

# THE LADY'S MAGAZINE,

OR  
ENTERTAINING COMPANION

FOR  
THE FAIR SEX;

APPROPRIATED  
SOLELY TO THEIR USE AND AMUSEMENT.

The SUPPLEMENT for 1801.

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- 4 MUSIC—FATHERLESS FANNY, a Ballad; written by Mrs. OPIE, and set to Music by Mr. W. BARRE.

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## THE LADY'S MAGAZINE,

*For JANUARY, 1802.*

Containing, besides the usual Variety of interesting, entertaining, and instructive Articles,

### THE RIGID FATHER,

OR PATERNAL AUTHORITY TOO STRICTLY ENFORCED,

*A Novel; in a Series of Letters,*

Translated from the German of AUGUSTUS LA FONTAINE; which will be concluded in the Course of the Year.

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THE liberal Encouragement with which the LADY'S MAGAZINE has so long been honoured, and which it still continues to receive, from a candid and generous Public, demands the most grateful Acknowledgments on the Part of the Proprietors, who beg leave to assure their FAIR PATRONESSES, that they will unremittingly continue their Exertions to merit the same highly flattering Approbation.



*Engraved for the Lady's Magazine.*



*The Defamer Punished.*



THE  
LADY'S MAGAZINE,

SUPPLEMENT FOR 1801.

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THE DEFAMER PUNISHED;

A TALE.

*(With an elegant Engraving.)*

NOTHING can be a greater proof of innate meanness of mind than the love of scandal. Whoever delights to dwell on the errors and weaknesses of others, can scarcely be supposed to possess himself any excellent or amiable quality; as such a disposition can only be the offspring of envy, and the consciousness of defect and vice; but he, who to this meanness can add base and deliberate falsehood, must be destitute of every virtue, of every semblance of generous feeling.

Mr. Marsden, a youth of high spirit and elegant accomplishments, had conceived an ardent affection for a young lady of great beauty and merit. Miss Letitia Ellerton received the avowal of his passion in a manner which, by encouraging his hope, redoubled its ardour. Both her father and mother had died while she was very young, and left her, with a considerable fortune, under the guardianship of her uncle; who, as Mr. Marsden was known to be heir to a large and unincumbered estate, made no objection to his paying his addresses to his ward; and with the young lady herself he was soon 'a thriving wooer.' Every thing, in short, went on so smoothly, so free from all objection or interruption, that it was to be expected

a very few weeks would put him in possession of all his heart held dear.

But among the various friends, or, more properly, companions, with whom chance, rather than choice, had brought Mr. Marsden acquainted, was a Mr. Bevil, whose character was in most respects the reverse of his own. In his person he was of a mean appearance, and in his disposition contracted and selfish; though the latter quality was concealed, by profuse professions of a willingness to serve his friends, which were accompanied by a kind of officiousness in little matters, and such as neither put him to much expense, nor cost him much exertion. On this account he acquired among all his companions the character of an extremely good-natured honest fellow; and though he was often laughed at for his forwardness in forcing his service, and the trouble he would insist on taking frequently for nothing, his offers were always taken in good part, and honest Jack Bevil, as he was called, generally received for his trifling services much more than they were at any rate worth.

But under all this specious appearance of friendship for his acquaintances, Bevil concealed a heart entirely incapable of such a virtue.



He had learned that the well-counterfeited semblance of friendship is frequently of more value, in point of interest, to the hypocrite who artfully assumed it, than the reality to the man of integrity. His soul was, in fact, secretly a prey to the rankest envy; and one of the principal objects of this his base passion was Mr. Marsden, whose elegant figure, so unlike his own, added to his success in love—which, though he felt not the passion, he could envy—and the prospect of the great addition to his fortune that he would acquire by his approaching marriage, almost deprived him of all pleasure by day and sleep by night.

It chanced, however, that he found an opportunity to gratify this malignant passion, by insinuating the basest calumnies against the man he called his friend. He accidentally came into the company of Mr. Freeman, Letitia's uncle, and Mr. Marsden became the subject of their discourse. Mr. Freeman warmly commended his personal appearance and deportment, and the good sense he displayed in conversation. Mr. Bevil readily admitted the merit of the former, but hinted that the latter was not of the most superior kind, and his knowledge on every subject extremely superficial; at the same time gravely observing, that both these were of small importance indeed, compared with the far more important object, morals. As the conversation proceeded, he gave many obscure, but sufficiently intelligible, intimations, that Mr. Marsden lived a most dissolute life; that he was addicted to gaming and profligate debauchery; significantly insinuating how much the young lady was to be pitied who was about to be sacrificed to a suitor who could only obtain her by being able to conceal these vices under the veil of the most consummate hypocrisy.

To this latter reflexion he recurred the oftener, as he now began foolishly to conceive the idea, that if he could, without discovery, prevent the marriage of Mr. Marsden, he should not only gratify his envious hatred of his superiority in accomplishments, but, as he had obtained the ear of Mr. Freeman, might himself make successful pretensions to the hand of miss Letitia, whose fortune was of that magnitude as well to deserve his acceptance.

He now proceeded to form a more regular plan; and explicitly told Mr. Freeman, that, if he would engage his honour not to give him up as his informer, he would prove to him that Mr. Marsden kept a mistress, on whom he had settled a large annuity, and that he was still so devoted to her, that it could not be supposed that he could have any real affection for miss Letitia; and that, after marriage, it was but too probable that he would sooner discard his wife than his mistress. The proofs of this were to be given next day, when Mr. Freeman appointed to meet him again.

As soon as they had parted, Bevil immediately repaired to a fashionable lady of easy virtue whom he occasionally visited; though, as she lived in great style, he grudged himself the expense too much to make his visits very frequently. This woman he induced, by a suitable present, to personate the mistress of Mr. Marsden, according to the instructions he gave her, when he should come there the next day, accompanied by Mr. Freeman. The next day Mr. Freeman met him, according to appointment, and was conducted by him to the residence of this dissolute female; who acted her part so well, according to the lesson she had received from Bevil, that Mr. Freeman came away fully persuaded that all he had been told



of the vices and profligacy of Mr. Marsden were true, and expressed his great obligation to Bevil for the information he had received from him; assuring him, at the same time, on his honour, that he would discover to no person that it was from him he had obtained it.

Mr. Freeman now proceeded to disclose, as gently as possible, this sad discovery to Letitia; enjoining her immediately to break off all connexion with Mr. Marsden, at least till he should reform his conduct. This communication was a thunder-stroke to poor Letitia, who now felt that her heart was more seriously and tenderly engaged than she had as yet supposed it. Before the next visit of Mr. Marsden, however, she had so far recovered her spirits and fortitude, that her pride seemed to have overcome her affection, and she received her lover with the same distant and cold politeness that she would have shown to a stranger. He instantly felt the alteration, and earnestly pressed her to declare the cause of it; but this she for some time avoided with great dignity, telling him to ask his own conscience, and he could not be long at a loss, for all his mean hypocrisy was detected. As he was perfectly innocent of the charge alluded to, nothing could exceed his astonishment; and, after some passionate altercation, he, in his turn, charged her with fickleness, with favouring the pretensions of some more fortunate rival, and meanly inventing this accusation to justify her own inconstancy. Unable to bear such an insinuation, she upbraidingly told him all that she had heard from her uncle, not doubting but he must now be convinced that he was discovered. But he listened to the whole with such apparently unfeigned astonishment, made such solemn asseverations that it was a base false-

hood devised by some infernal villain to ruin him in her good opinion, and accompanied these with such passionate declarations of the ardent and pure affection he felt for her, that she soon began to doubt, or rather to hope, that there must be some mistake or some treachery in this affair. She, however, peremptorily forbade him to visit her again, till he had either found means to prove his innocence, or at least had an opportunity to have an interview with, and vindicate himself to, her uncle, whom particular business had obliged to set out on a journey the day following this supposed discovery, and who would not return for a week. With this injunction he was obliged, though very reluctantly, to comply.

Several days of the utmost anxiety, and as many sleepless nights, were passed by Mr. Marsden in fruitless endeavours to discover or imagine by whom or for what purpose such a groundless and wicked charge could have been brought against him, or by what pretended proofs it could have been supported. At length, an extraordinary accident furnished him with a clue to detect the author of this vile attack on his character and his future happiness. A person with whom he had some slight acquaintance, had met, in the course of his rambles through the purlieus of fashionable dissipation, with the frail fair one who had been Bevil's agent in the base imposition he had practised on Mr. Freeman. Allured by her syren charms, he had accompanied her home, and, in the course of their conversation, she had told him the story of the character she had assumed, and how well she had acted her part. As she had remembered Mr. Marsden's name, she had mentioned it in the course of her narrative. Her temporary admirer meeting with Mr. Marsden almost



almost immediately afterwards, told him the story, though without suspecting of how much importance it was to him, or, indeed, that he could be the person meant; but the latter, not doubting that this information would lead to a detection of the whole plot against him, immediately flew to the residence of the fashionable wanton, and obtained from her a discovery of all she knew. She was not, indeed, acquainted with the true name of her suborner to this disgraceful act of falsehood, as he had visited her under an assumed one; but she gave so exact a description of his person, dress, and general appearance, that Mr. Marsden's suspicions were soon fixed on Bevil: to him, therefore, he without delay applied, charged him with the foul calumny and base imposture, demanded what could be his motive, and insisted on instant satisfaction. Bevil, who was an adept in dissimulation, affected surprise in an admirable manner, with great calmness asserted his innocence, but said that, with respect to satisfaction, if his friend would not listen to reason, he was at any time ready to give it. Mr. Marsden took him at his word, and they immediately walked out with swords to the most unfrequented part of a neighbouring park, where, at the very first onset, Bevil was disarmed, and, struck with a panic, heightened by the reproaches of his conscience, fell on his knees, and, begging piteously for life, made a full confession of his guilt. In this condition Mr. Marsden led him to Mr. Freeman's, to repeat his confession before his Letitia and her uncle, who was now returned from his journey, and before whom he made a complete avowal of the falsehood of which he had been guilty, and the base contrivance to which he had had recourse to give it the ap-

pearance of proof; thus fully clearing the character of Mr. Marsden from the foul and villanous aspersions he had endeavoured to fix upon it.

Bevil, after this detection, found himself excluded the society of all his former acquaintances; and soon after left England, and resided on the continent in voluntary exile, suffering thus at least some small part of the punishment justly merited by every false defamer.

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#### *On the FEMALE CHARACTER.*

[From the French.]

THE philosopher Aristotle was once asked, why we take such pleasure in looking on the countenance of a beautiful woman? 'That,' said he, 'is the question of a blind person.'

The same answer might be returned to him who should ask, why, in every country and in every age, in every period of human life, men find so much pleasure in conversing with women, in attending to them, in reading books, or hearing discourses of which they are the subject?

But perhaps a question which is the reverse to this may likewise deserve examination—'Why, in every age, there have been men who have had the wretched propensity to speak ill of women, and neither to render justice to their hearts nor their understandings, but to defame and degrade to the utmost of their power the fairest half of the creation?'

When these defamers cite the authority of Juvenal, Boileau, and Molière, we may reply, that these great men availed themselves, as poets, of their right to exaggerate; that Juvenal wrote against women at a time when the imitation of cynic manners was carried to an excess; that Boileau, admirable as he



he is in his other works, would never have thought of writing against them, had he not taken Juvenal for his pattern; and that Molière has only ridiculed their false pretensions to wit and learning, and consequently has merely attacked their foibles.

But what shall we say of La Bruyère, who has so pointedly directed against them his sarcastic philosophy? of Montaigne, who denies them the virtue of friendship—a virtue which he himself so well practised? We may, however, reply, that if La Bruyère did not spare the women, he spared still less the vicious men of his time. The greater the number of women was who deserved praise and admiration, the more there were who attempted to imitate them in external appearance; and it was against these, and against their counterfeit virtues, that the satirist launched his censure.

As to Montaigne, who saw in the women of his age only beings without good-sense, or any taste but that for frivolity, he would not have thought the same had he been born sixty years later. Would he have been more difficult than the penetrating duc de la Rochefoucault? would he have relied less than him on the solid friendship of madame de la Fayette? What man of good taste would not be delighted with the society of the Sevignés, Grignans, Paulines, Coulanges, Lavadins, Devins, and the good duchess de Chaulnes? How deeply is the heart affected while we peruse the delicate and refined letters which so gracefully depict to us these ladies! how entirely is the soul filled with just and beautiful images! how much are we delighted, when, looking round a circle of females, we think that we find in them the same

traits of character that have so much charmed us in those who are no more!

It is to be added, that women in that age, sensible that nature had bestowed on them the gift of feeling rather than that of profound reflexion and investigation, had not the mania of compiling cumbrous volumes; they permitted themselves only, and that with caution, the composition of verses or romances. The same veil of modesty which concealed their other charms, covered also the charms of their wit.

No, it was not to such women that Montaigne would have refused the virtue of friendship. Alas! what is friendship, if women are incapable of attaining to it? In what consists its delicacy, if it be not in the affection which our sisters and our mothers show to us every day? What is that sentiment which renders the procuring our happiness their dearest occupation and perpetual solicitude? Have they not the *capacity of being friends*, who, in our misfortunes, our infirmities, our severe maladies, would sacrifice their fortune, their health, their life, for our relief; who have the exemplary patience to endure us with all our faults, to love us with all our caprices?

I know that it is not with respect to *friendship* alone that the character of women is to be defended against their calumniators. How much have they been reproached with their levity, their inconstancy in love;—and of this, if their censurers should be deficient in assigning the reason, I am ready to admit they can produce examples. I recollect, however, on this subject, that Voltaire, on a question nearly similar, cites the authority of David, to prove that, in love, women have more ardour than we. When David laments



the death of Jonathan, slain on Gilboa; he exclaims, 'I am distressed for thee, my brother Jonathan! thy love to me was wonderful, passing the love of women!'—The love of women, therefore, is here used for unbounded tenderness: it is like that entire and perfect love with which Fenelon required that we should love God.

But, without having recourse to the authority of David and Voltaire, we must allow, that, in all the natural affections, women are more near to nature than men. Hence was it that, in the disastrous reign of terror, this sex surpassed ours in the genuine exertions of humanity, in commiseration, in magnanimous sacrifices of life, in the heroism of virtue. Let the man of gallantry give to women the frivolous title of the *fair sex*; the unfortunate man, the suffering man, the honest man, under persecution, bestow on them one far more truly honourable and affecting,—that of the *good sex*.

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#### NEW REGULATIONS for MARRIAGES in FRANCE.

THE following are some of the articles in the new civil code of France, relative to marriage:—

'Previous to the celebration of the marriage, the officer of the civil state shall make two publications, at an interval of ten days, on the day of the decadi, before the door of the town-hall (*maison commune*). These publications, and the act which shall be drawn up of it, shall express the Christian names, surnames, professions, and places of abode, of the persons intending to be married, their qualities, if majors or minors, and the Christian names, surnames, professions, and places of abode of

their parents. This act shall express, besides, the days, places, hours, in which the publication shall have been made: it shall be inscribed upon a single register, and placed, at the end of each year, in the registry of the tribunal of the district.

'An extract from the act of publication shall be and shall remain stuck up on the gate of the town-hall, during the ten days' interval between the two publications. The marriage shall not be celebrated before the third day afterwards, and not comprising the day of the second publication.

'The acts of opposition to the marriage shall be signed on the original and on the copy, by the officers or persons having special and authentic procuration; they shall be signified, with the copy of the procuration, to the person, or at the abode of the parties, and to the officer of the civil state who shall place his visa on the original.

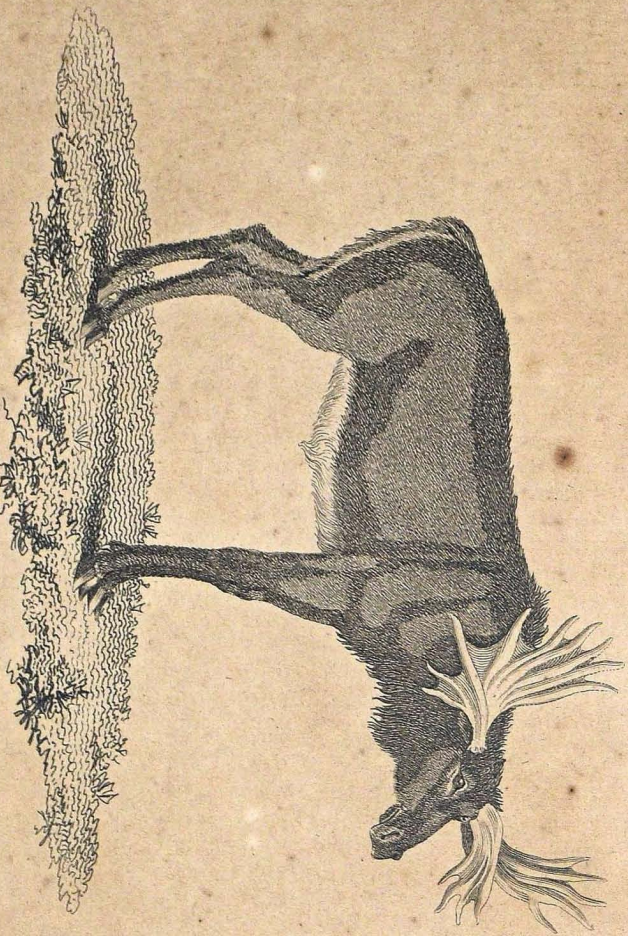
'The civil officer shall, without delay, make summary mention of the oppositions upon the register of publication; he shall also mention, in the margin of the inscription of the said oppositions, of the judgments either definitive or acquiesced in, or of the acts of the removal of objections, the communication of which shall have been entrusted to him.

'In case of opposition, the civil officer shall not be at liberty to celebrate the marriage until he shall have received the removal of the prohibition, under a penalty of three hundred francs and full damages.

'If there be no opposition, it shall be so stated in the act of marriage; and if the banns have been published in several communes, the parties shall send a certificate, delivered by the civil officer of each commune, proving that there is no opposition.'



*Engraved for the Ladies Magazine.*



*Edw.*



THE MORAL ZOOLOGIST.

(Continued from p. 632.)

LETTER XXXIV.

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

NATURE, in her varied scenes, exhibits a succession of pleasing objects, which are all endued with perfections, and are heightened in their effect by essential contrasts. Thus the brutal ferocity of the ox is a foil to the amiable timidity of the sheep; and yet the different qualities of each tend to advance the benefit of man, and sustain the equilibrium of animal life. Of all the small classes of quadrupeds, sheep are confessedly the most useful; as their flesh is of a quality that we can longer subsist on without satiety than any other food. Their fleeces also are a principal source of wealth and commerce, and in their manufactured state yield us clothing, furniture, and various domestic comforts. The qualities of this harmless tribe of animals are too well known to need diffuse remarks; I shall, therefore, only observe that they are of a timid nature; and, when their spirit is roused, express their displeasure by butting with their horns, and menace by stamping with their feet. They drink but little. The female generally produces one lamb, sometimes two, and but very rarely three at a birth; her time of gestation is five months. This genus is subject to various diseases; such as the vertigo, the rot, and worms in the liver. Their principal characteristic marks are—horns twisted spirally, and pointing outwards; eight cutting teeth in the lower jaw, and none in the upper.

Notwithstanding there are several varieties in this genus, there are but

two distinct species ascertained, which are those of the common sheep and bearded kind.

THE COMMON SHEEP.

The outward construction of these animals is a type of their mental harmless propensities; as their countenance is peculiarly emblematic of innocence, and their habitudes are so inoffensive that they excite the most benign sensations on their behalf. Innate simplicity is a quality which wonderfully engages our affection, and in the sheep we may clearly perceive it in its most genuine form.

M. de Buffon, contrary to his usual candour and judicious mode of proceeding, represents this inoffensive race as the most stupid of the animal tribes; which is unjust, as, notwithstanding there are other classes endued with more brilliant qualities, they have a sufficient degree of instinct to avoid danger, seek sustenance, and perform all the requisite demands of nature and social existence. From the clearest evidence it appears that every species of subjugated animals degenerate in sagacity, in proportion to their wants being regularly supplied by the attention of man. This is a natural consequence; as the demands of appetite, and the exigency of precarious existence, are constant incentives to ingenuity, caution, and the various operations of instinct. Even man becomes supine, when the urgent calls of necessity do not impel him to have recourse to active efforts. Thus, in every sphere and relation of animal life, our powers of execution are proportioned to the needful requisitions. As the means of vindicating the sheep from the load of reproach M. de Buffon has charged it with, I shall become the advocate of these timid creatures; and, by



asserting their rights, shall experience the reward that ever attends pleading on behalf of the innocent. In order to form a just idea of these animals, we must review them in their native free state, and subjugated condition. When they range as denizens of the mountains, they manifest a degree of spirit suited to their defenceless condition. The rams often have the prowess to attack a dog, and generally prove the victors: when the combat appears unequal, with a degree of exemplary sagacity, they do not rely on single efforts, but have recourse to a combined attack. In this martial arrangement, they place the females and young in the centre, while the strongest rams take their station in ranks on each side, and by this means form an impenetrable phalanx. Thus fortified, they wait the assault with intrepid ardour; and when the enemy approach, the rams dart on them, and by their resolute efforts conquer dogs, foxes, or even a bull. In their domestic state they are nice in the choice of their food, and pay great attention to the tokens used by the shepherds who guard them; as is common in most species. The female is of a more gentle nature than the male; yet, when her offspring is in danger, she becomes courageous, and strives to protect them with exemplary affection; as, when by violence she is deprived of her young, she bleats in a tone expressive of the most acute anguish, and her countenance betrays the solicitude she feels. As subjugation, it has been previously observed, tends to render animals less provident in their propensities, sheep in a domesticated state form no natural mode of defence against their enemies, but apparently implicitly rely on the protection of the shepherd and his dog. These animals, like every being absorbed in a

luxurious course of life, become less acutely active, overcharged with fat, and subject to consequent fatal diseases, which in their wild state they are exempt from; as exercise conduces to their health, and makes them robust, active, and capable of enduring great fatigue.

The fleece of the sheep, like the fur of most other animals, loosens from the skin at the commencement of the summer, and would naturally fall off; but, to prevent the consequent waste of this valuable commodity, the farmer sheers his sheep before the wool is detached. When the young fleece begins to shoot, the old one becomes loose and displaced; so that, when the operation is skillfully performed, the animal is never destitute of clothing; being by nature clad in that garb that best suits the season and its individual condition. As white wool is held in higher estimation than other kinds, black or variegated lambs are generally slaughtered. In some places most of the sheep are black, in others white with black faces. In France there are white, black, brown, and spotted sheep; in Spain there are some of a reddish hue; and in Scotland there are many of a yellowish cast: these varieties probably proceed from the influence of climate and the quality of the nourishment.

The wool of the English sheep is of a superior excellent quality, and the staple commodity of the island. It was formerly unrivalled in this beneficial article of commerce; but, from the concurrence of various circumstances, other powers have attained to perfection in that branch of traffic. The Spanish wool is of a very fine texture, owing to the salubrity of the climate to animals in general, and also to the peculiar care, and annual migrations of the shepherds with their flocks. The finest fleeces in the known world

are



are those produced in Caramania, reserved for the immediate use of the priests and Moulhâes; those of Cachemere and Bucharia are also excellent.

Dry, elevated grounds are the most congenial to the nature of sheep; especially those abounding with wild thyme and odoriferous plants. The flesh of animals thus nurtured is superior in quality to those that are fed in low, moist plains. Sandy downs on the sea-coast are yet more conducive to the production of fine mutton; as the herbage imbibes a saline property, and consequently gives the flesh a peculiar fine flavour. These animals are fond of salt, and have a propensity to lick it. The rays of the sun seem materially to incommode sheep, and produce in them a kind of vertigo, which causes the shepherds to pasture them in the shade. The most common observation enables us to form an idea of the regularity of these animals in the general process of their daily avocations: their passive obedience to the shepherd, their uniform assembling when they are to fold, are certain assurances of their meek qualities and instinctive powers. To the beautiful simplicity of this genus of animals we are indebted for the most pleasing poetic performances. The pastoral style, and the innocent delights of an Arcadian existence, are picturesque exhibitions of a shepherd's harmless life, and the gentle propensities of his fleecy flock.

As the species usually called common sheep produce many varieties, I shall class them in regular gradation. The common sheep has large horns twisted spirally, and pointing in an exterior direction.

1. The Cretan sheep have large, erect horns, twisted like a screw. This kind are common in Hungary: large flocks of them are found on

Mount Ida, in Crete. They are described by M. de Buffon under the title of 'Wallachian sheep.'

2. The hornless sheep, which are common in many parts of England: the largest horned sheep are found in Lincolnshire, the smallest in Wales.

3. The many-horned sheep, which are found in great abundance in Iceland and other northern regions. These animals have usually three horns, sometimes four, and by chance five. There are also many-horned sheep in Siberia, near the river Jenisei. The horns of this kind of sheep are irregularly formed.

4. There is a kind of sheep which M. de Buffon has described under the title of 'le morvan de la Chine.' This animal has two upright, and two lateral or side horns. The body is covered with wool; the fore part of the neck with yellowish hairs fourteen inches long. This species are mischievous, and the animal from which the description was taken was brought from Spain; but whether it was a native of that country is not clearly ascertained.

5. The African sheep; which are represented as being thin, long-legged, and short-horned; having pendent ears covered with hair instead of wool; short hair on the body, and wattles on the neck.

6. The broad-tailed sheep. This variety is common in Syria, Barbary, and Ethiopia. The tails of some of these animals terminate in a point; but more frequently they are round at the extremity.—These tails are so long that they trail on the ground, and would become incommodious to the sheep, if the shepherds did not put a board under them with small wheels, which support the cumbrous exuberance, and prevent its receiving any injury. This part is esteemed a great delicacy, and is of an inter-



mediate substance between marrow and fat: many of them weigh fifty pounds.

These animals are common in the kingdom of Thibet, and their fleeces equal in fineness and length those of Caramania. The Cachemirians monopolise this valuable commodity, which they manufacture into shawls superior in quality, and that bear a considerably higher price than the produce of their own country. The short thick-tailed sheep are found in great abundance in the country inhabited by the Tartars:

7. The fat-rumped sheep have curled horns, similar to those of the common sheep; arched noses; pendulous ears; wattles under the neck; and no tail. The legs are slender; the head is black; as are the ears, with a bed of white in the middle. The wool is usually white; but, in some individuals, it is spotted, reddish, or black. The voice, or bleating, of these sheep in some degree resembles the lowing of a calf. They grow to a great size, particularly in their posterior parts. These animals are found in great abundance in the Tartarian deserts, from the Volga to the Irtis, and also on the Altaï chain; but acquire fat in proportion to the quality of the soil they inhabit, and the plants on which they subsist; herbage impregnated with saline particles being the most conducive to their nutriment.

8. The wild sheep, or parent stock of the domestic races, is the same animal as the 'moufflon' described by M. de Buffon. As every species of subjugated animals have received material changes in their formation and habitudes, from the influence of the different climates in which they have been reared, it is reasonable to conclude, from the similarity of construction and the robust quality of his constitution, which enable him to flourish in

every clime, that the wild sheep, or 'moufflon,' is the genuine origin of every degenerated variety in the sheep species. This animal lives in a state of uncultivated nature, as he maintains his independence by subsisting without the aid of man. In form and habitudes it resembles the domestic sheep more than any un-subjugated quadruped; but, from its course of life, is endued with superior strength, and is more fleet and vivacious.

The wild sheep, or 'moufflon,' has horns placed on the summit of the head, which are close at the base: they rise first upright, then bend downwards, and twist outwards, like those of the common ram: their surface is angular, and wrinkled in a transverse direction; the horns of the female are less, more upright, and bend backwards. The construction of the head is similar to that of a ram, but the ears are less; the eyes are of a bright hazel; the neck is slender; the body large; the limbs are delicately formed, but endued with great strength; the hoofs are small, like those of the common sheep; the tail but little exceeds three inches in length. The hair in the summer season is very short and smooth, like the coat of a stag. The head is grey; the neck and body are of a brownish hue, mixed with ash colour; at the back of the neck, and behind each shoulder, is a dusky spot; the regions about the tail are yellowish. In winter the end of the nose is white; the face cinereous; the back of a ferruginous or rust colour, intermingled with grey, inclining to a yellow cast towards the rump; the tail, belly, and rump, are white. In this state the coat is rough, undulated, and slightly curled; the length of the hairs is about an inch and an half, on the neck two inches, and under the throat still longer. The usual dimensions



mensions of the male are nearly those of a small hind: the female is less, and more delicate.

The second branch of the wild sheep is the Corsican kind; the male of which, in its native country, is called 'mufro;' the female, 'mufra.' This animal has horns ten inches and an half long, five inches and an half in circumference at the base, and twelve inches distant from the extremity of each point. Like the antelope tribe, the *sinus lacrymalis*, or hollow under the eye, is very long and deep. The ears are short and pointed; brown and hoary on the exterior part, and white on the inside. The head is of a short construction and brown hue; the lower part of the cheeks black; the sides of the neck tawny; the under regions of the body are clothed with black pendent hairs six inches long; the body and shoulders are covered with brown hairs tipped with tawny. On the centre of the sides is a white mark pointing from the back to the belly. The rump, belly, and legs, are white; on the latter is a dusky line on the interior part. These animals inhabit the most elevated regions of the Corsican Alps, from which they never descend unless compelled by drifts of snow. They are of a wild nature, and so intimidated at the sight of the human species that no adults are ever taken alive. The females bring forth in May: when the dam is shot, the young are consequently easily captured, and become instantly tame, familiar, and attached to their master. They will intermix with the common sheep, and have a natural propensity to associate with goats. In their wild state these animals subsist on plants of the most hot and pungent qualities; and, when they are domesticated, will eat tobacco and drink wine. From spring to autumn they feed in the little valleys, on the tops of the mountains, on

young shoots and the Alpine plants, which makes them very fat. As the winter approaches they descend gradually from these heights, and are nourished by the perennial plants, dry grass, moss, or lichens; which, by not affording much nutriment, causes them to be very thin: at all seasons of the year they seek salt with great avidity. Their flesh has a savoury, pleasant flavour; but is always lean, which is probably occasioned by their excursive search in quest of food. Their horns are used by the Corsicans for powder-flasks and other purposes, and their skins are worn by the Sardinians as garments, and next their body, as a preservative from noxious air.

This race of animals is found in Corsica and Sardinia, but is extinct in Spain: it is also discovered in the north-east regions of Asia, beyond the lake Baikal, between the rivers Onon and Argun, on the east of the Lena, and from thence to Kamtschatka. They are also abundant on the desert mountains of Mongolia, Songaria, and Tartary, and on the Persian mountains, and the northern regions of Indostan. They once inhabited the British islands; and, it is probable, now exist in California, and the Kurile Isles. These animals are gregarious, and herd in small flocks. When the female brings forth, she separates from the male, and rears her young with great attention. The horns of the rams advanced in age are of a very great size, having been found of the amazing length of two Russian yards. They are of a quarrelsome nature, and frequently engage in martial combat. They have a natural tendency to shun mankind; and, when they are pursued, betray their affinity to the sheep by running obliquely, not straight forwards; and, as the means of security, take to the mountains, and gain the summit



mit of the most dangerous precipices with facility. The northern inhabitants of Asia chase these animals; which is a beneficial but dangerous pursuit. Their flesh and skins are important objects of advantage; but the seizing of quadrupeds, naturally fleet and accustomed to range in inaccessible precipices and the summits of rocks and mountains, must unavoidably be attended with difficulty and imminent danger. They are often taken in pits, or shot with cross-bows placed in their haunts.

#### THE BEARDED SHEEP.

These animals are classed as a distinct species, from possessing some peculiar characteristics. They have received the appellation of 'bearded,' from the circumstance of having very long hairs on the lower part of the cheeks and upper jaws, which form a divided or double beard. The hairs on the body and sides are short; on the top of the neck erect, and rather longer. The under part of the neck and shoulders is covered with coarse hairs, nearly fourteen inches long; under the hairs universally a kind of genuine wool or down. The colour of the breast, neck, back, and sides, is of a pale ferruginous cast; the tail is very short. The horns are twenty-five inches long, close at their base; eleven inches in circumference at the thickest part; diverging, and bending outwards, also recurvated; their points are nineteen inches distant from each other. This animal, which is a native of Barbary, is probably the 'tragelaphus,' described by Pliny, and the 'lerwee,' or 'fish-tal,' noticed by Dr. Shaw. Its nature is timid; and in its wild state, when pursued, it takes refuge in mountains and precipices: when confined it appears gentle, good-humoured, and playful.

In the several varieties of the

sheep genus, we may derive an useful lesson from the amiable effect of their timid, harmless qualities. Their innocent simplicity is a reproach to those who boast of rationality, and yet have recourse to craft to effect mischievous purposes.— Their habitudes are gentle, and their instinctive powers of that mild tendency peculiarly suited to the state of subjugation, or limited sphere of their action; which Pope elegantly expresses in the following lines:

'The lamb thy riot dooms to bleed to-day,  
Had he thy reason, would he skip and play?  
Pleas'd to the last, he crops the flow'ry food,  
And licks the hand just rais'd to shed his blood.'

By this quotation, cited from your favourite author, your ladyship will perceive, and I have no doubt will readily grant, that a due portion of intellect has been dispensed to the sheep, as well as to every other created being; an opinion which will be confirmed by a retrospect of the peculiar care of Providence, in the different texture of the clothing, which is particularly adapted to the several temperatures of the climes this race of animals inhabits.

It has been wisely ordained by the Author of Nature, that in cold countries, particularly in Iceland, there is a kind of sheep well clothed with coarse thick wool, under which there is a layer of softer finer wool, of a texture resembling down. This circumstance appears peculiarly adapted to those inclement regions where every animated object seems to be in danger of being frozen to death. It is an equal proof of Divine wisdom and beneficent attention, that, in torrid climes, where a heavy fleece would be incommodious and oppressive to the animal, the sheep is covered with wool of a lighter texture; sometimes with hair, and frequently with a coat of an intermediate quality: they have also short horns, which are less cumbrous, consequently



consequently more conducive to their comfort; and have tails of an extraordinary length, that administer to their ease and convenience by enabling them to chase away flies and insects, which in hot countries are extremely noxious to the animal tribes. Thus we behold the attention bestowed on every branch of animated nature by its eternal and final source; to whose omnipotence be due praise ascribed, and every blessing acknowledged by general plaudits, in which your ladyship will be joyfully inclined to unite with

EUGENIA.

(To be continued.)

### On VARIETY.

THE anxiety we feel to be able to account for every appearance in men and things is so great, that we are often apt to find fault with certain things, not so much from being able to prove that they are wrong, as for not being able to account for them. It is in our dispositions to measure the inclinations of others by our own, and, therefore, we think it wholly unaccountable that any should prefer what we dislike, or hold in contempt what is to us a source of pleasure and admiration. Without considering that, if the inclinations of all mankind were fixed on the same objects, there would be no enjoyment, we go on to obtrude our tastes and likings upon one another, encouraging an unaccommodating and selfish spirit, and depriving ourselves of many of the comforts of society. Society cannot be a state of happiness without mutual concessions and sacrifices, provided they are such as do not interfere with prudence and economy, or infringe on the principles of virtue. To be too compliant is dangerous; but never to

comply is a mark of selfishness, and deprives us of all right to expect in our turn what we have so often denied to others. In our intercourse, however, with our friends and acquaintances, we still have a hankering to make converts to our inclinations, to reduce mankind to an equality of desires; or, where we fail in these objects, to set down our disappointments as wholly unaccountable. Among other appearances which the present season affords, nothing strikes some people as more unaccountable than that a man of rank and wealth should quit his splendid mansion, his extensive domains, rich and variegated park, and all the happiness which surrounds his establishment, for lodgings narrow and confined, at a place where he meets the refuse of the metropolis, the idle, the dissipated and the affected, where time either hangs with an oppressive weight, or must be killed by the most frivolous and ridiculous amusements.

All this appears wholly unaccountable to certain people; but may we not, without very deep reasoning on the subject, refer it to a principle very predominant in our minds—*variety*?

If, indeed, we examine most of the pursuits of those who are not confined to that regular routine of business, which is subject to vicissitudes, and finds constant employment to the mind, we shall be able in no other way to account for the frivolity of one of their amusements, the danger of another, or the wickedness of a third, than that they cannot, by the constitution of their minds, dwell long upon one subject, and that, there being but a small catalogue of pleasures within the reach of human power and skill, they are obliged to go through the whole, whether good or bad, for the sake of *variety*.

Perhaps



Perhaps it will be said that, after all, this is explaining *obscurum per obscurius*, one unaccountable thing by another; and that, when we say *variety* is the cause of many seemingly unaccountable things, we convey no more information than the philosopher, who tells us that the reason why a body thrown from a height must fall to the ground is the principle of *gravitation*, or the physician who informs a fine lady that her case is *nervous*.

Nevertheless, if we have attained thus far; if we have got half way on the road to perfect knowledge, we may be content to rest a while until we acquire fresh strength to complete our journey.

The existence of idleness is universally acknowledged; and, as it spreads over a greater number of human beings, in proportion must their invention be racked to discover new modes of being idle.

Many grave and sober citizens are apt to connect the idea of idleness with that of doing nothing; but that this is a mistake we all know, by observing the great fatigue of body which follows a day of idleness. This fatigue is, indeed, excessive, and is accompanied by the consequences of excessive fatigue; which, physicians tell us, is a certain irritability of nerves that prevents sleep, or renders it disturbed and unrefreshing. This is expressing the case in learned language; but it is a disorder perhaps better known by the vulgar name of the *fidgets*, and is epidemical at most places of fashionable resort. It requires little description; to name it is to recollect that we all have felt it at some time or other, and the only cure for it is—*variety*.

Idleness, therefore, being diffused over a vast proportion of a flourishing nation, the demand for amusement increases. Referring to history, we know that it is not a century

since what are called watering-places were known, and the early places of this kind were the receptacles of only two classes of persons: the diseased, who expected a cure for their bodily complaints, or the very rich, whose only complaint was the vacuity of mind. But as wealth began to spread over a more extensive surface, other ranks and degrees of men discovered that they had time which they knew not how to dispose of at home, and, to accommodate them, other places were provided; wretched fishing-huts spread into large towns; and the north, the south, the east, and the west, displayed London in miniature, for three or four months in the year. All this appeared wholly unaccountable to persons who were ignorant of the demand for *variety*.

But there are things much more unaccountable, than that a man should spend his time in idleness. We sometimes see a well-informed and rational being, the heir of vast possessions, who, after having enjoyed them in reputation and with advantage to his neighbourhood, on a sudden dissipates the whole into thin air, by the assistance only of a horse, a pack of cards, or a dice-box. This, for a man of such a character, seems wholly unaccountable. But if we consider that a good character is a smooth even stream, flowing in one uniform course; that he who possesses great wealth is a stranger to all the passions and vicissitudes of him who has none; that he is a stranger to the cravings of appetite, the fatigue of labour, the contempt of the proud, and the biting sarcasms of the ungrateful and the successful; that, in short, he knows only one state of human nature, namely, a state of prosperity; who can doubt but that he has assumed the character of a practical philosopher, scatters his riches with a stoical contempt,



tempt, and becomes mean, poor, degraded, and despised, merely for the sake of *variety*!

In estimating the comparative merits of those amusements to which men are most addicted, we find that they rise or fall, in the opinion of *amateurs*, in proportion as they afford greater *variety*. The huntsman, the fowler, and the angler, all contend for the superior advantages of their different pursuits in this way. Nay, in pleasures more intellectual, we find the same passion predominating. Theatrical critics assign the palm of honour to those plays in which there is most *variety*.

In other affairs of common life we meet with the abhorrence of *sameness*, and the desire of *variety*. In shopping, which my fair readers know is a business of no small importance, those tradesmen who have the greatest quantity of goods are sure to have the greatest number of customers. As to books, I shall not state how successful those are which contain the greatest *variety* of matter, for I am writing in a miscellany which is a proof of it: but I was lately not a little surprised to hear a young lady censured very much, because she had no *variety* in her character. Upon due consideration, however, the objection has some validity; and it is to be hoped that the ladies will lay the matter to heart, and not create prejudices against them by that sameness of good temper, sweetness, affability, and other graces, which it appears does not suit the taste of the lovers of *variety*.

The seekers after the *varium et mutabile*, the various and the changeable, may perhaps plead antiquity in favour of their passion; nay, they may affirm that nature has been before-hand with them, and that she delights in *variety*. But, on the other hand, they ought to recollect, that we should be able to account

for our fickleness and quest of amusements in some other way, than by merely referring to the principle of *variety*. Nature abounds in *variety*, that man may find it in the place where he happens to be, without all that vast trouble and expense which our modern *changeables* undergo. The great business of life is not to be neglected for that childish fickleness which delights in destroying its toys that it may be indulged with others. Life is short and uncertain. What we waste cannot be recalled; but what we employ in useful pursuits may be remembered with pleasure. The discharge of the duties of our relative stations requires a steady perseverance, and upon that only will be found to depend the happiness which we in vain seek in change of place or difference of amusement; and let it be remembered, that the only *variety* which does not pall is the progress of the mind in useful knowledge. C.

#### On the IMPORTANCE of TIME.

'Time wasted is existence—us'd, is life;  
And bare existence man to live ordain'd,  
Wings and oppresses, with enormous  
weight.' YOUNG.

TO break the shackles of prejudice, and set at liberty the long-imprisoned captive; to form the heart to virtue, and, in consequence, the mind to peace; are objects worthy the endeavours of ablest writers, in the most enlightened age. To impress conviction on the minds of youth, of the numberless advantages to be obtained by a proper employment of their time, of the great importunce and swift departure of it, are the main purposes of this essay. The man of pleasure, the *bon vivant*, will be immediately alarmed, by supposing I am about



to infringe upon and curtail his imaginary enjoyments, and will drown the whisperings of reason in the riotous clamourings of dissipation; while the candid observer will listen and adhere to the dictates of propriety, and be guided therein by an internal conviction.

Time, the common possession of every man, is capable of affording the richest products, if carefully attended to and cultivated; and, undoubtedly, the cultivation of such possessions as are of most value should be the principal concern of the possessor, in order to render them the more advantageous. It is to time we owe all the pleasures and happiness of the present state. It is time that prompts research, and perfects discovery. The splendid achievements of naval and military glory, the progress of religion, the gigantic strides of science, and the unbounded display of arts, are all the work of time; and, by extending our view of the great and important advantages resulting to society from the cultivation of time, the pages of biography will immediately present us with the names of Hale, Newton, Bacon, &c. whose works have so largely contributed to the knowledge and happiness of mankind, whose lives may be held up as examples worthy the admiration and imitation of their fellow men, and will clearly develope to the contemplative mind the necessity of making the utmost use of the present moment: while, on the other hand, examples are too numerous of those who, by a disregard to the proper employment of time, suffer idleness and debauchery, clothed in the garments of pleasure, to delude and corrupt their imaginations, to disturb their peace, and, finally, to destroy their morals.

The frailties of the human frame, the important duties affixed to life, and, at the best, the short duration

of it, are, or should be, equally stimulatives to a proper employment of our time. Sickness may impede our progress; disease may chill the ardour of our pursuits; accidents may endanger our lives; or the sweeping scythe of death may crop the opening flower just blooming to the sun, and rob us of existence at a moment when we little expect him, and when we are least prepared: it is, therefore, highly necessary that we should endeavour—

‘To catch the light-wing’d moments in  
their flight,  
And stamp importance on the passing  
hour.’  
COLES.

But, alas! how little is it taken notice of! and, though the advantages to be obtained are so innumerable, yet inventions are exhausted—

‘To lash the lingering moments into speed,  
And whirl us, happy riddance! from our-  
selves.’  
YOUNG.

The midnight ball, the riotous masquerade, the trifling card-table, are amusements aptly fitted for the purpose; and in the haunts of vice and folly, where mirth and revelry display their fancied charms, time is disposed of at a painful rate: the hours so wasted never can return. Notwithstanding common experience clearly demonstrates that the general situations of this life are unfortunate and calamitous, and although the important truths contained in the Holy Scriptures point out the necessity of so employing the transitory duration allotted there to, so as to become fit petitioners for the mercy of Heaven, and enjoyers of a life to come, eternal and everlasting; yet is the light of reason so blinded by the mists of error and prejudice, that few persons really consider how important and invaluable is time. Is it not a little extraordinary to find ourselves surrounded with beings who appear to be rational, and who acknowledge  
the



the value of the very possessions they are squandering away, yet continue eagerly to pursue pleasures which in the end must disappoint them—pleasures which, when enjoyed, become pains?

When we consider the business of life, and the various avocations or pursuits that engage the attention of man, we shall also perceive that time steps forward and readily offers his assistance towards their accomplishment; and there can be no excuse for those who, reconciling themselves to the evils of procrastination, carelessly neglect to seize the present moment. The mind of man in every station appears to be constant in pursuit of happiness; but, from some defect in the education of the generality, this happiness is supposed to exist in the vacant enjoyments of indolence or sensual gratification; and, with unfortunate zeal, they launch on the ocean of vice, and are tossed on the turbulent tempests of passion. The happiness thus sought is never found; nor can it be supposed that the man who rests on the supine couch of indolence, in a sleep of delusion, can ever experience even a transient ray of solid happiness. For want of exercise his bodily functions become incapacitated to fulfil their several duties; for want of exercise the nobler enjoyments of a cultivated understanding are supplied only by a barrenness of mind and a feebleness of intellect. Thus the heart becomes prejudiced, till, alas! the conflict of life is over, and he is snatched away—

‘To that undiscovered country, from whose bourne no traveler returns.’

The general anxiety of man seems to be principally that he may live—not that he may live well; or, in

other words, to do good: he therefore considers, that, having obtained the necessary supply for his bodily support, by dedicating a portion of his hours to his business or occupation, he has little more to do than to form plans for the dissipation of the remainder. This observation I think may be proved by turning our attention to some principal characters in the different situations in life: examples of this among the men of affluence, whose possessions are vast, are but too numerous; but likewise in the middle order, skilful artists and mechanics, who by their abilities are enabled to earn considerable sums in a short space of time, are frequently seen devoting the remainder, as long as their wages will admit, to the most degrading idleness and dissipation. There is, however, no general rule without an exception; and I am happy to admit there are some who nobly deviate from such conduct.

Since then it is so necessary to make the most of every moment of our time, it may not be amiss to conclude these observations with a few remarks on the proper employment of it. The store-house of religion is open: the most precious gems are therein contained: every one has an opportunity of becoming a sharer in the unbounded stock of sacred treasure. Time points the way: lose not the present moment; but seize the kindly offered prize. An employment of every leisure hour in the duties of religion, and obtaining a true knowledge of ourselves, will enable us to regulate our moral conduct so as to glide unmolested down the rapid stream of life, and finally to enter the haven of eternal joy.

TOM JONES.

*Norwich, December 7, 1801.*



• ACCOUNT of the new OPERA called 'CHAINS OF THE HEART, OR THE SLAVE BY CHOICE,' performed, for the first Time, at the Theatre-Royal, Covent-Garden, on Thursday December 10.

THE principal characters were thus represented :

## MOORS.

Ala Bensalla, king of Ceuta,.....	Mr. Brabam.
Azam, grand slave-master,.....	Mr. Munden.
Taruda, } slave-mer-	Mr. Waddy.
Seid, } chants,...	Mr. Atkins.
Zulema, the favourite of Azam,.....	Signora Storace.
Zara,.....	Mrs. Edwards.
Favourite attendants of Dixon, Howel, Wheatley, and Simms.	Misses

## EUROPEANS.

Villafior, a noble Portuguese,.....	Mr. Cory.
Prince Henry of Portugal,.....	Mr. Brunton.
Don Manuel, his son,...	Mr. Hill.
Riccardo, son to Villafior, under the name of Osmin,...	Mr. H. Johnston.
Cotillon, formerly a dancing-master, now a soldier,.....	Mr. Fawcett.
O'Phelim, cook to a regiment,.....	Mr. Johnstone.
Gulnare,.....	Miss Murray.
Silvia,.....	Miss Waters.
Portuguese and Moorish officers, mariners, mutes, slaves, priests, and soldiers.	

SCENE—Ceuta, on the coast of Africa.

The plot is in substance as follows: A Portuguese nobleman is in captivity at Ceuta. His son comes and sells himself to release his father; but not bringing sufficient, he sells Gulnare, his mistress, to make up the necessary sum. Upon her presentation to Bensalla, the king of Ceuta, he falls in love with her, but she pleads her attachment to another, and the king at last yielding to the impulse of his own generous nature, and the entreaties of Gulnare, resigns all claim to her affection, and consents to the union of the two

lovers. The light, which is intended to contrast and shine through this shade, introduces Azam, an old slave-master, who makes love to Gulnare; while his sprightly favourite slave, Zulema, makes love to a Christian slave, Cotillon, a dancing-master, with whom she elopes. This intrigue involves another curious character, in the person of O'Phelim, an Irish cook. A body of Portuguese troops, headed by their prince, who comes to release his subjects, and surprise the castle of Ceuta, concludes the piece.

From this brief outline, and looking at the *dramatis personæ*, it will be seen that the characters are expressly drawn for the particular performers, or for the purpose of displaying the fascinations of decoration, scenery, and procession, to the best advantage. Where an author puts such restraints upon his fancy, and thus makes his selection, not as judgment dictates, but as occasion requires, we can expect neither much novelty or much merit. The structure and the dialogue of the present piece are without any portion of either. In the sentimental scenes there is not one passage of interest; in the lively ones, not a single good point in a continued series of pun and *equivoque*. The piece was written, we believe, for the purpose of introducing signora Storace and Mr. Brabam, who made their appearance, for the first time, on these boards, the one as Bensalla, the other as Zulema. It is not, however, a bold assertion to say, that, in the old regions of music, a spot might be found on which they would have appeared to more advantage than upon this newly-discovered land. A new piece may be necessary for the reputation of new performers, as not having to combat with prejudice,



dice, or the remembrance of preceding excellence; they are judged with impartiality, and create, as it were, new parts for themselves. In the present case, this additional attraction was superfluous: the merits of Mr. Braham and signora Storace are too great, and too well ascertained, to require more than a fair opportunity of displaying their talents. Their style and character of the music are scientific, arduous, abounding in rapid flights of notes, calculated to display a great extent of execution, and exciting more our surprise than operating upon the sensibilities of the heart. The same character will apply generally to all the other airs. Mr. Braham's voice is a fine tenor, possessing great softness and delicacy, but not great breadth or compass. In the beginning of his first air his notes were a little unsteady, but the subsequent scenes showed it did not want precision and firmness. He executed the airs with great taste and science, and the most arduous parts with apparent ease — was encored in some, and universally applauded in all. Signora Storace has increased in *embonpoint*, but without suffering a diminution of ease or agility. Endowed with a clear voice of extensive compass, taste, science, and powers of execution; possessing also ease, spirit, and rich humour; this lady is equally qualified to appear in either department of sense or sound, and maintain the lead in both. She had many opportunities of displaying this versatility of talent in *Zulema*, and did not fail to take advantage of them. She received great applause in an air resembling 'The Soldier tir'd,' very much in its style and character. The reception of both these eminent performers was of the most flattering description, such indeed as their merit deserved, and are likely to

secure in permanence. It would be an injustice not to allow the merits of Mr. Hill and Miss Waters also in the vocal department. Miss Murray was the sentimental heroine of the night: she was dressed and looked remarkably well, and gave the character all the interest which it was capable of exciting. There is a great deal of life and bustle in the representation. It abounds in choruses and grand processions, variety of beautiful scenery and splendid dresses. These embellishments rendered the stage a rich and beautiful picture, and contributed essentially to the success of the piece, which was given out for future representation with only a very slight murmur of disapprobation.

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*The ANTIQUARY superior to his  
FORTUNE, or the MISCHIEFS of  
JEALOUSY;*

A TALE.

**PHILOGUE**, an antiquary, deficient neither in knowledge nor taste, though not remarkably distinguished by the favour of fortune, made the tour of Italy, furnished with letters of recommendation to the most celebrated artists and connoisseurs, and in particular to Contario, a Venetian of a noble family, and celebrated for his profound knowledge in the various works of art which have escaped the ravages of time. With him Philogue, by repeated visits, contracted the most friendly intimacy.

His wife, who was young and handsome, conversed with great sprightliness and gaiety with the French traveler. She found herself much amused by the manner in which he spoke Italian, as, from his imperfect acquaintance with the language, he often employed expressions which appeared to her odd  
and



and humourous. In fact, a foreigner, who begins to speak a language that is familiar to us, frequently gives us new ideas by the novelty of his phrases; and perhaps every nation, distinct in its habits and taste, differs from others by a peculiar manner of thinking and mode of expression.

Julia, sometimes at home, and sometimes when visiting her female friends, frequently diverted herself with observing, through the lattices, the activity of Philogue, in taking the dimensions of statues, drawing plans, and admiring, with an attentive and passionate air, the proportions of the columns of the most beautiful edifices. Her husband, surprised at her going abroad so often, followed and watched her, and thought he had discovered what was sufficient to give him good reason for alarm.

One day, when the young Frenchman was taking a drawing of an antique, in the cabinet of Contario, with all that enthusiasm to which true amateurs are ever liable, he chanced to lay his pencils on a commode on which were the gloves of the Italian lady, which, becoming mixed with his papers, he carried away without perceiving them; though not without the notice of Contario; for nothing escapes the eyes of a jealous husband, and this mistake Contario was by no means inclined to attribute to mere accident.

Julia's maids sought every where for the gloves, which their mistress inquired after with great impatience, while Contario imagined that he could distinctly perceive the design both of Julia, and the Frenchman; and from this trivial circumstance, in which his wife appeared to him to act so well the part of pretended ignorance, he no longer doubted that she was perfect in the art of feigning, and employed it in cases of much greater importance.

He was now anxious to verify his suspicions. The moment most wished for by a jealous person is that in which he hopes to convict of perfidy the woman he loves. Perhaps he seeks it with as much eagerness and ardour as a favoured lover that of his happiness.

The next day Contario invited Philogue to his house; he did not, however, succeed in satisfying his doubts, but only augmented his own torment.

He pretended that he was obliged to go out, and concealed himself to watch Philogue and his wife. Philogue came according to the invitation, and inquired for Contario; but was told that he was gone out on some business of importance, which he could not possibly neglect. He stayed a few minutes, as decorum required, and then went to a neighbouring square, to examine a *façade* that had engaged his attention. Julia, by chance, went out a moment afterwards; he met with her and offered her his arm, which she accepted. Contario saw them, and was almost frantic.

He was met by a friend, but so disturbed was his mind that he scarcely knew him, and answered him only in monosyllables. At length, when he became somewhat more composed, Alethi (that was the name of his friend) obtained from him his secret, and endeavoured to appease his passion; representing to him that by acting in such a manner could only tend to render his shame public, and his misfortune irreparable. He prevailed on him to resolve to dissemble; and they then proceeded to concert together the most efficacious means of removing Philogue.

The violence of Contario was only more irritated by discussing such a subject; his friend therefore left him; and when he was alone his  
phrensy



phrensy returned in all its former violence.

Julia was to go into the country on the next day. Contario conceived a plan of vengeance suited to his rage. He wrote, in the morning, a letter, as if from his wife, to Philogue, inviting him to accompany her on her journey, and ordered, at the same time, a confidential servant who attended her to contrive that the person who should come to her should drink of a liquor which he gave him.

‘Your life shall answer for it,’ said he, ‘if you disobey me: if you obey, your fortune is made.’

Scarcely had he sent off the letter, when he received a note from cardinal Guadagni, who wished to consult him on some valuable curiosities dug out of the ruins of Herculaneum. He could not refuse his eminence, and even pleased himself with the thought that chance had furnished him with the means of being out of the reach of suspicion.

When he came to the cardinal’s, the first person he saw was Philogue, who was going with his eminence to a little distance into the country, whence he was not to return for a fortnight. Contario recollected, with confusion and alarm, the orders he had given to his servant Silvestri, which were so vague and obscure, that his brother-in-law, who had come to accompany his sister, would have been poisoned, had not Contario fortunately returned just as the liquor was poured out and presented to him. He hastily took the glass, and threw away the deadly potion, pretending he saw a fly in it. He thus prevented the fatal error; but the jealousy that rent his heart continued the same.

He related all that had passed to Alethi, who inveighed in the strongest terms against his cruelty and baseness, and at length persuaded

him to adopt a very different plan which he proposed to him.

The two years which Philogue had allotted to himself for his stay at Rome were nearly expired; Contario, therefore, following the advice of Alethi, bought a chaise in which an ambassador had arrived, and bargained for it to be driven back to Paris. He then told Philogue, as an indifferent matter, that there was a fine opportunity for any person who wished to go to Paris, as an empty chaise was to be sent back to that capital. Philogue, who was thinking of returning home, resolved to avail himself of an opportunity by which he could make so great a saving, which by a person in his circumstances was not to be neglected. He accordingly took leave of his friends, and set out without having given any further cause for the suspicions of Contario; for which, indeed, neither he nor Julia had ever given any real occasion.

Philogue expressed great regret at parting from his friend; but much greater was the joy of the jealous Contario at the departure of the man of whom he entertained such harsh, though unjust suspicions.—Philogue had promised to send to Julia, who was fond of drawing, some designs from the most esteemed pieces in Paris, which promise he fulfilled some time after, thinking he owed this testimony of gratitude for the friendship he had experienced from Contario.

Among these designs was one from a beautiful groupe of white marble, in which the delicate chisel of Sarasin had represented two children playing with a goat, and, with the innocent wantonness of infancy, filling its mouth with grapes and vine leaves, while the animal appeared pleased with his little companions, and, with frolicsome gambols, to join in their sport.

The



The natural appendages of the head of the beast struck the eye of Contario, and appeared to him a manifest insult on his misfortune; for, though this low allusion is scarcely known to the generality of the French, in Italy, and some other countries, it is universally considered as very gross and offensive.

Contario became furious; he, however, sufficiently mastered his passion to dissemble. He intercepted and opened all the letters and parcels that came for Julia; but, finding nothing from Philogue to confirm his suspicions, he caused his lady to be closely watched wherever she went, and began to suspect that some other lover had succeeded the Frenchman in her favour.

All the advice of his friend Alethi was without effect, till at length the extreme agitation of his mind, arising from the constraint he put on himself to conceal his rage, and his disappointment at being able to discover nothing, threw him into a violent fever, which increasing, and defying all medicine, he sent for his wife, and at the same time for Alethi.

‘Perfidious Julia!’ cried he; ‘in the condition in which I am, I have not strength to reproach you as you deserve. I die, and your love for Philogue is the cause of my death. Should you still attempt to dissemble, Alethi will inform you how well I am acquainted with your vile practices; and you will be astonished at the means to which I have had recourse to break so base a connexion. I know the French character. Alethi, take this paper: it is my last will. In it I give all my property to Philogue; he shall enjoy it, and will see you no more, base woman! but will despise you as much as he has pretended to love you. It is the fate that awaits you,—the just punishment of your falsehood.’

The astonishment of Julia could

only be equalled by her grief; for she sincerely loved her husband. So great was her surprise, and so acute her feelings, that she was deprived of the power of shedding tears, and stood lost in a kind of stupefaction, which can be conceived only by those who have felt this species of despair.

‘Begone!’ cried her raving husband. ‘Take from my sight those features I detest, though I once adored them.’

Alethi, who saw the distress of Julia, took her by the hand, and led her, almost without her knowledge, out of the apartment.

Contario called her back, and she returned. His voice, recalling her, restored her in some manner to her senses.

‘Before I die,’ said he, ‘let me disburthen my heart of every thing that lies heavy on it. Julia, cruel Julia! I die by your hands, since you have been false to me: but know that time alone was wanting to me, and prevented the vengeance I meditated. One day more and you would have expiated your crime by poison. In death, I only regret that it was not in my power to execute my design. Accursed be the day on which Philogue escaped the poison I had prepared for him!’

Julia fainted and was carried out of the room, and Contario expired.

Alethi did not think it right to obey a will dictated by unfounded jealousy and rage. After having yielded to the first emotions of grief, he went to the convent to which Julia had retired, and offered to her the will of her husband.

‘Enjoy the property to which you are justly entitled, Julia,’ said he; ‘I am convinced you are innocent: only forget Philogue, and disturb not the ashes of an unfortunate husband.’

‘Forget Philogue,’ replied Julia, ‘and



and not disturb the ashes of an unfortunate husband! How little do you know me, Alethi! Have you caught the madness of that unhappy man? My choice is made,' said she, bursting into tears. 'Be worthy of the confidence of your friend. I inquire not into his motives. Philogue never looked on me with the eyes of a lover, nor addressed me in the language of love. I believe him to be as innocent as myself: let him enjoy the benefaction bestowed by my husband; but let me receive and merit your esteem. Little property will indeed remain to me, but sufficient for the resolution I have taken.'

Alethi retired, not without some doubt of the sentiments and grief expressed by Julia. He sent to Philogue advice of the donation of Contario, without informing him of the motive of the gift. Philogue was astonished at this liberality from a man with whom he had never been more than slightly acquainted, and whose taste he had esteemed without particularly cultivating his friendship. He therefore returned an answer to Alethi, in a few words, requesting him to take charge of the legacy left him by Contario, of which he was unacquainted with the value, as well as ignorant of the motives, but which a journey to Rome might perhaps one day enable him to receive from his hands; for he could not persuade himself, notwithstanding the clear and positive terms of the letter he had received, that the legacy could consist of more than a few antiques.

Alethi, surprised at the coldness of Philogue, could no longer doubt of the virtue of Julia. She had taken the veil: a year had elapsed, and the day arrived which was to fix her in the convent: she then transmitted to Alethi an open letter for Philogue.

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In this letter she informed him, as briefly as possible, of the jealousy and desperation of her husband, and her own grief at his death; adding, that she had that day renounced the world, and vowed to die in a convent, worthy of the esteem of those who should become acquainted with her misfortune; happy if her penitence might be accepted as an atonement for her having unthinkingly, though innocently, been the cause of the death of her husband. The paper which contained these few lines was in many places moistened by her tears.

Alethi endeavoured in vain to prevent the sacrifice on which she had determined. He wrote to Philogue, whose astonishment was extreme. He immediately set out for Rome, where he found Alethi ready to give up to him the property of Contario, and Julia fixed by her vow in the convent, where she would never consent to be seen by him, notwithstanding his repeated solicitations to that effect.

He succeeded more easily in those he made to the superior of the convent, to accept the wealth bequeathed him by Contario. This he presented to the convent, and could scarcely be prevailed on to share with Alethi some antiques from the cabinet of his deceased friend. He then returned to Paris, and left Rome divided between the admiration which his generosity merited, and that due to the conduct of the unfortunate Julia.

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*The ART of SCRATCHING the  
HEAD.*

[From a Paris Journal.]

THE faculty of thinking is almost inseparably connected with scratch-



ing the head. It was for this reason that Champfort said, 'I have no great opinion of people with well-dressed and powdered hair, because they cannot venture to rub their hands round their heads.'

The thoughts which flow to the brain produce a frequent titillation in the neighbouring region; and, therefore, the man of reflexion must scratch himself often: the blockhead who wishes to pass for a man of wit scratches himself still more; and the woman who has something to do more important than that of thinking scratches very seldom. The manner of satisfying so universal a want ought to have been an object worthy of attention and emulation among men. But I see with regret that I must go back to antiquity, in order to find out the traces of this most simple and convenient practice. In the free cities, which contained as many rivals as citizens, an attentive observation of each other was the great art of life; and the science of physiognomy formed an entire part of the study of public jurisprudence. Barbarians judged of a hero exactly as they found him; but subtle republicans examined him more closely, and wished to know why they admired him. I have read Tacitus, Machiavel, count d'Avaux, and cardinal de Retz, and I have not found in them any thing that can be compared to the policy of Alcibiades, when he caused the tail of his dog to be cut off, in order to confound the prating idlers of Athens. It is to be presumed that he was the person who invented the mode of scratching the head with the point of the finger: this elegant exercise was in unison with the lisp which distinguished that great and accomplished man.

The practice passed from Athens to Rome, where it made such progress, that it became proverbial to

describe men of delicate research in the following words, *Qui digito scalpunt uno caput*. I ask pardon of my young fellow-citizens for making use of expressions unknown to them; but Juvenal, from whom I have taken the passage, was such a pedant, that he never knew how to write a word of French.

Licinius Calvus has left us an epigram, in which he asked a young woman who was scratching with the point of her finger, if she was not looking for a husband? But this was only idle talk on the part of a poet jealous of those who were good scratchers; because he himself was bald, as his name imports.

If there be any fact authenticated in history, it is this, that Pompey, who was oftener called the *handsome* than the *great*, never used more than one finger in scratching his head. For this he has been done justice to by the tribune of Claudius, by Seneca the elder, Ammianus Marcellinus, and the emperor Julian.

Julius Cæsar, another Roman still more illustrious, signalised himself in a similar manner, as we learn from Cicero and Plutarch. It is really worthy of remark, that the empire of the world was then contested for by two men who were the best scratchers of their age; and, for the honour of the gods, I would willingly believe, that, at Pharsalia, they decided in favour of him who had brought the art to the highest degree of perfection.

There can be no doubt but that, for the last ten years, we have inherited this fashion from the Greeks and Romans; and all our young heads, rounded after the manner of the ancients, are so many proofs of the fact. Is it not, therefore, grievous to behold those pretty black heads scratched with such barbarous rusticity? I am ready to faint away when, in the midst of a saloon,



or in the most elegant company, an Alcibiades or an Antinoüs opens his hands like two great combs, places them behind his ears, and in that form drives them from the bottom to the top of his head, leaving ten furrows in his hair to bear testimony to their passage.

What a horrible discordance! Is it fit, my countrymen, that, while the Muses are instructing milliners and tailors, you should mix with their finest performances all the rudeness of the peasants of the Danube? But your error proceeds only from ignorance; and, thanks to Heaven! it will soon be removed. Young persons, in an antique fashion like you, should not scratch, except with the end of the finger, without incurring the imputation of barbarism; and, in obeying this precept, to which Cæsar and Pompey submitted, you will, in time, give a proof of Atticism and erudition.

I expect that you will perfect yourselves in this exercise.—The display of the arm, the whiteness of the hand, the lustre of a ring, are elements worthy of your combinations. Why then should not the finger sporting on your hands have sufficient genius and expression to show us, by the variety of its movements, whether you are throwing out a declaration of love, or are receiving information concerning the *tiers consolidés*.

## THE WIDOW OPPRESSED;

A TRUE STORY.

‘The greatest felicity mankind can claim,  
Is to want sense of smart, and be past sense  
of shame.’

ROCHESTER.

IN a market-town of England (no matter where) lives an aged biped-wolf, whom we shall call Tom Tris-

tram, whose erect carriage of body and crooked conduct in life have drawn on him the denomination of ‘the upright man and the downright rogue.’ His education and talents, like his birth and parentage, were most humble; but blind chance at length raised him to the double situation of justice’s clerk and proctor in the ecclesiastical court.

It has been said, if you strip a Spaniard of every virtue, he will make a very good Portuguese afterwards; and a proctor has often been thought to resemble an attorney in the same manner as the latter of these nations does the former.

Our spiritual lawyer, in his progress through life, met once with the mishap to be indicted for his nefarious practices, and to receive the inadequate punishment of Bridewell imprisonment. Perhaps his full deserts may be reserved for his final *exit*.

His younger brother, Buckram Tristram, sought a maintenance by his needle in the capital; where, by *cabbage* and other means, he amassed a considerable fortune. Our knight of the sheers had his thread of life cut short by Atropos a few years since. An only daughter, to whom he bequeathed the bulk of his wealth, was left to the guardianship of her uncle; who, in his eagerness to grasp as much as he could, refused to pay the legacies his brother Buckram bequeathed to two natural children, and obliged them to recover the same through the medium of chancery.

In a small sea-port, where invalids occasionally repair for air and bathing, Buckram Tristram possessed a few lands; and hither, occasionally, our *worthy* guardian and his ward, of late, have been fond of passing a month or two in the summer. A small tenement of the deceased *Snip* was rented by a ship-



wright, called Vans; who, meeting a watery grave, left a distressed widow big with child, and five infants, to lament his untimely end. The husband had been drowned but three weeks, and his body was yet unfound, when the *humane* guardian went to Mrs. Vans, and, after observing that he understood she was left with a large family, and but little to maintain them, asked when she intended paying her rent? for *THAT* he would have:—yet a fortnight was then to elapse before the same was really due. A small vessel, nearly finished, was on the stocks: a week before the time fixed for launching the same, the hoary savage gave the widow notice that it should not be taken off the quay till he was paid five guineas for rent. With great difficulty the sum was borrowed, but the brute did not yet choose to be satisfied. He threatened to fine her fifty pounds, for not taking out letters of administration. This was an additional distress. She fulfilled the letter of the law, however; but, not employing our *worthy* proctor, he meditated further vengeance. Three pounds and some shillings paid to another ecclesiastical practitioner was unpardonable! He discovered that poor Vans stood indebted to his niece in almost ten pounds for timber. The others creditors having agreed to accept a dividend of the deceased shipwright's effects, Mrs. Vans proposed the same to Mr. Tristram; but he stormed and insisted on the whole. She replied, all should be sold, and every farthing applied. Fear, however, induced her, after the sale, to pay the aged wretch his whole demand, except about forty shillings, which she begged him to wait for a short time, as she expected to receive a trifle soon. But he was as unfeeling as the rocks. In vain did she plead her necessitous

situation, and solicit his pity for her fatherless children: for once he *did* suffer truth to fall from his lips: he said he should have *no pity*, nor more patience; and, when she desired to see miss Buckram Tristram, now of age, she was told the young lady was busy, and could not be spoken with; that she trusted entirely to her uncle, and was thoroughly satisfied with what he did. By the assistance of some friends the widow raised the mighty sum: but the very day it was remitted she received a citation from the proctor, to exhibit an inventory of the effects of her deceased husband into *his* court, and yield an account of her administration. Mr. Eglantine, a man of most amiable disposition, and a friend of both parties, wrote to Mr. Tristram, to endeavour to prevail on him to stop proceedings, who, in his *great goodness*, replied, he would not go on, provided he were paid one guinea. The liberality of friends who detest oppression once more enabled her to remit the demand; and the worthless wretch glories in his triumph over the fatherless and widow, unmoved amid the execration of his neighbours.

QUI CAPIT, ILLE FACIT!

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To the EDITOR of the LADY'S  
MAGAZINE.

SIR,

BY the insertion of the following curious fact in natural history in the Lady's Magazine, you will much oblige

Your constant reader,  
Dec. 15, 1801. ARABELLA.

THERE is now in the house of Mr. Jones, farmer, of Knebworth-lodge, near Stevenage, Herts, a cowslip in full bloom. It was taken up by the root in the open fields on  
December



December 4, 1800, with the blossom on it, and continued in bloom till Easter 1801, when it went off for two months, and then bloomed again, and continues so till this time.

. . .

PREFATORY ESSAY to the HISTORY of ROBERT the BRAVE, *elucidatory of the Facts alluded to in that History, and the Manners and Usages of the Times of Chivalry.*

(By the Count de Tressan.)

THE history of Languedoc,' says the best historian of that province, 'is as dry and sterile as that of France, from the commencement of the tenth century till towards the end of the eleventh. During this long interval we find no celebrated historian. Charters are the only monuments to which we can have recourse, the greater part of which are without dates; and as the names of families were not then well established, it is not to be wondered at that we should, as it were, grope our way in the dark in relating the events which have taken place during those two centuries.

'Yet,' says the same historian, 'the tradition of noble deeds in arms was preserved with so much care in families, that it may, in some measure, supply the defect of history.'

During the course of the eleventh century, in the reign of Philip I., king of France, the spirit of chivalry animated all Europe. The sons of Tancred de Hauteville, Roger and Guiscard, the undisturbed possessors of Sicily, Puglia, and Calabria, proved that nothing was impossible to courage, and that its exertion was sufficient to preserve its conquests. This example was alluring; and if all who ranked as gentlemen did not aspire, after their example, to orna-

ment their brow with a diadem, they at least endeavoured to secure independence to their possessions, and frequently attained to such power as to render themselves formidable or necessary to the most potent sovereigns.

In these times, when few were able to write or read, the nobility, anxious to eternise their memory, and transmit it to their descendants, endeavoured to attain that end by collecting and preserving monuments which appeared to them as solid as they were glorious.

Every head of a family was careful to arrange, in orderly succession, in the halls and galleries of his castle, the arms, banners, devices, trophies, and names, of his ancestors. Fathers excited the courage of their children, and formed them to heroism, by showing them these noble inheritances. Broken bucklers, fragments of lances, shattered arms, these were the riches which were laid up in the inmost halls of the castle, and it was to defend these that the mansion-house of the family was surrounded with strong walls and wide ditches; while the possessor was ready to encounter death in a thousand shapes sooner than suffer them to be wrested from him.

The tradition of great achievements descended from age to age: each trophy was the subject of a long family-history, which the father related in a solemn manner, while the children, filled with a sacred reverence and the most lively admiration, looked upon the arms, handled the fragments, admired their weight, and burned with impatience to arrive at the age when their strength should enable them to combat in their turn, and add to these precious treasures.

Near the trophies were likewise seen the tributes offered by gratitude. When a war took place, the dearest

and



and first duty of the lord was to fly where the danger was greatest. His valour, his strength, his address, served in some sort as a shield to his vassals. In like manner, when the rigour of the seasons occasioned a dearth of provisions among them, his granaries, generously opened, became the patrimony of all. To contend unto death, to give with unrestrained generosity, were the precepts and the examples which the chiefs of noble families had received from their fathers. But in like manner, when plenty and peace returned, the vassals acquitted themselves towards their lords; and, eager to increase their splendor, added, to the re-payment of what they had received, brilliant arms, shields ornamented with emblems, cuirasses plated with gold, or horse-furniture richly embroidered. These the lords, after having worn or used them in battle, made the ornaments of their castles.

Each generation had its history, its devices, and its trophies. Happy the families, whose halls, resplendent with glory, presented to the view a long succession of ancestors without the interruption of a single *obscure interval*. But sometimes the eye, as it surveyed these halls, met with vacant spaces, in the midst of which were *simple numeral figures*, covered, in part, with *funereal veils*. This sad mark of the deepest mourning had at once two significations. The numeral figures, divested of ornaments, imported that nothing had rendered illustrious the memory of him it pointed out, and the veil intimated that we must respect the ashes of the dead. The countenances of those of the family who passed before these melancholy monuments were tinged with a blush; fathers never mentioned these sullied names but when they thought it necessary to give a terrible lesson to their

children; they never drew them from their obscurity but to excite the fears of their offspring, lest they should one day augment their number.

With equal care were preserved the names, devices, and emblems, of the ladies, to which were especially added distinctive marks that indicated their high birth.

How powerfully these customs and practices must have contributed to maintain courage and the love of glory among the descendants of the knights must be sufficiently apparent. They felt too sensibly within themselves all the influence which the examples of their fathers had over them to wish to interrupt these glorious generations by uniting themselves to names tarnished by any blemish, or not rendered in any manner illustrious.

As soon as, by birth or great achievements, any one had arrived at the rank of knight, he partook of all the honours and prerogatives attached to the most illustrious nobility; but it was very difficult for those to attain to this rank who were not in some manner placed in it by their ancestors. Great deeds in arms might indeed render him who achieved them illustrious; but how difficult must it have been for the warrior to distinguish himself, when all were almost continually in the field, and at a time when courage was so universal, that, so far from being accounted a subject of praise, it was considered as the most natural and indispensable of duties. Besides, it would not have been easy to precede the knights, whom their rights and valour always placed at the head of the combatants. It hence resulted, that a number of heroic actions remained unknown.

Challenges in closed barriers, jousts, and tournaments, afforded means to exhibit strength, address, and



and even courage; but the lists were open only to knights. It was therefore very difficult for those who possessed these qualities to find opportunities to signalise themselves; and it was not till under the reign of Philip IV., called the Fair, that the practice was introduced of granting letters of nobility.

The enthusiasm of the crusades having extinguished a great number of illustrious families, Philip IV., who rightly considered the nobility as the fairest ornament and firmest support of his throne, judged it expedient to repair the numerous losses of that body, by granting letters of nobility to all who appeared to merit them by their courage, illustrious actions, or distinguished virtues. Unhappily, he did not confine himself to this prudent measure: self-love and ambition, those two passions so natural to man, soon rivalled merit. The rich man, who had neither the courage, energy, nor virtues necessary to raise himself to the first rank, offered to pay for his nobility with gold; and Philip, by engaging in this shameful traffic, which feebly repaired the disorder of his exhausted finances, impaired that veneration which had before been inspired by a long succession of illustrious ancestors. The most numerous class of the people, though little acquainted with the narratives of history, could not allow that the same respect was due to the numerous crowd of nobles whom they saw advanced from among themselves. The privileges of nobility, therefore, when thus bestowed, appeared to them a kind of usurpation, against which they had a right to make remonstrances and complaints.

Though it was difficult for any one to raise himself above that condition in which the accident of birth had assigned him his station, great

achievements could yet render the performer of them illustrious; and if the early times of chivalry do not present us with a great number of examples of this kind, we shall not be surprised when we consider how rare are great men.

The history of Robert the Brave, all the facts of which are taken from an ancient family deed, will prove what honour and courage can effect when they are made the first motives of our actions; nor shall we wonder that we see love and friendship contracting an alliance with them, and redoubling their energy.

I have scrupulously preserved all the facts, and have only permitted myself to make some alteration in the style, because our old language can now be understood only by a small number of readers.

The descendant of the family, whose confidence and friendship intrusted me with this interesting manuscript, made me promise to avoid, with the utmost care, every thing that might discover the real names of his family. He proposed to make himself the alterations necessary in this work; but services useful to his country having employed all his time, and prevented him from fulfilling his intention, he committed the care of executing it to me.

The date of the facts on which this history is founded is in the time of Raymond count de St. Gilles, and marquis of Provence. This prince was the second son of Raymond de Pons, count of Toulouse, and of Almodis de la Marche. On the death of Raymond de Pons, William, his eldest son, succeeded as heir to the county of Toulouse, and was the fourth count of that title. William, after having lost his two sons, having no other heir than his daughter Philippa, who was afterwards married to the duke of Aquitaine,



taine, called Raymond de St. Gilles, his brother, to succeed him in his states, and ceded to him, in his lifetime, the county of Toulouse. Immediately after this cession, Raymond took on him the title of count of Toulouse, and we find that he had assumed it in 1088. This prince, during his life, extended his dominion over Upper and Lower Provence. Upper Provence afterwards became the portion of Alphonso, one of his sons, and preserved the title of a marquisate; and Lower Provence, or the county of Arles, which was called the county of Provence, was possessed by the counts of Barcelona, the heirs of the descendants of William I., count of Provence.

It is proper here to remark, that, in the course of the year 1088, Raymond having made a journey of devotion to the abbey of St. André, near Avignon, bestowed some very liberal donations on that monastery. The deeds by which these donations are granted, and which are still preserved, are signed by William and Gibellin de Sabran, whose descendants were hereditary constables to the counts of Toulouse. They are also subscribed by Rostaing de Posquieres, by Ribert de Caderousse, and several other lords. To the bottom of these deeds is hung the seal of Raymond. It is of lead. On one side the count is represented on horseback, armed with a sword and a shield: on the other is the *cross of Toulouse*. This deed, which still exists, proves that armorial bearings were in use even before the first crusades, though the greater part of antiquaries seem to be of opinion that it was then they began to be introduced. I find also in the deed, from which I have derived the facts that compose this history, that the count of Toulouse, when he raised the brave Robert to

the order of knighthood, recommended to him to make choice of his colours, his devices, and distinctive marks, in order to perpetuate them.

Almost the whole of Languedoc was subject to the dominion, mediate or immediate, of William count of Toulouse, and Raymond de St. Gilles, his brother. They had frequent quarrels with each other; for we find a letter from pope Gregory VII., dated the second of January 1079, addressed to Berenger bishop of Gironne, to the abbot of St. Pons, and to several other prelates, requesting them to employ their good offices to re-establish concord between the two brothers.

Next to these two princes, the greatest possessors of domains in Languedoc, were Raymond and Berenger, counts of Carcassone, Barcelona, Razès, and Lauraguais; Bernard, count of Bazeli, the count of Malgueil, or Substantion; the counts of Auvergne, who possessed the particular county of Velai; Roger the Second, count of Foix, who occupied a part of the Toulousain, under the sovereignty of the counts of Toulouse; the counts of Vienne, Valence, Cominges, &c. Among the viscounts, Bernard Aton had the most extensive domains, possessing the viscounties of Albi, Nîmes, Beziers, Agde, Carcassone, and Razès. Next were the viscounts of Toulouse, Narbonne, Polignac, Lautrec, Fenouilledes, Minervois, Gimoës, &c.; and among the simple seigneurs, or lords, the most distinguished were those of Montpellier, Uzès, Anduse, Sauve, Ile Jourdain, Pierre Pertuse, Termes, &c. &c.

I do not mean to give a complete list of the most illustrious families of Languedoc: the reader, to become acquainted with them, may have recourse to the history of that province; nor shall I attempt to  
give



give in a preface the history of Raymond de St. Gilles, one of the greatest princes of his age: it deserves to be perused entire. I shall confine myself to mentioning that it was this prince who, after infinite labours, and a thousand heroic achievements, twice refused the crown of Jerusalem, though to him the crusades were principally indebted for that brilliant conquest. A hundred thousand men whom he had brought from his states, his immense riches, his courage, and especially the constancy of his efforts, triumphed over all obstacles, notwithstanding the perfidious and ambitious intrigues which he had continually to encounter. Equally great in himself, and satisfied with the rewards which he hoped from heaven, he rather chose to bestow than accept a sceptre. He only wished to conquer, to dispense benefits; a great and sublime example, which is rarely exhibited on earth. Therefore have all historians united to pay to this illustrious prince the tribute of homage which he so well merited; and nearly eight centuries, which have elapsed since his time, have not diminished the admiration with which his memory inspires all generous hearts.

The two principal personages mentioned in this history, Roger and Robert, followed Raymond in his expedition to the Holy Land. This prince died the 23th of February, in the year 1105, aged about 64 years, in the city which he had founded near Tripoli, and named *Montpelierin*. After his death, these two friends attached themselves to Bertrand, the eldest son of Raymond, who succeeded him as count of Toulouse. This prince had need of their courage to reconquer his states, which had been seized by the duke of Aquitaine, while Raymond de St.

Gilles was combating in the Holy Land.

It appeared to me that it might be of utility to publish this historical anecdote in an age in which it is often attempted to calculate the honours and dignities attached to the order of nobility in the same manner as pecuniary advantages are calculated. It is become but too common for men the most obscure and most formed to remain so, to find an envious pleasure in repeating that real merit and noble actions frequently remain unrewarded, while all history and all ancient monuments contradict these declamations, and prove that truly great men have been able to render their names immortal, and secure to themselves the gratitude of succeeding ages.

We cannot too much exert ourselves to prove that it is not to *vain and feeble prejudices* that the men of all countries and of all ages have consented to render homage. Great services have at all times been necessary to compel gratitude, before so great a tribute could be obtained from pride. Men have accorded this constant admiration only to virtues and heroism; and it would be to mistake and degrade nobility, to attribute to it any other origin. Envy and rivalry, which never expire in the heart of man, would have long since extinguished the respect attached to birth, had not services, continued from generation to generation, evinced how useful it was to render perpetual the rewards and distinctions of rank bestowed on those whom a real merit had raised from obscurity. A truly great man is never jealous of the glory of his rivals: he is only anxious to surpass them as much as possible. He who shall endeavour to destroy such principles must be the enemy of all true glory and of society.



The ancient deed which has furnished me with materials has faithfully preserved the dates, proofs, names, details of the combats, and descriptions of places; in fine, all the characters requisite to vouch the truth of what it contains; but the engagement I am under to avoid every thing which might point out the family to which the manuscript appertains, compels me to write in a general manner. My sketches are therefore sometimes more rapid; and my readers, I doubt not, will pardon me for suppressing whatever could not add to the interest.

I wish likewise to inform them, that, in writing this history, I have thought it proper to assume a graver style than that which I employed in the extracts from the romances of chivalry.

#### LIST OF REMARKABLE OCCURRENCES for the YEAR 1801.

##### January 3.

HIS majesty's proclamation was published for altering his majesty's style, and title, and arms, in pursuance of the union between Great-Britain and Ireland. On this occasion his majesty laid aside the title of king of France.

6. Accounts were received of a general engagement having taken place on the Danube, on the 18th December, between the French army under general Moreau and the Austrian army under the archduke Charles, which terminated in the defeat of the latter; after which proposals of peace were made to Moreau, and an armistice for 30 days was agreed upon: and directions were sent by the emperor to count Cobenzel, at Luneville, to sign a peace with France.

9. News was received of the

French army of Italy under general Brune having defeated that of Austria under general Bellegarde, and that the Austrians lost twenty-four pieces of cannon and twelve thousand men.

14. His majesty issued an order in council for detaining and seizing all Russian, Danish, and Swedish ships and vessels, either in the ports belonging to Great-Britain, or which his majesty's ships of war might meet at sea.

22. The imperial parliament of the united kingdom of Great-Britain and Ireland was opened by a commission.

25. The Hamburg mail brought an account of a Quixotic challenge which the emperor Paul of Russia had ordered to be published in his court gazette, and in which he offered to fight personally against all the princes in Europe.

31. The French papers brought an account of an armistice having been agreed on between the French and Austrian troops in Italy.

February 4. Accounts were received that preliminaries of peace had been signed at Luneville between Austria and France.

6. The right hon. Wm. Pitt sent in to his majesty his resignation of the offices of chancellor of the exchequer and first lord of the treasury.

7. Earl Spencer resigned his situation of first lord of the admiralty; as did lord Grenville, Mr. Dundas, and Mr. Windham.

15. The new administration was appointed.

16. Mr. Horne Tooke was introduced into the house of commons, where he took his seat as representative for the borough of Old Sarum.

17. Advices from France announced the signing of a definitive treaty between that country and Austria.

Mr. Pitt,



Mr. Pitt, though not in office, brought forward the budget for the ensuing year; when the house agreed to a loan of 25,500,000*l.* for England; and of 2,500,000*l.* for Ireland; and to new taxes amounting to 1,730,000*l.* a-year.

22. His majesty had been for a week most severely indisposed.

24. His majesty's indisposition became more serious; and for near three weeks all ranks of people laboured under the greatest anxiety on account of their beloved sovereign.

*March 11.* His majesty's recovery announced by his physicians.

14. Mr. Pitt resigned to his majesty the seals of his office, which were immediately delivered to Mr. Addington.

17. The Lisbon mail brought an account of war having been declared by the court of Madrid against Portugal.

19. His majesty's ship the *Invincible*, of 74 guns, was wrecked on a sandbank in Yarmouth Road, when captain Rennie, several of his officers, and about 400 men, perished.

24. French papers brought the account of an armistice having been concluded between France and the king of Naples; and that a proclamation published at Paris had announced a general peace on the continent.

*April 9.* Received the news of a Danish army having taken possession of Hamburg on the 29th of March.

13. Arrived the important intelligence of the death of the emperor Paul of Russia; and that on the 28th of March sir Hyde Parker's fleet, under the conduct of lord Nelson, had passed the Sound on the 31st ult.

14. Official accounts were received from sir Hyde Parker of the battle at Copenhagen, which took place on the 2d, under the direction of lord Nelson, and in which

18 Danish ships were taken or destroyed.

Received the news of the king of Prussia having notified to the regency of Hanover his intention of taking possession of that electorate.

16. The new emperor of Russia gave orders for taking off the embargo on British ships.

28. Official accounts were received of sir Ralph Abercrombie having, on the 8th of March, effected a landing in Egypt, and taken a position near Alexandria.

29. Lord Hawkesbury sent a letter to the lord-mayor of London, informing him that the courts of Berlin and Copenhagen had determined to re-open the rivers of the north of Germany.

*May 11.* Dispatches from the West Indies announced the capture of the Danish islands in that quarter.

Letters from Bombay stated, that on the 28th of December 1800 a detachment of troops had sailed from that place, on board admiral Blauvelt's squadron, to proceed up the Red Sea, and co-operate with the army in Egypt.

15. Dispatches were received from general Hutchinson in Egypt, with an account of a great victory obtained over the French army; together with the melancholy tidings of the death of the brave sir Ralph Abercrombie.

*June 1.* The Hamburg mail announced the evacuation of that city by the Danes.

Accounts were received that the Dutch West-India island of St. Eustatia had surrendered to his majesty's forces on the 25th of April.

6. An order was issued for taking off the embargo on Russian and Danish ships in British ports.

8. The Hamburg mail brought the news of the king of Sweden



having taken off the prohibition against English ships trading to his ports.

29. Dispatches were received from lord Elgin at Constantinople, giving an account of a victory gained by the British troops in Egypt over the French at Rhamanich.

July 2. Received the news of a convention being signed between the Spaniards and Portuguese for a cessation of hostilities.

10. The Prussian troops evacuated the imperial city of Bremen.

11. Lord Hawkesbury sent a letter to the lord mayor, informing him that a convention between Russia and Great-Britain had been signed, by which all differences between the two countries were amicably adjusted.

22. Paris papers brought an account of the capture of his majesty's ship Hannibal in the bay of Algiers.

Accounts from Lisbon stated that the first consul refused to ratify the peace concluded at Badajos between Spain and Portugal.

24. The court of aldermen granted permission for press-warrants to be issued in the city of London for one month, on account of the critical situation of affairs, and the necessity for calling forth the whole strength of the country.

25. Marquis Cornwallis was appointed by his royal highness the duke of York to the chief command of the English forces; and lord Nelson was appointed to command a flotilla of gun-boats.

27. All the volunteers in the kingdom received orders to hold themselves in readiness at a moment's notice; and several corps in the metropolis entered upon active duty.

The court of Copenhagen at length acceded to the treaty concluded with Russia; and thus ended,

in the most satisfactory manner, the dispute with the northern powers.

30. The duke of Portland resigned to the king, at Weymouth, the seals of his office, which were immediately after delivered to lord Pelham.

August 3. An account was published in the gazette of a brilliant victory obtained by sir James Saumarez over a squadron of French and Spanish ships in the bay of Gibraltar.

4. Lord Nelson commenced an attack against the gun-vessels at Boulogne, and destroyed some of them.

7. The supplementary militia was ordered to be re-embodied.

14. Intelligence was received of the surrender of Cairo to the British troops under the command of sir J. H. Hutchinson.

The new king of Tuscany began to assume the reins of government.

15. Lord Nelson proceeded after night-fall, and made a second attack against the vessels at Boulogne; but from the uncommon preparations the French had made, and the immense force they had collected there, his lordship was obliged to retire with considerable loss.

23. The armaments along the coast of France were every day increasing. General Augereau was at the head of the troops.

27. Received information that the chief consul had ratified the peace between Spain and Portugal.

September 7. A copy of the convention of Badajos was brought by the Hamburg mail: in it was an article for excluding all British vessels from the Portuguese ports.

20. Received the account of the election of the archduke Anthony to the electorate of Cologne.

23. The Hamburg mail brought the pleasing intelligence that the king of Prussia had at length consented



sented to evacuate the electorate of Hanover.

29. The Hamburg mail brought the account of a revolution having taken place in the government of Holland on the 16th.

October 2. The public was most agreeably astonished with the appearance of an extraordinary gazette, stating that preliminaries of peace had been signed on the preceding night by lord Hawkesbury and M. Otto. The funds rose 10 per cent. on this occasion.

3. M. Otto's secretary was dispatched to Paris with the preliminaries.

Several of the French bishops, in consequence of a requisition from the pope, resigned their sees.

10. General Lauriston, aide-du-camp to Bonaparte, arrived in town in the morning from Paris with the ratification of the preliminaries. When he was proceeding from M. Otto's house to Downing-street, the populace took the horses from his carriage and drew it. An universal sentiment of joy prevailed throughout the metropolis, and at night there was a general illumination.

12. Orders were issued for paying off sixty-three ships.

The illuminations were again repeated this night.

13. Received the account of a treaty of peace having been concluded between France and Portugal.

The king's proclamation was published for the cessation of hostilities by sea and land.

16. Received the account of a treaty having been concluded between France and Russia; and that an alarming insurrection had broken out in the republic of the Seven Islands.

21. Received the intelligence of peace being concluded between France and Turkey.

22. Dispatches were received from general sir J. H. Hutchinson, with the details of the surrender of Alexandria, and the articles of capitulation. Thus was the whole of Egypt rescued from the hands of the French.

November 2. This morning, at six o'clock, marquis Cornwallis left London for Paris; his lordship being appointed minister-plenipotentiary to sign the definitive treaty.

6. His majesty received the addresses of both houses of parliament on the subject of the peace.

12. The thanks of both houses were voted to sir J. H. Hutchinson, lord Keith, and the officers under them, for their eminent services in Egypt.

Received accounts of marquis Cornwallis having arrived in Paris on the 7th, and being received there, as well as in every town he passed through, with the most distinguished honours.

13. On the 9th there was a most splendid and magnificent fête at Paris, to celebrate the general peace.

24. His royal highness prince Augustus was created duke of Sussex; and his royal highness prince Adolphus duke of Cambridge.

December 8. The sheriffs of London presented a petition to the house of commons, praying for a law to enforce the regular return of all the grain in the kingdom.

12. An order in council was issued, permitting the importation, for six months, duty free, of various articles of provisions.

15. Accounts of a very unpleasant nature were received from the fleet lying at Bantry Bay.

16. M. Otto was presented to the king as minister-plenipotentiary from the French republic.

Fresh accounts from the fleet at Bantry Bay stated that the mutiny was suppressed in the outset by the unexampled resolution of the officers.



15. A post-office communication was opened with France, and the first mail sent off this day.

25. Intelligence was received by way of Plymouth, that the fleet at Brest had sailed, as it was supposed, for St. Domingo.

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#### OBSERVATIONS on ENGLAND and ENGLISHMEN.

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[The following observations have lately appeared in a Paris paper, written and signed by Chateaubriand, a French emigrant who resided a considerable time in this country.]

IF man were not by a sublime instinct attached to the place which gives him birth, he could not fulfil the designs of nature better than by being a traveler. A certain restlessness presses him eternally forward; he wishes to see every thing; and, when he has seen all, he is still dissatisfied. I have run over some regions of the globe; but I confess that I have made more observations on the deserts than on men, among whom, after all, one more frequently finds solitude.

I have sojourned a little in Germany, Spain, and Portugal; but in England I have lived a long time. As it is the only nation that now disputes the pre-eminence with France, the most trifling particulars concerning it may be supposed to be interesting.

Erasmus is the oldest traveler within the range of my knowledge that gives any account of the English. In the reign of Henry VIII. he saw nothing in England but barbarians and smoky huts. A long time after this, Voltaire, who had occasion for a perfect philosopher, placed him among the quakers, on the banks of the Thames. The ta-

verns of Great-Britain were said to be the habitations of free-thinkers, of true liberty, &c. &c.—though it is well known, that, of all countries, England is that in which religion is least spoken of, and most respected; and in which those idle questions which disturb the peace of empires are less agitated. I am of opinion, that we should look for the secret of the English manners in the origin of the people. Being a mixture of French and German blood, their character is a shade between those of the two nations. Their policy, their religion, their system of war, their literature, their arts, and their national habits, appear to me to be composed of materials drawn from both these sources; they appear to unite in some degree with the simplicity, the calmness, the good sense, and the bad taste of the Germans; the splendor, the greatness, the boldness and quickness of mind of the French.

Inferior to us in many respects, they excel us in some, particularly in every thing connected with commerce and wealth. They surpass us also in neatness. It is remarkable that these people, who are so clumsy in their manners, display in their furniture, in their dress, and their manufactures, an elegance for which we are at a loss. It might be said, that the English apply to their handiworks that delicacy which we show in the works of the mind.

The principal defect of the English nation is pride. It is the defect of all men. It predominates at Paris as much as at London; but, being modified by the French character, it assumes the guise of vanity. Absolute pride belongs to the solitary man, who disguises nothing, and who is not obliged to make any sacrifice; but he who lives much in society is compelled to conceal his pride, and to cover it under the  
more



more varied and more agreeable forms of vanity. In general, the passions are stronger and more sudden among the English; in the French they are more active and more crafty. The pride of the former wishes to bear down every thing in an instant; the vanity of the latter undermines every thing slowly. In England, a man is hated for a vice, or for an offence. In France, such a motive is not necessary—an advantage in figure or fortune, a trifling success, or a *bon mot*, is sufficient. This hatred, which is formed by the collective operation of a thousand pitiful particulars, is not less implacable than that enmity which arises from a more noble cause. No passions are so dangerous as those which are of the lowest origin; for they are sensible of their own baseness, and that drives them to madness. They seek to cover their meanness by crimes, and thus acquire a sort of horrible grandeur which does not belong to them at their outset. The truth of these observations has been proved by the revolution.

The military profession, so honourable under queen Anne, had fallen into disrepute in England; but the present war has redeemed it. It was a long time before the English availed themselves of their strength at sea; they sought to distinguish themselves only as a continental power—this was a remnant of the old opinions, by which commerce was esteemed dishonourable. The English, like ourselves, have always had an historical physiognomy, which distinguished them in all ages. Thus, they are the only nation in Europe, beside the French, that really deserve a distinct name. When we had our Charlemagne, they had their Alfred; their archers equalled the reputation of the Gallic infantry.

Their Black Prince rivalled the Duguesclin; and their Marlborough our Turenne. Their revolutions and ours follow each other; we can boast of the same glory, and we have to lament the same crimes and the same misfortunes.

Since England has become a maritime power, she has displayed her particular talent in this line. Her mariners have distinguished themselves above all others.

The officers of our navy possess more information than those of the English. The latter understand only practical manœuvres; the former were mathematicians and men of universal science. We have generally displayed in our navy our real character: in it we show ourselves to be warriors and artists. As soon as we can procure vessels, we will assume our right of seniority on the ocean as well as on land. We will also make astronomical observations, and voyages round the world; but as to ever becoming a people of merchants, I believe we may give it up at the outset. We perform every thing by genius and by inspiration; but there is very little train in our projects. A great financial character, or a man bold in commercial enterprise, may rise up amongst us; but will his son pursue the same track? Will he not rather think of enjoying the fortune that his father has made, instead of devoting himself to increase it? With such a disposition, a nation cannot become mercantile. Our commerce, like the rest of our manners, has always had something of the poetic and fabulous in it. Our manufactures have been raised by enchantment: they have flourished for a while, and then they have vanished. While Rome was prudent, she contented herself with Jupiter and the Muses, leaving Neptune to Carthage.



To the EDITOR of the LADY'S  
MAGAZINE.

SIR,

THE wonderful feats which some gentlemen have lately performed in walking are not to be considered as trivial or unimportant to the public. They have already led to some singular discoveries, which will probably end in as singular improvements.

We already learnt that our bodies are naturally unfit for the exercise of walking, and that a great deal of solemn preparation is necessary before a gentleman can foot it to any advantage. The consequence has already been, that many gentlemen are now studying the anatomy and physiology of the lungs, and the proper means of securing such a portion of wind as may be adequate to a handsome wager, while the vulgar part of mankind are content with the breath that life usually requires. The faculty have been consulted on the occasion; but their practice has been so much with people who cannot stir a foot, that they know not how to prescribe for patients who are going on at the rate of five miles an hour. And as this has hitherto been the quality of horses rather than men, I am in doubt whether the faculty will not be glad to turn over these new cases to the Veterinary College. An eminent empiric, indeed, taking advantage of the rage of the moment, has prepared what he calls *pedestrian pills*; and when he has procured a few well attested cases, which is the practice with such gentry, I will venture to say he will soon be enabled to ride in his coach, by enabling other people to trudge on foot.

The process of preparation, as I am informed, consists, partly in extreme temperance, which, by the

bye, will not hurt a man, even if he were to sit still after it—and partly in certain prescriptions, which will convert a man into a being somewhat between a *porter* and a *cannibal*, namely, carrying heavy burthens, and eating raw flesh. Carrying burthens may be useful: it seems likely enough that a man who can walk well under two hundred weight will walk better without it: but as to the raw flesh, I do not so plainly see the use of it. A peripatetic of my acquaintance, however, has suggested, that this is prescribed, not during preparation, but when the feat is begun, to save time on the road. Cooks may be bribed to foul play, and '*coming, sir,*' may be repeated till the hour is past. Besides, it is pretty well known that it is easier to get a beef-steak raw than properly drest in most inns on the road.

But whatever may be the advantages of this new employment, there are always some who have a budget of objections. I know that the owners of stage-coaches have taken the alarm; and if horses could speak, they would doubtless complain of a practice that is likely to render them useless, at a time when the disbanding the cavalry has taken so many of them into the wide world. The bailiffs, too, mean to petition against the new fashion; but their complaint I cannot think very reasonable; at all events they have the means of redress in their own hands. If some are going in training to *walk*, let others go in training to *follow*. We should then have a clearer conception of what is meant by *leg bail*. As to murmurs among the gentlemen of Long-Acre, they are still worsefounded. No man of fashion now rides in his coach, or has any thing more to do than to pay for it. The house, the rout, the coach, the chariot, the curricule, are all



all lady ——'s, or Mrs. ——'s. And the ladies are not likely to adopt the new fashion. It is too expeditious for shopping, and not expeditious enough for an elopement. It may do for a short distance, but one can't procure a *relay* of legs; and what a shocking thing it would be to *founder* on the road to Gretna Green, or *break down all four* on the first stage!

Upon the whole, there are so many advantages in this new exploit, that I am of opinion it amply merits public encouragement; and I have taken the liberty to send you these few hints, as preparatory to a treatise which a learned friend of mine is now writing, to be entitled 'Every Man his own Horse.' In this he lays down all the various modes of training, from five miles to a hundred; and this in so perspicuous a manner, that it must be the reader's fault if ever he is out of *breath*.

PERAMBULATOR.

### ON HAPPINESS.

VARIOUS are the pursuits of man. The attainment of happiness, however, is professedly the object which all have in view. But in what does this happiness consist? Does not the conduct of the avaricious man show, that, in his estimation, it is in the acquirement of riches? And is it not evident, that the ambitious man considers happiness and power synonymous? In short, each person appears to form his opinion of happiness according to his predominant passion; so that the pleasure which results from anticipating the gratification of a darling passion may, with propriety, be said to constitute the greatest happiness that the bulk of mankind ever enjoy.

Indeed happiness, strictly speaking, is not attainable in this world:

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pleasure or comfort is what is erroneously so called. Were it otherwise, the only difference between the state of those who are *deemed* happy here, and that of the blessed in heaven, would be, that the latter will be everlasting, whereas the former can only endure for a season. But there never was an instance of any one being in such a state in this world, as to wish for its continuance for ever, without any change. In my opinion, then, happiness is exclusively reserved for another and a better world. As, however, our situation hereafter depends entirely upon our conduct in this life,—if happiness may, in any sense, be said to be enjoyed in this world, it must be possessed by those who are conscious of their being able to attain it everlastingly, agreeably to the terms of the Gospel. Sorry I am, that, even in this view of the subject, the number of those who may be termed happy is comparatively very few indeed. That many of the readers of the Lady's Magazine may form part of those few; that they may be convinced of the impracticability of acquiring any degree of real happiness by means of the common pursuits of the world; that, by meditating on the amiableness and beauty inherent in virtue, and on the natural deformity of vice, they may be led to practise the one and avoid the other; and, finally, that upon a review of their conduct during the year which is now near a close, and during every future period of their existence, they may have a well-grounded assurance, that, however great their sufferings in this world may have been, they shall at last enjoy uninterrupted happiness in those mansions which our Saviour has prepared for the reception of his faithful followers,—is the ardent wish of

A *ci-decant* HALDANITE.

Wick, December, 1801.

4 Y POETICAL.



## POETICAL ESSAYS.

## ODE TO CHRISTMAS.

BY D. STIDOLPH.

MOST mighty Lord! who, ere the  
 worlds were nam'd, [fram'd,  
 Or ere the pillars of this earth were  
 Didst lay that great design—and tri-  
 umph too— [foe!  
 Of man's redemption from our final  
 In thine eternal councils all the care  
 Of that stupendous business did appear;  
 And, though the day of its epiphany  
 Within thy mind ages conceal'd did lie,  
 Yet thou wert pleas'd some glimpse of  
 it to show,  
 In types and prophecies, to men below;  
 That that blest hour, which seem'd to  
 move so slow [should glow;  
 Through former ages, in the east  
 And should, though in perspective  
 seen most clear,  
 In thy good time through all the world  
 appear!  
 And that (O blest be thou!) these long-  
 ing eyes [should rise.  
 Should see the day when Jacob's star  
 Long hast thou, blessed Lord! em-  
 balm'd my fate, [await!  
 And still my years thy high behests  
 And, when this form is fraught with  
 death's alarms,  
 Receive my parting spirit in thy arms!  
 Dismissed then, I shall indeed have  
 seen  
 Thy much-desir'd salvation, that hath  
 been  
 So long, so dearly wish'd; the joy, the  
 hope,  
 Of all my life, the end, the aim, the  
 scope:  
 Let this sight close my eyes!—'tis loss  
 to see,  
 Blessed Emanuel! any sight but Thee.

## ODE TO PEACE.

DESCEND, ye Nine! my lay inspire  
 With Concord's note, and Rapture's  
 fire:

Strike! strike! O strike the trembling  
 string  
 To softer notes—the notes of Love!  
 Let ev'ry Grace her tribute bring,  
 To hail the offspring of the pow'rs  
 above:  
 Sweet Peace again revisits our blest isle,  
 And welcome Plenty deigns once more  
 to smile!  
 No more shall clarions hoarse, or trum-  
 pets, sound  
 Destruction's notes with wild despair,  
 To strew life's crimson o'er th' empur-  
 pled ground:  
 Bellona, rushing from her bloody car,  
 Frowns on the horrid face of War;  
 While Peace, from high, strews o'er  
 the land [hand!  
 Fresh leaves of olive with a copious  
 Britannia, seated on her sea-bound  
 shore,  
 Recalls her sons to liberty and love:  
 'Urge not,' she cries, 'the deed of car-  
 nage more;  
 Her genial warmth let pleasing  
 Friendship prove;  
 And Peace, sweet Peace! descended  
 from above,  
 Weave for th' illustrious brows an olive  
 crown; [frown!  
 Requiring Discord with a threat'ning  
 Lol! o'er the blood-drench'd plain, the  
 war-bred steed [collar low;  
 Bends his proud neck to meet the  
 The sword-wrought share turns up the  
 fatten'd glebe, [pics blow;  
 And there shall Peace's primal pop-  
 And Ceres there her golden present  
 yield, [field!  
 And warriors reap the produce of the  
 Hark, Heaven proclaims the *finis* of the  
 war! [from his car!  
 Breaks Mars' fell sword, and drives him  
 In thunders bids dire Desolation cease,  
 And wafts the world into the arms of  
 Peace!  
 Bids the loud crash of rolling thunders  
 say—  
 'Let Nature join to celebrate the day!'



## SONG

IN THE PEACE.

NOW War's fell demon flies the land,  
And Peace resumes her halcyon sway,  
Let ev'ry loyal heart expand,  
And join the patriotic lay!  
Hail, Britannia!

Sole mistress of the main!

Restor'd to peace and joy again.

Relaxing from their bloody toil,

Our veteran tars shall find repose;

And, happy on their native soil,

Proclaim their conquests o'er our foes.

Rule, Britannia!

Britannia, rule the waves!

For Britons never *can* be slaves!

Nor shall the hero's soul disdain

To leave the clangor of the field;

And, anxious for his country's gain,

The sickle or the shuttle wield.

Hail, Britannia!

Protectress of the main!

Whose sons no useful arts disdain!

Like Cincinnatus, great and good,

Who made the foes of Roma bow,

Retire from awful scenes of blood,

To yoke the ox, and guide the plow.

Rule, Britannia!

Protect the rural reign;

And cheer the hardy, lab'ring swain!

Commerce again, with sails unfurl'd,

By rival states oppress'd no more,

Spreads her soft influence o'er the  
world,

And wafts abundance to our shore.

Rule, Britannia!

Britannia, rule the main!

Restor'd to peace and trade again.

Then, Britons, join in bands of love,

And guide your way by truth alone;

Trust in a Providence above,

And rally round your monarch's  
throne.

Rule, Britannia,

By virtue's laws alone,

And guard our sacred monarch's  
throne!

For George to Britons *must* be dear,

Whose councils wise, and firm, and  
great,

Have learn'd the happy course to steer,

And save the vessel of the state.

Rule, Britannia!

Britannia, rule the waves!

For Britons never will be slaves!

Then catch th' enthusiastic strain!

Let factious pride and jealousy cease!

May all our jealousies and  
Be buried in oblivion!

Rule, Britannia!

Britannia, rule the waves!

For Britons never will be slaves!

J. W.

## AN ALLEGORY.

ONCE on a time, at early dawn,  
While the first beam grac'd the lawn,  
Merit, with emulation fraught,  
The path to Virtue's temple sought;  
O'er rugged steeps, through dreary  
caves,

She, wearied, Jove's assistance craves.

The all-seeing god attention paid;

His daughter sees, and lends his aid.

Onward she goes with cheerful heart,

Safe e'en from Envy's venom'd dart.

The temple now appears in sight:

Where Virtue dwells in purest light:

Envy, her surest, fiercest foe,

Still long'd to aim the deadly blow:

But while the nymph unhurt she spied,

With prosperous Favour at her side,

The fiend, unwilling, learn'd to fly,

Nor durst th' unequal combat try.

Too joyful now, at close of day,

The pilgrim wanders from the way:

The fury saw, and yell'd for joy,

And seiz'd the moment to destroy.

Her direful troop she calls aloud,

And urges on the obedient crowd

To where her unresisting prey,

Abash'd by conscious error, lay;

And, robb'd of all her late resource,

Sunk, overcome by greater force.

Envy, with unrelenting stings,

On the poor victim furious springs;

With spiteful triumph now she burns,

And e'en the mangled carcase spurns.

But Jove laments his offspring's fate,

And checks the fury's direful hate:

He Candour sends, with nimble pace,

To save from death his much-lov'd  
race.

The goddess quick the call attends,

And 'midst the raging crowd descends.

At the first glance of her bright eye,

The coward bands of Envy fly.

Envy, with grief and rage distrest,

With her own arrow stabs her breast:

Candour her healing hand applies,

And bids the fallen nymph arise.

4 Y 2

W. G.



## THE WIDOW.

A solemn midnight bell had toll'd ;  
 From a yard drear the owl  
 Struck but a blast that blew so cold,  
 And a fast-falling shower was  
 Heard ;  
 Tho' shudd'ring at his doings wild,  
 Yet to her anxious throbbing breast  
 Mailda clasp'd her lovely child,  
 And thus she sung it oft to rest—  
 ' Where is thy warrior father gone ?  
 Why stays he in the field of death ?  
 Why hears he not thy mother's moan ?  
 Why thus increase her heart-felt  
 grief ?'  
 And now anon the hapless maid  
 Saw shadows of the dead pass by ;  
 In visionary dreams betray'd  
 Her piercing sad anxiety ;  
 She heard the warning death-watch  
 near,  
 She'd fain the dying fire renew,  
 But, grasp'd by icy hand of Fear,  
 She saw the fading lamp burn blue ;  
 She still the little infant prest  
 And wept and sung it oft to rest :  
 ' Oh, should thy father not return,  
 We'll seek him through the live-long  
 day,  
 And all the night we'll sit and mourn  
 Where the unshrouded corpses lay !'  
 His head the day-star scarce had rear'd,  
 When, bending 'neath the weight of  
 years,  
 A broken soldier, maim'd and scar'd,  
 Before her cottage-gate appears ;  
 His furrow'd cheeks were red and blue,  
 For he had travel'd all the night,  
 And the big drops of morning dew  
 Silver'd his snowy hair so bright ;  
 His tears, they eloquently told  
 The fatal unexpected news,  
 That William's body, dead and cold,  
 Return'd to dust, the wild wind  
 strews ;  
 Then did she kiss her sleeping child,  
 And, sorrowing, sung so sweetly wild :  
 ' Thy poor fond father never more  
 Will hug his only infant boy ;  
 For, though the dreadful battle's o'er,  
 He comes not back with smiles and  
 joy.  
 Alas ! for him no more we wait,  
 When homeward from the field he  
 came,

At evening near the village-gate ;  
 Nor thou, blest babe ! the weary team  
 With sparkling eyes no more behold—  
 And thou shalt look, and look in vain,  
 To kiss thy father's cheek so cold,  
 And I his love return again.  
 ' Oh ! tell me, is the body found ?  
 And is it pierc'd with many a  
 wound ?  
 And is it left awhile to bleed  
 Where the slow-flighted ravens feed ?  
 Whether in holy ground he's laid,  
 And where ?—Oh tell me—tell me  
 true !  
 That I may wander, and bedew  
 With hallow'd tears his lone grave  
 bed !'  
 ' Yes, maiden fair—I'll tell most true,  
 I saw him quietly in-urn'd,  
 And, 'neath the aged gloomy yew,  
 I heard his funeral rites perform'd ;  
 But long and dreary is the way,  
 Where his sad mould'ring relics lay ;  
 In Bertram's walls, by virtue blest,  
 Thy William's honour'd ashes rest.'  
 Soon as the midnight bell had toll'd,  
 And fatal croak'd the raven bird,  
 Although the wintry wind blew cold,  
 And scarce another sound was heard,  
 She wander'd forth to Bertram's walls,  
 And, through the hollow winding  
 dale,  
 Pac'd, wearily, her unknown way :  
 She heard the hungry owl's calls,  
 She brav'd the piercing icy gale,  
 Whilst her lov'd boy in slumber lay :  
 Frantic, she scoffs the wind that blows,  
 Whilst shiv'ring on the heath she  
 stands,  
 Imperious Fate her life demands ;  
 All cover'd o'er with falling snows,  
 She looks in vain—no traveler comes  
 or goes.  
 She wander'd on 'mid shades of night,  
 She saw the trembling stars appear ;  
 No gipsy's fire, nor cottage light,  
 No watch-dog told a village near ;  
 Fast fell her tears—her famish'd form  
 Now bent beneath the searching storm,  
 So dreary and so very cold ;  
 Her little babe upon her breast,  
 Too weak to cry, had sunk to rest ;  
 And, ere the morning bell had toll'd,  
 Beneath the drifted snow she lay,  
 A corpse, upon the lone heath's way !  
 Cambridge. T. M.