THE

LADY'S MAGAZINE,

OR

ENTERTAINING COMPANION

FOR

THE FAIR SEX;

APPROPRIATED

SOLELY TO THEIR USE AND AMUSEMENT.

For FEBRUARY, 1802.

THIS NUMBER CONTAINS,

This Number is embellished with the following Copper-Plates:

1 The ENTHUSIASM of LOVE.
2 For the MORAL ZOÖLOGIST—The GREAT ANT-EATER.
3 An elegantly-coloured PARIS DRESS.
4 A new and elegant PATTERN for a HANDKERCHIEF, &c. &c.
5 MUSIC—The AFFECTIONATE EXPOSTULATION. Composed by MR. BARRE.

LONDON:

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

Where Favours from Correspondents continue to be received.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

A further continuation of the Novel by Mr. H. F. will be necessary to form a judgment of it. Mr. F. will likewise please to inform us what will be its length, as nearly as he can estimate it.

The Poem entitled *Summer* might certainly be amended by revision and correction, for which there will be sufficient time before the season it describes, when its publication will be most proper, arrives.

The Tale imitated from the German is intended for our next.

A continuation of *Count Schweitzer* is requested early in the month.

The *Ode to Peace* with the signature of *W. Thims* has been mislaid; should it come to hand it shall be transmitted as requested.

The marriage between a gentleman of Oakhampton, Devonshire, and a young lady of Stow; Gloucestershire, cannot be inserted for want of being properly authenticated.

W. O.'s communications are received; as are—the Address to Hope—Verses by M. M.—Z. Z.'s poetical packet—Stanzas on a Summer's Day, and other poetical essays by W. S.

THE

LADY'S MAGAZINE,

FOR

FEBRUARY 1802.

THE RIGID FATHER; A NOVEL.

(Continued from p. 45.)

LETTER II.

Charles Janson to Henry Muller.

Luneburg.

YOU are in the right; there is something which excites the emotions of sensibility in the idea that a son is gone to be reconciled to his father. I could feel them; though I could foresee that the reconciliation was not likely to be lasting. I presented myself at my father's house unexpectedly. My aunt Judith received me with an exclamation of joy, and, I am persuaded, unfeigned tears. She almost pushed me by force into the room where my father was, who viewed me with a look of doubtful expression, in which his love to me seemed to struggle with his sense of the necessity of supporting paternal authority. I, on my part, gave myself up to my feelings: I threw myself on his breast, and said—(my conscience bears me witness, without hypocrisy,)—'Forgive, dear father!'

'Are you sincere, Charles?' asked he. 'Do you wish forgiveness, or'—

He surveyed me with a dissatisfied and distrustful look.

'I ask of you only forgiveness,' said I tenderly, and with tears in my eyes; and I kissed his hand. 'Indeed,' repeated I, 'I ask only forgiveness.'

He now took me in his arms, and pressed me ardently to his breast: his voice became milder, and he said, with much emotion—

'My son! my Charles! we will think no more of it—my dear Charles!'

'I should think, brother,' said my uncle, leaning forward in his arm-chair, and in his usual dry manner, 'that you would act wiser to examine what it was that had so nearly rendered a father and son irreconcileable enemies to each other. But you are applying a plaster to a wound which will perhaps still continue to rankle, for want of being searched to the bottom. The moment when a father and son hold each other in their arms, as you do now, is precious; it should not be suffered to pass without improvement. Do not act like an ignorant surgeon, who will not probe a wound for fear of giving pain. You must, however, do as you please, and what is it to me?'

'Brother,' said my father, somewhat confused, and loosing me gradually from his arms, 'I am a father. You seem not to understand properly what it is to be so.'

'You are a father,' replied my uncle, blowing the smoke from his pipe with vehemence; 'and on that very account ought you not to leave anything to rankle in your son's heart. Were I in your place, I would say—"Charles, I have been in the wrong; but I am an old man, and consequently find it difficult to conquer my failings: but, as I have confessed them, you must think no more of them." This is what I would have said to the young man.' Then, turning to Judith—'You,' said he, 'are the devil, who sow tares among the good wheat of our affections.'

'I!' said Judith, lifting up her hands and eyes; 'I vow I would

rather lose the use of speech for ever, than be the occasion of ill-will between father and son! The Lord judge between thee and me, brother!' exclaimed she, throwing herself into her chair, and bursting into tears, which she could easily summon into her eyes.

'When the Lord judges,' replied my uncle coldly, 'the sentence perhaps may not be in your favour.'

'The righteous must suffer much persecution,' answered Judith with assumed mildness, 'that is my consolation: but the time may come, brother, when your conscience may smite you grievously for having so harshly treated a poor infirm woman.'

'Heaven knows,' replied my uncle, 'that I pity you! I could wish, with all my heart, sister, that, instead of your unhappy temper, you had a husband and a dozen children: for I do not think you have absolutely a bad heart; you would have made a good wife and mother, I am well persuaded.'

This last observation had a very visible effect on my aunt; all her anger subsided.

'Well, well,' said she, 'I see I must take care how I say a word too much.'

'You are always saying a word too much,' answered my uncle, 'as certainly as my brother has said one too little.'

My father at first looked grave; but presently a smile chased away the gloom from his countenance.

'Charles,' exclaimed he, 'I have been too hasty with you! you must forgive me.'

I threw myself into his arms; and my uncle, clapping him heartily on the shoulder, cried out, in a voice half-faltering from emotion—

'Bravo! Now you know what it is to enjoy the happiness of confessing ourselves in the wrong!' And immediately, without adding another word, he retired to his chamber.

I felt that we were in the way to unburthen our hearts to each other as became a father and a son. But some person came in, and my father was obliged to go to the compting-house. The moment was lost, and, perhaps, may never return. At dinner, my father was uncommonly silent, and did not speak to me ten words. What little he did say to me was not, indeed, said harshly, but in such a manner as sufficiently to remind me that he was my father. He spoke to my sister unusually sternly and authoritatively, and at the same time looked at me.

The next day at dinner the same silence prevailed. My father and I were indeed reconciled; but many remarks were made that had a reference to me, and on which Judith could scarcely forbear making some of her observations. To avoid the temptation, however, she entered into a conversation with my uncle on some passages of Scripture. My father seemed scarcely to take notice of any person; and a gloomy mistrustful silence again became general.

'Do you know, Judith,' said my uncle, 'which is the most moving passage in the Bible?'

She mentioned several.

'No, no,' said my uncle, 'I do not mean any of these. The most moving passage is—"O my son Absalom! my son, my son Absalom! would God I had died for thee, my son!"

My aunt looked at him with astonishment.

'Only reflect, Judith,' continued he with warmth; 'the son had conspired against the father's crown and life: the aged king was forced to fly before his own son!'

'He was an ungrateful villain of a son,' said my father.

'He was, brother, that must be confessed. Absalom was an ungrateful villain. Yet when he was dead his father lamented his death

in

in an agony of grief, and cried—"O my son Absalom! my son! would God I had died for thee!" The general—what was his name?'

'Joab,' said Judith.

'Right,—Joab;—he was displeased at this, and rebuked the good old father.'

'And in that he was not in the wrong,' said Judith: 'why should he lament so for such an unnatural, ungrateful wretch as Absalom?'

'I wish, Judith, you had an ungrateful son, you would not talk thus. Joab knew as little as you what it is to have a son and to lose him. I only say, If David loved so much so wicked a son, what ought a father to do who has a good and virtuous son?'

This was too much for Judith: she, however, said not a word, but obliquely glanced her eyes on me. We all sat confused and silent. My father reddened a little, and appeared to be struggling with his feelings. He was serious and thoughtful, soon drank his third glass of wine, as a signal that we should rise from table, and then went sullen and almost angry to his chamber, while we left the dining-room one after the other. I was, in fact, very uneasy. My sister, as we were leaving the room, said to me, with a laugh, 'All this bodes no good.' She was in the right; but she ought not to have laughed. I could not forgive her for this laugh the whole day.

Every thing is now as it was before I left home, and we live exactly the same life. Judith blows up the fire when my uncle, whose penetration and plainness of speech she fears, is not present. My uncle shakes his head; my sister goes on her own way; and I—I am a prisoner, fettered at least in my mind. We all seem to do every thing in our power mutually to make our lives unhappy. Yet not one among us is bad at heart; not even Judith. Were she so, I could hate her; but she is only thoughtless, loquacious, and somewhat of a bigot. She must have somebody to quarrel a little with, or she must find fault with her dog Mopsy, who in her opinion, however, is much wiser and better than I am, because he can hear her long psalms and prayers without showing any signs of weariness.

I am not happy. Farewell.

LETTER III.

The same to the same.

I HAVE had a conversation with my uncle—but, in the first place, I must give you some account of this uncle. I can, however, tell you little more of him than that he is a very worthy man, and that his name is Richter. You have scarcely ever seen a finer-looking old man, nor one whose countenance is more expressive of that frankness and integrity which naturally inspire us with confidence. Different persons form different opinions of him; but my mother always spoke of him with indescribable tenderness, and with an esteem which bordered on veneration. On her high opinion of him, and his honest countenance, I rely. Some have said that he is an adventurer, who has squandered his property, wandered all over the world, and come back a beggar; and that he now lives on the charity of his brother-in-law, my father. He himself is silent with respect to his history. In his youth he engaged in some extraordinary undertakings; but such, even according to the account my father gives of them, as rather show a noble greatness of mind, and an ardent temperament, than extravagance. About a year after the marriage of my father, he disappeared; and no person could learn where he was, till about thirteen months ago, when he came back, and took up his residence in my father's house, where he remains without property, or seemingly any future

future plan of life,—and yet has he obtained such a kind of authority over him that I cannot but wonder at it. My father, indeed, does not ask his advice, but he is at liberty to give it with respect to all his affairs; and this liberty he exercises so frequently, though at the same time with such prudent moderation, that my father seems in some measure to stand in awe of him,—at least he fears his peculiarities. He says what he thinks with the openness and the simple irresistible sincerity of a Diogenes. He is poor; but I never knew a person on whom poverty seemed to press so lightly, and who was so little ashamed of having recourse to any honest means to earn his bread. His moderation is indescribable, and even this renders him in his dependent situation perfectly independent.

Soon after he came, he had a violent dispute with my father concerning my sister, whom he asserted to be a hypocrite. The dispute came so near to a quarrel that he left the house; and the next day my father had an inconceivable deal of trouble to persuade him to come back; for he had gone and hired himself as porter to a warehouse. My father has ever since treated him with more respect than any other person in the house.

The whole family loves but in some manner fears him, for nothing escapes his penetrating eye. My sister is the only one who has an ill opinion of him. She grounds this on his secrecy, his evening walks, and his little journeys for two or three days, of which no person knows the object. He appears to be cold and phlegmatic, but I would venture a good wager he is not so. He is continually railing against the self-interestedness, the vanity, and ambition of mankind; and yet almost every knave finds in him a defender. He laughs when any person talks much of virtue, generosity, and sacrifice of interest; and gives loud vent to his indignation at the recital of the crimes and tricks of knaves. He is particularly fond of children, and will readily enter into conversation with any person of good plain understanding. For the learned he has always ready cases and appearances which are contrary to their theories, and which he generally places in so strong a light, and comments on with so much force, as to render it not very easy for them to defend their hypotheses.

I love this uncle of mine extremely, though he always appears very cold towards me, and speaks to me only in monosyllables. I have lately, as I said before, had some conversation with him, in which he spoke to me of the destination and duties of man with a warmth that penetrated my heart; and, towards the conclusion of what he said, dropped some expressions which led me to suspect that my father had conceived some plan of importance in which I was particularly interested. I have lately observed, that my father has appeared thoughtful and uneasy, and have sometimes feared that I might be the cause of his being so; but my sister tells me he has engaged in a great speculation which does not succeed according to his wishes. Oh, why does not my father, if he has cares, divide them with his son? Believe me, his factors and clerks know more of his affairs than I do. Can he suppose that, if I enjoyed his confidence, I should forget that I am his son, and take upon me to be his master? Why should he think so? My uncle seemed to express himself in a manner somewhat mysterious; but I will not suffer myself to think of what I am often inclined to fear. Farewell.

(To be continued.)

The

Engraved for the Ladys Magazine.

The Enthusiasm of Love.

The ENTHUSIASM *of* LOVE; A TALE.

(With an elegant Engraving.)

THE inordinate indulgence of any passions, and even of affections which in themselves may be good and amiable, has frequently very lamentable effects; the energy of the mind is weakened, the active duties of rational life are neglected, and, if nothing arrests the progress of the malady, it terminates in mental derangement.

Maria Edenton was the daughter of a gentleman of fortune who resided almost continually on his estate in the country, and rarely visited the capital. Beauty and delicacy were united in her person, and the susceptibility of her feelings was extreme. Mr. Henry Mostyn, the son of a neighbouring gentleman, having danced with Maria at an assembly, felt the forcible power of her charms, and became sincerely and ardently enamoured of her. The character of Mr. Mostyn was the masculine counterpart of that of Maria. She was all tenderness, mildness, delicacy, sensibility;—he, vivacity, ardour, and, occasionally, impatience and impetuosity. He was at the same time manly, generous, and sincere. As no objection could be made to his situation and expectations, Mr. Edenton, the father of Maria, readily admitted his visits as the professed admirer and future husband of his daughter, who did not hesitate to acknowledge her approbation of his addresses, and whose heart was soon more entirely devoted to him than perhaps she had at first even conceived herself. Nothing resembling an obstacle to their union remained, except that Mr. Mostyn's father wished his son to travel for a year or two on the continent before his marriage, and indeed absolutely refused to consent that he should marry till he had complied with his wish. After his return, he acknowledged that he should have no objection to his union with a young lady whom he said he so highly esteemed, and for whose family he could not but entertain the utmost respect.

Mr. Mostyn, therefore, set out on his travels, with many ardent professions of never-ceasing love to her who was the idol of his heart. It chanced, however, somewhat unfortunately, that, on the very day of his departure, his natural vivacity betrayed him, in the presence of miss Edenton, into a conversation somewhat too gay and familiar with a fine lady of fashion, the sister of a young nobleman who had a seat in the neighbourhood, whom Maria had frequently suspected of a design to supplant her in his affections. This minute germ of distrust lay secretly, though inactive, in the heart of Maria, till another circumstance, aided by the anxiety which absence inflicts on real love, caused it rapidly to develop and expand.

Mr. Mostyn, on his arrival on the continent, wrote a letter to his Maria; but in the state in which her mind then was, she found it unsatisfactory: it was, she conceived, too cold. After this the war between the French and the allies commencing, the communication by post in the countries where Mr. Mostyn was became interrupted and uncertain; and one or two of his letters being stopped and lost, it was nearly a twelvemonth before another letter from him reached England; and not till her anxiety had operated on her mind in too sensible a manner.

From the time of the departure of Mr. Mostyn, Maria had been thoughtful, absent, and melancholy; which so increased on her when she found that she received no letter after the first, which she had always fancied was too formal and cold,

cold, that at length she scarcely ever spoke to any person, or attended to any thing that might be committed to her care and management, but wandered solitarily, the greater part of the day, in her father's park, or the adjoining fields, indulging in melancholy reveries, and shunning the company of all her former acquaintance, and even of her parents. It was some time before the progress of this mental malady was sufficiently attended to; but at length it increased so rapidly, and operated so strongly, as to excite the greatest alarm lest her reason should be irreparably injured. Every means that could be devised were then employed to divert her attention from the object on which her thoughts appeared to be fixed, and dissipate her melancholy by amusement; but all with little or no effect.

In the mean time Mr. Mostyn, though at the extremity of Europe, had all his thoughts fixed on his Maria. His days were passed in endeavouring to invent a reason why he had received no letters from her, though he had in those he had sent appointed places where he might have received them; and in his dreams by night he seemed to see her pale and dejected, and reproaching him with his long absence. Unable at length to bear his still increasing anxiety he resolved to return immediately to his native country.

When he arrived in England he proceeded with all expedition to that part of the country which was the residence of his dear Maria; and, when he arrived in its vicinity, resolving to surprise her by his appearance, quitted the carriage that had brought him, and proceeded on foot through the park towards the house. As he passed under some clumps of trees near its entrance, he perceived an elegant young female sitting in a melancholy posture with her head reclined on her hand; and on his nearer approach discovered, with no small surprise, that it was his Maria. He then rushed eagerly forward to embrace her; but what was his astonishment when she started up, and, staring wildly, forbad him to approach her! 'I know you,' said she: 'I loved you once, and I love you still; but you have been false and ungrateful to me, and I have vowed never to marry, and I will keep my vow.' She then proceeded to talk in such a manner that Mr. Mostyn began to fear that her reason was

'Like sweet bells jangled out of tune and harsh
With most dissonant concord.'

She however accompanied him into the house to her father, from whom he received an account of the manner in which she had gradually sunk into this melancholy habit from the time of his departure.

It was now supposed that the return of her lover, and his repeated and ardent assurances that his affection had never changed, nor ever could diminish, would have speedily restored Maria to her former cheerfulness and health; but for a considerable time scarcely any alteration appeared in her, till Mr. Mostyn, fearful lest her infirmity should prove incurable, was himself attacked with a violent illness brought on by his anxiety. In this state Maria was brought to visit him; when the sight of him, in so feeble and suffering a condition, had so powerful an effect on her, that she took him eagerly in her arms, and, loudly exclaiming, 'I am convinced that you love me!' burst into a most copious effusion of tears; after which no symptoms remained of her former melancholy and derangement. Mr. Mostyn likewise soon recovered; and they were married, and enjoyed as much happiness as can be expected in this imperfect mortal state.

The

The MORAL ZOOLOGIST.

(Continued from p. 14.)

LETTER XXXVII.

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

FROM the peculiar corporeal formation of the camelopard or giraffe, I beg leave to attract your ladyship's attention, while I discuss and enumerate the several properties of the antelope genus, the distinguishing characteristics of which are—annulated or twisted horns; eight broad cutting-teeth in the lower jaw, none in the upper; the interior part of the ears marked lengthways with three feathered stripes or lines of hair, and limbs of a slender elegant construction.

Previous to the enumeration of the several species comprehended in the antelope genus, I shall specify their generic qualities and propensities which are common to the whole class, there appearing a general accordance throughout this compound genus.

The various species of antelopes (two or three excepted) are native inhabitants of the most torrid regions, or those latitudes in the temperate zone which approach so near to the tropics as to form a kindred, if not a similar, climate. The saiga and the chamois species are the only branches of this genus that are found in Europe; none are discovered on the new continent: it is therefore evident that Asia and Africa are their congenial climes. Many naturalists have classed the antelope with the deer and goat, though it is evidently manifest that they form an intermediate genus between those animals, as they resemble the first in the swiftness of their motion and the elegant symmetry of their form, and the latter in the texture of their horns, which have a core in them, but are never cast.

The outward construction of the antelope tribes is peculiarly adapted to fleet motion, consequently they are uncommonly agile, and in their leaps and springs, which are wonderfully light and elastic, astonish those who behold them; and are remarkable for stopping, in the midst of their course, to gaze on their pursuers, and afterwards resuming their flight with incredible swiftness. In disposition they are timid, restless, vigilant, and vivacious; and, from the fleetness of their motion and peculiar softness and beauty of their eyes, have given rise to many beautiful poetic allusions in Sacred Writ and various oriental writings. These several species of animals vary in their mode of life; some form themselves into herds consisting of two or three thousand, while others collect in small parties of only five or six in number; from which it decidedly appears they are all more or less gregarious.

These animals usually reside in elevated hilly situations, though some inhabit plains. In their method of seeking food they in some degree resemble the goat, as they often browse and frequently feed on the shoots of trees. The flesh of the wild kind, which are chased, is well flavoured; but those reared in a domestic state are inferior in quality as an article of food. Some peculiar species are said to imbibe a musky scent, probably from the nature of the aliment they subsist on. As the chase of the antelope is a famed oriental amusement, it may not be improper to remark, that even the greyhound (which is the fleetest of the canine race) is unequal to the pursuit of these swift animals, which are therefore hunted by falcons, and a kind of leopard trained to the sport, which, from being

similar in its bounds and leaps, seizes its agile antagonist; though, if it fail in its first attempt, the antelope escapes from its ardent pursuer. As the means of clearly ascertaining the several varieties in this beautiful and innoxious genus, I shall specify their generic distinctions by the peculiar form and quality of their horns, and in the first class shall arrange those that have hooked horns.

THE GNOU ANTELOPE.

This animal the Hottentot inhabitants of the Cape denominate the gnou, from the peculiar quality of its voice. By the Europeans it is styled an ox, and is probably the wild grey ox described by Leo, or the baas specified in the ox genus. The gnou antelope appears to be formed of incongruous parts common to several other tribes, as it has an ox-like head, a body and tail resembling that of a horse, slender legs, similar to those of a stag, and the *sinus lachrymalis*, or hollow of the eye, like an antelope. A formation in which such heterogeneous qualities combine must necessarily constitute a displeasing compound. As the means of giving a clear idea of the general contours of this animal, I shall proceed to the particular description of its exterior structure.

The gnou antelope has rugged or scabrous horns, thick at the base, bending forward close to the head, and then suddenly reverting upwards; the ends are smooth, and the bases two inches distant; the extremities one foot three inches asunder; the length along the curvical part is one foot five. The females of this species are horned similar to the males. In young animals the horny exuberances are quite straight. The mouth is of a square construction; the upper and lower lip covered with short stiff hairs, intermixed on the lower lip with long bristles; the nostrils are covered with broad flaps. From the nose half way up the front there is a thick, oblong, square brush of long, stiff, black hairs reflected upwards; round the eyes several strong hairs are disposed in a radiated form. The neck is short, and inclining to be arched; on the top is a strong erect mane, reaching from the horns beyond the shoulders; on the chin a long white beard; on the gullet, a pendulous bunch of hair; on the breast, and between the fore-legs, the hair is very long and black. The tail extends as far as the first joint of the fore-legs; the hair of it is very long, and of a black hue. The body is of a thick construction, and clothed with smooth short hair, of a rusty brown cast, tipt with white. The legs are long and slender; on each foot is a single, spurious, or hind hoof. The animal of this species mentioned by Pennant was three feet and a half in height; the length, from the regions of the ears to the base of the tail, was six feet and a half; but it is probable many individuals attain to a larger size.

This species are numerous, and inhabit the plains far north of the Cape of Good Hope, from twenty-five to forty-two degrees of south latitude. These animals are very fierce, consequently formidable. On the approach of any object to which they are inclined to be hostile, they drop their head, put themselves in a position of defence, and dart their horns with ardour against the inclosure that separates them from their adversary; yet, when their rage subsides, become so docile as to take food from the persons whom before they sought to injure. They frequently go upon their knees, and possess the faculty of effecting swift motion in that singular posture.

This

This animal often furrows the ground with its horns and legs, and has a voice consisting of two notes,—the one similar to the bellowing of an ox, the other of a shriller clearer cadence.

THE CHAMOIS ANTELOPE.

The chamois antelope has slender, black, upright horns, hooked at the extremity. Behind each is a large orifice in the skin. The forehead is brown; the cheeks, chin, and throat, are white; the belly is of a yellowish cast; the remainder of the body of a deep-brown hue. The hair is long; the tail short. The hoofs are much divided, and of a goat-like form. In some individuals, the cheeks and chin are dusky, and the forehead white. This species inhabit the Alps, the Pyrennees, the mountains of Greece, and the islands in the Archipelago. In the summer season they dwell in the northern parts of those countries; and in winter frequent the southern districts, as they equally avoid extreme heat and intense cold. Buffon considers the chamois antelope as a goat; and is of opinion that this species and the wild-goat are the primitive stock from which the several varieties in the goat genus have proceeded.

The chase of these animals, for the purpose of obtaining their skins, is a laborious and dangerous pursuit, as they often give the huntsmen violent blows with their head, and by that means hurl them from precipices. This species are gregarious, as they usually move in herds or flocks. In their native countries their blood is esteemed a specific remedy, particularly in the pleurisy. They usually feed before sun-rise and after the sun sets. As the means of sheltering themselves from the rigours of the winter season, they take refuge in the cliffs of rocks; and while the winter continues they subsist on the branches of trees, roots, and herbs, that are covered with snow. It is worthy of observation, that these animals, when they herd, constitute a head or leader, who watches while the rest are taking sustenance, and warns them of pursuit or danger by a kind of hissing noise, on which they all fly with precipitation. These animals have a penetrating eye, quick perception of scent and hearing, and are extremely swift. They are esteemed, not only for the quality of their flesh, which is wholesome and well-tasted, but also on account of their skins, which are manufactured for various purposes. They are reported to be long lived. Bezoars of an oblong form are frequently found in their stomachs. The females produce two, but sometimes three, young at a birth.

The next species of this genus are those denominated antelopes that have arcuated or arch-like horns.

THE BLUE ANTELOPE.

This animal has sharp-pointed taper horns, of an arched form, bending backwards, marked with twenty prominent rings, but of a smooth texture towards the extremity; their length is twenty inches. The colour, when the animal is living, is a fine blue, with a velvety appearance, but when dead changes to a blueish grey blended with white. The hair on the body is long. The ears are sharp-pointed and above nine inches in length. Beneath each eye is a large white mark. The belly is white. This animal is larger than a buck. The tail is seven inches long; the length of the hairs at the extremity six inches. This species are natives of the country near the Cape of Good Hope, but far to the north, where they are called blue goats, from the construction of the horns and the texture of the hair. They seem to unite the goat and antelope tribes.

The next class in this genus are those with straight horns.

THE EGYPTIAN ANTELOPE.

The Egyptian antelope has straight slender horns, nearly three feet in length, annulated above half way, the remaining parts smooth. The space between the horns at the extremity is fourteen inches; at their base there is a black spot. In the centre of the face there is a similar mark; and a third of the same form proceeds from each eye to the regions of the throat, and is joined to that on the face by a lateral stripe of the same hue. The nose and remainder of the face are white. From the hinder part of the head, along the neck and ridge of the back, there is a narrow dusky line of hairs. The sides of the body are of a light reddish ash colour; the under part is bounded by a broad, straight, dusky band, extending to the breast. The belly, rump, and legs, are white; each leg is marked below the knees with a dusky space. The tail is covered with long black hairs. From the rump to the extremity of the tail is two feet six inches; the length of the body is above six feet. This species inhabit Egypt, Syria, Persia, India, Arabia, Ethiopia, and the Cape of Good Hope; in the latter country they are called gems-bock, or chamois: this is evidently the pason described by M. de Buffon.

THE LEUCORYX ANTELOPE.

This animal has a nose of a thick construction, similar to that of a cow; ears inclining to be pendulous; a body of a clumsy make; limbs of a more delicate form; horns black, slender, and pointed, annulated part of the way, and in a small degree incurvated; the tail extending to the first joint of the legs, and tufted at the extremity. The colour uniformly white, except on the middle of the face, sides of the cheeks, and limbs, which are of a reddish cast. This species in size resemble Welch runts, and inhabit the island of Gow Bahrein, situated in the gulf of Bassora.

THE ALGAZEL ANTELOPE.

The algazel antelope has very slender, upright, long horns, bending at the upper part inwards towards each other; in some subjects they are annulated, in others smooth. It is of a red colour, except on the breast and buttock, which are of a white hue. This species are natives of Bengal, Libya, Ethiopia, and Egypt: they are of a docile nature, and particularly fleet in their motion when ascending hills.

THE INDIAN ANTELOPE.

This animal is of a greyish hue, and has a black mane on its head and ridge of its back. Its horns are straight and thick, marked with two spiral prominent ribs, nearly two thirds of their length; in some subjects they are two feet long. The head is of a reddish colour, bounded on the cheeks by a dusky line. The ears are of a middling size; nose pointed. The forehead is broad, and has a stripe of loose hairs on it. On the dewlap is a tuft of black hair. The colour of the body is a blueish grey tinged with red. The tail, which does not reach to the first joint of the leg, is covered with short ash-coloured hair; the extremity is tufted with long black hairs. The regions between the hoofs and false-hoofs black. This species have bodies of a thick construction, but slender legs; their height to the shoulders is five feet. They are defective in the *sinus lachrymalis*, or hollow of the eye, common to most antelopes; and the females are horned similar to the males.

M. de Buffon has denominated this animal the coudous, a term which Pennant thinks he should have bestowed

bestowed on his condoma; he agrees, however, with that able naturalist, that this is probably the pacasse, which differs only from the Indian antelope by being white, marked with red and grey spots. This species inhabit India, Congo, and the southern parts of Africa, and frequent the mountainous districts of those regions. They are of a gregarious nature, as they live in herds. The males, when advanced in age, often sequester themselves, and become solitary. They are very fat, consequently easily taken when they are chased. Their flesh is esteemed excellent as food; and their skins, which are of a tough texture, are used for various purposes by the Hottentots and Indians.

THE HARNESSED ANTELOPE.

This animal is peculiarly distinguished by having two white transverse bands on its sides, crossed by two others, extending from the back to the belly, which appear like a harness. Its horns are straight, about nine inches long, with spiral ribs, and point backwards. The ears are broad. The colour of the body is a bright chesnut, or deep tawny. The thighs are spotted with white. The tail is above ten inches long, and covered with coarse hairs. These animals have been denominated the guib, and spotted goat. They inhabit the plains and woods in the vicinage of Senegal, and are of a social harmless nature.

THE GUINEA ANTELOPE.

The term *chevrotain* seems to have been indefinitely applied by M. de Buffon to the various species of small antelopes, and the appellation of *gazelles* generally annexed to the whole genus. This animal by Brisson is styled the African chevrotain, and is described by Buffon under the title of the grimm. The Guinea antelope is of an elegant construction. Its height is about eighteen inches. Its horns are black, slender, and straight, slightly annulated, and not exceeding three inches in length. The ears are large; the eyes of a dusky hue, having beneath them a large cavity, into which exudes a strong-scented oily substance. Between the horns there is a tuft of black hair. The colour of the neck and body is brown, intermixed with dusky and yellowish hairs; the belly is white. The tail is short, white on the upper part, and black on the under. This species were first described by Dr. Grimm; they are of a ruminating nature, very agile, and extremely cleanly.

THE ROYAL ANTELOPE.

This animal is unquestionably the Guinea chevrotain, described by Buffon. It is a native inhabitant of the most torrid African regions, and is common in Senegal. This delicate beautiful animal has very short straight horns, of a black hue and shining quality, their length scarcely exceeding two inches. The ears are broad. The colour is a reddish brown; the height not more than nine inches. The legs are not thicker than a goose-quill. The females are destitute of horns. This species are remarkably tame and agile, but too tender to endure being transported to climes of a milder temperament than their native regions.

The next class in the antelope genus will consist of those whose horns point forwards.

THE INDOSTAN ANTELOPE.

Dr. Parsons, a celebrated zoologist, is the only writer who has described this animal, which inhabits the most distant districts in the Mogul's dominions. The horns of the Indostan antelope are seven inches long, and bend forward; the eyes are black and vivacious; the neck

neck in some degree formed like that of a camel, on the ridge of which is a short mane; on the shoulders is a large lump, similar to the exuberance on the Indian ox, which is tufted with hair. The hind parts resemble those of an ass. The tail is twenty-two inches long, terminated with long hairs. The legs are slender. On the lower regions of the breast the skin is pendulous, like that of a cow. The hair is short and smooth, of a light ash hue, in some parts of a dusky cast. The under part of the breast and tail is white. On the forehead is a black mark of an oblique quadrangular form. The height of the animal, to the summit of the lump on the shoulders, is twelve hands. This species chew the cud. In the actions of lying down and rising they resemble the camel. Their voice is a sort of croaking; and in the spring, when they associate with the females, resembles the rattling sound which deer make.

THE WHITE-FOOTED ANTELOPE.

The description and dimensions of this animal are taken from the accurate account given by the late celebrated Dr. Hunter. The white-footed antelope has short horns, bending a little forward; a stag-like head; large ears, marked with two black stripes; a small black mane on the neck and half way down the back; a tuft of long black hairs on the fore-part of the neck, above which there is a large white spot; there is another of a similar form between the fore-legs on the chest, as also one white spot on each fore-foot, and two on each hind-foot. The legs are slender. The tail is long, and tufted with black hairs. The colour of the body is dark grey. The females of this species are of a pale brown hue, have similar ears, tuft, and mane, to the male, but no horns; and on each foot three transverse stripes of black, and two of white. The height of this kind of antelope is four feet and an inch to the top of the shoulders; and the length, from the bottom of the neck to the base of the tail, four feet. The horns of the male are seven inches long, of a triangular form at the base, and obtuse at the extremity; they are distant at the roots three inches and a quarter, and at the extremity above six inches. This species are natives of the most remote interior parts of the East Indies, from whence they are brought as curiosities to the various European powers, and have been frequently sent to England, where they have proved prolific. They are in general of a docile familiar nature, as they will take food from the human species, and lick the hand that presents it. In a state of confinement they are fond of bread, and are of such a thirsty temperament that they will often swallow two gallons at a draught. Notwithstanding these animals are in general harmless, they sometimes become fierce and formidable, and will attack the human species unprovoked. When they enter into martial combat with the males of their own kind, they drop on their knees at a considerable distance from their opponent, and approach to battle in that attitude; and, when they advance near, spring on their adversary. The females of this species have sometimes two young at a birth; their time of gestation is supposed to be nine months. Their offspring in an infant state resemble fawns.

THE SWIFT ANTELOPE.

M. de Buffon denominates this animal the nanguer, and supposes it is the dama of the ancients. This species have obtained the appellation of 'swift' from the peculiar fleetness of their motion, which Ælian com-

compares to the rapid progress of a whirlwind. This animal has round horns, eight inches long, reverting at the extremity. It is of a tawny colour; the belly, lower regions of the sides, rump, and thighs, are white; on the fore-part of the neck is a white spot. This species are apt to vary in hue. The height is two feet eight inches; the length three feet ten inches. These animals are natives of Senegal.

THE RED ANTELOPE.

The red antelope is the same animal as the nagor described by Buffon. Its horns are five inches and a half long; they are slightly annulated, with two marks at the base. The ears are considerably longer than the horns. The colour inclines to red, but is of a paler cast on the chest. The tail is very short. The height of this animal is two feet three inches; the length four feet. This species are numerous in Senegal, and the vicinity of the Cape, where they are highly esteemed as an article of food.

The next division in this numerous genus will comprise all those antelopes who have twisted horns.

(To be continued.)

HENRY; A FRAGMENT.

* * * *

HOWL, ye winds! howl to the midnight deserts! Oh beat, ye rains! over my defenceless head!—the storm of the weather is not so great as the perturbation of my poor afflicted heart! The wounds, the deep wounds of anguish have wrung it to the quick. Yes, Eliza! thy sainted form rises up in terrible array against me. I see thy azure eyes still fixed on mine, expressive of thy wrongs; yet filled with love and lingering anxiety, gazing on mine that flashed with the spirit of jealousy and resentment! I see my sword still reeking with the blood that flowed from thy lovely bosom! In vain you pleaded your cause: in vain thy dying breath besought me to bless thee as the spotless wife of my love! Oh, heaven! my beating brain, my agonized heart, too well remembers the scene. I see the youth, the fatal, the innocent cause of my misery! Ah, Henry! whither have you fled—fled before I had had your pardon! Thy wrongs, Eliza! shall be avenged—thy injured name, thy innocence, demands it.—Yes, just heaven! I await thy vengeance!'

Thus said a stranger, as he crossed a wide heath, over which the miserable wanderer bent his weary steps regardless of the boisterous storm, the forked lightning, the loud tremendous peals of thunder, that appalled every heart with terror. At length the tempest began to abate; the rain, which had before poured in torrents, now gradually ceased, and the thunder was only heard to roll at a distance. Rendalle grew tired; he sat himself down on a rude stone bench, and his meditation was only broken in upon by the barking of a dog, whose gruff voice reverberated in loud echoes. He arose to discover the place of his concealment; a flash of lightning at that moment discovered before him a small cottage embosomed in the trees that grew around it. Rendalle approached the door: he tapt with a beating heart. No one answered the summons. Again he repeated it, and as before no one came. He lifted the latch; the door opened, and he found himself in a small stone room. He called loudly in vain for the dwellers, if there were any; but all was silence, except the dog, who

who answered him by barking, and whom he supposed to be confined in a place near him. He then prepared to wait till morning in the shelter that had so opportunely offered. He first felt round the wall with his hands, carefully, to try if he could discover any door or opening that might lead to a clue for him to judge in what kind of place, or where he was. He then walked to the middle of the damp abode, intending to lie down and rest his stiff limbs; but something pulled his coat: it proved to be the dog; and the sudden start caused him to stumble over something that lay at his feet. While a shuddering seized his heart, he stretched out his arm to find the cause, and his hand grasped something of an icy chillness. The moon, that had till that moment been obscured, threw its rays on the spot. What a sight did it not discover to the eyes of Rendalle!—A well-known mastiff watching the dead corpse of his master, and that master was Henry!

ELIZA YEAMES.

Yarmouth, 1801.

TITLES *of the* KING *of* AVA, *as recited at the Head of a Letter from his Birman Majesty to Sir John Shore, Governor-general of Bengal.*

[*From Major Symes's 'Narrative of an Embassy to Ava.'*]

THE lord of earth and air, the monarch of extensive countries, the sovereign of the kingdoms of Sonahparinda, Tombadeva, Seawuttena, Zaniengnia, Soonaboomy, in the district of Hurry Mounza, in the country of Zemee, Hamaratta, Dzodinagara; sovereign of all these wide-extended regions; lord of the great cities of Poucka, Yama, Sirykettera, Sygnie, Leboo, Bamoo, Magone, Momick, Momien, Neoum, Shoe, Mana, Mobree, Quantong; of all which countries and cities the governors and potentates send presents of respect and submission to the royal presence: also Henzawuddy, commonly called Pegue, the port of Rangoon, the port of Bassien, Arracan; the port of Deniawuddy, Sandoway; the port of Dwarawuddy Maoung, the port of Mickawuddy Ramrie, the port of Ramawuddy, Mondema, or Martaban, Tavoy, Brieck, or Mergui, and Tenasserem, ports belonging to his majesty, where merchants trade, and the inhabitants are protected; proprietor of all kinds of precious stones, of the mines of rubies, agate, tasni, sapphires, opal; also the mines of gold, silver, amber, lead, tin, iron, and petroleum; whence every thing desirable that the earth yields can be extracted, as the trees, leaves, and fruit of excellence are produced in Paradise; possessor of elephants, horses, carriages, fire-arms, bows, spears, shields, and all manner of warlike weapons; sovereign of valiant generals and victorious armies, invulnerable as the rock mahakonda, mahanuggera, Ummerapoora, the great and flourishing golden city, illumined and illuminating as the habitation of angels, lasting as the firmament, and embellished with gold, silver, pearls, agate, and the nine original stones*; the golden throne, the seat of splendor, whence the royal mandate issues and protects mankind; the king who performs the ten duties incumbent on all kings, called mangianterra, all which this great king duly performeth; whose understanding, by divine aid, is enlightened to guide his people in the right way, and preserve them in pious obedience and the road of true religion, the ease and happiness of whom daily increase

* What these were I could not learn.

crease under the auspices of such a monarch; master of the white, red, and mottled elephants: may his praise be repeated far as the influence of the sun and moon, of him whose servants place the fortunate foot of favour and confidence, like the blooming lotus, on their obedient heads—such are the high ministers, the guardians of the state, from among whom the principal woongee (minister) thus announceth,' &c.

FABLE *for* TWELFTH-DAY.

ONCE, upon a high and solemn occasion, all the great *fasts* and *festivals* in the year presented themselves before the throne of Apollo, god of *days*. Each brought an offering in his hand, as it is the custom all over the East, that no man shall appear before the presence of the king empty-handed. *Shrove-Tuesday* was there with his *pan-cakes*, and *Ash-Wednesday* with his oblation of *fish*. *Good-Friday* brought the mystical *bun*. *Christmas-Day* came bending underneath an intolerable load of *turkeys* and *mince-pies*; his snow-white temples shaded with *holly* and the sacred *misletoe*, and singing a *carol* as he advanced. Next came the *Thirtieth* of *January*, bearing a *calf's-head* in a charger; but Apollo no sooner understood the emblematical meaning of the offering, than the stomach of the god turned sick, and with visible indignation and abhorrence he ordered the unfortunate *day* out of his presence—the contrite *day* returned in a little time bearing in his hands a *whig* (a sort of cake well-tempered and delicious)—the god with smiles accepted the atonement, and the happy *day* understood that his peace was made, he promising never to bring such a dish into the presence of a god again. Then came the august *Fourth* of *June*, crowned with such a crown as British monarchs commonly wear, leading into the presence the venerable *Nineteenth* of *May*. Apollo welcomed the royal pair, and placed them nearest to himself, and welcomed their noble progeny, their eldest-born and heir, the accomplished *Twelfth* of *August*, with all his brave brothers and handsome sisters. Only the merry *First* of *April*, who is retained in the court of Apollo as *king's jester*, made some mirth by his reverent inquiries after the health of the *Eighteenth* of *January*, who, being a *kept* mistress, had not been deemed a proper personage to be introduced into such an assembly. Apollo, laughing, rebuked the petulance of his wit; so all was mirth and good humour in the palace—only the sorrowful *Epiphany* stood silent and abashed—he was *poor*, and had come before the king without an oblation. The god of *days* perceived his confusion, and turning to the Muses (who are *nine*), and to the Graces, his hand-maids (who are *three* in number), he beckoned to them, and gave to them in charge to prepare a *cake* of the richest and preciousest ingredients: they obeyed, tempering with their fine and delicate fingers the spices of the East, the bread-flour of the West, with the fruits of the South, pouring over all the ices of the North. The god himself crowned the whole with *talismanic figures*, which contained this wondrous virtue—that whosoever ate of the *cake* should forthwith become *kings* and *queens*. Lastly, by his heralds, he invested the trembling and thankful *Epiphany* with the privilege of presenting this *cake* before the king upon an annual festival for ever. Now this *cake* is called *twelfth-cake* upon earth, after the number of the virgins who fashioned the same, being *nine* and *three*.

Account of the Character and Dress of the Ladies of the Capital of Peru.

THE ladies of Lima are in general of a middling stature, very handsome and agreeable. Their skin is uncommonly white, and their complexion, without having recourse to art, is excellent: they have fine sparkling eyes, and possess great vivacity. They are usually endowed by nature with fine black hair, extremely thick, and so long that it reaches nearly to the knees. To these bodily advantages are added those of the mind. They possess an acuteness of perception and a sound judgment, express themselves with elegance, and their conversation is gentle and agreeable; in a word, they are highly amiable.

Their dress differs much from that of the European ladies, and it is only the custom of the country that can make it supportable. Though it must be allowed that this dress is extremely advantageous, and appears beautiful to the eye, yet it seemed shocking at first to the Spaniards, who found it somewhat indecent. All that a lady of Lima wears on her person, except her legs and feet, consists of a shift and linen gown, called *fustain*, which in Europe would be styled a vest: over this an open robe, and a boddice, which in summer is made of linen, and in winter of stuff; some, but the least in number, add to this a sort of veil, or mantle, which goes round the body, but without fastening. The vest reaches no lower than the middle of the thigh, and from thence to the ankle hangs a fine lace set round the *fustain*. Through this lace are seen the ends of the garters hanging, which shine with gold and silver, and are set sometimes with pearls.

The winter garment is of velvet or rich stuff, covered no less with ornament, and decked with fringes, lace, or ribbands. The sleeves of the shift, which are a Castilian ell and a half in length and two broad, are decorated from one end to the other with a variety of fine laces. Over the shift is the boddice, the sleeves whereof, which are very large, are of a circular form. They consist of lace with stripes of cambric, or very fine linen, inserted between. The sleeves of the shift, when they are not of the finest, are made in this manner: the shift is fastened over the shoulders by ribbands which are sewed to the boddice; it is the same with the round sleeves of the boddice, and the sleeves of the shift: the four sets of sleeves present the appearance of so many wings, which fall down below the girdle. Ladies who wear the veil or mantle bring it round the waist, and, notwithstanding, use the boddice.

In summer no lady is to be seen in Lima that has not her head covered with a veil of cambric or very fine linen, and set with lace. Some are flying, as they express it, or tied up only on one side; and others are alternately ranged with top-knots and ribbands. In winter they muffle themselves up, within doors, in a *rebos*, which is nothing else than a piece of flannel without farther trimming; but when they make visits the *rebos* is ornamented and decorated like the robe. Some adorn it with gold and silver fringes, others with a facing of black velvet almost one-third of its breadth. Over the gown they put on an apron, of the same materials as the sleeve of their boddice: the apron, however, must not reach over the hem of the gown. From this description the reader will easily form some notion of the cost of such a dress, in which more is laid out on the trimming than on the

the principal materials: the shift alone amounts frequently to upwards of a thousand dollars. It is astonishing what care and taste the ladies employ in the choice of the laces which they so lavishly put upon their dress. An universal rivalry prevails of outdoing one another; and this not only among the ladies of distinction, but also among other gentlewomen, the negresses alone excepted, of the inferior and lowest classes. These laces are sewed so close together, as to leave but a little portion of the linen visible: and in some articles of dress it is even so entirely covered with it, that the little that is to be perceived of it seems to be there less for use than for ornament: add to this, that it is all of the finest Brabant laces, and every other would be rejected as too cheap and vulgar.

One distinction, on which the ladies here in general value themselves, is a small foot; for in Peru, as in China, the smallness of the foot is reckoned so great a beauty, that they ridicule the European women for having so large a one. The girls in Lima, from their very infancy, are made to wear such little shoes that their feet in general, when they grow up, are not longer than five or six inches. The shoes are flat and without soles. A piece of cordovan serves at once for the sole and the upper-leather; as broad and long at the one end as at the other, which gives the shoe the form of the figure of 8. They are fastened with buckles of diamonds or other precious stones, according to the circumstances of the wearer, but more for show than from necessity; for, as they are entirely flat, there is no need of a buckle to keep them on the foot, and they are put on and off without undoing the buckles. Shoes embroidered with silver or gold are no longer much in fashion, as they are but little adapted to let the smallness of the foot be remarked, but are found to give it rather a large look.

They usually wear white silk and very thin stockings, that the leg may appear of a finer form. The stockings are sometimes green, with worked clocks; but the white colour is most fashionable, as helping at least to conceal any defect in the legs, which are almost entirely exposed to the eye.

As of all the gifts they have received from nature, the hair is one of the most beautiful, they employ a great deal of care on their head-dress. They divide the hair behind into six braids, which take in the whole width, and through which they stick a golden pin, somewhat bent, which they call a *poliçon*. They give the like name to a couple of diamond knobs or buttons, the size of small hazel-nuts, at each end of the pin. Those braids which are not fastened up to the head fall upon the shoulders, in the shape of a flattened circle. They adorn it neither with ribbands, nor with any other ornament, that they may not deprive it of any of its own peculiar beauty. On the head, both before and behind, they stick diamond aigrettes. In front they likewise form the hair into little locks, which reach from the upper part of the temples to the middle of the ears; and by the side of the temples little patches of black velvet are stuck, which have no bad effect.

The ear-rings are of brilliants, with little tassels of black silk, which they likewise call *poliçon*, and decorate with pearls. Beside rings, diamond clasps, and bracelets of large and brilliant pearls, they also wear a round and broad stomacher, fastened by a girdle round the waist; it is richly set with diamonds.

If we figure to ourselves one of

these ladies, dressed entirely in laces instead of linen, and sparkling all over with pearls and diamonds, we shall not be surprised at hearing that, in their grand appearances in state, they frequently carry about them to the value of thirty or forty thousand dollars; a luxury which is so universal that it is displayed by the wives of mere private persons. But that at which foreigners are still more amazed is the indifference with which they treat these riches. They care so little about them, that there is ever something to be added or improved, and always a part of them is lost or spoiled long before the term of their natural durability.

They have, generally speaking, two modes of dressing when they go abroad: the one consists of a veil of black taffety and a long robe, the other in a hood and round gown. The former is used when they go to church; the latter on taking a promenade, or going on a party of pleasure. Both dresses are wrought with gold, silver, or silk, on a linen ground, of a quality not to discredit its ornaments, particularly on Maundy-Thursday. On this day they visit all the churches, attended by three or four female slaves, negresses, or mulattoes, wearing liveries wrought and decorated with prodigious extravagance.

They are uncommonly fond of perfumes: one can seldom see a lady without liquid amber: they put it behind their ears, in their gowns, in all their clothes, and even in their nosegays. They decorate their hair with the finest flowers, and even stick them on the sleeves of their robes. The flower they are the fondest of is the *chirimaya*. This is the blossom of a lofty and thick-leaved tree, which bears a fruit of a sweet juice, but at the same time has a slight acid taste, and so agreeable a smell, that, in the opinion of all who know it, it is not only the sovereign fruit of India, but is queen of all the fruits in the known world. The colour of the blossom differs not much from that of the leaves; but when it is ripe its hue is a yellow bordering upon green. In its form it resembles the blossom of the caper plant. It is not very striking to the sight, but for its odour it is unparalleled. The number of the blossoms and the fruit is not great, and therefore the avidity shown by the ladies for these flowers is the occasion of their being plucked before they come to fruit. They are sold at a very high price.

The grand square at Lima, from the quantity and diversity of the flowers brought thither by the Indian women for sale, resembles an ever-blooming garden. The ladies come hither, in *caléches*, to buy the flowers that please them best, without regarding the price. *Caléches* are here so common that every inhabitant, of any moderate circumstances, drives about in one; they make a handsome appearance. These carriages are drawn by a single mule, having only two wheels, with a fore-seat and hind-seat, for the convenience of four persons. The cut of them is elegant: they are much gilded, and make a great show; to which we must add that they are extravagantly dear. One meets always a great number of these *caléches* at the flower-market, where the pleasure is enjoyed of seeing the most eminent and the most beautiful persons of Lima.

Anecdotes *of the late* Emperor *of* Russia, Paul I.

[*Related by M. Kotzëbue, in a Work lately published.*]

Paul had built a most magnificent palace, in which he had collected

ed a great number of pictures and statues, which he had ordered to be purchased in France and Italy: the expense of the whole amounted to eighteen millions of roubles. The palace was built in a most unwholesome situation, and his physicians requested him not to reside there, but in vain. He employed M. Kotzëbue to draw up a detailed description of the palace, which, Kotzëbue says, would have been one of the dullest books ever composed. The death of Paul, however, put an end to the work, and all the valuable articles were taken from the palace, which is now completely deserted.

When the prisons were opened after the death of Paul, many very affecting scenes were witnessed by those who were charged with that office. Among others, an old colonel had been put in prison; and his son, a gallant young officer, covered with wounds, having in vain applied for his release, desired to be shut up with his father. His request was partly complied with, for he was put in prison, but not with his father, who never knew of this noble conduct of his son until the latter came to announce to him their common liberty.

Paul was determined that none of his daughters should be married contrary to their inclination.—When the archduchess Alexandria was about to depart, he displayed the most violent affliction: he returned several times to the carriage in which she was, and wept while he embraced her.

A few days before his death, he went to the empress and said, 'My angel, I am going to make you a present which I am sure will give you pleasure.' It was a pair of embroidered stockings which were worked by some young ladies who were educated in a seminary under the patronage of the empress.

On the progressive DEVELOPMENT *of the* FACULTIES *of* CHILDREN.

[*From the Second Volume of 'Letters on the Elementary Principles of Education, by Elizabeth Hamilton.'*]

THERE is no subject more curious in its nature, or that can possibly be more universally interesting, than the manner in which nature operates in the development of the rational faculties of man. The slowness of the progress is apt to excite our impatience, while in fact it ought to call forth our highest admiration.

A cursory view of what a child acquires in the first two years of its life, will convince us, that were the faculties to open with a rapidity equal to our wishes, the powers of the mind would counteract each other in such a manner as effectually to prevent their ever coming to perfection. Happily, nature at that early period presents an insuperable bar to our attempts of improving upon her plan. We may indeed counteract her wise designs, by retarding the operation of those faculties which she has then produced, and on the exercise of which depend the strength and vigour of the future powers: we may frustrate her plan, but we cannot accelerate it. It is not till five or six years of life have elapsed that we set about this vain attempt; then we sometimes do set about it in good earnest, and insist upon the power of imagination, judgment, and reflexion, coming at our call, like the spirits of Glendower from the vasty deep:

'But do they come, when you do for them call?'

Alas! we trouble not ourselves to observe whether they do or no. It is sufficient that children learn to prate by rote upon subjects which require the powers of judgment and reflexion to comprehend. They repeat the ideas of others, and we are satisfied,

satisfied, without taking any account of their own stock. An examination into this particular, as it would most probably lead to mortifying disappointment, is very properly avoided.

It is thus that prodigies are formed; all of which, as far as I have been able to observe, are a species of forced plants, that upon a slight view appear fair and flourishing, but have neither strength nor flavour.

Soon would the navy of England cease to be our pride and boast, if it were built of timber from the hot-house. But, although an attempt to force the growth of the sapling would be detrimental to its future strength, pains must be bestowed in removing all obstructions that might check its rise; its roots must have room to shoot, or its branches will never expand in blooming verdure. A similar attention to the mind, in the early period of existence, appears to me to be essential towards the expansion of the intellectual powers.

I have already observed, that the faculty of perception is the first which opens in the human mind. Though perception is a word derived from the operation of but one of the senses, it is here applied to denote the impression made upon the mind by all the objects of sense. The meaning of it, as thus applied, must be understood by every one who reflects on what he does, when he hears, sees, feels, &c. 'Whoever reflects,' says Locke, 'cannot miss it; and if he does not reflect, all the words in the world cannot make him have any notion of it.'

The word perception is likewise frequently used in a figurative sense*. But the least intelligent person must perceive the difference betwixt perceiving the letters upon this paper, and perceiving the truth of a proposition. The perceptions of an infant are equal to the one; conception and judgment are necessary to the other.

As the organs of the several senses are inlets of perception, it must be evident, that where these, especially the important ones of hearing and sight, are wanting or imperfect, the impressions made upon the mind will be likewise imperfect. How much this imperfection is obviated in some instances, by an increased attention to the perceptions acquired by means of remaining perfect organs of sense, is evident in those who are born deaf or blind. It is not that the organs of sight or hearing are improved by use, but that the mind, by a greater degree of attention to the impressions made upon it by one of these organs, renders its correspondent perceptions so vivid, as, in a great measure, to supply the want of that organ which nature has denied.

Nor is this all. As the knowledge attained by our senses is the foundation of all our intellectual improvement, we may observe, that the species of attention which has been above described frequently serves to open and improve the faculties in such an eminent degree, as to induce a general belief, that those who are born deaf or blind are persons of uncommon endowments. If a lively attention to the impressions received from the remaining senses can, in some measure, supply the loss of one of the most important organs of perception; and if it further appears that this extra attention is conducive to the improvement of the intellectual faculties; my idea of the advantages to be derived from an attention to the improvement

* In this sense, also, do I use the word impression, whenever it is applied to denote mental operation.

improvement of the perceptive faculties from earliest infancy can neither be deemed chimerical nor absurd.

'They have eyes and see not, ears have they and hear not,' is an emphatic reproach pronounced, in the name of the Most High, by the lips of an inspired writer. Any person, in the least conversant with the world, may every day have opportunities of applying the truth of this description. Without an habitual attention to the impressions made upon the senses, the perceptions are evanescent; they are at the moment indistinct, and cannot leave any traces upon the memory, so as to become objects of reflexion. Hence arise innumerable mistakes in the judgment. To this may be traced many of those falsehoods which we are so apt to attribute to a wilful departure from truth. Indeed the evidence of people, who have never been accustomed to make their perceptions objects of attention, can never be relied upon; for without attention there can be no memory. Whoever has been accustomed to make observations upon the lower orders of society, will agree in the justice of this remark. Were it, however, never applicable to any but those of the lower orders, it might here be passed over in silence; but, alas! accurate observation is not always the concomitant of rank. The lie of the day in the upper circles does not always originate in malignity: many are the slanders, many the falsehoods, that originate in that confusion of ideas, the foundation of which is laid in the habit of inaccurate perception.

Besides its baleful influence on the moral character, there is another evil arising from this habit of inaccuracy that deserves our most serious attention.

Every science which the human mind can pursue, every study in which it can engage, demands, as a preliminary, an attention to the objects of perception. In proportion as this attention has been rendered habitual to the mind, from the earliest stage of life, will the rudiments of science be easy, and the progress delightful. A child, who has been accustomed to pay attention to its perceptions, has received, from the various objects of sense, a fund of ideas which are ready to be brought into use; these, by the power of association, assist the mind in forming new conceptions. Children, who, either through the reprehensible neglect of their parents, or from some defect in their original conformation, have never made this improvement of their perceptive faculties, are, and necessarily must be, slow in comprehending any subject. They want, as it were, the first link of the chain, and have nothing whereon to fasten the new ideas with which you present them.

That this apparent dullness is frequently nothing more than the total disuse of that faculty of attention, without which, though the five senses be possessed in full perfection, there can be no perception, is evident from this circumstance, *viz.* that when such children have their perceptions quickened by attention, this apparent stupidity clears away, and the intellectual faculties appear often strong and vigorous. If, however, children of this description, whose perceptions are either dull by nature, or blunted through want of exercise, and who have consequently no stock of ideas, have information forced upon them, it is ten to one, that they will conceive such a dislike to learning, as will make them continue dunces for ever.

That it is by means of the senses that ideas are first acquired, is a fact, which I apprehend to be now established beyond the reach of controversy. It has, for more than half a century,

century, been generally admitted by philosophers, but the belief of it has, as far as I know, induced little additional attention towards that period of life, when the knowledge acquired by the senses first begins to be communicated to the mind. The reason of this neglect is obvious. Memory extends not to those years of childhood when our first ideas were acquired. We can recollect the period when knowledge was first communicated to us by others, but of our previous conceptions we have no remembrance. We therefore look upon those first years as a sort of blank in our existence, and naturally consider them as the same with regard to our children. All our pains, all our attention, with respect to their minds, is therefore reserved for that period, when we think it proper, that, according to custom, they should begin to receive instruction.

It is no uncommon thing to see a mother, who has never assisted her child in the acquirement of a single idea during infancy, expressing the utmost anxiety for its learning to read. As soon as the age for tasks arrives, tasks must be given, or the child is lost. Thus is an invincible aversion to learning often inspired; while if the tenth part of the pains then bestowed had been given at a more early period, curiosity would have been awakened, and the mind would have been prepared for the reception of farther instruction. The seed that is to bring forth a hundred-fold must be sown in good and *prepared* ground.

Let us now take a view of the manner in which the infant faculties unfold. It is probable that as soon as a child is capable of fixing its eyes upon an object, it acquires some idea of the object it beholds. These must be for a considerable time very confused; the very notion of distance being one that is acquired by the mind, and not the natural consequence of sight. To a child, or to a grown person born blind, but who has by an operation been restored to sight, every object appears to press upon the eye at an equal distance*; nor is it till experience has taught the contrary, that either the child or the restored person can be convinced of it. The acquired perception is very gradually attained, and probably remains imperfect till the child can run about; nor does it then extend to distant objects, few children of five or six years old being capable of making any distinction betwixt an object that is only half a mile, and those that are four or five miles distant. The same may be observed of people brought up in towns; many inhabitants of the city of London, in respect to the perception of the distance of remote objects, remain children during life.

Ideas of the distance of objects can only be obtained by experience; but the means of our children's experience are in our hands. When a child of five or six months old fixes its attention upon any object, it ought to be induced to view it at every different degree of distance, to examine it near, and to look at it far off, and thus, by degrees, ideas of perception will be acquired. By some pains taken to fix these ideas

* The same may be observed in all other animals. I remember being once greatly surprised at seeing a young puppy, which I had put upon the table, deliberately put its paw over, and consequently fall with violence upon the floor. I then attributed this to want of sense: but an explanation of the theory of vision convinced me, that the puppy did not perceive the carpet as a distant object. Were man to gain the use of his legs at as early a period of his life as the four-footed animals do, to what innumerable dangers would he be exposed! In this, as in all the ordinances of nature, we see the wisdom and the goodness of the Great Creator.

in

in the mind, during the first two years of life, many fatal accidents might be prevented.

From the want of experience, our own notions of perpendicular distances, as far as they are obtained from the eye, are imperfect. No wonder, then, that children should be liable to so many fatal mistakes concerning it. When a child's first notions upon this head are obtained by means of a severe fall, it is apt to produce a bad effect upon the mind, by inspiring that terror the consequences of which I have already explained at large. This passion, as I have formerly shown, continues to operate upon the mind by association, long after the cause that first produced it is forgotten. I have known people who dared not look down a precipice; nay some who dared not look from a high window, though perfectly conscious of their security. Is it not probable that these false fears have originated, either in some strong impression of terror (the circumstances attending which may be beyond recollection), or in false notions of perpendicular distance given by a foolish nurse by way of keeping her charge from danger?

As soon as the sight is perfect, it must behold the objects before it. But it is not till capable of some degree of attention, that a child can have what I call a perception of the object. This faculty of attention begins to display itself about the third or fourth month. In thriving lively children, it is about this period very perceptible. Delightful it is to observe this dawn of intellect in the little innocent! Caught by some lively colour, some gay appearance, the eye fixes in eager, though short-lived, examination, commonly ending in a crow of delight. The tone of nature ought then to be followed. Let the little creature be danced and tossed about till both you and it are tired. But when again its grave looks denote a fond attention, let nonsense, I beseech you, have a truce.

At two months old a child is evidently capable of distinguishing betwixt a white ball and a black or brown one. But its perceptions must have been further opened before it can observe any difference between a ball covered with leather and one of ivory. Every distinction which the mind can make you may reckon a new idea acquired. It is in your power to multiply these ideas at a very early period. It is likewise unfortunately in the power of a foolish nurse to retard the natural progress of the mind, by perpetually interrupting its attention. A child that is much danced about, and much talked to, by a very lively nurse, has many more ideas than one that is kept by a silent and indolent person. A nurse should be able to talk nonsense in abundance, but then she should be able to know when to stop*.

Good temper and activity are such indispensable qualities, that, if either be wanting in its nurse, the child runs the risk of being deficient in animal spirits, or of having its temper spoiled by improper treatment. Whether what are called

* It has been observed to me by a lady, who to uncommon sense and penetration has united the advantage of much practical experience, that nothing tends more effectually to retard the progress of the infant faculties than a custom prevalent with nurses, of keeping the child in a perpetual trot upon the knee. Does the poor infant fix its attention upon an object, the knee is immediately in motion to prevent the possibility of its acquiring any idea from it. Does it show symptoms of displacency or distress, the trot goes on with redoubled velocity, till the little creature is stupefied into silence.

animal spirits be the cause or the consequence of a rapid flow of ideas, it is not at present our business to inquire; it is sufficient for us to observe their inseparable connexion. Wherever the animal spirits have received a fatal check in the period of infancy, the succession of ideas is slow, and the perceptions languid. In such children we may frequently observe a premature display of the powers of reflexion; but seldom, very seldom, does the unnatural maturity of this faculty produce any thing great or admirable. The laws of nature are immutable; nor can we ever expect success if we reverse her wise decrees.

A misfortune opposite to what has been above alluded to is sometimes the consequence of an unusual flow of animal spirits in infancy; I mean the loss of capability of attention. This, I believe, always proceeds from improper management in very early life; for the most lively infants make the most early display of the faculty of attention, and would, no doubt, continue to exert it on the objects of perception, if they were not injudiciously diverted from the attempt.

The more lively the flow of ideas, the more strongly is the mind impelled to increase their number. Hence proceeds that curiosity so remarkable in children, an engine more powerful in the hands of judicious parents than the boasted *fulcrum* of the Syracusan philosopher. To direct this curiosity into proper channels ought to be the unceasing object of parental care, from the dawn of intellect till its maturity. In early infancy it must be exclusively directed to the acquirement of clear and distinct notions of the objects of perception.

(To be concluded in our next.)

Count Schweitzer, *or the* Mysterious Adventure;

A GERMAN TALE.

(Continued from p. 25.)

Illing, having placed in a little basket some provender for their sustenance during the intended journey, and slung a small bundle which contained their scanty wardrobe over his shoulder, prepared to set out; but, before these and some other few arrangements could be made, the night had already begun to spread her sable wings, and cast a sombre shade over the surrounding objects. No sound was heard,

'Save where the beetle wheeled his drony flight,
And drowsy tinklings lull'd the distant fold.
'Save that, from some old ivy-mantled tow'r,
The moping owl did to the moon complain
Of such as, wand'ring near her secret bow'r,
Disturbed her ancient, solitary reign*.'

Josephine wept aloud, on taking a last farewell of their beloved habitation: perhaps the remembrance of the many happy days she had spent therein contributed to occasion it. Illing turned aside to conceal the parting tear:

'Returned and wept, and still returned to weep†.'

The innocent cause of their sufferings, although unconscious why they wept, joined his sympathetic tear with theirs.

At the moment when they were indulging their grief, the village-clock struck twelve, and reminded them no time was to be lost. Josephine then taking the arm of Illing, with rapid yet fearful steps they

* Gray. † Goldsmith.

proceeded

proceeded. Necessity obliged them to pass Schweitzer-castle; and they had just reached it at that moment when, as a celebrated poet justly expresses it,

'No breath of wind soft whispers through the trees;
No noise at land, nor murmur in the seas.
Scant wolves forget to howl at night's pale noon:
No wakeful dogs bark at the silent moon,
Nor bay the ghosts that glide with horror by
To view the caverns where their bodies lie.'

The little boy, who had heedlessly run before, returned; and, clinging to Josephine, concealed his face with her gown, while with his little finger he pointed to that part of the castle which lay in a ruinous state. This action of the child obliged them to halt; and Illing, looking around to discover what had occasioned his alarm, descried a figure resting on the half-broken fragment of a wall, which once served as the boundary of the castle on the eastern side. The phantom, for such it appeared, was clothed in black; and a long white veil, which reached almost to the knee, seemed as if turned aside: but the distance prevented Illing from discerning the countenance. It waved its hand, as if for him to approach; and he was on the point of obeying the summons, when the moon, which had hitherto emitted a feeble light, was obscured by a dark cloud; and the repeated exclamations of Josephine (who, in common with all the German peasantry, believed in supernatural appearances, and was greatly alarmed at the thought of her husband encountering one) induced him to relinquish his design; and he proceeded on his way, with his eye still fixed on the spot where he had seen the figure. But the sky, which had already threatened a storm, now thickened around, and they hastened their steps towards the forest. Just as they entered it, Illing turned once more to endeavour to obtain a view of this extraordinary figure, when a flash of lightning darting from a black cloud enabled him once more to behold the phantom. It had advanced a little beyond the wall, and its hands were raised seemingly in an attitude of supplication.

Illing, actuated by the impulse of the moment, was on the point of returning to the spot, when the recollection of the danger to which his wife and the child would be exposed compelled him to relinquish his design, and he hastily entered the forest, whose lofty and thick trees soon prevented any view of the castle or its environs.

He shuddered at passing the place where he had seen the murdered man: but he had now no time to examine whether his body yet lay there; for the rain, which fell in torrents, obliged them to advance rapidly, in order to obtain some shelter from the inclemency of the weather.

And here, perhaps, I might spin out half a dozen pages, with a minute account of every little incident which happened to these pedestrian travellers; but, as this would be useless, I shall only add, that, ten days after departing from their habitation, they came safely within sight of the lofty turrets of Koënigsmark-castle. Their hearts beat with agitation as they approached its venerable portal.

A domestic appeared at the gate, who, on their inquiring for the baroness, informed them she had been dead some months. Overwhelmed with grief at this intelligence, and incapable of forming any resolution, they were departing; when the domestic related that the present baron of Koënigsmark was within, if they wished to speak with him. A gleam of hope entered the

heart of Illing on receiving this information, as he thought he might possibly interest the baron in their behalf: he therefore requested the servant to solicit his lord to grant him an audience. This was complied with, and in a few minutes the man returned with an answer that his master would be at leisure in a quarter of an hour.

The interim till the time appointed was spent by Illing in revolving within his mind what he should say to the baron, as an excuse for his intrusion. Sometimes he entertained hopes that he should be successful; at others his fears of a refusal were so great that he was almost tempted to give up the idea of endeavouring to interest the baron Koënigsmark in favour of the child.

Such was the conflict of emotions which agitated the mind of Illing, when a messenger arrived to inform him the baron was then at leisure.

Illing then, taking with him the little boy, for he thought the sight of so beautiful and friendless a child might add weight to his intreaties, and leaving Josephine shedding tears of sincerest grief for the death of the baroness, was conducted to the presence of the baron.

The feeble hope that Illing had before entertained, that Koënigsmark would relieve them from their present distressed situation, was greatly encouraged by the countenance and behaviour of the baron. Contrary to the haughty demeanour of count Schweitzer, the baron of Koënigsmark's manner was of that kind which does not fail to conciliate affection with veneration. His countenance expressed an innate benevolence of disposition, and the settled gloom which pervaded his features, far different from the ferocious spirit which breathed through Schweitzer's, was rather of a melancholic than of a severe and vindictive cast. His behaviour to Illing was affable and courteous; in short, such as could not but raise in him the highest expectations. The piercing eyes of the baron were attentively fixed on the humble reciter of no fictitious tale; and, when he had ended, he thus addressed him:

'Illing, the story you have just related appears to me, although of an extraordinary nature, by no means incredible. I well know Schweitzer's character; and, on the whole, am inclined to think what you have declared entitled to credit. Therefore, to evince my approbation of your conduct towards a friendless child, whom most others in your situation would have deserted, I here promise to allow you, annually, the sum of forty rix-dollars, and one of the cottages in my domain.'

Illing would have fallen at the baron's feet, and expressed his gratitude for so unexpected a favour, had not his generous benefactor prevented him by inquiring whether there was any peculiarity in the apparel of the child, or any trinket by which he might perhaps be recognised at some future period by his parents or relatives.

Illing replied in the negative; but added, that, a few paces distant from where the dying man lay extended, he saw something glittering on the ground, and, taking it up to examine, perceived it was a small gold watch; and judging it belonged to the murdered person, and might perhaps enable the parents to discover their child, he had taken care to preserve it.

The baron asked to see it, and it was immediately produced by the honest peasant. The watch was of no remarkable structure, perfectly plain and unadorned.

The baron was on the point of returning it, despairing, by that means, to obtain the wished-for information,

information, when he accidentally touched a secret spring, till then unperceived, and a paper fell from the cavity; which the baron opening, these words, apparently written with a pencil, appeared:

'May those benevolent persons who, induced by compassionate motives, shall undertake the care of this innocent but persecuted child, of an ancient and noble family, protect him from the vengeance of the unnatural count Schweitzer!'

Koënigsmark examined and re-examined, perused and re-perused the mysterious words; but no other writing appeared, and the above-mentioned words served only to heighten the mystery which overhung the infant boy.

The baron was returning the paper to the original place, when he suddenly started, his whole frame was agitated, and the watch dropped from his hand.

'Begone!' exclaimed he to Illing —'begone!'

The terrified cottager scarcely knew what he did, so surprised was he at the baron's sudden manner. But, recovering himself, he addressed him in a tone of most ardent supplication:

'It is not for myself, but this lovely boy, I plead. Oh! let the cause of humanity interest you in the favour of this friendless child, who, without your protection'.....

Here the little boy, who had hitherto been too much struck by the novelty of the surrounding objects to attend to the discourse, as if to join in the intreaty, took one hand of the baron, while he artlessly looked in his face. This action of the child seemed to move the baron, and his countenance appeared more tranquil, although still it was strongly agitated by contending emotions.

'No, innocent boy!' at last he exclaimed; 'you shall not suffer for a bare surmise: and, even if that surmise were just, still a father's guilt shall not extend to his son.'

He turned aside his head, as if anxious to suppress his feeling, and the cottager was too much astonished at the scene to attempt breaking the silence which ensued for some minutes. After a short pause, the baron once more addressed Illing:

'To-morrow you may call: in the mean time I will consider what can be done. Suffer the watch, during the interim, to remain with me, in order that I may examine it more attentively.'

The baron, saying these words, took from his pocket a purse.—'This,' said he, 'will suffice for your present necessities.'

Illing would have refused the proffered boon; but, fearful of offending the baron, he at last accepted it, and, after returning him many grateful thanks, bowed, and retired with the child.

(To be continued.)

EMILY VERONNE.

(Concluded from Vol. XXXII. p. 535.)

No sooner were the visitors announced, than Norton rushed into the room, introducing colonel Orville as a veteran just returned from America. A few explanatory words entirely removed the ladies' doubts respecting his apparent neglect, and all was soon amicably adjusted. The colonel then gave them a concise account of his adventures, and concluded by saying in his usual lively strain:

'I am now an old half-pay officer; yet intend recruiting again, wishing to inlist some little female under my shattered banners; and retire from the embattled field, to train her in the

the art of rural ease and domestic happiness; that is, Norton, I mean to beat up for recruits at Orville-castle, proceed with a quick march across the park, and halt at the ruins. Emily, I say, don't you, too, know my allusion? If you are dull of comprehension, here is a little chit who perfectly understands my meaning: her eyes confess it.'

Here he took the hand of Susan, adding:

'My little cousin Diffidence, you are unused to American manners. Why, you are as much abashed at this salutation of your old friend as if you were a perfect stranger!—Why, Norton, your sister should have travelled with me: a lesson or two I have learnt would have taught her to assume more confidence.'

After a pause, he resumed:

'Upon my soul! the pleasure I experience, on seeing friends so dear to my heart, almost overcomes my poor scattered senses. Ah! many and many a night, when the chill hollow winds have whistled around my tent, have I wished myself in the society of my English girls; and again, when morning dawned in the east, and I have risen invoking Heaven to terminate the bloody contest we were engaged in, then have I cast a wistful look over the swampy lands with which we were surrounded, which brought forcibly to my remembrance the bog in Orville-park; and I even fancied you, Susan, was tripping lightly along, to welcome me home. I vow it is a fact: you would actually have been a very great consolation to me, for a certain something was requisite to my felicity which those regions could not afford me.'

Mr. Veronne now put an end to their conversation. Norton apologised for his long absence, in such a manner as entirely removed all doubts respecting his conduct, and the evening was spent very comfortably. When the hour informed them it was time to retire, they very reluctantly broke up a party, in which each had enjoyed more happiness than for a great length of time before.

When the ladies were alone, Emily told Susan she was convinced she had made a conquest of the colonel; which they were all soon certain was actually the case. When he took his leave, with Norton, to visit his father, he said to Susan:

'My girl, in charity, sometimes spare a few minutes to think of him who has borne about your resemblance as the companion of his thoughts. My heart can stand the siege no longer: it must surrender at last. The horrors of the castle will be insupportable without a lively companion; therefore you, Susan, may as well make up your mind to come a volunteer to my head-quarters at Orville-castle.'

Both Emily and Norton soon perceived the colonel entertained a very favourable opinion of Susan; and it gave them much pleasure, as they were conscious he was not indifferent to her, and that it would be an union highly to her advantage, as she, in all probability, would be entirely unprovided for, as Mrs. Gregory had disowned her.

In a few days after their departure letters arrived to their respective ladies; for the colonel's contained proposals of marriage to Susan, with a full declaration of the passion he had long entertained for her, although compelled to endure it in silence, for fear of incurring the displeasure of his father. She returned him an answer, by the advice of Mr. Veronne, who was quite delighted to think she would be so well settled. In a few weeks every preliminary was finally adjusted, and they were to be united on the day which gave the aimable Emily to the enraptured

enraptured Norton. The ceremony was performed at the village-church, in the presence of the truly-penitent baron, and no longer inexorable Mrs. Gregory, who found her end fast approaching, and therefore consented to gratify the ardent wish of her now only relative, at least the only one she could bring herself to acknowledge, except her favourite Jessy.

Mrs. Gregory survived the day which completed Norton's happiness but a very short time. She left him sole heir to her immense property, with the exception of a handsome maintenance for Jessy, and a few legacies to favourite servants.

The baron lived to overcome all his elevated ideas of birth and ancient grandeur. The base conduct of Theresa had deeply wounded his aged bosom, and entirely extirpated every spark of ambition.

As for Theresa, finding herself deserted by all men of rank (such as the sentiments she had imbibed from infancy had taught her to expect as suitors), and, what was worse than all, despised by Norton, she eloped with a Frenchman: and, when he forsook her, found protection with a professed libertine, who soon became wearied out by her unbounded extravagance, and left her a prey to infamy and want, scorned by the world, and even those who had basked in her favour in the days of her wealth and prosperity, but who now spurned her from them. Disgusted with her own conduct, and agonised to think of the sorrow brought on her parent, and the wretchedness she had entailed on herself, she wandered up and down, a deplorable object, till death terminated all her sufferings, without having resolution enough, in her extremity, once to implore the compassion of her father.

Mr. and Mrs. Norton found the words of the poet truly verified in themselves:

——— 'Virtue sole survives;
Immortal, never-failing friend of man!'

his certain and only guide to permanent happiness.

——— 'What is the world to them,
Its pomp, its pleasure, and its nonsense all,
Who thus enjoy the bliss of virtuous love?'

Thus, after long being tossed to and fro on life's tempestuous ocean, with scarcely one ray of hope to cheer their sinking spirits, they are again placed in the paths of happiness, and enjoy at least as much felicity as this vain transitory world ever affords to its greatest favourites.

——— 'The seasons thus,
As ceaseless round a jarring world they roll,
Still find them happy; and consenting Spring
Sheds her own rosy garland on their heads;
Till evening comes at last, serene and mild;
When, after the long vernal day of life,
Enamour'd more as more remembrance swells
With many a proof of recollected love,
Together down they sink in social sleep:
Together freed, their gentle spirits fly
To scenes where love and bliss immortal reign.'

Colonel Orville and his lady were equally blessed. They were beloved by all their indigent neighbours for their munificence, and an example to the opulent worthy their imitation. The ruins, so memorable from an incident in their lives, were often visited by them, accompanied by Mr. Norton and his aimable lady. Every relic was preserved with the greatest care; even the seat raised when he took his departure for America: the mansion of the mercenary Mrs. Gregory was converted into a seat of hospitality, and visited by all the necessitous from miles around. Thus will we leave them to enjoy the fruits of a long and steady adherence to every virtuous principle, in all the trying vicissitudes

tudes of life, without murmur or complaint; always considering, with the poet, that 'whatever is is best.'

'Each has his lot, for so does Heaven ordain,
His stated share of happiness and pain;
And mortals best its just commands fulfill,
When they enjoy the good, and patient bear the ill.'.....
'For blessings ever wait on virtuous deeds;
And, though a late, a sure reward succeeds.'

ACCOUNT *of the new* COMIC OPERA *called* 'THE CABINET,' *performed for the first Time on Tuesday February* 9, *at the Theatre-Royal, Covent-Garden.*

THE characters were—

Curvoso, an old Italian nobleman,	Mr. Emery.
Lorenzo, his son,	Mr. Incledon.
Orlando, a young prince, in love with Curvoso's daughter,	Mr. Braham.
Whimsiculo, his valet,	Mr. Fawcett.
Marquis de Grand Château, a rich old French nobleman, rival to Orlando,	Mr. Blanchard.
Manikin, page to the marquis,	Mr. Simmons.
Peter, an Englishman, servant to Curvoso,	Mr. Munden.
First falconer,	Mr. King.
Second falconer,	Mr. Williams.
Attendants,	Messrs. Harley, Seaton, Wilkinson, Truman, &c.
Constantia, daughter to Curvoso,	Mrs. H. Johnston.
Floretto, her maid,	Signora Storace.
Crudelia, rival to Constantia,	Mrs. Dibdin.
Curiosa, her maid,	Mrs. Mattocks.
Leonora, sister to Orlando, and beloved by Lorenzo,	Mrs. Atkins.
Doralice, step-mother to Orlando,	Mrs. Powell.
Biancha, a fisherman's widow,	Mrs. Davenport.
Female attendants,	Mrs. Norton, Iliff, Castelle, Burnett, Lloyd, Masters, Findlay, &c.

SCENE—Italy, alternately on the adjoining territories of Curvoso and Orlando.

TIME—One day.

THE FABLE.

Curvoso, a rich but avaricious Italian count, has promised his daughter to Orlando, the independent prince of the adjoining territory; but upon the unexpected success of Orlando's enemies, who suddenly despoil him of his lands, Curvoso revokes his consent, and accepts the offer of an old French marquis, whose well-filled coffers are sufficient to render him amiable in the eyes of the old count, but not so in those of his daughter, who, after respectfully expostulating with her father on his former promises to Orlando, rejects the marquis with disdain. Whimsiculo, a confidential servant of Orlando's, is detected in an attempt to convey a letter to Constantia; and her father, glad of a pretext to break with Orlando entirely, orders all the presents and trinkets his daughter had received from the young prince to be instantly returned. Among them is a splendid *cabinet*, containing a beautiful *artificial bird*, which sings upon the pressure of a secret spring. In this cabinet Constantia conceals herself, to avoid the presence of the marquis, when her father, angry at not finding her, and that the presents still remained in her apartment, orders them all to be instantly removed; and, seconded by the entreaties of the marquis, he thus unknowingly sends away his daughter to the very man he wished her to avoid. The palace of Curvoso is described to be at a very short distance from that of Orlando, to which, accompanied by her faithful attendant Floretta, Constantia is conveyed. Orlando, who mourns the return of his seemingly rejected presents, is doubly impressed with joy when he beholds the object of his affection, who accompanies them. He determines to solicit Curvoso once more, in hopes that the escape

escape of Constantia will alter her father's determination, and to back his suit with the pleasing intelligence that he has repulsed his enemies, and regained his territories. In the mean time, that the reputation of Constantia may not run the risk of censure, she remains secluded in an apartment of the palace, accessible only to her attendant Floretta, who is to make the bird in the cabinet sing, as a signal of her approach, and Orlando is to announce his return by a token nearly similar.

This arrangement is overheard by Curiosa, the waiting-maid of Crudelia, who is enamoured of Orlando, and who, finding herself rejected, displays all the vindictive rancour of Italian jealousy. By the above-mentioned information of her servant she is led to examine the cabinet, searches for the secret spring which is to animate the bird, and, by giving the signal of Floretta's supposed approach, succeeds in getting Constantia in her power, whom she commits to the custody of four bravoes, who are ordered to imprison her in an apartment of the palace (which overlooks a lake) till she can be sent back with disgrace to her father, or effectually concealed from the pursuit of Orlando. Doralice, the step-mother of the prince, assists the cause of Crudelia, but, at the same time, tempers the resentments of the latter so far as to preserve Constantia from any further personal violence than that of confinement.

Orlando perfectly succeeds with Curvoso in procuring the dismissal of the marquis. The old count also consents to strengthen the alliance by giving his son Lorenzo to Leonora, the sister of Orlando, to whose palace they joyfully repair; and Orlando, leading them to the apartment where he had left Constantia, triumphantly gives the signal of his return, but is distracted at finding the apartment empty. Some one is then heard to breathe in the cabinet; which revives Orlando, who, supposing that Constantia may have been induced to seek further concealment in it, breaks it open, and is again disappointed at discovering Floretta, who, in whimsical terror, informs him that she had taken refuge there to avoid the fury of the ladies who had carried off her mistress.

During this, Constantia, in endeavouring to escape from the window of her prison, falls into the lake which flows beneath, but is saved, and conveyed to a fisherman's hut on a small island by Peter, an old servant of her father's, who had been unjustly discharged by him, and is thus avenged by preserving the daughter of a man whose own life he had formerly saved, and had followed him from England, his native home.

Constantia sends Peter with a letter to the abbess of a neighbouring convent, to request shelter till she can make peace with her father; justly considering the misfortunes that have befallen her elopement as a punishment for breach of duty. The abbess sends the letter to Crudelia, who, finding Orlando's passion for Constantia unalterable, and partly repenting of her jealousy, generously renounces her own wishes, and informs Orlando where to find his mistress. Her father, lover, and relations, repair in their gondolas to the island on the lake. Constantia, fearful of Crudelia's emissaries, has taken the disguise of a reputed witch, who is supposed to be dumb; and, before she discovers herself to her friends, informs them (through Biancha, the fisherman's widow, who explains her signs) of several inci-

dents in their own lives, which make them give credit to her supernatural pretensions, and insist on her producing Constantia upon pain of death. She then throws off her disguise, explains her obligations to Peter and Biancha, and the piece concludes with general reconciliation.

The subservient incidents of the opera result from the courtship of Whimsiculo and Floretta, and the jealousy of Curiosa, who loves Whimsiculo, and apes her mistress Crudelia in her persecution of her rival. The character of Peter is also a very prominent feature of the piece, and appears drawn with a view to pourtray the genuine honesty, bravery, and feeling, of a British seaman.

The circumstances happen within the compass of one day. The opera begins at sun-rise, with a view of Curvoso's castle. The second act is in the gardens and palace of Orlando, at mid-day; and the last act concludes with a moon-light view of the cottage on the lake.

This opera, which is from the pen of Mr. T. Dibdin, may be termed an agreeable dramatic illusion, by which the spectator is led from one scene to another, without a rigid adherence to those rules which constitute a superior effort of the Muse. The story is frequently complicated, and now and then indebted to the powers of romance; but the whole is such a combination of dialogue, scenery, and music, as, with some exceptions, is well calculated to display the abilities of the various performers. No wonder then that it was received with those flattering testimonies of approbation which best bespeak public partiality. As a lyrical composition, 'The Cabinet' deserves considerable panegyric; many of the songs or airs indicating those sympathies which make a strong impression on the human mind: some of the most favourite may be therefore viewed as aiming at a popularity beyond the common reach of the theatre. If the dialogue be deficient in wit, it has much sprightliness; and that vivacity, aided by the active exertions of the players, covered the author, according to the French phrase, if not with glory, at least with temporary applause. 'The Cabinet' proves, what has been demonstrated ere now, that the author is a good judge of stage-effect—for the plot, the machinery, the music, all conspired to the attainment of the same object. The new opera had this singularity, that it was productive of the united powers of Incledon and Braham, whose different votaries will be highly pleased with the exertions of their respective favourites. Those who prefer nature to art, or the fascinating strains of English simplicity, will vote for the former performer; those who admire the most extraordinary efforts of the Italian school, in which very difficult passages are executed to the surprise of the audience, will be unbounded in their plaudits of the latter. To all the performers the author is very much indebted. Storace entered into the true spirit of her part, and accompanied the pleasantries of Fawcett in a very happy manner. Munden, Mrs. Mattocks, Mrs. Atkins, and Mrs. H. Johnston, were very successful in the parts allotted to them. The house was uncommonly crowded; the *encores* were frequent; and the piece was announced for a repetition amidst the loudest applause.

*** For a specimen of the songs, see the POETRY.

ESSAY

ESSAY *on* FASHION.

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

IT is at present the fashion to write; and perhaps never did fashion exercise a more universal dominion. I do not pretend to have more sense than is customary; I shall therefore write, and even write upon fashion: it will be to render it a double homage, to make it the subject of my reflexions.

Careful observers have written on this subject as rigid moralists; but I shall only treat it with the levity of a female. By this I shall at once adapt my style to the spirit of my subject, and the extent of my understanding; but ought we always to discuss in a light and frivolous manner what is in itself so important, though so futile?

Fashion is an ingenious Proteus, an ever-changeable cameleon, who can metamorphose herself in every possible manner, and assume all figures, all colours, and all forms. Here she presents herself as a feather or a coquet, a toy or a romance; and there as a handkerchief or a singer, a grace or an extravagance. She clothes herself in purple and diamonds, when her caprice consults pride and art; and embellishes herself with the ornaments of simplicity, when she takes counsel of the Graces and of Nature. The sister of Inconstancy and Coquetry, she seeks to captivate by turns every different taste and every various character.

Sometimes she is a timid virgin who conceals her beauties with the veil of modesty; now a bolder fair-one who, with a thin gauze, but half covers her charms, and now a courtesan who leaves nothing between the eye of the world and nudity. Yesterday she borrowed the whiteness of the robe of winter; to-day the jonquil and the rose lend their colours; to-morrow the azure of the heavens will have its turn.

Is a battle gained? She seizes the name of the victory, and, uniting herself to the glorious remembrance, hastens to make the tour of the world and of toilettes. Have the tresses of a female in favour been deranged by too eager haste; they are perhaps re-adjusted by a rib-band, the knots of which are suffered to float as chance directs on her forehead; and nothing more is necessary to cause all Europe to be attired with top-knots. Thus have the thousand fashions which reign by turns an origin sometimes illustrious and sometimes ridiculous.

What I have said doubtless conveys but a very imperfect idea of what I have attempted to describe. But who can be expected faishfully to copy a model which is perpetually in motion? Who can delineate exactly a tree continually agitated by the wind? Fashion is that tree. Were I to re-commence her portrait, I would paint Inconstancy or Extravagance, and write under—'This is Fashion.'

Nothing more clearly proves the idea generally entertained of fashion than the mode of speaking customary with those who are willing to confess themselves unacquainted with it. They ascribe to it every thing which, with respect to manners or dress, appears to them absurd or handsome, elegant or ridiculous. Thus, if they see any unusual decoration or extraordinary novelty in dress, they never fail to say or think that probably it is the fashion.

Make a rag into a doll, and the little girl to whom you give the toy will, under that name and form, kiss it with transport. Such is the history of fashions: with respect to them, we are all little girls.

The extravagance of a fashion

ought to be a preservative against its adoption, or at least a remedy to cure us of its infection; but it is with the caprices of fashion as with those of the sex, that which ought to render us averse from them is precisely the charm which attracts us to them.

To adorn and please is the object of all fashions. They are therefore misplaced, and at least relatively ridiculous as often as they do not attain this end in the opinion of the greater number. But there is a party-spirit among the people of fashion which nothing can modify, and which continually leads astray their vanity: they will only be tried by their peers; they seek only the suffrages of those who resemble them, and account the censure of all others as nothing.

What renders them so ridiculous, is less the fashions they follow than the importance they attach to them.

To judge of a fashion by the impression it makes the first time it is seen, is often to prepare the way for a speedy confession of error and self-contradiction. But a few days hence, and you will find delightful what appeared so offensive. In like manner, do not admire too vehemently, but distrust the illusion of habit or prejudice, or you will be exposed to another inconvenience; as in a short time you may be obliged to condemn what has appeared to you charming; the model of elegance will be found to be only the type of bad taste.

When a fashionable man makes a ridiculous apology for a ridiculous mode, leave the question to time, and you will not have occasion to trouble yourself to frame an answer; for the fashion will change, and he will then be of your opinion much more decidedly than you are yourself.

An ancient fashion is a curiosity; a fashion which was lately in vogue, but is so no longer, is a ridiculous absurdity; a reigning fashion is a grace. Happily time renders justice to all disgraced forms and colours. In a very few years a grace becomes an absurdity, and an absurdity a grace; or, at least, the one begins to become a curiosity when the other is only ridiculous.

Modes and their vicissitudes so much excite general curiosity, that we every where seek their records and history. The propriety of the dresses is essential on the stage, since without it the illusion would not be complete. It is not sufficient that Iphigenia, Phædra, or Portia, express themselves in harmonious or sublime verse, we require that their dress should exhibit the fashions of Argos, Athens, and Rome.

We expect that a traveller should accurately describe to us the dress of the inhabitants of the countries he has traversed; that is to say, that he should inform us of the state of fashion among the people of whom he gives us an account; otherwise we consider his work as imperfect.

An author impairs his health, and renounces at once pleasure and idleness, to turn over in his study forgotten books and worm-eaten manuscripts. He translates, comments on them, explains them, and then delivers to the world the labour of his life in a book which is acknowledged to be equally curious and instructive. What is the foundation of his fame? No doubt a subject extremely interesting. It is: for his work treats of ancient fashions; in fact, it is a dissertation on the dress of several ancient nations.

If a man, or even a woman, were to be continually employed in studying, describing, and making observations on the fashions of the day, they would certainly be considered as nearly insane, or at least as persons

sons of a very trivial understanding. Yet this ridiculous man, this frivolous woman, are the learned of future times, the antiquaries of posterity.

Fashion, relatively to the mass of individuals, is precisely in the inverse ratio of what it is with respect to each of these taken separately. It is in their youth that men adore it, and in their old age that nations idolise it. Polished nations are amiable courtesans, whose coquetry increases with age.

In fact, politeness, by its nature, must necessarily introduce the dominion of fashion. The more the mind becomes enlightened, the more is the taste refined: the acuteness of perceptions produces mutability of sentiments; and extreme delicacy of taste is the parent of inconstancy and the love of novelty.

Whatever may be the habits and manners of the object beloved, they are always those which please us most. When fashion, therefore, is that object, it is natural that all its forms, whatever they may be, should appear to us pleasing. The most ridiculous and extravagant mode will consequently always have a number of simple men and frivolous women ever ready to defend and praise it. In their estimation the name alone of the fashion is a complete answer to every objection, justifies every thing, embellishes every thing. Fashion pleases them by her inconstancy, enchants them by her caprices, and consoles them for all the ridicule that may be cast upon them. When Reason attempts to weigh the advantages or disadvantages of the mode, each of the votaries of Fashion, after the example of the Gaul who threw his sword into the scale, throws in her robe or her shawl, and the most impartial employs some artifice to make the inconveniences appear less than they really are.

A violent passion can alone cure a coquette of her love for the fashion; and even this receipt is not infallible. Champfort mentions a woman who quarrelled irreconcileably with her lover, because he had put on his stocking wrong, and ill-adjusted his powder.

A young and handsome woman, who is only a demi-coquette, and but half in love with the fashion, is considered as sensible and rational; while a man who is the same in exactly the same proportion passes for a simpleton. Hence we may conclude, that to be a woman and handsome is to be privileged to play the simpleton with impunity.

Wits are the coquettes of the republic of letters: there are therefore among them, almost always, writers who are in fashion for the time. A man of letters, who is in fashion, is run after and idolised almost as much as the fop who is renowned for his successful gallantries, or the fool of exorbitant wealth who is willing to lavish his money for flattery; but it is not so much his wit or learning, as his celebrity, that is admired. It is the fashion to caress him, to listen to him, and to invite him to dinner and supper. The proof of this is, that, to the man who has nothing to recommend him but real abilities, no person is at home; or, if he is received, it is with the coldest politeness. He is given to understand that those who value themselves so much on their merit ought to have the merit of the fashion, or not to intrude into genteel company. He is then suffered to retire, as soon as he pleases, to his lodgings; where, in the most undisturbed seclusion, he may take his tea, and continue his studies.

'We erect altars to genius, to friendship,

friendship, and to courage,' said a man of wit; 'but all the private cabinets are open to folly.' He should have said to fashion: it is true, they are often the same; but, as they are not so always, it is not right to confound them.

Yet the fashion with many persons is, not to follow the fashion: they profess to contemn and criticise it. These people are as ridiculous in the eyes of those who follow the established fashion, as the latter are represented by them. They therefore vie with each other in satire and sarcasm, and it is to be presumed that they are pretty equal in this contest. Neither of them ever examine into the real merits of the fashion, nor whether it is adopted or condemned by good taste; it is sufficient that it is the fashion, for the one to praise and the others to censure it. It appears so graceful, so charming to the one, that it seduces even those to whom it is utterly unsuitable; while the others are so prejudiced against it, that they would scruple to adopt it, though it were useful, commodious, and agreeable. Whatever may be the reason, it may be held as almost a general rule, that those who attack the fashion are almost always the most reasonable, and those who defend it the most amiable persons.

Fashion, in one respect, resembles Love: Youth follows and adores it; Old-age censures and condemns it. The age in which the truest judgment may be formed of it, and in which it is usually discussed with most good sense, is that which is no longer exactly suited to the fashion of the day, nor absolutely restricted to that which is antiquated.

When you meet an old man who does not declaim too much against the fashion, you may boldly pronounce that he has never been its slave, but, with respect to it, has always been rational; and if, in the contrary case, you pass an opposite judgment, you will rarely find that you have formed a wrong opinion.

There are more old men than old women who speak of the fashion with impartiality; for almost all the latter have an irresistible propensity to launch out into violent and spiteful invectives against it. This is an immediate consequence of what has been before observed; for we find many more women than men who are the passionate votaries of fashion.

I have said violent and spiteful invectives, and in fact it is less the sentiment of offended taste than the bitterness of regret that dictates their censure. But, even when their satire is unjust, they act more commendably in amusing themselves with railing at the fashion, than in magnifying the defects they think they can discover in the characters of their neighbours.

What can be a more ridiculous sight, than to see those who are oppressed with the burden of years feebly and tardily endeavouring to pursue this light and fugitive idol? The dress, as well as the discourse, of old age ought to have a reference to past times.

Let not, however, any little absurdities of this kind, which may be committed by those who are evidently past their prime, be too lightly made the topic of censorious observation and ridicule by the youthful and gay. Inexorable Time will but too soon demand his victim. Let us crown her with flowers, if this ornament yields an amusement which consoles her, and a bandage that hides from her view the sword ready to immolate her.

Fashion is frequently injurious to the natural graces and effect of beauty,

Engraved for the Ladies Magazine, Feb.y 1802.

Mutlow Sc. Rayhell Ct.

PARIS DRESS.

beauty, and is almost always its most dangerous enemy. Truth invented mirrors, but Vanity has perverted the use of them.

It is not sufficient to attend to our age, we must observe and adapt our dress to our figure. A noble and simple elegance suits all features and all ages.

Elegance is to the fashion, what a handsome woman without *rouge* is to a coquette who uses it. Elegance is allied to taste, and fashion to spirit and vivacity. The former pleases generally, but the latter pleases more those whom it does please. The one is successful, the other triumphs; but the success of the former is more durable, and the triumph of the latter only for a moment.

Elegance has a real merit; fashion depends on circumstances and local situations. Elegance is elegance everywhere and always.

The delicate adaptation of dress and ornament to the figure and features; the art of following the fashion with taste; that is to say, of only borrowing so much from it as suits the person, and must please, without, however, appearing to infringe its laws; this art is to dress what the Graces are to Beauty.

Fashion and Reason are two powers almost always at variance. At present, when negotiations are so much in vogue, and the whole world seems to tend towards reconciliation, might not means be found to induce them to sign the following treaty? Might we not, if I may so express myself, contrive to render Reason fashionable, and Fashion reasonable?

I. From the date of this day hostilities shall cease, and all grievances be forgotten on both sides between Fashion and Reason.

II. Reason shall cease to inveigh against Fashion, and Fashion to represent Reason as ridiculous.

III. Reason shall restrain and guide the caprices of Fashion; and Fashion correct the harangues of Reason.

IV. Reason shall defend Fashion against the incessantly repeated attacks of the gloomily censorious, and of old women.

V. Fashion shall make no alteration without consulting Reason.

VI. The troops of Reason shall wear the uniform of those of Fashion; and the troops of Fashion be disciplined like those of Reason.

VII. Reason shall supply Fashion with the subsidies necessary for the maintenance of her power; and Fashion shall furnish graces to Reason, in quality of auxiliary troops.

VIII. In fine, Reason shall no longer be distrustful and censorious; and Fashion shall break off all alliance with Bad Taste and Folly.

PARISIAN FASHIONS.

(With an Engraving elegantly coloured.)

THE head-dress for undress is frequently only a piece of muslin, sometimes enlivened with pearls: pearls are likewise the usual ornaments for head-dress. In full-dress turbans are principally worn.

White satin hats, pretty low upon the eyes, and surmounted with two white feathers, seem to be a favourite head-dress. Generally turbans are made of two colours, crimson and white, or black and white. The draperies are sometimes tied up with cords of pearl. The head-dresses of entire hair present a remarkable particularity. It is a tuft of hair, all in disorder, which forms a contrast with the plaited locks, which come down upon the temples. Orange colour has not long enjoyed an exclusive favour. Several *élégantes* have

have resumed the rose; others have decided upon the *shamoy*. The bows of ribbands, which have been for a long time united in a bunch upon the front of the hats, are now in stages one above another. The fashion of Spencers of white satin, trimmed with swansdown, has not passed away, nor that of short *pélisses* trimmed in the same manner, and which are no longer called *à-la-Mameluke*, but *à-la-Nelson*. The Nelson of the English differs from the *pélisse* of the French in the cestus, which is pinked and about two fingers breadth, and in the trimming, which is frequently of lace, of silk fringe, and a round collar in the pilgrim style, placed under a standing-up collar. The square cloth shawls embroidered in gold, in stripes or flowers, with a golden tassel in the shape of an egg at each of the corners, which hang at the sides, are the most distinguished. Those of greatest sale with the merchants are the India muslin shawls of seven quarters with large foliage, and printed abroad. The morning-robes in highest esteem are calicoes of a soot-colour ground with rose flowers. Some *élégantes* of the first order of fashion have appeared with short muslin robes trimmed at the bottom with a narrow lace. We observed at the late balls some very elegant rose-coloured dominos, but the greater number were black. The necklaces of newest fashion are the necklaces *à-la-Romaine*, with twisted branches, bearing sometimes one, and sometimes three flat pieces of cornelian or agate of an oval shape, placed either lengthways across, or standing up; sometimes the pieces are square. The combs, a great article of luxury, are arched above in the shape of a diadem, chased in gold, with three cornelians or painted ornaments.

Orange is the prevailing colour. We observe upon white satin hats broad orange ribbands. Several velvet hats are entirely of that colour. They make also of orange satin square Polish hats, with flat crowns. They are tied with a ribband of the same colour under the chin, and leave a few ringlets of hair visible on the back of the neck, and at the sides. Sometimes they have a large bunch of black hair on the right temple; and sometimes a little border of swansdown. These hats are coming into fashion. Another new head-dress is a white straw hat, *à-la-Pamela*, with a broad leaf, turned up. It is worn on the side of the head, and has a band of cherry or orange-coloured ribband round the crown, ornamented with steel pearls, and fastened by a steel buckle. The turbans are either spangled, or adorned with gold or silver *chefs*. They begin to be rare. In general we find that the milliners have, in their turn, more business than the hair-dressers. We have noticed within these few days, on the promenade, a great many lace veils, laid upon the leaf of the hats, spaced out in their full length and breadth, and falling perpendicularly over the face. Some dress-hats of white satin have a white feather pendent; others, two large white feathers placed on the front of the hat, one above the other. The English *douillette*, or opera-coat, is much worn, but it reaches only a little below the knee.

The three-cornered hat, cocked *à-la-Russe*, with from eight to nine inches of leaf, makes a ball *costume* for our men of fashion. Over the cockade, which, without a close inspection, is not easily distinguishable from a foreign one, are two or three little ends of ribbands in the shape of a fan, which they call *zephyrs*. Our *élégantes* still adhere to turbans for full-dress, and adorn them

them with an *esprit*. Since rose has ceased to be the prevailing colour for hats, every milliner consults only her own taste in that particular, whether they are of satin or velvet. Yellow satin hats, with a black velvet drapery, are not uncommon, and we see a great many of *capucine*. Almost all the hats have a tuft of ribbands in front pretty high and prominent. The square shawls have their golden borders broader than at the commencement of the fashion. We see some of cherry colour, saffron, and amaranthus cloth.

In the masked balls the female *élégantes* seem to have adopted the rose dominos. The young men of fashion have, for their uniform, a short coat, and Russian hat.

LONDON FASHIONS.

A FULL or dancing-dress of white muslin; the train very long, and trimmed round the bottom with black and yellow trimming; over the train a plain drapery, nearly meeting behind, and trimmed all round with a trimming the same as the train; the back plain, and ornamented with alternate bows of black and yellow; full sleeves of lace and muslin. Small hat of white satin, turned up in front, and ornamented with black and yellow ostrich feathers.

An evening or opera-dress, made of white satin, and trimmed with swansdown fur. A mantle of the same, trimmed also with swansdown. A hat of black velvet, ornamented with one large white ostrich feather.

The prevailing colours are scarlet, purple, yellow, and brown. Short *pélisses*, lined with scarlet or purple, and trimmed all round with fur, are very much worn; the petticoats are generally trimmed with narrow flounces. Except in very full-dress, flowers are more adopted than feathers; the most favourite flowers at present are, those intermixed with steel beads and bugles.

An heart in chains, suspended between two gold or diamond pins, is worn in the handkerchief. The heart is usually of cornelian, the chains of gold, finely tinted. We hope this is not emblematical that ladies retain their lovers' hearts by chains of gold, instead of love.

A dress of pale pink crape, sloped entirely off one side, and reaching to the edge of the petticoat on the other; the petticoat of Italian sarsenet, usually white; both bordered with laurel leaves of green foil.

Small white satin hats, in the Spanish style, turned up in front, with or without a loop, and down on one side. Three white ostrich feathers, tipped with blue; two waving over the crown of the hat, and one the contrary way. Caps of scarlet velvet, ornamented in front with a bunch of white jessamine, and surrounded with a band of pearls.

A dress of brown Italian sarsenet, made like the habit of a nun; long loose sleeves; pearl bracelets above the wrists and above the elbows. Half-dress, scarlet or white satin; long scarfs trimmed with broad black lace, or white ermine, are much worn.

The *Bonapartian hat* is coming into vogue; it consists of white or salmon-coloured satin, made in the form of a helmet, surrounded with a wreath of laurel, and worn much on one side.

Plain white chip hats, in the gipsy style, without any ornament whatever, tied carelessly under the chin, with pea-green or pink ribband.

The *Archer-dress*; a petticoat without any train, with a border of green or blue; a blue or green sarsenet boddice, Vandyked at bottom; loose *chemise* sleeves, and no handkerchief. The head-dress, a small white or blue satin hat, turned up in front.

Brown, grey, or olive silk stockings, with yellow or orange clocks, are worn by the ladies to walk in.

Feathers and flowers continue to be much worn, and wreaths of roses on the hair for full-dress, in preference to more cumbrous ornaments.

Small watches are worn by a few dashing *belles* on their bosoms, not bigger than the round of an half-guinea.

OBSERVATIONS *on the* DOG.

[*From Daniel's 'Rural Sports.'*]

SO much has been said of the services of this animal in all ages, and of the predominancy of its friendship towards man, that to compile its history would be to mark the progress of civilisation, and to follow the gradual advancement of that order which placed man at the head of the brute creation. Man, deprived of this faithful ally, would unsuccessfully resist the foes that on all sides surround him, seeking every opportunity to destroy his labour, attack his person, and encroach upon his property. His own vigilance cannot secure him against the rapacity of the one, nor his utmost exertions overcome the speed of the other. Some animal was essential to insure his safety; and where, amidst the various classes of them, could one be selected so well-adapted for this purpose? Where have zeal, fidelity, boldness, and obedience, been so happily united as in the *dog?* More tractable than man, and more pliant than any other animal, the *dog* is not only speedily instructed, but even conforms himself to the movements and habits of those who govern him. Savage must that nature be, which can ill treat a creature who has renounced his liberty to associate with man, to whose service his whole life is devoted; who, sensible of every kindness, is grateful for the smallest favour, whilst the harshest usage cannot make him unfaithful: he licks the hand that has just been lifted to strike him, and at last disarms resentment by submissive perseverance. The *dog* guards by night, and by day amuses his master: from his desire of pleasing, he runs with cheerfulness and alacrity to his master's foot, where he lays down his courage, his strength, and his talents; and, from pure sentiments of affection, he is the only companion that will not forsake him in adversity.

To conceive the importance of this species in the order of nature, let us suppose that it never existed. Without the aid of the *dog*, how could man have conquered, tamed, and reduced the other animals into slavery? For his own security, it was necessary to form a party among the animals themselves, to conciliate, by care and caresses, those which were capable of fidelity and obedience, that he might oppose them to noxious and savage beasts: hence the training of the *dog* seems to have engaged the early attention of man, and the result of this act was, the conquest and peaceable possession of the earth.

To most animals nature has been more liberal than to man in agility, swiftness, and strength, and has armed and fortified them better. Their senses (and particularly that of smelling) are more perfect: to have brought over to our interest, therefore, a bold and tractable race, whose acuteness of scent is one of their peculiar properties, was to acquire

acquire a new faculty; and this living improvement, presented by the hand of nature to our defective sense of smelling, furnishes us with permanent resources for supreme dominion. The *dog*, ever faithful to man, will maintain a portion of his empire, will always preserve a degree of superiority above the other animals. He reigns at the head of a flock, and is better heard than the voice of the shepherd; safety and discipline are the fruits of his vigilance and activity.

In large tracts, that are solely appropriated to the feeding of sheep and other cattle, immense flocks may be seen ranging over those extensive wilds, seemingly without control; but their watchful guardian, the *dog*, under the direction of the shepherd, prevents them from straggling, leads them from one part of their pasture to another, suffering no stranger to intrude. If the herdsman be at any time absent from the flock, he depends upon the *dog* to keep them together; and so soon as the shepherd gives the well-known signal, this faithful creature conducts them to his master, though at a considerable distance. Sheep and cattle are a people submitted to his management, whom he prudently accompanies and protects, never employing force against them, except for the preservation of peace and good order; but in war against his enemies, or wild animals, the *dog* makes a full display of his courage and intelligence. As soon as the horn or voice of the hunter gives the alarm, he announces, by his emotions and cries, his impatience: and when the natural and acquired talents of the *dog* are united, when he has learned to repress his ardour and regulate his movements, he then hunts artificially, and is always certain of success.

The *dog* may be affirmed to be the only animal whose fidelity is unshaken; who, always knowing his master, and the family in which he resides, distinguishes a stranger as soon as he arrives; who understands his own name, and calls on his master, if lost, by cries and lamentations; who in long journeys, which he has travelled but once, remembers and traces out the roads: in fine, it is the *dog* alone, of all other animals, whose natural talents are conspicuous, and whose education is ever successful.

In wild animals, which know no restraint in food, freedom, or climate, the stamp of nature is preserved in its original purity. Not so those creatures which have long been under the management of man, which he has transported from clime to clime, and altered their manner of living: they must neccessarily have suffered in their form and habits. The *dog* is most subject to alterations occasioned by physical influence; his temperament, faculties, and habits, vary prodigiously; no less so than the figure of his body. In the same country, *dogs* greatly differ, and, in different climates, the very species seem to be changed. From these causes, the varieties are so numerous, it is almost impossible to recognise them. Their size, figure, form of the head, length and direction of the ears and tail, colour, quantity of hair, &c. must be attributed to the same causes, namely, from his docility and obedience, being susceptible of every impression, and submissive to every restriction. To an attentive observer of the canine race, it is wonderful to see the rapid changes, and singular combinations of forms, arising from the promiscuous intercourse. They appear in endless succession, and more like the effect of whimsical caprice than the regular production of nature.

POETICAL ESSAYS.

SONGS
IN THE NEW COMIC OPERA—'THE CABINET.'

SONG.—PETER.—*(Moorehead.)*

SAYS the fable so pat, Once a man had a cat,
Of beauty and manners uncommon;
With wonderful taste she could swallow a rat, [and all that,
Wash her face with a grace, ogle, pur,
Till her master, who didn't know what to be at,
Pray'd Venus to make her a woman.
Thus a strange metamorphosis Love brought about, [came out,
Her ears they sunk in, and her nose it
While her whiskers and tail
Found their offices fail;
And her eyes, bright and green as gooseberries,
Turn'd black as two sloes,
Claws to fingers and toes,
And her lips to a couple of cherries.
Puss married her master—but short his delight,
Repentance in wedlock is common:
She slept all the day, kept awake all the night;
He thought she could swear, and he knew she could fight,
And woe to a mouse, if it came in her sight!
Which proves a cat can't be a woman.
Hubby's prayers, now, a second exchange brought about,
Her nose it fell in, and her ears they grew out,
While her whiskers and tail
No longer did fail,
Her lips no more pouted like cherries.
She had claws to her toes,
And her eyes from black sloes
Turn'd to two pretty little gooseberries.

DUET.—WHIMSICULO and FLORETTA.—*(Reeve.)*

Whimsiculo.
NEVER think of meeting sorrow,
Grief, perhaps, may miss his way;
Or, if doom'd to fret to-morrow,
Let's not lose our laugh to-day,
Both. But sing Fal lal la!

Floretta.
Yet, when those we love are crying,
Surely that must spoil your mirth;
To their tears our tears replying,
Friendship, then, gives sorrow birth.
Both. Never think, &c.

Floretta.
Sand will sink, while pleasure's mounted,
Time your joys may undermine;
Whimsiculo.
Give me, if time *must* be counted,
Minute glasses filled with wine.
Both. Never think, &c.

SONG.—WHIMSICULO.—*(Reeve.)*

A bachelor leads an easy life,
Few folks that are wed live better;
A man may live well with a very good wife,
But the puzzle is, *how* to get her;
There are *pretty good* wives, and *pretty bad* wives, [t'other;
And wives neither one thing nor
And as for the wives who scold all their lives,
I'd sooner wed Adam's grandmother.
Then, ladies and gents, if to marriage inclin'd,
May deceit or ill-humour ne'er trap ye!
May those who are single get wives to their mind, [py!
And those who are married live hap-
Some chuse their ladies for ease or for grace, [walking;
Or a pretty turn'd foot as they're
Some chuse for a figure, and some for a face;
But very few chuse 'em for talking.
Now, as for the wife I cou'd follow through life,
'Tis she who can speak sincerely;
Who, not over nice, can give good advice,
And love a good husband dearly.
So, ladies and gents, when to wedlock inclin'd,
May deceit nor ill-humour e'er trap ye!
May those who are single find wives to their mind,
And may those who are married live happy!

AIR.—

AIR.—LORENZO.—*(Davy.)*

How blest was I, when late you smil'd
On her whom I adore!
Delusive hope the hours beguil'd,
But hope is, now, no more.

Thus on a last remaining stay
The shipwreck'd wretch relies;
The surges dash his bark away;
He struggles, sinks, and dies.

So I, when late a parent smil'd
On her whom I adore,
With hope's vain dream my hours beguil'd,
But hope is, now, no more.

SONG.—LORENZO.—*(Davy.)*

IN Britain, the soil which true liberty yields,
Where the lads of the chace leave repose for the fields,
The hunter, so happy, bestrides his gay steed,
While distance and danger but add to his speed—
Who, dashing along,
Gives Echo the song:
She, blithely, returns it the whole of the day,
With, Hark! the merry horn calls us away.

By exercise brac'd, ev'ry bosom must warm,
And health, joy, and mirth, each assume a new charm,
Dian, Bacchus, and Venus, by turns take a place,
And day and night's joys are the fruits of the chace;
Which, dashing along,
Gave Echo the song, &c.

SONG.

TO Hope, that brightest star of love,
I bid a sorrowful farewell;
For here, within this silent grove,
As solemn tolls the ev'ning bell,
I'll mourn his loss, and sing his knell:

Or on some moss-grown turf repose,
The dewy light of morn to hail,
Where echoes oft repeat my woes,
As sadly sighs the balmy gale,
To hear my lover's funeral knell.

Spirits! if e'er you wander near
My love's unhallow'd grassy bed,
Oh bear this soul-impassion'd tear,
To grace the relics of the dead;
And say that here you saw me dwell,
To weep and sing his funeral knell.
Cambridge.

VERSES

WRITTEN IN JANUARY.

The Morn, late rising o'er the drooping world,
Lifts her pale eye unjoyous.' THOMSON.

CREATION mourns, stript of her brilliant robe;
For savage Winter, arm'd with pow'r despotic, [feature.
Has robb'd her of each heart-attracting
Where now the beauteous variegated tribes,
Which deck'd the yellow meads and laughing fields, [hours?
When sunny June led on the joyous
Where is the gale whose aromatic breath [Where's the Zephyr
Perfum'd my evening ramble?—
That gaily danc'd around the fragrant woodbine?

No mounting sky-larks, with harmonious matins, [blackbirds
Now usher in the morn; nor merry
Tune a soft *requiem* to departing day.

No more at midnight, to the list'ning grove, [nests)
(While other birds repose in downy
Sweet Philomel chants her 'love-labour'd song.'

The trees have long resign'd their leafy vestments; [scape
The beauty of the eye-delighting land-
Is fled; and hill and valley look forlorn.

While Winter reigns, with stern, tyrannic sway [in my cot,
O'er earth's broad scene, may I, with-
Taste those calm joys which spring from mild content!

Then, seated by a comfortable fire,
And bless'd with social friends and pleasing books,
I'll sit at ease, nor heed the howling tempests. JOHN WEBB.
Haverhill.

ON THE DEATH OF A MUCH-LAMENTED YOUTH.

'Ye, on whose hopes the cheering morn of life
Distils its dew-drops, here, attentive, pause.'
COLLIER.

WHEN tender, much-lov'd youths resign their breath,
And sink into the icy grasp of Death;
When such strong ties by destiny are broke,
Parental minds sustain an heavy stroke.
Fond Nature weeps, and let her feeling tear
Bedew with briny drops the early bier;
Grief will have vent:—the rising sigh suppress
Tortures, with double pangs, the aching breast.
But Faith can soon illuminate the gloom,
And look with triumph on the dreary tomb;
Her piercing eye can take a wide survey,
And enter the bright courts of endless day.
There happy spirits join angelic throngs,
Strike golden harps, and sing immortal songs;
And infant-cherubs their glad voices raise,
To swell the chorus of eternal praise.
Translated from a scene of toil and care.
Lamenting friends, your dear-lov'd William 's there.
Oh, could he view you from those glitt'ring spheres,
He 'd chide your grief, and wonder at your tears!
But still Remembrance prompts the rising sigh,
And draws the torrent from the melting eye:
A thousand soft endearments, all combin'd,
Rise in review, and agonise the mind.
Revolving time may calm the storm of grief,
And bring your wounded minds a slow relief;
But 'tis Religion can impart the power,
With patience to endure the trying hour.
Though Providence your fairest prospects blight,
Still rest assur'd, what Heaven decrees is right:
Though this dark cloud your hemisphere o'erspreads,
Perhaps 'twill burst in blessings on your heads.

That Being whom created worlds obey
In mercy gives, in mercy takes away;
Supremely wise and just his sov'reign will:
And finite man should 'tremble, and be still.'
JOHN WEBB.
Haverhill.

AN EPISTLE FROM YARICO TO INKLE.

FROM the dark scenes of slavery and woe,
Where Sorrow reigns, and tears unpitied flow;
Where rosy Pleasure never shows its face,
And Hope ne'er smiles on Mis'ry's wretched race:
From these dark scenes (a stranger to delight),
To thee, ungrateful man! to thee I write.
One slow-pac'd year has roll'd its annual round
Since I set foot upon this hateful ground;
Since you, false Inkle! cruel as the grave,
(Unheard-of treach'ry!) sold me for a slave.
How vain th' attempt by letter to express
My hopeless, complicated wretchedness!
Could I recite to you the woe-fraught tale,
'Twould make the roses on your cheeks turn pale:
Could I each mournful circumstance impart,
'Twould melt to pity Inkle's savage heart.
Doth keen reflexion never break your rest?
Doth conscience slumber in your callous breast?

When

When that stern monitor awakes, you'll find [mind;
Sharp anguish torture your perfidious
By day will conscious guilt your soul affright,
And Furies haunt your pillow ev'ry night.
Oft fond remembrance dwells upon the time
Ere tempests drove you to my native clime;
When on my youth parental fondness smil'd,—
And well it might—I was an only child.
My tender sire a regal sceptre sway'd,
And Indian tribes his mild commands obey'd:
In gem-deck'd garments brilliantly I shone,
For at his death I was to mount his throne.
The neighb'ring princes sought our happy land,
And of my royal father ask'd my hand;
In hopes their offers would acceptance meet,
They laid the richest presents at my feet.
Stranger to love's soft charm, my leisure hours
Were spent in rural walks and shady bowers;
Partial to gloomy scenes, I oft did rove
Through the thick windings of the pathless grove,
Or lay reclin'd beside the bubbling spring,
To hear the gay-plum'd wild musicians sing.
One day I did my usual walk pursue,
(Ah fatal walk! for then I met with you.)
Your matchless person and engaging charms [soft alarms;
Fill'd this poor throbbing breast with
Such bright attractions could not fail to move,
And in the coldest heart to kindle love.
I sought your safety with officious care; [there,
A cave I found, and gladly hid you
To 'scape my countrymen, whose brutal rage [age:
Was never known to spare or sex or
The shipwreck'd wretch who gains that fatal shore
May bless his stars, if e'er he quit it more.
To you, false youth! these hands did daily bring
The sweetest fruits, and water from the spring:
Shielded by me, you sunk secure to rest,
And slept away your cares upon my breast.
To go with you where gentle pleasures reign,
I left my friends, and cross'd the wat'ry plain:
With you I fearless rode the briny wave,
Nor thought, just Heaven! you'd sell me for a slave.
O wicked act! abominable deed!
Oft has it caus'd my aching heart to bleed:
Injur'd by grief and toil, my health decays;
Soon fate will drop the curtain o'er my days.
Haste, haste, blest period, snatch my feeble breath!
Gladly I'll hail that great deliverer Death.
Yet, ere I quit this miserable stage,
My darling boy my tenderest thoughts engage;
Thoughts of his future fate alarm my fears,
Swell my big heart, and fill my eyes with tears:
Yet oft the lovely babe my grief beguiles,
And, while I weep o'er him, the cherub smiles.
O come, and set your little infant free!
Unloose the bonds of his captivity.
He never will your family disgrace:
The rosy smiler wears his father's face.
Grant this request,—I'll freely you forgive;
My grateful heart shall bless you while I live;
Of you no other favour need I crave,
I soon shall drop into the silent grave:
There, there, will terminate my hapless woes;
For there the toil-worn slave enjoys repose.
My wrongs, in that still scene, will all be o'er,
And faithless Inkle can betray no more.

Haverhill. JOHN WEBB.

VERSES

OCCASIONED BY THE DEATH OF JEFFREY SHORT, ESQ. OF EXETER.

WHAT mournful tidings vibrate on the ear? [brow?
Why such distress depict on every
Why heaves the sigh?—why falls the briny tear? [to know.
The cause I trembling ask, yet fear

Sad are those sounds! mournful must be the tale, [stander by;
That marks with general grief each
Some worthy patriot pass'd death's sombre vale,
Causes the tear to start in every eye.

Great cause of grief! the woful tale too true, [feeling heart;
And sorrow now must pierce each
For *Short*, alas! to earth has bid adieu!
From friends and relatives he's torn apart.

Well may the poor in sadness now appear,
And mourn their worthy benefactor fled;
The orphans, too, distil the silent tear,
And mourn their loss—a second father dead!

What heart-felt sorrow now must fill thy breast,
Beloved partner of his happy days!
What can assuage, or calm thy grief to rest? [ease?
Or who bestow the lenient balm of

Thy grief, fair mourner! must be great indeed! [and severe!
The wounds receiv'd are poignant
Thy husband and thy loving sister* dead,
Who sooth'd and soften'd every anxious care.

Sudden, and therefore unexpected, came [the tomb:
The stroke that brought thy sister to
No ling'ring illness prey'd upon her frame;
Cut off from life in its meridian bloom.

In different form, the lev'ller of mankind [assail'd;
Your good and tender husband's life
By slow degrees, with lingering pains he pined: [effort fail'd.
To save from death each human

Calm and resign'd beneath th' afflicting rod,
He bow'd submissive to the will of Heaven;
He plac'd his hope and all his trust in God,
With full assurance of his sins forgiven.

Ye tender offspring of his love and care,
Fondly attach'd by most endearing ties!
A parent's loss ye mourn with grief sincere,
With bursting hearts, and sorrow-flowing eyes.

The last farewell, the dying sad adieu,
Is hard to take, and piercing to the soul!
The last fond look attentively to view
Makes nature melt, and every nerve recoil.

The debt of nature must by all be paid;
Each mortal sure must pass death's dreary way;
Known to the Christian—'tis the path that leads
His soul to bliss, and everlasting day.

Ye weeping relatives, no more lament:
Sweet consolation you may sure obtain,
From the reflexion of their lives well spent:
Your present loss is their eternal gain.

Consoling thoughts! Let then your sorrows cease;
Dry up your tears, and every grief restrain:
They now enjoy celestial bliss and peace,
Where you shall meet, and join th' angelic train.

Yes, you shall meet where you shall part no more,
In the bright regions of eternal day:
They'll welcome you upon the blissful shore,
Where all your griefs and pains are pass'd away! P. GOVE.

Fore-street-hill, Exeter.

* Miss Elizabeth Baring, second daughter of J. Baring, esq. member of parliament for the city of Exeter; whose grief on this bereaving occasion was very great. Miss Baring died on Good-Friday, 1801, in London; and Mr. J. Short, of a lingering illness, the Monday following, at Exeter.

FOREIGN

FOREIGN NEWS.

Constantinople, Dec. 20.

THE captain pacha has been appointed by the grand seignior commander-in-chief of the army destined to act against Paswan Oglou, and to put an end to the troubles which have taken place at Belgrade.

The negotiations which had been begun between the hospodar of Wallachia and the rebel pacha are broken off. A numerous fleet of small boats are equipped on the Danube, for the purpose of attacking Widden.

The grand vizier will remain some time at Cairo for the purpose of organising the affairs of Egypt upon a new footing. The greatest part of the army will also remain there until tranquillity is entirely re-established.

24. Lord Elgin has concluded, in the name of his court, a separate convention with the Turkish government, in which the latter, on account of the services rendered by the English in Egypt, has allowed them certain privileges, with regard to the Levant and East-India trade, for three years. It is apprehended, however, that the French government will object to this convention, as France will expect the same privileges with England in that quarter.

28. The captain pacha has presented to the grand seignior forty fine Arabian horses; he has likewise made presents of a number of beautiful saddle horses to the principal officers of the seraglio.

By the new administration introduced into Egypt, by which an end is put to the government of the Beys, the Porte, it is confidently asserted, will derive from that country an annual revenue of forty millions of piastres.

Before the French chef de brigade, Serbelloni, who has several times dined with the English embassador lord Elgin, left this city, he had a conference with the French merchants here, to whom he signified the intention of the first consul to promote with the utmost zeal the restoration of the commercial connections between France and Turkey.

The foreign ministers here have made their congratulations to the captain pacha, on his return.

The English general Hood still remains in Egypt.

To-morrow lord Elgin will remove from the hôtel de France, in which he has hitherto resided, and citizen Ruffin will take possession of it.

30. The following particulars are now known as to the murder of the pacha of Belgrade. The janissaries who detained him prisoner had discovered a correspondence which that unfortunate old man had contrived to carry on with his son, in which he excited him to leave no means untried for the deliverance of his father and the recovery of the fortress for its lawful governor. In the interim, it seems that the chiefs of the janissaries did not consider this as a sufficient cause to treat their prisoner with additional rigour, and they contented themselves with redoubling their vigilance in cutting him off from all exterior communication. But this sentiment of compassion was not sufficient to save the pacha's life. The report of the secret correspondence soon raised murmurs among the inferior janissaries. The 27th of December, at two o'clock in the afternoon, three of them, who made a part of the guard, rushed into his apartment, compelled him, with their sabres at his breast, to make a discovery of his treasures, and afterwards dispatched him. The

chiefs, however, who either could not, or would not, prevent this inhuman act, took every necessary precaution for securing the quiet of the city; and the next day the pacha was peaceably interred. From the conduct of the janissaries since this event, it seems that they are divided into two parties, one of which appears to desire a closer union with Paswan Oglou, the other perfect submission to the Turkish court. The Porte, it is expected, will shortly redouble its efforts against the rebellious pacha, and also direct the military operations against Belgrade, should it be found necessary. The captain pacha lately returned from Egypt has already received orders to put himself at the head of a numerous land force, which will be aided by a respectable armed flotilla on the Danube, to which service the high-admiral has invited several English officers.

Amsterdam, Jan. 2. The rumour of the sailing of a considerable fleet from the Texel is unfounded: we have in the port three ships of war, which are only waiting a wind to set sail for Batavia; a fourth vessel will sail from Goree to join them.

Vienna, Jan. 15. The troops dispatched by the Porte against the rebel Paswan Oglou have at length been at close quarters with the troops of the latter. The first battle took place in Wallachia, about the end of December. It was extremely obstinate, and Paswan Oglou, in the end, compelled to retire, with the loss of 1700 men.

Lyons, Jan. 17. Yesterday numerous deputations from the Leman, the Drome, and the Aine, preceded by the prætects of those departments, were presented to the first consul, who appeared affected by the eagerness of the citizens who are come from all parts to see him, without minding the length of the distance, or the rigour of the season.

The ecclesiastical members of the consulta, and those deputed by the armed force, have had an audience, after which an ecclesiastical committee was formed.

Stutgard, Jan. 17. From Munchen we hear, that, by virtue of a new ordinance, the tenth part of all the incomes of the ecclesiastics, the churches, and religious institutions, must be thrown into the treasury chest of the state.

18. The Saone is frozen—the Rhone will soon be.

The excessive cold does not check the eagerness of the citizens. Deputations arrived from the departments of the Loire, Saone and Loire, and the Ardêche, were presented this morning to the chief consul: he afterwards received the notables of the consulta. A committee of notables was afterwards formed. Yesterday and to-day a great number of members of the consulta dined with the first consul.

To-morrow the first consul will review the troops of the garrison. It is said that the Lyonese cavalry will assist at it.

Brussels, Jan. 19. The Dutch squadron, which is on the point of sailing for Batavia, consists of one ship of the line, two frigates, and a cutter. The troops sent to the Dutch colonies in the east, the engineers and artillery, as well as the civil servants, are on board the squadron, which will sail as soon as the wind and weather permit. A second and much larger force is fitting out in the Dutch ports, and will sail as soon as the definitive treaty is signed, to take possession of the Cape and the Moluccas.

Turin, Jan. 20. We are informed by the supreme magistrate of health at Naples, that a contagious disease has lately appeared in the town of Medina Sidonia, and other parts of Spain; and that the city of Cadiz is not exempted from it. From the same magistrate we also learn, that the imperial tribunal of Venice has, in consequence of this intelligence, ordered fourteen days quarantine to be performed by all vessels from Spain, and all those which arrive from ports of the Mediterranean, which have not been sufficiently on their guard against this distemper, to be placed under observation for seven days. Similar measures have been adopted by the government of Naples, in order to prevent the contagion from reaching that country.

Paris,

Paris, Jan. 23. We learn from Amiens, under date of the 17th, that lord Brome, son of the marquis Cornwallis, is expected back from London, whither, it is said, he carried the *projet* of the definitive treaty.

From Amiens we hear that nothing transpires there of the negotiations; yet they hope that the result will ere long be known to the public.

The division which left Cherbourg, the 16th, took on board provisions of all kinds, as well as troops. We are still ignorant of its destination.—A fresh division of light vessels has sailed to follow the grand fleet from Brest.

The præfect of the department of the Ourthe, in virtue of a letter from the minister of the interior, relative to the progressive dearness of grain, published, on the 15th, an *arrêté*, prohibiting the making of brandy from grain in each commune of the department, under the penalties stated in the laws and old ordinances upon that subject.

Vienna, Jan. 27. According to accounts from Constantinople, the Porte has already granted the sum of 850 purses for the building of the new palace for the English embassy, on which near 200 men are now at work. The French *chargé d'affaires*, citizen Ruffin, has ordered the chapel of the French embassy at Pera to be fitted up anew.

The tempestuous weather continued on the Black Sea to the end of December, and has done considerable damage.

The Porte has made a loan of 3000 purses, to pay off the arrears of the janissaries.

The French embassador at Vienna, citizen Champagny, has frequent conferences with the imperial ministers.

The princess Maria Antoinetta of Naples is to be married to the prince of Asturias; the Spanish infanta Maria Elizabeth is the destined consort of the hereditary prince of Naples.

Hague, Jan. 29. Letters from the Nether Rhine mention a proposition, according to which several German princes are to make an exchange of possessions with each other, as may best suit the interest of each: but it is doubted if the distinguished personages interested, as well as France and Prussia, will consent to this scheme, which would give the German constitution an entire new form.

Within these few days, a letter has been made public here, written by the prince of Orange, and dated Orangestein, Dec. 26, addressed to the members of the former government; in which he gives them to understand, that he has heard they doubt the propriety of accepting employments under the present constitution: but that, as matters now are, he can see no reason why they should not exert their utmost endeavours to promote the prosperity of the country, and prevent its total ruin, by taking seats in the respective colleges. This letter has given his partisans an opportunity of echoing his praises, of admiring his goodness and magnanimity, and the love which he still nourishes for his country.

Berne, Jan. 30. After the repeated refusals of the French government to recognise citizen Diesbach, of Carrouge, as embassador at their republic, and as deputy of citizen Stasser, our government has appointed the first mentioned to another embassy. He departed the 25th, with citizen Lentulus, for the court of Vienna. To the remaining wishes of France, our government seems willing to comply, as far at least as it is in their power; for we hear, that the greatest part of the members of state newly nominated, tired of the uncertain situation of our government, or averse to a fraternisation with the present ruling party, will decline the posts to which they have been chosen, or rather have already actually declined them. While obstacles thus arise, continually, to unanimity and peace, with the enjoyment of which we had, flattered ourselves, the constitution by which these blessings were to have been obtained, is itself the cause of contention and discord among our citizens.

HOME NEWS.

Doncaster, Jan. 26.

ON Friday last a detachment of the 11th light dragoons, which had lately disembarked at Portsmouth, from Egypt, arrived here in good health and spirits, on their route to join their regiment at York, where they arrived on Monday. They were met without the city by the band of music and many of the officers and men from the barracks, and heartily welcomed by a great concourse of people that attended on the occasion. The detachment, which, on its landing in Egypt, consisted of sixty men and four officers, is reduced by death and the chance of war to forty-five men, with whom all the officers have returned. They had the honour to form the body guard of the late sir Ralph Abercromby, and were the first troops that were mounted in that country.

London, Jan. 28. On Sunday last Mr. H. of the city, laid a wager of five guineas that he would cross the river Thames in a washing-tub at high water. About eleven o'clock in the morning he made the attempt, attended by four boats, and proceeded with much dexterity with his paddles until he got into the middle, when, losing his balance, the tub upset, and Mr. H. was immersed in the surge, to the no small entertainment of the spectators.

Cork, Jan. 28. The English papers state, very erroneously, the death of sir Henry Hays, on his passage to Botany Bay, shortly after he sailed from hence; no such event has taken place; and his daughter, who has very justly been termed amiable and accomplished, is now in this city, and never had any intention of embarking with her father.

The brig Adventure, captain Stanton, the property of a gentleman in Dublin, was totally lost off Wicklow Head during the heavy storm of Wednesday se'nnight; and we are concerned to add, the whole crew, five men and a boy, perished.

Wrexham, Feb. 1. Last week a person of the name of Fox undertook, for a trifling wager at a public house, to drink three quarts of beer, at three separate draughts, which he accomplished, but was immediately taken ill, and died a few hours after.

London, Feb. 1. Saturday morning, about four o'clock, as Mrs. Hill, of Newgate-market, was passing along Currier's-row, Blackfriars, she was stopped by three men, who, with most impious imprecations, knocked her down, and threatened to murder her; searched her bosom, from which they stole eight pounds in Bank notes, besides half a guinea, and then ran away.

1. On Friday night last, about ten o'clock, an alarming fire broke out at a china-shop in Whitechapel-road, near Mile End, which threw the whole neighbourhood into a state of consternation, in consequence of no party walls existing in the whole row, comprising at least forty houses. The whole of them being very ancient, were of course in a ruinous state, and great apprehensions were entertained for the safety of the workshops and manufactories in the vicinity, they being built of wood. The fire had completely destroyed the premises where it began, before the engines arrived; and the adjoining house on the right (a smith's shop) was in flames before water could be procured. Happily, however, a plentiful supply being at hand, the different engines belonging to the Sun, Phœnix, Royal-Exchange, and the British fire-offices, were brought into play; and, notwithstanding

withstanding a strong current of air from S. E. a range of wooden buildings (immediately behind the place where the fire broke out, and not more than a dozen yards distant) were preserved from conflagration. The smithy was burnt to the ground, as well as the china-shop, and the adjoining houses were considerably damaged. The cause of the fire is said to be owing to the snuff of a candle falling among the straw in one of the cellars where the china was deposited. The owner of the shop had been in the cellar about an hour before with a candle, and had some time shut up his shop, and taken his family with him to spend the evening at a friend's house at Mile End.

Plymouth, Feb. 2. A few evenings since, as a bumboat woman was crossing the passage with several other passengers, a custom-house officer, rather intoxicated, proceeded by virtue of his office to examine her for bladders of liquor, but in so indecent a manner that a serjeant of the East Devon regiment interfered, and declared he should not use the woman so rudely; on which the officer drew a tuck sword, and ran the serjeant through the lungs; the boat fortunately was near the shore, and the poor man was conveyed to the Devon regimental hospital, bleeding most violently. The surgeon in dressing the wound, which was through the right lobe of the lungs, had the candle blown out by the action of the wind which issued from the lungs. He is still in great danger, and the custom-house officer is committed to jail to await the issue of this unfortunate event.

This morning, William Suett, a sheriff's officer, searched an out-house in Stonehouse-lane, where he found a variety of implements necessary for forging and printing counterfeit Bank of England notes.—The parties who lived in the house absconded.—There were also implements for coining found at the same place.

London, Feb. 3. Yesterday, at the public-office Great Marlborough-street, William Grossett, the proprietor of a theatre in Dorset Mews, Dorset-street, St. Mary-le-bone, and several of the performers, were brought to that office, having been apprehended by the officers the preceding evening, while performing Phantasmagoria, Feudal Times, and other performances. It appeared by the evidence of S. Hamilton, one of the officers, that he had gone thither, and that 2*s.* 6*d.* was demanded for admission by Mrs. Grossett, which he paid. That the principal part of the audience were young boys, girls, and women; and that the evil which arose from such amusement was, that great complaints had been made at the office by the parents of such children frequenting this place, as well as the neighbourhood in general, some of the children having much plundered them of money to gain admission; and as this performance began as late as nine o'clock in the evening, it was frequently one in the morning before they got to their homes, and sometimes not at all.

The officer further stated, that one young girl was in custody who had robbed a gentleman's house of plate, which she had pawned, to the amount of 11*l.* all of which she had paid to these people for admission, and that there was on Monday night near one hundred of such children present. The magistrate considering this charge as a serious evil, convicted the proprietor as a rogue and vagabond, and committed him to Bridewell, and the rest of the performers were committed to find sureties for their future good behaviour.

4. On Monday died, at Chalk Farm, near Farnborough, the youngest daughter of general Floyd, of a scarlet fever and sore throat, a most engaging child of five years old; and the day after died Mrs. Floyd, the child's mother, of the same complaint, occasioned by her fondly nursing it in her room, notwithstanding the expostulation of her husband and friends. She expressed a wish to have the disorder, and not survive the object of her care. Its fate was humanely concealed, and her affections were again engaged in nursing her son, a fine boy of eight years old, ill of the same fever; two lovely daughters were sent

sent to the house of a friend and relation seemingly in perfect health, but one of them was brought home on Tuesday very ill: this circumstance also was concealed from the fond mother. Some of the servants are ill; and the general himself, whose attendance has been unremitted day and night, has not entirely escaped.

5. On Saturday, a landlord went to seize for his rent, in the neighbourhood of Drury-lane, and took a broker with him. On the woman occupying the premises being informed the business they were come upon, she armed herself with a knife, and declared she would run the first man through who dared to touch any of the property. They deeming it not safe to proceed with the seizure, the broker advised the landlord to go to Bow-street for a warrant and an officer. While he was gone, she threatened the broker so much, and acted in such a violent way with the knife, that he was afraid of losing his life, and ran from the premises; while they were gone, she contrived to get the whole of her property, and part of the landlord's, carried off, which being discovered on their return with the Bow-street officer, they took her to Bow-street, when she made a charge against the prosecutor of an attempt to commit a rape. She stated, that about a week since the attempt was made, and when he entered her apartments on Saturday she thought he was come to make a similar attempt, and that she took up the knife in her defence. The magistrate did not pay any attention to the charge, but deemed it most foul and groundless, and ordered her to be committed, on a charge of stealing the property which she had removed belonging to the prosecutor, and for the assault.

5. The reprehensible practice of leaving fire-arms loaded, and the still more reprehensible one of wantonly presenting them, and pulling the trigger, without previously ascertaining that they are not loaded, has recently occasioned many a melancholy catastrophe, but none more distressing than the following:—Mr. Macklin, of Milstone, Wilts, imprudently left a loaded gun in the room where his family was; Mrs. Macklin, concluding that he had of course drawn the charge, incautiously took up the gun, and, in short, pointed it at her son, a youth of thirteen years of age, who was sitting on the same chair with his sister. She snapped the lock repeatedly, and at last the piece went off, and lodged the contents in his body. The unfortunate boy expired in about three hours after. The girl was not hurt. Verdict of the coroner's inquest, 'accidental death.'—The situation of the unhappy mother may be conceived, but cannot be depicted.

8. On Saturday a fellow who pretended to be deaf and dumb, and who had, in the course of a week, realised 50*l.* at Leicester by fortune-telling, was publicly whipped at that place. During his trial, and previous to his punishment, he conducted himself with great art and hypocritical consistency; but when the cat-o'-nine-tails came on his back, he could speak and hear as well as any of the spectators. It appears he had been a soldier in the 25th regiment, and discharged in consequence of having been wounded at Grenada; and that on returning to his friends in Yorkshire, he was met on the road by a woman who practised the profession of fortune-telling, and prevailed on him to join her; but on his commitment, she decamped with their joint earnings.

There is a man in the poor-house at Tavistock, who has lately been seized six different nights with apparent deadness, and in every respect exactly the same as a lifeless corpse, perfectly cold and stiff; so that if moved, the head, neck, and whole frame are as a firm clod or wooden image. He has a constant presentiment by a dream when this trance or suspended animation will seize him.

Aberdeen, Feb. 10. On Saturday last, in the afternoon, a boat belonging to Newburgh, having on board six pilots, another man, and a boy, in return from piloting out a vessel, was overset, and all perished. Six widows and twenty-three children are left to lament this afflicting catastrophe.

BIRTHS.

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Jan. 25. At her house, in Buckingham-street, Fitzroy-square, Mrs. Menzies, of a son.

28. The lady of Edw. Busk, esq. of John-street, Bedford-row, of a daughter.

At Ryde's-hill, near Guildford, the lady of George de Billinghurst, esq. of a daughter.

30. The lady of John Anstey, esq. of Gloucester-place, Portman-square, of a daughter.

Mrs. King, lady of the American minister, of a son.

At Drum-house, lady Mary Hay, of a daughter.

Feb. 1. At Rose-castle, the lady of the bishop of Carlisle, of a daughter.

2. At his house in Manchester-square, the lady of W. Dawson, esq. of a daughter.

3. The lady of T. Butler, esq. of Hambledon, Hants, of a son.

Mrs. Carless, of Felsted, Essex, of a son.

7. Mrs. Forster, in South Audley-street, of a daughter.

8. At Blackheath, the lady of the rev. professor Lloyd, of Cambridge, of a daughter.

14. At her father's house, the lady of A. C. Sober, esq. of a daughter, still-born.

MARRIAGES.

Jan. 27. R. Randell, esq. of London, to miss Goldney, of Chippenham, Wilts.

Col. Crosbie, to miss Thomas, only daughter of G. W. Thomas, esq. M. P.

29. At Edinburgh, James Boyd, esq. to miss Douglas, eldest daughter of the late lieutenant-general Douglas, of the fifth dragoon-guards.

Feb. 1. At Edinburgh, John Stein, esq. M. P. to miss Bushby, daughter of John Bushby, esq. of Tinwald-downs.

At Stichel-house, Archibald Tod, esq. of Drygrange, to miss Elizabeth Pringle, second daughter of sir James Pringle, bart. of Stichel.

At Newcastle upon-Tyne, C. W. Bigge, esq. of Benton-house, Northumberland, to miss Wilkinson, daughter of the late Christ. Wilkinson, esq.

A. M. Lawson de Cardonnel, esq. of the 21st light-dragoons, to miss Lucy Weston, daughter of the late rev. Mr. Weston, prebendary of Durham.

2. Monsieur Pugin, of Edward-street, Portman-square, to miss Catharine Welby, daughter of Wm. Welby, esq. of Islington.

Capt. W. H. Maxwell, of the third regiment of guards, to miss Figgins, only daughter of the late capt. Figgins.

At Wakefield, major Hall, of the 87th regiment of foot, to miss Charnock.

At York, E. T. Whittell, of the Middle Temple, London, esq. barrister at law, to miss Field.

John Henry Hobson, esq. barrister at law, to miss Twigg, eldest daughter of Samuel Twigg, esq. Guildford-street, Queen-square.

4. Edward Warren, esq. of Guildford-street, son of the late Dr. Warren, to miss Louisa Smith, daughter of Robert Smith, esq. of Basinghall-street.

Patrick Playfair, esq. of Glasgow, to miss Jane Playfair, second daughter of the rev. Principal Playfair, of the university of St. Andrew's.

Mr. James White, of Holborn, to miss Mary Pearson, niece to sir Richard Pearson, deputy-governor of Greenwich-hospital.

Mr. John Austin, tinman, to miss Eliz. Edwards, both of Tooley-street.

Samuel Young, esq. of North Audley-street, to miss Ann Biggs, of Drury-lane theatre.

At Havant, captain Pritzler, of the 21st dragoons, and major of brigade to the forces, to miss Newland, daughter of Bingham Newland, esq. of Rotherfield-park.

Lieutenant Montague, of the royals, to miss Fowles, third daughter of the rev. J. Fowles, of Romney, Kent.

9. Wm. Mills, esq. late of Calcutta, to miss C. M. Raffles, of Pentonville.

11. The right hon. lord Sinclair, to miss Chisholme, only daughter of James Chisholme, esq.

13. James Walker, esq. to miss Appollonia Larkins, daughter of the late Wm. Larkins, esq. of Blackheath.

16. Thomas Law Hodges, esq. of Hempstead-place, in Kent, to miss Twisden, only daughter of the late sir R. Twisden, bart. of Bradbourne-park.

Mr.

Mr. Golden, of Islington, to miss Mortimer, of Newington-place.

DEATHS.

Jan. 25. At his house, at Blackheath, Seymour Stocker, esq. brewer, aged 78.

At his house, in Prescot-street, Goodman's-fields, Mr. Tho. Smith, aged 65.

Miss Mary Grimes, second daughter of Abraham Grimes, esq. of Caton-house, in the county of Warwick.

28. At his house, in Ely-place, Dublin, after a lingering illness, the right hon. John Fitzgibbon, earl of Clare, lord high chancellor of Ireland.

29. John Fleming, esq. M. P. of Stoneham-park, Southampton.

Mrs. Goodall, relict of Rich. Goodall, esq. of Chapel-yard, Spital-square.

30. At Shadwell, High-street, miss Catharine Brown, only daughter of the late captain William Brown, aged 21.

Mrs. Cooke, wife of Mr. Cooke, chemist, Southampton-street, Covent-garden.

At his house, in Stafford-place, Pimlico, J. Brenton, esq. rear-admiral in his majesty's navy.

At Edinburgh, Mr. Geo. Maclaurin, writer, son of the late lord Dreghorn.

At Edinburgh, aged 78, Dr. Wm. Spence, who first discovered the use of bark in malignant fevers and all putrid diseases.

At Sunbury, aged 80, R. Knight, esq. chamberlain and justice of the peace.

Dr. Wallis, physician, of Holborn.

31. Lady Jane Courtenay, aunt to the marquis, aged 79, in consequence of a fright which she had received a few days before from the circumstance of her cloaths accidentally taking fire.

Feb. 2. At Colchester, Robert King, capt. of the royal regiment of artillery.

3. At her house, at Great Berkhamstead, Herts, Mrs. Dorrien, aged 73, widow of John Dorrien, esq.

The rev. George Watson Hand, archdeacon of Dorset, rector of St. George, Botolph-lane, vicar of St. Giles, Cripplegate, and prebendary of the cathedrals of St. Paul's and Salisbury.

At Bristol, Mrs. Wheatley, widow of Edward Wheatley, esq.

At the house of lord Auckland, in Palace-yard, the infant son of lord Francis Godolphin Osborne.

At Islington, captain John Wintersgill Piercy, of the East India company's service.

Mr. Harry Michie, late of the Book-office, East India-house.

At his house, in Northumberland-street, Roger Tremelli, esq.

4. The countess of Leicester.

At Fulham, Middlesex, capt. Henry Collins, in the 78th year of his age.

In St. Mary Axe, Isaac Solly, esq.

At his apartments, in Bond-street, the rev. Mr. Green, late of Reading.

At Cutler's-hall, Thomas King, esq.

In Bloomsbury-square, Mrs. Paul, the wife of Nathaniel Paul, esq.

Mr. John Plaskett, of Garlick-hill, Upper Thames-street.

At Walcot-place, Lambeth, Mrs. Mary Cornish, late of Exeter.

5. In Old Burlington-street, Mrs. Heaton, wife of John Heaton, esq.

6. At Bath, John Mayow, esq.

8. At Greenwich, Dr. D. P. Layard.

9. At his father's house, in Mincing-lane, master Joshua Barnston Watson.

10. In Welbeck-street, miss Harding, after a long and painful illness.

11. In Percy-street, Wm. Browne, esq. late governor of the island of Bermuda, and formerly one of his majesty's council at Boston.

At Brereton, in Staffordshire, the lady of the rev. George Talbot.

12. Mrs. Thomas, formerly Mrs. Simpson, a most excellent actress of the Portsmouth theatre.

13. At Bromley, Kent, Mrs. Morgan, widow of the rev. Dr. Morgan, chaplain to his majesty's household, minor canon of Westminster, and rector of Leigh in the county of Essex.

Mrs. Baillie, near the Terrace Finsbury-square, wife of Alexander Francis Baillie, esq. of the royal navy.

16. Mrs. Page, widow of the late John Page, esq. late of King-street, Bloomsbury, and mother of Mr. John Page, of Holborn.

At his house, at Paddington, Joseph Johnson, esq. M. D.