves into the form of a ball: when so compacted their tail forms a kind of belt round the body, and thereby becomes an invulnerable armour. The long-tailed manis has a slender nose, which, like the head, is smooth; the body, legs, and tail, are furnished with long, sharp, striated scales; the throat and belly are covered with hair; the legs are short; there are four claws on each foot, one of which is considerably shorter than the others; the tail gradually decreases towards the extremity, but terminates obtusely; the length from nose to tail is about fourteen inches; the tail is one yard and half a quarter long.

This species inhabit Guinea, and various parts of Africa. As their habitudes are similar to the short-tailed kind, I shall unite the description of their several properties.

THE SHORT-TAILED MANIS.

This animal differs from the preceding species in the following particulars. The back, sides, and legs, are covered with obtuse scales, intermingled with bristles; there are five toes on each foot; the tail does not exceed the length of the body; the ears in some degree resemble those of the human species; the chin, belly, and interior part of the legs, are hairy. The dimensions of this animal, according to Buffon,

considerably exceed those of the long-tailed kind, as it measures in a mature state six or eight feet from the head to the extremity of the tail. This species inhabit the Oriental islands and Formosa: probably it is also a native of Guinea. The flesh of the manis is esteemed a delicacy, and the scales are converted to various uses. These animals are of a disgusting form, but harmless nature, as they only molest the reptile and insect tribes. They live in woods and marshy situations, run slowly, and are not able to evade human pursuit, but by taking refuge in holes, where the female brings forth, and nurses her young. They grow very fat; subsist chiefly on ants, which they take by extending their tongue into the haunts of those industrious insects, which being supplied with a thick saliva, the ants cannot extricate themselves from its glutinous substance. In their mode of sustenance, and also in the formation of their tongues and mouths, these animals are of a kindred nature with the ant-eater genus. Notwithstanding the disproportion of the dimensions it is reported these animals destroy the elephant by twisting themselves round his trunk, which, as it is endued with exquisite sensations, is materially injured by being compressed with the hard scales of the manis. When this animal is enraged, its principal mode of defence consists in erecting its scales, which appear formidable to those against whom their efforts are levelled in battle array.

Whether we survey the porcupine's quills, the hedge-hog's bristles, the armadillo's fine-wrought coat of mail, or the scaly garb of the manis, we must acknowledge admirable perfection in each. The exterior of these animals must impress us with a lively sense of Infinite wis-

dom in their formation. The glossy skin, the thick-set coat of hair, and all the varied clothings dispensed to the numerous branches of animated nature, are but so many memorials of the omniscient provident exertions of the Supreme Being wrought in behalf of his frail creatures. The various tendency of appetite, and the organs granted for the execution of their several purposes, are also powerful tokens of Divine wisdom. To those quadrupeds whose appetites are carnivorous, teeth of an extraordinary sharp and strong texture are dispensed, which are expedient for the mastication of the hard food those rapacious animals indiscriminately swallow. In proportion as the appetite of individuals of the several genera is more or less voracious, a due proportion and quality of teeth are granted, suited to the means of obtaining and reducing the aliment to its proper consistency. There needs no proof of this assertion, but an attentive consideration of the various properties, propensities, and corporeal distinctions allotted to each branch of the animal tribes.—That your ladyship will prosecute these interesting inquiries, and impart the fruits of your judicious researches, is the earnest request of your ever-faithful

EUGENIA.

LETTER XXXI.

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

It is almost needless to point out to your ladyship, that the relative qualities that appear to exist between the manis and ant-eater tribes prove that the works of nature are progressive in many instances. The ant-eater genus is peculiar to the southern regions of the new continent. The distinctive traits of this class are: a body covered with hair; a small

a small mouth; a long tongue, of a cylindrical form; and no teeth.

THE GREAT ANT-EATER.

This animal has a long slender nose; short round ears; small black eyes; a slender tongue, which lies double when compacted in the mouth, but measures two feet and a half when extended; slender legs; four toes on the fore-feet, and five on the hind; the two middle claws on the fore-feet very large, strong, and hooked; the hair on the upper regions of the body half a foot long, of a black hue mixed with grey. From the neck, across the shoulders, extending to the sides, there is a black line, bounded with a white stripe. The fore-legs are of a whitish cast, marked above the feet with a black spot. The tail is furnished with very coarse black hair a foot long. The length from nose to tail is about three feet ten inches; the tail is two feet and a half long.— This species inhabit Brasil and Guiana; the natives of those countries denominate it 'tamanduagucu,' or 'tamandua,' which the French have altered to 'tamanoir.' These animals are easily overtaken, as their pace when they move quickest is but slow. They also climb better than they walk, as the construction of their feet enables them to take fast hold. They swim with great facility over large rivers; and, when they thus pass them, fling their tail over their back. In walking, they often trail their tail on the ground, and when they are irritated agitate it with a menacing air. As this animal is averse to wet, it shelters itself from rain by reverting its tail over its body; and sleeps also in that position. This animal subsists on ants. When it discovers the nests of those insects it overturns them with its feet, thrusts its long tongue into their various recesses, and when

it is covered with ants draws it again into its mouth loaded with an insectivorous repast. The females of this species bring forth but one young at a birth. During the infant state of their offspring it is dangerous to approach the place where they reside. These animals, though they are destitute of teeth, are nevertheless very fierce, as their talons supply the former defect. Even panthers are unequal to combat with ant-eaters; and to such excess of obstinacy do they proceed, as even not to quit a dead foe. They sleep in the day, and search for prey in the night. The flesh of these animals has a disagreeable flavour, but nevertheless is eaten by the Indians.

In Dillon's 'Travels through Spain,' there is an account of the great ant-bear from Buenos-Ayres, which differs essentially from the ant-eater above described, as it would eat flesh. Its dimensions from the snout to the extremity of the tail were two yards; its height nearly two feet. The head was of a very narrow construction; the nose long and slender; the tongue singularly formed, extending above sixteen inches, and resembling a worm more than any other object. The body was covered with long hair of a dark-brown hue, with white stripes on the shoulders. When it slept the tail served as a covering for the body. The dimensions of the great ant-eater in the Leverian Museum exceed any before described, the whole length being seven feet four inches.

THE MIDDLE ANT-EATER.

The second species of these animals, denominated the 'middle ant-eater,' is called by the Americans 'tamandua.' This kind is considerably less than the great ant-eater, as it only measures from nose to tail one foot seven inches. The tail is

nearly ten inches long. The muzzle of this animal is long, and bends downwards; the tongue measures eight inches in length, and is deposited in a kind of groove in the mandible or lower jaw. It has a small black mouth and eyes; and small erect ears. The bottoms of the fore-feet are round. It has four claws on each fore-foot, like the preceding kind, and five on the hind-feet. The hair is of a fine texture, glossy, and of a pale-yellow hue; on the ridge of the back, and on the hind-legs it is dusky. On each side of the neck there is a black line that crosses the shoulders and meets at the lower regions of the back. The tail is covered with longer hair than the back; is of a taper form, and destitute of hair at the extremity. This species are natives of the same regions as the great kind; their manners are also similar. The tails of these animals appear strongly endued with the prehensile power, which enables them to attach themselves to trees or other objects by that part. When they drink they disperse great part of the liquid through their nostrils; and possess the faculty of climbing trees with great agility, but cannot shield themselves from the weather with their tail.

THE STRIPED ANT-EATER.

This animal has a taper nose; the upper jaw extending very far beyond the lower; the eyes very minute; short round ears; tail covered uniformly with long hairs; five toes on the fore-feet; the body and tail of a tawny hue, the former marked downwards with black stripes, the latter annulated; the legs and nose striped in a similar manner; the belly of a dirty-white hue. The length from nose to tail is thirteen French inches; the tail is seven inches and a half long. Buffon specifies an

animal which he imagined was of the same species with the preceding, which is improbable, as he describes it as being clothed with hair of a whitish hue, two inches long. It has very strong talons on the feet, eats only in the day, and resides in the woods. The flesh is desirable for food, but the species is more rare than the great ant-eater.— This account was transmitted by M. de la Borde, a physician at Cayenne. This and the preceding kind are natives of Guiana.

THE LEAST ANT-EATER.

The last species of this genus, denominated from its inferiority in size the least ant-eater, is distinguished by the inhabitants of Guiana by the appellation 'ouatirouaou.' This animal has a nose of a conical form, rather inclining to bend downwards; small ears, nearly concealed in the fur; two hooked claws on the fore-feet, the exterior one considerably the largest; four claws on the hind-feet. The head, body, limbs, and upper part and sides of the tail, are covered with long soft hair, of a woolly texture, and yellowish-brown hue. The length from nose to tail is about seven inches and a half; the tail is nearly eight inches and a half long, thick at the base, and taper at the extremity, and for the last four inches destitute of hair, and consequently endued with the prehensile power like the preceding species. These animals inhabit Guiana, and climb trees with great agility in search of a particular species of ants that build their nests in the branches.

There is another species of this genus found at the Cape of Good-Hope, and in the Island of Ceylon, of which Dr. Pallas has transmitted some account. This variety is described to have four toes on the fore-feet, and pendulous ears, which form

form an essential generic distinction from the other kinds. From the testimony of various authors, it appears that there is no external difference between the African and American kinds; but from the testimony of Dr. Camper, a celebrated naturalist, it is proved that they have grinding teeth in the lower part of their jaws; therefore it is evident these animals are common to both continents, as their manners and habits are stated to be similar to those of the ant-bear.

In the preceding genus we may discover an uniform aptitude, and mode of construction adapted to the peculiar situation and propensities of the several individuals. On a retrospective view of their several qualities, we shall clearly discover that the grant of teeth to animals to whose existence mastication is not necessary would be an incommodious, consequently not an expedient, gift. To every being due members and functions are affixed: wings are denied to quadrupeds, because the specific weight of their bodies disqualifies them for aerial flights; to fishes fins are granted, as an equivalent for limbs, which would be cumbersome and useless in their native aquatic element; to animals of various degrees a due number of legs are dispensed, proportioned to their mode of action. Those who walk in an erect posture are bipeds, whilst those who move in a prone position are consequently quadrupeds; reptiles who creep and crawl on the surface of the earth are multipedes, as the number of their legs tend to accelerate their progress. In these varied instances your ladyship will perceive, and, I doubt not, gratefully acknowledge, the wisdom and mercy of God, which are so eminently displayed in the creation.

No power inferior to Omni-

science could have assigned to every atom its due station, or fitted it with properties suited to its native sphere. In the most highly-finished human performance various imperfections may be discovered, and material inconveniences arise from the disunion and discordance of parts: but in the works of nature no blemishes appear; their operations are regular, and their effects complete. I pity those beings, and invoke their attention, who, regardless of the infinite beauties that surround them, are absorbed in the prosecution of futile pursuits and unimportant labours: if their ideas were directed to the genuine source of intellectual improvement, their knowledge would be increased, and the love of virtue promoted. That your ladyship's precepts and example may tend to accelerate this reformation, is the wish of true benevolence, and the earnest hope of

EUGENIA.

(To be continued.)

POLITENESS of a BISHOP.

THE good and ingenuous French bishop, Huet, recollected in his old age the loves and gallantries of his youth, with a mingled penitence and self-complacency, the expression of which is not unamusing:—

‘I went too much,’ says he, ‘into the gay company of men, and much more into that of women; thinking that, to obtain a character for politeness, it was necessary to please the fair sex. I omitted none of those attentions by which it is supposed that their favour is to be won. I kept my person fresh and neat, wore rich and fashionable clothes, was indefatigable in my assiduities towards those whom I admired, often addressed them in amatory verses, and

and whispered many a tender thing in their ears. One copy of love-verses which I then wrote is now universally read, and is not over delicate.'

How admirably the character of the old Frenchman here breaks out! From an old officer this would have been nothing surprising: being from an aged bishop, it bespeaks in him a lightness of spirit not naturally allied to episcopal gravity.

The following is also an ingenuous display of French vanity by the same worthy Huet:

'I was,' says he, 'an indifferent dancer indeed; but then I exceeded all my young companions in fencing and riding: I could leap over any height to which I was able to reach my hands; I outstripped every one in running; and I could grasp a staff so firmly, that not any two of the strongest men could wrest it from my hands. I was a very skillful swimmer; and I knew how to dive for shell-fish to the bottom of the deepest creek or river.'

The MONKS and the ROBBER.

(Continued from p. 300.)

'**H**OLY St. Agatha!' exclaimed the affrighted monk, 'whence was that? A faint gleam of light just now shot before my eyes.'

Tancred and Apostolico, though they saw not the occasion of it, yet participated in his alarm; and for some time the party remained in silent consternation, suspiciously surveying the gloomy cavern in which they stood, faintly illuminated as it was by the glimmering of the lamp, which the vapour, exhaled from the dampness of the place, had almost extinguished. But all was still and dark, nought met their view but the rough-hewn roof and sides of the cavern, rude arch-ways,

and divers chasms leading to others beyond, enveloped all in profound darkness, save where the lamp streamed down them its glimmering light.

'By my faith,' said Tancred, when something recovered, 'it is strange! What could it be?'

'Be it what it may, heed it not,' replied Apostolico: 'it is nothing—mere fancy, perhaps.'

'Nay, but I'm positive I did see it,' resumed Innocent; 'and something it must be!'

'Well! well!' interrupted the prior, impatiently; 'something or nothing, it is to us of no import; therefore no more on't. Stand not thus confounded,' added he, turning to Tancred; 'but strike at once, and let us be gone. We have no time to lose.'

He spoke, and Tancred, giving the lamp to Innocent, unsheathed his sword; but at the instant when he raised his arm to give the fatal stroke, a deep and hollow groan sounded along the vaulted roof.

The triumvirate started at this awful salutation; and while they stood in fearful expectation of the event, the passages that branched in every direction from the spot where they were returned the sound in faint reverberations.

An awful silence for some time succeeded.

They found it somewhat difficult to recover from the surprise and dismay this circumstance, which their imaginations represented as proceeding from a supernatural cause, had left upon their minds, strongly impressed as they were from the first moment of their descent into these subterraneous regions by their gloomy appearance, which the faint and tremulous gleam of the lamp rendered still more so, and by the deep silence that reigned within them: each felt an apprehension

hension of supernatural powers stealing fast upon him; but none seemed to feel its influence more than the prior. The usual intrepidity of his character appeared to have forsaken him. His manner was embarrassed; his countenance disturbed; his speech quick and hesitative; and, though little accustomed to fear of any kind, his whole deportment upon this last occasion betrayed an equal degree of terror with his companions: yet so far was it from deterring him from the deed he had proposed and determined to see executed, that the instant of his recovering himself he again, and vehemently, urged Tancred to strike. But Tancred possessed not his strength of mind: an incident such as this last was sufficient to turn him from the dreadful crime he meditated, though assured and satisfied that it removed the only obstacle to the success of the scheme which was to gratify his utmost wishes.

‘Sure it was a voice from heaven!’ exclaimed he in low and trembling accents.—‘Let her live, father!—Let us not shed her blood!’

‘Go to!—It must not be!’ resumed the prior.—‘Have I not told thee, repeatedly, that nothing less than her death could render our project secure?’

‘True, father; but the thought of murder sits heavy on my soul, and I would fain give up all—’

‘No wavering!’ interrupted Apostolico impatiently: ‘we have had enough of that before. Be as brave in deed as thou wert in desire.—Come, come,’ continued he hastily, ‘trifle no longer: it is time it was done.’

He paused, and Tancred stood a moment in silent irresolution, with eyes fixed upon his destined victim; who, by this time, showed evident signs of approaching perception. Her ghastly and convulsive features

met his sight: he shuddered—hesitated: his heart was touched with a slight sensation of mercy and compunction; but it was of no duration. The fair and abundant harvest of wealth, honour, and happiness, which he hoped to reap by her death, possessed attractions too powerful for him to withstand.

Slowly and reluctantly, however, he again uplifted his drawn weapon; but at this moment, when he had mustered courage for the deed, another groan, deep and awful as the former, again suspended its execution. Tancred and Innocent relapsed into their former state of consternation; but the prior was far more collected than before: he was apparently less appalled at this dreadful sound than impatient at the delay it occasioned. Again he urged the trembling Tancred to be quick: but, perceiving that he seemed scarcely conscious of what he said, the impatience of the remorseless monk mounted to a degree of agitation.

‘Unworthy of the greatness thou wantest power to earn!’ he exclaimed, while his full black eye sparkled with additional fire, and his frowning countenance expressed the vexation, contempt, and anger, that laboured within him.—‘Unworthy the fortune that courts thee!—what, quite unmanned?—quite lost in this womanish fear?—Is it fitting, think you, when a moment’s pause may ruin us and our enterprise?—Quickly dispatch her thyself,’ added he, ‘or give me the weapon.’

‘If she must die,’ returned Tancred, recovering from his dismay; ‘if I must embroil my hands in blood’—and speaking thus, he once more raised his sword; and as with rapid but uncertain aim he directed its point to the bosom of his unfortunate wife, a deep and hollow voice murmured, ‘Forbear! forbear!’

But

But the deed was done: the hapless Rodigona lay weltering in blood at her murderer's feet, and the faint signs of life which had been visible in her appeared totally and for ever extinguished.

A sensation of terror and despair, approaching to distraction, now assailed him and his confederates, and overpowered them with all the horrors of supernatural awe. The sword dropped from the feeble grasp of Tancréd, the lamp from the trembling hand of Innocent, and total darkness and silence ensued. The extinguishing of the light was a circumstance that struck more terror into their guilty bosoms than any which had preceded it. The horror of their situation engrossed every faculty, and held them almost insensible to the spot. But they did not long remain on it; for, presently descriing a pale glimmer streaming down a passage, in which at a distance they perceived a faint shadow moving hastily towards them, terror (which can give as well as take away strength) assisted them, and they rushed wildly from the place.

(To be continued.)

To the EDITOR of the LADY'S
MAGAZINE.

MR. EDITOR,

BEAR with me for a few moments, while I give utterance to my sorrows. You will be deeply affected, but there is a pleasure in sympathy; and, if you are enabled to send me relief, your sufferings will be amply repaid.

Sir, for two months past I have not been able to produce any thing to excite admiration. I trust you do not take me for an authoress; no, sir, I have gained great fame, but

not in a way so ignoble. I would not for the world be supposed a candidate for that which may be acquired without rank, without fortune, and without connexions. I even hate all those who aim at distinction by such means; I shun their company, and do every thing in my power to bring them into contempt. Sir, I am a woman of fashion, I have one of the most splendid mansions in London, and my lord allows me seven thousand pounds a-year. During the last season my parties were more crowded than those of any of my rivals; it was upon me that forgeries were most frequently attempted; and such was the eagerness of people of fashion to be able to say they had been at lady ****'s, that had it not been for the constant attendance of Mr. Townsend, my house would have been often taken by storm.—Nor is this to be wondered at. Had it been otherwise, the town would have shown little discrimination.—None ever found what they expected to find, and from the moment they cast their eyes upon the lamps above my door, till they again lost sight of them, all was novelty, splendor, and magnificence. I was constantly talked of; my porter received no less than *two* pots of beer for the list of my visitors; in short, I excited universal envy.

But, sir, although my invention continues as fertile, and my taste as refined, I am now able to do nothing. Why did I ever experience the pleasure of creating amazement, and of occasioning despair? Flowers are now exhibited at every window, peaches are as plenty as potatoes, and any one may purchase a pineapple for half-a-guinea. What an enemy to happiness is an English autumn! Blessed the inhabitants of the torrid and of the frigid zone. During the whole revolution of the
sun,

sun, the productions of cold are wanting to the one, and the productions of heat are wanting to the other. When the governor's lady exhibits her ice at Calcutta, and the vice-reine of Lapland sports her grapes, they are in no danger of being equalled by a paltry shop-keeper. That people of taste should remain in this country at present is truly astonishing. May not the impossibility of distinguishing themselves in autumn, by gradually sinking their spirits, produce the dreadful disease which commits such havock among our countrymen in the beginning of winter, dreaded under the name of the 'English malady?' I know that if things do not take a more favourable turn, long before November, I shall have put an end to my miserable existence.

You cannot say that I have sat down in sullen inactivity. About a month ago, at our villa, I had the honour of the company of H. R. H. *****, the duke and duchess of *****, &c. &c. to breakfast.—Well, I thought I was sure I should regain my *éclat*, as I had two dishes, by producing which I had at once violated the laws of nature and divers acts of parliament. In the second course there appeared an omelet made of partridges' eggs, and a pair of roast moor-fowl. The dishes were, to be sure, in very great request, and I observed lady ***** turn as pale as ashes, and the honourable Mrs. ***** grow red with spite. But I had not enjoyed my triumph two minutes, when a gentleman observed that the omelet was much better than the one of the same kind at alderman Greenfat's the other day.

'Yes,' replied he to whom he addressed himself; 'and I think these moor-fowl fully as good as those he had from his friend in Argyleshire.'

VOL. XXXII.

I could have torn their eyes out. The dessert consisted of raisins and almonds, preserved ginger and tamarinds, Spanish grapes and Italian olives, juiceless oranges and half-rotten pears. Was there not a boldness in the thought, an originality, something that marked the superiority of great above vulgar minds? But so barbarous was the taste of my guests, that while some tittered and laughed, the rest, politely as they thought, lamented the lateness of the season, talked of the blight which had destroyed the blossom in spring, and exposed the absurdity of presenting fruit at table till it is thoroughly ripe.

Still I had a *corps de reserve*, which I trusted would have gained me the day. Between breakfast and supper I meant to give a dance, and the ball-room I had fitted up in a manner I thought certain to command admiration. At considerable expence I had got together a large quantity of evergreens, leafless shrubs, and artificial roses: with these I decorated the walls; and, to complete the effect, I made the day-light be excluded by the window-shutters; a large fire was lighted up, and the apartments were illuminated in the most brilliant style. No one would have imagined it a week after the king's birth-day. I had prepared a long succession of devices to keep up the delusion till a late hour in the morning, and I expected that the company would have been thanking Providence every moment that they were so comfortably sheltered from the biting cold and the pitiless storm.

How, then, was the company really affected when ushered into those regions of taste? The astonishment certainly was considerable; but, before the first dance was finished, several ladies had fainted, and, amidst praises of my genius, every

3 O one

one seemed anxious for an excuse to get away: so much more did they regard their bodies than their minds. At last some person proposed to go out to the gardens, and (will you believe it, sir?) this Gothic proposal was carried by acclamation.—Forth they accordingly sallied, and led up a dance upon the lawn. My vexation was now at its height—not a glimmering of hope remained. I cursed the age, and the country in which I had the misfortune to be born. However, I was determined that they should not see the supper I had prepared for them, and that their only feast should be their beauties of nature, (*the beauties of nature in a June evening!*) so I sent word that I had been taken violently ill, and they immediately dispersed. They could not complain of the *warmth* of their reception, nor say they had seen *nothing* which was *unseasonable*.

I have made various other attempts equally well-planned; but, as they had the same ill-success, I shall not revive my mortification by recounting their history. You, and every one who has read this letter, must be convinced that the fault lies not in me, but in the season,—*the hateful season*. Nor are there any other reputable means of arriving at eminence. The day has been when a woman of spirit might distinguish herself by keeping *fashionable hours*. A gentleman, whom I lately asked to dine with a party at nine, returned for answer, that he was afraid it would not be in his power, as he was to breakfast at five with the lady of a West-India merchant, and would probably be obliged to stay supper. When things have come to such a pass as this, ought not the legislature to interfere?—Could it be more worthily employed than in settling the length of time every one should be allowed to fast and watch

according to his rank? Every porter should be compelled to breakfast by eight in the morning, and to be in bed before nine, and no one under the degree of nobility ought to be permitted to go without meat after two in the afternoon, or to be up after five in the morning. But these are times of insubordination and anarchy; all respect for birth is gone, and our most valuable privileges are *basely* invaded. I was lately reconciled to my husband, and we ever since live under the same roof. Our separation was the first thing that established my reputation; but so low had the fashion crept, that I am assured there were at the last lady mayoress's ball no fewer than twelve, all of equal, some of superior, pretensions in this respect with myself.

If I remain in town, I find many who declare an equal antipathy to the country before December; if I go to a watering-place, a tallow-chandler's wife lives next door to me, and vies with me in splendour; if I retire to our seat in Berkshire, I see the houses of those things called *nabobs* rising in nearly equal magnificence to our own. Oh! the glorious days when a lord's estate was a county, and all the inhabitants upon it were slaves; when all those for twelve miles round depended upon him for every comfort they enjoyed, and to displease him and to be undone were the same!

Unless you, sir, or some one of your correspondents, shall point out a better expedient, I am determined, as a last attempt to restore to its original lustre my waning fame, to give a grand *fête* in the style of the *twelfth century*. My lord has an old castle in Wales, which will answer admirably well as the scene. I shall purchase the colours of the Knights Marshal and other disbanded volunteer corps, and thus

thus furnish out 'a bannered hall.' From the wardrobe and armoury of the theatres, I shall procure dresses, decorations, arms, and accoutrements. I hope to be able to prevail upon the laureat to be the bard, and that learned antiquary, the author of the 'Index to the Appendix to the Supplemental Apology,' shall superintend the whole in the capacity of steward. But would not the effect be greatly heightened, were the tempest to be heard howling amid the tottering towers? I can at least produce the *appearance* of winter. Two or three hundred people shall be employed to strip the trees bare of every leaf; and when every thing about the castle has been made desolate, the park and the gardens shall be strewed with chalk, quicklime, or some substance resembling snow. Now see the knights cased in steel, and attended by their 'squires, approaching by the dreary avenue; and hear them asking the dwarf upon the battlements, if here lives the lady Evelina?

I am transported at the thought. Grant me two months of cold wet weather, and I will forgive thee, oh Fortune! the whole of thy past cruelty.

E. B.

The HISTORY of ROBERT the BRAVE.

(Continued from page 423.)

WHILE Adela, entirely absorbed in grief, was employed in rendering the last sad offices to her father, Robert sent to the count of Toulouse a circumstantial detail of the late battle. He dwelt with pleasure on the praises of his friend, but passed over in silence all the particulars which had reference to himself alone; and not conceiving that he was entitled to dispose of the fate of Adela,

he requested the count to prescribe in what manner he should act towards her.

After having allowed the time necessary to bury the castellan, Robert, not less respectful of misfortune than brave in battle, to avoid adding alarm to the grief which Adela felt, requested permission to wait upon her. Such deference on the part of a conqueror who had only to command excited equally her surprise and gratitude. She had learned that it was not by his hand that her father had fallen, and she the less feared to see him. She caused an answer to be returned him, importing that she was ready to consent to any demands he might make on the part of the count of Toulouse.

Adela, when Robert presented himself before her, was sitting in the midst of her female attendants. The dark veil which covered her heightened the lustre of her complexion. Her majestic stature, the symmetry of her features, and the affecting charm which grief bestows, and which so much adds to the power of beauty, strongly excited the admiration of Robert. For the first time, he felt that secret agitation which the heart experiences at the moment of the birth of love. It already required a kind of effort on his part to prevent his forgetting the motive which had brought him into her presence; and, far from thinking of signifying to her his commands, he only regretted that he could not with propriety throw himself at her feet.

As soon as Adela perceived him, she rose to meet him, and, with an air of dignified submission, requested him to inform her what was the fate which awaited her.

'I have received orders to combat,' said he; 'I have fulfilled that duty; but the most just and gene-

rous of princes likewise commands me to show to misfortune all the respect which is due to it. The count of Toulouse is alone entitled to prescribe laws to the illustrious Adela; the rest of the world only owes her homage; she shall continue to command here till the moment when her legitimate sovereign shall make known his pleasure.'

Adela had never seen any other warriors than those who served under the orders of her father. Their language, almost always harsh and fierce, had only terrified her; and a thousand times had her heart been grieved at finding them insensible to the calamities they inflicted. The greatest, the only happiness she had till then experienced was that of consoling some of the victims who had been rendered wretched by those cruel wars, to have prevented which what exertions would she not have made had she known their real cause. When she beheld Robert so modest in victory, so respectful when he had a right to command, and knew that he was already crowned with laurels, while adorned with all the resplendent graces of youth, she could not avoid acknowledging his superiority over all those who surrounded him. She ceased to consider him as a dangerous enemy, and even began to think that in her misfortune she should have need of a support, and that she might find it in the warrior who testified for her such profound respect.

'Knight,' said she, 'the liberty of weeping is the only favour I ask. Incapable of other cares, I shall wait the orders of my sovereign; you will ever find me obedient to those you shall announce to me on his part; and since you only have a right to command here, I request that you will not suffer me to be disturbed in the retreat where I shall wait the notification of the will

of the count of Toulouse.' Having thus spoken, she departed, and retired to her apartment. She disappeared; but the eyes of Robert still eagerly sought her, and already his heart began to feel that uneasiness which absence can inflict.

New thoughts soon began to occupy and disturb the tranquillity of his mind. He felt the necessity of communicating them to his friend, and flew to him. But when he saw him suffering from the wound which he had received in his combat with the castellan, friendship triumphed over every other sentiment; he felt only the most afflicting disquietude, and all his thoughts were engaged on the means of conveying Roger to the castle, that he might be more enabled to render him every necessary assistance; nor was it till he was convinced that there was nothing to fear with respect to his life, that the charming image of Adela returned to his recollection. He wished to paint her as he had seen her, but he could find no expression adequate to his idea.—Scarcely could he name her, and add that in her person and manner she combined every charm. But the ardour of his looks betrayed the secret of his heart; and Roger, smiling at his embarrassment, could not avoid saying to him—

'Henceforth, my friend, you will oppose less strenuously my tenderness for Elvige.'

At these words the countenance of Robert was tinged with a deep blush: he cast his eyes to the ground, and disappointment and uneasiness seemed to be expressed in every feature.

'What is this?' exclaimed Roger with lively emotion: 'you suffer some pain?'

'You have forced on my recollection,' answered Robert, 'the most severe and most sad of truths. Oh Adela!

Adela! Adela! why has the obscure and unfortunate Robert ever seen thee?’

This plaintive exclamation plunged Roger, likewise, into a melancholy reverie. He instantly perceived the almost insurmountable obstacles which opposed his own happiness and that of his friend, and he feared that he should never be able to overcome them. Yet he recovered somewhat of hope and tranquillity of mind when he recollected the achievements of Robert, and the glory which he had already acquired. But in vain was it that he recounted, in a voice of exultation, the numerous and brilliant exploits of his friend; the modesty of Robert could perceive only the distance which separated him from Adela.

While Roger every day acquired new strength, a perfect cure of his wounds being nearly effected, Robert received the answer and orders of the count of Toulouse. He eagerly read them; but what was his surprise and his grief when he learned that, in consequence of the sentence pronounced by the barons, Adela was no longer to possess the castle of her fathers, and that it was on himself that the count of Toulouse had bestowed the investiture of it, with the property of the greater part of the domains dependent on it! The count, however, at the same time declared, that Adela, notwithstanding the crimes of her father, should receive proofs of his clemency. He directed that she should come to reside at his court; promised to take her under his guardianship; that he would not cease to protect her; and that the portion of her father's property, of which he had not already disposed, should be allotted to her, as soon as she should have merited this favour by an entire submission.

These orders were a thunder-bolt to Robert. What! should he take from Adela her possessions, and receive the reward of a service of which he believed the whole glory to appertain to Roger? No, never would he accept such fatal gifts! He flew to his friend to describe his painful feelings, and implore his advice. Roger partook in his noble disinterestedness, admitted the force of his objections, and felt the necessity of refusing such a donation. But when he lamented the misfortunes of Adela, and observed that she was not guilty of the crimes of her father, Robert clasped him in his arms, and thanked him, as if he had received from him some signal benefit.

The more tranquil mind of Roger, however, soon suggested a mode of acting which afforded to Robert a hope that he seized with ardour.

‘Let us suspend,’ said he, ‘for a short time, the execution of the last orders of the count of Toulouse. We are certain that his generous heart will feel a pleasure in reinstating Adela in her rights, when he shall learn that she showed no knowledge of the crimes of her father, but by lamenting them.—Her innocence and her charms render her too interesting for that illustrious sovereign not to approve of a delay which will preserve to him the means of exercising his beneficence in her favour.’

Robert revived from his despondency while he listened to his friend. The only wish he dared to form was to go and throw himself at the feet of the count of Toulouse, and to defend rights which appeared to him as sacred as they were already dear to his heart.

‘My friend,’ said he, warmly pressing the hand of Roger, ‘Adela must never know that I have refused to accept the possessions of
which

which she was to be deprived: this secrecy is commanded by honour, and she must not consider herself as bound by ties of gratitude, when justice alone imposes on us the duty of acting as we have done.'

After having made every necessary disposition, and taken the precautions which prudence required, Robert, wishing to avoid disturbing the retirement of Adela, caused her to be informed of a part of the intentions of the count of Toulouse. He signified to her that, not doubting of the gratitude with which she would receive the assurance of the protection of her sovereign, and the permission that he granted her to come and reside at his court, he was about to return to that prince to assure him that she was preparing to come and receive his orders.

Roger, who was now almost completely cured of his wound, found himself sufficiently strong to accompany his friend, and they returned together to Raymond, who received them with all the respect and honour which their late services merited. The first act of that prince, when he saw Robert, was to testify the great pleasure he felt at finding an opportunity to confer on him a reward of sufficient value to be worthy his acceptance. But his astonishment was extreme when he saw him fall at his feet to vindicate, in favour of Adela, the sacred rights of innocence. Robert reminded the count of her illustrious birth; with timidity and embarrassment, he attempted to describe the interest which her charms inspired; but the ardour by which he was animated gave such force to his words that Raymond began to be uneasy, and to fear that he had committed an act of injustice. He adduced the sentence of the barons; promised to examine if it were not too severe; and spoke of finding

means to make a recompense to Adela.

'No, my lord,' exclaimed Robert, 'you have no recompense to make. We knew the generosity of your heart; we foresaw the emotions you would feel, and we have ventured to suspend the execution of your orders. They are unknown to Adela; it is the hope of finding a father in her sovereign which brings her to your feet; it is with this noble confidence she repairs to your court; and her heart, while it laments the consequences of that justice which you could not dispense yourself from exercising, experiences only the sentiments of loyalty and respect.'

'Your example is too noble,' replied the count of Toulouse, 'for me to refuse to imitate it. I yield to your request. I will entertain for Adela all the tenderness of a father; she shall retain all the possessions of her ancestors. I shall find for you other rewards. But I will cause her to be informed of the sentence of the barons, and the donation which I had bestowed on you. I cannot suffer her to remain ignorant that you have been her generous advocate, and that it is to you and not to me that her gratitude is due.'

It was in vain that Robert reiterated his entreaties that secrecy might be observed with respect to an action which justice and honour equally commanded; he could only obtain an assurance that Adela should be reinstated in her possessions.

The beautiful Adela hastened to obey the commands of her sovereign. She added a new embellishment to his court, and the prince was every day more satisfied with himself for having bestowed that pardon which he had at first only granted to the generous solicitations of Robert.

(To be continued.)

PERIANDER

PERIANDER of CORINTH *,
or REVENGE;
A TALE.

[Translated from the German of Augustus
La Fontaine.]

‘AND am I not happy?’ said the haughty Periander to the sage Medon: ‘am I not happy without thy rigid virtue?’

Medon replied by a look expressive of compassion, and shaking in silence his grey head. Periander pressed him for an explicit answer.

‘Sovereign of Corinth,’ said Medon mildly, ‘the gods have done every thing to make thee happy. Corinth is thine: thou hast a wife who loves thee; and children who are deserving of thy love. What more can a mortal wish? Yet in thy breast dwells an evil demon, which perpetually destroys the happiness the gods would bestow on thee—the raging thirst of revenge. Thou deservest not thy happiness, and wilt not retain it, since thou seekest only power. Corinth loved thee, and thou wast truly a king. Thou wouldest be more; the city groans beneath thy oppressions, and hates thee. Thou canst not taste the sweets of gentle affection and mild benevolence; thou wishest only for absolute sway, and art not happy.’

Periander smiled contemptuously, and hastened to the embraces of his affectionate wife, and his three beloved children. Melissa, the tender consort of Periander, loved her haughty husband, though she trembled at the violence of his passions. She had been brought up at Epidaurus with Erasinus, her near kinsman, for whom she had conceived the warmest friendship. He came to Corinth. Melissa threw herself,

with the liveliest emotion of joy, into the arms of her friend, shed tears of pleasure, and pressed him to her heart.

Anger and jealousy now took possession of the heart of Periander. A gloomy cloud o’ercast his burning eye; for Melissa he thought ought to have neither love nor friendship for any person but himself.—The aimable Melissa observed not the disturbed looks of her husband: she took the youth by the hand, and, with a tender voice, said:

‘Do you not remember, Erasinus, how fond we were of each other when we were children?’

She reminded her friend of the happy days of their youth; of their sports, their confidence, and their separation. She then led him to her husband, and said:

‘Periander, you must love him—you must love him for my sake.’

Periander was silent, though his soul was tortured by jealousy and the thirst of vengeance.

‘Do you love any person besides me, Melissa?’ said Periander, with a cold and gloomy air, to his wife, when he was alone with her.

‘I love,’ said she, ‘my children—and my dear father—and the noble Erasinus, my kinsman.’

‘I am satisfied,’ said Periander, and immediately left her abruptly.

The next day, at table, Erasinus turned pale, and sank down on his seat. ‘Poison!’ exclaimed he, and expired.

Periander watched Melissa with a suspicious eye. She hastened to the murdered youth, threw herself on his body, and bedewed it with her tears, calling him by name, half frantic with grief. Periander took her arm and led her into another apartment to her children: he embraced her, and bade her children embrace her. ‘She was inconsolable. Her unfeeling and haughty

* See Herodotus, book iii. chap. 50—52.

haughty husband wished to be absolute master even of her grief.

‘I,’ said he coldly, taking her hand, ‘I gave Erasinus the poison by which he died: wilt thou still weep for him, Melissa?’

‘Thou gavest him the poison!’ exclaimed she, with looks wildly expressive of astonishment, and tearing herself from him. ‘Wretched murderer! what had he done to thee?’

Periander cast a stern and menacing glance on Melissa, and hastily left her. Jealousy and confidence, hatred and love, fiercely contended in his soul. His pride pronounced the sentence of death against his wife, but his heart shrunk at the thought.

‘Say,’ cried the senseless tyrant, ‘say, Melissa, that thou hatedst him, and I will forgive thee thy tears.’

‘Oh, I loved him!’ exclaimed Melissa, lifting her hands towards heaven in an agony of grief. ‘He was my friend! I loved him!’

Pride and the thirst of vengeance raged in the heart of Periander, but the love of Melissa restrained his hand. He remained alone, from distrust of the cruelty of his soul. The flames of jealousy consumed him, and love became his torturer.

A month had elapsed, when, one morning, disturbance of mind having driven him early from his bed, he saw his wife, in a mourning habit, kneeling on the grave of Erasinus, and pressing her breast against the cold marble. This sight aggravated his anger and jealousy into a raging flame. He rushed from the apartment where he was, took his three children, and led them into the garden to their mother. With a faltering but furious voice, he said to her:

‘Take leave of thy children, Melissa; for they must go to Epidaurus, to their father.’

Melissa looked at him, and read her death in his eyes.

‘I know—’ said she, and embraced her children, who were then led away by their nurse.

Periander was left alone with Melissa.

‘What dost thou know?’ asked he furiously.

‘That I must die, like him,’ replied Melissa.

‘Strumpet!’ cried he, drawing a dagger; ‘thy conscience tells thee what thou deservest.’

‘Not my conscience, but thy looks.’

‘Curse, then, the shade of thy wretched paramour.’

‘Canst thou require, Periander,’ said Melissa, trembling, ‘that I should curse him who loved me?’

She sank on the grave, and, in her terror, threw her arms round the pillars.

‘What, in my sight,’ exclaimed the tyrant, ‘do you embrace his tomb?’ and instantly plunged the dagger in her breast.

‘Periander!’ cried she. ‘Alas! I loved thee, and yet art thou my murderer?’

She stretched out her arms to embrace him, but sank down again and breathed her last.

Periander shrieked with agony, for the Furies terrified him. The dagger fell from his hand, and he fled. The shade of Melissa pursued him, and he found neither rest nor consolation but in the innocent prattle and sports of his daughter, who, like her mother, was named Melissa. The nurse of this child had not taken her to Epidaurus, because she was too sickly and weak to endure the journey; but the two sons remained with their grandfather Procles, the sovereign of Epidaurus.

Periander passed his days at Corinth, melancholy and comfortless.

The

The sage Medon frequently said to him:

‘Wilt thou never perceive that man, without affection, and the gentler sentiments of his nature, must continually be exposed to the severest blows of fate? Not the gods deprived thee of Melissa, but thy arrogance, thy selfishness, and thy insatiable ambition.’

The haughty heart of Periander was moved, but not convinced, by this remonstrance. Time healed his grief; the shade of Melissa was appeased by costly sacrifices; he thought no more of the crimes he had committed, and was again happy in the consciousness of his power and the love of his daughter. But the gods, who dispose all human events, had not forgotten him. He was to become a man, and be rendered such by the strokes of misfortune.

After an interval of many years, he sent for his sons home from the court of Procles, in order to educate them in such a manner as might fit them to assume the sovereignty after him. Procles knew that Periander had murdered his wife, but he was silent, from fear of his cruelty and his power. The sons of Melissa had hitherto supplied to her father the place of his daughter. On the morning of their departure, when he clasped the two youths weeping in his arms, his grief, and his fear that the cruelty of Periander should be exercised upon them, extorted from him the dreadful secret.

‘Alas!’ said he, ‘my children, your mother Melissa!’—

He looked steadfastly on them, and was silent.

‘My mother Melissa!’ exclaimed the younger of the youths, Lycophron. ‘Your voice, your manner, my father, is significant. Oh, speak! what would you say?’

‘She was murdered,’ cried the old man.

VOL. XXXII.

‘Murdered! father! Murdered! O ye eternal gods! Who?—I conjure you tell me—who committed the atrocious deed?’

The old man trembled. He would have been silent, but an irresistible power forced from him the words—‘Thy father!’

The youth covered his face, and sank on the bosom of his grandfather. At length the old man, with trembling hands, drew the covering from the pale and wild countenance of his grandson, and endeavoured to console him. Lycophron remained long silent in cold and sullen sorrow. At length he said: ‘I cannot see him—I will remain here.’ His grandfather pressed him to obey, and Lycophron, at length, consented and departed, plunged in the most poignant grief.

Melissa had loved him most of all her children. While on the journey he thought only of her, her virtues, her death, her murderer—his father; and a dreadful anguish pierced his generous soul. Nature had bestowed on him strength of mind and dignity of soul, and the example of Procles had rendered his sentiments and manners great and noble. He was the image of his father, but only in his finest features. His brother, a feeble and vain youth, had neither mind nor heart.

When they arrived at Corinth, Periander, who had heard from many travellers enthusiastic commendations of the noble spirit and greatness of soul of Lycophron, hastened with all the joy of a father to meet his two sons. While yet at a distance he easily recognised the younger, by his heroic figure, his noble air, and elevated look. Periander threw himself into his arms; but Lycophron stood silent before him, with his eyes fixed on the ground.

‘My noble Lycophron!’ said the father, and offered to embrace him;

3 P

but

but his son shrunk back as if seized with terror, and was silent; nor did he even answer the question—
‘Wilt thou not salute thy father?’

With eyes fixed on the ground, Lycophron walked by the side of Periander into the city. His sister, who came to meet him, embraced him, saying, ‘How unfortunate are we!’ His father now clasped him with emotion to his breast; but the youth stood cold and silent in his arms, without raising his eyes.

Confused and irritated, Periander left his son with a foreboding of misfortune in his mind. Lycophron went to the grave of his mother, and, throwing himself on it, lay there a long time, shedding tears with the most violent agitation.—His father was moved, went to him at the grave of Melissa, and again offered to embrace him. But Lycophron drew back with an exclamation of abhorrence, pointed silently to the grave, and departed.

Three days the son continued in the house of his father without speaking a word. Periander made every effort to reconcile him to him; but Lycophron never looked on him, never answered him. At length the pride of the father and of the king was aroused. He led his son to the door of his house, and said to him, ‘Wilt thou yield and submit to me?’

The youth answered not.

‘Be gone, then!’ exclaimed Periander in a rage. ‘leave my house! I am not thy father!’

The son, without reply, passed into the street, and walked away.

‘Shall I submit to my son?’ said Periander angrily to himself. ‘No, I will estrange myself for ever from him!’

He now learned from his elder son the last conversation of Lycophron with Procles. His heart felt a strong emotion, but his pride obtain-

ed the victory over his conscience. He sent orders to the friends of his son who had received him to exclude him from their houses. Lycophron wandered about Corinth, rejected by all, but returned no answer when he was advised to be reconciled to his father. At length a friend of his grandfather took him into his habitation, and with him he lived in melancholy privacy.

‘The vengeance of the gods!’ said Medon—

‘The insolence of a madman!’ said Periander; and heralds, by his order, proclaimed throughout Corinth, ‘That whoever should receive into his house Lycophron the son of Periander, or only speak to him a single word, should forfeit all his property to Apollo.’

Lycophron heard the proclamation of the herald, and silently left the house of his friend, and went into the forum, under the porticoes.—There he remained without speaking, without changing his habit, almost without shelter, and without food for three days.

Every hour Periander hoped that the pride and stubbornness of his son would yield. But it was the father’s pride which was compelled to yield. On the fourth day, Periander went to the portico under which his son remained, and found Lycophron lying on the ground, almost exhausted with grief and hunger. His pale countenance was sunk on his breast, and his dim eyes fixed on the earth. When Periander saw him, his proud heart felt the severest pang. With heavy sighs he stood by the side of Lycophron, and long surveyed him with looks of compassion.

‘Oh, my son!’ at length said he in the mild voice of entreaty—
‘Oh, my son, the gods are just; but thou, thou art unjust towards me and towards thyself. Yes, I did the deed which excites thy horror and thy

thy indignation; but shall the son be the avenger of the mother on his father? I entreat thee, come into my house. Thou hast felt what the anger of a father is; now come and learn how happily thou mayst live with me. Answer me, my son.— Answer me!’ cried he louder.— ‘Answer me, wretch!’ at length exclaimed he with furious rage.

With feeble voice the son replied, ‘Thy property is forfeited to Apollo, since thou hast spoken to the unfortunate son of Melissa.’

The father considered this as an insolent taunt.

‘May my eyes never see thee more, abominable wretch!’ cried he with fury, and departed.

Lycophron laid his faint head upon the stones, waiting the stroke of death, and thus continued till evening—for no Corinthian dared to receive him into his house. But at midnight, a youth of Corcýra, named Agathon, came to him under the porticoes, and brought him food. He gently raised his feeble head, revived him with bread and wine, and bedewed him with tears of the tenderest compassion. Lycophron, animated with new strength, raised himself, reclined his head on the breast of his friend, while his heart united to him in the bands of eternal friendship.

On a sudden they heard, through the silence of the night, the footsteps of a female. This was Melissa, the sister of Lycophron. Agathon went to meet her. She took him for her brother, and threw herself, weeping violently, into his arms.

‘Oh, my brother!’ said she in a voice of the most poignant grief.

‘I am not thy brother,’ answered Agathon, and led her to the unhappy Lycophron.

‘A stranger, my sister—Agathon—has preserved my life—and my father——’

—‘is irreconcilably enraged,’ replied Melissa. ‘Thou must die!’

‘I will deliver him,’ said Agathon, and stretched out his hand as a pledge of his promise. Melissa pressed his hand to her heart.

‘I will deliver thee, Lycophron,’ said the stranger again, ‘or I will die with thee.’

Melissa, now overpowered by this generosity, threw herself into the arms of the stranger. They concerted together in what manner they should proceed; and Agathon then accompanied Melissa home.

‘Where,’ said he to her, ‘shall I find you to inform you of the deliverance of your brother?’

‘Every morning,’ answered she, ‘I walk in the garden. At the entrance of a grove in it is the image of a faun: there you will find me.’

The following night Agathon again brought his friend food and wine. A ship was ready to sail for Corcýra, and only waited a favourable wind. The wind changed propitiously, and Agathon went to communicate the intelligence to Melissa. He soon found the grove she had pointed out to him, and, entering it, met a female veiled.— ‘Melissa!’ said he. She threw back the veil, and Agathon stood lost in delightful surprise.

In the temple of Neptune, on the festival of that deity, the youth had seen Melissa dance among other virgins. He had viewed her with fixed eyes, and felt the delicious force of love. Lost in a transport of admiration, he had forgotten to inquire her name, and suddenly she disappeared. Never again could he find her at any festival, or in any temple. From that time he had lived in Corinth, secluded and melancholy, till the unhappiness he suffered himself led him to succour the unhappy Lycophron.

‘You! Is it you?’ exclaimed he,

when he now again saw her—
‘Oh, ye benevolent, ye bountiful gods!—You!’

Trembling with joy he fell at her feet. Melissa was astonished at the agitation of Agathon, and viewed him with uneasiness.

‘Was you not,’ asked she after some little reflection, ‘among the spectators at the festival of Neptune?’

‘Yes, Melissa; and since that day, oh what have I not done again to obtain, if possible, a sight of you! Oh how anxiously wretched has been my life since that day!’

‘But my brother——’ said Melissa, blushing deeply.

— ‘Will go with me to-day or the following night to Corcyra. There he shall be my brother: a still more sacred bond now unites me to him; the purest love for his sister.’

‘Corcyra is subject to the authority of my father,’ said Melissa anxiously.

‘Fear not, Melissa; he shall live in the most pleasant retirement, unknown, in the arms of the tenderest friendship; and if the gracious gods incline thy heart to accept my vows, in the arms of the most faithful love, in thine and my arms.’

He took the hand of Melissa, and moistened it with his tears.

‘Save my brother,’ said Melissa with tender agitation, ‘and then’—

She was silent, and blushed.

‘Then! Oh what then?’ asked Agathon eagerly.

‘Then he shall live in the arms of the most faithful affection!’

She sank tenderly into the embrace of the youth, lay for an instant in his arms, and then hastened through the grove to her father’s residence.

Agathon stood for some time lost in the transports of successful love. He left the garden, a brisk east wind arose, and the same night was

appointed for their departure.— When the two friends were about to leave the portico, Melissa came again. She embraced her brother, and placed the hand of Agathon in his.

‘Promise,’ said she, ‘eternal friendship and fidelity to each other, in life and death.’

They obeyed; and now Agathon, taking the hand of Melissa, said, in a low and trembling voice:

‘And you, Melissa, will not you too promise?’

The darkness of the night gave her more courage; she pressed his hand to her heart, and said in a low voice,

‘Eternal fidelity in life and death.’

Agathon repeated the words, and thus they parted.

Lycophron left the walls and harbour of Corinth, without being discovered. In three days he reached Corcyra, as a fugitive from Ionia, and took up his residence at the country-house of Agathon, situated among the mountains.

(To be continued.)

ON NOVELS.

A French writer, speaking of female education at Paris, says, that in the ancient system of female education, the chapter of things *not to be known* was of very great extent. At present, thanks to the novels, this chapter is a blank; a young girl enters into the world with her novel in her head; she has made choice of her faults before she has any; her excuses are prepared, and only await her errors; she sees in every thing that can happen to her only one or two pages of an adventure which she has read; and she considers the reproaches which she may sustain as similar to those reflections which she passed

passed over in the novels, and which she may in like manner pass over in life.

ZOE, or CONTRASTS in LOVE;

A TALE.

[From the *Journal des Dames et des Modes.*]

'MAN without woman, and woman without man, are imperfect beings in the order of nature: but the more of contrast there is in their characters, the more union is there in their harmonies. It is from the opposition of their talents, tastes, and fortunes, that arise the strongest and most durable mutual affections.'

This observation of the author of *The Studies of Nature* had made a lively impression on the mind of the youthful and vivacious Zoe.

That she might no longer remain an imperfect being, she resolved to take to herself a husband; and, that she might not expose herself to a too-late repentance, she resolved to choose him not only of a character opposite to her own, but of an entirely different personal figure.

She would sometimes amuse herself for whole hours in portraying, in imagination, the lover who was to be the object of her wishes. He was to be tall, of a fair complexion, with eyes blue and languishing; she would have him rather poor than rich; a lover of study and retirement; a profound thinker; and, in one word, a philosopher, for this name did not terrify her.

It will easily be conceived that Zoe was a little brunette, extremely lively, even to a degree of giddiness, and extravagantly fond of public entertainments and spectacles. As she was left in possession of an ample fortune, by the recent death of her parents, she had it in her power to indulge in all the noisy pleasures of

the town. An old aunt had her under her protection, but the superintendence she exercised was not so strict as to be incommodious to either the one or the other.

The system of the necessity of contrasts in love at first appeared to Zoe very singular. She could not conceive it possible that any person should really love another, all whose tastes and inclinations were entirely different from her own; but, after considering all the facts stated by the author of *'The Studies of Nature,'* and especially after some examples which she thought she had observed in society, she no longer entertained a doubt of the existence of the law of contrasts, and she sincerely lamented the misfortune of those married couples, in whom she imagined there was too great a similarity of character and disposition.

Zoe, wherever she went, sought the lover, the model of whom she had formed in her imagination; but none of the men she met with in society perfectly resembled this creature of her fancy. One was indeed tall; but he was, like her, too much inclinable to plumpness, and, like her, also, too much addicted to laugh; another was, it is true, of a serious character; but, like her, he was not tall; and, like her, too, of a dark complexion.

Unfortunately the man who of all others, according to her system, appeared the least adapted to please her was precisely him whom she would have preferred, had she listened to her own heart. He seemed absolutely to have studied levity of manners; and his conversation was an exquisite assemblage of pleasant anecdotes, lively sallies of wit, and prompt repartees.

'What pity,' she would say, 'that Selmours is of a character so light and frivolous! He is extremely amiable; but how is it possible to live

live with a person so giddy and thoughtless? We should both need to have guardians to take care of us. Besides, he has light hair. It must not be: I will avoid him. This very evening at the ball where he is to be, I will refuse to dance with him. I will scarcely even look at him.'

She thus conferred with herself, as she sat before her piano-forte, and while her fingers ran over the keys mechanically. A female acquaintance entered at the same moment, and introduced to her Selmours.— She blushed, and he perceived it. The young man was more lively and amusing than usual, and sprightly sallies of wit flowed from him without intermission. Zoe laughed without reserve, and forgot that she ought not to laugh.

In the evening, at the ball, she forgot, likewise, that she had resolved to avoid him. She danced with no person but him. It is true, when she came home, she was ready to weep from vexation, to think that she should have acted so contrary to her determination.

'I am then destined,' exclaimed she, 'to love a man who must necessarily render me unhappy.'

The next day her old aunt sent for her. She held a letter in her hand.

'My dear niece,' said she, 'a gentleman whose family I highly esteem, and who is not destitute of fortune, M. de Selmours, wishes to be united to you in marriage. I thought it scarcely possible that you should make any objection, and I have almost promised him your hand.'

'But, aunt, this young man—'

Zoe blushed, and turned pale, and again changed colour.

'What! do you mean to refuse him?'

'I do not say that; but he has so much levity and giddiness—'

'Well, I certainly did not expect

such an objection from you!' said the aunt. 'And pray how long have you been so solid and prudent? Is this all the objection you make to your intended husband? Go, and prepare to marry Selmours.'

Zoe had been accustomed to obey her aunt: she was her benefactress, her second mother. She made no reply, but thought within herself she should soon convince Selmours of the error they would both commit in marrying each other.

She found an opportunity the same day. Selmours presented himself, to know whether his offer had been accepted. He found Zoe walking pensively under some trees in the garden. She trembled all over when she saw him; and he, notwithstanding his usual confidence, was not a little agitated. He asked her, with a stammering voice, whether he might flatter himself that he should soon become the most happy of mortals?

'Why do you talk of happiness?' said Zoe. 'Can we ever expect to enjoy it together? Oh, let us renounce the thought of such a union!'

'Zoe,' said Selmours with much emotion, 'was I then deceived when I thought you distinguished me among the multitude of admirers by whom you was surrounded?'

'Alas! I cannot forgive myself. I do justice to your good qualities, believe me, sir; but I do not see between us those harmonies which arise from—'

She was about to say, certain contrasts; but was ashamed, and did not finish the sentence.

'What!' exclaimed Selmours, 'have we not the same tastes, the same manners, the same mode of thinking? It is this which has so much pleased me in you, and has made me wish forever to unite my fate to yours. Zoe, render me not the most wretched of men. You must

must be mine, or I will forever abandon this country. Do you then hate me?' added he, pressing her hand against his heart.

'Far from it,' said Zoe, whose heart was full, and who could scarcely support herself: 'I resist my inclination when I refuse—'

A tear moistened her eyes, and she could not speak without effort.

The aunt appeared. 'You see you love him, my poor Zoe,' said she. 'Come, come, what I requested in the morning, in the evening I will command.'

Zoe made no answer, but submitted to be led as a victim to the altar.

The wedding was celebrated in the most brilliant manner. Let us now see what was the future life of the new-married pair.

In the first month after his marriage, Selmours applied himself to establish order and regularity in his house. The duties of all who resided in it were prescribed to them; and the business of his wife was to superintend and see that these duties were performed. She smiled at entering on this new employment; and Selmours occasionally reminded her, with agreeable pleasantry, of what he considered as her duties. She fulfilled them with the greatest exactness, for she wished to please him; and soon she found a pleasure in performing them: as is in fact always the case in the natural course of things.

In the second month, Selmours rarely took his wife to the ball and public assemblies. He likewise received much less company at home, confining himself to a few friends of mature age, and of a grave and rather reserved character. Zoe, though she was very fond of public entertainments, and all the show and bustle of fashionable life, scarcely perceived the reform that was making, because her husband was to her

instead of every thing. Her love for him every day increased. Before marriage he had appeared to her only amiable, she was now convinced that he deserved her highest esteem.

How much more dear did he become to her when she perceived that she might hope soon to produce his likeness, his second self; and with what transport did he receive this information!

One day he said to his wife, 'My dear Zoe, a mother should dedicate herself entirely to the education of her children. How will you be able, amid the pleasures that surround you, to appropriate all your time and attention to the care of the innocent and lovely being of which you will soon become the mother? Are you willing to pass a few years in the rural retirement which was left me by my father?'

Zoe hesitated a moment, but soon consented to live in the country.

'At least,' said she, 'I shall be with the husband I love, and with the child I am disposed affectionately to cherish, at least as much as his father.'

When in the country, Selmours traced out a plan of life which he constantly followed. One part of the day was appropriated to study, another to walking or conversation. Zoe, on her side, employed herself in occupations which interested without fatiguing her. She almost forgot the town.

Equally delighted and surprised at the happiness she enjoyed, she would sometimes say: 'This cannot last; we resemble each other too much.'

It will be perceived that Zoe had not forgotten her system of the necessity of contrasts in love.

One evening, as they were sitting on the grass, on the bank of a small river which crossed their park, they talked

talked of their love and courtship before marriage.

'How much,' exclaimed Zoe, 'have your character and tastes altered! What is become of the lively, the elegantly-trifling, the apparently thoughtless Selmours? You are no longer—'

'What I appeared to you,' said Selmours, interrupting her. 'I wished to please in society, and I assumed the *ton* and manners which appeared to me proper to procure me success. When I became acquainted with the amiable and giddy Zoe, I found it necessary, the more nearly to resemble her, to redouble my frivolity. But when I returned again to myself, I laid aside my mask and my theatrical habit, as an actor does behind the scenes, and I resumed my reason.'

'Heavens!' exclaimed Zoe, 'how nearly had disappointment been the consequence of this disguise! I should have married much more readily had I believed you to be such as I now find you are.'

'I do not endeavour to excuse myself,' said Selmours, 'I am making my confession; and, since the time of avowing the truth is arrived, I will declare, with some shame, my dear Zoe, that in me nothing was real, not even my person.'

'At these words, Zoe surveyed him with astonishment, and even with some degree of alarm.

'Your person, sir!'

'Was not precisely the same to appearance as at present,' replied Selmours, smiling at the disquietude of his wife. 'Look at me, my dear; do not my hair and eye-brows appear less dark than they formerly did?—It is because I have long ceased to tinge them with a liquor which changed their too feeble colour to one more masculine and prominent, and which appeared to me to give

more of character to my figure. I blush to think of my former coquetry, and I now leave nature to re-assume her rights.'

At this last communication, Zoe threw herself into the arms of her husband.

'I knew not why I loved you so much,' cried she; 'it was because you really resembled me in nothing. I am now cured of all my idle fears, and certain of being happy the rest of my life: so true is it that philosophers have made some discoveries.'

Selmours requested his wife to explain herself; and, after having heard her with attention, said:—'I shudder to think of it, but your belief in this fine law of contrasts might have prevented you from ever becoming my wife. See the danger of systems!'

'And of disguises,' replied Zoe.

REFLECTIONS on MEN.

(By a French Lady.)

MEN are frequently vain enough to boast themselves favoured by the women; and they are sometimes sufficiently sincere to confess that they are not beloved by them, and that they are ignorant of the true method of pleasing them. There are many, it is true, who are well received by them, but at the same time are indebted for this to their generosity, their caprice, or their feebleness, and but seldom to the sentiments which real merit ought to inspire. But why should they require to be loved, when they do not love themselves? They are almost all attached solely to the exterior of a woman, and make little account of the rest. They are so fully persuaded of the weakness of our understandings, that they do not deign to deceive us with art. They praise

praise the youth of her whose charms are withered with age, and extol the beauty of her who can pretend to none. To please those who are present, they satirise and vilify the absent; but should the latter make their appearance, the mask immediately drops off, the haranguer forgets his part, and restores to her he had calumniated all the praises she merits. I know that praise pleases, and that it is by it that almost all hearts are gained. But to praise well art is requisite. It is only by really thinking what they say that men can finally persuade. If self-love blinds us, we are not entirely destitute of reason, and in the calmness of retirement we are capable of appreciating our real worth. Should a woman attempt to get out of the narrow circle in which she seems to be confined by her education, praises are lavished upon her, and she is extolled, not only above her sex, but even above the most illustrious of men: but let this same woman, emboldened by the encomiums bestowed upon her, make use, in consequence, of the privilege of every thinking being, scarcely any one will deign to listen to her; all are convinced of the falseness of her arguments, and evidently only reply to them from politeness.—My good lords of the creation be more just, or at least better acquainted with your own interests! Is it by humiliating women that you hope to gain them? Be less lavish in expressions of admiration of their charms, allow them at least common sense, and you will, I am well convinced, more certainly please them.

*On the STRAWBERRY PLANT, and
INSECTS found on it.*

(By M. de St. Pierre.)

NATURE is of unbounded extent, and I am a human being limited on every side. Not only her

general history, but that of the smallest plant, far transcends my highest powers. Permit me to relate on what occasion I became sensible of this.

One day, in summer, while I was busied in the arrangement of some observations which I had made respecting the harmonies discoverable in this globe of ours, I perceived on a strawberry plant, which had been accidentally placed in my window, some small-winged insects, so very beautiful, that I took a fancy to describe them. Next day a different sort appeared, which I proceeded likewise to describe. In the course of three weeks, no less than thirty-seven species, totally distinct, had visited my strawberry plant. At length they came in such crowds, and presented such variety, that I was constrained to relinquish this study, though highly amusing, for want of leisure—and to acknowledge the truth, for want of expression.

The insects which I had observed were all distinguishable from each other by their colours, their forms, and their motions. Some of them shone like gold, others were of the colour of silver and of brass; some were spotted; some striped: they were blue, green, brown, chesnut-coloured. The heads of some were rounded like a turban; those of others were drawn out into the figure of a cone. Here it was dark as a tuft of black velvet, there it sparkled like a ruby.

There was not less diversity in their wings. In some they were long and brilliant, like transparent plates of mother-of-pearl; in others short and broad, resembling network of the finest gauze. Each had his particular manner of disposing and managing his wings. Some disposed theirs perpendicularly; others horizontally; and they seemed to take pleasure in displaying them. Some flew spirally, after the manner

of butterflies; others sprung into the air, directing their flight in opposition to the wind, by a mechanism somewhat similar to that of a paper-kite, which, in rising, forms, with the axis of the wind, an angle, I think of twenty-two degrees and a half.

Some alighted on the plant to deposit their eggs; others merely to shelter themselves from the sun. But the greatest part paid this visit from reasons totally unknown to me: for some went and came, in an incessant motion, while others moved only the hinder part of their body. A great many of them remained entirely motionless, and were like me, perhaps, employed in making observations.

I scorned to pay any attention, as being already sufficiently known, to all the other tribes of insects which my strawberry plant had attracted; such as the snail which nestles under the leaves; the butterfly which flutters around; the beetle which digs about its roots; the small worm which contrives to live in the *parenchyma*, that is in the mere thickness of the leaf; the wasp and honey-bee which hum around the blossoms; the gnat which sucks the juices of the stem; the ant which licks up the gnat; and, to make no longer an enumeration, the spider, which, in order to find a prey in these, one after the other, distends his snares over the whole vicinity.

However minute these objects may be, they surely merited my attention, as Nature deemed them not unworthy of her's. Could I refuse them a place in my general history, when she had given them one in the system of the universe. For a still stronger reason, had I written the history of my strawberry plant, I must have given some account of the insects attached to it.

Plants are the habitation of insects, and it is impossible to give the history of a city without saying something of its inhabitants.

Besides, my strawberry plant was not in its natural situation, in the open country, on the border of a wood, or by the brink of a rivulet, where it might have been frequented by many other species of living creatures. It was confined to an earthen pot, amidst the smoke of Paris. I observed only at vacant moments: I knew nothing of the insects that visited it during the course of the day; still less of those which might come only in the night, attracted by simple emanations, or, perhaps, by a phosphoric light which escapes our senses. I was totally ignorant of the various species which might frequent it at other seasons of the year, and of the endless other relations that it might have with reptiles, with amphibious animals, fishes, birds, quadrupeds, and, above all, with man, who undervalues every thing which he cannot convert to his own use.

But it was not sufficient to observe it, from the heights of my greatness, if I may use the expression; for, in this case, my knowledge would have been greatly inferior to that of one of the insects who made it their habitation. Not one of them, on examining it with his little spherical eyes, but must have distinguished an infinite variety of objects, which I could not perceive without a microscope, and after much laborious research: nay, their eyes are inconceivably superior even to this instrument; for it shows us the objects only which are in its focus, that is at the distance of a few lines; whereas they perceive, by a mechanism of which we have no conception, those which are near, and those which are far off.

Their

Their eyes, therefore, are at once microscopes and telescopes. Besides, by their circular disposition round the head, they have the advantage of viewing the whole circuit of the heavens at the same instant, while those of the astronomer can take in, at most, but the half. My winged insects, accordingly, must discern in the strawberry plant, at a single glance, an arrangement and combination of parts, which, assisted by the microscope, I can observe only separate from each other, and in succession.

On examining the leaves of this vegetable, with the aid of a lens which had but a small magnifying power, I found them divided into compartments, hedged round with bristles, separated by canals, and strewed with glands. These compartments appeared to me similar to large verdant inclosures, their bristles to vegetables of a particular order; of which some were upright, some inclined, some forked, some hollowed into tubes, from the extremity of which a fluid distilled; and their canals as well as their glands seemed full of a brilliant liquor. In plants of a different species, these bristles and these canals exhibit forms, colours, and fluids, entirely different. There are even glands which resemble basons, round, square, or radiated.

Now Nature has made nothing in vain. Wherever she has prepared a habitation, she immediately peoples it. She is never straitened for want of room. She has placed animals furnished with fins in a single drop of water, and in such multitudes, that Leuwenhoek, the natural philosopher, reckoned up to thousands of them. Many others after him, and, among others, Robert Hook, have seen in one drop of water, as small as a grain of millet, some ten, others thirty, and some as many

as forty-five thousand. Those who know not how far the patience and sagacity of an observer can go, might, perhaps, call in question the accuracy of these observations, if Lyonnet, who relates them in Lesser's *Theology of Insects*, had not demonstrated the possibility of it by a piece of mechanism abundantly simple. We are certain, at least, of the existence of those beings whose different figures have actually been drawn. Others are found, whose feet are armed with claws, on the body of the fly, and even on that of the flea.

It is credible, then, from analogy, that there are animals feeding on the leaves of plants, like the cattle in our meadows, and on our mountains; which repose under the shade of a down imperceptible to the naked eye, and which, from goblets formed like so many suns, quaff nectar of the colour of gold and silver. Each part of the flower must present to them a spectacle of which we can form no idea. The yellow *antheræ* of flowers, suspended by fillets of white, exhibit, to their eyes, double rafters of gold in equilibrio, on pillars fairer than ivory; the *corolla*, an arch of unbounded magnitude, embellished with the ruby and the topaz; rivers of nectar and honey; the other parts of the flower, cups, urns, pavilions, domes, which the human architect and goldsmith have not yet learned to imitate.

I do not speak this from conjecture; for having one day examined, by the microscope, the flowers of thyme, I distinguished in them, with equal surprise and delight, superb flaggons with a long neck, of a substance resembling amethyst, from the gullets of which seemed to flow ingots of liquid gold. I have never made observation of the *corolla*, simply, of the smallest flower, without finding it composed of an ad-

mirable substance, half-transparent, studded with brilliants, and shining in the most lively colours.

The beings which live under a reflex thus enriched must have ideas very different from ours of light and of the other phænomena of nature. A drop of dew, filtering in the capillary and transparent tubes of a plant, presents to them thousands of cascades; the same drop, fixed as a wave on the extremity of one of its prickles, an ocean without a shore—evaporated into air, a vast ærial sea. They must therefore see fluids ascending, instead of falling; assuming a globular form, instead of sinking to a level; and mounting into the air, instead of obeying the power of gravity.

Their ignorance must be as wonderful as their knowledge. As they have a thorough acquaintance with the harmony of only the minutest objects, that of vast objects must escape them. They know not, undoubtedly, that there are men, and, among these, learned men, who know every thing, who can explain every thing, who, transient like themselves, plunge into an infinity on the ascending scale, in which they are lost; whereas they, in virtue of their littleness, are acquainted with an opposite infinity, in the last divisions of time and matter.

In these ephemeral beings we must find the youth of a single morning, and the decrepitude of one day. If they possess historical monuments, they must have their months, years, ages, epochs, proportioned to the duration of a flower; they must have a chronology different from ours, as their hydraulics and optics must differ. Thus, in proportion as man brings the elements of nature near him, the principles of his science disappear.

Such, therefore, must have been my strawberry plant, and its natural

inhabitants, in the eyes of my winged insects which had alighted to visit it; but, supposing I had been able to acquire, with them, an intimate knowledge of this new world, I was still very far from having the history of it. I must have previously studied its relations to the other parts of nature; to the sun which expands its blossom; to the winds which sow its seeds over and over; to the brooks whose banks it forms and embellishes. I must have known how it was preserved in winter, during a cold capable of cleaving stones asunder; and how it should appear verdant in the spring, without any pains employed to preserve it from the frost; how, feeble and crawling along the ground, it should be able to find its way from the deepest valley to the summit of the Alps; to traverse the globe from north to south, from mountain to mountain, forming, on its passage, a thousand charming pieces of chequered work, of its fair flowers and rose-coloured fruit, with the plants of every other climate; how it has been able to scatter itself from the mountains of Cashmere to Archangel; and from the *Felices*, in Norway, to Kamtschatka; how, in a word, we find it in equal abundance in both American continents, though an infinite number of animals are making incessant and universal war upon it, and no gardener is at the trouble to sow it again.

Supposing all this knowledge acquired, I should still have arrived no farther than at the history of the *genus*, and not that of the *species*. The varieties would still have remained unknown, which have each its particular character, according as they have flowers single, in pairs, or disposed in clusters; according to the colour, the smell, and the taste of the fruit; according to the size, the figure, the edging, the smoothness,

of the downy clothing of their leaves. One of our most celebrated botanists, Sebastian de Vaillant, (author of the *Botanicon Parisiense*,) has found, in the environs of Paris alone, five distinct species, three of which bear flowers without producing fruit. In our gardens we cultivate at least twelve different sorts of foreign strawberries; that of Chili, or Peru; the Alpine, or perpetual; the Swedish, which is green, &c. But how many varieties are there to us totally unknown! Has not every degree of latitude a species peculiar to itself? Is it not presumable, that there may be trees which produce strawberries? Are there not those which bear peas and French-beans? May we not even consider, as varieties of the strawberry, the numerous species of the raspberry and the bramble, with which it has a very striking analogy, from the shape of its leaves; from its shoots, which creep along the ground, and replant themselves; from the reformation of its flowers, and that of its fruit, the seeds of which are on the outside? Has it not, besides, an affinity with the eglantine, and the rose-tree, as to the flower; with the mulberry, as to the fruit; and with the trefoil, as to the leaves; one species of which, common in the environs of Paris, bears likewise its seeds aggregated into the form of a strawberry, from which it derives the botanic name of *trifolium fragiferum*, the strawberry-bearing trefoil. Now, if we reflect that all these species, varieties, analogies, affinities, have, in every particular latitude, necessary relations with a multitude of animals, and that these relations are altogether unknown to us, we shall find, that a complete history of the strawberry-plant would be ample employment for all the naturalists in the world.

The CURSORY LUCUBRATOR.

No VI.

On CRITICISM, with some few
Structures on its Use and Importance.

EVERY performance in writing, however deservedly high in the estimation of the world, certainly possesses its faults, though trivial, compared with its beauties; and it is the object of true criticism to distinguish the former at the same time that it points out the latter. To do this, it is essential that, to the thorough knowledge of human nature, the most just and refined taste should be combined; for it is not merely sufficient to possess feeling to qualify us for the business of criticism; we must likewise enjoy that nice susceptibility and aptitude of discernment by which we may be enabled to investigate those feelings, and, accompanying them with appropriate reflections, explain them to others in the clearest manner. He deserves not the name of critic who superficially gleans the beauties and defects of an author: such are but the rude materials that constitute the ground work of criticism: to delineate them is the province of taste. There he must be rightly able to compare and separate into a regular series of classes, ascertaining to each, either of the superior or subordinate, the precise rules by which it is governed; or, in other words, examine how far it is coincident with the principles of human nature. Yet this can only be effected when taste unites with a genuine sense of philosophy. If he be wanting in the one, he will be either imperfect or uncertain in his conclusions; if in the other, his remarks will be puerile

puerile and unqualified; if not, by their too great particularity, involved in perplexity.

A superior genius, from the comprehensiveness of his imagination, that is wont readily to associate the most distant ideas, provided they bear the least analogy, will, doubtless, compose and write agreeably and consonant to reason, without attending at the same time to the rules of criticism; yet those having their derivation from nature, this principle will evidently suggest and reduce them to practice. When an idea presents itself to the man of genius, so quick are his faculties of perception, that all others connected with it are immediately offered to his view; and that delicate and precise taste, so essentially concomitant with genius, (and in the greatest masters the one appears not more pre-eminent than the other) enables him not only to arrange, but also to convey them to others, in as sensible and lively colours as he himself first apprehended them.

Can we suppose that Homer wrote his *Iliad* according to any particular system of established composition or knowledge of logical reasoning? Yet the vigour of his imagination led him into tracts hitherto unexplored; and he traversed the wilderness with wonderful discernment: No,—rather let us conclude, that to this immortal poet, and one or two others of antiquity, we are wholly indebted for the laws of poetry and judgment of composition. Indeed, their models, which evince equal genius and taste, are so perfect and correct, that the general rules and precepts of similar composition, afterwards observed in criticism, are entirely gathered from their uninstructed

practice, and established as the criterion of excellence.

Criticism is often said to abridge the works of genius: authors who thus preface act unfavourably towards themselves; for the masterly pen, while it invokes the candid protection of the public, will pleasantly embrace the sound examination of wisdom and taste. As the very best performances have their blemishes, so it is evident no man's abilities or conceptions can be wholly exempt from error, and therefore must profit from true criticism. Again, it is urged that criticism is more established by abstract rules than guided by feelings; but, from candid inquiry, it will appear immediately dependent upon that basis, and actuated by it in every instance. Yet I am ready to confess there are those pedants who, without any regard to nature, aspire to criticise by rules engendered in their own imaginations, while perfectly ignorant of the standard of taste. But it should seem unjust to conclude against criticism, because it may have fallen into the hand of professors incapable of its office, as such has been the precise fate of every branch of philosophy: yet, thanks to the riper judgment of mankind, those superficial writers obtained but a momentary reception; the short consequence they assumed may with greater propriety, perhaps, be attributed to their novelty, than ascribed to their ingenuity.

Nothing, it is certain, can supply the place of genius, or enliven those seeds of fancy that nature originally may have implanted in our souls; and which, from want of culture, have lost their vegetation, or become corrupt. Yet critical observations may check those extravagances in which the
lively

lively imagination may sometimes indulge. It is their province to point out the defective, and not perhaps without proving of some real moment, as the authority of the critic will at least excite our attention, if not, eventually, convey the most valuable instruction.

Many authors have obtained the greatest applause, even from men of acknowledged sense, at the first appearance of their works, by an abject subservience to the political prejudices, or the spirit of certain religious disputes, that may have at some time agitated the greater part of a nation; though, when the temporary public passion or party opinion has subsided, we shall find the genuine taste and true judgment of a people, concerning their real merits, have not been exercised in the primary appreciation of their value; and with what just criticism has condemned, the public, in the end, will not fail to acquiesce.—Thus a work which in the first instance acquired the highest reputation is now consigned to oblivion; while, on the other hand, another composition of real excellence was, on its first publication, received unfavourably, because it opposed the then popular opinions; yet these marks of disapprobation gradually subsided, and the work, at length, rose into its deserved rank of general estimation.

However, it is by no means to be accounted surprising that contrariety should be found in the judgment of authors or critics, as their sentiments are but too generally marked with prejudice; and, to hazard a conjecture, few, I believe, are the opinions of either, which may not be proved to be distinguished by some singularities peculiar to their respective tempers, habits, or situations. In fact, on almost every subject, in whatever point of view, the taste of one man

is clearly opposed to that of another; and the temper of human nature, from its inequality, and dissimilitude of faculties, will reconcile this obvious diversity. In the same manner mankind differ in sympathy of heart, and possess unequal measures of sensibility. The tale of woe, which may interest the attention, and excite the strongest emotions of commiseration in one man, will be heard by another with the greatest apathy and indifference; and the perception of taste will not, unnaturally, appear expressive of the warmth or coldness of heart. Did not this dissimilarity exist from nature, the various modes of culture and exercise, to which the powers of taste are subjected, would prove sufficiently imperious to subvert their uniformity. According to the degree of exercise they receive, such will be their proportion of improvement; and, as that exercise is varied, their appearance will assume a correspondent similitude.

This variety of tastes may be applied to all the fine arts. Whether they are equally good, is a question too wild to consider. But that there is some certain standard, whereby we may determine excellence or defect, must at least be inferred, or it should seem the powers of taste, insomuch as not admitting improvement or perversion, are infinitely superior to all other of our mental faculties. It appears to me an observation in point, that as all men will, in particular instances, consider themselves at liberty to arraign the taste of each other, therefore our feeling a presentiment of the qualities of objects, or, to speak more clearly, having a knowledge of right and wrong in their relative tastes, demonstrates that a criterion may be reasonably presumed, nay, perhaps, proved equally as universal, and as little liable to fallibility,

as the efforts of any other faculty of the human constitution.

To conclude: as the greatest refinement and justness of taste are necessary to the critic, so must the sound principles of criticism, as the genuine transcripts of nature, faithfully investigate and ascertain the excellence or defects in every performance of art, and, by justly appreciating their intrinsic qualities, prevent extraneous matter, or dazzling beauties, which may conceal the grossest deformities, from receiving an indefinite or indiscriminate approbation. Nor can there, in fact, be admitted any appeal from these conclusions; and this will readily appear, if it be considered that these decisions are not of mere solitary authority, but the acknowledged sentiments of all men. In all arts there are some general rules by which we are as really governed, as, in matters of individual dispute, we implicitly abide the determination of law:—and these established principles are deduced from the most excellent and admired performances in each art, and form invariably the standard of criticism.

HENRY FRANCES.

EULOGIUM upon the ART of a
LADY'S HAIR-DRESSER.

[From the *Journal des Dames et des Modes.*]

I WOULD propose to all the academies of Europe a prize for the best panegyric upon that art which is of all others the most useful to society, as well as the most arduous, the most noble, and the most sublime, in relation to the virtues which it requires—I mean the art of a lady's hair-dresser. To modify into pleasing forms these long and slender filaments which nature seems to have intended for the sport of every gale; to give to them a consistency

of which no one would suppose such materials were susceptible; to give to abundance regular order in the place of confusion, and to supply a want with fictitious riches, which would deceive the sharpest eye: to soften the coarseness of features; to increase the brilliancy of the eye, by contrast of colours, and even sometimes by reflected union: to effect all these miracles, without any other means than a comb, and some powder of different tints, these are the characteristics of the art, and yet constitute but a small part of a lady's hair-dresser's daily occupation.

If his industry entitles him to the rank of artist, its subject ought surely to give him a distinguished place on the list.

The pencil of the painter is exercised only upon the canvas; the chisel of the statuary upon the marble block. Cold copyists of the charms of which they only present the image, their labours necessarily bear the mark of dependence. They must have models to direct their imagination and their hand. Their greatest merit is faithful imitation; and the inanimate shadow which they sell so dear to luxury is but an imperfect sketch of the original, of which it teaches us to lament the loss.

What a difference between them and the lady's hair-dresser! It is a living beauty that he embellishes; it is a sex to which all the world pay homage that implores his aid. Has nature lavished upon it all her treasures? he improves their *éclat*. The forms and features of the sculptor and painter are all borrowed; the model is before their eyes. Not so with the coiffeur: he must have a peculiar genius for invention, a superior taste for combination: he must be able, at the first sight of a physiognomy, to ascertain what sort

sort of decoration will suit it. He must adhere to the general fashion, yet modify the dress to the individual. One woman would appear horrible in the style which makes another lovely. The coiffeur must therefore be always uniform, yet always vary his productions. It is true, the industrious hands, to which the canvas and the marble owe their metamorphosis have a superiority in one sense over the coiffeur. Their works possess a solidity which immortalise them. Each succeeding generation enriches itself with the labours of the preceding. The coiffeur has not that good fortune. The fruits of his art are more fleeting than those of the spring. Like the bouquets whose brilliancy they possess, they disappear with the day which has seen their growth, and find their tomb in the sleep, from whence the beauties they adorned derive new freshness. This is indeed a disadvantage: but ought the coiffeur to feel humbled on that account? In this particular, his art resembles that which we admire most in nature. It is the fate of every thing beautiful to fade away and vanish at the moment when arrived at the highest degree of perfection. The coiffeur always triumphs over this envious fatality by new creations. Every toilette is a fertile field, where he scatters his roses; and the prodigality of the evening is only a pledge of the abundance of the next day. I have hitherto considered him as a mere artist: but what if I were to enter into a detail of all his virtues? Are not discretion, reservedness, patience, punctuality, virtues? Of all artists, is there one to whom they must be more familiar than to the coiffeur? Admitted to the mystery of the toilet, must he not, like Job, make a compact with his tongue and his eyes? The more unreserved the confidence, the more

VOL. XXXII.

circumspection is required. How great must be his vigilance to keep himself constantly upon his guard against the charms which are placed in his hands! A new Pygmalion, does he not run a risk of having his head turned by the divinities whose heads he is employed to adorn? What scrupulous modesty does he not require to bear him safe through such variety of danger? He must not be merely as silent as Job, he must be equally patient. It is not a piece of inanimate metal that he forms; they are beings of quick sensibility, beings of delicate taste, accustomed to empire, and who regard every curl of their hair as forming part of their crown. He must, therefore, follow with his eye their interested and penetrating glances: he must divine the effect of a curl or a tress: he must seize in a moment all the immensity of rapid combinations which every motion of the comb produces, and answer with this instrument even the silent objections to his procedure. It will be easily admitted then, that the exercise of this art supposes a calm temper, excessive virtue, attention, and inexhaustible patience.

As to punctuality, only think for a moment what disorder would arise in society upon all such essential occasions as balls and assemblies, spectacles and birth-day galas, were a coiffeur to neglect his duty, or slip his memory. How many empty boxes, how many distressed families, how many broken engagements, and hence what confusion, what embarrassment, both in public and private?

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

SIR,

HAVING accustomed myself for several years past to read the va-

3 R

tions

rious publications of miscellaneous magazines, and other periodical works, &c. which are intended to afford useful amusement and instruction to their readers, I have, from their nature, and the most scrupulous attention shown to the culture and improvement of morality, conceived the greatest opinion of their worth and tendency to promote the virtues and happiness of society. But a person who has been a disinterested observer, acquainted with the numerous intercourses of the sexes, and their connections in the world, which are termed *social*, must perceive a great chasm of vacancy, as it were, either in the written dictates of their reciprocal duties, or in the performance of them. I am induced, therefore, to propose this subject to your correspondents for investigation, to discover the cause of this deficiency; or, should there be none, the reason why such rules of life as have been already prescribed operates not on the minds and inclinations of youth to practise them to the extent they require. If youth are educated into their several modes and habits of life, and their dispositions moulded by examples and instruction, from the many extraordinary connections which are formed, and inconsistencies, it appears, that there either has not been a clear decisive plan of conduct set forth to meet with general approbation, or that it requires a more universal distribution, and its principles more indelibly fixed on youthful minds and capacities for its observance, otherwise it is a physical evil. As to what may be urged in favour of the Classics, and authors who have already written on education, and for the improvement of the moral world, with the greatest respect to them, I must observe, that, in the particular now proposed, there can be found but

very imperfect and desultory hints, compared to the extent and great advantages resulting from a methodical and just explication of the relative duties in society, and the means shown of preserving the reputations and happiness of individuals, in an undissembled engaging behaviour and temper of mind, eventually producing the strictest life of unanimity and respect. And the late productions which are to be found inserted in the various periodical publications, and the single endeavours of different authors, by which, to their credit, some females have distinguished themselves, deserve the highest commendation and esteem; yet these appear to merit but little advancement to complete so excellent a design. Such compositions will be found to contain a profusion of matter irksomely repeated, without regularity or guide; different opinions are splenetically urged, and frequently contradictions; and from their prolixities and digressions, which serve to fill up the time in the perusal, instead of informing clogs the understanding, and often deters youth from study, and enforcing those fundamental principles on their memories, which should afterwards conduct them to manhood and goodness. Nothing can be more evident to persons who have a knowledge of the world, or are at all acquainted with the human heart; and how, by a simulation of conduct, actions are glossed over, which, when rightly known, would discover its turpitude and depravity, than that all former attempts to reform the manners and customs of society have proved ineffectual. How very common it is in mixed companies to hear those who compose them talk of sentiment, generosity, candour, and friendship, and those nominal significations of confidence and love,

but

but to a strict observer, who has marked the manner in which they are generally participated; he seldom hears such, but that he is sure those ardent professions indicate some selfish motives of resentment—profit, pleasure, or the like—quite foreign from the apparent ingenuousness and sincerity which is made use of to merit the enjoyment of them. And those various idle propensities of censure, contempt, ridicule, slander, and many other aggravating proofs of moral derelictions, not to say any thing worse of a criminal nature, are manifest even in public assemblies, notwithstanding all that has been said, done, or written, to prevent it. Considering this, and if the means of education are already definitely fixed and obeyed, it argues its insufficiency to improve the understanding and heart towards perfection, otherwise than instilling into youth ideas which soon degenerate into cunning and refined depravity, which is obvious from the many repeated proofs an experienced man of observation and judgment may find in almost all societies. Particular instances of exception, which are admitted, is no argument against this. Or should the mistake be supposed to lay in the incompetency of those who pretend to teach others, or in the constitutional habits of the persons themselves, and that allowances should be made for the weaknesses of humanity, still these objections are convertible; and the requisites to remove these impediments are wanting, or not sufficiently known for its remedy. It is not only essential to impress on young and tender minds those general principles of education which are taught in childhood; but in every progressive stage of life there are particular parts of knowledge and necessary qualifications to be inculcated, always improving as they advance

in years. This, in my opinion, is neglected, and produces that want of maturity in morals and virtue which youth of both sexes, at an adult age, too frequently show, by a proneness to levity and indiscretion. The time they are taken from school is, I should imagine, the time when it required the greatest attention to the cultivation of their morals, and the benefits of education: their passions and propensities then become more invigorated and ungovernable, which, if directed right, the exercise of reason, and serious reflections, would render them qualified to judge, and receive with greater propriety and satisfaction those useful rules and examples designed for their good and advancement in the world:—But, on the contrary, when neglected to be continued and enforced as they grow up, are often obliterated by the indulgences of the prodigal impulses of nature, and thirst for pleasures. At this most critical conjuncture of life, it unfortunately happens, that parents supinely defeat the most promising appearances of doing well, by confiding in what their children have previously learned; considering, that when they leave school their educations are finished; and on that account they are able to judge for themselves. Nothing can be more erroneous. This early part of their learning is only a foundation and preparatory to a more important branch of study and time of life, when their success and good conduct will prove, that reformation in the present established modes of social intercourse would greatly conduce to make them happier and better. For this purpose, I should like to be informed in your Magazine, by some of your female correspondents, what answer can be given to account for the many imperfections, and what are termed venial

offences, which are often visibly seen, to their prejudice, in their particular connections in the world.

J. P.

Rochester, Sept. 1801.

PARISIAN FASHIONS.

(With an Engraving elegantly coloured.)

STRAW hats are still worn, and their shape has not changed. In full dress, oblong head-dresses are worn, formed of a piece of *organdis*, or crape, which envelopes the hair; and over which are passed *bandelettes* of gold or silver. The richest of these head-dresses have the bottom embroidered with tinsel; some are made with a veil, which hangs down on the left shoulder. For a half-dress, pierced hats are worn; the backs of which are of satin, puckered. In undress, *taquets* are worn, which are more frequently round than with points, and always trimmed.

The knots of ribbons on the hats form a perfect rose. Neither feathers nor flowers are now much worn; tinsel is all the vogue. The bottoms of the robes, the ornaments of the tunic, and the *fichus* for head-dresses, are embroidered with silver foil.

The favourite colour for hats and the *capotes* of Florence is violet, embellished with jonquil ribbons and drapery, or brown earth of Egypt, decorated with lilac ribbons and drapery. The handkerchiefs are edged with rich lace. The *élégantes* wear their girdles in a cross behind, and tied with a graceful negligence in front.

The robes are chiefly made of muslin, with very large flowers; and the hair sometimes falls down the shoulders, regulated by sliders of enamelled gold. The ear-rings in the newest taste are of amber;

they vary much in form; but the most distinguished for elegance and effect are those of a square and octagonal shape.

Our *élégantes* have not yet dismissed either the veils or the oval head-dresses. The facility, however, of dispensing with long hair by the aid of veils which cover the neck has reproduced the fashion of short and cropped hair *à la Titus*. Several of our fashionables appear already cropped in public. The long-waisted gowns are still the mode. In half-dresses, the hats are work of straw interwoven in the manner of gauze, very dazzling and fine. In the undress the caps are round, and garnished with lace. Next after the long Cashmere shawls, those most in vogue are of muslin embroidered with silk. Some head-dresses of black lace, or embroidered with silk in colours, have lately made their appearance.

LONDON FASHIONS.

AN evening dress of lilac, or other coloured muslin, the body made quite plain, and trimmed round with lace; the sleeves very short, and trimmed round the bottom with broad lace. The hair dressed and ornamented with a *bandeau* of crape and flowers.

Walking dress. A round dress of cambric-muslin, the body made full, and drawn round the bosom with a frill; full long sleeves. Spanish cloak of white muslin, trimmed all round with lace. A bonnet of white or buff muslin, trimmed and tied under the chin with white ribbon.

The favourite colours are brown, yellow, and buff; and in flowers, scarlet, crimson, and other colours. Imperial chips, and flowers and feathers, are generally worn.

POETICAL ESSAYS.

THE FISHERMAN.

ALONG the smooth and glassy
stream,

The little boat glides slow ;
And while, beneath the rosy beam
Of setting sun, the waters glow,
The fisherman is singing gay,
' Sweet is the hour of setting day !'
The net, expanded wide, displays
The snare of direful fate ;
And where the finny victim strays,
The shafts of death, unseen, await ;
And still the fisherman is gay,
Singing the close of summer's day !

The zephyrs on the willow bed
In busy whispers fly ;
And o'er the lowly peaceful shed
The lonely screech-owls hov'ring
cry ;

And still the fisherman can say,
' How cheerful is the close of day !'

The rising moon, with quiv'ring light,
Along the river throws
A soft beam, from the brow of night,
And still a mimic day bestows ;
While on the smooth and liquid way,
The silent fisherman is gay !

The rosy dawn above the hill
Scatters the sev'ring cloud,
And myriads, flitting o'er the rill,
The daisied margin faintly shroud—
And from his hut, to greet the day,
The fisherman comes blithe and gay !

Happy is he who never knew
The pomp and pride of state ;
Who, stranger to the sordid crew,
Lives unmolested by the great ;
Who labours through his little day,
And, *pleas'd with labour*—still is gay !

For what but fishermen are those
Who spread the golden snare—
Who watch the scene of still repose,
To mingle pain and ruin there—
Who vaunt their gaudy sunny day,
While others pine, in grief, away ?

What is oppression but the net
Which holds the helpless throng ?
What promis'd favour but the bait
Scatter'd the servile race among ?
And who shall bid the wretch be gay,
When skimming through the glitt'ring
way ?

Poor fisherman ! would man, like thee,
Contented pass his hour—
Would those of loftier destiny
Forbear to use the rod of pow'r—
How many, through life's busy day,
Would sing, like thee—belov'd and
gay !

VERSES TO LADY G. GORDON,
WITH A PRESENT OF ROSES.

[*From Anacreon, Ode V.—Italian Translation.*]

'O, rosa gentile,
More del Pra :
O, figlia d' Aprile,
De nomi piacer !'

ROSES, that their fragrance drew
From Aurora's smile and sport,
Fly, Georgiana, fly to you,
Still a sweeter smile to court !

'Twas Anacreon sung of old
(Cupid ever lisps the song),
'Roses in their bloom enfold
Empires that to Love belong !'

Hence thy rosy cheeks by morn,
Hence thy lips of rosy dew,
Hence the rose-buds that adorn
Treasures Love has lent to you !

Such a guardian is the rose
Cupid's empire to maintain,
Envy, Malice, Cupid's foes,
Touch its thorn, and die in pain !

Thine, Georgiana, is the flow'r
Venus and the Muses prize ;
It will never lose its pow'r,
While it meets Georgiana's eyes !

THE MANIAC BOY.

ON ADDRESSING A WOMAN WEeping
AT A GRAVE IN A VILLAGE
CHURCH-YARD.

'AND why thus waste your evening hours
By this mis-shapen mossy grave?
And why thus strew the sweetest
flowers,
And shed your tears in silent show'rs,
Where night-shade and the tall weeds
wave?
' Beneath this sod, bedew'd with
tears,
And deck'd with many a flow'ret wild,
Reflection oft her altar rears,
For here a thousand hopes and fears
Lie buried with my maniac child.
' I've hous'd him from the wind and
rain,
From snows that fell in winter wild;
I've cloth'd him o'er and o'er again,
And with my labour did maintain
Him whom I lov'd, my maniac child.
' What time the day-star sunk to
rest,
He'd scent the balmy breeze of morn;
Climbing the neighb'ring mountains
crest,
Or blow the village herdsman's horn,
To break the drowsy ploughman's
rest.
' Oft as he loiter'd by the tide,
That down the valley wildly gushes,
The flowers that on the surface glide
He'd catch, with more than human
pride,
To deck his cap of sea-green rushes.
' And when the fervid noon-tide heat
Urg'd fainting cattle to the shade,
And village-swains on verdant seat,
With half-clos'd eyes, at length were
laid,
He'd seek the shepherd boy's retreat.
' In lanes as any meadow green,
E'ershadow'd by the drooping limes,
And there, by loitering elves unseen,
He'd loudly chaunt the village-chimes,
To many sad and simple rhymes.
' But he the twilight time admir'd,
For then he'd oft forsake his home,
And wait and watch, as one inspir'd,
By nettle-skirted grave or tomb,
To chase the owl through the gloom.
' One fatal melancholy night,
I saw, oh God! with wild affright,

My William number'd with the
dead!
I guess, by Will-o'-wisp misled,
He miss'd the path-way to my shed.
' For him I love at eve to weep,
And deck with flow'rets wild his clay;
For him my vigils here I keep,
'Till summon'd home by coming day.
Cambridge.

ODE TO TRUTH.

[From '*Juvenilia, a Collection of Poems, by*
J. H. L. Hunt.']

TRUTH, fairest virgin of the sky!
With robes of light and beaming eye,
And temples crown'd with day!
Oh thou, of all the cherub choir,
That boast'st to wake the sweetest lyre,
And chant the softest lay!
By him who, 'midst his country's tears,
Stood moveless to a thousand fears,
And smi'd at racks and death;
By Persia's turban'd heroes bold,
And all the Spartan chiefs of old,
That bow'd thy shrine beneath;
By holy Virtue's vestal flame;
By laurel'd Honour's stately name,
And cheek-bedimpled Love;
Oh lift from thy majestic head
The veil that o'er its tresses spread,
Doubt's fairy fingers wove!
The chaste Religion's virgin breast,
And Hope with fair-unruffled vest,
Their lovely sister hail;
Simplicity with lily'd crown,
And Innocence untaught to frown,
And Peace that loves the vale.
The daemon that usurps thy day,
And casts upon its blemish'd ray
The poison of his tongue:
Oh bid him, from thy dazzling sight,
Shrink back into eternal night,
His kindred hends among!
And, in the horrors of his train,
Let Discord seek his yelling reign,
Nor haunt thy path, serene:
While Guilt, on every sullen wind,
Starts pale and trembling from behind
His wild and wizard mien.
Then, o'er thy flower-enamel'd way
Shall youth, in artless frolic gay,
His rustic hymns increase:
While Britain, reaptur'd at the sound,
Shouts, to her echoing shores around,
' Truth, liberty, and peace!

THE COMMON CAUSE.

OUR country is our ship, d'ye see,
 A gallant vessel too;
 And of his fortune proud be he
 Who's of the Albion's crew.
 Each man, whate'er his station be,
 When duty's call demands,
 Should take his stand, and lend a hand,
 Take his stand,
 Lend a hand,
 As the common cause demands!
 And when our haughty enemies
 This noble ship assail,
 Then all true-hearted lads despise
 What perils may prevail;
 But, shrinking from the cause we prize,
 If lubbers skulk below,
 To the sharks heave such sparks;
 To the sharks
 Heave such sparks;
 They assist the common foe.

Among ourselves, in peace, 'tis true
 We quarrel—make a rout;
 And, having nothing else to do,
 We fairly scold it out:
 But, once the enemy in view,
 Shake hands, we soon are friends;
 On the deck, 'till a wreck,
 On the deck,
 'Till a wreck,
 Each our common cause defends!

LINES

TO MISS CHARLOTTE T*GH*M,
 OF B**H-G**TES,

*Who was so obligingly cruel as to take
 a Thorn out of the Author's Finger.*

AS Henry late the hedge's wild fruit
 sought,
 A jealous thorn th' intrusive finger
 caught;
 To Charlotte straight he brings the
 wounded part,
 And seeks th' assistance of her dex-
 trous art:
 Her dextrous art extracts the pointed
 grief;
 A dear-bought cure! a cruel, kind relief!
 Shot from her eyes, the wing'd un-
 erring dart
 A passage found, and rankled at his
 heart;

For one light throb, unnumber'd vary-
 ing pains
 Now fire his blood, and rage through
 all his veins.
 In depth of anguish thus the silence
 broke,
 And thus the kind, the cruel fair be-
 spoke:
 'Is this your friendship, doctress?—
 this your art,
 To cure a finger, and to wound a heart?
 What a delusive transfer, this of pain!
 Oh, that I had my milder wound again!
 In strains like these we charge the fa-
 tal art
 Which throws the gout upon a vital
 part.
 Victims we to the murd'rous med'cine
 lie:
 Untouch'd we'd live; thus cur'd, alas!
 we die!
 Wakefield, 1801. W. H. C.

IMPROMPTU,

*On seeing Miss Mortimore make her
 first Theatrical Attempt in the Charac-
 ter of Oppelia, in Shakspeare's Tra-
 gedie of Hamlet, at a private Theatre
 in Tottenham-court-road.*

BY GEORGE MOORE.

SHAKSPEARE, 'tis true, with magic
 pow'r,
 Can, in a short dramatic hour,
 With various scenes beguile:
 His well-turn'd jest we laugh to hear;
 His plaintive tale calls forth a tear;
 A tear adorns our smile.
 But when the author's am'rous strain
 Rais'd from his vivid fertile brain
 A lovely maid or wife,
 'Twas but a spangled airy thought,
 'Till some fair form its beauties caught,
 And warm'd them into life.
 The sweet Ophelia's modest grace,
 Her witching form, her charming
 face,
 Was surely drawn for thee;
 The poet's mind by love inspir'd,
 Some fairy sylph his bosom fir'd,
 And whisper'd what might be.
 Tottenham-court-road,
 August 11, 1801.

PAPER.

VARIOUS the papers various wants
 produce, [use :
 The wants of fashion, elegance, and
 Men are as various ; and, if right I
 scan, [man,
 Each sort of paper represents some
 Pray, note the *fop*—half powder and
 half lace,
 Nice as a band-box were his dwelling-
 place ;
 He's the *gilt paper*, which apart you
 store,
 And lock from vulgar hands in the
 'scrutoire.
Mechanics, servants, farmers, and so
 forth,
 Are *copy-paper* of inferior worth ;
 Less priz'd, more useful, for your desk
 decreed,
 Free to all pens, and prompt at ev'ry
 need.
 The wretch whom *qu'rice* bids to
 pinch and spare,
 Starve, cheat, and pilfer, to enrich an
 heir,
 Is *coarse brown paper*, such as pedlars
 choose
 To wrap up wares which better men
 will use.
 Take next the *miser's contrast*, who
 destroys
 Health, fame, and fortune, in a round
 of joys.
 Will any paper match him? Yes,
 throughout,
 He's a true *sinking-paper*, past all
 doubt.
 The retail *politician's* anxious thought
 Deems this side always right, and that
 stark naught,
 He foams with censure, with applause
 he raves,
 A dupe to rumours, and a tool of
 knaves :
 He'll want no type his weakness to
 proclaim,
 While such a thing as *foolscap* has a
 name.
 The *basty gentleman*, whose blood runs
 high,
 Who picks a quarrel if you step awry ;
 Who can't a jest, a hint, a look endure ;
 What is he? Why *touch-paper*, to be
 sure.

What are our *poets*, take them as they
 fall,

Good, bad, rich, poor, much read, not
 read at all?

Them and their works in the same
 class you'll find,

They are the mere *waste paper* of
 mankind.

Observe the *maiden*, innocently sweet,
 She's fair *white paper*, an unsully'd
 sheet,

On which the happy man whom fate
 ordains

May write his name, and take her for
 his pains.

One instance more, and only one, I'll
 bring,

'Tis the *great man*, who scorns a little
 thing ;

Whose thoughts, whose deeds, whose
 maxims are his own,

Form'd on the feelings of his heart
 alone :

True genuine *royal paper* is his breast,
 Of all the kinds most precious, purest,
 best.

EPITAPH

In Newark Church-yard,

ON ELIZABETH GREGG, OF LONG-
 SUTTON, LINCOLNSHIRE.

IF modest worth and beauty claim a
 tear,

Oh stop a while, and pay that tribute
 here !

For know here lies, beneath this hum-
 ble tomb,

A beauteous flower withered in its
 bloom :

Cut off from all the social joys of life,
 Here sleeps a daughter, parent, and a
 wife.

Charming her person ; graceful was
 her mien ;

Her temper open, and her soul serene :
 'Of manners gentle, and affections
 mild.'

Death made his conquest, and in tri-
 umph smil'd ;

For long may he his dart throw at man-
 kind

Ere he shall such another victim find.

L. B.

FOREIGN

FOREIGN NEWS.

Constantinople, July 24.

A Considerable number of French, lately imprisoned in the castles on the Black Sea, have passed through this capital on their return home. It is reported, that all those belonging to that nation, apprehended in the Ottoman dominions at the commencement of the war, will be immediately set at liberty.

Madrid, July 30. It was but this day that the treaty of peace with Portugal was published. The following are the principal articles:—

All the ports of Portugal shall be shut against the English. Spain shall restore the places of Jurumena, Arronches, Porto-Allegro, Casteldevide, Barbacena, Campo Maggiore, and Orguela, with the artillery and stores belonging to these places. Spain shall retain the towns and territory of Olivenza, from the river of La Guadiana. In the course of three months the expenses of the war shall be reimbursed by Portugal to Spain. The prisoners shall be reciprocally restored.

The two high contracting powers shall immediately after renew the ancient treaties of defensive alliance, modified according to the actual relations existing between France and Spain.

The first consul refusing, as it is known, to ratify this treaty, the French army was preparing to enter Portugal; but the court of Spain, in order to save that country, prevailed on the court of Lisbon to accede to the demands of France, by guaranteeing the integrity of the Portuguese states according to the treaty. A Portuguese plenipotentiary has consequently arrived with full powers. The French army was ordered to halt, and the prince of peace is returned to Madrid.

Vienna, August 1. Yesterday morning lord Minto, the English ambassador, received a courier from lord Elgin, at Constantinople; and in the afternoon he published the important official news that the

city and fort of Cairo, with the whole of the French troops in garrison, part of whom were in an entrenched camp, surrendered by capitulation to the united Turkish and British forces. The French troops were made prisoners of war, and are to be transported to France. The joy of the inhabitants of Cairo, upon the signing of the articles of capitulation, was unspeakable; and, had it not been for the presence of the English, the intemperance of the people would have been attended with fatal consequences to the French prisoners.

Ever since the middle of June, the grand vizier, supported by general Hutchinson, had surrounded Cairo; and the other parts of the combined forces had approached the forts, and threatened to attack them by a general storm. The French, perceiving they were likely to be overpowered, thought it most advisable not to wait the attack: they laid down their arms, and submitted themselves prisoners without drawing a sword.

The number of prisoners amounts to five thousand men, among whom are several Greeks and Armenians.

Stuttgart, August 3. The states of the Brisgau have again refused to take upon themselves the administration of the provisional government, as proposed to them by M. de Cobentzel and citizen Joseph Bonaparte. They justify themselves by stating that they are not yet free from the oath of fidelity which they took to the emperor.

Paris, August 11. The peace with Portugal was solemnly proclaimed at Madrid the 8th of July. A letter from Lisbon, of the 14th, announces that a new treaty has been signed at Badajos. Portugal consents to receive a French and Spanish garrison into its strong places, and the king of Spain has made himself guarantee to the French government for the execution of the treaty. The English ships of war of every

description are excluded from the ports of Portugal, and the marine property of that nation has been already embarked in haste to carry it to Gibraltar. They expect at Lisbon general St. Cyr, who is to maintain there the character of minister of the French republic.

The first consul has made known to the council of state, in the sitting of the 18th Thermidor, the convention which has been made with cardinal Gonsalvi, and the arrangement entered into, in concert with the court of Rome, to finish all the discussions, and to terminate radically all religious quarrels. The government has reason to hope, that in less than a month the priests called constitutional, those that have made the promise of fidelity, and all the others, united in sentiments and opinions, will employ themselves peaceably in the care of their ministry; and that neither the one nor the other will forget that their ministry is a ministry of peace, concord, and union.

Letters from Leghorn, of the 22d of July, state, that four thousand French were at Porto Ferrajo, preparing for an attempt to carry it by assault.

A lieutenant of a man of war, taken upon the coast of Egypt by the English, writes from the Lazaretto of Marseilles, of the date of the 2d of August, that an English cutter, in the beginning of June, had announced to the captain of the flag of truce on board of which he was, that the inhabitants of Rosetta had massacred the English garrison of that place.

Ratisbon, August 17. A Prussian courier has lately brought dispatches to M. Count de Goertz, which are of the highest importance. He had conferences immediately after with the ministers of Austria and France, and also with some of the secular princes of Germany. From what is circulated in public, it appears that these dispatches contain an opposition on the part of the court of Berlin to the nomination of any successor to the elector of Cologne, either for the electorate or for the bishopric of Munster. It is generally thought that the court of Vienna will yield to the wishes of the king of Prussia, and that the bishopric of Munster will form a part of the indemnities which are to

be reserved for that potentate. By this acquisition he will be enabled to join his possessions on the Weser and the Ems with those which remain to him on the Lower Rhine; to which, it is said, will be united the duchy of Berg, by an arrangement between the courts of Berlin and Munich. It is even stated, that the duchy of Westphalia, and other parts of the electorate of Cologne, will pass under the Prussian dominion.—The diet opened this day its deliberations on the last imperial rescript. It appears that the majority of votes will be for giving to the emperor all the full powers necessary for settling the affair of the secularisations with France, in concert with the courts of Berlin and Petersburg; but that the diet will reserve to itself the authority to examine and approve the arrangements which shall be adopted by those great powers.

Milan, August 17. According to letters from Leghorn, of the 12th instant, the deputies of the new king of Etruria and general Murat have returned from the Isle of Elba, without having effected any thing. The English squadron that lately appeared off that island has, it is said, reinforced the garrison of Porto Ferrajo with three hundred men, and inspired the defendants with fresh courage.

Vienna, August 21. It is certain that our court accords with that of Prussia upon the principal points of the secularisations; but they negotiate upon the mode of carrying them into execution. It is wished to avoid all delays, which are so much the more useless as the chief princes concerned have negotiated separately with the French republic.

29. On the 27th lord Minto received a courier from lord Elgin, at Constantinople, who, when these dispatches were sent off, on the 13th of August, had received no further advices from Egypt, except that the combined Turkish and English army had advanced to Alexandria, to lay siege to that city. General Menou had refused to accede to the convention of Cairo, as he still expected succours from the squadron of Gartheaume.

The day before yesterday the Aulic council of war received advices from the commandant of Semlin, that a corps of Janissaries,

Janissaries, principally consisting of those who formerly resided in Belgrade, and who were exiled from their country by the Porte after the peace of Czystow, had, under the conduct of an officer devoted to Paswan Oglou, obtained a complete victory over a corps of Turks, and immediately marched against Belgrade; of which, with the assistance of the malcontents within, they made themselves masters almost without striking a blow. They spared the life of the pacha of Belgrade, but deposed him, and appointed a successor. It is now expected that a strict alliance will be concluded between this new governor of Belgrade and Paswan Oglou.

Hague, August 29. The reports of a speedy approaching peace between England and France have greatly increased. Several couriers from Paris have been received at Amsterdam, and the Batavian rescissions payable after the peace have considerably risen, though the funds on the house of Austria and the bank of Vienna have fallen.

Many believe that the preliminaries of peace between France and England will be concluded sooner than has hitherto seemed probable.

The prohibition of the exportation from our republic of wheat, rye, barley, buck wheat, peas, and beans, has been prolonged from the 1st of September to the 31st of December of the present year.

Banks of the Maine, Aug. 29. The assembling of French troops in the Neapolitan territory, and at Ancona, had for its object to make a landing on the Turkish coast, where it would be easy to effect a junction with Paswan Oglou. But according to the latest private accounts from Paris this project is now laid aside, the emperor of Russia having declared, by his ambassador at Paris, M. Kalischeff, that an attack on the territory of European Turkey could not be viewed with indifference by the Russian court.

Frankfort, August 29. Citizen Cailard passed this way, the day before yesterday, on his way to Ratisbon, with a mission from the French government, which we are assured is relative to the business of the indemnities, which appears to have been definitively settled at

Paris between France, Prussia, and Austria. It is generally expected that all the ecclesiastical states will be secularised; but it is believed that the electorates of Menz and Treves will not be so settled until after the death of the reigning electors.

Hague, September 1. As no intelligence has yet been received of the actual signing of the preliminaries of peace between France and England, our funds have again fallen to their usual state: the negotiations between the two countries, however, continue very active.

Munster, September 2. On the 28th ult. solemn obsequies were performed here for the rest of the soul of his electoral highness of Cologne, our late prince and lord; the election of a new prince-bishop is appointed for the 3d of September and the following days.

The day before yesterday we received, by a courier from Vienna, the agreeable news that his imperial majesty will send a commissary of election to Munster, on whose arrival the election of a new prince-bishop will no doubt take place.

4. Yesterday the reverend chapter held its first meeting preparatory to the election of a prince-bishop. This morning lieutenant Bartel, who had been sent as envoy to Vienna, arrived here, and we are assured that the count of Westphalia will arrive to-morrow from Hildesheim, as imperial commissary of election; and that the election will then be appointed for the 7th instant. The brother of the emperor, prince Antony, will unite all the votes in his favour.

Wesel, September 4. We have had a report here that Prussian troops were on their march for Munster; but it does not seem probable that any such measure will be adopted, as M. Von Dohm is gone to Munster; and it may be expected that this experienced minister will be able to persuade the chapter to desist for the present from the election of a new bishop.

Paris, September 4. An English flag of truce arrived at Calais on the afternoon of the 1st instant with dispatches, and lord Paget, ambassador from the court of St. James's, with his suite, on his way to Vienna.—He received there passports which were sent him for his passage by France.

HOME NEWS.

Harwich, August 9.

THIS morning lord Nelson came to an anchor, in the Medusa frigate, off this harbour, having with him the King George and Providence cutters, a brig cutter, (supposed to be the Anacreon, lieutenant Guyon,) and another small cutter. His lordship cruised a part of the morning in one of the cutters in our harbour.

Leeds, August 10. Our volunteers had a very numerous muster on Friday, the 31st of July, to hear the instructions their commander had received from lord Hobart, through the medium of the lord-lieutenant; and it is with pleasure we learn, that their determination to comply with the request of their sovereign, 'To hold themselves in readiness to march, whenever called upon, to defend their country, and to perfect themselves in their exercise as much as possible,' was unanimous.

Such of the supplementary militia belonging to the West riding of this county as were some time ago disembodied are ordered again to assemble in this town on Friday the 21st instant, and the East riding militia are ordered to assemble at Beverley on Tuesday the 25th.

The North York militia have marched from Newcastle, and are encamped on the coast near Whitburn; the first West York march this day from Scarborough for Hull, and the East York from Hull for Scarborough.

Norwich, August 11. The supplementary militia of this county is ordered to be immediately embodied.

The Ingatestone and Brentwood volunteers, and Thornton pioneers, under the patronage of the right hon. lord Petre, have received orders from major Havers, major-commandant of the said corps, to hold themselves in readiness for duty at an hour's notice, should their services be required in the present emergency.

Harwich, August 11. It was rightly conjectured that lord Nelson's visit to this port related, among other things, to the sea-fencibles. Last night the fishing-smack owners here assembled on the Guildhall, and balloted one man from each vessel to serve his majesty on board the guard-ships. Our owners consider themselves accommodated by captain Schomberg having required only a draught of one man, who is not to be absent from his smack more than one voyage of the smack, and then he is to be relieved by another. A greater draught would certainly have been injurious to the fishery; but as it could have been required, the present is properly considered as an indulgence.

London, August 13. The Hamburg mail due yesterday was received in the afternoon; and by the packet which brought the mail came a messenger, Mr. Hugden, with official information of the capture or surrender of Cairo, with six thousand prisoners. In the course of the evening government confirmed the intelligence by publishing the following *bulletin*:

'August 12.

'A messenger arrived this morning from lord Elgin, at lord Hobart's office, by whom we are informed, that the grand signior had received dispatches from the grand vizier, containing an account of the fall of Cairo, with six thousand prisoners.'

The guns were fired at Constantinople on this important success.

Aberdeen, August 24. On Wednesday we had a tremendous storm of thunder and lightning, attended with heavy showers of rain. It began in the morning at Foundland; and, taking a south-east course, reached this place in the afternoon. Many of the peals were louder and longer than any ever remembered in this country. In the evening, one Forbes, a wright, in Ellon, travelling towards Newburgh, was killed

killed by the lightning. His shirt was burnt to tinder, part of his watch-case melted, and his body greatly disfigured. He is much regretted as a worthy ingenious man. At Micklefolla, in the Garioch, the lightning came through the roof of a house into the rooms, and broke some articles of furniture; but, fortunately, no person was there at the time. In the same neighbourhood a horse was killed by the lightning.

Last week the salmon-fishing on the Sands was uncommonly successful. It is computed that above fifty thousand pounds weight were caught. They were sold at $2\frac{1}{2}d.$ and $3d.$ a pound.

Dublin, August 29. Thursday evening captain John Atkinson, of the peace-establishment of this metropolis, assisted by Mr. Hyde, one of his majesty's messengers, brought into town from Limerick Denis Fitzgerald, who had been arrested there on a charge of being a spy. He appears to be a most extraordinary fugacious character, having been in many parts of the world, according to his own account. He is a smart, active, well-dressed young man, rather tall, of genteel appearance, and under thirty years of age, can speak all languages fluently, and says he has been in the service, at sea, of the English, French, Spanish, and Portuguese. He is an Irishman, born in the county of Kerry, where he states his father resides: he also mentioned that he has not been in Ireland for seventeen years past; that he was in lord Keith's fleet some years ago, as a common man before the mast; but, having been accused of creating dissension among the seamen, was confined, and ordered to be tried by a court-martial; but his lordship changed his mind, and sent him home a prisoner to England, where he was confined three years, some time in Tothill-fields prison, and in Newgate, and was discharged; whether from its being inconvenient to bring evidence from sea against him, or that the charge could not be substantiated, is not known.

Portsmouth, September 3. The following is a copy of the decision of the court-martial held on captain Ferris, for the loss of the Hannibal, of 74 guns:

'At a court-martial assembled on board the Gladiator, in Portsmouth harbour, on Tuesday, the first of September, 1801, to try captain Solomon Ferris, his officers, and ship's company, for the loss of his majesty's ship the Hannibal, in Algeiras-bay, on the sixth of July, 1801—Present, Admiral Holloway, president.

Captains G. Murray, G. Duff, J. N. Newman, Robert Lambert, Wm. Granger, F. Pickmore, E. J. Foote, Richard Dacres, Richard Retalick. Moses Greetham, jun. esq. judge advocate.

'The court, on hearing the narrative of captain Ferris, and the evidence of the officers and ship's company, and after mature deliberation, was of opinion, that the loss of his majesty's ship Hannibal was caused by her grounding on a shoal in the Bay of Algeiras, a-head of the French admiral, when captain Ferris, her commander, agreeably to the orders he had received, was making the gallant and well-judged attempt to place her so as to rake the enemy; and, after a considerable part of the ship's company had been killed or wounded, being obliged to strike his majesty's colours; and that the conduct of captain Ferris, in going into action, was that of an excellent and expert seaman, and that his conduct, after he was engaged, was that of a brave, cool, and determined officer; and that the said captain Ferris, his officers, and ship's company, by their conduct throughout the action, more particularly in continuing it for a considerable time after she was on shore, and the rest of his majesty's fleet had been obliged to quit her, did their utmost for the preservation of his majesty's ship and the honour of the British flag; and doth adjudge him to be honourably acquitted accordingly.'

This handsome and highly-honourable acquittal was immediately followed by the return of captain Ferris's sword by the president, who was pleased, in a manner that did honour to his feelings, to address him in the following words:

'Captain Ferris, I have great pleasure in returning this sword to you, as I feel assured, if ever you have occasion

to unsheath it again, it will be used with the same gallantry which you so nobly displayed in defending his majesty's ship the Hannibal.'

Cornwall, September 4. A singular circumstance occurred on Tuesday last at King Harry Passage, Cornwall.—A smuggler, with two ankers of brandy on the horse under him, was discovered by an exciseman, also on horseback, on the road leading to the Passage. The smuggler immediately rode off at full speed, pursued by the officer, who pressed so close upon him, that after rushing down the steep hill to the Passage, with the greatest rapidity, he plunged his horse into the water, and attempted to gain the opposite shore. The horse had not swam half-way over, before, exhausted with fatigue and the load on his back, he was on the point of sinking; when the intrepid rider slid from his back, and with his knife cut the slings of the ankers, and swam alongside his horse, exerting himself to keep his head above water, but all to no purpose: the horse was drowned, and the man with difficulty reached the shore. The less mettlesome exciseman had halted on the shore, where he surveyed the ineffectual struggle, and, afterwards, with the help of the ferry-men, got possession of the ankers.

A very large shoal of pilchards, said to exceed five hundred hogshheads, were driven into the Pier at St. Agnes, Cornwall, on Monday last, where they were fortunately stopped by shooting a ground-net across the entrance. The place not being provided with salt to cure them for exportation, they were sold out to the country-people at the very low price of one penny the hundred of six score.

A most desperate attempt to escape was made, on Wednesday, by nine convicts at Cumberland-fort. They had so far succeeded in their plan as to have reached the shore, where they had plunged a considerable depth into the mud before they were discovered. An alarm being immediately given, the troops of the garrison were ordered out in pursuit. The result was, which we are very sorry to state, that one of the convicts was shot dead, and another desperately wounded.

Dover, September 10. Four or five of the Boulogne gun-boats made a move this morning, and came out, for the purpose, it was supposed, of proceeding towards Calais. They soon, however, returned, and resumed their old station. Five of the Calais gun-boats were, it is said, ready to put to sea last night. As the wind is strong at east this morning, it is believed that they will take advantage of it, and endeavour to get to Boulogne.

London, September 12. On Wednesday evening last was found drowned in the Serpentine river, Hyde-park, a young woman about nineteen years of age, of the name of Kennedy, of respectable parents; but through the folly of her father, and the death of her mother, obliged to take to service. She had lived for five months past with Mr. Wolley, an ironmonger, in Piccadilly. Shortly after her coming to this place, being a very handsome girl, she was much noticed by one of the shopmen, who found means to seduce her under a supposed promise of marriage, his non-performance of which gave rise to a variety of fractious symptoms. She was heard some time ago to say to him, 'If you do not marry me, I will stab you first, and myself afterwards.' Another day, at work, the other servant heard her say, 'How happy a death it is to be drowned!' On Sunday evening last, at eight o'clock, she left her master's house, and no tidings were heard of her till Wednesday morning, when she was seen by two soldiers sitting under a tree in Hyde-park, and about an hour after was found drowned. The jury sat on the body at Knightsbridge. Verdict—Lunacy.

16. Yesterday parliament was prorogued to the 22d of October. The commissioners were earl St. Vincent, earl Harrington, lord Hobart, and the lord chancellor.

19. The following melancholy accident took place on Tuesday last:—Lady Carberry, who was travelling to the North, ordered one of her servants forward to prepare for her reception at the chief inn in Bugden. The poor fellow had scarcely advanced a mile, when the mail-coach, proceeding with uncommon rapidity in a contrary direction,

fection, upset both horse and rider, and the servant was killed on the spot. Her ladyship was so much affected by this unexpected event, that she delayed her journey till the remains of the deceased were interred. On the following evening he was to have been married to a young woman of exquisite beauty.

BIRTHS.

August 25. At Landaff-castle, near Cow-bridge, Glamorganshire, the lady of sir Robert Lynch Blossie, bart. of a son and heir.

The lady of Richard Moore, esq. of a daughter, at his seat at Kentwell-hall, in the county of Suffolk.

September 4. In Cavendish-square, the honourable Mrs. Dorrien Magens, of a daughter.

At Stourfield-house, Hants, the lady of sir H. Harper, bart. of a son.

The lady of A. T. Rawlinson, esq. of a daughter.

5. At Belmont, Hants, the lady of lieutenant-general Harris, of a son.

6. At Tallow, Ireland, the lady of colonel Munro, of the Caithness legion, of a daughter.

At his house at Brompton, the lady of Sol. Treasure, esq. of a daughter.

Mrs. Darby, of Lime-street, of a son.

10. The lady of Robert Hartman, esq. of Portman-square, of a daughter.

13. In Stratford-place, the lady of R. Johnson, esq. of a son.

At Court-lodge, Lamberhurst, the lady of Daniel Webb, esq. of Audley-square, of a son.

Lady Catherine Graham, of a son.

14. The lady of John Dent, esq. M. P. of a daughter, at his house in South Audley-square.

In Baker-street, the lady of lieutenant-colonel Knox, first regiment of guards, of a daughter.

In Clifford-street, the wife of John Gunning, esq. of a daughter.

16. At Walthamstow, the lady of Robert Wigram, esq. of a son.

17. The lady of Dr. Macqueen, of Parliament-street, of a daughter.

Mrs. Westley, wife of Mr. Westley, bookseller, in the Strand, of her 7th son.

At Sydney-place, Dublin, the baroness Hompesch, of a daughter.

MARRIAGES.

Aug. 27. Edmund Bacon, esq. eldest son of sir Edmund Bacon, bart. to miss Bacon, daughter of Dashwood Bacon, esq. of Ottery St. Mary's.

At Dumfries, Mr. John Swan, merchant, of London, to miss H. Maxwell.

29. Mr. Fraser, of Great Pulteney-street, to lady Croft, of Devonshire-str.

Robert Gamell, esq. to the widow of the late admiral Vandeput, both of Bungay, Suffolk.

30. At York, Mr. Bland, banker, to miss Ellis, only daughter of W. Ellis, one of the aldermen of that city.

Mr. Carr Elliston Lucas, son of Mr. Lucas, of York-house, Bath, to miss Penrose, of Hatfield.

September 2. At Lisbrian, county of Tipperary, the seat of sir Robert Waller, bart. captain Bates, of the 21st light dragoons, to miss Waller, youngest daughter of the late sir R. Waller, bart.

Lord Tara, of Bellinter, in the county of Meath, Ireland, to miss Powys, second daughter of Thomas Jelf Powys, esq. of Berwick-house, in Shropshire.

Mr. W. Crisp, of Watling-street, to miss S. Ayre, of Lynn Regis, Norfolk.

5. August Elliot Fuller, esq. of Ashdown-house, Sussex, to miss Meyrick, daughter of Owen Pukland Meyrick, esq. of Bodorgan, Anglesea.

6. Basil Montagu, esq. of Gray's-inn, to miss Rush, eldest daughter of

West Hill, Devizes, Wiltshire.

8. The rev. Thomas Downe, of Postling, Kent, to miss Mary Lord, late of Northiam, Sussex.

Brigadier-general John Murray, to miss Maria Pasco, niece to William Baker, esq. comptroller of the customs, at Montreal.

James Kelly, esq. to miss Fallon, daughter of Aug. Fallon, esq. of Hart-street, Bloomsbury-square.

J. Bacon, sculptor, to miss Taylor, of High-street, Southwark.

The rev. John Chandler, of Witley, Surrey, to miss Mary Currie, of Burwood-house, in the same county.

Jeremiah Watkins, esq. of Charing-cross, to Mrs. Walker, late of Stafford.

At

At Battersea church, Mr. Nathaniel Clarkson, of Guildford, to miss London, of Shalford, near the same place.

10. Mr. James Jones, brewer, of Lamborne, Berks, to miss Richings, eldest daughter of Mrs. Richings, in the Corn-market, Oxford.

12. Henry Howard, esq. of Thornbury-castle, M. P. for Gloucester, to miss Long, daughter of E. Long, esq.

The hon. sir Edward Crofton, bart. to lady Charlotte Stewart, daughter of the earl of Galloway. After the ceremony, the new-married couple set off for Hunt, in Berkshire.

16. Peter Lee, esq. of Highbury-place, to miss Emma Arbouin, third daughter of the late M. Arbouin, esq.

17. T. Bunn, esq. of Frome Selwood, to miss Kelson, of Beckington.

Mr. William Stock, of Pilton, to miss Smith.

Geo. Blackshaw, esq. of Donnington, Berkshire, to miss Brummell.

DEATHS.

Lately, at her apartments, Mile-end, Mrs. H. Offley, aged twenty-three, after a long and painful illness.

August 23. At her house, Great Baddon, Essex, Mrs. Alice Miol, widow of Lewis Miol, esq. formerly of Austin-friars, merchant.

September 2. After a long and painful illness, the rev. William Sturt, rector of Down St. Mary, Devonshire.

3. At Gillingham, in Kent, in the seventy-fourth year of his age, Neil Thomson, esq. of Berner's-street, purser of his majesty's navy.

Suddenly, aged 103, Mr. Joshua Dixon, of Downton, Wiltshire. By his two wives he had a numerous family: his eldest daughter, now living, is upwards of seventy years of age, and his youngest child only eighteen. He was a remarkable free-liver; and, from his own account, had drank, in the course of his life, upwards of two thousand gallons of brandy, besides other liquors. He enjoyed his faculties to the last.

5. At Reading, in the eighty-fifth year of his age, John Manley, esq. senior bencher of the Middle Temple.

Mrs. Morrison, of Foster-lane, Cheapside.

In Soho-square, the lady of Lambert Fowler, esq.

At his lodgings in New Bond-street, I. C. Ten Bosch, esq.

At Stamford-hill, Mrs. Craven, wife of John Craven, of Goodman's-fields.

6. At his house in Caroline-street, Bedford-square, W. Tyler, esq. R. A.

7. At his magnificent country-seat at Hillsborough, the most noble Arthur Hill, marquis of Downshire, earl of Hillsborough, viscount and baron Kilwarlin; in England, viscount Fairford and baron Harwich.—His lordship was born the 23d of February, 1753; and succeeded his father, the late marquis, October 13, 1793.

At Weston, the seat of lord Bradford, the right hon. lady Lucy Bridgman, wife of the hon. and rev. George Bridgman, and only daughter of the late Edmund earl of Cork and Orrery.

At his son's house, near Birmingham, Abel Peyton, esq. of West Smithfield.

Aged forty-seven, at his house in Chelsea, Thomas Hammond, esq. clerk in the Tellers' Office of his majesty's Exchequer, agent in the army, and for many years deputy-agent to the out-pensioners of Chelsea-hospital.

9. At Hackney, Gilbert Wakefield, B. A. a gentleman not less distinguished for great acquirements in literature and science than for his excellency of character in private life.

The rev. Owen Manning, B. D. rector of Pepperharrow, Surrey.

Edward Barnes, esq. clerk of the Chester-road General Post-office.

Mrs. Laurence, of Church-street, Soho, widow of the late Mr. Montagu Laurence, of the Strand.

Mrs. Mary Bray, of Kingsland, widow of the late Mr. Benjamin Bray.

10. Mr. Charles Smith, of King-street, Westminster.

At her father's house, Judd-place, West Sömer's-town, miss J. Baker.

14. At her house at Knightsbridge, Mrs. Elizabeth Morris, widow of captain John Morris, late of the royal navy.