

# THE LADY'S MAGAZINE

OR  
ENTERTAINING COMPANION

FOR  
THE FAIR SEX;

APPROPRIATED  
SOLELY TO THEIR USE AND AMUSEMENT.

FOR NOVEMBER, 1801.

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*This Number is embellished with the following Copper-Plates:*

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- 2 ELEGANT PARIS DRESSES, beautifully coloured.
- 3 FOR THE MORAL ZOOLOGIST—WILD RABBIT, DOMESTIC RABBIT, and the HARE.
- 4 A new and elegant PATTERN for a VEIL, &c. &c.
- 5 MUSIC—The FISHER; translated from the German, and adapted to the original Music, composed by REICHARDT.

LONDON:

Printed for G. and J. ROBINSON, No. 25, Pater-noster-Row;  
Where Favours from Correspondents continue to be received.



## TO CORRESPONDENTS.

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THE continuation of the Novel of Count Schweitzer has been received, but it has not yet been convenient to begin it; in the mean time, we should be obliged to *Louisa Eliza* for a further supply.

H. Frances will find his request attended to :—the Novel he mentions will certainly be acceptable.

The *Story founded on recent facts* appears to be of too private a nature.

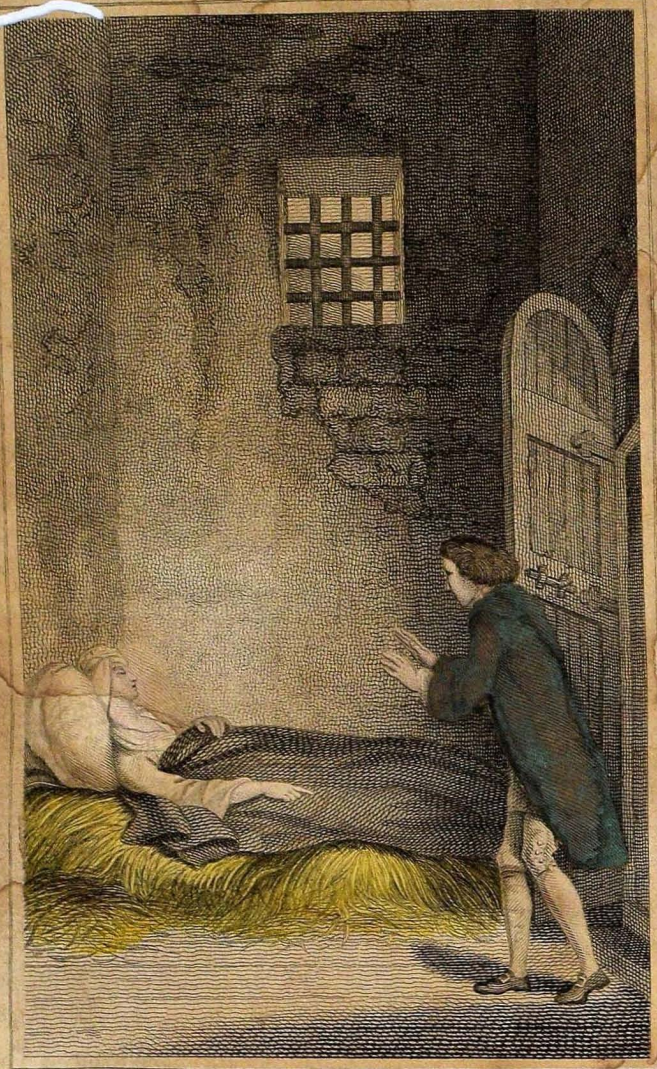
Eugenio's Essay has many defects; we would recommend it to his revision.

The Tale from the French shall have a place.

The Winter Fire-Side—Ode to a Lap-Dog—Verses on the Peace—Hymn to Peace—Lines on the Death of a beloved Father—To Spring—an Invocation to Health—are received.



*Engraved for the Lady's Magazine.*



*The Disobedient Daughter.*



THE  
LADY'S MAGAZINE,

FOR

NOVEMBER 1801.

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THE DISOBEDIENT DAUGHTER;

A TALE.

*(With an elegant Engraving.)*

**DISOBEDIENCE** to parents is a fault which seldom fails to produce its own punishment; and sometimes that punishment is fearful. The child whose ungovernable passions refuse to listen to the experience of an affectionate parent, too often continues to proceed in the path of self-will and vicious ignorance, till all regard to decency is lost, and sometimes even life terminated in shame and disgrace.

Mr. Ashford, a plain and honest farmer on the borders of Wales, had, by industry and care, considerably improved the little stock with which he began business. His integrity procured him friends among persons of every rank, and his easy and inoffensive manners rendered him beloved and respected by all his neighbours. He was happy in a wife, whose character was the counterpart of his own, and who brought him a daughter, who, as she grew up, displayed every day more and more vivacity and beauty. She became, as may be supposed, the darling of her parents; but, when about the age of fourteen years, she had the misfortune to lose her mother. Mr. Ashford felt severely the loss of his excellent wife; and it was long before he could overcome

his grief sufficiently even to transact his ordinary business with suitable attention. But gradually his affections seemed all to subside on his daughter, who now was soon able to take a considerable part in the management of the household affairs; and in a year or two, being no longer under the restraint of a mother, acted as mistress over the servants and labourers, and had every thing submitted to her direction.

And now it was that dispositions less amiable than she had hitherto manifested began to display themselves in miss Mary Ashford. She certainly was entitled to the appellation of a fine handsome girl: she was tall, had regular features, bright auburn hair, and eyes that sparkled with vivacity; but her mind not being fortified with reading or reflection, the praise, compliments, and flatteries, she continually received, were more than her head could bear without turning giddy. Her vanity, appealing to her looking-glass, assured her, that her admirers scarcely did her justice. She grew addicted to pertness and affectation, imagined herself qualified to shine in a much higher sphere of life than that she was born in, and secretly began to despise the humble



plainness and honesty of her good and indulgent father.

Her personal attractions had, however, procured her many admirers, some of whom not only offered her every sincere affection, but such a situation in life as was suitable to her own, and might have ensured her ease and comfort for the remainder of her days. But the high opinion she entertained of herself caused her to treat all her rustic lovers with a slighting coldness that quickly freed her from their importunities. Her vanity soon found an object more suited to it; for the young squire, the son of the wealthy owner of the extensive manor on which was her father's farm, having met her in his walks, and entered into some discourse with her, was encouraged, by her flippancy and forwardness, to pay her a number of flattering compliments, and lay the foundation of an intrigue which, from her manner of behaviour, he conceived she would not be averse to. He accompanied her home, and occasionally repeated his visits, expressing his admiration of her, whenever they were alone, in the most exaggerated language; and lamenting, that it was not in his power to marry her immediately, and raise her to that exalted station in life in which she was so eminently qualified to shine.

Mr. Ashford became not a little uneasy, and even seriously alarmed, at these frequent visits of the young squire to his house, though he knew nothing of what passed in the interviews when he was not present. 'Mary,' said he to his daughter, 'I feel the greatest concern and anxiety at the sudden friendship which the young squire seems to have conceived for us; if he has ever said any thing to you on the subject of love, do not conceal it from me, but take the advice of my experience.

'Oh!' said Mary, 'he has not said any thing to me on any such subject; but I do not know that it is absolutely impossible that he should fall in love with me: things as odd as that have happened before now.'

'Dear simple girl,' said her father, 'beware how you let your vanity run away with your understanding; you are on the brink of a precipice. The mean arts and profligacy of many young men of fortune are notorious; and we have as yet no sufficient reason to believe that he is more to be confided in than they.'

Mr. Ashford now narrowly watched the behaviour, looks, and language, of Mr. Lascelles, as often as he called in at his house; and from the observations he made (for he was by no means deficient in good natural sense) was convinced that his wealthy visitor, if he had any designs at all, had only very improper ones on his daughter. By a careful inquiry into his character, he learned that he at that time kept a mistress in town, and was addicted to habits of the most riotous dissipation. He therefore began to treat him with a coldness, which soon induced him to come no more while Mr. Ashford was in the way; but he still continued to have private interviews with his daughter, meeting her, by appointment, at different places, and sometimes being admitted by her into the house after her father had retired to rest. One of these meetings Mr. Ashford discovered, and expostulated strongly with his daughter on her imprudence. He warned her of her danger; and conjured her, as she loved him, and valued her reputation and future happiness, that she would no more permit any clandestine interviews. He concluded by assuming the authority of a parent: 'If,' said he, 'my entreaties avail nothing, I command



mand you, as a father, that you see him no more, except when I am present, or at least openly and without disguise and intrigue. If you disobey me, depend on it your disobedience will not go unpunished.' His daughter, whose careless behaviour, while he earnestly entreated her, had occasioned this peremptory command, and the menacing reflexion which followed it, made, indeed, no reply; but it was too apparent, that her vanity had led her to despise the good sense and good counsel of her father.

She still continued to have secret meetings with Mr. Lascelles, and even often to admit him privately into the house. As he learned from her that this was contrary to the earnest entreaty and express command of her father, he was soon emboldened to proceed to the last step he had in view; by proposing that she should immediately elope with him to London, and there be privately married; assuring her that he would own her publicly as his wife, as soon as he could reconcile his father to the marriage, which he made no doubt he should soon be able to do after it had taken place, though he dared not at present mention to him his intention.

This proposal, at first, somewhat alarmed her; but, blinded by her vanity, she at length consented. She quitted her father's house in the night, came post with her lover to town, and there her ruin was soon completed. Mr. Ashford was extremely affected at the loss of his daughter, who had managed her elopement so secretly and suddenly, that he could neither tell which way she had gone, or even obtain any positive proof that she had continued any connexion with Mr. Lascelles. His researches were therefore all fruitless. His grief and incessant anxiety of mind occasioned a severe

fit of illness, which lasted a long time, and from which he very slowly recovered.

In the mean time, his daughter was placed by Mr. Lascelles in lodgings, furnished in the most elegant and expensive manner: she frequented all the public places of amusement, attired in the most costly dresses of the newest fashion, and lived a life of the most luxurious dissipation. This continued about two years; but then a coldness ensued between her and her paramour, which ended in a separation. She now found herself deserted and friendless, and began to reflect, with much remorse, on the fatal consequences of her vanity and disobedience. She, however, soon after met with another lover, who again took her into keeping, but on a much less expensive scale. This paramour likewise grew tired of her before many months had elapsed, and she was again deserted and left to her wretched fate.

To follow the history of this unhappy girl through all the progress of profligacy and vicissitudes of wretchedness could only give pain and disgust to the reader; suffice it to say, that she sunk rapidly to the lowest degradation of vice, and became a prey to all the miseries of disease and poverty, till at length she was confined in a prison, with nothing to repose on but a bed of straw. Here she was sensible that her end approached, and sent for her father, to whom she never before had made known where she was to be found. The good old man hastened to town, and flew to the prison, feeling a real joy at again finding his daughter, though he shuddered at the situation in which he found her. The meeting was tender—it was awful.—'Father,' said she, 'forgive me—I have not long to live; I disobeyed you: what  
you



foretold has come to pass; my disobedience has been punished, and with a terrible punishment.'

She sunk down, and could utter no more. The wretched father, in an agony of suffering, endeavoured to revive her. He procured assistance, conveyed her to a comfortable apartment, and tried every means to restore her to sense, but all was in vain: it was too late:—the wretched girl continued speechless, and expired the next morning.

#### BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH of the early Years of BONAPARTE.

*Nihil ab hoc immaturum, nihil properum, nihil asperum formidandum est: omnia seria, cuncta gravia, et quasi respublica ipsa jubeat, auguranda sunt. Scit enim qualem sibi principem semper optaverit: nec potest aliud nobis exhibere, quam quod ipse desideravit et voluit.*

[THE following account of the early years of Bonaparte is from the pen of a gentleman who was his school-companion.]

**BONAPARTE**, of a family originally Italian, was born in the year 1769, at Calvi, a little town of Corsica, of parents noble but poor; his god-father, the celebrated Paoli, gave him at the font the name of Napoleone. Madame Bonaparte, his mother, (handsome, as they say) had attracted the attention of the count de Marbœuf, named by Lewis XV. to the government of Corsica; and it is to him that malice ascribes the honour of the hero's birth.—Should this be true, it would give force to the world's wild opinion, which inclines to bestow on children the offspring of unlawful love a more decided and manly character. However it may be, the count de Marbœuf had given many testimonies of friendship and good-will to-

ward the family of Bonaparte; and had particularly taken upon himself the care of the young man, whom he had a long time assisted with his credit and his purse. In 1778 the count had designed to send this young *protégé* to France, with the view of giving him an education suitable to his birth, and necessary to his future establishment.

France, under the ancient government, and more particularly under the reigns of Lewis XV. and Lewis XVI., had formed establishments for the education of gentlemen of small fortune; and the munificence of the kings had spared nothing to render them, at the same time, useful and agreeable to young men. These institutions, called *Ecoles Royales Militaires*, were to the number of thirteen, and established in different provinces of the kingdom; that of Paris served as a centre to the whole, and was the object to which the young men, admitted by the king, directed their views. It was held up as a recompence to those who most distinguished themselves by their progress in the different studies\*.

From their entrance into the school at an early age, the minds and bodies of the pupils were kept in constant employment; and their instruction continued for seven or eight years, during which time the most unremitting care was equally bestowed on all. The most able masters in every branch gave up all their time to direct the studies of

\* For that purpose, a royal inspector, commonly a general officer, accompanied by two members of the academy, made every year a review of the schools. The examination was made in his presence, with the most scrupulous exactness; and those of the pupils who, to their proficiency in study, received the testimony of the regents in favour of their character, were admitted to the military school of Paris.



the youth, and to inspire them with sentiments of virtue. The study of ancient and modern languages, of history, of geography, of mathematics, and the various branches of military science, formed the basis of their education. And in these establishments, while the utmost attention was paid to youthful instruction, the agreeable was not forgotten; that, by rendering science amiable, the youth might not contract that dryness of manner which too frequently accompanies profound erudition.

It was in one of these schools that the count de Marbœuf was desirous to place the young Bonaparte. Corsica, since being united to France, had obtained for its inhabitants, among other privileges, that of sharing the royal beneficence; so that the count had no difficulty to procure for his *protégé* the place of one of the *élèves du Roi*.

The marshal de Segur, then minister of war, and charged with the department of military schools, placed Bonaparte in that of Brienne, in Champagne; in which he entered, I believe, in the beginning of the year 1779.

It was about 15 or 18 months afterwards, that my father, availing himself of the right which all strangers of family had to educate their children in these royal institutions, sent me there to begin my education. Different in temper and character, and younger than Bonaparte, I formed no particular friendship with him; but, living under the same roof, and sharing the same exercises, I remarked him early as something extraordinary, perceiving no one, among 150 youths, who in the least resembled him, either in disposition or in taste. In this I only confirmed an idea very generally allowed, that children are often more observing than they appear to

be. Of this, curiosity is probably in them the only cause, being more eager in youth than advanced age; and a young person, without troubling himself about the reason, which his faculties are not yet able to reach, has his attention attracted and fixed only by that which strikes him. Bonaparte, with inclinations different from his companions, separated himself from us, and therefore became, naturally enough, the object of our observation.

I do not recollect that he ever showed the slightest partiality in favour of any of his comrades: gloomy and fierce to excess, almost always by himself, one might say, that, newly issued from a forest, and till then withdrawn from the sight of men, he now began, for the first time, to feel the impressions of surprise and of suspicion. Continually alone, averse likewise to all that is called children's plays and amusements, he never was seen to share in the noisy mirth of his school-fellows: very far from that; if sometimes he came among them, it was only to find fault, notwithstanding the known danger to which a boy-pedagogue inevitably exposes himself by reprimanding his young companions—a danger of which his growing courage had early taught him not to be afraid; for, when attacked by a number of our school-fellows, whom his offensive railleries had provoked, I have seen him repel, with the utmost *sang froid*, their blows and united efforts. Thus, so young, Bonaparte seemed to disdain to be no more than a child, as if he had already foreseen that destiny would one day call him to surmount the greatest obstacles.

Bonaparte showed very early the desire, or rather the need, of liberty. The love of his country (the island of Corsica, which he then considered as his native home) triumphed already



already over the sentiment of gratitude due to the bounty of the king. The idea of dependence appeared to him degrading; he was humbled by it; and often indignant to be exposed to the malicious witticisms of his comrades on the union of Corsica to the monarchy of France:—‘I hope to be able,’ replied he, in the tone of an offended spirit, ‘I hope to be able, one day, to restore it to freedom?’—Unconscious then that he was to be called in a few years to fix the power of France itself, and decide the fate of the other great states of Europe.

His first steps in learning were not marked by any extraordinary progress; and whether from carelessness or dislike, he gave but little application to the study of the Latin tongue. This negligence appears so much the more astonishing, as his desire of instruction and occupation very soon became in him a real passion; but latent genius already directed his choice to the study of those branches of knowledge, which were afterwards to become the instruments of his glory. Mathematics, fortification, the attack and defence of places, but, above all, the study of history, occupied all his time. To these studies he gave himself up without relaxation: and I have no doubt but his enthusiasm originated in his favourite reading of the lives of great and illustrious men, whom he had, from the beginning, proposed to himself as proper models.

No one was able to judge better than myself of the uncommon avidity with which he pursued his readings; and the great connexions which we had together on that head, were, doubtless, what contributed to fix my attention upon him in so particular a manner.—To explain that more clearly, it is necessary to mention an establishment which had taken place in the military school

of Brienne, during the residence of Bonaparte, which was the foundation of a library entirely under the direction of the young men, and destined to their pleasure and instruction. But, to give us proper notions of arrangement and of order, our superiors proposed to leave the distribution of the books, and the administration of the funds dedicated to the support of the library, to the absolute management of two boarders, to be chosen by their comrades. I was one of those whom my school-fellows had named to that employment, to which I gave up the leisure hours of three years, perhaps the most pleasant in my life. It was then that I had repeated opportunities to see Bonaparte, who, perhaps, in preference to me, ought to have been chosen the librarian; but our companions thought otherwise; and probably he would have disdained the appointment, believing all the moments lost to his own instruction which he must have sacrificed to the minute detail of such an office. However that might be, his calls became so very frequent, as to render me unreasonably out of humour. It is in the nature of man, and in my own justification, not less in that of children, to arrogate to themselves, by degrees, all the privileges of authority. It was, indeed, my duty to have been complaisant, but I found it more convenient to be capricious. Plagued by demands so often repeated, I sometimes pretended to mistake his application for teasing and intentional importunities; and sometimes also I had reason to repent my rudeness. Bonaparte, young, was not more patient, nor less positive, than now, and has made me frequently feel that it was always unsafe to provoke him. At that time I should have been ashamed to own it, but at present such a confession is not so painful.

*(To be continued.)*



The MORAL ZOOLOGIST.

(Continued from p. 520.)

THE DSCHIKKETEI, OR WILD MULE.

THIS animal, in size and form, resembles the common mule, or the offspring of the horse and the ass, or the ass and mare. It has a large head, flat forehead, gradually decreasing in width towards the nose. The eyes are of a dark ash colour, and of a middling size. It has thirty-eight teeth, which is two less than the horse; the ears are also longer than those of a horse, and lined with a thick, whitish, curling coat of hair. The neck is slender and compressed; the mane upright, short, soft, and of a greyish hue; in lieu of a foretop there is a short tuft of downy hair, about an inch and three quarters long. The body is long, the back very little elevated, and the breast protuberant and sharp. The limbs are long, and of an elegant construction; the thighs thin, like those of a common mule. On the interior part of the fore legs is an oval callus; none on the hinder ones. The hoofs are of an oblong form, smooth, and black. The tail is slender, like that of a cow, and destitute of hair for half its length; the remaining part is covered with long ash-coloured hairs. In the winter season the coats of these animals are grey at the tips, and of a brownish ash-colour at the base; the hair is about two inches long, and in the fineness of its texture very similar to that of a camel, and undulated or waved on the regions of the back. In summer their coat is shorter, beautifully sleek, and elegantly marked with small spots. The end of the nose is white; from thence to the crown or foretop inclining to a tawny hue. The belly, buttocks, and the interior part of the limbs, are white. From the mane a

blackish testaceous line extends on the ridge of the back to the tail, which is broadest on the loins, and gradually decreases. The colour of the upper part of the body is a yellowish grey, which becomes a paler hue towards the sides. The length of the animal, from the tip of the nose to the base of the tail, is six feet seven inches; the trunk of the tail is one foot four inches long, beyond which the hairs extend eight inches. The height is three feet nine. This species inhabit the deserts between the rivers Onon and Argan, in the southern regions of Siberia, the extensive plain and deserts in Western Tartary, and the famed arid deserts of Gobi, which reach even to India. In Siberia they are found in very small numbers, and appear as if they were accidentally detached from the numerous herds to the south of the Russian dominions. They avoid woody situations, and lofty mountains covered with snow. In Tartary they are abundant in the vicinity of Taricnoor, a salt lake, which at certain periods is dried up. These animals are of a social nature, and form themselves into herds, usually consisting of a chief, and mares and colts to the number of about twenty; but frequently these societies are less numerous. The female produces but one foal at a birth, which attains maturity, in form, dimensions, and colour, by the third year. When these animals are thus perfected, the seniors chase them from the herd, and they retreat till they find a suitable mate, when they establish a similar social community. This species always carry their heads horizontally, except when they take to flight, in which state they hold them upright, and erect their mane. Their voice or neighing is of a deeper cadence and louder tone than that of a horse. These animals are fierce and un-



tractable, and, when they fight, like the horse, defend themselves by biting and kicking. In fleetness of motion they even exceed the antelope; and, in consequence of their great agility, the Mongolians, when they shoot them, are obliged to lie in ambush, and have recourse to stratagem. They are timid and cautious in their disposition; as the male which heads the herd is always on his guard, and vigilantly observes the motions of the hunter. When they perceive any meditated assault, they run round and round their pursuer, and afterward rejoin the herd, which unanimously fly with precipitation. By endeavouring to be convinced they are pursued, they often approach so near to the hunters as to enable them to shoot them securely. It is also remarked, that, in rainy or boisterous weather, the weight of the atmosphere renders them stupid, consequently less cautious in admitting the approach of the human species. The flesh of these animals is eaten by the Mongolians and the Tangusi; their skins are also used for the purpose of making boots. These animals have a quick scent, and keen perception of hearing, which occasions the Mongolians to call them *dschikketei*, which implies the eared. This species anciently extended farther south, and was evidently the half-ass described by Aristotle, which was famed for being prolific and fleet: the former quality caused them to be regarded as wonders, the common mules being usually barren. Of these mongrel productions it will be necessary to make some mention.

#### COMMON MULES.

The term mule implies the offspring of two animals of different species; though it is more especially applied to the progeny of a horse and she-ass, or an ass and a mare.

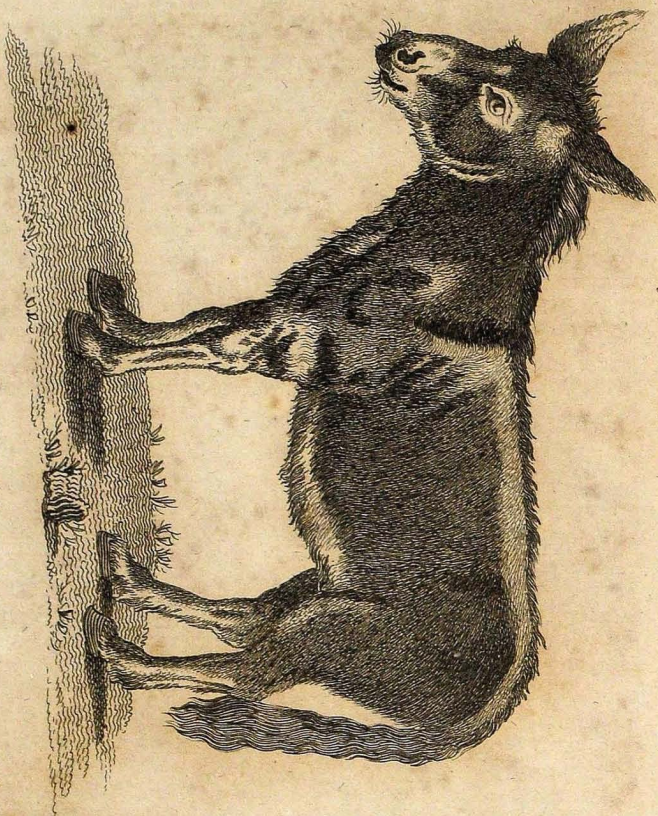
These animals are very hardy, and proverbially obstinate. In form and disposition they resemble the ass more than the horse. The finest of these mongrels are bred in Spain, and very large ones are produced in Savoy. The French distinguish the mules brought forth by the she-ass by the term '*bardeau*;' this animal is smaller than the mule produced by the mare.

As Providence has wisely ordained that no material innovations should take place in the animal æconomy, mules and every species of heterogeneous productions, if they are not invariably barren, are at least but rarely endued with the power of continuing their spurious race: evidences of their fecundity are so extraordinary, as scarcely to admit of belief, though some particular instances are attested by several respectable naturalists. But even if this circumstance should exist, it is in so limited a degree as not to continue in succession—therefore cannot subvert the rational systematic opinion, that the Supreme Being inviolably preserves the operations of every created atom, and consequently restrains the wanton ingenuity of man; who, by seeking to produce varieties in the animal tribes, would, by succeeding in that endeavour, introduce deformity and universal degeneration.

Exclusive of the mongrel productions already specified, goats and ewes form a cross-breed, as well as dogs and wolves, and several other animals; but as these unnatural alliances cannot be agreeable to the intent of the Great Author of Nature, I shall forbear to expatiate on the subject beyond what is necessary to connect the chain of existing animals; the inquiry into their respective variations being rather a curious speculation than an improving or entertaining research.



*Engraved for the Ladies Magazine.*



*The Cyp.*



## THE TAME ASS.

The ass, by many naturalists, has been considered as a degenerated horse; yet, from the uniform œconomy of nature, it evidently appears this race of animals form a distinct species. The ass has long slouching ears, and a short mane; the tail is covered with long hairs at the extremity; the body is usually of an ash colour, with a black bar cross the shoulders; the hoof consists of one piece; and he has six cutting teeth in each jaw. The dimensions of this animal are less than those of a horse. The asses of Africa and the East are famed for their size and beauty. This animal, from the native superiority of the horse, becomes a second-rate instrument of convenience, and consequently is consigned to drudgery; and, as a natural effect, is not cultivated or embellished by art, but appears in a state of the wildest simplicity. To qualify him to endure the indignities offered to him, he is signally patient; and, as the means of enabling him to execute the laborious services that are imposed on him, he is endued with extraordinary strength, and is naturally propense to arduous pursuits: in his appetite he is not only temperate as to quantity, but humble as to the quality of his food; as he contentedly eats the herbage which the horse rejects; but he is extremely nice respecting the water that he drinks, which is ever of the purest kind. As no care is taken to refine the coat of this animal, he frequently rolls himself on the grass, and, by the friction of thistles or ferns, adjusts his hair. He appears averse to wetting his feet, and is less obnoxious to vermin than most other quadrupeds, which may perhaps be ascribed to the thick texture of his skin. This animal, notwithstanding the ill treatment he but too generally receives, manifests attachment to

his master. In fine, this persecuted member of the brute creation has a fine ear, quick scent, and acute oral perceptions; and, if it were not for the comparative excellences of the horse, would be esteemed by the human race as one of the most beneficial subjugated tribes.

The ass is generally pronounced to be stupid, obstinate, and slow; but these qualities are only the natural consequences of age and ill treatment; as when he is young he is gay, tractable, and even graceful. As the natural passions incident to animal nature exist with uncommon force in this species, their attachment to their offspring is so strong, that the female, it is reported, will even pass through fire to rejoin her young, when by any accident she has been separated from them. The female usually brings forth one colt, and sometimes, though rarely, two. Her time of gestation is nearly twelve months. Like to the horse, these animals are three or four years before they attain maturity: the length of their life but rarely exceeds twenty-five or thirty years. The female is said to live longer than the male, probably owing to the kinder treatment she receives during her pregnant state, which is the condition of the greatest part of her life. These animals sleep even less than the horse, and never lie down to repose, unless they are exhausted by fatigue. Their nature is also more robust than that of the horse, and their bodies subject to fewer diseases: the glanders is the principal malady incident to these hardy animals. The ass differs very essentially from the horse in its voice, as the former brays and the latter neighs. Asses are unquestionably natives of warm latitudes, and degenerate in size and other qualities, in proportion to the temperature of the climes they inhabit.



They appear to have been originally natives of Arabia, and from thence to have passed into Egypt; from Egypt they probably advanced to Greece, and from Greece most likely were transported to Italy, and so to Germany, Britain, Sweden, &c. &c. When America was discovered by the Europeans, no asses were found on that vast continent, though the southern regions appear peculiarly adapted to their nature; those transported thither having multiplied greatly, and herding in troops.

In the regions of India and Guinea, asses are larger, stronger, and of more general use than horses. They are also highly esteemed at Madura, where they are revered by the idolatrous inhabitants, from the absurd idea that the souls of the nobility transmigrate into the body of these animals. From Senegal to China the ass species is infinitely more numerous than that of the horse.

Wild asses are more common than wild horses, and require to be separately described, as they differ in many essential qualities from the tame kind.

#### THE WILD ASS, OR KOULAN.

This animal was denominated 'onager' by the Greeks, and by many naturalists has been mistaken for the zebra, notwithstanding it is not of so elegant a structure, or distinguished by such characteristic marks. The wild ass has an elevated forehead, much arched; ears invariably erect, sharp-pointed, and lined with curled hair of a whitish hue; the eyes of a livid-brown cast; the lips thick; the nostrils large and oval. This animal is much higher on its limbs than the tame ass, and its legs are more delicately formed. It resembles the tame kind in the narrowness of its chest and body,

but holds its head considerably higher, and its skull is remarkably thin. Its mane is dusky, and formed of soft woolly hair, which extends quite to the shoulders. The hairs at the extremity of the tail are about a span long, and of a coarse texture; the colour of the hair in general is silvery white. The upper part of the face, the sides of the neck and body, and hinder part of the thighs, are of a flaxen hue; the latter are separated from the flanks by a white line, which extends round the rump to the tail. The belly and legs are white. On the ridge of the back, from the mane to the tail, there is a stripe of bushy waved hairs of a coffee hue, which gradually decreases in width to the base of the tail; another stripe of a similar colour crosses that already described at the shoulders (in male subjects only). The band on the back, or dorsal band, as well as the mane, are bounded on each side by a beautiful white line. In the winter season the coat of this animal is very fine, soft, and of a silky texture, also much undulated or waved, and in quality similar to that of the camel: its colour is brighter at this period than any other. In summer its coat is smooth; the sides of the neck are marked with shaded rays pointing downwards. The dimensions of a male are six feet ten inches from the tip of the nose to the base of the tail; the tail is two feet one inch and a half; its anterior height is four feet two inches, its posterior four feet six inches.

The habitudes of these animals nearly resemble those of the dschik-ketei and wild horse. They are migratory, and assemble in troops under the command of a leader: they are of a shy nature, and often stop in the midst of their course, when they will suffer the approach of the human species, but instantly pursue



pursue their way with incredible agility. The flesh of these animals is made an article of food by the Arabs and Tartars, and by the ancient Romans was esteemed a delicacy. It is reported that it is more agreeable to the taste when kept two days after being boiled.

This species were anciently found in the Holy Land, Syria, the land of Uz, or Arabia Deserta, Mesopotamia, Phrygia, and Lycaonia: at present they are only found in the dry mountainous parts of Great Tartary, but not further than lat. 48°. As they are migratory, they feed in the summer season to the east and north of Lake Aral, and in autumn collect in herds, consisting of thousands, to secure a warm winter residence to the north of India; but the Persian regions, particularly the mountains of Casbin, are their general retreat. The untractable disposition of these animals is noticed in various passages of Holy Writ; yet in later times they have been trained to some degree of docility, and by the Persians are used for draught and other important purposes. They are very fleet, and in general taken in pitfalls. Their usual food is saline plants found in the deserts, and bitter lacteous herbs: they also prefer salt or brackish water to that of a fresh quality. The Persians esteem the bile of this animal as a specific remedy for a dim sight. Of their skin, particularly that part about the regions of the rump, the kind of ornamental covering called 'shagreen' is made, which is granulated by art, as it is not naturally rough. Horse's skin also may be converted into this commodity.

#### THE ZEBRA.

The zebra, notwithstanding it is a genuine species, appears, on a cursory view, to be of an intermediate nature between the horse and

ass. It is a beautiful animal. In general, it is smaller than the horse and larger than the ass; yet, by resembling both those animals in many particulars, has often been denominated the 'wild horse' and the 'striped ass.' This apparent compound animal has a short erect mane; a tail with long hairs at the extremity. The body of the male is striped alternately with black and yellow bands from the back to the belly; the thighs are marked crossways; and the female striped in a similar manner with black and white lines, which are disposed in a parallel direction, and the shades produce a beautiful and vivacious contrast. This animal is of an elegant construction, and very fleet; but vicious, untractable, and useless. This species are gregarious, and are natives of Africa, from Ethiopia to the Cape of Good Hope, and from thence as far as Congo.

#### THE QUACHA, OR OPEAGHA.

The quacha has been mistaken by many naturalists for the female zebra, though it evidently differs from the preceding species, by being of a more robust construction, and less untractable in its habits; as they have been so far rendered docile as to be used to draw small carriages. This animal is striped like the zebra on the head and body, but with fewer lines. Its flanks are spotted; the rump is plain. The ground colour of the head, neck, body, and rump, is a bright bay; the belly, thighs, and legs, are white, and destitute of marks.

In these several species comprehended in the horse genus, particularly in the superior classes, we should thankfully survey the kind dispensations of Providence in amply granting such adroit animals peculiarly to the service of man. These subordinate instruments of comfort



comfort are evidently consigned to our use in a limited degree, subject to the restraining impulse of conscience, as an effectual means of preventing unreasonable requisitions. The Scriptures inform us, in the language of conviction, that 'a good man is merciful to his beast;' humanity yields her assent to this assertion, and enforces its importance by example; yet cruelty, or its kindred associate, inattention, violates the common dictates of reason, and perverts the intention of nature, by compelling every subjugated being to the execution and ministrations of its base purposes.

The common principle of gratitude, which it is to be hoped exists in every breast not alienated from the practice of social virtues, and the unerring dictates of philanthropy, will urge the necessity of benign treatment to those beings whose services are so beneficial, and whose natural spirit is tempered to a degree of passive obedience, requisite in animals who from superiority of strength would be our rulers, if they were not converted into the subordinate station of servants. Your ladyship, from the best of motives—a sense of duty—rewards these faithful agents of our convenience, not only with due food, but tender care: this laudable attention you extend to the utmost bounds that prudence and propriety prescribe; as, notwithstanding kindness and sustenance should be indispensably granted for the support of those whose labours tend to advance our happiness or promote our interest, injudicious attachment or luxurious provision are evident proofs of folly and a spurious benevolence. Every being has its destined course in the common order of nature, and those to whom labour is assigned in their corporeal structure are suited to the peculiar purpose; therefore a ra-

tional exercise of those powers are conducive not only to the health but happiness of the individual. As Providence has liberally dispensed the invaluable blessing of diffusive enjoyment to every class of beings, he has omnisciently ordained that those services which are expedient for the accommodation of man should be congenial to the creature, of whatever denomination, that performs them: thus the steed that conveys the hero participates in the pleasure, if not the glory of the exploit, and thereby receives an efficient reward. In the scale of being, subordination is the leading trait which connects the several individuals in a permanent combination of social effects.

The horse, with inherent dignity, is adapted to the use of princes, and the most noble pursuits, and the ass suited to the more humble use of peasants, and the performance of ignoble services; which proves that something superior to the ingenuity of man has arranged these important variations, which depend on the natural impulses of the animals more than on the degree of cultivation they receive.

The untractable ferocity of the wild horse and the koulan are tacit proofs of the savage propensity of the animal tribes unmeliorated by the influence of human prowess, and the powerful effect of social intercourse, which soften the nature, and form the manners into amiable habits. Even the human race require this cultivation, as a very small portion of essential good is acquired by intuition. Your ladyship is a brilliant example of the efficacy of inherent virtue, embellished by the most refined cultivation, which is resplendently displayed in your actions, and duly estimated by

EUGENIA.

(To be continued.)

INSTANCES



## INSTANCES OF SENSIBILITY IN CHILDREN.

[Related by M. de St. Pierre.]

I was at Dresden in 1765, and happened to go to the Court-Theatre: the piece performed was 'The Father.' In came the Electress, with one of her daughters, who might be about five or six years of age. An officer of the Saxon guards, who had introduced me, said, in a whisper, 'That child will interest you much more than the play.' In fact, as soon as she had taken her seat, she rested both hands on the front of the box, fixed her eyes on the stage, and remained, with open mouth, immoveably attentive to the performers. It was a truly affecting exhibition; her face, like a mirror, reflected all the different passions which the drama was intended to excite. You could see in succession, depicted upon her countenance, anxiety, surprise, melancholy, sorrow; at last, as the interest increased from scene to scene, the tears began to trickle copiously down her little cheeks, —accompanied with shivering, sighing, sobbing,—till it became necessary at length to carry her out of the box for fear of her being stifled. My companion informed me, that, as often as this young princess attended the representation of a pathetic piece, she was obliged to retire before it came to the crisis.

I have witnessed instances of sensibility still more affecting in the children of the common people, because they were not produced by any theatrical effect. As I was taking my walk, some years ago, through the Pré St. Gervais, about the setting in of winter, I observed a poor woman lying along the ground, employed in weeding a bed of sorrel. Close to her was a little girl, of six years old at most, standing motion-

less, and quite impurpled with the cold. I addressed myself to the woman, who betrayed evident symptoms of indisposition, and inquired into the nature of her malady.

'Sir,' said she to me, 'for three months past I have suffered very severely from the rheumatism; but my disease gives me much less pain than that poor child does: she will not quit me a single moment. If I say to her, "See, you are quite benumbed with cold! go within doors and warm yourself:" she replies, "Alas! mother, if I leave you, your complaints will be your only companion."

Another time, being at Marly, I went into that magnificent park, and amused myself in the woods with looking at the charming groupe of children, who are feeding with vine boughs and grapes a she-goat which seems to play with them. At no great distance is an inclosed pavilion, where Louis XV. in fine weather, sometimes went to enjoy a collation. Being caught in a sudden shower, I went in for a moment to shelter myself; I there found three children, who interested me much more than the children in marble without doors. They were two little girls, uncommonly handsome, employed, with singular activity, in picking up, round the arbour, the scattered sticks of dry wood, which they deposited in a basket that stood on the king's table; while a little boy, all in tatters, and extremely lean, was devouring a morsel of bread in a corner. I asked the tallest, who might be about eight or nine years old, what she intended to do with that wood which she was so busily collecting?

She replied, 'Look, sir, at that poor boy there; he is very miserable. He is so unfortunate as to have a step-mother, who sends him out all day long, to pick up wood: if he carries



carries none home he is beaten severely: when he happens to have got a little, and is carrying it off, the Swiss at the park-gate takes it from him, and applies it to his own use. He is half-dead with hunger, and we have given him our breakfast.'

Having thus spoken, she and her companion filled the little basket, helped him up with it on his back, and run away before their unhappy friend to the gate of the park, to see if he could pass unmolested.

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### ON GRATITUDE.

TRUE gratitude is as rare as true friendship. Both sentiments, when they are wanting, are excluded from the heart from the same causes. To become a true friend it is necessary to be born with sensibility, integrity, and solidity of character; and without these qualities, which are essential to friendship, it is impossible to have a heart truly grateful. It is perhaps, likewise, because benefactors themselves are frequently destitute of the true principles of beneficence and generosity, that there are almost as many ungrateful persons as persons who have received benefits. But it is so usual to bestow benefits from pride or self-interest, and so rarely that they proceed only from goodness, that it is difficult to expect that men, considering all the imperfection of human nature, should be more sincere in their gratitude than in their benevolence. True gratitude is a sentiment the more rare from its intrinsic value. It must be placed among the number of those virtues which cost us much to acquire, and which are scarcely ever acquired unless we have the happiness to be born with a disposition favourable to their acquisition.

To feel a benefit, to wish to acknowledge it, and to seize with joy the opportunity of making such acknowledgment, may be the definition of true gratitude. Who would then suppose it is so difficult to be grateful? Do we not every day meet with a thousand persons who value themselves on their gratitude. But let us observe the whole of their conduct, and we shall see them fly their benefactors, and fearful of meeting with those opportunities of expressing their gratitude for which they pretend so much to wish.

Men have, in fact, too much self-love, or a self-love too ill understood, to be grateful with pleasure; as they have too much ambition, and too many personal interests, to be true friends. Only noble and firm hearts, formed by sensibility and probity, can find true nobleness of soul in gratitude. The moment we conceive ourselves humbled by receiving a benefit, it is impossible to be grateful; but if we consider ourselves as superior to such an idea, the heart then, without restraint, dictates gratitude, and the exertion of this sentiment raises the person obliged not only to an equality with his benefactor, but even perhaps renders him his superior.

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### *The TREASURE; an APOLOGUE.*

ALMANSOR, a rich and powerful Arabian, eat, drank, gamed, and indulged himself in every species of voluptuous dissipation. Once when he was tormented, which is ever the concomitant of satiety, he was struck with the curious desire of visiting the sepulchre of his ancestors. He descended, and wandered between rows of rotting bones, not with the solemn reflexion that his must one day be mixed with them, but



but with the idea of a voluptuary, that it was very cool and pleasant.

Suddenly his eye was attracted by an inscription, which was half-erased. It was this :

'Here is hidden a greater treasure than ever was possessed by Cræsus.'

Almanzor, whose wealth was not in a small degree exhausted, had the vault immediately opened, and found a handful of dust, under which was a marble slab, containing these words :

'Ere thou, deluded mortal, with daring hand, profaned this vault, reigned here uninterrupted peace—a treasure which Cræsus himself never possessed.'

### The HISTORY of ROBERT the BRAVE.

(Continued from page 525.)

AS soon as Robert and Roger had returned to the count of Toulouse, and informed him of all the particulars of the last battle, which had terminated their expedition with complete victory, that prince resolved no longer to defer carrying into execution his intention of conferring on them those honours of which they had rendered themselves so worthy. He therefore gave orders, on the same day, that all the knights within his states should be summoned to repair to his court.

To complete the happiness he wished to bestow, he wrote, at the same time, to the father of Roger, expressing a wish to consult him on an affair of importance. He added, that as he was preparing a festival to which he was desirous to give the utmost splendor and elegance, he requested that the countess, his kinswoman, would favour him with her presence at it, to participate in its honours, and add to its embellishment.

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The two friends, when they learned the determination of the count of Toulouse, and the steps he had taken to carry it into effect, felt no small agitation of mind, from uncertainty of the issue. Robert recollected his obscure birth, and feared that he had not yet done enough to obtain glory. Roger, though filled with a just admiration of his friend, reflected with the utmost anxiety on the value which his father attached to the splendor of birth. Raymond, who was acquainted with their fears and doubts, consoled and encouraged them, telling them with a noble frankness: 'You have obtained my suffrage. Be assured that the knights whom I shall call to determine, together with myself, what reward is due to you, will recollect, when they hear me, that the rank and honours they enjoy would be without value, if they did not owe them to their renown and courage more than to the prerogatives of their birth. While they are assembling, you shall remain in the asylum that I have prepared for you, and shall not make your appearance till the moment when I give my instructions and orders.'

The two friends knew not how to express more properly their gratitude for so much goodness, than by assuring the generous count of Toulouse, that their hearts yielded to and expanded with the hope of happiness. On the same day, they repaired to the place which the count had appointed, resolved never again to appear, or make themselves known, if the judgment of the knights should be contrary to their wishes; but on this latter thought they dared not to dwell, and they mutually concealed from each other how great were their fears.

While Robert, trembling for the happiness of his friend and the tranquillity of his sister, and agitated by



a secret and tender sentiment, which he struggled in vain to combat, conceived himself to be yet far from having passed the interval which birth had placed between the count and himself; while Roger, more confident, enumerated with pleasure the laurels his friend had gathered, and saw his glory shed its splendor on Elvige; the count of L\*\*\*\* received the letters of his sovereign. Gratitude did not permit him to hesitate, and he instantly ordered preparations to be made for his departure. His thoughts were solely occupied with the means of making his appearance with splendor. The countess was to follow him without delay. And now he recollected the graces, talents, and beauty of Elvige, and how much she would contribute to embellish his retinue. He therefore permitted her to re-appear in his presence, to which the countess was now far from making any objection.

The countess, since the departure of Roger, had never ceased to shed tears, but she had constantly refused to admit the idea of his death. The hope of again finding her son her heart could never consent to abandon. For a long time Elvige, the cause of all her sufferings, had been to her only an object of aversion; but, in the course of that sorrow which she took a melancholy pleasure in indulging, she at length recollected that Elvige likewise shed tears for Roger. The thought that their grief was the same, and that they might mingle their tears, easily caused maternal tenderness to triumph over the pride of high birth, and at the same time produced the desire of again seeing her whom her son so tenderly loved. She had not dared to confess to herself such a wish, which a mother alone could form, and which the count would have considered as a culpable weakness;

but her heart had in some manner constrained her lips to utter it in presence of the woman who had most obtained her confidence. This woman, who was the attendant to whom Elvige already owed so much gratitude, immediately perceived how much such an emotion of the heart might be improved to the advantage of her unhappy friend, and she therefore determined to save her mistress from an embarrassment too delicate and too difficult to overcome. She ran to Elvige, and, without listening to her fears, drew her, almost by force, to the apartment of the countess. Overcome by her feelings, the moment she perceived her, Elvige could only fall at her feet, violently weeping and sobbing till almost suffocated. The countess uttered an exclamation of surprise and alarm. Astonishment, grief, tenderness, and the necessity of speaking of her son, seized at once on her heart, and she was unable to bear all the mingling emotions she felt. She looked on Elvige still prostrate before her, and the silence which she kept for some moments gave the orphan she had brought up from a child the courage to lift up to her her tender and suppliant eyes. The silence which they had not yet broken was still prolonged; they did not attempt to express what passed in their hearts; they had power only to shed tears.

Soon, however, the fear of the arrival of the count compelled them to put an end to this first interview. The countess looked on Elvige with kindness, stretched out her hand to her, which she permitted her to kiss, and left her, telling her, that she must see her again and weep with her.

Whatever were the sufferings and fears of Elvige, her affection, equally constant and lively with that of the countess, had prevented her from



from believing in the death of Roger. The silence of Robert and Rainulf, from whom she had heard nothing, had confirmed her in this doubt; and this secret hope it was that had sustained her, and prevented her from sinking beneath her painful feelings.

When she was again admitted to an interview with the countess, she ventured to speak to her of the reasons which induced her to reject the melancholy idea of the death of her son. The mother listened to her with transport; it seemed as if she had received from her some great benefaction, and she expressed her gratitude in the most affecting terms. Elvige, then, listening to the suggestions of her own heart, drew from her bosom the portrait of Roger, and, having presented it to the countess, covered her face with her hands.

At the sight of features so dear to her, and which love had rendered so resembling, the countess remained some time without being able to speak; all her strength appeared ready to forsake her, and it was not till a torrent of tears gushed from her eyes that she was restored to the exercise of her faculties. Her eager eyes returned a thousand times to this portrait, and a thousand times she in vain attempted to express her happiness and surprise, till at length, yielding entirely to the emotions of her heart, she flew to Elvige, clasped her tenderly in her arms, and freely forgave her her love for her son.

Several months had already elapsed since the countess went secretly to weep with Elvige, when the letters from the count of Toulouse arrived. The count her husband, while he informed her of the invitation with which his sovereign had honoured him, told her that he thought it would be proper that she

should be accompanied by her damsel of honour, and even expressed a desire that splendid dresses should in consequence be prepared for her. His orders in this respect met with no objection whatever from the countess, who, when she saw Elvige adorned with all the embellishments of art, and all the graces she had received from nature, found her son less to blame for loving her, and, perhaps, even regretted that she had herself treated her with so much severity.

The count of Toulouse, when he sent to invite the knights of his states to repair to his court, had fixed the day for their arrival, and given orders that they should be received with the utmost magnificence; and wishing especially to show honour to the count, as soon as he knew that he approached Toulouse, sent an escort to meet him and the countess. Penetrated with gratitude for the honour thus conferred on him by his sovereign, the count quitted his retinue, and, to show his alacrity in obeying the summons of his prince, preceded the countess, and came to Toulouse attended only by some of his esquires.

As soon as he came into the presence of the count of Toulouse, he rendered to that prince a new homage for all the estates he held, declaring that he owed the preservation of them entirely to his generous aid.

‘As your sovereign,’ said Raymond, while he raised him with complacency, ‘justice commanded me to repel an unjust aggression; other ties, which I consider as an honour, likewise imposed on me duties. It was incumbent on me to defend you as my kinsman, and it is in this quality that I have sent for you to my court, to consult you on a certain affair of importance.’ The count only answered by a low and respectful obeisance.



The knights had now arrived.—The count of Toulouse, to render more resplendent the reception which he wished to give the countess, had assembled all the ladies of his court. The vivacity, graces, youth, and beauty of the greater number excited admiration still more than the elegance and richness of their ornaments; but all their charms seemed to vanish before those of Adela, simply attired as she was in a mourning habit. She had been unable to refuse the earnest request of the count of Toulouse, that she would be present at the reception of the countess.

Raymond, in the hope that Elvige would accompany her, had taken care to inform Adela, that he greatly interested himself in favour of this charming young lady; but faithful to his secret, he did not tell her that Elvige was the sister of Robert: this title, however, was the most powerful of all to obtain her love; for she had learned from the count of Toulouse the great sacrifices which Robert had made for her, and remarking with what careful delicacy he avoided every thing which might remind her of them, gratitude and admiration every day increased the sentiments which she could not but feel in his favour.

When the countess appeared, the count of Toulouse received her with the greatest respect, and presented her himself to the ladies and knights of his court. Afterwards, approaching Elvige, who remained at a respectful distance, he said to her, in a tone expressive of the utmost kindness: 'I have heard of the bravery of your father; I know in what manner he sacrificed his life; and I request the count to permit me to unite myself to him, in supplying the place of a father to you. Charming Adela!' added he, turning towards her, 'Elvige de-

serves to interest every heart: I request your kindness and friendship for this new companion.'

The count manifested some surprise at seeing so great a prince address, in so flattering a manner, a simple damsel of honour. The countess only felt the liveliest joy; and the beautiful Adela, perceiving the embarrassment of Elvige, whose cheeks were overspread with a deep blush, came up to her, tenderly embraced her, and assured her that she should ever love her as a sister.

The count, having fulfilled every duty which he owed to his sovereign, expressed an earnest wish to be made acquainted with his deliverer, that he might testify to him his gratitude.

'He waits, before he makes his appearance,' said the count of Toulouse, in reply, 'the moment when the knights and yourself shall have determined the reward he has merited. It is to hear the recital of his achievements, and to judge of them, that I have assembled you at my court. I cannot doubt of the happiness you will feel, in showing yourself just and generous towards him from whom you have received such signal service.'

Raymond, not wishing to defer a ceremony in which he so greatly interested himself, appointed the next day for the knights to meet and give their opinions. When the hour appointed had arrived, the prince, arrayed in all the insignia of his power, ascended his throne, placed the count on his right hand, and the knights, habited in their robes of ermine, took their seats.

The count of Toulouse then thus addressed them: 'Illustrious and valiant knights! as sovereign, I possess the right of granting honours to those who appear to me deserving of them; and I am accountable for my actions to Heaven alone. But whatever



whatever may be the extent of my power, justice is my first duty, and my favour is not sufficient to bestow fame on him who has not acquired it by his actions. I have called you together to consult you. You are the judges of honour and of courage; I wish, therefore, to take your opinion, that I may be assured that glory itself will confirm the rewards which I mean to bestow.

‘Two unknown warriors presented themselves at my court, to offer me their services. They had already acquired the support of a brave and brilliant action; their armour, their appearance, their language, their dexterity in the exercises of knights, warrant a belief that their birth is illustrious. They have required, however, to be permitted to conceal their names, as they are resolved to accept no other honours than those which shall be adjudged due to their valour. I have made use of their arms and of their courage; their services have exceeded my expectation. I owe them rewards; but, faithful to my word, I wish to prove to them my gratitude, by fulfilling the conditions which they have prescribed to me. I will not compel them to declare whether their birth is illustrious or obscure. Hear the recital of their actions, and say whether you find them worthy to be raised to your rank.’

The count of Toulouse here concluded his address, and a herald at arms recited with a loud voice the numerous achievements by which the two strangers had covered themselves with glory. When he had ended, Raymond, addressing himself to the count, requested him to give his opinion.

The mind of the count was at this moment occupied by a variety of thoughts. The last action, that of his deliverance, related by the herald, excited all his gratitude, by

reminding him of the danger from which the valour of the two friends had preserved him. He could not long remain undetermined, since the question was to recompense his deliverer. Other sentiments, more powerful and more tender, likewise came in aid to influence his judgment. He began to think that he might be attached to the two strangers by connexions dear to his heart. Their concealment of their names; the extraordinary manner in which one of them seemed to fly him at the moment he had saved his life; the fragment of his shield, which he had shown him at the moment he left him; the reception, so honourable and so little expected, which the count of Toulouse had given Elvige; and, still more, the desire, the hope, of finding again a son whom he so deeply regretted, and to find him covered with laurels; all united to inspire the count with a wish to ask several questions that might satisfy his doubts; but, convinced that it would be in vain to attempt to penetrate this mystery, he thought only of giving an opinion which should be at once agreeable to justice, gratitude, and the secret wishes of his heart.

‘We ought,’ said he, ‘to be satisfied with judging from the narrative we have heard. It was by performing similar actions that our ancestors rendered their names illustrious. The fame of their glory is the most noble inheritance that they have transmitted to their descendants, and the honours we now enjoy are only the tribute that gratitude acknowledges to be due to their heroism and their virtues. Let us prove to the world that it is only necessary to imitate them to obtain the same reward. We have not a right to raise the veil with which the two strangers have chosen to cover themselves; let them conceal their



their birth and their names: we shall participate in the glory they have acquired by raising them to our own rank.'

It was with transport that the count of Toulouse heard this suffrage. It was dictated by motives so noble, that all the knights adopted it, and resolved that the two unknown warriors should be armed knights, without being required to disclose their birth or real names.

*(To be concluded in our next.)*

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On the INFLUENCE of WOMEN  
under the old GOVERNMENT of  
FRANCE.

*(By M. de St. Pierre.)*

THE earth would be a paradise were the Christian religion to produce universally its native effects. It is Christianity which has abolished slavery in the greatest part of Europe. It wrested in France enormous possessions out of the hands of the earls and barons, and destroyed there a part of their inhuman rights, by the terrors of a life to come. But the people opposed still another bulwark to tyranny, and that was the power of the women.

Our historians are at pains to remark the influence which some women have had under certain reigns, but never that of the sex in general. They do not write the history of the nation, but merely the history of princes. Women are nothing in their eyes, unless they are decorated with titles. It was, however, from this feeble division of society, that Providence, from time to time, called forth its defenders. I say nothing of those intrepid females who have repelled, even by arms, the invaders of their country, such as Joan of Arc, to whom Rome and Greece would have erected altars: I speak of those

who have defended the nation from internal foes, much more formidable still than foreign assailants; of those who are powerful from their weakness; and who have nothing to fear, because they have nothing to hope.

From the sceptre down to the shepherdess's crook, there is, perhaps, no country in Europe where women are treated so unkindly by the laws as in France; and there is no one where they have more power. I believe it was the only kingdom in Europe where they were absolutely excluded from the throne. In my country, a father can marry his daughters without giving any other dowry than a chaplet of roses: at his death they have all together only the portion of a younger son. This unjust distribution of property is common to the clown as to the gentleman. In other parts of the kingdom, if they are richer, they are not happier. They are rather sold than given in marriage. Of a hundred young women who there enter into the married state, there is not, perhaps, one who is united to her lover. Their condition was even still more wretched in former times. Cæsar, in his 'Commentaries,' informs us: 'That the husband had the power of life and death over his wife, as well as over his children: that when a man of noble birth happened to die, the relations of the family assembled; and if there was the slightest shadow of suspicion against his wife, she was put to the torture as a slave; and, if found guilty, was condemned to the flames, after a previous process of inexpressible suffering.'

What is singularly strange, at that very time, and even before, they enjoyed the most unbounded power. Hear what the good Plutarch says on this subject: 'Before the Gauls had passed the Alps, and got possession of that part of Italy which



which they now inhabit, a violent and alarming sedition arose among them, which issued in a civil war: but their wives, just as the two armies were on the point of engaging, threw themselves into the intervening space, and, taking up the cause of their dissension, discussed it with so much wisdom, and decided upon it with so much moderation and equity, that they gave complete satisfaction to both parties. The result was an unanimous return to mutual benevolence and cordial friendship, which united not only city and city, but family and family; and this with so much effect, that ever since they invariably consult their wives on all deliberations, whether respecting war or peace; and they settle all disputes and differences with neighbours and allies conformably to the advice of the women. Accordingly, in the agreement which they made with Hannibal, when he marched through Gaul, among other stipulations this was one, that, if the Gauls should have occasion to complain of any injury done them by the Carthaginians, the cause was to be submitted to the decision of the Carthaginian officers and governors serving in Spain; and if, on the contrary, the Carthaginians should allege any ground of complaint against the Gauls, the matter should be left to the determination of the wives of the Gauls\*.

It will be difficult to reconcile these two clashing authorities, unless we pay attention to the re-action of human beings. The power of women proceeds from their oppression. The commonalty, as oppressed as they, gave them their confidence, as they had given theirs to the

people. Both parties were wretched, but misery attracted them towards each other, and they made a common stock of woe. They decided with the greater equity, as they had nothing to gain or lose. To the women we must ascribe the spirit of gallantry, the thoughtlessness, the gaiety, and, above all, the taste for railery, which have at all times characterised our nation. With a song, simply, they have oftener than once made our tyrants tremble. Their ballads have sent many a banner into the field, and put many a battalion to flight. It is by them that ridicule has acquired such a prodigious influence in France, as to become the most terrible weapon which it is possible to employ, though it be the armour only of the weak, because women are the first to lay hold of it: and as, from national prejudice, their esteem is the first of blessings, it follows, that their contempt must be the most grievous calamity imaginable.

A provincial academy, some years ago, proposed this question as the subject for the prize of St. Louis: 'In what manner female education might be made to contribute toward rendering men better?'—I treated it, and was guilty of committing two faults of ignorance, not to mention others. The first was my presuming to write on such a subject after Fenelon had composed an excellent treatise on the education of young women; and the second, to think of arguing for truth in an academy. The one in question did not bestow the prize, and recalled its subject. All that can be said on this question is, that in every country women are indebted for their empire only to their virtues, and to the interest which they have always taken in behalf of the miserable.

\* Plutarch 'On the virtuous Actions of Women.'



*On the present STATE of WOMEN in  
the FRENCH REPUBLIC.*

[From Helen Maria Williams's '*Sketches of the State of Manners and Opinions in the French Republic.*']

YOU ask me, if I made one of the three millions and upwards who signed the constitution with somewhat of the same sort of slippancy that a *petit-maitre* at Frascati, or an opera-lobby-lounger, calls the female attendant at the box-door, when he means to express his utmost contempt, *citoyenne*?—If your inquiry was meant for railery, I deny that it has any point, and insist that it only proves your ill-nature.

Although I am certainly not hostile to the new order of things as far as I understand it, I was rather relieved when the whole business was settled, for nothing but disquisitions on the constitution were buzzed in my ear; and though some wished for a change in one article, and some were desirous of making a little addition in another, the general and almost unanimous impulse was to accept and sign with all possible alacrity.

It is the first time I have ever witnessed so universal an assent among Frenchmen on any important subject. A Parisian wag, who I presume has no great revolutionist, has characterised the acceptance of this constitution by two verses from 'the *Henriade*,' where the head of admiral Coligni is presented to Mary de Medicis, who is said to have received it—

'Sans craint, sans plaisir, maitresse de ses  
sens,  
Et comme accoutum     de pareils pr sens.'

There was more wit, however, than truth in the application.

But you tell me that you are chiefly anxious to know what the ladies

of Paris think of this new organisation? If I could guess what sentiment had guided your pen in making the inquiry, I should know better how to reply; but, as that appears to me equivocal, I shall, from mere good nature, answer you as Sterne says a Frenchman always does a doubtful compliment, and suppose that your inquiry is dictated by a spirit of courtesy rather than of malice.

In a calculation made by one of the first political polemics, of the numbers who compose the people of England,—at least that part of the community who are endued with the faculty of thinking or reasoning on public transactions,—the women come in for their share to the enormous amount of twenty thousand. You will be more surprised at the magnitude of this number, when you learn that the reasoners of the other sex, according to the same calculator's opinion, are estimated at no more than nineteen times that amount. But as in the whole quantity a fifth part are stated to be pure jacobins, utterly incapable of amendment, it may be presumed that in this eighty thousand a proportionate number of females were included in the class of incurables.

I know not on what *data* this *compte rendu* of political opinion is formed; but, as the writer has no mean authority in political enumeration, and had no motives to swell the hostile numbers, we may conclude that he is not far wrong in his arithmetic. Had this great man had an opportunity of examining the state of the French politics in France, he would, I am sure, have found cause to take a large portion of French ladies into more tender affection than those of his own country.



The title of *homme d'état*, or statesman, was, during the time of terror, as great a reproach in France, as that of stateswoman in England, which was so pleasantly ridiculed by Mr. Addison. Statesmen have of late regained their title and their consequence; but the names of the *femmes d'état*, or stateswomen, has been hitherto unknown. Had Addison lived in our times, and in the French republic, he might have found female follies enough to employ his pen; but that passion which he calls party-rage, and against which he inveighs with so much eloquence, would have formed no subject of his animadversion. Nothing can be more calm and complacent than French ladies in general, when the topic of political events or opinions strays into conversation. The noise of disputants may invade their ear, but the jargon is to them perfectly unintelligible; for no definitions can be understood, where the terms are not comprehended. Here no patches distinguish a Whig lady from a Tory lady; no Camilla, who values herself more on being the virago of one party than the toast of both, encounters the fierce and beautiful Penthesilea across a tea-table, and, shaking with anger in the earnestness of dispute, scalds her fingers, and spills a dish of tea on her petticoat.

Amid the war of domestic factions which have disturbed the internal repose of the republic, the ladies have hitherto, whatever may have been their secret wishes, like the wiser part of the northern powers, preserved a strict neutrality. And let no surly republican suppose that this indifference proceeds from insensibility. The females of France have feelings for national glory like the females of other countries. As the ladies of England have decorated

themselves with Duncan plaids and Orange streamers, in honour of valorous chiefs, so heretofore the French ladies, adorned in caps *à la belle poule*, *à la Grenade*, *à la d'Estaing*, *à la Fayette*, and even *au compte rendu* of Mr. Necker, offered their homage to the heroes and statesmen of their country. Since the revolution, indeed, ornaments of national allusion have been little in fashion. The revolution has been a thing in the eyes of women of doubtful, and sometimes of portentous aspect. The republic has often worn a stern and menacing countenance. Its forms have been terrifying or repulsive; it has affrighted even men; no wonder that women have shrunk from fraternal embrace. Women, who are in general more accurate calculators of good and evil from sentiment, than reasoners from abstract principle to remote consequences, have kept aloof from the contest, and, to use a military phrase, stood on their arms. A few only, of more ardent or enlightened minds, (I speak not of the mob, either high or low, who follow mechanically the impulse given them) have ranged themselves in their respective ranks.

That the almost universality of Frenchmen should have readily embraced, and, notwithstanding all its phrases of ominous aspect, should have adhered to the revolution, is not surprising: the vast majority have been great and substantial gainers. The women indeed participate in some of those advantages at second-hand; but they may be allowed to entertain doubts, whether the positive benefits they enjoy from the change form a sufficient subsidy to tempt them to depart from their neutrality.

The present equal division of hereditary property is certainly a great



and substantial benefit conferred on the women; and, as wealth in all countries is power, their real influence is considerably augmented. That cruel tyranny of paternal authority can also be no longer exercised which so often doomed the younger branches of noble families to wither in the gloom of convents, or with stern despotism disposed of the persons of females, without their choice or consent. These advantages may have been deemed sufficient to have obtained for the revolution somewhat more of female smiles. But the women may reply, that the question is not, whether they have gained by the revolution, but whether they have gained as much as they ought? They do not mean to insinuate that they would form a senate a-part, as under the reign of the Roman emperor Heliogabalus, where all matters respecting women, such as dress, precedency, and affairs of equal importance, were decided by themselves. They do not aspire to the rank of leaders of armies, or rulers of states, or wish to exercise the functions of ministers or directors; though such has been the administration in the republic, that the nation, while it was making experiments, would probably have acted not unwisely had it made the trial. They also observe, *en passant*, that the rod of empire has often been held, and not ingloriously, by women; and suggest, that, had the women of France been its legislators, it may be doubted whether, notwithstanding their mutual love of domination, they would have composed more than forty thousand laws, some of which have so lately distressed the republic.

Of the injustice which has been done, or rather of the justice which has been withheld from the female

part of the state, complaints have been made by some of the most celebrated advocates of the revolution. Condorcet and Sieyes have entered protests in their favour; and a late writer, M. Theremin, has discussed more largely the question, in a treatise on the Condition of Women in Republics. This champion of the ladies condemns, with the fervour of an eloquent pen, that want of national liberality which, while the law opens numerous establishments for the children of the one sex, has provided no means of support or instruction to those of the other. I know not what ideas men in general may entertain on this subject, but I am sure every woman must feel the justice of the observation.

What claim has the republic to that part of the human race from whom it holds the first privilege of nature, the first gift of heaven—instruction and knowledge? How should the heart of woman glow with the love of liberty, or her understanding assent to the force of truth? She receives no lesson in the school of wisdom or philosophy: she is considered as a being unworthy to participate in the highest acquisitions of the mind, and unfitted for those intellectual attainments which ennoble our nature. While inscriptions on every portal where instruction is dispensed, throughout the republic, invite man to enter; while, in every region of learning which he seeks to explore, his path is carefully traced, his footsteps firmly guided, and the accumulated wisdom of ages unfolded to his research; she, whose bosom glows with the sacred ray of genius, or the proud desire of pre-eminence, finds the gates of learning rudely barred against her entrance; she has no professor but her



her music-master, no academy but her dancing-master: she may fill the hours by dress, dissipation, cards, or public amusements; but, although destined to be the companion of man through life, let her not aspire to the lofty privilege of comprehending his studies, or becoming the associate of his labours: she, to whose forming care the first years of the republican youth are confided, is expected to instil principles which she has never imbibed, and teach lessons which she has never learned: she, who exerts over man an empire which, being founded in nature, is as immutable as her laws, and beyond the reach of his imperious institutions, is treated as a being merely passive in the important interests of the state, while she has power to fix the republic on an immoveable basis, or shake it to its very foundation.—No! When republican lawgivers shall have established public institutions, where the women may receive the blessing of a liberal education; when they shall have allotted for her, whose mind is enlightened by study, and refined by nature, some honourable and dignified employments, which, if she is destitute of fortune, may shield her from the cruel alternative of penury, with all its train of ills, or of uniting herself to a man whom her heart despises or rejects—the victim, perhaps, of a sentiment of exalted virtue, sacrificing, at the very moment when the beating heart of sensibility first unfolds itself to the charm of tender emotions, all chance of happiness for ever, to save perhaps from despair a widowed mother, whom the revolution has reduced, and the republic has left to penury; when woman is shielded by the guardian care of the state from conflicts such as these; when she is supplied with the means of knowledge and of honourable independence, then will she

kneel, with that glowing enthusiasm, that instinctive impulse of admiration, for what is great and generous, which the female heart wants no lesson to feel, and bless the tutelary sway of the republic;—then will she bind the brow of the heroes with chaplets which her hands have woven; she will decorate her form with the cherished symbols of the trophies of her country, and teach her infants first to lip the hallowed name, Liberty!

M. Theremin proposes to allot to women different offices in the public instruction of the state, certain portions in power in the decision of family tribunals, some distinguished places of parade in the celebration of national festivals; because, says he, gallantly, *‘les femmes sont, pour ainsi dire, formées pour les fêtes, et il est bien constant que sans elles il n’y auroit point de fêtes sur la terre.’* He also proposes subordinate occupations for the exercise of their physical and moral powers, but with a careful exclusion from all political rights. ‘Women being by nature so constituted,’ says he, ‘as to be necessarily and intimately united to an individual of our sex, and consequently to have their interests and their will in common with his, their suffrage in the first place will not be free, and in the second place will not be necessary; because the individual to whom they are attached cannot be doubly represented, and has no need of manifesting twice the same will. The husband and the wife are but one political person, and never can be any thing else, although they may be two civil persons.’

Some political Thalestris, warring for the rights of women, would probably hesitate in admitting either the proposition or consequence of this position. Political right, she would observe, is no more affected



by this union than by any other civil association; nor is it certain that union of persons constitutes necessarily union of will, unless it be by the mode of reasoning adopted by the lady to whose lot had fallen an husband she disliked, and who, not dissembling the *ennui* she felt in his company, answered his reproaches by observing, that, as she understood both were now *one*, she was extremely tired of herself.

The above-mentioned Thalestris might also observe, that if civil liberty be the consequence of political liberty, it is not clear how from this union women can remain civilly single, and politically married; that if the representation must always be vested in one party, since they are constituted by nature to exist together, like the oak and the hamadryad, yet that society, which is said to correct all inequalities, ought at least to leave to the tree, and the nymph, which should have the right of representation. She might also observe, that no provision was made for those to whose lot no such union had fallen, or with whom it had ceased.—Were such persons to have no political existence, because no oak had been planted to shade them? or were they to perish politically, when the tree had undergone its physical dissolution?

These are points of casuistry I do not pretend to settle, and shall therefore return to your inquiry, Whether the women approve of the late change in the government? Although the women of France have nothing at present to do with the constitution, but to obey it, you may be assured that their tacit assent has been more cordially given to this new order of things than to any by which it was preceded. If women are born to be controuled, it must be by objects fitter to captivate them. The love of glory is natural

to the sex; they love it in themselves, and in others. Many are the reasons which they might allege to justify their former political disaffection; but there is something in the idea of the conqueror of kings, and founder of states, that excuses superiority, while it excites admiration. Various symptoms of good understanding already discover themselves between the present government and the ladies of Paris.

One of the amusements which the Parisians held in most reverence, and which has been proscribed since the revolution, has been resorted to by them—that of masquerades, to which they flock with most unremitting ardour, and which hitherto have been attended with none of those inconveniences, the fear of which led timid prudence or suspicion to proscribe them. French ladies may be Grecian, but they are not Spartan dames; and it is more easy to win them by favours, than to subdue them by force. A fair royalist is now no longer compelled, when she enters the garden of the Thuilleries, with hostility in her heart and defiance in her eye, to hoist a flag of truce as she passes the gates, or devise some stratagem, as she approaches, to elude the microscopic eye of the Cerberean sentinels, who, if they did not ken the national cockade, often imperceptible from its diminutiveness to common eyes, or spitefully placed so as to lurk unseen beneath the folds of a ribband, sternly pronounced the ungrateful sounds of ‘*Citoyenne, your cockade?*’ and, when no cockade was to be found, refused to let the rebel pass.

These are very important concessions on the part of government; and there is no doubt that, with a few more preliminaries of this nature, Bonaparte may succeed in coming to a definitive treaty of peace and



and amity with those female powers. When the Russian admiral Uschakoff, after the taking of Corfu, was informed by a French lady, that the women in France were republicans, excepting a few devotees, who were too old to change, he had the good sense to observe, that, if that was the case, coalition was ruined, and that it would be impossible to conquer the French. This patriotic lady was excusable in boasting the strength and disposition of her forces before an enemy; and if the assertion at that period contained a little fiction, there is great reason to hope that it will soon become real history.

While we are on the subject of the women of France, it would be unjust, indeed, to forget the part they acted at that final epocha of the revolution, during which the courage of so many of the other sex shrunk back appalled. It was women who, in those days of horror, proved that sensibility has its heroism, and that the affections of the heart can brace the nerves with an energy that mocks the calculations of danger. It was women who penetrated into the depths of dungeons, who flew to the abodes of despair, who were the ministring angels that whispered hope and comfort to the prisoner, who wiped the cold damps from the brow of the enervated sufferer. It was women who, in defiance of captivity and death, sought the dwellings of tyrants covered with the blood of innocence, and pleaded the cause of the captive with that irresistible eloquence which belongs to the inspiration of the heart.

And if the women of France knew how to sympathise in the sorrows of others, who knew so well

as themselves how to suffer and how to die? Have we not seen the daughter led, in the bloom of beauty, to the scaffold with her parents, seeming to forget that she had herself the sacrifice of life to make, and only occupied in sustaining their sinking spirits? Have we not seen the wife, refusing to survive her husband, provoke also the fatal sentence, which it was her choice to share, and mingle her blood with his under the axe of the executioner? What Roman virtue was displayed by Charlotte Corday! What more than Roman fortitude dignified the last moments of madame Roland!—Since that period, new revolutions have left new memorials of female virtue. That class of the women of Naples who were born to elevated rank and splendid affluence, nursed in the lap of luxury and pleasure, whom the winds of heaven never visited too roughly, these women have exhibited the most sublime examples of greatness, generosity, and courage.—‘The last sighs of a handsome woman,’ says St. Evremont, ‘are more for the loss of beauty than of life.’ Without any reflexion on female weakness, we may presume that exalted rank, and the distinctions it confers, have charms for the sex as well as the beauty;—of that rank the women of Naples, however divested themselves, with as much indifference as if it had been a worn-out robe. They have endured the most cruel privations without complaint; they have borne the most horrible persecution without shrinking; they have nobly suffered, or greatly died;—and Naples seemed destined to exhibit at once, in the female character, the most striking extremes of vice and virtue.



ACCOUNT of the new COMEDY,  
entitled 'FOLLY AS IT FLIES,'  
performed for the first Time on  
Thursday, Oct. 29, at the Theatre-  
Royal, Covent-Garden.

THE characters were thus represented:

Sir Herbert Melmoth,	...Mr. Murray.
Leonard Melmoth,	.....Mr. H. Johnston.
Tom Tick,	.....Mr. Lewis.
Peter Post-Obit,	.....Mr. Munden.
Shenkin,	.....Mr. Knight.
Dr. Infalible,	.....Mr. Simmons.
Malcour,	.....Mr. Whitfield.
Cursitor,	.....Mr. Waddy.
Georgiana,	.....Mrs. Gibbs.
Lady Melmoth,	.....Miss Murray.

#### PLOT.

The scene lies in London. The serious part of this comedy arises from the extravagance of lady Melmoth, the second wife of sir Herbert, and who had been his ward. By indulging in every fashionable excess she had induced her husband to squander away all his property, and his only resource for paying his debts and supporting her expences is to persuade his son Leonard, the issue of his first marriage, to consent to cut off the entail of the family estate. Leonard, a gallant naval officer, is so affectionate a son, that he is readily disposed to assent to this desperate proposal, but is persuaded to refuse it by Georgiana, his father's ward, between whom and Leonard a tender attachment prevails. Leonard, therefore, instead of complying, expostulates with his father; and the latter, considering the refusal as the result of selfish artifice, dismisses his son in anger. At length creditors seize on the whole of sir Herbert's property, and he is obliged to secrete himself. Lady Melmoth, under all her fashionable extravagance, possesses an excellent heart, and is brought by

distress to the most agonising remorse. It appears that, in an interview between sir Herbert and Leonard, the former, with a pistol in his hand, had threatened to dispatch himself rather than avail himself of his son's consent to cut off the entail on the condition of parting with lady Melmoth. Leonard, apprehensive of desperate consequences, endeavoured to get hold of the pistol, but in the struggle it is discharged upon himself. This event gives encouragement to Malcour, an insidious friend of Leonard, and who had been a former lover of lady Melmoth, to hope that his dishonourable views on her would succeed. He therefore resolves, in case Leonard, who is said to be in extreme danger, should die, to accuse his father of the murder, unless lady Melmoth will listen to his licentious addresses. Sir Herbert, in the agonies of parental affection and remorse, determines to see his son who is at Malcour's house, and obtains admission in the absence of Malcour, who had ordered his servants to admit nobody to Leonard's apartment. Sir Herbert, however, prevails upon the attendant to let him pass. Lady Herbert also goes to Malcour's house, to express her contrition to Leonard before he dies, but is unfortunately encountered by Malcour, who urges his dishonourable suit, and is rejected with horror. Lady Herbert faints on the spot, oppressed by the exaggerated recital of Malcour, imparting the death of Leonard, and the probable conviction of her husband. At this period sir Herbert and Leonard appear, detect the perfidy of Malcour, and witness the virtuous affliction of the lady. Leonard, it seems, had been only slightly wounded in the arm. Leonard then readily offers to relieve his father from his distresses,



tresses, by consenting to the legal sacrifice required of him, and the prospect of the future is happiness. Such is the serious part of this comedy.

The humorous part of this production relates to Tom Tick, a pleasant fellow, who is always running in debt, and engaged in some generous enterprise. Peter Post-Obit, a legacy-hunter, Dr. Infallible, an advertising quack, and Caractacus Shenkin, a simple Welchman, proud of his pedigree, but content to assume a livery. Post-Obit, by his anxiety for a bequest, is deluded into an obligation to be responsible for all Tom Tick's debts, as well as to assign to him his right over Georgiana, as one of her guardians. Tick consents to her marriage with Leonard, who of course readily obtains her, as sir Herbert is the other guardian. Dr. Infallible is a proper lash upon the empirics of the day, who prey upon the unwary, and roll in affluence. Our dramatic doctor, however, instead of dealing in poisonous potions, only cheers his patients with British spirits.

As this comedy is the production of Mr. Reynolds, the public of course will rather expect facetious extravagance than a regular drama. This piece is full as eccentric as any of his former works, and hardly less amusing. It would be in vain to look for probability, for the author has never thought that an essential, or, indeed, a necessary quality, in his dramatic compositions. It is altogether an amusing jumble, with some scenes of pathos very interesting, but urged to an extent unsuitable to comedy. But if the austere and fastidious critic may find much to excite his censure, the whimsical excesses of the piece will often, in the midst of his churlish solemnity, insnare him into a smile. To the

credit of the play, it must be said, that its serious and comic incidents all tend to support the interests of virtue, to discountenance vice, and to

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— 'shoot folly as it flies.'

Through the piece, all the absurdities of fashionable life are held in ridicule; and, if it does not rank high in dramatic excellence, it is full of laughable extravagance, and very well adapted to the taste of the times.

Lewis, Munden, Murray, Simmons, H. Johnston, Knight, Mrs. Gibbs, and Miss Murray, powerfully supported the piece by their respective exertions, and all displayed a considerable share of merit.

The prologue contains some good lines in favour of former dramatists, and an apology for the present author. The epilogue, which obviously comes from Mr. Andrews, has some good hits at the present style of female dress; as cits, crops, sea-gulls, from the watering-places, lame ducks, &c. This epilogue was well delivered by Munden.

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PERIANDER of CORINTH,  
or REVENGE;  
A TALE.

(Concluded from p. 545.)

THE herald returned with all speed, and delivered the tablet containing the last words of Lycophron, which he had received from Agathon. When Periander read them, he became furious with rage, and, thirsting for revenge, sent orders to the haven, immediately to fit out a fleet, to sail for Corcyra. He resolved to lay waste Corcyra; but first it was necessary to secure Corinth. He sent for Amphion, of the house of the Bacchiadae, and went with him into the apartment  
of



of his daughter, who was lamenting with tears the fate of her brother.

'There is thy wife,' said he to Amphion, and seized the hand of Melissa.

Melissa fell at his feet, embraced his knees, and intreated him with a torrent of tears not to render her for ever wretched. 'I have sworn,' said she, 'eternal constancy to Agathon, in life and death!'

'And I have sworn his death and utter destruction!' exclaimed Periander, fiercely.

Medon took the tablet of Lycophron, and showed his father the words—'Make my sister happy, oppose not her love.' He then said, with serious earnestness: 'Periander, thou art impelled by the vengeance of the gods, which pursues thy crimes.' The enraged tyrant threw the tablet on the ground, rushed to an altar, and exclaimed—'I will have revenge! this I swear by the dreadful gods! And thou, Melissa, shalt have no other choice but to die or become the wife of Amphion! I give thee till the evening to choose; then shall either be lighted the torch of Hymen, or that of Death!' He then abruptly departed, leaving Melissa alone.

In vain did the hapless maiden lament her fate: the fatal evening approached, and the altar was prepared. In despair she retired to the garden, and thence to the porticoes, where her brother had waited death, and laid her head on a stone, there to die. The noise of the soldiers, who were marching down to the harbour, awakened her from the reverie into which her grief had plunged her: she felt herself animated with new courage, went at midnight to the harbour, and mixed with a number of merchants who were going on board a trading vessel. It was not discovered till the following morning that she did

not belong to their company. She assumed another name, and arrived without obstruction at Samos.

The rage of Periander became still more furious when he learnt the flight of Melissa. He sent out persons to seek her in Corinth, and all the circumjacent country. Among the rocks on the isthmus was at length found the body of a young female, which one of the slaves of Periander declared to be that of Melissa. They covered it with earth, and brought to the father the mournful tidings. 'This,' exclaimed Periander, looking on Medon, with a frantic laugh, and raising his threatening hands to heaven, 'this is the work of thy cruel gods!'

'Dost thou accuse the gods?' replied Medon, calmly. 'Wretched man! Why did the Corcyreans kill thy son? Because they dreaded thy cruelty!—Why did Melissa fly? Because thou wouldst force her to give her hand to a base and unworthy man!—Wilt thou never perceive to what thy cruelty, thy pride, thy ambition, and thy thirst for vengeance must at last lead thee?'

'They shall lead me to Corcyra!' cried Periander, wildly—'I have still a son!' He hastened to the haven, and sailed with his numerous fleet. Pale fear seized the Corcyreans, when they saw him land at the head of his army. A swift-sailing vessel now arrived, which brought him an account that the Corinthians had killed the son he had left at Corinth. The cruel Periander received the melancholy tidings with tears. He veiled his face, and for some time uttered not a word. He felt his ambition subdued, but not his wrath—'Childless!' exclaimed he with a furious laugh. Again an inexpressible pang rent his heart. 'I can revenge myself!' cried he, looking wildly round him. 'Childless!' exclaimed he



he again, and gave secret orders to his army.

In the evening his troops, which had divided themselves into detachments, brought the sons of three hundred of the first families of Corcyra, youths and boys of tender age, in chains, to the tent of Periander. The fathers, mothers, sisters, and affianced brides of the youths threw themselves in despair at the feet of the tyrant, entreating for the lives of the innocent prisoners. The youths themselves raised their hands laden with chains, and a loud cry of supplication ascended to heaven. Even the rough soldiers, with softened looks, solicited the compassion of Periander. One youth alone neither wept nor asked for mercy. His eyes were fixed on the ground; he surveyed, with a kind of wild unconcern, his fetters, and the drawn swords of the stern warriors who surrounded himself and his companions.

This was Agathon, the lover of Melissa. He had heard the report of the death of her to whom his heart was devoted, and his only wish was to die. Calmly he expected the fatal orders of Periander: but Periander issued them not. With a cruel eye he surveyed the wretched prisoners; and at length exclaimed, in a scoffing tone, 'Yes, they shall live; I swear by the gods they shall live!' A loud cry of joy and thankfulness answered his words.—'Rejoice not,' cried he fiercely, 'Periander is childless!—You shall not rejoice, while I mourn. Bear them away to the ships: they shall live, but without the hope, without the possibility, of becoming fathers. You, Polycrates, shall sail with them to Sardes, to king Alyattes, and answer with your life, that, when they return, it shall not be possible for them to be fathers of children:—Away with them to the ships!' Loud

shrieks of lamentation now were heard on every side: the wretched parents embraced their children; the despairing maidens their lovers. But the command of Periander was absolute, and his unfeeling mercenaries forced away the unhappy youths and hurried them to the ships. The anchors were weighed, while the inconsolable parents remained fruitlessly lamenting on the shore.

Periander returned to Corinth, and Polycrates, the cruel inhuman friend of the tyrant, sailed for Asia to execute his merciless command. The sea was calm, a fresh gale swelled the sails of the ships, and seemed to hasten the fate of the prisoners. Already they had passed the Cyclades; and the following morning the coast of Lydia and the sumptuous temple of Diana at Ephesus were visible in the distant horizon. But now a strong north-east wind arose, dark clouds covered Chios; and the surface of the sea was broken in dashing waves. A violent storm succeeded, which drove the ships to the southward. At length the sailors cried out, Land! With laborious exertions they avoided the rocks of the shore; and though their sails were split, and their masts carried away, they at length conducted the ships into a secure harbour. All got safe on shore, and found they had landed in Samos.

Tents were brought from on board the ships, and covered the wide beach. Polycrates placed guards over the prisoners, that none of them might escape. He then offered a sacrifice in the temple of Diana, which was near the shore. Agathon walked, absorbed in the thoughts of death, which he meditated to procure by his own hands, by the side of a thick grove. 'Agathon!' exclaimed a cheerful voice, and he found himself clasped in a sudden embrace. He looked up



and saw,—O transport!—Melissa, Melissa whom he believed to be dead.

‘Art thou indeed Melissa?’ cried he, when he had somewhat recovered from his astonishment. ‘Thy body was found among the rocks!—Oh, ye gods! art thou indeed Melissa? Dearest to my heart, dost thou indeed live? Do I see thee again—I! oh the most wretched of all mankind!’

‘Now, surely, no longer wretched,’ said Melissa, embracing him tenderly.

Her joy only heightened his grief and despair; her transports forced into his eyes the bitterest tears.

‘Why art thou thus, Agathon?’ said Melissa.

Agathon was silent; at length with a deep sigh he exclaimed—‘Oh transporting yet dreadful moment! Yes, I am happy, Melissa, for I can die in thy arms!’

‘Die, Agathon! now the gods have restored us to each other!’

Agathon related to Melissa his unhappy fate. ‘Here,’ concluded he, ‘here will I die, clasped in thy arms.’

A deadly paleness overspread the countenance of Melissa. ‘Oh, my father! my father!’ exclaimed she. The trumpet then sounded. ‘Dost thou hear?’ cried he. ‘My fate calls me:’ and with earnest gaze he pointed to a dagger which Melissa wore by her side. The trumpet then sounded again to call the prisoners to the ships.

‘No,’ said Melissa with a firm tone, ‘thou shalt not die. Begone, Agathon; fly with thy companions to the temple of Diana, on the sea-shore; embrace the image of the goddess. It is the most sacred right of this temple, that whoever shall once have touched the sacred statues within it shall never be torn involuntarily from it. Begone: make

no delay: I hasten to call the Samians who reside around.’ She embraced him, and flew through the grove and over the hills away to the town.

Agathon returned to the shore, where the prisoners were already assembled. ‘Follow me, all of you,’ said he to them in a low voice, ‘I will deliver you; do what you see me do.’ He went before them, and led them towards the temple. ‘Run to the temple,’ exclaimed he then aloud, ‘and touch the statue of the goddess!’ Youths and boys instantly rushed through the porticoes to the altar, and thronged to the statue of Diana.

The warriors of Corinth followed them, and observed what they did with surprise. ‘To the ships!’ cried they to their prisoners.

‘We shall not go,’ said Agathon with a tone of dignity: ‘We are under the protection of the great goddess.’

Two soldiers immediately sprang upon the steps, to compel Agathon to return by force. But the high priest coming forward exclaimed, ‘Retire, or you are lost!’ The soldiers desisted, and gazed on him with astonishment and awe.

‘Who are you?’ said the priest to the boys and youths.

‘Prisoners,’ answered Agathon, ‘who have fled hither to claim the protection of the goddess.’

The priest now advanced on the steps of the temple, and said to Polycrates, who had arrived, ‘They are free so long as they remain in the precincts of the temple. Offer not to touch them, or death and destruction must be your fate.’ The Corinthians drew back with dread; and the high priest now uttered aloud solemn imprecations on every one who should dare to offer violence to the suppliant votaries of Diana.



Polycrates now surrounded the temple with his soldiers. 'Hunger,' said he, 'must soon force them to leave their asylum.' But love was more powerful than cruelty. The next morning came from the grove on the eminence two bands of maidens and youths singing. Melissa had related to the Samians the fate of the prisoners. Love inspired her words, and her entreaties moved all hearts; but every one feared the wrath of Periander. Love then suggested a stratagem. Clad in garments of sacrifice, their hair adorned with flowers, with baskets of sesamum and honey and vessels full of milk in their hands, the youths and maidens approached the temple.

'What is this festival that you celebrate?' said Polycrates. 'The festival of Love the Deliverer,' said Melissa, who was at the head of the maidens, and who, with the festive procession, now passed under the porticoes of the temple. Agathon knew Melissa, and conjectured her intentions. 'Follow my example,' said he to the other prisoners, and snatched from Melissa the provisions she had brought; while his companions took from the other Samian youths and maidens their baskets and vessels of sacrifice. 'Away, away!' cried the Samians, and retired.

The next morning the festival again commenced, and ended as before. 'How long,' asked Polycrates, 'do you celebrate this festival?'—'As long,' replied Melissa, 'as the fugitives under the protection of the goddess shall take from us our offerings.' Polycrates now perceived that it was in vain to continue to guard the temple with his soldiers: he therefore reembarked, and the unfortunate prisoners were restored to liberty. With the most heart-felt gratitude they fell at the feet of Melissa, and called her their

deliverer. The Samians instituted a yearly festival to Diana, which they called the festival of Love the Deliverer, and privately sent back the Corcyreans to their own country; only Agathon remained. Samos bestowed on him the right of citizenship, and Melissa gave him her hand. He dwelt with her in the grove near the shore, where he had first met her again, and purchased the surrounding lands. In calm tranquillity he lived with his wife in a neat commodious cottage, surrounded and shaded by fruit-trees, and divided his time between useful labour and innocent enjoyment. Melissa brought him a son; and the hearts of the happy lovers overflowed with the purest joy and content. They forgot Corinth and Periander, and his cruelty.

In the mean time Periander lived at Corinth, a prey to gloomy care and anxious fear. Without children, without friends, he perceived that his throne was gradually sinking, and only supported by watchful cruelty. Corcyra had escaped his vengeance; Samos had deceived him; and he could not attempt to take revenge, because he dared not leave Corinth. Now, surrounded by his guards, whose fidelity he purchased, beloved by no one, (for he had no friend, the aged Medon excepted) he first began to feel the want of the tender affections of humanity.

Often would he take his diadem in his hand, survey it, and exclaim: 'How much hast thou cost me! Whither shall I flee? I am condemned to rule so long as I live, and to hate so long as I have feeling; for what city in Greece will receive the tyrant Periander? Where is the man who will not deliver me up to the Corinthians? Oh! how truly said Medon, that my cruelty had shut me out from the whole world!'



Such were frequently his reflexions; and in these moments of juster perception he would endeavour to obtain love. He was milder and more generous towards his slaves; but they only trembled so much the more, for they feared that his returning pride and anger would be the more severe. His treasures were all embarked on board a ship, ready to sail at the shortest notice, that he might make his escape, in case of any sudden commotion which he should be unable to quell. Thus he lived for a whole year, continually prepared for flight, and surrounded with the images of death.

At length the insurrection he had long expected broke out while he was at the haven. A part of his guards joined the populace, who had obtained arms, and plundered and burned his palace. He then collected the few soldiers who remained faithful to him, and went on board the ship in which his treasures were. He threatened the Corinthians that he would soon return with new-raised troops; and, encouraging his soldiers with great promises, set sail, steering his course for Asia, where he expected to be able to collect an army.

As the vessel passed near Samos, the sight of which island reminded him of the death of his son, and the disappointment of his revenge, he cast a gloomy look on Polycrates.

'There,' said he in his former haughty and tyrannical tone, 'is Samos!' adding, with a menacing frown, 'I will never forgive thee for failing in the execution of my orders, and disappointing my vengeance.'

In the night Polycrates and some of his friends seized Periander in his bed; and, thrusting a cloth into his mouth, forced him upon the deck.

'We will no longer tremble be-

fore thee, tyrant!' said Polycrates; and immediately they plunged him into the waves below.

The sea was calm; and Periander, exerting all his strength, swam towards a light which he perceived at a distance. It belonged to a fishing-boat, which he reached, and was taken on board. The fishermen, having taken a great quantity of fish in the night, rowed, towards morning, to land, and set Periander on shore. The proud sovereign of Corinth now found himself half-naked, without companion or friend, in a foreign country—in Samos.

He proceeded forwards to find some hospitable cottage. In a field of wheat was Agathon, with his labourers; who, as soon as he saw the stranger, ran to him and said, 'Who are you, poor man?'

Periander dared not tell his name; but answered that he was a merchant of Athens, and that his sailors had thrown him into the sea to obtain his wealth. Agathon did not know him; for care and grief had entirely changed the features of Periander: his full and ruddy cheeks had become thin and pale, and his fierce and menacing eye mild and supplicatory. A mantle was soon brought for the stranger, and meat was set before him. About noon, when he was refreshed and had recovered his strength, Agathon conducted him to his cottage.

When Periander approached the grove, Melissa came out with her child in her arms to meet her beloved husband. 'O my dearest Tyche!' exclaimed Agathon, for that was the name which Melissa had now assumed. Periander surveyed the young woman with astonishment, for he thought he saw his own daughter Melissa. He walked by the side of her in mournful silence. As often as she spoke, the well-known tone of her voice reached



reached his heart; but his daughter was dead, and this young woman was named Tyche.

At length they all sat down to a simple meal. Periander admired the calm affection, the heart-felt confidence, and full content of this happy pair. At the end of their meal, Melissa took the cup, and said:

‘May the gods bestow tranquillity on my father!’

She then looked at the old man, her guest, at whose resemblance to her father she was astonished. With tears in her eyes, she then said:

‘Agathon, I still love my aged unfortunate father. Alas! did he but know what happiness love and retirement can bestow, he would’—

She said no more.

‘And who is your father?’ asked the old man, trembling as he uttered the words.

Melissa hastily rose when she heard him speak, raised her hands, and, stretching them towards him,

‘Agathon!’ exclaimed she, ‘surely I know that voice?’

‘What is thy real name?’ asked Periander with still increasing emotion.

‘Melissa!’

The old man started up.

‘Oh, ye gods!’ exclaimed he:

‘I am the unfortunate Periander!’

The father and daughter long remained locked in each other’s embraces. They then mutually related their adventures. Blushing, for the first time, with repentance, Periander heard speak of himself; and now, for the first time, felt the happiness of love, of confidence, and of virtue. He had resided some days in the cottage of Agathon when the report reached it of the death of the tyrant Periander. He heard it with a smile, embraced his daughter, and said:

‘It is true: Periander is dead. I am now only a feeble old man, who has first learned to live when but one step distant from the grave.’

He did learn to live. The domestic happiness of his children, the profound respect they showed to him, and their confidential love of each other, every day made a deeper impression on his heart. Agathon made him overseer of his slaves, and he treated them with more humanity than he had formerly some of the noblest Corinthians. In the evening, amid the last rays of the declining sun, while he played with his grandchildren, with his grey hairs crowned with roses, no person who saw him could have believed that he had been the tyrant of Corinth.

‘But,’ he would say, ‘how much has it cost me, before I became a man?—A beloved wife, two sons, and a throne.’

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The CURSORY LUCUBRATOR.

Nº VII.

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On LIBERALITY: with some REMARKS on the ENGLISH national BENEVOLENCE.

Relieve the indigent, when in thy pow’r;  
The act displays benevolence of mind,  
And carries in itself its own reward.

SINCE the Almighty, in the creation of the world, has uniformly evinced the desire of rendering his creatures happy, how seriously it behoves all men to endeavour to imitate (as far as in them lies) the divine example, by extending the like benevolence to the distressed of their fellow-creatures! It may the further be urged, that the chief happiness and comfort of mankind consist in the reciprocity of good actions: and, give me leave to observe, What sensation is equal to the pleasure we feel, when enabled either to satisfy the cravings of the hungry, clothe the naked, or administer



administer medicine to the diseased? Commiseration to the wants, and charity to the distresses, of mankind, and that benign generosity of heart which diffuses good around, constitute the grand blessing and *summum-bonum* of society. It should seem necessary, however, to remark, that I mean not to recommend that indiscriminate bounty bestowed without judgment or foresight; for, unless liberality be dispensed with reason and discernment, it degenerates into a folly,—as, without the bestowing judiciously, we may actually encourage vice, and sanction the inconsiderate levities of the undeserving, as well as alleviate the pressure of the misfortunes of the most worthy character: yet I am ready to confess, there are too many who, to excuse their want of benevolence, urge this fear of perversion; and, let me also in justice add, there are among that number those who discover more eagerness to pry out faults in their visits to the habitations of poverty, than evince a sincere inclination to relieve their necessities.

The truly liberal man, before his generosity is displayed, weighs well the character of the object who claims his bounty, wisely considering the probable good or ill it may produce, and he decides accordingly. To the wants and entreaties of indigent worth his heart and pocket are ever open; but to the necessities of the intemperate and irrefragably wicked he checks the generosity of his disposition, and withholds his wonted munificence, fully aware that feeding the children of Extravagance would be to promote the increase of her progeny: this is real philanthropy, and thus will the justly liberal man ever act.—Every virtue has its foundation in reason; and liberality, especially, should be governed by moderation;

for, unless it be, the truly generous mind, in the superabundance of its goodness, would outstrip the bounds of its ability, and exhaust that resource which (when resorted to with prudence) proves to its possessor, as well as to the needy, a steady fountain of relief. However, though the too generous man may be reprehended as faulty, we can easily pardon his failing, since it proceeds from that redundant virtue of soul which follows the divine maxim of ‘doing as we would be done by:’ and thus are we bounden in justice to do; nor need we fear reproof from the Almighty, as he will certainly remit the generous error in his creatures, since unrestrained liberality pervades all his works.

Here, reader, permit me to digress; and, as the subject must equally transport every British heart, a few observations, I trust, on the public charities of this kingdom, will not be deemed impertinent.

It is the pride and characteristic happiness of this country, and, I had almost said, distinguishes it from others, to have institutions so diffusively established, that I may, without boldness, affirm, they are calculated to meet almost the exigency of every calamity incidental to man. While, on the one hand, voluntary contribution affords appropriate dwellings for the lame and the blind, and a refuge of safety for the orphan and the widow; on the other, parochial assessment is levied in every district throughout the country, upon every one according to his ability, under different limitations, for the purpose of alleviating the necessities of the distressed members of their several and respective communities, and affording them comfortable food, raiment, and habitation.

How many, whom the hand of death hath deprived of their parents,



rents, or whom father and mother have unnaturally deserted, must have fallen the victims of hunger and want, or sunk the involuntary sacrifice of vice, had not the philanthropy of their country relieved them in the miseries of the one, or detached them from the dissolute paths of the other!—Oh! with what ineffable satisfaction do we behold those numbers of youth of both sexes in our various charitable seminaries, either warned by the kind admonitions of their patrons, or taught by education, preserved from the wiles of profligacy, or snatched, as it were, from the very brink of destruction, now fully reclaimed; and, while they are instructed to shun, they look with fear and trembling on their former course of life, and emulate each other in the laudable exercises of virtue and industry.

No institution is more honourable to this country, or more worthy its humanity, than the Magdalen:—a charity purposely calculated for the reception of those unfortunate women who have deviated from the paths of honour. Here the miserable female finds a peaceful asylum in that agonising situation,

‘When from the face of friendship driven,  
By the bitterest rancour of envenom’d spite,  
And calumny unfeeling.’ DODD.

She, perhaps, justly merits forgiveness, but is, alas! pursued with unrelenting hatred. Too often, I believe, is the fatal deviation from virtue condemned, without investigating its magnitude; and thus a return to rectitude is barred by the insurmountable opposition of inflexible prejudice; and we may, with propriety, conclude, it is most usually imputable to the contempt unfortunate females receive from their parents and friends that so many are driven backward on those fatal rocks where honour and inno-

cence were wrecked, and their tranquillity of mind inevitably destroyed.

But, oh! my fair readers, let not false pride or delicacy ever induce you to despise these melancholy objects of compassion; but rather, animated by the spirit of Christian sympathy, commiserate their misfortunes; and let their situations (from the horrors of which may the Almighty, in his divine goodness, protect you!) influence your hearts to console them in their agony; and, ere the insults of the world, and the perfidy of an ungrateful friend, have urged them to actions which their souls abhor, which must overwhelm them in desperate despair, save them from sad and premature destruction.—Perhaps the exercise of charitable friendship may induce a return to virtue, before vice is confirmed by dissolute habits; and, if so, they may live to reward you: at least, in gratitude they will bless you; and how divine the recompense derived from the inward satisfaction of a self-approving conscience!

But, to avoid prolixity, the benevolence of the English nation is by no means confined to their countrymen: the genial blessings of sympathy diffuse themselves to our very enemies. How many, persecuted by domestic feuds, or driven by the horrors of civil war from their distracted country, have emigrated to our hospitable shores! Among us, these forlorn outcasts have sought refuge in their calamities, and we have afforded them the most ample protection. We have not only kindly received them into society, but we have with a liberal hand subscribed to their necessities. Our beloved sovereign and family, with a promptitude peculiar to their hearts, were the first to propose, and largely contribute, in a recent instance; and his affectionate people, at the all-potent example of royal



royal clemency, most cheerfully added to their assistance. And certainly, by the munificence of a generous people, a sum unprecedented in amount to any one ever yet obtained for a charitable purpose was collected: nor will the faithful historian neglect to transmit to posterity an action so meritorious to an enemy—that at once bears an unquestionable testimony to the feelings, and reflects the highest honour on the humanity, of Englishmen.

Every foreigner is convinced of the extent of English philanthropy; and, while secretly blushing for the apathy and the want of feeling manifested in his own country, readily acknowledges the superiority of our benevolence.

‘And o’er the world these traits our isles obtain, [vain;  
To British hearts distress ne’er pleads in  
Not unto friend alone, but e’en to foe,  
Commiseration beats to bounty’s glow.  
In acts of kindness, boundless, unconfin’d—  
England, thank Heav’n! ’s the friend of all  
mankind.’ OFFLEY\*.

Surely, then, let us hope that we, as a nation, have the justest claim, and may place the firmest reliance, on the goodness of the Almighty; and, since we are taught that charity and humanity are transcriptive of his image, and properties in which he delights, and that he earnestly exhorts us to practise, let us trust we are not unworthy his paternal favour and kindness; and, doubtless, ‘that which he delights in, is protected.’ HENRY FRANCIS.

November, 1801.

#### PARISIAN FASHIONS.

(With an Engraving elegantly coloured.)

THE Parisian ladies still wear veils. Silver *chefs* are worn not

only in their *coiffures à l’antique*, but are used to form borders to coloured *fichus*, plain veils, and sometimes as trimming for robes.

The robes of the latest taste are of blue Turkish muslin: those for full dress of black crape. The *canezouts* are trimmed with lace, and without sleeves, or with sleeves without lining: the collar is very high.

Silk and cotton shawls are worn: the ground of the colour called *ramoneur* (chimney-sweeper) with a white border, or of a Turkish blue ground with an orange border. We meet with many black *fichus*, some crossed in an X on the bosom. Plain ribbands are worn.

Veils and turbans adorned with *chefs* are the *coiffures* worn in full dress. At each point of the veil, which descends below the shoulder, is a tassel without fringe. The ends of the white shawls have also a similar ornament. The most fashionable shawls are Cashmere, a yard and a quarter wide. The square shawls are from a yard and a half to seven quarters. The black hats, with a small puff in the front, are still worn in half dress. The newest necklaces are remarkable for a large plate, either square, oval, or a hexagon, connected with two elastic chains of golden meshes. This plate is frequently set with pearls. In general, pearls are much the vogue in every sort of jewellery. The elastic serpents are still in fashion for bracelets and collars. The cornelian is the favourite stone. Of the turbans, the turban *en pyramide* is one of the most fashionable. It is a simple muslin handkerchief, brought round the head with a silver band upon the forehead, pointed like a pyramid, and raised upon a foundation. The *coiffure de fantaisie* of the most admired kind is a small opera hat, with a very flat crown, ornamented with feathers, placed on

\* See that gentleman’s ‘Address to the Public in Behalf of the Masonic Society.’



on the left side of the head. It is met by a hat in the shape of a trencher, worn flat upon the right side, with a gold band, bow, and ends; the two hats thus forming a head-dress of two wings. The robe *croisée en fichu* is much admired. It is a plain robe, with handkerchief fronts, fastened on the tips of the shoulders over white sleeves, very much ornamented, forming an angle at the waist, where it is confined with a girdle and bow; then sloping off at each side, showing the petticoat in an angle exactly equal to that formed on the bosom.

The collars of the coats of the young men of fashion are not more than an inch in breadth: the boots reach above the knee: the hat is perfectly round, and the rim of it enlarges every day. We see many coats buttoned in such a manner that the waistcoat is scarcely to be seen.

### THE MONKS and the ROBBERS.

(Continued from p. 537.)

AS the lady Juliet recovered from the consequences of her malady, these familiarities grew more frequent; and the tenderness of the manner and expressions of Tancred every day increased. Yet, so artfully did he veil the fierce desire that raged within him, under the appearance of that affection which is derived from consanguinity, that she suspected not that those caresses, which she considered as innocent marks of esteem and affection, unmingled with any sexual ideas, were steps towards the gratification of his brutal appetite in the possession of her person; which though her calamities and recent illness had faded in beauty, in grace and symmetry remained uncommonly fasci-

nating; and of his thirst for riches and power, in the possession of her extensive domains; that those were his sole inducements to spare no pains, and neglect no opportunities, to ingratiate himself in her favour; and that his constant anxiety for her health, his undeviating attention to please and amuse her, all sprang from the same source, and were directed to the same end.

Several months had now elapsed since the decease of the lady Rodigona; and Tancred, impatient of further delay, resolved to disclose his long-concealed wishes to the lovely object of them. He had hoped that his attentions to his fair niece had lessened the opposition he expected otherwise to meet with.

'Alas, my lord!' said she, one day, when he had been endeavouring to draw her into company, 'you weary yourself in vain. I pray you, cease these entreaties. I cannot accord to them. I have no spirits for company.'

'Trust me, love!' he replied, 'the gay scenes of Palermo will restore them. Pleasure, change of place, and gay society, would quickly lull thy sorrows, and bring thee peace of mind.'

'Ah, no! it is a vain hope: my heart is torn with anguish: my lost felicity is ever present to my mind, and will embitter every moment of my existence.'

'Oh! think not so, my Juliet.—Let me hope that by me thy sorrows will be tranquillised—by me thy happiness will be restored. Let me hope, too,' he continued, taking her hand, and pressing it between his own, while he sought to read in her expressive countenance the effect which what he was about to say would produce—'let me hope, too, that I shall awaken other and tenderer sentiments in your bosom than those you at present feel for me.'

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'That is impossible, my lord. Your kind attentions, your unwearied solicitude, your endeavours to soften my affliction and restore my happiness, have already won my utmost esteem and gratitude.'

'Shall I then hope, sweet Juliet,' interrogated he, again pressing the hand he held—'shall I then hope that those attentions, those endeavours, will have the effect I wish?'

He paused, and gazed anxiously upon her; while, in evident mistake of his meaning, she, sighing deeply, answered—

'No; I feel that happiness is not for me. Alas! the dear objects that formed it are now no more. Thou art gone, my father! And thou, too, my beloved, art at rest for ever! Never again will thy sorrowing Juliet behold thee!—never again wilt thou return to bless her, who lived only in thee! Oh! never!—'

Her voice faltered; the strong remembrance of her loss struck upon her mind, and the rising emotion impeded her utterance. She clasped her hands despairingly together; sobs heaved her bosom; and the tears, which had stood collected in either eye, streamed down her pallid cheeks.

Tancred gazed passionately upon the lovely mourner. Never to him did she appear more powerfully attractive—more irresistibly fascinating: not even when she knew nought more of sorrow than the name; when the bewitching smile of uninterrupted gaiety and peace played upon her features; when the freshness of her cheeks rivalled the blushing rose; when the animated brilliancy of her eye was undimmed with sorrow; and when her soft angelic form bounded with the light and cheerful steps of full health and spirits. But though sorrow and illness had deprived her cheeks of their rosy hue, had dimmed the lustre of

her eyes, and enfeebled her lovely form, all the graces of her beauty were not fled; her face still retained its exquisite symmetry and expression, and her figure its soft and feminine grace. The sweet air of patient sorrow, that which pervaded every thing she said or did, rendered her appearance uncommonly interesting; and, on this occasion, her look, her attitude, and the soft plaintiveness of her voice, had their full effect on the passions of Tancred.

His bosom now throbbed with wild desire; his arm stole around her waist; his eyes sparkled with passionate ardour; and, no longer master of himself, he drew her towards him. He clasped her vehemently to his bosom, and eagerly pressed his lips to hers. Confused and indignant at his behaviour, she struggled to release herself from his embrace.

'Unhand me, lord Tancred!' she cried, while the sweet suffusion of offended modesty crimsoned her cheeks. 'What mean you?'

'Forgive me, lovely Juliet!' he exclaimed, sinking on his knee before her, and still grasping her hand. 'Sweet excellence! forgive and hear me. I love—I adore you!'

Conviction darted at once upon her senses at these words; and, starting, she turned an eye of fear upon her kinsman.

'Nay, start not, sweet girl! Long have I loved thee—long have I strove with my love; but I can no longer suppress the passion that devours me.'

'Release me, lord Tancred,' interrupted Juliet, and strove to free her hand from his grasp. 'This is language improper for a niece to hear.'

'Hear me, loveliest of thy sex!' continued Tancred, still detaining her: 'hear me, while I solemnly swear, that, without you, life and fortune are nothing. Then bid me not despair.'



despair,' added he in a tone of softness. 'Reject not my suit, beloved Juliet! let me but hope that one day, however distant, I shall call you mine.'

(To be continued.)

#### ORIGIN of the NAME of the COLOUR called ISABELLA.

WHEN the Spaniards, in 1601, laid siege to Ostend, then held by the Dutch, Isabella—the wife of the archduke Albert, who commanded the besieging army—made a vow that she would not change her *chemise* till the town had capitulated. The garrison defended itself during three whole years; and the *chemise* of the archduchess, as may be supposed, assumed a yellow hue. After the surrender of the place, which was reduced to a heap of ruins, the ladies in the train of that princess, wishing to pay their court to her, introduced in their dress a colour between white and yellow, which they called *Isabella*. The name has been established by fashion, and has become common, especially on the continent.

#### DETACHED THOUGHTS.

WHEN we are young we meet with ungrateful persons; they disgust us: by degrees we become habituated to them; and at length consider ingratitude as a vice natural to the human heart.

We are incessantly told that we must be born poets. Yes, in the same manner that we must be born musicians, orators, or mechanics: that is, with the dispositions necessary to become such, which dispositions must afterwards be unfolded

and brought to perfection by study and exercise.

Honour resides on the summit of a mountain; eagles fly, and reptiles can sometimes creep to it.

We are more frequently duped by an excess of distrust than an excess of confidence.

We often meet with, in the world, a sort of extravagant persons who affect to be worse than they are: vice has her hypocrites as well as virtue.

It is the triumph of reason to live on good terms with those who the destitute of reason.

Time does not pass; it remains continually immoveable, while we pass before it.

We seek in vain what we call fortune, if it does not seek us: coquetry is the dream of love.

#### ANECDOTE.

IN the reign of Alfonso V. of Portugal, a treaty of peace was set on foot between Portugal and Castile. Ambassadors from both kingdoms held different meetings to settle the preliminaries, but in vain. Alfonso, weary of procrastination, had recourse to a singular expedient: he dispatched one of his ministers to the king of Castile with a die, on one side of which was engraved the word 'Peace,' on the opposite side 'War.' The Castilian sovereign having agreed to terminate the contest in this manner, the die was cast, and displayed its peaceful face.—Hereupon a treaty of peace was concluded between both kingdoms for the space of one hundred and one years; and it happened to be executed to the letter, it being just one hundred and one years after when Philip II. declared war against Portugal.



## POETICAL ESSAYS.

## PROLOGUE,

ON OPENING THE THEATRE AT  
SYDNEY, BOTANY-BAY.

*Spoken by the celebrated Mr. BAR-  
RINGTON.*

FROM distant climes o'er wide-  
spread seas we come, [drum:  
Though not with much *éclat* or beat of  
True patriots all; for, be it understood,  
We left our country for our country's  
good.

No private views disgrac'd our gene-  
rous zeal, [try's weal;  
What urg'd our travels was our coun-  
And none will doubt but that our emi-  
gration [nation.

Has prov'd most useful to the British  
But you inquire, what could our  
breasts inflame [fame?

With this new passion for theatric  
What, in the practice of our former  
days, [plays?

Could shape our talents to exhibit  
Your patience, sirs: some observations  
made,

You'll grant us equal to the scenic trade.  
He, who to midnight ladders is no  
stranger, [Ranger.

You'll own, will make an admirable  
To see Macheath we have not far to  
roam; [home.

And sure in Filch I shall be quite at  
Unrival'd there; none will dispute my  
claim [fame.

To high pre-eminence and exalted  
As oft on Gadshill we have ta'en our  
stand, [your hand,

When 'twas so dark you could not see  
Some true-bred Falstaff we may hope  
to start, [play his part.

Who, when well bolster'd, well will  
The scene to vary, we shall try in time  
To treat you with a little pantomime.

Here light and easy Columbines are  
found, [abound;

And well-tried Harlequins with us

From durance vile our precious selves  
to keep, [leap;

We often have recourse to th' flying  
To a black face have sometimes ow'd  
escape, [worth of crape.

And Hounslow-heath has prov'd the  
But how, you ask, can we e'er hope  
to soar [lore?

Above these scenes, and rise to tragic  
Too oft, alas! we forc'd th' unwilling  
tear,

And petrified the heart with real fear.  
Macbeth a harvest of applause will  
reap, [sleep:

For some of us, I fear, have murder'd  
His lady, too, with grace, will sleep and  
talk— [walk.

Our females have been us'd at night to  
Sometimes, indeed, so various is our  
art, [part:

An actor may improve and mend his  
'Give me a horse!' bawls Richard,  
like a drone; [to one.

We'll find a man would help himself  
Grant us your favour—put us to the  
test, [best;

To gain your smiles we'll do our very  
And, without dread of future Turnkey  
Lockits, [pockets.

Thus, in an honest way, still pick your

PROLOGUE to the new Comedy en-  
titled 'INTEGRITY.'

*Written by Mr. T. DIBDIN.*

*Spoken by Mr. BRUNTON.*

WHERE Commerce hourly wasts a  
countless store [shore;

Of wealth from ev'ry clime and ev'ry  
Here, where on Industry she loves to  
smile, [your'd isle,

And deck with many a gem her fa-  
Long may she reign—by Freedom  
check'd alone, [throne!

Her crown, Success—Integrity her  
Integrity,



*Integrity*, the British merchant's guide,  
And ev'ry true-born child of Britain's  
pride!

That ore from *Virtue's* mine, which  
names our play,

Meets, with respect, your *critical* assay:

If *sterling*, we demand your warm ap-  
plause— [your laws.

You must support what best supports  
And they are *prov'd*, by ev'ry cause you  
try,

To owe their *being* to *Integrity*.

Well may such laws to fame and for-  
tune raise [of praise;

Whoe'er they honour with the meed

And one of those, one by your judgment  
plac'd [grac'd,

High in the rank by genuine talent  
One who so oft has charm'd your list'n-

ing ears, [Stage with tears;

While mimic sorrow 'drown'd the

Whose magic powers—but needless  
'twere to tell [so well:

What your approving hands can speak

She here intrusts, of justice well as-  
sur'd,

The scion of a *plant* by you *matur'd*:

He, trembling, begg'd I'd venture to  
request [the rest.

You'd praise what *pleases*, and *forgive*

I, to encourage, told the frighten'd elf,

'The blood of Douglas should protect  
itself.'

But *he*, in spite of ev'ry anxious fear,  
Looks, wisely, for the best protection  
here.

## DIALOGUE-EPILOGUE

TO THE SAME.

Written by Mr. T. DIBDIN.

Spoken by Mrs. MATTOCKS and Miss  
MURRAY.

*Julia.*

THAT the stage is a mirror we all  
know for certain—

*Flora.*

Yes, ma'am, it is written so over the  
curtain.

*Julia.*

What a charming *large* glass! 'Tis no  
wonder the Graces

So often come here to behold their fair  
faces:

It takes in all follies, copies ev'ry com-  
plexion,

And you'll all of ye own, there's fine  
room for *reflexion*.

To-night, on its surface, with wonder  
you saw [of the law—

An honest, plain-spoken, young man

He refus'd a rich fee—

*Flora.*

And a beautiful lass.

*Julia.*

And as all this you only beheld in the  
glass,

We're come just to look if perchance  
we can see

The person reflected—Sure, that can't  
be he?

*Flora.*

That?—No, ma'am: he sits with his  
muscles so steady,

A body might swear that *he's* married  
already.

*Julia.*

That spruce man in black—

*Flora.*

With sharp nose and wide stare!

No—*he'd* refuse nothing that came to  
his share.

Stay—yonder—Pray, ma'am, will you  
just move your fan—

*Julia.*

As I hope for a husband, you've found  
out the man!

By those features I'm sure an ingenuous  
youth, [and truth:

Who vastly admires honour, candour,  
By those eyes half cast down—No, I'm

wrong, I confess.

*Flora.*

Lord, ma'am! *he's* admiring *himself*  
and his dress.

*Julia.*

Well, 'tis strange we can't find—Yet  
the reason is plain, [vain.

To look but for *one* such an hero were  
Our glass reflects *many* who *Virtue* re-  
vere,

And *Virtue* can never be singular *here*.

May its beams oft illumine the mirror  
before you! [fluence o'er you!

May its blessings diffuse their best in—  
While Folly, abash'd, shall retire at the  
sight

Of the worth that's reflected from you  
ev'ry night.

[Exit.

*Flora.*



*Flora.*

So much for *reflexions*—Ere I bid adieu,  
I'll leave a most pleasing reflexion for  
you:—

'Tis that Plenty shall crown ev'ry  
year with increase,  
While from War's dreadful toil our  
lov'd heroes shall cease,  
And receive their reward in the bos-  
som of *Peace!* [Exit.]

### THE NETTLE AND THE ROSE.

AS Emma trac'd her garden's round,  
At day's refreshing close,  
It chanc'd the youthful fair one found  
A weed—where bloom'd her Rose.

'Behold,' she cried, 'my blushing  
flower,  
Which sham'd the morning's pride,  
Lies scatter'd ere the dewy hour  
Which bids the eve subside!'

The blushing leaves, which breath'd  
perfume,  
Are borne on Zephyr's wings,  
Whilst o'er her flow'ret's early tomb  
The Nettle frowns and stings.

'Fit emblem, sure,' the maid exclaim'd,  
'Of Fate's uncertain sway:  
So Virtue fades, unseen, unnam'd,  
Whilst Vice usurps the day.'

She paus'd, and to her mother's sigh,  
Whose arm she fondly press'd,  
She rais'd the mild inquiring eye  
That spokethe doubting breast.

'Weep not thy blossoms' early blight,  
So spake the parent tongue;  
'Nor mourn that day's retiring light  
Still sees the weed that sprung.

'Tho' life in form the rankling flower,  
This moral bear in mind—  
Thy Rose has bloom'd her fragrant  
hour,  
And left her sweets behind.

'What tho' unlov'd, and undesir'd,  
This taints the vernal air;  
Its being hateful, unadmir'd,  
Would Emma wish to share?

'Ah, no!' the mother fondly cry'd,  
'Thy juster thoughts shall own,  
Far better be the flower that died  
Than Nettle newly blown.'

Her Emma's mild retracting eyes  
Ingenuous drops adorn,  
Whilst on her cheek the tints arise,  
Sweet as the Rose she mourn'd.

### THE MODERN WEDDING-DAY.

YE sons of moral wisdom, say,  
What is a modern wedding-day?  
A day of traffic! when the mind  
The potent pow'rs of int'rest bind,  
When rank, connexions, fortune, share  
The motives of the wedded pair!

It is a day of sordid thought,  
Where Liberty is sold and bought!  
Where vows are made which Truth  
denies, [dies!  
While Love, with smiling Freedom,  
Where worldly wishes, worldly toys,  
Are barter'd—for domestic joys!

A husband, or a wife, bestows  
The remnant of the heart's repose;  
Takes, or for better or for worse,  
A transient joy,—or lasting curse,  
Resigns each hope to care or strife,  
And swears,—to be a slave for life!

Perchance a temper sour and teasing  
Succeeds the lover's task of pleasing!  
For all things change, when once the  
priest

Has sanctified the marriage-feast—  
Then Truth in native garb appears—  
A garb that lasts for length'ning years!  
Then doubt, disgust, and weary days,  
Bewilder life's precarious ways;  
Then sighs the wretch for Freedom's  
joys,

While ev'ry scene his soul annoys;  
For, wheresoe'er he drags his chain,  
He bears a length'ning load of pain.

Or if, by chance, congenial minds  
The priest in sacred union binds;  
If Love conspire with Truth to show  
That wedded faith is heav'n below;  
What are the evils that await  
Upon the blissful, envied state?

Children, to fill the parent's mind  
With fear and anxious hope combin'd!  
Sickness and sorrow, pain and woe,  
Which feeling breasts are sure to know;  
And Death! which heart from heart  
shall sever,  
And bid them part, at last, *for ever!*



## ELEGY

TO THE MEMORY OF THE LATE  
MISS MARY FRANCIS, OF MEN-  
DLESHAM.

HARK! what is this I hear?—It is  
the knell

Of her departed soul that fills the air.  
A sad and solemn sound, her passing  
bell!

Oh, how its pealing sound assaults  
the ear!

Must worth like hers so soon forsake  
the land?

Can't her good deeds another mo-  
ment give?

Oh! must she go, at lurid Death's com-  
mand?

Can nought on earth her early doom  
reprieve?

Can't youth or beauty save her from  
the tomb?

No, no; they're vain! (though a de-  
lusive show:)

For, lo! th' Almighty hand hath sign'd  
her doom;

Nor can we e'er reverse it here be-  
low.

E'en as the rose which withers in its  
bloom,

Pluck'd from the tree by some un-  
wary hand;

Whose faded leaves afford a sweet per-  
fume,

And spread a fragrance far around  
the land—

So she, cut off e'en in the bloom of  
youth,

Ere yet arriv'd the noon-tide of her  
days,

Has left a name endu'd by sacred  
truth

To be the matchless herald of her  
praise<sup>∞</sup>.

Lament not, friends, her life so soon is  
o'er;

Her transient stay with mortals here  
on earth;

For, lo! she's wafted to that peaceful  
shore

Where angels dwell, to join their  
heav'nly mirth.

And ye, surviving fair ones! boast no  
more

Of youth or beauty, since they are  
so frail;

But fading flowers at best, which soon  
are o'er,

And of their boasted influence leave  
no trail.

When you shall gaze on the angelic  
form

Reflected from the mirror's polish'd  
face,

Remember age will very shortly come,  
And beauty to deformity give place.

Even he, who'd fain perpetuate her  
name,

Shall shortly want the boon he means  
to pay,

To save him from oblivion; for his  
frame

Must soon dissolve, his intellects  
decay! T.

ON THE DEATH OF AN OLD SOL-  
DIER, WHO DIED IN A WORK-  
HOUSE.

YE sons of Genius, ye whose polish'd  
rhymes

Can make the hero live to future times;  
With flowers poetic can adorn his name,

And make it glitter on the rolls of fame;  
Permit a village Muse, with feeble

breath,

To sing, in simple strains, a soldier's  
death;

Nor let the kind, the generous, and the  
brave,

Sink down uncelebrated to the grave.  
Permit my Muse to pierce th' incum-

bent gloom,

And snatch his mem'ry from th' obli-  
vious tomb.

In early life, seduc'd by Glory's  
charms,

He left his humble plough to carry arms;  
Left the fair scenes of happy solitude,

To traverse plains with human blood  
imbru'd.

Ah! how unlike those scenes of rural joy  
The fields of Dettingen and Fontenoy!

Where thousands, in the bloom of  
health array'd,

Led by their chiefs, were swept to  
Death's cold shade;

Where

\* — 'be the worthless herald of a lie.'  
SHAKESPEARE.



Where Havoc rear'd her sanguinary  
head,  
And smil'd upon the dying and the dead.  
In forty-five—when, from the scowling  
North, [forth,—  
Rebellious Scotia pour'd her miscreants  
With loyal zeal he join'd the martial  
band, [land;  
And drove the rebels to their native  
To guard their rightful prince their  
swords they wield,  
And fought, and conquer'd, in Cullo-  
den's field:  
There royal William, at one signal  
blow, [low.  
Laid all the hopes of proud rebellion  
But say what bright reward, what  
brilliant meed, [deed?  
Awaits the private soldier's gallant  
Doubtless that realm for whom he  
fought and bled  
Will shield from poverty his aged head.  
Ah, no!—when he can fight and bleed  
no more,  
He seeks a refuge with the parish poor.  
In work-house doom'd to draw his  
'latest breath, [way to death!  
Where all that's dreadful paves the  
Though Britain to thy worth no tribute  
pay,  
Accept, heroic shade! this humble lay.  
What though no volleys thunder'd o'er  
thy dust; [bust;  
Though o'er thy relics rise no sculptur'd  
Yet, gallant vet'ran! the untrophied  
grave  
Affords a sweet quietus to the brave:  
Nor can the chieftain proud, with star-  
gilt breast,  
Boast sounder slumbers, or serenest rest.  
*Haverhill.* JOHN WEBB.

## SONG,

FOR A HIGHLAND DROVER RE-  
TURNING FROM ENGLAND.

By ROBERT BLOOMFIELD, *Author of*  
*'The Farmer's Boy.'*

NOW fare thee well, England!—no  
farther I'll roam, [way home;  
But follow my shadow, that points the  
Your gay southern shores shall not  
tempt me to stay,  
For my Maggy's at home, and my  
children at play;  
'Tis this makes my bonnet sit light on  
my brow, [bosom its glow?  
Gives my sinews their strength and my

Farewell, mountaineers! my compa-  
nions, adieu! [ver'd from you,  
Soon, many long miles when I'm se-  
I shall miss your white horns on the  
brink of the bourn,  
And o'er the rough heaths where you'll  
never return:  
But in brave English pastures you can-  
not complain, [Maggy again!  
Whilst your drover speeds back to his  
Oh, Tweed, gentle Tweed! as I pass  
your green vales,  
More than life, more than love, my tir'd  
spirit inhales;  
There Scotland, my darling, lies full in  
my view, [tains so blue!  
With her bare-footed lasses and moun-  
To the mountains away:—my heart  
bounds like the hind; [so kind!  
For home is so sweet, and my Maggy  
As day after day I still follow my course,  
And in fancy trace back ev'ry stream to  
its source,  
Hope cheers me up hills, where the  
road lies before, [of wild moor,  
O'er hills just as high and o'er tracks  
The keen polar star nightly rising to  
view— [true!  
But Maggy's my star just as steady and  
Oh, ghosts of my fathers—oh, heroes!  
look down; [deeds of renown;  
Fix my wandering thoughts on your  
For the glory of Scotland reigns warm  
in my breast, [from rest:—  
And fortitude grows both from toil and  
May your deeds and your worth be for-  
ever in view, [worthy of you!  
And may Maggy bear sons not un-  
Love, why do you urge me, so weary  
and poor?—  
I cannot step faster, I cannot do more;  
I have pass'd silver Tweed, e'en the  
Tay flows behind; [shall find:  
Yet fatigue I'll disdain, my reward I  
Thou sweet smile of innocence, thou  
art my prize, [gy's blue eyes!  
And the joy that will sparkle in Mag-  
She'll watch to the southward—per-  
haps she will sigh,  
That the way is so long and the moun-  
tain so high!—  
Perhaps some huge rock in the dusk  
she may see, [surely is he!  
And will say in her fondness, 'That  
Good wife, you're deceiv'd: I'm still  
far from my home; [I'll come.  
Go sleep, my dear Maggy—to-morrow  
FOREIGN



## FOREIGN NEWS.

*Moscow, Sept. 27.*

**I**MMEDIATELY after the coronation, a proclamation was published, by which his imperial majesty releases all ranks of persons from subjection to the recruiting service during the remainder of this year; all fines hitherto not collected are remitted; persons imprisoned for debts to the crown, who can prove by credible witnesses that they are unable to pay, to be set at liberty, &c. &c.

*Constantinople, Sept. 30.* The English ambassador, lord Elgin, and the brother of general Hutchinson, who brought intelligence of the capitulation of Alexandria, have received the new Turkish order of knighthood, which was formerly conferred on lord Nelson, and the insignia of which consist of a crescent, with stars richly set with diamonds. To celebrate the surrender of Alexandria, the grand seignior has given liberty to 250 galley slaves, and ordered all persons to be released who were detained in prison for debts under 150,000 piastres.

On the 25th the grand seignior went in solemn procession to the mosque, to return thanks to Providence for the recovery of Egypt. On this occasion he took the title of 'Gazi, or the Victorious.'

The illuminations on the 22d and the following days extended along the canal to the distance of eighteen or twenty Italian miles. Some of the palaces of the sultanas were illuminated with more than 20,000 lamps.

The Porte has sent an especial deputation to the English commander in Egypt, to congratulate him on the success of his arms.—Our trade now begins rapidly to revive.

*Madrid, Oct. 2.* It appears that there exists still some fermentation among the inhabitants of the country parts near Valence; and that the small number of mal-contents, which

could not succeed in making the people be guilty of excesses at the time of the establishment of the provincial militia, hope to mislead them by other means. The emblems of feudality are torn down wherever they are met with; whoever shall pay the seignorial dues is threatened with death; the authors of these disorders are not numerous, but they are determined, and do not want a certain degree of capacity. It is believed that it will be sufficient to remove them, in order to re-establish speedily perfect tranquillity. In the mean time, some corps of troops have been sent from the coast, and the government is taking the most proper steps for preventing new troubles. The friends of order have been invited to take up arms against the seditious; it has been forbidden to any one to sound the marine trumpet, because it is the signal of the mal-contents; fathers are declared responsible for the conduct of their children, and masters for that of their domestics; large rewards are promised to whoever shall kill or take the leader of a tumult; in short, all the authorities are directed to watch the conduct of the inhabitants, and to take up the mal-contents. The king has appointed, as captain general of that province, Don Ventura Caro, a person known for his probity, experience, and wisdom.

*St. Petersburg, Oct. 6.* On the 4th inst. in the morning, we received from Moscow the long-wished intelligence of the crowning of our universally beloved sovereign, Alexander I. This joyful news was immediately communicated to the inhabitants by the discharge of 101 pieces of artillery, and the ringing of bells: in the evening the whole city was splendidly illuminated.

*Vienna, Oct. 14.* In the night between the 12th and 13th instant, the French ambassador Champagne received



ceived a courier from Paris, with advice that the preliminaries of peace between England and France were signed on the 1st of October; which intelligence he immediately communicated to our court, and the foreign ministers here, with expressions of the greatest satisfaction.

*Hague, Oct. 22.* The new state directory, was constituted on the 17th. It consists of the citizens Beveren, Branstien, Hoogstraten, Leeuw, Queysen, Spoors, and Verheyen, appointed by the late directory; and citizens Haersolte, Besler, Pymann, Lewe, and Van Burmannia Rengers, chosen by the seven first-named members. Citizen Beveren was chosen president, according to the 20th article of the new constitution.

*Oct. 24.* Yesterday the state directory proceeded to the nomination of the new legislative body. The greatest part of the 35 members of which it consists belonged to the former legislation, and are at present at the Hague. There are 13 from the province of Holland; five from Guelderland, three from Batavian Brabant, three from Eurricht, three from Overijssel, three from Friesland, three from Groningen, and two from Zeeland. We are now anxious to see whether those members who had a share in the late stadtholderian government, as Boezelaar, Collot d'Escury, Meermann, Van Linden, Van Lunenburg, Dumpar, and Rengers, will accept their places, and follow the example of the two Orangists, Bransen and Burmannia Rengers, who have taken their seats in the directory. This will be a great step towards that union of parties which it is now endeavoured to effect. The directory will immediately proceed to organize the departments.

The prince of Orange, it is said, has asked of the French government 600,000 florins, to indemnify him for the loss of his estates in Belgium.

It is asserted here, that the definitive treaty of peace at Amiens will occasion a considerable change in the present situation of the Scheldt.

It is said, that, in consequence of a stipulation between France and Eng-

land, Osnaburg will be secularised in favour of Hanover.

*Berlin, Oct. 25.* Peace being now restored between England and France, the motives which occasioned the taking possession of the electorate of Hanover now no longer exist; his Prussian majesty has therefore determined that his troops shall evacuate the same; the necessary orders to which effect will be immediately forwarded to lieutenant-general Kleist. — The courts of London and Berlin will, according to accounts that may be relied on, immediately enter into negotiations relative to the subject of Hanover.

*Hague, Oct. 27.* The late director Ermering has given in a new protest relative to the form of the new government and its establishment, but which, however, has been without effect. His colleague, Van Swinden, has made no protests, but yesterday left the hotel of the present state directory, and returned with his family to his residence at Amsterdam, where he will resume his former place as professor of physic.

On Saturday the twelve state directors drew lots to determine the number of years that each shall continue in his place, by which it was decided that citizen Pymann shall go out next year, and a member each ensuing year, in the following order: Verheyen, Rengers, Hoogstraten, Spoors, Lewe, de Leeuw, Besler, Haersolte, Queysen, de Beveren, and Bransen: the last will, therefore, remain in twelve years. The members of the state directory have each a salary of 10,000 florins, but no place of residence at the public expence.

An English ship has arrived at Brill, with different kinds of goods, which it has landed, and taken in a new cargo. More ships are expected.

The division of the Batavian fleet at Flushing, with a great number of gun-boats, has been dismantled.

*Paris, Oct. 30.* The minister of general police has adopted the requisite measures for delivering passports to such foreigners as may wish to travel into France. Foreigners who come by sea, and who land in the ports of Ostend, Dunkirk, Calais, Boulogne, Dieppe, Havre, Cherbourg, Gran-



Granville, St. Malo, Nantz, Rochelle, Bourdeaux, Marseilles, Certe, Frejus, and Nice, shall there receive, from the magistrates authorised to that effect, passports which have been transmitted from the capital for their accommodation; but foreigners who, shall land in any part of France, not mentioned above, shall wait in such place till the minister of police sends down the necessary passports.

*Hamburg, Oct. 31.* Though the court of Berlin has given orders for the evacuation of Hanover, the Prussian minister is employed in certain modifications to be presented to the British court; these modifications rest upon the principle of free bottoms making free goods; in consequence, the Prussian ships will be charged, in future, in presence of the Prussian consuls, who shall deliver a certificate to the captains of the vessels that their cargo contains no contraband merchandise. If the English captains entertain doubts of the authenticity of the certificate, they will have a right to carry the ships into the nearest port; but, at the same time, when the authenticity shall be acknowledged, they shall be responsible for the consequence.

*Calais, Nov. 4.* Citizen Mengeaud, commissary-general in the ports of the Channel, and of the Pas de Calais, has published the following notice:

"In answer to the numerous inquiries and complaints relative to the expenses of passports for embarking from or landing at Calais, travellers are informed, that the only thing demandable in that respect reduces itself to the payment of the stamp-duty on the passport. Beyond that, every thing has been, and should be still, matter of generosity and pure will."

*Paris, Nov. 5.* We hear from Leghorn, that the French advice-boat, the Victoire, arrived from Longone in two days, has returned to port. This is the vessel which the French government had sent to Corsica and the Isle of Elbe, to carry the news of peace with England. The captain deposed, that at the receipt of this news on the Isle of Elbe, all operations against Porto Ferrajo had ceased.

*Hague, Nov. 7.* The 27th demi-brigade of French auxiliary troops is gone to Flushing. The embarkation commenced three days ago; and while we are writing, the squadron which is to carry them to St. Domingo has without doubt set sail. There remain now here not more than 6000 French troops.

*Calais, Nov. 7.* Lord Cornwallis was not able to leave this place until the day after his arrival at three o'clock in the afternoon, on account of the difficulty in landing the carriages, which were on board the vessel that struck. He set out in very dreadful weather. The general of brigade, Ferrand, commandant of the coasts of the department of Calais, on horseback, placed himself at the head of his escort, and conducted him as far as Boulogne. There, after having supped with his excellency, he received from him a pair of pistols of the greatest beauty and rarest workmanship. We do not believe such beautiful arms could be made in any other country; but this present, rich and honourable for a soldier, was nothing in comparison with the polite and flattering manner in which it was bestowed.

*Paris, Nov. 9.* This day, at half past 11 o'clock, his excellency marquis Cornwallis, minister plenipotentiary of his Britannic majesty to the congress at Amiens, was introduced by the minister of foreign affairs to the chief consul, with whom he had a private audience.

16. By a proclamation of the 10th inst. the consuls have declared, that conformably to the 33d article of the constitution, the session of the legislative body shall commence on the 1st Frimaire (22d November) at noon, at Paris. By an *arrêté* of the same day they have decreed the ceremony of the opening of the session; it is to be announced by several discharges of artillery; the minister of the interior is to receive the members of the legislative body; these counsellors of state are to repair to the legislative body, and one of them is to make a speech in the name of the government.



## HOME NEWS.

*London, Oct. 2.*

THE following letter was sent to the French prisoners confined in Porchester castle, on the preliminaries of peace being signed:—

*“London, Oct. 2, 10th year.*

“The commissary of the French republic, in England, to the secretaries of French prisoners of war, at the depot of Portsmouth.

“Citizens!—I am eager to inform you that the preliminaries of peace between the French republic and Great Britain were signed last night at London. May these happy tidings resound throughout the prisons, and may each of your comrades of misfortune learn, that the moment of his deliverance is not far off. Assure them of the interest that their critical situation has always inspired me with, and that I shall employ myself, without intermission, with the means by which they may be restored to liberty and their families. Health and fraternity.

(Signed) OTTO.

*Bristol, Oct. 12.* On the approach of the London mail yesterday, which brought the news of peace to this city, it was met by a numerous company of horsemen, and its arrival at Temple-gate was announced by a discharge of cannon and the ringing of bells; when the following cavalcade passed through the city to the Bush tavern:—

1. A company of dragoons, with drawn swords, and decorated with laurel, &c.

2. One of the city officers, with a large flag, on horseback.

3. Mr. Weeks, in his cavalry dress, accompanied by a gentleman blowing the trumpet, in a triumphal car, decorated with laurel.

4. The mail, drawn by eight horses, with gilt crowns and laurels on their heads, richly decorated with flags, ribbons, and laurel,

5. A company of dragoons, as before.

6. A prodigious number of horsemen, &c.

The whole was conducted in extreme good order, and amidst many thousands of spectators.

*Oxford, Oct. 12.* A very splendid and general illumination took place in this city and university, in celebration of the happy return of peace. The parts of the different colleges which front the streets were beautiful in the extreme.

*London, Oct. 13.* The following melancholy accident occurred on Saturday evening last, during the public rejoicings:—As Miss Savage, of Newington Butts, an accomplished young lady, was standing at the door of her mother's house, in conversation with a gentleman who pays his respects to her, a flash of lightning suddenly came and discharged a pistol that he held in his hand into the face and eyes of the young lady, who, we are sorry to say, is dreadfully disfigured by the accident, and great apprehensions are entertained for the recovery of her sight.

A young man, the son of a respectable linen-draper in the Strand, went to the shop of a banking house, and presented a forged draft for 510l. A gentleman in the shop, out of compassion to the youth, resisted the draft twice, but being again urged, the young man was desired to walk into the back counting-house, when, being told that it was a forgery, he instantly drew out a three-barreled pistol, loaded with slugs, with which he attempted to shoot himself, but was prevented. The keeping company with some loose women at the west end of the town has been the cause of his ruin.

14. The Gazette of last night contained a proclamation for the discontinuance



nuance of hostilities by sea and land, in compliance with the conditions of peace.

The Gazette also contained an order in council, declaring that passes will be delivered as soon as they can be interchanged, for the security of merchant ships sailing during the cessation of arms.

14. A great number of ships have been directed to be paid off immediately. Orders were issued on Monday for the paying off of sixty-three, most of which are of the line. Recruiting parties for the sea and land service have been called in. The sea-fencibles are to be disbanded immediately, and a considerable reduction is to take place in the numbers of the regular regiments, both infantry and cavalry.

General Lauriston set off this morning, on his return to Paris. He returns, as he has more than once said, impressed with a deep sense of obligation for the very flattering and distinguished manner in which he has been received by all ranks of people.

One of the couriers who accompanied him fell off his horse at Charing-cross, near the equestrian statue. He was not hurt at all, though his dress of scarlet and gold suffered a good deal from the mud. The populace lifted him again on his horse, and gave him a loud huzza.

*Norwich, Oct. 14.* On the last mail, viz. Ipswich, coming into town, persons with flags, &c. insisted on mounting the coach, which the coachman, from a knowledge of the spirit of his horses, remonstrated against, but in vain, and it was almost miraculous that the catastrophe was not dreadful:—On the firing of pistols and the shouting of the people, the horses became maddened; and the coachman losing his command of them, they went full speed down the market-place; the only chance he now had of preserving the lives of his passengers, &c. was to keep the horses from going into the inn-yard, which they attempted, and which he with great difficulty and exertion prevented. In this struggle between them, the horses got upon the pavement and fell; the carriage, suddenly losing that motion which impelled it forward, was thrown off its centre, and fell upon its flat side, throwing the

persons upon it to some distance, with considerable force; the coachman, the guard, and every one, was more or less bruised, but no bones were broken, and it is hoped no one materially hurt. The first sensations felt by this alarming accident were painful in the extreme; loud shrieks were issued from various parts of the market-place, and two or three ladies absolutely fainted away; but the feelings of the multitude were again roused into shouts of joy, when they found that no material injury had been sustained.

*Air, Nov. 1.* Last night it blew a tremendous gale from the W. and N.W. with the heaviest fall of rain, at times, ever known in this country. About noon this day, the sloop George and Sophia, Malcolm Morrison master, from Belfast to Greenock, with linen and butter, appeared in the Bay, having lost her main-sail, boom, and gaff, in the preceding gales, and run for this harbour, where the immense rush of water from the river, swollen by the previous prodigious fall of rain, cast her unfortunately behind the North Quay. From this perilous situation, five brave seamen, fearless of danger, set off in a boat for their relief—viz. David Hurd, mate of the ship Flora, James Anderson, J. Meek, P. Anderson, and John M'Kenzie; when, melancholy to relate, a prodigious sea struck the boat and upset it, by which the three first were unfortunately drowned: Peter Anderson, by getting hold of the bottom of the boat, and John M'Kenzie, by means of an oar, kept themselves afloat till a second boat, with seamen equally despising danger, went boldly to their assistance, and brought them safe off, viz. captain W. Lawson, Hugh Porter, M. Lyon, James Hume, Joe Paton, and two whose names are not known. The sloop has since been brought into harbour, but full of water.

*Dover, Nov. 3.* The Nancy, captain Lattimore, arrived this morning with dispatches for M. Otto. The marquis Cornwallis arrived at the York-hotel last night, between eleven and twelve o'clock, and sailed about eight this morning, in the Swift, captain Blake, for Calais; he was accompanied by lord Broom, colonel Littlehales,



hales, lieutenant-colonel Nightingale, and Mr. Moore, who embarked with him; also the Princess Royal packet, captain Thomas Hammond, with Mr. Dessen and Mr. Hunter, jun. king's messengers; and the Queen Charlotte, captain Curling, with five carriages, and near fifty passengers, wind N. A great concourse of people collected to see the marquis embark, and saluted him with three hearty cheers as he left the Pier; he looked very well, and seemed much pleased with the respect paid him.

*Yarmouth, Nov. 3.* Arrived here last night, his serene highness the prince of Orange, and it is expected he will embark on board the Diana packet, captain Stewart, for the continent. The chief magistrate and principal inhabitants of the place waited upon the prince this morning, at his hotel.

*Plymouth, Nov. 3.* Sunday night it blew a hurricane, which lasted all next day, accompanied with the most tremendous hollow sea seen for many years at this port. The men-of-war in the Sound dragged their anchors, but brought up again. The Earl St. Vincent brig-of-war, of 16 guns and 60 men, lieutenant H. Boyer, rode so hard at her anchors in the Sound, that in the night of the gale she parted both anchors; lieutenant Boyer set only the storm fore-sail, and her yards were topped fore and aft to the wind. In this situation she got to the entrance of the Catwater, amidst the breakers. Fortunately the tide was setting into Sutton Pool, and the trawlers were moored in two lines, with a free passage-way. The fishermen hailed her to keep the entrance of the Pier open. Being a good sea-boat she answered the helm, and lieutenant Boyer ran her plump through both Piers in upon the mud, to the joy of hundreds of spectators, who witnessed her perilous situation; for had she missed stay she must have gone ashore on those dreadful rocks near Deadman's Bay, where all hands must have perished. The Cambridge's cutter, in going on board her in Hamoaze, was swamped alongside, but the midshipman and all hands on board were saved.

*Silly, Nov. 5.* On Monday morning last, at ten o'clock, the brig Esperance, of London, Wm. Barber master,

from Penzance, bound to Venice, laden with pilchards, parted from her cables in St. Mary's Road, (in a violent gale of wind at W. S. W.) and was driven on a reef of rocks, between St. Mary's and Truro. The crew remained on board, in a very perilous situation, for upwards of an hour; when finding the vessel falling to pieces, and no hopes of any assistance from the inhabitants, from the situation of the vessel, and the violence of the gale increasing, they at length ventured in their own boats, and happily reached the island of St. Martin's in safety. At three o'clock in the afternoon not any part of the vessel remained, nor was any part of her saved; a few hogsheads of pilchards were taken up next day, but very much damaged.

A few days since, miss Powis, of the Low Farm, near Stokesdon, Salop, was unfortunately drowned on her return from Bridgenorth market, in crossing a rivulet called Moor Brook, which was so much swollen by the violent rain, as (it is supposed) to wash her off the horse by the rapidity of the current.

*Exeter, Nov. 9.* During the storm on Monday, a child was blown over the bridge into the river, and, being carried by the current under Pine's Mills, was drowned. The mother of the infant witnessed the singular and calamitous accident.

*London, Nov. 21.* In a case that was argued yesterday in the Court of Common Pleas, the judges were unanimously of opinion, that a tender of bank notes in payment is not generally a good tender, though the legislature had declared it to be good under particular circumstances, such as to prevent an arrest. It had been contended by counsel, that the meaning of the act of parliament would be imperfect if it was not construed generally.

A vessel bound from London to Calais, and having on board several persons belonging to his excellency marquis Cornwallis, and baggage and furniture, destined for his residence at Amiens, was driven into Boulogne on the 9th, the day of the fête to Peace, by contrary winds. It appears by the quantity of articles, and the report of those who have the care of them, the richness and elegance



elegance of the liveries, dresses, and other effects, with which the vessel is laden, that marquis Cornwallis means to display during the congress the utmost magnificence.

### BIRTHS.

*Nov. 3.* The lady of John Staniforth, esq. of George-street, Hanover-square, of a daughter.

4. At Laugharne-castle, Carmarthenshire, the lady of Richard J. Starke, esq. of a daughter.

In Rutland-square, Dublin, the lady of the right. hon. William Forward, of a son.

5. In Princes-street, Hanover-square, the lady of Thos. Meyrick, esq. of Lamyon, Pembrokeshire, of a daughter.

7. Mrs. W. Parish, of Guildford-street, of a son.

Mrs. J. Gosling, of Upper Fitzroy-street, of a daughter.

8. The lady of sir Hugh Dalrymple Hamilton, of a daughter.

9. At Stonehouse, Devonshire, the hon. Mrs. Dashwood, daughter of the right hon. the earl of Kinsale, and lady of capt. Dashwood, of the royal navy, of a son.

10. The lady of Charles Pole, esq. of a daughter.

12. At Hill, Scotland, the lady of captain Walker, of the royal navy, of a son.

At Edinburgh, the hon. Mrs. captain Hunter, of a son.

14. The lady of Henry Augustus Leicester, esq. of Ashton-Hayes, Cheshire, of a son.

21. In Chandos-street, the lady of vice-admiral sir Charles Morice Pole, bart. of a still-born daughter.

### MARRIAGES.

*October 17.* At Catton, in Norfolk, the hon. G. Irby, eldest son of the right hon. lord Boston, to miss Rachael Ives Drake, daughter of Wm. Drake, jun. esq. late member for Amersham, in Buckinghamshire.

At Hemel-Hampstead, Herts, John Leigh, of Liverpool, and the city of Dublin, merchant, esq. to miss Hilton,

daughter of Wm. Hilton, Bury-house of the same place, esq.

24. at Paddington, James Frapwell Day, esq. of Tavistock-street, to Mrs. Settee, of Paddington.

28. At Mary-le-bone Church, William Glen Johnston, esq. of Nottingham-place, to miss Harriot Mary Richardson, of Mortimer-street, second daughter of the late sir George Richardson, bart.

*Nov. 2.* At Bramham, by the rev. James Willoughby, Edmund Garforth, esq. lieutenant-colonel of the East York regiment of militia, to miss Catharine Assheton, youngest daughter of the late rev. Richard Assheton, D. D. rector of Middleton, in Lancashire, and warden of Manchester.

3 Mr. Lane, of South-street, Manchester-square, to miss A. Townson, of Threadneedle-street.

On Saturday, at Orley, Harvey Walklet Mortimer, esq. of Fleet-street, to miss Ritchie, of the former place.

4. At Aldersgate-church, James Grant, esq. of Cheapside, to miss Smith, eldest daughter of Robert Smith, esq. of Aldersgate-street.

Mr. Whitford, of Broad-street-buildings, to Miss Helena Wells, of Westminster.

6. Lawrence Brickwood, esq. of Lime-street, to miss Sismey, sister to captain Sismey, of Oxford Cluny, in the county of Huntingdon.

Mr. Knight, of Pimlico, to miss Mary White, of the same place.

7. At the parish-church of St. Mary-le-bonne, J. F. Steadman, esq. of Bread-street-hill, London, to miss Greening, daughter of Thos. Greening, esq.

10. In St. Margaret's church, Westminster, by special licence, George Elles, esq. M. P. to miss Parker, daughter of Sir Peter Parker, bart. admiral of the British fleet.

14. At St. Andrew's, Holborn, James Macmaster, of Doughy-street, Guildford-street, esq. to miss Roberts, of Southampton-buildings, Holborn.

14. John S. Walton, esq. to Mrs. Charlotte C. Diemer, widow of the late rev. Dr. Diemer, of Calcutta, in the province of Bengal, in the East Indies.

At



At Bishopsgate church, Mr. James Ebenezer Saunders, fish-factor, to miss S. Goudge, daughter of Alexander Goudge, esq. of Norton-Falgate.

15. At Huntingdon, William Clark, esq. of Water-lane, Tower-street, to miss Sarah Edis, daughter of Matthew Edis, esq. of the former place.

At St. James's church, the rev. John Myers, rector of Walton-on-the-Hill, in the county of Surrey, to miss Woodman, daughter of John Woodman, esq. of Ewell, in the said county, and niece to Warren Hastings, esq. late governor-general of Bengal.

At St. Ann's, Soho, Mr. W. H. Houghton, of the navy-office, to miss S. A. Kidington, of Great Portland-street.

At Madron, in Cornwall, lieutenant By, of the royal engineers, to miss Baines, of Penzance.

At Manchester, Fred. Colquhoun, esq. of London, to miss Jane Hanson.

17. The rev. John Kennedy, curate of Kimcotte, Leicestershire, to Mrs. Storace, widow of the late eminent composer, Mr. Stephen Storace.

#### DEATHS.

*October 22.* At Thoresby park, Nottinghamshire, the hon. Evelyn Pietrepoint, one of the representatives of the county.

In Duke-street, St. James's, in the 9th year of his age, sir William Hay, bart. The title devolves to his first cousin, the infant son of the late colonel Lewis Hay, who was killed at the Helder.

Mr. Oddie, of Bear-yard, Lincoln's inn-fields.

At Petersham, in the county of Surrey, Francis Rush Clark, esq.

At his apartments in Colchester Barracks, William Ross, esq. lieutenant of the grenadier company of the East Middlesex regiment of militia, and the only son of Mr. Ross, of Great Russel-street, Bloomsbury.

27. At Bish-court, Surrey, in the 83d year of his age, John Ewart, esq.

On board the City of London East-Indiaman, on her homeward-bound passage, aged 20, Mr. John Walton

Dale, eldest son of Mr. Dale, Hatton-garden.

31. At Sutton-on-the-Forest, near York, the rev. Henry Goodricke, prebendary of Grindall, in that cathedral, rector of Hunsingore, and vicar of Aldborough, both in that county; and younger brother to the late right hon. sir John Goodricke, bart. of Ribston. He was born the 31st of October, 1719.

*Nov. 2.* At Silkstead house, near Winchester, greatly regretted, Mrs. Travis, wife of Robert Travis, esq. and sister to the right hon. lady Muncester, being co-heiress of the late James Compton, esq. and lineally descended from the earls of Northampton.

7. At his house in Charter-house-square, the rev. Anthony Natt, A. M. in the 87th year of his age.

Mrs. Dorothea Younge, second daughter of the late Joan Vernon, esq. of Lincoln's-inn.

At his house in Cavendish-square, two months after the decease of his wife and infant son, the hon. John Cochrane.

After a long and painful illness, Blanchard Coward, esq. of Brentford.

At Brighton, Thomas Higgins, esq. of Finsbury-square, London.

At Woodford, Essex, Mrs. Sophia Hillersden.

8. After a very short illness, lieutenant John Turner, of East-hill Signal-house, near Walmer-castle.

At her seat at Sedgwick-park, Sussex, Mrs. Elizabeth Nelthorpe.

Mrs. Turner, wife of Mr. Henry Turner, of Belgrave-place, Pimlico.

Mrs. Hiller, wife of Mr. J. Hiller, of Crosby-row, Walworth.

Mrs. Millikin, wife of H. B. Millikin, esq. of Norfolk-street, Strand.

13. At his house, in Harley-street, capt. Roberts, of the Rodney West-Indiaman.

At Hunningham, in the seventh year of her age, the hon. Louisa Townshend, fifth daughter of the right hon. lord Bayning.

Miss Preston, second daughter of Mr. Thomas Preston, of Miles's-lane, Cannon-street.