

THE LADY'S MAGAZINE,

OR
ENTERTAINING COMPANION

FOR
THE FAIR SEX;

APPROPRIATED
SOLELY TO THEIR USE AND AMUSEMENT.

For APRIL, 1802.

THIS NUMBER CONTAINS,

1 The Triumph of Virtuous Affection,.....	171	13 London Fashions,.....	206
2 On Grace and Beauty,.....	174	14 He loves me more than his Life, 206	
3 The Orange-Tree,.....	176	15 Maxims and Reflexions,.....	211
4 The Moral Zoölogist,.....	177	16 POETICAL ESSAYS : Prologue	
5 Biographical Sketch of the Countess		to the Entertainments of the new	
of Derby,.....	182	Theatre, Tottenham-street. A	
6 Various Modes of ornamenting the		Hint for a Rich Man. Sonnets.	
Teeth in different Nations,.....	185	Ode to Old May-Day. A Lover	
7 On forced Marriages,.....	187	to his Mistress. Social Duties.	
8 Osman; an Eastern Tale,.....	190	Lines to a Friend. On a young	
9 Count Schweitzer,.....	194	Lady attaining the Age of Twen-	
10 The Rigid Father,.....	196	ty-one. Inkletto Yarioo. Winter	
11 Account of the Christening at Ches-		Song. Hymn to Poverty, 212—216	
terfield House,.....	203	17 Foreign and Home News, 217—222	
12 Parisian Fashions,.....	204	18 Births and Marriages,.....	223
		19 Deaths,.....	224

This Number is embellished with the following Copper-Plates:

- 1 THE TRIUMPH OF VIRTUOUS AFFECTION.
- 2 For the MORAL ZOÖLOGIST—COMMON ANTELOPE.
- 3 An elegantly-coloured PARIS DRESS.
- 4 A new PATTERN for a HANDKERCHIEF.
- 5 MUSIC—Dr. ARNE's celebrated INVOCATION to PEACE.

LONDON:

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

Where Favours from Correspondents continue to be received.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

The Tale of Epinette and Melise, or the Two Widows, shall have a place in our next.

We are obliged to Lucinda for her communication; it shall appear.

The Essay by X. Y. is not forgotten.

We cannot give an opinion on Curio's Remarks till we have seen the sequel he promises.

The Odes on Spring and to Hope have been received; as have also Elegiac Verses on the Death of the Duke of Bedford—The Death of Dorcas—Verses on seeing the Illuminations for Peace—Epitaph on a Lady's Lap-Dog—Advice to Belinda—and R F's Epigrams.

Engraved for the Ladies Magazine.



The Triumph of Virtuous Affection.

THE
LADY'S MAGAZINE,

FOR
APRIL 1802.

THE TRIUMPH OF VIRTUOUS AFFECTION;
A TALE.

(With an elegant Engraving.)

SINCERE and virtuous affection is one of the most powerful guardians of female honour, and will supply a strength that will enable even the feeblest of the sex to triumph over the most seductive temptations.

In a sea-port town on the coast of Sussex lived an honest master of a small coasting vessel, of the name of Lawrie, who brought up his only son John to earn his livelihood on the same element on which he had himself acquired some little property. John possessed much of the characteristic disposition of the British mariner: he was hardy, blunt, sincere, and generous. His affections from his earliest youth had been devoted to the daughter of a little tradesman in the town, who was not less attached to him; and, as soon as he was entitled to receive wages for his labour, he married her; and, though they could not boast of superfluities, they enjoyed real happiness.

Within a year or two after John's marriage, his father died, and he succeeded to all he had left, becoming master of the vessel, and the business in the carrying trade, which rendered his domestic situation much more comfortable than it had been before.

But as no felicity in this world is

secure from the stroke of adverse fortune, one violent gust of wind demolished all the fair fabric of John's happiness; his ship was entirely wrecked, and all the property he possessed whelmed in the deep.

It was not John's disposition long to repine and lament: he had been born to labour, and to labour he cheerfully returned. He entered on board a West-India ship as a common sailor, leaving his wife empowered to receive much the greater portion of his wages, and flattering himself that, in the course of a voyage or two, he might save money enough to enable him, with the assistance of some friends, to procure him another vessel, or at least a share in one.

But this hope, too, proved only a golden dream; for, as the ship in which he had made the first of these projected voyages was standing up the channel, on her return home, she was brought to by a ship of war, and all the seamen but two, of whom it was not John's good fortune to be one, taken out of her by a press-gang, and sent on board a frigate, then just ready to sail with an expedition up the Mediterranean.

Poor Mary, John's wife, was inconsolable

consolable when she heard this sad news. She had flattered herself that she might now expect to see him return home every day; and the thought of this made her forget all the misfortunes they had undergone; for Mary was as mild and gentle as her husband was hardy and resolute; and the shock she sustained by the loss of their ship and property had been so great as to bring her into a very feeble state of health. The hope, however, of soon seeing the man she loved, more than all wealth, appeared to reanimate her with new vigour every day; till the distressing intelligence that he was forced away to fight, perhaps to fall, for his country, plunged her into much more anxiety and affliction than she had before suffered.

But still her misfortunes were not at their height. After a twelve-month of suspense and fear, she learned that the ship in which her husband was, having been separated from the rest of the fleet, and attacked by a much superior force of the enemy, had, after a long and sanguinary engagement, been obliged to strike; and that the half of the crew, for only the half had been left alive, were confined in a French prison. Whether her husband was among the slaughtered or the captives, she was not able to discover.

All the pecuniary supplies which Mrs. Lawrie received from her husband had now totally failed; and her anxiety and distress had so increased her illness and feebleness of body, that she was no longer able to acquire what was necessary for her support by the labour of her hands. In this situation, an aged aunt, though she had very little to live on herself, took her into her house, and by her conversation and kindness greatly relieved her and revived her spirits.

It chanced that, near the cottage where Mrs. Lawrie resided with her aunt, was the stately country mansion of a gentleman of large fortune, a dissolute man of pleasure, who waged perpetual war with all the credulous maidens and frail wives in his neighbourhood. This man had observed Mrs. Lawrie as she walked disconsolately in the fields near his seat; and, as she had always possessed a very pleasing person, her sorrowful and dejected air appeared in his eyes to heighten her charms; and he marked her for his prey.

He soon, by his agents, informed himself of her whole history, and then, contriving to meet her in the fields when she walked out for the air, he entered into conversation with her, and by professing to feel great commiseration for her misfortunes, and a wish to alleviate them, gained her attention. After some farther inquiries, he told her that the captain of the ship, on board which her husband was, was his particular friend, and that he would find means to make inquiry, and inform her whether her husband was living.

He now saw Mrs. Lawrie frequently, and would sometimes call at the cottage in which she resided with her aunt, who always received him with the utmost deference and homage, and extolled him to her niece as a model of condescension and generosity. In fact he had found opportunities to make her several presents, in order to conciliate her good opinion, which she had found extremely convenient in the narrow state of her finances. As he did not want for understanding and discernment, however these qualities were misapplied, and had great experience in these matters, he could perceive that Mrs. Lawrie must be managed with great delicacy and dissimulation, or he could not

not hope for success. Though she was only the wife of one he considered as a common sailor, he was convinced that he could not make any very sudden impression either on her passions or her vanity. The place, he saw, was so well garrisoned by conjugal affection, that he must sit down before it in form, and open his trenches at a great distance. While she supposed that her husband was living, he was well persuaded that all his designs on her would ultimately prove abortive, and therefore the aim of all his artifice was to induce her to believe that her husband was dead.

With this view he, in every conversation that he had with her or her aunt, expressed very great doubt that poor Lawrie was no longer alive, and showed a letter which he said he had received from his friend the captain of the ship, in which he stated, that, in the engagement, he had lost almost all the brave men in his ship, and, among others, one for whom he had conceived a very particular regard, on account of his courage, honesty, and generous character, who had been pressed out of a West-India ship.

After leaving this to have its effect for a while, he contrived that Mrs. Lawrie should receive a letter, purporting to be written by a companion of Lawrie's, in which he informed her that he had seen his gallant and honest comrade fall by his side, and that, with his dying breath, he had requested him to write to his wife, the first opportunity he could find, to let her know his fate, and assure her of his love, and his sincere wish that she might find some other who would protect her, and make her happy with a love equal to his own.

This letter was received in due form by the post. Mrs. Lawrie read it without the least suspicion

of its not being genuine ; and, notwithstanding all the former probable proofs that she might expect such intelligence, immediately fainted at this supposed certainty. Her aunt, who was in the next room, flew to her assistance, and she by degrees revived, but remained extremely ill and weak for several days.

In the evening Mr. Lutwidge, the man of fashion and gallantry by whose contrivance, as was before mentioned, this letter had been sent, called as if by accident, and being informed by the aunt of all that had passed, desired that Mrs. Lawrie might want for nothing, putting five guineas at the same time into her hand to provide any necessary supplies. On the next day he called again, and finding Mrs. Lawrie much recovered, he proceeded to open his designs to her somewhat more explicitly than he had hitherto done, professing the most ardent passion for her, offering to make a settlement on her to a considerable amount, and assuring her, that if he did not immediately marry her, which he fully proposed to do hereafter, it was because some family affairs occasioned an insurmountable impediment.

Mrs. Lawrie received this amorous intimation with equal disdain and aversion. She began to perceive the real designs of her apparently generous friend, and her love for her husband eagerly snatched at the flattering idea that the intelligence of his death, however indubitable it might appear, might be a mere contrivance to render her a more easy prey to the base arts of seduction.

Her aunt, however, having no such motives or wish to doubt, did not hesitate to declare her full belief in the letter that had been received ; and being dazzled by the splendid

splendid offers of Mr. Lutwidge, and the great advantages which he took care to assure her would accrue to herself by such a connexion, gave repeatedly very unequivocal hints that she thought such an opportunity ought not to be neglected; telling her, that, if she improved it with prudence, she would be affluently provided for during the remainder of her life; whereas, otherwise, nothing but beggary and misery appeared to await her; that with respect to what she supposed to be her greatest objection, and what certainly was such, that her husband might still be living, she did not see how she could expect to receive more satisfactory proof of his death, if she were to wait seven years.

In this manner was poor Mrs. Lawrie incessantly persecuted by the pressing solicitations and profuse offers of her licentious lover on the one hand, and the prudent admonitions and persuasion of her not very virtuous aunt on the other. But still, strengthened by the virtuous affection for her husband that reigned in her heart, she held out against their united attacks; till at length, nearly a twelvemonth after she had received the pretended letter, he unexpectedly returned, in consequence of an exchange of prisoners, and clasped her in his arms. He was soon informed of what had passed, and began to breathe vengeance against his audacious rival; but scarcely had his anger time to burst forth, when he received from him the following letter:

‘Honest Lawrie,

‘I HAVE done you wrong; I am now well convinced of it; but blinded by my passions, which I have been too much addicted to indulge, I took improper means to prove what I conceived there was

little doubt of—that you was dead. The virtue of your wife, and especially her love for you, were proof against all my attacks; and, now a cooler moment has succeeded, I am happy that they have been. As a proof of my repentance, accept the inclosed note of five hundred pounds, and use it so as to promote your own happiness, and reward the affection and fidelity of a truly virtuous woman.’

The receipt of this acknowledgement somewhat appeased the anger of honest John: with the money he had thus suddenly and unexpectedly acquired, he resumed his former occupation, was favoured by fortune in all his undertakings, and enjoyed with his faithful Mary that felicity which cannot but result from such a triumph of virtuous affection.

On GRACE and BEAUTY.

THE most perfect beauty is not always the most pleasing: this is so trite a remark, that it almost demands an apology. Some, with all that regularity of feature which even a statuary might wish to imitate, are yet attended by few real admirers; while others, who would make but a very faulty picture, have their train of lovers, and bear an uncontrolled sway over every human affection.

Whence—have I often said to myself—this resistless magic that attends moderate charms? I regard the beauty of some, at first, with admiration, but every interview weakens the impression; while I never behold others, less fair, without an increase of tenderness and respect. Whence this injustice of the mind in preferring imperfect beauty to that which nature seems to have finished with care? whence the

the infatuation that he whom a comet could not amaze should be struck with a meteor?

When my reason was fatigued to find an answer, my imagination has often pursued the subject.

I fancied myself placed between two landscapes; this called the Region of Beauty, and that the Valley of the Graces. The former was adorned with all that luxuriant Nature could bestow; the fruits of various climates adorned the trees, the grove resounded with music, the gale breathed perfume; every charm that could arise from symmetry and exact distribution were here conspicuous; the whole offering a prospect of pleasure without end.

The Valley of the Graces, on the other hand, seemed by no means so inviting; the streams and the groves appeared just as they do in most frequented countries; no magnificent parterres, no concert in the grove; the rivulet was edged with weeds, and the rook joined his voice to that of the nightingale. In short, all was simplicity and nature.

The most striking objects ever first allure the traveler. I entered the region of beauty with increased curiosity, and promised myself endless satisfaction in being introduced to the presiding goddess. I perceived several strangers who entered with the same design; and what surprised me not a little was, to see several others hastening to leave this place of seeming felicity.

After some fatigue, I had at last the honour of being introduced to the goddess who represented beauty in person. She was seated on a throne, at the foot of which stood several strangers lately introduced like me, all regarding her form with ecstasy. "Ah what eyes! what lips! how clear her complexion! how perfect her shape!" At

these exclamations Beauty, with downcast eyes, would endeavour to counterfeit modesty, but soon again look round, as if to confirm us in our favourable sentiments. Sometimes she would attempt to allure us by smiles, and at intervals would bridle-back, in order to inspire us with respect as well as tenderness.

This ceremony lasted for some time, and had so much employed our eyes, that we had forgotten all this while that the goddess was silent. We soon, however, began to perceive the defect. "What!" said we to each other, "are we to have nothing but languishing airs and inclinations of the head? will the goddess only deign to satisfy our sense of seeing?"

I now found that my companions grew weary of their homage; they went off one by one; and, resolving not to be left behind, I offered to go in my turn, when, just at the door of the temple, I was called back by a female, whose name was Pride, and who seemed displeased at the behaviour of all the company.

"Whither are you hastening?" said she to me, with an angry air; "the goddess of beauty is here."

"I have been to visit her, madam," replied I, "and find her more beautiful even than report had represented her."

"And why will you leave her?" added the female.

"I have seen her long enough," returned I; "I have got all her features by heart. Her eyes are still the same. Her nose is a very fine one, but it is still just such a nose now as it was half an hour ago. Could she throw a little more mind into her face, perhaps I should wish to continue longer in her company."

"What signifies," replied my female, "whether she has a mind or not? has she any occasion for a mind,

mind, so formed as she is by nature. If she had a common face indeed there might be some occasion for thinking to improve it; but when features are already perfect, every alteration would but impair them. A fine face is already at the point of perfection, and a fine lady should endeavour to keep it so; the impression it would receive from thought would but disturb its whole æconomy.

To this speech I gave no reply, but made the best of my way to the Valley of the Graces. Here I found all those who had been my companions in the Region of Beauty.

As we entered the valley, the prospect insensibly seemed to improve; we found every thing so natural, so domestic, and pleasing, that our minds, which before were congealed in admiration, were now relaxed into gaiety and good-humour. We had designed to pay our respects to the presiding goddess, but she was no where to be found. One of our companions asserted that her temple lay to the right; another that it lay to the left; while a third insisted that it was straight before us, and a fourth that we had left it behind us. In short we found every thing familiar and charming, but could not determine where to seek for the grace.

In this agreeable incertitude we passed several hours, and, though very desirous of finding the goddess, by no means impatient of the delay. Every part of the valley presented some minute beauty, which, without offering itself at once, stole upon the mind, and captivated us with the charms of our retreat. Still, however, we continued to search, and might still have continued, had we not been interrupted by a voice, which, though we could not see the person, addressed us in this manner.

‘If you would find the goddess of Grace, seek her not under one form, for she assumes a thousand. Ever changing under the inspection of the observer, her variety rather than her figure is pleasing. The eye glides over every charm with giddy delight, and, capable of fixing no where, is charmed with the whole. She is now contemplation with solemn look, again compassion with humid eye: she now sparkles with joy; soon every feature speaks distress. Her looks at times invite our approach, at others repress our presumption. The goddess cannot properly be called Grace under any one of these forms, but, by combining them all, she becomes irresistible.’

THE ORANGE-TREE.

THE Orange-Tree, in the South of Europe, is propagated from the seed, and afterwards engrafted. It requires a continual and abundant supply of water.—It is usual to plant these trees in groves, and to convey the water among them in channels, which, where this is necessary, are filled by water-wheels. The earth is heaped up at the root of the tree, and these heaps are, from time to time, renewed. In December and January the oranges begin to turn red. In the end of January, and the beginning of February, those for exportation are plucked while yet unripe, packed in chests, and shipped. About the end of March they begin to ripen; in May they are at their highest perfection of ripeness. The orange-tree then diffuses its fragrance far around. The mixture of golden fruit and white blossoms on its boughs makes it one of the most pleasing objects on which the eye can fix. A single orange-tree will afford, in one season, from 1500 to 2500 oranges, which may be sold each at one-eighth of a penny sterling.

THE MORAL ZOOLOGIST.

(Continued from p. 126.)

LETTER XXXVIII.

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

THERE appears a collateral gradation between the goat, antelope, and deer genera; the peculiar qualities of which are separately adapted to the climes they inhabit, and the mode of existence which is allotted to them. It is in Omniscience alone to manifest such innumerable instances of organised perfection. When the frail endeavours of man aim at accordance, some incongruous qualities invariably obtrude to mar his design, and render his performances incomplete; whilst the whole universe was created by the mere exertion of the Divine Will, and has been from the foundation sustained by the operative effects of Omnipotent preservation.

The principal characteristics of the deer genus are—upright horns, of a solid quality, and branched form, which are annually shed; eight cutting teeth in the lower jaw, and none in the upper.

As the means of clearly ascertaining the several variations in this genus, I shall class them in conformity to the structure of their horns, and shall describe those first that have palmated horns; a term which implies those exuberances resembling a hand, by their various branches.

THE ELK.

This animal was known to the ancient Romans by the appellation of *alce* and *machlis*; it is also unquestionably of the same species as the American moose, of the dimensions of which various accounts are given; some authors asserting it is often twelve feet high; though, with

greater probability, it may be presumed it is nearly the size of a large horse. Those who favour the opinion of the existence of these gigantic animals allege that their horns measure six feet in height. Notwithstanding the dimensions of the American moose or elk may have been exaggerated, it is certain they are considerably larger than the European kind, which is occasioned by their having a wider space to range in, and more exalted food to subsist on. This circumstance of the superior magnitude of the American elk forms an exception to the almost general rule of the animals on the new continent being on a smaller scale than the native species found in other regions. The male elk has horns with short beams, extending into large broad palms, the exterior side of which is furnished with several sharp protuberances; the other side is plain. It has brow antlers. The dimensions of a pair of horns in the possession of the Hudson's Bay Company were thirty-four inches from tip to tip, the length thirty-two inches, and the breadth of the palm thirteen inches and a half. The length of one of these animals, killed on the Altaïc mountains in Siberia, was, from nose to tail, eight feet two inches; the anterior height, five feet six inches; the posterior, five feet eight; the length of the head, two feet five; the tail, little exceeding two inches. Pennant gives the description of a female elk, which, when it had attained to the age of one year, measured from nose to tail seven feet: the neck was shorter than the head; the dimensions of the latter two feet. On the neck was a short thick upright mane, of a light brown hue; the eyes were small; the ears one foot long, and of a pendulous construction; the nostrils capacious; the upper lip was square, and ex-

tending far beyond the lower jaw, and so deeply furrowed in the middle, as almost to appear divided; the nose was very broad; under the throat was a small excrescence, from which a long tuft of coarse pendent hair proceeded. The withers or top of the shoulders were very high; the fore-legs three feet three inches long; the hind-legs much shorter than the fore ones; the hoofs very much cloven. The tail was short; dusky on the upper, and white on the under part. The colour of the body was a hoary black, of a greyer cast on the face than on any other part. The animal from which this description was taken was in possession of the late marquis of Rockingham, and was sent from North America by the title of the moose-deer; its disposition was mild, its voice plaintive, and its habits harmless.

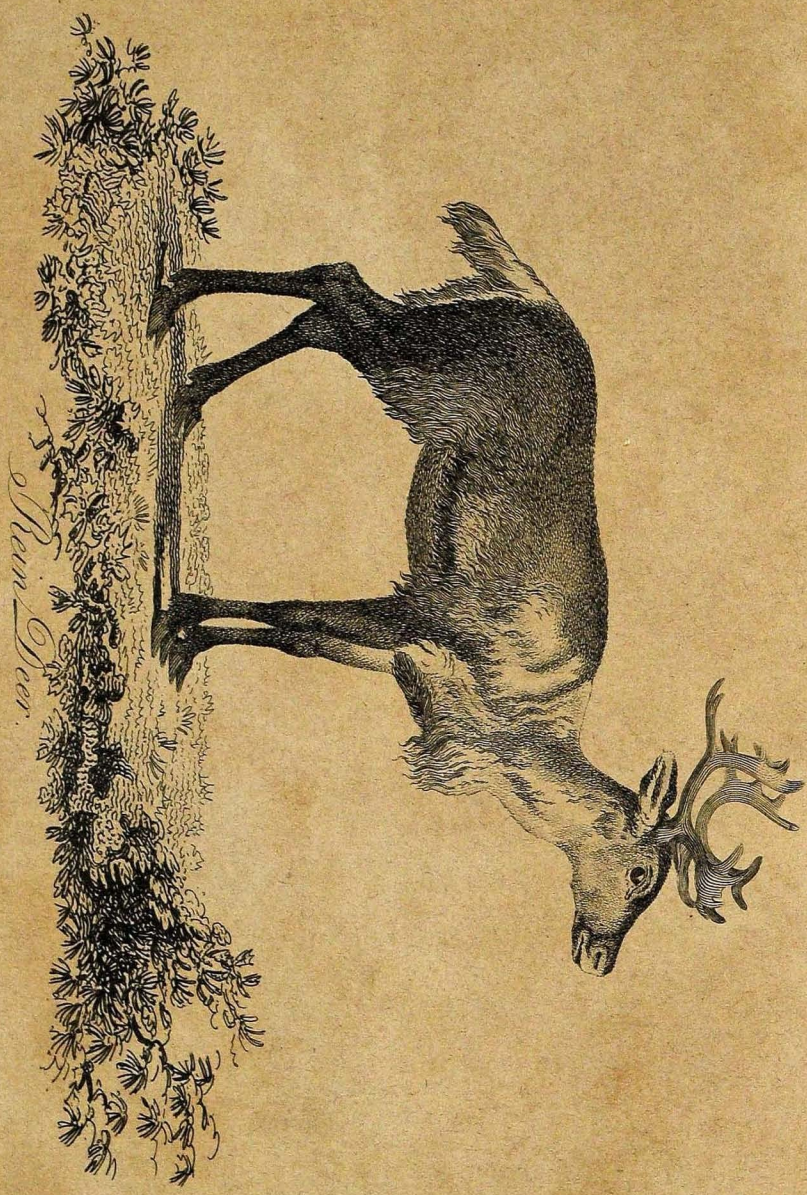
This species inhabit the regions of Nova Scotia, Canada, and the environs of the great lakes, as far as the Ohio in the new continent, and are rarely found in the back settlements of New England; in Europe they are common in Lapland, Norway, Sweden, and Russia; in Asia they frequent the north-east regions of Siberia and Tartary, and uniformly choose those situations that are remarkable for the frigidity of the temperature. The elk approaches so nearly to the rein-deer, that various naturalists have confounded their qualities, though it is evident they have many distinct properties, as the elk always frequents low grounds and moist woods, whilst the rein-deer has a predilection for elevated situations. The former animals also invariably have continued in a wild state; and the latter, from the urgent necessities of the inhabitants of their native climes, have been subjugated, and have consequently become perfectly

domesticated. They also differ with respect to their genuine native residences, as the elk is found in Europe and Asia on this side the polar circle, and the rein-deer beyond that circle; and in America the latter is discovered in lower latitudes, because the cold is more intense. These kindred animals are of a ruminating nature, and possess the peculiar faculty of their hoofs making a noise when they are in motion, as if their limbs were disjointed. The females of both species produce but one fawn at a birth, which does not attain maturity till the age of four years; their time of gestation is eight months.

From the length of the legs of the elks and the shortness of their necks, it would be incommodious for them to graze; they therefore, by the impulses of unerring instinct, frequent forests, for the purpose of sustaining their existence by browsing on branches of trees; they also in part subsist on aquatic plants, which they can procure with great facility by wading and diving. Their motion consists in a kind of fleet trot: in their common progress they raise their feet high from the ground, and, when they traverse thick woods, carry their heads in a horizontal direction, to prevent their horns entangling in the branches of the trees. These animals are of a harmless nature, except when they are wounded, or in pursuit of the females, when they become formidably furious, and often prove fatal to those who provoke or meet them at this season, as they vehemently strike the object of their resentment with their hoofs and horns. The Canadians chase these animals in the winter season, as they highly esteem their flesh for food, the nose and tongue being considered a great delicacy; their skins are also of so tough a texture,

as,

Engraved for the Lady's Magazine.



Sam. P. 1801.

as, according to report, to repel a musquet ball. The hair, which is of a great length and an elastic quality, is used for mattresses and various other purposes; the hoofs were also formerly esteemed as a specific remedy for epileptic fits, as the superstition of earlier and more unenlightened periods imagined that the elk cured itself of the epilepsy (to which disease the whole species have a natural tendency) by scratching its ear with its hoof. I shall next endeavour to describe the rein-deer, to which the preceding species seem nearly allied.

THE REIN-DEER.

This animal is found farther north than any hoofed quadruped. In America it is discovered in Spitzbergen and Greenland, but not further south than Canada; in Europe it is common in Lapland, Norway, and Samoidea; in Asia it frequents the northern coasts as far as Kamtschatka, and the interior regions as far as Siberia, and retains its native wild propensities, except in the regions of Lapland, Kamtschatka, and Samoidea, where it is domesticated, and proves of general utility. As the subjugation of animals naturally wild must have been primarily effected by the necessities of the inhabitants resident in unfavourable latitudes, it is expedient to take a survey of the few local comforts the natives of Lapland and the neighbouring countries enjoy, when compared to the common benefits dispensed to the rest of mankind, as derived from climate and the spontaneous fruits of the earth. The natives of these frigid regions are destitute of cattle, verdure, and almost every means of subsistence or comfort, as a long continued season of night constitutes one half of their year, and the other portion is only enlivened by the most oblique rays

of the sun. In these frozen regions the generality of animals are incapable of sustaining the inclemency of the weather, which has reduced the hardy inhabitants to the necessity of domesticating even those that have the wildest propensities. As the general operations of Nature prove that the beneficent hand of Providence liberally dispenses blessings to the remotest regions of the habitable globe, the rein-deer constitutes the treasures of a Laplander, and other inhabitants of the arctic regions that have sought and effected its domestication.

Previous to the enumeration of these diffusive services, I shall briefly describe the exterior formation of these useful animals.

The rein-deer has large slender horns bending forward, the top palmated, broad brow antlers palmated also. Both sexes have these exuberances; but those of the female are on a smaller scale, and have fewer branches. The horns of these animals are often above three feet long, and about two feet and a half from tip to tip: they are shed annually. The height of a full-grown rein-deer is about four feet six inches; the orbits or spaces round their eyes are invariably black; they shed their coat, and when first they cast their hair and acquire new it is of a brownish ash-colour, but afterwards changes to white; the hairs are very closely set, and under the neck are long and pendent; the tail is short; the hoofs large, and of a concave form. As the riches of the Laplanders chiefly consist in the number of rein-deer that they possess, they take infinite pains to rear and train them. In these frigid climes there are wild and domestic rein-deer; the latter do not live longer than fifteen or sixteen years, though it is probable, in their native state of liberty, they attain to a

greater age. In every order of created beings we discover a perfect aptitude to the condition and required services of the individual; therefore, as in the barren regions where the rein-deer is most common scarcely any verdure is produced but juniper, moss, and brambles, these hardy animals during the winter subsist on a kind of white moss and rein-liver-wort, which with their horns they dig from under the deepest snow, and remove it from thence with their feet; but in summer they feed on the buds and leaves of trees, which they prefer to herbage, as the length of their horns is an impediment to their grazing. The rein-deer runs ont he snow and ice with great facility, as the breadth of their feet prevents their sinking; they also draw sledges, which are the Laplanders' chief vehicles, and can travel thus, in draught, at the rate of four or five leagues an hour. The only curb the Laplanders use, when they are conveyed in these carriages, is a rope tied to the base of the animal's horn. These animals do not gallop, but their motion is a rapid running pace, attended with a great noise, occasioned by the loose state of their spurious hoofs. They are of a gentle nature, and herd in great flocks; but require much attention, as they are apt to stray.

Having thus specified some of the benefits the inhabitants of Lapland derive from the rein-deer, I shall subjoin some other of the principal advantages afforded them by these animals, which, in fact, supply them with all their domestic comforts. In the first place, the Laplanders are covered from head to foot with the furs of these animals, which are so thickly clothed with hair as to be impenetrable to cold or wet; this is their winter garb, but in summer they are clad in the skins from which the hair has fallen off. The flesh of

these animals is their principal sustenance; the milk serves them for beverage, and also makes cheese. This lacteous liquor is of such a rich nature, that, when churned, it appears like suet, which is a proof of its superabundant nutritious quality. As from the foregoing account it appears evident that the rein-deer affords the essential services of clothing and food to the Laplanders, in extending our view we shall perceive that they likewise dispense many other, though perhaps inferior, advantages. There is no part of this animal which the Laplanders do not convert to some essential service, as necessity is a spur to, if not the basis of, ingenuity. Of the rein-deer's horns they make glue; of their tendons, bow-strings; and, by splitting the sinews, supply themselves with thread. Of the bones they likewise form various useful implements. Thus does a single animal make amends for the want of the horse, cow, goat, and sheep, as its combined perfections are amply sufficient to gratify the wishes of a Laplander, who, when possessed of a numerous herd of rein-deer, need not envy the Great Mogul.

There are various modes of chasing these animals; in autumn the huntsmen allure them by the females, and in the spring season attack and kill them with musquets and arrows. They are subject to breed worms in their skin in winter, which prey on the fur, and entirely spoil it by making innumerable holes; therefore it is only in autumn they are hunted on account of their hides. At this period they seek the most elevated situations to avoid the Lapland gad-fly, which is peculiarly noxious to them, as it lodges its eggs in their skin. When one of these insects appears, the whole troop seem dismayed, and take refuge in
the

the snow on the highest mountains: those that are infested by this vermin usually die.

These animals, from the circumstance of their having four stomachs, are of a ruminating kind, which is wisely ordained by their bountiful Creator, who has placed them in a sphere where nutriment is not at all periods easily obtained. If it were not for the rein-deer, in how pitiable a state would the inhabitants of Lapland appear; yet, from such a source of comfort, our commiseration is converted into admiration: yet had even this been denied, it is reasonable to presume the being destined to that situation would not have repined, as the mind naturally sinks to the level of the condition, and, however barren the clime or imperfect the enjoyments, the native resident is a stranger to its miseries, as Pope elegantly observes—

“What happier natures shrink at with-
fright,
The hard inhabitants contend is right.”

THE FALLOW-DEER.

The fallow-deer approaches nearer to the stag than to any other animal, notwithstanding which they seem averse to each other, and never intermix; they are also seldom found in regions where stags abound; they are of a more delicate construction and milder nature, less frequent in forests, being kept usually in parks, where they become tame, and in a manner domesticated. The horns of this animal are palmated at the extremity, and point a little downwards; they are also branched on the hinder side; it has two slender brow antlers, and above them two branches of a delicate form. The individuals of this species vary in colour, some being of a bay or reddish hue, others deep brown, white, or spotted. There are more of these

animals reared in England than in any other country, as their venison is highly esteemed; even the canine race prefer the flesh of the fallow-deer to that of the stag or roe-deer. This species are not so generally dispersed as the stag. They are but rarely found in France and Germany. They exist in a wild state in the woods of Lithuania, Moldavia, Greece, the Holy Land, Spain, and the northern regions of China. It is probable those found in America were transported thither from Europe. As the fallow-deer is less wild in its propensities than the stag, the species are subject to greater variations. Those that are natives of Spain are of larger dimensions, being nearly as large as a stag; they have also invariably flatter and broader horns; the hair is of a brighter hue, and they have a longer tail. These animals shed their horns annually, like the stag kind; they fall off sooner, but are renewed at the same period. The fallow-deer associate in herds, and never quit their native country in quest of males, but fight with the males of their own species to decide the election. When there are great numbers of these animals in a park or any other inclosure, it is remarked they form themselves into two parties, which soon martially encounter, as they have a natural propensity to encroach on each other's pasturage. Each of these detachments has its own leader or chief, which is usually the oldest and strongest of the herd; the rest of the troop follow his motions, and, in regular attacks, fight till the disputant either conquers or retreats.

These animals prefer elevated situations to low grounds; and, when they are pursued, endeavour to elude the search of the dog by substituting another animal in their stead. When driven to extremity,
they

they take to the water, but cannot swim so far or run so fleet as a stag, which renders it expedient for them to have recourse more frequently to artifice; whence the hunting of the fallow-deer is attended with greater inconvenience and uncertainty than the chase of the stag, though the modes of pursuit do not essentially differ. The fallow-deer is of a docile nature, consequently easily tamed, and eats many kinds of food unsuitable to the stag; its flesh is also more uniformly in good condition. As it browses close, it does more damage to the trees and shrubs. They are of a ruminating nature. The female, or doe, usually produces one fawn at a birth, sometimes two, but never more than three; her time of gestation is eight months. The life of this species does not commonly exceed twenty years. It is almost needless to remark, that the male or buck venison comes first in season, and is succeeded by that of the female or doe. The elegant construction of these animals, and their social propensity to approach our habitations in a cultivated state, inspire a partial attention, which excites a preference on their behalf. Their beautiful form and fleet motion adorn and enliven every scene where they reside, and their harmless properties augment the pleasing sensations which their superior external qualities excite.

(To be continued.)

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH of the COUNTRESS of DERBY.

MANY females have risen from the lowest walks of life to distinguished eminence; some on account of their personal charms, others by fortuitous circumstances, and many by adding cunning to their attrac-

tions; but few, very few, by their intrinsic merit, their superior beauty, and their virtuous deportment united.

The stage is a dangerous situation for a young woman of a lively temper and personal accomplishments, especially when her professional excellencies have stamped her a favourite with the public. To preserve the line of virtue amidst such various temptations, and amidst numerous admirers possessed of titles and affluence, evinces a strength of principle and purity of heart that justly call for the greatest admiration. When a person in such a state, and so circumstanced, falls beneath the allurements which continually present themselves, even the virtuous are more disposed to pity than to censure, to excuse than to condemn; but when one thus placed nobly braves every temptation, resists all the glittering attractions which are held out, and, without paternal guardianship, steers her course through the intricate quicksands without once deserving a censorious remark from the observant multitude, it is proper to hold such a one forth as an example deserving of praise and imitation.

Mr. Farren, her ladyship's father, served a regular apprenticeship to a surgeon and apothecary at Cork; and his brother rose by his merit to the rank of captain in the sixty-fourth regiment of foot. This gentleman was a scholar and an author, and wrote an essay on Taste, which was put into the hands of Dr. Hawkesworth, and met with his approbation; but we believe it was never published.

The father of miss Farren, after he was out of his time, set up in business for himself at Cork; but though he was generally respected, and married the daughter of Mr. Wright, an eminent brewer at Liverpool,

verpool, with whom he had some fortune, his practice failed, and at length he became insolvent. It must not be concealed, that his conduct, in some respects, proved the source of his misfortunes; for he was fond of company, without being select in his choice, and loved the tavern better than his shop. He had always been partial to theatrical amusements, and greatly delighted in associating with the children of Thespis in his native city. After his retirement to Liverpool, therefore, and finding that his father-in-law's circumstances were not adequate to his expectations, he boldly resolved upon entering into the dramatic line. His irregular habits, however, continued; and had it not been for the exertions of Mrs. Farren, and the assistance which she received from her friends, the situation of herself and her children must have been wretched in the extreme. She brought him seven, of whom two are now living; Elizabeth, the subject of this notice, who was the second, and Peggy, the youngest, who is the wife of Mr. Knight, a respectable performer of Covent-garden theatre.

The countess was born in 1759, and lost her father when she was very young. In 1773 she made her first appearance on the Liverpool stage, in the character of Rosetta, in the comic opera of *Love in a Village*. That theatre was under the management of Mr. Younger, a dramatic veteran, and still remembered in that part of the kingdom with respect for his pleasantness and liberality. He took miss Farren under his own immediate protection, became her tutor, and watched over her with a truly parental solicitude. Under such a guardian and preceptor, aided by a quickness of perception and a ductile disposition, she soon became a promising

actress, and the favourite of the public, not only at Liverpool, but at Shrewsbury, Chester, and other places, where the corps of Mr. Younger usually performed.

At length that worthy man, who had always a lively concern in her welfare and advancement, recommended her to try her fortune in London. Accordingly she came to town in the summer of 1777, with a letter from Mr. Younger to the elder Colman, at whose theatre she appeared shortly after in the character of miss Hardcastle, in Goldsmith's comedy of *She stoops to Conquer*. That excellent mimic, Edwin, made his first appearance the same night, in the character of Tony Lumpkin; and the same season produced also that eminent genius, the late Mr. Henderson—a trio of performers seldom exhibited together.

Some of the critics of the day, in their observations on her performance, blended considerable truth with much cynical severity. It may not be unamusing to quote their remarks. "Miss Farren's first appearance on a London stage appeared the most leading figure in this group, and, from that circumstance, is entitled to some indulgence from the critic pen. Her performance of miss Hardcastle, though far short of Mrs. Bulkley, who was the original bar-maid, would not have disgraced either of our winter theatres. Her person is genteel, and above the middle stature; her countenance full of sensibility, and capable of expression; her voice clear, but rather sharp, and not sufficiently varied; her action not directly awkward; and her delivery emphatic and distinct. When miss Farren learns to tread the stage with more ease, to modulate and vary her voice, to correct, inspire, and regulate her action, and give a proper utterance to her feelings

feelings by a suitable expression of voice and countenance, in our opinion she will be a most valuable acquisition to our London theatres."

Her reception was very flattering; and the best judges of acting at once predicted her future eminence in that line. On the 30th of August following she played the part of Rosina in the *Spanish Barber*, which was then performed for the first time; and, by her manner of acting, she contributed greatly to the success of the piece.

In the ensuing winter she accepted an offer from the managers of Covent-garden theatre, where she played tragedy with the late Mr. Digges; so little did they understand or examine the real bent of her talents at that time. Not long afterwards she removed to Drury-lane, where also she stood on the tragic line, though sometimes a comic character was allotted to her. At length a lucky circumstance occurred, which brought her into that immediate sphere in which she was destined by nature to move. Mrs. Abington, the favourite of Thalia and of the town, went from old Drury to Covent-garden, and left that department, which she had filled with so much splendor, unoccupied. In this exigence the proprietors fixed upon miss Farren, who soon proved, if not superior, yet in most respects equal, to Mrs. Abington. One of the grave censors of that time, in his observations on this change, has given an opinion which may well be adverted to in this retrospect. "The desertion of Mrs. Abington from Drury-lane to Covent-garden theatre left an open field for the display of miss Farren's abilities, of which the public had before entertained great hopes. The task, however, was a severe one; perhaps

too severe. The manner of Mrs. Abington was not only excellent in itself, but the auditors were so used to it, and remembered it so perfectly in each instance where the wit, satire, or situation was remarkable, that her successor must have been her superior to have been thought her equal. Truth requires we should say, though miss Farren has great merit, she is neither; she is yet young, and, from the progress she has made during the first seasons of her appearance on the London theatres, we have reason to hope, that if she pursues her endeavours to excel with the same ardour she began, she will become the favourite of Thalia, and one of the brightest ornaments of the stage. Her figure is tall, but not sufficiently muscular; were it a little more *embon-point*, it would be one of the finest the theatre can boast. Her eyes are lively, her face handsome, and very capable both of comic and sentimental expression."

The part which she first undertook in the comic line at this theatre was that of lady Townley, to which she was directed by that sagacious judge and excellent performer, Mr. Parsons, for whose benefit she played. From that time she took the whole circuit of Mrs. Abington's characters with equal success.

The applauses with which she was favoured by the public, however gratifying, could not equal the satisfaction which she must have felt at being honoured with the private esteem of the great and the good. The regularity of her deportment, and the modesty of her disposition, procured her the friendship of some of the first characters in the fashionable circles. Lady Dorothea Thompson, and lady Cecilia Johnson, admitted miss Farren in the number of their particular intimates; and

and by this means it was that she attracted the attention of the earl of Derby.

All the world knows the circumstances in which his lordship stood with respect to his first countess; yet nothing but her dissolution could enable her separated husband to give his hand to one so deserving of his love. Miss Farren's profession and origin, and all the circumstances combined with it, as well as his own, would probably have rendered another sort of connexion not very offensive in the eyes of the major part of mankind; but, to the honour of the parties, the breath of calumny could never find occasion to whisper a single remark on the subject of their intimacy that might put either of them to the blush. As his lordship's knowledge of her character and turn of mind increased, his attachment became more rivetted. It was not the ardour of youthful frolic, or the playfulness of a capricious fancy, but a pure sensible love, grounded upon the admiration of principles as well as of her person, and an assurance that in such an union more happiness was likely to be expected than from one of a more pompous nature.

Though neither his lordship nor miss Farren were scrupulous to conceal their particular intimacy, they were cautious in the management of it, to give the world no room for censorious remark; and it is observable, that in all their interviews Mrs. Farren was present, who has always resided with her daughter in every step of her advancement.

At length, on the death of the late countess of Derby, the way was clear to the perfection of that happiness which his lordship had so long anticipated. Miss Farren took her farewell of the public at Drury-lane, on the 7th of April 1797, in the

VOL. XXXIII.

character of lady Teazle, in 'The School for Scandal;' on which occasion the house literally overflowed, and the curtain dropped amidst such emotions as never before were witnessed in any theatre.

On the 8th of May following, she was married to lord Derby by special licence, at his lordship's house in Grosvenor-square. Soon after, her ladyship was introduced at court, and made one in the procession at the marriage of the princess-royal to the duke of Wirtemberg. Since that time, this noble pair have spent much of their time at their seat in the country, where her ladyship is considered as a blessing by the tenants and the poor. In the privileged orders, among whom her ladyship has been introduced, she is deservedly respected and beloved, as the most truly noble of her rank.

On the various MODES of ornamenting the TEETH in different NATIONS.

THE various fashions with respect to the teeth, and the methods of ornamenting them, which obtain in different countries, furnish a proof that even the most nonsensical usages of nations, or at least such as appear so to us Europeans, have always a certain foundation, which we are only enabled to discover when sagacious travellers make us properly acquainted with the general way of thinking of nations remote and altogether different from us. Nothing can easily seem more ridiculous than that several nations should stain their teeth black, or gild them, or file them to a point, or even pull them out, in order to beautify themselves; and yet all these disfigurements naturally spring from each

2 B other,

other, and all of them together from a custom that is common to these nations alone.

All the great nations of the southern Asia, the Hindoos, the Ceylonese, the Tonquinese and Siamese, the Malayans, Chinese, and Japanese, the Madagascans, and, in part, the Amboynese and Ternates; lastly, the inhabitants of the Philippines, that take their origin from the southern Asia, look upon their natural glossy white teeth as a deformity, which ought to be corrected by art, as they would otherwise resemble those of dogs, monkeys, and elephants. All these nations, therefore, dye their teeth a shining black, with the oil extracted from the husk of the cocoa-nut, in order to render them of a hue superior to that of the contemptible animals; and this colouring of the teeth is performed on boys and girls at the commencement of youth with great solemnities. Only some inhabitants of Amboyna and Ternate, and the Formosans, leave their teeth just as nature formed them, and deride the Dutch and other Europeans as unclean creatures, because their teeth are yellow or blackish, or at least not of so glossy a white as theirs.

The humour of the above-mentioned nations to stain their teeth of a glossy black is the more striking, as nature has given them, in common with all other nations of Mongolian origin, teeth of as shining a white as those of the brute creation; and as these very nations strive all they can to increase and magnify all their native deformities and defects,—among which they also reckon shining white teeth,—as it were by a natural instinct. All these nations endeavour to render their pointed or round heads still more pointed or round; their flat foreheads, faces, and noses, still flatter; their large

ears still larger; their little eyes and feet still less; their sleek beard and body still sleeker; and, in pursuance of this rule, they should therefore be supposed to make their white teeth as much as possible still whiter and more shining than they are by nature. We may then justly presume that some powerful influence is the cause that the impulse of these nations to increase all their natural defects has here taken a different direction.

This cause has never been explained by any of the authors who speak of the blackening of the teeth, practised by the nations of South-America, and the inhabitants of the East-India islands, in so satisfactory a manner as by Loubere. The Siamese, says this acute observer, constantly chew betel, like all the other nations of southern Asia and the neighbouring islands. This betel consists of the fourth part of an *areca* nut, which they wrap up in a betel leaf, and then sprinkle it over with a fine red-coloured mussel-kalk. The mastication of this substance tinges their teeth and lips of a red hue, and at length puts a blackish crust upon the teeth, which forms a very ugly contrast with the shining white of them. In order, then, to hide this foulness of the teeth, the Siamese and their brethren attend to the above-mentioned law of their nature; and, instead of diligently cleaning the teeth, and thereby keeping them white, they increase the blackness of their teeth, now become natural to them, by an artificial varnish, which they cause to penetrate their very substance. This operation commonly lasts three days, during which they keep a very strict fast, in order to render the deities propitious, or not to disturb the effects of the oil with which the teeth are smeared.

With

*With some of these people it is not enough to heighten the beauty of their teeth with a glossy black varnish, but they do over the teeth, or the lower gums, or a part of all the teeth, with leaf-gold. This is chiefly practised by the wealthy among the Macassars, and the Malaysans of Sumatra. We are told by Marsden that this gilding of the teeth has a pretty effect by candle-light. It is no uncommon thing for girls to have four of their front-teeth pulled out, and as many golden ones set in their place. A Dutch captain, whom Tavernier saw at Java, found this fashion so elegant, that he had four diamonds inserted in his gums instead of four of his teeth.

After perusing these accounts, what we find related of the Gagians, a people on the eastern coast of Africa, is not so very surprising; that their girls extract four of their front-teeth, in order to render themselves more agreeable to their lovers. These Gagians are sprung, like all the other black or tawny tribes of Africa, from the southern Asia, and preserve the custom of extracting the teeth, even when they were no longer able to supply their place by the nobler metals. Perhaps, likewise, the desire of embellishment may be the reason that the New-Hollanders break out several of their teeth; or, probably, like some of the handsome inhabitants of the South-Sea islands, in order to appease incensed or malignant deities.

Several authors relate that many of the negro tribes in Africa file their teeth quite sharp, which custom was for a long time thought to be peculiar to the men-eating negroes, from the opinion that they sharpened their bite, to enable them the sooner to devour their foes, like the beasts of prey. But Oldendorp, in his time, found that the practice of filing the teeth was common to many

negroes, who had never, or at least for ages past had not preyed upon human flesh. This practice is the remains of a custom still existing among the aboriginal tribes of the inhabitants of southern Asia. The teeth of the betel-chewers in Asia will not take the intended black till they have filed off the enamel. Some of the Malaysans are satisfied with filing away the surface and points of the teeth; whereas others leave them quite peaked, or even entirely flat, and file them away close to the gums. The African negroes therefore preserved the practice of filing the teeth when they were come into parts where they could no longer chew betel, nor blacken their teeth as their forefathers had done.

The notion that black teeth are beautiful, and that only negroes and monkeys should have white teeth, was formerly prevalent even among the Russians; at least Weber met with several ladies of quality who were proud to display their black teeth on the grand festival of Peter and Paul. A modern author, however, observes that he had no occasion to express himself so cautiously on this subject, for that every person acquainted with Russia knows that the practice of blackening the teeth is still very prevalent there; and that on all holidays numbers of the merchants' wives are still proud to display them.

On FORCED MARRIAGES.

To the EDITOR of the LADY'S MAGAZINE.

SIR,
I REMEMBER to have seen it somewhere observed, that there can be no greater sign of national depravity than the scandalous reflexions
2 B 2 commonly

commonly cast on the state of marriage; but if the tendency of these unmeaning invectives be so pernicious, what shall we say of that conduct which renders this state deservedly contemptible? What shall we say of those parents who plant thorns upon what ought to be a bed of roses; or raise weeds only where there was a prospect of the most promising and useful increase?—How can they reconcile it with their affection, through caprice or avarice, to sport with the happiness of their children? How can they recompense the world for peopling it with folly or disease? and how appease their consciences for extending their cruelty often beyond the grave, and exposing their offspring to contract vices which may endanger their eternal felicity?—That these consequences do really follow from what, I think, may be justly termed a venal prostitution of the bed, I could wish our experience did not fully testify; but the instances arising from this folly of parents are too numerous not to fall within the notice of every common observer. From hence springs that discord and dissension which, in our modern marriages, have long triumphed over union and harmony: from hence, too, that want of economy which is the bane of every virtue; the husband and the wife become mutual plagues to each other; their private follies are made public, and their miscarriages are the topics of every conversation. But what most of all proves the wickedness of such conduct, is the number of innocents who, to avoid the man they have an aversion to, have been induced to fly into the arms of infamy, and devote themselves to utter ruin. However these parents may think themselves justified by fashion in this Smithfield bargain of their children, they sure-

ly are much worse than barbarians; by how much the objects of their cruelty are more nearly allied to them.

I would not be thought to mean that it is a parent's duty to fall in with all the follies of a mad girl of sixteen, who languishes for every fop that comes in her way: no; it is not the right only, but the duty, of every parent, to direct the inclinations of his children to a proper object; and this right can never justly be overlooked on their part, unless it is tyrannically used to the manifest subversion of their happiness. But it is such an indignity to human nature, it is so singularly mean and contemptible to make wealth the only consideration, where so many real excellencies are requisite to give life a relish, that I should not hesitate a moment to admire a resolution which, in this case, dared to throw off the yoke of dependency, and boldly protest against being chained through life to a gilded block, or a casket of disease, though cased in gold. The guilt of the parent is aggravated still more, when the abundance of either party is sufficient to make up for the narrowness of the circumstances in the other; and it will, I think, admit of no palliation, when the inclinations of both parties are not only founded on generous and laudable motives, but are, besides, so strongly interwoven together, as not to be separated without the certain misery of both.

A father of this stamp generally complains of the hardship he finds in giving what has employed all the cares of his life to one who, with little pains of his own, enjoys, perhaps, some superior qualities, the gifts of nature, or the acquisitions of a virtuous education. This defence carries with it the mark of such a low disingenuous mind, that

it seems to require no answer. I cannot, however, avoid saying, that, in my view, there is more real merit in subduing one single passion, than in scraping together millions; and I had rather the only child Providence has blessed me with should enjoy the dominion of herself, than be mistress of both the Indies. I would farther ask this set of men, on whom they can more prudently bestow their wealth, than on one whose good-nature and love will, through life, consult the happiness of their children; whose temperance will probably embellish their family with a healthy and beautiful posterity; and whose virtue will so train them up, as to make them useful and distinguished members of society?

What the patrons of this conduct chiefly admire in it is the care it expresses for posterity. But what will these provident gentry say, should their posterity not prove worth providing for? And what can we expect from unnatural alliances but the birth of monsters? An union of affections seems to me as necessary for the production of a happy issue as an union of bodies; and I remember an ingenious and arch friend of mine, who used to account for the extraordinary wit and beauty often found in children born before marriage from this principle. But, however this be, I still can see no objection to the conduct I would recommend, since the person pointed out is one whose abilities will either secure his children an estate, or, what is still better, perhaps, teach them how to despise one.

There are some parents who greatly applaud their parental affection, for not forcing, as they call it, their daughter's inclinations, by confining them to one single object, at the same time that they hinder them from taking the person on whom their inclinations are already

fixed;—as if it were not much the same thing to deny a person his necessary food, as to force him to swallow poison; or, as if there were any merit in refraining from a power which our very constitution wisely denies them. In short, there appears to me to be so much prudence, justice, and humanity, in consenting to approve the choice of our children, when that choice is founded on any real excellences, that I was not at all surprised when I somewhere read that that most prudent man and able statesman, Themistocles, declared, in his sententious manner, that, in a husband for his daughter, he should always prefer a man without money to money without a man.

I was led into this train of thinking by the premature death of a young gentleman, whose merits recommended him to my friendship. He had lately left the university, where he had made a progress in every kind of useful study, which greatly embellished his other merits and virtues. An intimacy contracted in their tender years, between him and a young lady of the same age and rank, but different fortune, had grown up along with them into a mutual warmth of affection. There was that exquisite similitude in their manners which persuaded every one they were formed for each other. The young lady was, however, addressed by a gentleman, who had nothing to recommend him but a superior estate, and a certain narrowness of mind which perfectly suited the disposition of the lady's father. She was, in consequence, compelled to marry him; which so affected my young friend, that, in a month or two, being seized with a fever, I found him so weak and emaciated that it was impossible for him to escape its fury. The young lady is so sensible

of the cruelty of her father, and the death of the only man she loved, that, as she was by mutual affection united to him in life, so, I fear, in death she will be but little divided. Should this weight of affliction fall upon the father, I am at a loss to conceive how any accession of fortune can enable him to sustain it.

I remain yours, &c.

IANTHE.

OSMAN; *an* EASTERN TALE.

(*Concluded from p. 149.*)

FATIMA, after having given a loose to her tears, consented to a flight which she conceived to be necessary. She left the house of Osman, conducted by Ergastes, and attended by a young Frenchwoman, for whom she had conceived a particular friendship. They disguised themselves, and took all possible precautions not to be known. Nothing appeared to the tender Fatima too difficult or too dangerous, which might enable her to rejoin once more a husband she adored, and withdraw herself from the cruelty and oppression with which she imagined that she had long been treated.

They travelled day and night, and in three days reached Brissa. How great were the emotions of Fatima when she saw the town in which her husband had taken refuge! She ardently panted to fly into his arms! Vain hope! Fate had reserved her for disappointments and affliction that were to end only with her life. It was in vain that she sought her husband, and eagerly expected him during two days. Gloomy forebodings then seized her mind, and permitted her not to enjoy a moment's rest. She could not remain in the town, and conjured Ergastes to conduct her to her hus-

band. They set out; when presently a noise of horses obliged them to hasten for concealment into a very thick wood.

'Oh, Heaven!' exclaimed Fatima, 'it is Osman!'

The moon rose, and shone so brightly, that, fearing to be seen, they retired behind some thick hedges. Scarcely had they taken this precaution, when they perceived a troop of horsemen; and their fear redoubled when they discerned among them the terrible Osman. They heard him threaten both Fatima and Ergastes. He alighted from his horse, and caused a prisoner to be brought to him, whom he loaded with the severest reproaches. Fatima and the young Frenchwoman shuddered. Osman at length went forwards, which in some degree relieved the ladies from their fears. They followed him with their eyes, and saw him stop in a field not far from them. His unfortunate prisoner, who followed him, threw himself at his feet. The distance prevented them from hearing the words he uttered; but his submissive manner, and supplicating posture, sufficiently gave them to understand that his life was in danger.

'It is my husband!' exclaimed Fatima; and, forgetting her own situation, rushed forwards to throw herself at the feet of Osman. But she had scarcely made a few steps, when she saw him draw his scimitar, and strike off the head of his prisoner. At this sight, Fatima fainted away.

Ergastes was in the utmost embarrassment: he feared that Osman should discover him, and this prevented him from giving any assistance to madame Dorimont.

Osman departed, after having commanded his attendants to cover with earth the body of the wretch he had sacrificed to his anger. Ergastes,

gastes, with the assistance of the young Frenchwoman, restored Fatima to her senses; who upbraided them with their cruelty, staggered to the place where she imagined that she had seen her husband fall, bedewed the earth with her tears, and conjured Ergastes to leave her there, to lament her husband, curse the perfidious Osman, and even her own existence. Ergastes pointed out to her the danger to which she must expose herself by remaining longer in that place, and protested that he would never leave her. The fear of endangering the life of her friend, and that of the young woman who accompanied her, induced her at length to follow them, and they left this unhappy spot and arrived at Constantinople. Ergastes placed the ladies under the protection of the French ambassador, to whom he was known, and went to procure a vessel to carry them to France.

Fatima, entirely abandoned to her grief, scarcely noticed the exertions which Ergastes was making to serve her. She believed him generous, and therefore had consented to return with him to France, though she knew well that her sorrows must follow her every where.

The day on which they were to embark arrived, and they repaired to the harbour; but were seized with surprise and dismay, when they saw there Osman. They precipitately avoided being seen by him, and returned to the hotel of the ambassador, equally disappointed and alarmed.

Fatima, terrified at meeting with Osman, retired to her chamber, and indulged in her grief and melancholy. She heard some person knock at her door, and opened it, supposing it to be Ergastes. Heavens! what was her astonishment and terror when she saw Osman, the mur-

derer of her husband, and her implacable persecutor! She covered her face that she might not behold this perfidious and barbarous man.

Osman advanced towards her, while she surveyed him with mingled disdain and aversion. Tears gushed from her eyes, which she endeavoured to conceal from him, but was not able.

‘My presence surprises and disturbs you, madam,’ said he, with an air of chagrin; ‘I had foreseen that it would; but virtue, friendship,’—

This introduction roused the anger of Fatima.

‘Tyrant!’ exclaimed she, ‘how dare you appear in my presence, and in my presence utter the sacred names of virtue and friendship?—Throw off the mask: I know thy crimes. Complete them: let thy hand, that cruel hand which has deprived me of my husband, inflict a welcome death upon me: it will be the only benefit you have ever bestowed on me which entitles you to my gratitude. I despise thy threats, thy tortures, for there are none of them which I do not prefer to the horror of seeing thee!’

Osman, pale and motionless, listened to her with his eyes fixed on the ground, without having the power to interrupt her. She observed his confusion, and, interpreting it as a proof of his guilt, uttered every reproach and invective that her rage could suggest.

Osman, who had now had time to recollect himself, requested her to hear him in his turn.

‘I came,’ said he, ‘to reproach you, and you have loaded me with the most unmerited reproaches. You accuse me of the death of your husband, whom you alone are bringing to the grave by your infidelity. How could you suffer yourself to be seduced to quit the house of a friend, and abandon a husband
whom

whom you appeared to hold so dear? I saw you yesterday at the harbour; I knew you was about to embark, but the interest I take in the happiness of your husband would not suffer me to permit you to leave the country in this manner; and I came, in despite of my own feelings, to endeavour to recal you to yourself. The manner in which you have received me so astonished me, that it was not in my power to interrupt you. Ah, Fatima! Fatima! how have you rewarded my zeal to serve you! I knew your heart: it was once capable of the noblest sentiments; but, alas! how is it now changed!

It is scarcely possible to describe the confusion of madam Dorimont. Her husband living!—Osman virtuous!—She alone culpable!—These were things which she might indeed desire, but dared not hope.

‘Perfidious man!’ exclaimed she, ‘you cannot deceive me: I saw him fall beneath your scimitar.’

‘He lives, madam, and would be too happy, had his wife remained faithful to him. Come and see the effects of your cruelty.’

Fatima, trembling and uncertain, forgot every thing she left behind her, and prepared to follow Osman; her eager desire again to see Dorimont had banished every other idea. Osman exerted himself to the utmost to inspire her with courage, entreated her to explain to him the whole mystery, and to relate all that had passed between her and Ergastes, which she did with the utmost ingenuousness.

‘You restore me to life,’ said he, when he had heard her whole narrative; ‘I can no longer doubt your innocence. Ergastes is a perfidious wretch who has betrayed us both. I swear to you that from the moment when you first made known to me the sentiments of your heart, I have

thought only of sacrificing my love, and procuring your happiness. I will not say what this victory cost me, but I have at length obtained it. You have not known Osman: he is too proud to descend to deceit. My whole pleasure was in my endeavours to restore to you your husband as it were by surprise. I anxiously counted the moments, and anticipated that in which I should enjoy your tears of delight, and that enchanting confusion which constitutes the happiness of hearts of sensibility. I had confided my design to Ergastes. I believed him my friend, and he has made use of my benefactions to plant a dagger in my bosom. A letter which I received informed me that you had disappeared with Ergastes: it was written by the traitor himself. Frantic, and in despair, I flew in pursuit of you. I met with Azor; I saw him alone, and forced him to confess to me all his crimes. He had been to your husband, inspired him with distrust, and promised him that if he would confide in him he would save him. Dorimont believed the wretch, submitted himself to his guidance, and returned by another road. He was unarmed, and Azor, his perfidious guide, sold him to some merchants he met with. I had the good fortune likewise to meet with them; I delivered him; and avenged him by putting the slave Azor to death.

Madam Dorimont was much affected at the relation of Osman. The air of truth which accompanied his words, and his probity, of which she was convinced, would not permit her to doubt what he had said. When she had reached his residence, he led her into a retired and dark chamber, which caused her to feel, in despite of herself, some degree of uneasiness.

‘I have you safe at last, madam,’ said he: ‘you cannot escape me!’

These

These words redoubled her alarm. Osman hurried her into an adjoining apartment, where the first object that met her eyes was Dorimont,—pale, languishing, and almost lifeless. She threw herself into his arms, and pressed him to her heart. But what did she not feel when she found him repulse her from him, and heard him request Osman to deliver him from that odious woman! She could no longer support herself; she looked at Osman, and fainted at his feet. While her female attendant endeavoured to revive her, the generous Turk undeceived Dorimont. His testimony, and that of the young Frenchwoman, convinced him that his suspicions were without foundation. He shuddered at the condition to which his injustice had reduced Fatima; and, notwithstanding his own weakness, eagerly joined those who were giving her assistance. Their efforts were at length successful; she opened her eyes, and saw herself in the arms of her husband. Both gave themselves up to transports of the most lively joy, while Osman viewed them in silence: his countenance was bathed in tears, but tears that were delicious, and excited by the purest pleasure.

Dorimont soon recovered. The elopement of his wife had brought him to the brink of the grave; but her return, the proofs of her innocence, and her caresses, restored him to life. Osman, ever generous, loaded them with presents, and requested them to stay a few weeks, proposing to accompany them to France, in order to see them safe beyond the reach of danger. But while they enjoyed the happiness resulting from friendship and from love, Ergastes, whom Osman had not deigned to punish, prepared for them still greater mischiefs than those they had so lately escaped.

That perfidious wretch, enraged

VOL. XXXIII.

at being prevented from carrying off Fatima, repaired to the visir, and, by calumnies which he alone was capable of inventing, excited him to resolve on the destruction of Osman. The preparations of that generous man could not be so secret as to elude the knowledge of the spies of the visir, and he accordingly issued an order to arrest Osman as a traitor to his country.

Osman was walking with Fatima, and exchanging with her promises of eternal friendship, when a letter was brought him. He read it, turned pale, and, turning to Fatima, exclaimed—

‘Ah, madam! we are ruined!—Ergastes has taken a cruel revenge: the grand visir is my enemy; he has listened to Ergastes, and they have sworn my destruction and yours. I am accused of treason; the grand visir will be here in a moment, and my ruin is inevitable.’

Osman hastily left Fatima dissolved in tears and in an agony of distress, and contrived to send away a quantity of valuable jewels to Dorimont, whom some business had detained at Constantinople.

‘Fear nothing for your wife,’ said he, in a short note which he wrote to him; ‘I will exert myself to the utmost to defend her: I will certainly protect her honour.’

He attempted to procure the means of escape to madam Dorimont, but the grand visir made his appearance before he had time to effect his purpose.

The barbarian cast his eyes on madam Dorimont: he found her person to his liking, and ordered that she should be immediately conducted to his seraglio. He addressed to her some compliments which she certainly did not hear, and at the same time made a sign to the mutes to seize Osman; who, seeing there was no longer any hope, requested

as a favour to be permitted to speak a word to Fatima. He was not refused, and the guards retired. Osman advanced to her, took her in his arms, gave her a kiss, and, drawing a poniard—'It is thus,' said he, 'that I protect innocence and virtue.' Immediately he plunged the poniard in her breast. The unhappy Fatima sunk in the arms of her assassin, covered him with her blood, fixed her dying eyes on him, with a look expressive of thankfulness, clasped his hand, and expired.

Osman stretched out his neck to the mutes, who executed the orders of the visir. He died, hated by his fellow-citizens, because he had despised their prejudices, and had wished to correct them. His friends blamed him, and called him barbarous; and M. Dorimont, who possessed his most valuable effects, was the first to degrade his memory. He felt only the death of his wife, and not the circumstance that had occasioned it.

Thus was Osman rewarded for good he had done, and the virtue he had constantly practised through life; and such is the ingratitude which, in this world, the best men too often meet with for the disinterested benefactions.

Ergastes, the infamous author of his misery, did not, however, escape the vengeance due to crimes. His detestable perfidy was discovered; and a new visir rendered justice to virtue by honouring the memory of the generous Osman, commiserating the untimely fate of the tender Fatima, and inflicting merited punishment on Ergastes.

COUNT SCHWEITZER, or the
MYSTERIOUS ADVENTURE.

(Continued from p. 142.)

WITH a form so handsome, and manners equally prepossessing, it

was not surprising that the malicious urchin darted his arrow into the heart of Adolphus almost at the first interview.

'In joyous youth what soul hath never
known
Thought, feeling, taste, harmonious to its
own?
Who hath not paused, when Beauty's pensive eye
Ask'd from his heart the homage of a sigh?'

Nor was Athanasia less pleased with the engaging countenance and graceful demeanour of her supposed cousin.

About a month had elapsed after her arrival at Koëningsmark-castle, when one evening Adolphus, having remained up later than the rest of the family, was retiring to his apartment, he heard footsteps distinctly vibrate from a part of the castle seldom visited during the day-time, and never at so late an hour.

There was a report which obtained general belief with the domestics, that the chapel in the western wing was inhabited by a spirit or ghost, which,

—'strange to tell,
Evanish'd at crowing of the cock.'

As this occurred to Adolphus's memory it prompted rather curiosity than fear, and determined his resolution to repair to the chapel; since, although he smiled at the idea of supernatural appearances, he yet was almost certain that the footsteps which he had heard did not proceed merely from imagination.

With little difficulty, therefore, he opened a large folding-door that led into a spacious hall. The floor was of marble, and pillars of the same supported the arched roof. The furniture was originally of crimson damask; but then no vestiges remained of the primitive co-

* Campbell's 'Pleasures of Hope.'

hour:

hour. The voluted legs of the chairs, tables, &c. and the finely-carved chimney-ornaments, seemed to have been produced as a great effort of art some centuries since. The worked arras, which had perhaps employed a notable spinster of ancient days for many years, was almost entirely consumed by moths. In short, every thing seemed to prove,

‘Insulting Time! the triumphs of thy pow’r*.’

Leaving this room, after an attentive examination, he passed into another, smaller than the former, but similarly adorned. Opening another door, a flight of stairs appeared, which Adolphus with difficulty descended, the wood being greatly damaged. At the end of the circuitous steps was a large matted room, which had become the residence of owls and similar birds.

Scarce had he traversed it, and entered the contiguous gallery, ere a gust of wind extinguished his light. He paused. All around was silent. When suddenly a faint glimmering seemed to issue from the extremity of the passage.

Adolphus stopped, irresolute whether to proceed. Curiosity, however, and the difficulty—indeed almost impracticability—of retracing his steps, prompted him to advance, and with some hesitation he approached the spot. He entered the chapel; but how great was his surprise to behold the baron, who arose from a monument by which he was kneeling upon perceiving Adolphus, and inquired what occasioned his meeting him at so late an hour.

Adolphus briefly recited the circumstance, while his eyes seemed to ask the same explanation of Koë-nigsmark; who, without speaking,

motioned him to leave the chapel. On their return, Adolphus ventured to request the baron’s permission to pay his addresses to Athanasia.

‘Never, Adolphus! never!’ exclaimed Koë-nigsmark, with visible agitation: ‘circumstances forbid it. Think no more of Athanasia; she cannot be yours.’

‘Say not so, my father!’ exclaimed the petrified youth. ‘O permit me to hope that, at some future period, you will not be inimical to my wishes!’

‘Adolphus,’ said the baron, with a stern and resolute voice, ‘I once more repeat, think no more of Athanasia, as you value my commands: urge this subject no further; nor, with false hopes, imagine that I will ever consent to your request.’

Saying these words, he hastily left him, while Adolphus proceeded with slow and sorrowful steps to his apartment. In one moment all his fond expectations were gone—

‘Light as air, hope’s summer-visions die,
If but a fleeting cloud obscure the sky*.’

The words, ‘Athanasia can never be yours!’ still vibrated in his ear. In endeavouring to discover a reason for the baron’s prohibition he passed the night, for Morpheus was banished from his eyelids.

He arose early, and sauntered around the castle’s environs.—Musing as he onward went, he heeded not the time; when taking out his watch, to know the hour, it accidentally fell. Upon examining whether it was damaged, he touched the secret spring,—for it was the identical watch that Illing had delivered to the baron, who had given it to Adolphus some days before, without informing him how it had come into his possession. Great

* Keate.

* Roger.

was the astonishment of Adolphus on beholding the paper, and also the portrait of a gentleman to whose features he was a stranger. Adolphus immediately imagined that the contents were unknown to the baron, and determined to inform him of what he had found the first opportunity. Hastily, therefore, he returned to the castle. Fortunately, Koënismark was alone, to whom he instantly communicated the discovery; requesting him, if he was acquainted with it, to solve the mysterious words.

‘Adolphus,’ said the baron, after a considerable pause, ‘it is with infinite reluctance I now find it necessary to inform you that you are not my son!’

Adolphus started, while he almost doubted whether he heard aright. The baron then gave him a brief recital of the manner in which he had fallen under his protection.

‘How,’ exclaimed Adolphus, as he concluded, ‘can I ever express my gratitude for your kind care of a deserted child; but no longer shall the unknown Adolphus obtrude on your generosity! Without considering myself *your* son, never should I have had the temerity to aspire to the hand of Athanasia; but let ignorance serve as an excuse for such presumption!’

He heaved a deep sigh; then, resuming his fortitude, continued:

‘I will enlist in the Prussian service; and, amidst the din of war, endeavour to forget my hopeless passion.—Forget did I say? Ah! never can her image be obliterated from my heart!’

‘Adolphus,’ said the baron, ‘do not imagine this to be my only reason for not consenting to your wishes. Other suspicions forbid it. This evening you shall be acquainted with them; also what occasioned your meeting me in the chapel last

night. Respecting your wish to enter the army, if you prefer a military life, I can have no objection; but, Adolphus, do not too hastily resolve: if, at the expiration of a month, you continue in the same resolution, I then will obtain for you a commission; for, although I have revealed to you a secret (which, had I not perceived your fatal prepossession for Athanasia, would have remained in oblivion, unless you had been recognised by *your own* parents), yet be convinced I will always consider you as a son.’

(To be continued.)

THE RIGID FATHER;

A NOVEL.

(Continued from p. 154.)

LETTER VI.

Charles Janson to Henry Muller.

Lüneburg.

YES, my dear friend, you have rightly divined my sentiments;—in the cottage of the widow I have found what my heart sought;—good and happy people, The mother and children live with and for each other, without care, jealousy, or enmity. How shall I describe to you this domestic scene! They are poor; the gratification of the necessary wants of life is almost impossible to them; yet even this indigence, which to others would be the cause of discontent, strife, and wretchedness, appears to be the source of their happiness. The son is to study, and derive his future fortune from learning. To enable him to do this is their only wish, which swallows up every other; for this the mother exerts all her care, and the sister works; the former

former deprives herself of sleep, and the latter renounces dress and ornament. The son is to study, and, by the well-earned rewards of his acquirements, to procure them both better days. All three incessantly labour to promote their common happiness. How simple and unsuspecting is their goodness of heart! The son reads or writes, and a glance on his mother or his sister inspires him with new vigour and animation. They, in return, smile upon him, and will work without speaking a word for hours together, for he is labouring for them. Thus each of these three persons appears to live only for the others, and the purest and noblest affections that do honour to human nature have in the cottage of the widow their sanctuary.

Within the narrow limits of their little apartment these children of simplicity have likewise every thing necessary for their entertainment, and even for ornament. What is wanting to them which we who are rich possess? Nothing; in truth, nothing. In one corner is a small spinnet, but sufficiently large and well-toned to inspire cheerfulness. The son studies for an hour or two, then starts up, opens the instrument, and plays an air, which the mother and daughter accompany in a low, but extremely delicate and pleasing tone of voice; and in this concert they enjoy far greater pleasure than we in ours, where noise and the presence of so many unmusical persons, whose inattention and want of taste are conspicuous, annihilate the charm of the finest harmony. Over the spinnet hangs an excellent English print, representing a poor sailor-boy relating, with tears in his eyes, his sufferings when shipwrecked to two handsome country-maidens. This picture, the only one in their little apartment, was a present

from a former school-fellow of young Silverman, and is to the family a whole gallery. Oh! you should see the expression of pity and sensibility which animates the countenance of the daughter, when she looks at this picture: you should hear the various observations which the mother, daughter, and son, make according to their different ideas; and in what manner they derive consolation, encouragement, and mutual affection, from this single piece. The artist, in this humble apartment, would receive the most flattering and honourable of all rewards for the abilities he has displayed in his work.

To confess to you the truth—sometimes, when I look upon the daughter, and admire the open innocence of her countenance, the elegance of her figure, the pure glow of her complexion, and the animated and expressive regularity of her features, I feel inclined to wish that I were more to her than I am. When I speak to her, she answers me in the same manner her mother would, with the utmost composure, and without the least symptom of embarrassment, at which I have often found myself a little dissatisfied. She does not perceive how highly I esteem her. She needs not the love of any other heart, the love of her mother and her brother is fully sufficient for her.

LETTER VII.

The same to the same.

Luneburg.

You warn me to beware of love, my good friend. Why should I not tell you the truth? Yes, I do love the girl; but not, as you think, with that ardent and furious passion. I love the girl; that is to say—
It is extraordinary that I cannot tell
you

you *what* and *how* I feel; but when I compare my sensations with those which are usually described as love, I may, with the utmost propriety, say I am *not* in love with her.

I sit and think, and consider again and again, in what manner to describe to you what my sensations are, and I am mortified at finding that, after the most careful examination of them, I can only tell you I am pleased with this girl, and wish her all happiness. Yes, these cold indifferent words express all I feel. I visit her almost every day, and every time say to myself, 'What a lovely—what an excellent creature!' Every conversation I have with her convinces me more and more of the soundness of her understanding, the nobility of her sentiments, and the innocence of her heart.

It is to be regretted that the most exquisite beauty, the most exalted virtue, cannot be described. Can we describe to him who has never seen the heavens the pure azure vault, as it appears in a bright summer's day? Of this sublime and simple object we can only say—Behold it!—It cannot be described, because its sublime simplicity is so transcendent. The same is it with the perfections of this lovely girl. I might repeat to you all she says, word for word—Yet still the spirit which animates her discourse would be wanting—the lively smile which accompanies this expression, the tender tone in which it is uttered, the friendly glance, the gently downcast look, and the appropriate expression of sorrow or of joy, manifested in her voice, her eye, her walk, her every motion—I cannot describe to you; I can only feel how lovely she is.

In such conversations I press her hand with the most tender sensations, my eye sparkles, my cheeks glow. I feel that she must make

me happy; that, if ever I am so, her love must make me so. But her sensations seem not to answer mine: she remains perfectly tranquil, leaves me without the least emotion to go about the most trivial business, and says, with a smile, 'Farewell!'

She assures me, indeed, that she has the greatest friendship for me; but it is in so calm and unembarrassed a manner, that I have almost resigned all hope of ever moving her heart. Sometimes I flatter myself, from some little incidents, that I am not indifferent to her; but when I again think how lately, when her mother was confined to her bed by illness, she continued in her chamber the whole time I was in the house, and could not find a moment to speak a word to me; and when I observe how entirely she forgets me if her brother requires her attention, I cannot but feel that I have only a part of her heart. When we are alone I frequently endeavour to give our discourse a tender turn; but she looks at me as if surprised, treats what I say as an intended pleasantry, and is immediately as calm and undisturbed as before.

'Innocence,' you will say, 'mere artless innocence!' and so I think; for I cannot endure to believe that it is absolute indifference towards me. Were I my own master, could I do what I wish, she should in a few weeks, notwithstanding her cool tranquillity, be my wife. Her love to me would then be the same as her love to her mother and brother; she would be happy, and make me so.

This dream of pleasing hope, my dear friend, has led me astray from the rugged road which I must travel with my father. My soul is devoted to this heavenly girl! But I hear already my father's harsh reproaches, and the pious admonitions of my old aunt Judith. Farewell.

LETTER

LETTER VIII.

The same to the same.

Luneburg.

I HAVE a great deal to say to you about my affairs. My father has taken it into his head that I shall marry one miss Willmans, whose grandfather laid the foundation of his fortune. He has, therefore, determined that I shall take her for my wife, and I am as firmly resolved not to have her. I am very curious to see the *dénoûment* of this farce with which our acquaintances are to be entertained at our expense. All the performers are astonishingly perfect in their parts. Miss Willmans, when she visits us, is most prodigiously affable and polite, and will sit whole hours with my old aunt Judith, to whom she relates the histories of all the families in the town, enumerating all the secret sins which they have committed, and many more than they have committed.

Judith now never prays without mentioning miss Willmans in her prayers. Old madam Willmans, in order to keep my father firm in his grateful intentions, continually reminds him of what her father did for him. As for me, I seem to be considered by them all as a bale of goods too bad to be sold, but good enough to be given away as a proof of gratitude.

Gracious heaven, that it should come to this! My father disposes of me without asking my consent. Indeed not a word has yet been said to me on the subject; nor do I suppose it will be thought necessary to make any communication to me till the goods are to be delivered.

In what manner, then, do you suppose I became acquainted with this affair?——Heaven grant me patience!—I will tell you.—I generally go from the 'compting-house to the family of the Silvermans; so

that my father and aunt might easily do much more for me than merely promise me in marriage without my noticing it. I had by degrees sent all my books thither, and made their house almost my home. My finest prints were hung up in the apartment of Augusta (for that is the name of the dear and lovely girl), and I taught her to draw. Oh! how blissful were the hours I passed there! A name only was wanting to make me entirely one of the family. But though I had been called son, brother, or husband, they could not have loved me more than when I was only a friend or acquaintance.

My father went, as he did every year, into the country, for a month. I had incurred his displeasure, I scarcely know how; and, to punish me, he said to me, harshly, 'You shall stay where you are!'—Good heavens! he knew not that I could have fallen down and kissed his feet for the favour.

I had now a whole month, an eternity, in which I might be completely happy, and I let not a moment of it be lost. Oh those days of transcendent felicity, of the purest delight that mortals can taste here below, must—they must and shall return! How will my father be able to contend with me, who would give a thousand lives, if I had them, for another such month? A slight indisposition of the mother was favourable to me. The physician advised exercise, and I proposed an excursion in a carriage into the country. The mother thought this not very practicable, because she could not spare the money; but this objection I soon obviated, and procured a hired coach in which we drove to Zeildorf. You are acquainted with that pleasant retired village, and the beautiful wood near it, which nobody from Luneburg ever

ever visits, because there is no assembly-room there.

In these delightful shades, where a thousand nightingales poured their melodious strains, we enjoyed the genuine beauties of nature with an indescribable pleasure. Augusta, who had only been accustomed to take a walk in the fields a mile or two from the town in which she resided, was in raptures. She ran, she danced, or called upon the echo, amused and surprised at the exactness of its repetition, which now for the first time she had so distinctly heard. She wandered at a distance from the company till a peasant perhaps passing through the wood, she returned again hastily towards us.

We sat down on the grass under the shade of some lofty trees, and took the repast we had brought with us. The single glass of Champagne which I could persuade Augusta to taste, warmed and exhilarated her spirits, and we were all exuberantly cheerful. A happier day shall I never see while I live. Augusta seemed to hang upon me with the confidence of joy and innocence, because she felt herself happy. I flattered myself I could discover symptoms of a dawning tenderness towards me; a silent glance, a low sigh, a slight pressure of the hand, permitted me for a moment to discern in her pure heart what she scarcely knew herself to exist there.

Thus we lived for a whole month, and were happy beyond all power of expression. Frequently in the evenings I went with her and her brother to the play. Her mother seemed to think that I had some views on her daughter, though she appeared to consider it as impossible that I could intend any serious offer. She once, when we were alone, gave me to understand that her daughter might very possibly be induced to cherish hopes that in the

issue might render her very unhappy. I asked her, with a smile, 'Do you think that I shall prove deficient in integrity and honour?'—Her answer was a friendly look.—'I will however take what you have said as a caution.'—She sighed; then, after a little interval, added—'But Augusta must know nothing of this conversation.'

The whole summer was thus passed in undisturbed happiness. The pure affection of Augusta, as it took root in her heart, disclosed itself more and more every day; but at length the time arrived when she was to shed the first tears of anxious doubt and grief.

I went, as usual, to see the family, and found Augusta seemingly very uneasy; her eyes appeared to be red with weeping. She received me in a friendly, but somewhat particular manner. Her uneasiness seemed to increase, and her mother sighed several times. I looked first at the one, and then at the other, concluded it must be some domestic affair that had ruffled them, and began a conversation on some indifferent subject. Mrs. Silverman seemed more than once to wish to say something which she suppressed. At length she said with a sigh, which she endeavoured to restrain—'So, Mr. Janson, we find you are going to be married?'

I asked her, with a smile, 'To whom?'

'To miss Willmans: the attorney Grohman carried the marriage-contract ready drawn up to your house the day before yesterday.'

I had never had the least idea of this before, but it now appeared clear to me that it was as Mrs. Silverman said. Her words pierced through me like a mortal poison. I clapped my hand to my forehead, and exclaimed, like one frantic—'By heavens, you are in the right!'

I now

I now comprehended the whole contrivance, and perceived the object of the attorney Grohman's visit. The thought that I had been bargained for, without being so much as asked a question, enraged me. I started up; took my hat, said adieu, and hurried home.

My father was gone out; and my aunt Judith prated—I know not what. I threw my hat violently on the table, and advanced towards her. My uncle took me by the hand, and said, in his usual tone—‘Go to your chamber, young man: there is anger in your face. An hour hence you may come and talk to your good aunt Judith.’

‘How!’ exclaimed I, hastily. ‘What!’

‘Here, here; this way,’ said he, pushing me out at the door, and going with me. ‘Who do you wish to quarrel with, Charles?—if it is indifferent to you, take me.’

‘I am sold to the Willmans!’ exclaimed I.

‘Promised in marriage,’ said my uncle, coldly; ‘you and thirty thousand dollars. This does not seem to please you, Charles. Are you calm enough to listen to me?’

I took a chair; and he sat himself down by me, took me by the hand, and said, in a very serious, but, at the same time, a very tender tone,—‘It is a great merit, young man, to obey a father, even in things in which he has not a right to command.’

‘Do you say that, dear uncle?’ said I; and, turning towards him, looked him stedfastly in the face.

‘I do say that,’ said he. ‘A disobedient son acts a sad part, even when he is in the right. I know it, for I have acted it. Would you like to hear an old man, who once was young as you are now, relate his story? The father of your mother and me was a harsh man, and I

a youth of ardour and spirit, who would have my own way, and feared no difficulties. When I was twenty and your mother eighteen, my father wished to marry us. I was as averse to it as you are; because, when in England, I had made an acquaintance with a young woman whom I loved with my whole heart.’

Here he wiped some tears from his eyes, and then proceeded with much emotion:

‘I had not promised marriage to the object of my affection, and was therefore free to act as I judged right; and it appeared to me to be right to seek my own happiness, and not to obey my father. Your mother was of a firmer mind than I; and she married your father, though a younger man, and perhaps of a nobler disposition, had her heart. By degrees she forgot her love and was happy. She became a mother, and closed the eyes of her father in peace. I went, as my father refused to consent to the marriage I wished, to seek my fortune in the world. I formed connections, made friends, acquired property, and obtained the woman I loved for a wife. She brought me a daughter.’

Here he continued silent for some time, seemed to summon up all his resolution, began several times, and again stopped, till at length he thus proceeded:

‘I was happy, very happy, and thanked the goodness of Providence with unfeigned gratitude. But, in a voyage which I made with my wife and daughter, we met with a long continuance of adverse winds and boisterous weather, in consequence of which my wife, being in a feeble state of health, fell ill and died. Her body was committed to the waves, and my daughter, my Julia, following the corpse on the deck of the ship, as she stood weeping over it in an agony of grief, a sudden

sudden gust of wind, accompanied by a heavy wave, washed her over into the deep, and I—I—

The old man here started up and went to the window. After a few minutes he returned, and thus proceeded:

‘Had I complied with my father’s wish, I had not, most probably, suffered the pang of thus losing at once both wife and daughter. Let this reflexion have its weight with you. It is most desirable, most meritorious, to be a good and obedient child, beloved by our parents. Your mother, in the last moments of her and my father, experienced that, when with his dying breath he gave his benediction only to her, and put up his last prayers only for her welfare.’

You cannot conceive how strong an impression these words made on my heart. I made no answer, but laid my hand on my forehead, while a voice in my heart said he is in the right. In the mean time he walked up and down the chamber till at length, on my raising my head and looking at him, he said:

‘It appears to me, Charles, that you are desirous to merit the honourable crown of self-conquest. Were your father here now, and to say to you, “My dear son, do as I wish, for the affection you bear me,” I believe he would gain your consent. Observe, however, at the same time, that a young man may hastily resolve on a good action; may rush into the fire or the water without inquiring how hot is the one, or how deep the other; but this, dear Charles, is not virtue; nor does it approach to it more than the cold consideration of grey-heads. Pyrrhus defeated the Romans often, but at last he was entirely defeated by them—an instructive lesson for youth, and indeed for all mankind. Charles, it is the great error of man-

kind that they mistake a noble resolution hastily taken for virtue. Were noble resolutions all that is required of us, there would be no more virtuous beings than men. To carry into effect a noble resolution is also but little. Not to repent of the sacrifice that is made to virtue, and to repeat that sacrifice a thousand times, that, Charles, that alone is virtue. Thus, for example, your father wishes you to marry miss Willmans. To obey him is little; but you must love your wife, must make her happy, must conceal from her that when you married her you sacrificed your inclinations to your father’s wish, and you must find your happiness in her arms. The crown of victory hangs not at the entrance of the course of life, but at its utmost end. Youths, and indeed all men, too hastily believe that to run is to obtain the prize. You have to determine not only to gratify your father by your obedience, but to make the future life of miss Willmans happy. Reflect maturely, choose your part, and then act as becomes a man.’

I now threw myself on my uncle’s breast, and discovered to him my love for Augusta. He heard me calmly; and, when I had ended, and waited his answer, he stood up, and said—‘Hem! hem!’—I entreated him to give me explicitly his opinion and advice.

‘There is nothing easier, Charles,’ said he, ‘than for a man to give his opinion and advice on every case that can happen in the world. I might, for example, say to you, you are a young man, who may easily be deceived. Love passes away like all other passions. What a man seriously endeavours to do, he will find that he can do. And in general all this is true: but I cannot be a judge of your particular case, and perhaps you cannot yourself. Consider

sider what is right; examine calmly; reflect on the uncertainty of the future; place yourself between your father and the object of your affections; imagine the moment of your choice to be the last of your life, and then choose. Forget not that man is not to make it his first object to be happy, but to be just. Then choose, and then be a man, and act—

Thus saying, he went away and left me to my meditations. I have considered, and examined, and am prepared to act. Can I leave Augusta to disappointment and unhappiness? tell me, can I? Though I disregarded my own happiness, ought I to sacrifice Augusta? I can consent to any thing, can yield to any thing, except to abandon Augusta. Very disagreeable scenes I fear will take place; but I know not how they can be avoided.—Farewel.

(To be continued.)

ACCOUNT of the splendid CHRISTENING at Chesterfield House.

ON Tuesday evening (March 30th) the infant daughter of the earl of Chesterfield was christened at Chesterfield house by the name of Georgiana; the sponsors were their majesties and the princess Elizabeth. The preparations for the occasion have been the topic of general conversation amongst the higher orders for many days. At ten minutes after eight o'clock their majesties and the princesses, their retinue forming a cavalcade of twelve carriages, entered the courtyard, preceded by a troop of life-guards, and followed by a company of the same regiment. Their majesties were conducted by the earl of Chesterfield into the princi-

pal apartment, adjoining to the state bed-chamber. This apartment, which is adorned with a profusion of carved ornaments, richly gilt, and is seldom opened, was furnished in its usual style of splendor. The floor was covered with a superb Persian carpet; the chairs, of an antique pattern, covered with very rich tapestry. Seven *candelabres*, each holding a similar number of lights, illuminated the apartment. Their majesties were immediately introduced into the state chamber, where the countess of Chesterfield sat on the state bed with her infant daughter. The hangings of the bed were of crimson satin, lined with white satin. The top of the bed formed a dome, from which was suspended a splendid coronet, under which sat her ladyship, dressed in white satin, with a profusion of lace on her head. The counterpane of the bed was of the same kind as is used when any of the royal family are christened: it was of white satin, embroidered with gold; the gold being half a yard deep round the border, with a diamond centre. The curtains of the bed were fastened at the feet with gold cords and tassels.—The dowager marchioness of Bath presided as chief nurse; her ladyship delivered the child into the hands of the queen, who gave it to Dr. Manners Sutton, bishop of Norwich, and dean of Windsor. After the baptism, a cup of caudle was presented by the earl of Chesterfield, on one knee, to his majesty, on a large gold waiter, placed on a crimson velvet cushion. This waiter has been in the possession of the family nearly two centuries; it is adorned with nine coats of arms, distinguishing the different families in whose possession it has been. It was originally a present from the king of Spain, and is of great value.

value. Their majesties, after viewing the splendid apartments, and chatting for two hours with the family, were conducted to their carriages by the earl of Aylebury, the marquis of Salisbury, and lord Willoughby de Broke, the earl of Chesterfield attending the illustrious visitors to the door. This was the most splendid entertainment of the kind ever given. A piquet guard of the St. George's volunteers did duty at the back front of the house, and the horse-guards formed a double line in the front of the court-yard. Refreshments of every kind were plentifully distributed, and at the same time strict order and decorum were observed. The populace, though great, were kept in order by the Bow-street officers; the whole of whom were on duty.

The queen was dressed very splendidly in an orange velvet robe covered with a tissue of gold; the head-dress a gold net, which extended below the shoulders. Her majesty's train was very long, and of corresponding elegance. The king was dressed in full regimentals, and looked extremely well. The princesses Elizabeth and Augusta were attired in white and silver; head-dress of white ostrich feathers.

The magnificence and state displayed on this occasion must have been highly gratifying to the noble family of Chesterfield, as the honour of their majesties' presence at the font was unsolicited. It was her majesty who proposed conferring this high honour on the family. The font, or baptismal basin, struck the eye of his majesty on entering the state chamber. It was of silver, five feet high and several inches in thickness, richly chased. The late earl gave for it four thousand guineas. Four attendants waited on the royal family; the

hon. Mr. Stanhope, a cousin of lord Chesterfield, was one. Their dress was very elegant. A plain brown coat, with embroidered gold buttons; the price of each button was a guinea; the waistcoat was of scarlet kerseymere, covered with gold lace in stripes, three inches deep; black silk breeches with gold garter; white silk stockings, and silver buckles, bags, and swords. These gentlemen stood at the side-board in the large dinner parlour, and from thence handed the caudle, wine, &c. to the earl, who presented it to his royal guests. None but the different branches of the family were invited. The duke of Portland and lady Mary Bentinck were present. With the dowager marchioness of Bath came her lovely daughters, the three ladies Thynne; lord and lady John Thynne followed, and the dowager countess of Sefton. Next morning the state carriage was, with the christening-cake, escorted to Buckingham-house by the four gentlemen who waited at the christening.

PARISIAN FASHIONS.

(With an Engraving elegantly coloured.)

THE *aigrettes* called *esprits* are still worn; as are also flat ostrich feathers and diadems of flowers. *Bandeaux* of small pearls are also much worn.

The head-dresses in hair begin to equal the turbans for full-dress. The turbans, though they may have exhausted their combinations, are still pleasing to the eye, while the head-dresses of the newest fashion have a very bad effect. The heads of hair *à-la-Titus* do not multiply; but another kind of head-dress in hair still more ridiculous has been lately

Engraved for the Ladies Magazine April 1802.



PARIS DRESS.

lately introduced: it is the head-dress *à-serpentaure*. Lately the head-dresses had carefully concealed all the ends of the hair: now the hair not only appears, but forms twisted locks, and are scattered over the whole head-dress. To make trial of this strange fashion, without sacrificing their hair, some *élégantes* have ordered black wigs, *à-la-Medusa*. The plaited head-dresses in hair are, as formerly, adorned with a garland of flowers, or a *bandeau* of steel beads. The Pamela hats degenerate. Other kinds of straw hats begin to be favourably received: they are round, of yellow straw, with a high flat crown, and narrow leaf. They are placed very far back upon the head, and have upon the forehead a turn up, so as to show a tuft of hair *à-l'Anglaise*. These hats are worn without a *chignon*. The ends of ribbands are still unravelled into a fringe; they are generally lilac or jonquil mixed with black. The mantua-makers are beginning to make for the spring short muslin tunics, in the style of the satin Mamelukes: they are trimmed with lace or embroidered muslin. The spring silk stuffs are Florence (of Lyons manufacture), the ground Egyptian earth colour, bottle green, or bronze, with small embroidered bouquets of silk and silver. The first-rate *élégantes* wear square shawls of purple, amaranthus, or dark green cloth, embroidered in gold.

Turbans still continue (generally of two colours; Pompadour colour and white, black and white, or sky-blue and white), and head-dresses of hair ornamented with flowers, or enriched with a comb or arrow of gold before, or two arrows behind. Under the comb is a tuft of hair, each parcel of which forms a twist, and is called by the *coiffeurs* a cab-

bage (*un chou*). About the *toupet* is an *ebousillage* in twists; but the fashion of making the twists stick out from every lock that passes over the head has not taken. Head-dress *à-la-Titus* still continues; but not many. The head-dress generally adopted is a round hat of yellow straw, high and flat, worn low in the neck like a turban, upon the front of which is placed a violet ribband, which, after making a half turn, falls down in two points, to be tied under the chin. In ribbands, lilac is the prevalent colour; jonquil, matched with poppy-coloured, or aramant ribband, or with lace, are used for morning hats. A white Florentine, or satin ribband, is worn upon the white satin; a Florentine *capote*. The lilac and jonquil ribbands used for bonnets and *capotes* have a border of black *chemille*, or gimp. Embroidered muslin veils have been very common within these few days. We also see many embroidered *canezons* adorned with round plaited tinsel, with plain lace, and a band of festooned cambric. The cuffs are still white, even when the body is coloured; they are embroidered, but without bracelets or spring bands. From the linen-drapers we find *capotes à point de casque* in cambric, with triple or quadruple bars of lace, which are called elastic *capotes*, and are of the English fashion. Umbrellas have re-appeared; they are used of green or violet, bordered with fringe.

A few *élégantes* have substituted in place of the turban, which continues so obstinately in fashion a mob cap, *à-la-Figaro*, in silk and gold net, with gold tassels. The colour of the mob is crimson, or dark green. When the *chignons* are turned up, the points of the hair composing them are made to stick out frizzled, or in twisted lock

The *Titus* fashion continues. We observe some black wigs, bristled all over with crotchets, and some frizzled. The veils are placed flat upon the head, and, instead of a garland of flowers, *à-la-Iphigenia*, they are generally bound with a plain white ribband.

Almost all slippers have coloured ribbands, which are crossed upon the leg. The use of diamonds is of late considerably extended: diamond collars, ear-rings, and bracelets, are not rare; they are also worn upon almost all the turbans. The collars of newest taste are nothing more than a branch on each side of a plate in high mounting.

The young gentlemen are leaving off the wide boots *à-la-Suwarrow*, and taking to the close boots with varnished yellow tops, which are taken off at pleasure.

LONDON FASHIONS.

Promenade Dresses.

A ROUND dress of thick white muslin. Short silk *pelisse*, trimmed all round with deep black lace. Black velvet bonnet worn with a deep veil. Bear muff.

Dress of white cambric, made close round the neck with a collar. A spencer of lilac silk, trimmed with fur or lace. Large straw hat looped up in front, with a straw button, and tied under the chin with ribband.

A round dress of sprigged muslin. Long cloak of cambric muslin, trimmed all round with muslin or lace. Close bonnet trimmed and ornamented with lilac.

Long cloaks of white muslin have taken place of *pelisses*, and Spanish cloaks of white muslin have also

been introduced. Deep white veils are very general. Straws begin to be worn in a great variety of forms, chiefly large, and of the gypsey and Spanish shapes. Lace is universal, and is introduced into all parts of the dress. The hair is dressed, as last month, in light loose curls. The prevailing colours are straw, lilac, green, and blue.

HE LOVES ME MORE THAN HIS LIFE;

A TALE.

[Translated from the German.]

‘I LOVE you more than my life,’ said frequently the knight Ludwig, —laying his hand on his heart,—to the young and beauteous Clara, daughter of the count of Hertrud, of whom he was enamoured. She made no reply, though she listened to him with attention and pleasure; but when she was alone, she would often say to herself—‘He loves me more than his life; is that indeed true?’

The good Gertrude, her governess, who frequently overheard her utter this exclamation with a sigh, proposed to her to ascertain the truth by proof. This was what Clara wished; but how was it to be done?

The old steward of the old castle which they dwelt was accustomed to relate many strange stories, with which he astonished and terrified old women and children: he was even himself considered as a conjuror by the country-people. Gertrude and her pupil had no faith in his marvellous tales; but they concerted with him one which he was to tell the knight, who was credulous and superstitious.

One evening, when Ludwig, Clara, and Gertrude, were walking
in

in the park, the conversation turned on the antiquity of the castle, and on that of the family of Clara, whose great-grandmother, in particular, had passed for an extraordinary woman. They were then near the lodge of the old steward, whom they called to take part in the conversation, and tell them some stories of this wonderful woman. He related to them some very surprising things, and made a magnificent eulogium of her tomb, and of a superb statue which stood over her mausoleum; reproaching Clara for never having gone to see it.

‘Where is it?’ asked Ludwig.

‘Here in the subterranean vaults of that old building, which is on the other side of this great court.’

‘I will go to see it,’ said the knight; ‘but you must accompany me.’

‘You may go, if you please,’ replied the steward; ‘but I will not accompany you.’

‘Why not?’

‘Because the last time I attempted to enter the vaults I had almost died with fear. Mournful voices are heard; fires come out of the ground; thunder seems to roar; and, after flashes of blazing light, we find ourselves plunged in fearful darkness. I had a great deal of difficulty to find my way back, and I vowed never to go thither again.’

‘Well, then,’ said Ludwig, ‘I will go with my esquire, who shall carry the flambeaux, you having first pointed out the way.’

As they crossed the court to re-enter the castle, they saw in the old building, which was not occupied, a very bright light, which presently disappeared. The women appeared greatly alarmed, and Ludwig astonished. The old steward assured them that this happened every year in the evening of the same day, which was supposed to be that of

the death of the great-grandmother of Clara. Ludwig was desirous to enter the building immediately, but the steward told him that he could not procure him the keys till the next day.

Early in the following morning the impatient knight sent for the keys; but the steward made him wait for them a long time. At length the esquire of Ludwig brought them, with the flambeaux which he had provided. They ascended the outer stair-case, which was overgrown with moss, and in a ruinous condition. They opened the heavy door, which turned with difficulty on its rusty hinges. As it was day they could view the vast saloons, and particularly the canopied chamber in which the ancestors of the count of Hertrud rendered justice, and the portraits or statues of a long succession of warriors and their chaste consorts. At length they found the winding stair-case which led to the subterranean vaults. They lighted their flambeaux, and descended a long time. When they had reached the bottom, they heard the word ‘Advance!’ pronounced in a mournful tone. The flambeaux trembled in the hand of the esquire, whose legs were no longer firm. The intrepid knight advanced, and, extending his view into that vast obscurity, perceived at a distance a sudden light, which immediately disappeared. He proceeded towards this light, and caused his esquire to follow him, till they came to a door, through which they again discerned light. The voice they had heard before now ordered Ludwig to enter alone, and he opened the door, which shut of itself the moment he had entered. He found himself in a saloon of white marble, which was extremely well lighted, though it could not be discovered whence the light proceeded. Adjoining to
this

this saloon was a long gallery, at the end of which he saw the mausoleum of the great-grandmother of Clara, and over it her statue, of the natural size. At the bottom of the mausoleum was another figure, in a recumbent posture, perfectly resembling the statue, and habited in the same drapery. Loud sighs were heard, and the figure, rising up, extended its arm towards an open sepulchre. Ludwig approached it. What a sight for a lover! He beheld his Clara pale as death, and extended in her coffin. He wished to throw himself into it likewise, when a voice exclaimed—

‘Stop; look on that cup of agate, with the border of emerald: within three days Clara will die, unless some one shall devote himself to death for her, by drinking the liquor contained in that cup.’

Ludwig could scarcely breathe; his hair stood erect, and every fibre trembled: his soul seemed to have already quitted his body to join that of Clara. But it was in his power to restore her to life. He did not hesitate, but seized the cup and advanced it to his lips. A violent clap of thunder, which resounded through the gallery and saloon, at the same instant that a dazzling flash of lightning darted through them, caused him to drop it, and it broke at his feet. He abandoned himself to despair, when the voice said to him—

‘Be calm: it is not to that cup that the fate of Clara is attached; you will find in her apartment a similar one, which you will immediately recognise.’

At the same moment every thing disappeared, and he found himself again plunged in darkness. He turned round, and saw, at a distance, a light, towards which he directed his steps. He found again his esquire, whose flambeaux were still burning. They came out of the

subterranean vaults, traversed the apartments, and descended the stair-case, the steps of which seemed to spring under their feet. Ludwig heard the sound of a carriage: in it were Clara and Gertrude, who were returning from an airing. Never had Clara appeared more cheerful or in higher spirits, and never had Ludwig merited more the appellation of ‘the knight of the sorrowful countenance.’

He was still more distressed and alarmed the next day, when he was informed that Clara was much indisposed, and could not leave her chamber. He hastened thither, and at the door met Gertrude, who told him he could not see her. As he crossed the apartment adjoining to the chamber, he perceived and recognised the cup: it was full. He shuddered, and turned away his eyes, saying to himself, in a low voice, ‘I shall come again to-morrow.’

The next day it was generally reported through the castle that Clara was much worse. Ludwig, in despair, hastened to her apartment. He seized the cup, and was about to drink it off, while Clara, concealed behind the tapestry, was ready to throw herself into his arms. But the brave knight shuddered, a mortal coldness seemed to seize all his limbs, he averted his head, and removing the cup from his lips as far as he could extend his arm, placed it again upon the table, and hurried out of the room with the precipitance of one who expected the building to fall upon his head. Clara, melting into tears, went to confess her disappointment, and confide her sorrow to her governess. ‘He said he loved me more than his life!’ exclaimed she; ‘how much has he deceived me!’

‘How much he deceived himself!’ said Gertrude, in a low voice.

Ludwig

Ludwig passed the night in the most violent agitation. As soon as day appeared, he mounted his horse and rode into the forest, without taking any determined road. The approach of night alone admonished him that it was necessary to return to the castle. When he entered it, he inquired whether Clara was still alive.

'Alive!' he was answered; 'she has never yet been so ill as to occasion any fears for her life: she is just returned from an airing.'

Hope revived in the heart of the knight; and he hastened to see her whom he so tenderly loved, and of the sight of whom he had feared that he should be deprived for ever. He was very coldly received; but his joy at her recovery prevented him from perceiving it; and this joy the next day approached almost to phrensy, when he saw Clara enjoying perfect health. He believed that every thing he had seen in the subterranean vaults was an illusion, and doubted that the whole was a dream. He could not but perceive, however, that Clara was no longer so familiar and gracious to him as before, and that she was much more so to a neighbouring lord of the name of Randolph.

An event which happened a few days after, gave to his rival an additional right to the favour of his mistress. Clara chanced to fall into a river, and was saved from drowning by Randolph, who immediately plunged in after her.

'It is Randolph,' said she in the evening to her governess, 'who loves me more than his life;' though a sigh at the same time gave Gertrude to understand that she would have preferred receiving a similar proof of love from Ludwig.

In the mean time count Hertrud, the father of Clara, having engaged in a conspiracy, all the powerful

chiefs of which had made their peace by sacrificing their accomplices, was put under the ban of the empire. He communicated this intelligence, with much agitation, to Clara and Randolph.

'Fear nothing,' said the latter; 'I have friends at court, who will, on my recommendation, exert their interest powerfully in your favour.'

The next day a herald proclaimed an edict of the emperor, by which Hertrud was declared a traitor to his country, and all faithful subjects were strictly enjoined to avoid any communication with him. This edict intimidated Randolph, who, however, endeavoured to dissemble, by offering to repair without delay to the emperor. But Hertrud, who knew that troops were already on their march to attack him in his castle, had demanded succours of all his friends to enable him to sustain a siege, and he now especially applied to Randolph, on whose aid he principally relied.

'I can defend you more effectually at Vienna than I can here,' answered Randolph; 'and I shall set out for that capital immediately.'

'Be it so,' said Hertrud; 'but a besieged castle is a dangerous place of residence for women. You love my daughter; you are not disagreeable to her. I give her to you. My almoner shall marry you this evening in the chapel of the castle, and at break of day you shall set out with her for Vienna.'

At this proposal Randolph turned pale, and answered stammering, that it would be very improper for him to appear at court as the son-in-law of a person considered there as a proscribed rebel.

'This proscribed rebel,' exclaimed Hertrud, 'may yet make you feel the vigour of his arm. Begone from my castle this instant: go and join the enemies I am about to combat,

bat, for I know well that I shall find you among them.'

'What a strange love,' said Clara, 'is that of Randolph! He exposes his life to save mine; yet cannot sacrifice to me his credit at court, and the favour of the emperor!'

In the mean time, count Hertrud, having collected around him his vassals and his friends, saw himself, with no small uneasiness, at the head of a very feeble army, compared with the force which the emperor he knew would send against him. Unexpectedly a troop of horsemen advanced to offer him their aid. They had been assembled by Ludwig, who was at their head, and had resolved to shut himself up in the castle with Clara and her father, and die fighting in their defence. He put himself at the head of the troops, and prepared to charge those of the emperor. He was recognised by the assailants, and a herald summoned him to abandon Hertrud, under pain of sharing in his proscription, and seeing his own castle burned to the ground.

'Burn it!' cried Ludwig, and rushed upon the enemy. Immediately he saw his castle, which stood on a neighbouring eminence, surrounded with torches, and given a prey to the flames. He continued to combat with the utmost coolness, and only yielded to the prodigious numbers of an army which was incessantly reinforced. At length he was compelled to retreat into the castle, where he was besieged. He exerted himself in assisting Clara and her father to escape through the subterranean passages of the castle, and promised them that, after having defended the castle to the last extremity, he would join them at a village which he pointed out to them beyond the Rhine.

He was soon so closely pressed by the besieging army, that he was

obliged likewise to make his escape through the subterranean passages, and overtook Clara and her father before they had passed the river. They were presently pursued, and had scarcely time to throw themselves into a boat, in which they several times expected to be lost, but which at last conveyed them safely to the territories of a foreign prince, who with the utmost courtesy and kindness granted them an asylum in his dominions.

After twenty years of the most happy union, the daughter of Ludwig and Clara said to her mother, that the youthful lover who was about to receive her hand *loved her more than his life*. Clara then related to her her history, and asked her whether she thought her father, who had declared and sworn the same, really loved her more than his life.

'Yes,' replied the young lady.

'Why, then, did he not drink off the cup?'

'Because—because—I can conceive very well why, though I cannot express it.'

'Because,' said her mother, 'passion does not reason. In the subterranean vaults Ludwig would have drunk off the cup without hesitation. The next day, when his ardour and enthusiasm had abated, he could not resolve to sacrifice his life for mine, and without any advantage to himself. Besides, no person would have known it; at least so he believed; and vanity has a great share in the actions of men. It was from vanity that Randolph threw himself into the river after me, in the sight of a number of people. He saved my life, but it was to preserve me for himself; and the proof that he loved himself more than me, is, that he could not sacrifice to me his honours, his riches, and his favour at court. Ludwig, who

who could not sacrifice to me his life, sacrificed to me every thing else, and proved that he really loved me. It is in proofs alone that we ought to confide. That your lover sincerely and ardently loves you, I believe; but he does not love you *more than his life*: when he tells you so, he may, perhaps, believe what he says, but he certainly deceives himself.

and without fear. They consider them as children, who only display their winning graces when they have overcome their timidity.

Simplicity of dress is necessary to handsome women to render them more graceful, and to the homely to render them less disagreeable.

The object and moral of the romance of 'Clarissa' is to show, that the slightest faults may become to women virtuous from principle the source of the greatest misfortunes. The perfect innocence of woman ought always to be accompanied by some degree of ignorance. Thus she ought to obey, though she should not perfectly comprehend the aim and scope of the commandment; and, perhaps, the same conclusion may be drawn from the history of Eve as from the English romance.

In a country in which people are judged of from their appearance, or only seen for a moment, it is necessary to pay attention to the toilette, and the manner in which we present ourselves in public.

The most homely countenance may make an impression in the moments when it expresses mildness and tenderness.

The ill humour of others ought never to occasion the same in us: that would be like blacking our faces because we meet a negro.

MAXIMS AND REFLEXIONS.

BY MADAME NECKER.

ROUSSEAU grants so much to women, that we ought not to be offended at what he refuses them. If the defects with which women are reproached, as feebleness, too delicate susceptibility, and timidity, are conformable to their nature and the order of things, they are virtues.

'Instead of attempting to rival the beautiful Cephisa,' said a lady of good sense, 'I will endeavour to employ the time, in which she is more handsome than I am, in such a manner that I may appear more handsome than her ten years hence.'

Men the most reserved, and most elevated by their rank and dignity, love that women should speak to them with sprightliness, familiarly,

POETICAL ESSAYS.

PROLOGUE

TO THE ENTERTAINMENTS OF
THE NEW THEATRE, TOTTEN-
HAM-STREET.

Written and spoken by Col. GREVILLE.

I COME not courting plaudits, gentle
neighbours,
They are the meed well won by toils
and labours—
Labours, God knows, unless our cause
betide well,
May send us all, as vagabonds, to
Bridewell!

I come director, author, actor, poet,
So undefin'd my charge, I scarcely
know it—

Tosay this night we work a revolution—
Nay, do not start—in routs—not con-
stitution!

To prove you, ladies, sometimes may
contrive

To pass a night, not jamm'd nor starv'd
alive;

And when, at Pleasure's summons,
call'd together,

Find food for talk as pleasant as the
weather.

But some there are, who view with
hostile eyes

This little theatre of mirth arise,
Who think *that* female's claim to vir-
tue o'er

Who's seen or heard four feet above
the floor.

For, say these grave reformers of the
age,

If you must laugh, why laugh upon
the stage?

Have we not games of good old English
growth,

Made to preserve our countrymen from
sloth?

To those resort whene'er you want
elating,

And laugh your fill at boxing or bull-
baiting.

But other critics, still more furious,
own

They'd head a mob to pull our play-
house down;

A so, because they wisely fancy
dangers

Lurk in the friendly aid of lib'ral
Strangers,

They'd head a mob! and thus would
join to break

The very law, perhaps, they help'd to
make.

Shame on such nonsense! Is there
one denies

That Taste's a stream whose channel
never dies?

Whether adorning France's wide do-
main,

Or richly fertilising Britain's plain,
Still by the spot where wit, where ge-
nius glows,

Her wave will sparkle as her current
flows.

Oh then, despise the mean, the narrow
rule,

That chains the mind to Custom's ser-
vile school!

Oh, when fair Peace each social bliss
restores,

Let Fashion ope to Mirth her ample
doors;

And, spite of paragraphs, or play-house
faction,

Here let her firmly *fix*—her centre of
attraction.

A HINT FOR A RICH MAN.

[From Plutarch.]

'What shall I do, because I have no room
where to bestow my Fruits?'

St. LUKE, chap. xii. ver. 17.

WHAT do?—Why, if thy barns are
grown too small,

Save the expense of building more, }

And lodge the surplus of thy store }

Within the bowels of the poor; }

Make widows' hands thy treasury, }

Let orphans' mouths thy coffers be, }

And in a little thou shalt see }

Large interest in thy purse with *princi-*
pal and all. W. BARRE.

SONNETS.

I. TO MISS B. BIGGS, OF THE THEATRE-ROYAL, EDINBURGH.

OH, charming sister of a sister fair!
Blest be thy hours, without or pain or
care!

While anxious ardour marks each step
to please,

And ev'ry action tends thy fame to
raise;

With talents of superior worth pos-
sessed,

And emulation glowing in thy breast;
While powers superb thy sister's
stamp divine,

And justly place where few are form'd
to shine,

Thou, early practis'd in the mimic
scene,

Delight'st the fancy where it's least
foreseen;

In Bridget, Deb'rah, Murphy's starch
old maid,

Or chatt'ring Abigails, we claim thy
aid:

Thy obvious merit in theatric art
To ev'ry audience pleasure must im-
part. A.

Feb. 3, 1802.

II. COMMON FRIENDSHIP.

No sooner Autumn, Winter's harbin-
ger,

(Or uncouth trumpeter)

Gives the creation round to understand
His iron-hearted master is at hand,

Than instantly the leaves begin to fall,
And presently the tree deserted is of
all.

Thus in Adversity's distressing day,
Soon as the 'sap of maintenance' is
gone,

Our friends, alas! turn tail, and run
away

More fast than ever snow did in the
sun.

Happy the man that finds a friend in
need;

(A blessing sound by no great many)
But doubly happy he, indeed,

Who does not greatly need the help
of any. W. BARRE.

* Miss Biggs, of Drury-lane theatre.

ODE TO OLD MAY-DAY.

HAIL, Old May-day! thou sweetest,
loveliest season!

Thou brightest period of the changeful
year!

To thee, auspicious æra!

I tune my lyre.

When thou appear'st, gay Spring in
rosy vestments

Dances around thee, like a blooming
bride,

And, crown'd with flow'ry chap-
lets,

Adorns creation.

Behold how Flora's many-colour'd
children

Spangle each field, and decorate each
plain!

While their rich sweets perfume
The vernal air.

Hark! how the plummy tenants of the
bough

With their mellifluous carols charm
the ear,

And fill the rural groves

With strains melodious.

Hail, Old May-day! how oft when
youth was blooming,

Elate with joy, I welcom'd thy return,
And did devote to mirth

The smiling hours!

Still fond remembrance dwells on pa-
enjoyment,

And cherishes these dear departed
scenes,

Which left a deep impression

Upon my heart. JOHN WEBB.

Haverhill.

A LOVER TO HIS MISTRESS;

A CHARADE.

[From the French of Madame de Staël.]

MY first is a reptile, vile, loathsome,
and mean, [and queen;

Yet its power is confest over monarch
My second to me is much dearer than

you, [still is true.

Yet my vows are unbroken, my heart
My whole thou embracest each hour in

the day, [sy's sway.

Yet I do not, and cannot, feel jealous.

SOCIAL DUTIES.

'THANK Heav'n,' cried one the
other day,

'I owe no more than I can pay!—
Bravo!—Would I could say the same!

For I'm beset with claim on claim.

My high *superiors* foremost stand,
Submission of me to demand;

My *equals* next step forth to view,

And for a *generous friendship* sue;

Inferiors too appear in sight,

And *condescension* ask of right;

E'en *enemies* put in their plea,

And claim my *liberality*;

And, after all, both *friend* and *foe*

Protest the *debt of love* I owe.

Now each and all these claims are
right and just;

But I'm exceeding poor, and there-
fore must

To Heav'n's munificence for means
to pay them trust.

W. BARRE.

LINES TO A FRIEND.

[From the Latin of Sir W. Jones.]

VICTIM of the rosy bowl,
If o'ercome with mantling wine,
'ouldst thou soothe thy sensual soul
Where fragrant herbs and flowers
entwine;

r, when the slow-pac'd moon appears,
Amidst the silv'ry waste of night
ed in some solitude the tears
Of hopeless love—its lone delight;

Or list some heav'nly minstrelsy,
Where the wand'ring perfum'd gale
Scents the wildly-wooded vale,

As with angelic graceful mien
Some beauteous virgin groupe are seen
Pressing, where murm'ring waters play,
With fairy feet th' enamel'd way?

Or wouldst thou with a magic wreath
Adorn thy golden flowing hair,
And to some love-sick syren breathe
A pensive soul-subduing air?

Or strike the mellow-sounding lyre,
To fan the flame of warm desire?
Here will the fost'ring hand of Spring
To thee such sacred raptures bring;

For thee, the swift declining hours
Shall rife Pleasure's hallow'd bow'rs;

And when sleep its power discloses,
Here on lily banks you'll lie;

Or press thy dew-pearl'd bed of roses,
Till the day-star rises high,

And thou again awake to worldly
ecstasy.

Ne'er let, my friend, thy morn of life
be pass'd

Shrouded, in care's sad melancholy
gloom;

Know, if in want we mourn, or wealth
we're blest,

Life's rugged path-way leads but to
the tomb.

T. M.

Cambridge.

ON A YOUNG LADY ATTAIN-
ING THE AGE OF 21.

BY A LADY.

YE sacred Nine, inspire my lay,
To hail *this* blest, propitious day;

Now Anna's twenty-one:
May ev'ry kind revolving year
Be as the past exempt from care,

And many a year roll on!

Emerg'd on Life's precarious way,
Thy hand let Reason's sceptre sway,

While Prudence shall direct:
The ethereal throng may Virtue join,
And calm Discretion still be *thine*,

With Wisdom to protect!

Unto her sacred steps attend,
And long through life, my youthful

friend,
Contentment's mansion find:

But that sweet fascinating dame
Erects not her abode to Fame:

She seeks the virtuous mind.

Whilst in Youth's flow'ry paths you
stray,

May thornless sweets bestrew the way,
To tranquillise the scene!

Thy radiant morn has yet been fair:
Thus cloudless may thy days appear,

And evening prove serene!

Know thou that pilfering Time con-
ceals

His shafts, and unsuspected steals
Some outward charm or grace:

But beauty, when with sense combin'd,
Reflects a lustre on the mind

Which time cannot erase.

Jan. 12, 1802.

A. Z.

INKLE TO YARICO.

WRITTEN BY MR. SMITH.

COULD but my pen my feelings half
express,

Or paint the horrors of my sad distress,
Then might I hope thy pity to obtain,
To stay the impulse of my frantic pain.
Accuse no more, for conscience can
controul

The keenest feelings of the guilty soul.
Long, long I strove, in Pleasure's
flow'ry vale,

Oblivion's lightest air in peace t' ex-
hale;

But conscience still each anxious
thought would sway,

And deepest mis'ry 'twas but to be gay.

When pallid Eve, with her Elysian
train,

Extends her mantle o'er the dusky
plain;

When Morpheus sheds his balmy in-
fluence round,

Then Fancy lists thy voice in ev'ry
sound;

In cheerless sobbings answer'ing to my
sighs, [cries:

With your reproaches and my infant's
Then up I start to dry thy gushing tear,
And, waking, plunge into the gloom
of care.

Can I forget, when adverse Fortune
spread

Her darkest clouds around this guilty
head—

Can I forget the sympathetic tear,
Which oft thou'st shed my troubles
dire to cheer?

Oft kindling phrensy paints thee to
my view,

When thou in tears pour'dst forth the
last adieu!

When thou reproach'dst, alas! 'tis
deep impress'd

Upon the marble of my callous breast:
'Art thou a man?—Is thine the dewy
eye?— [sigh?—

Can thy false bosom heave the pitying
Is this thy gratitude, affection, say,

To sell thy infant ere it springs to day?
Ungrateful man! make me alone the
slave!

Save but thy infant—this is all I crave.
Too much it is! the tears start in my
eyes, [sighs.

And heartfelt sorrow vents itself in

But Heav'n is just; for, either soon or
late,

We feel th' unerring shaft of powerful
Fate.

When I had sold thee, Yarico, I hied
To seek the smiles of my intended
bride; [began:

Who, with a frown reproachful, thus
'Begone, thou brute! thou art no long-
er man!

Fly, swiftly fly! ungrateful wretch,
begone!

Stone is thy bosom—poison is thy
tongue!

Unknown to thee is pure affection's
beam!

Thy unborn infant and thy wife re-
deem.

Tho' jetty dye attraction may conceal,
A heart she has—a heart that knows
to feel.

I fled her sight—I fled her juster
hate:

Fled to redeem thee—but, alas! too
late;

Sail'd had the bark. Of ev'ry hope be-
reft,

To deep despair each anxious thought
was left.

- At length I was determin'd I would
brave

The many dangers of the briny wave.
I put to sea; but Heav'n's revengeful
hand

(Ere we'd lost sight of fair Barbadoes'
land)

Rose up a storm; and, in that doleful
hour,

I—I alone was victim to its pow'r.
The helm I'd sought, when rose a
swelling wave,

Deep plung'd me in the horrors of the
grave.

Long, long I strove: nor did I strive in
vain,

For buoyant still I beat the boist'rous
main.

Sinking at length, I gain'd the vessel's
side. [descried,

When they on board my hapless fate
They took me up.—Ah! why did
not the wave

Receive my body to its briny grave,
And bear my lifeless corse where
thou wert slave?

But Heav'n reserv'd another sting, to
prey

Upon my vitals from that very day.

We

We gain'd the port, my native spot
descried;
I mingled 'mong the vot'ries gay of
pride.
To gambling next I turn'd my active
mind,
But Fortune prov'd not to my wishes
kind.
To count misfortunes memory would
fail,
Till forth they dragg'd me to the com-
mon jail;
Where still to linger is my wretched
doom, [tomb.
Till Fate shall summon to the silent
O could I, Yarico, thy fame restore!
Could but my pray'rs replace me on
thy shore!
Could but my death redeem the infant
boy, [joy!
I'd freely think the death a death of
I can no more; for sorrow dims my eye,
And retrospection deepens ev'ry sigh.
Southwark, March 8, 1802.

WINTER SONG.

BY ROBERT BLOOMFIELD.

[From his 'Rural Poems,' recently published.]

DEAR boy, throw that icicle down,
And sweep this deep snow from the
door;
Old Winter comes on with a frown;
A terrible frown for the poor.
In a season so rude and forlorn,
How can age, how can infancy bear
The silent neglect and the scorn
Of those who have plenty to spare?
Fresh broach'd is my cask of old ale,
Well-tim'd now the frost is set in;
Here's Job come to tell us a tale,
We'll make him at home to a pin.
While my wife and I bask o'er the fire,
The roll of the seasons will prove,
That time may diminish desire,
But cannot extinguish true love.
Oh! the pleasures of neighbourly chat,
If you can but keep scandal away,
To learn what the world has been at,
And what the great orators say!
Though the wind through the crevices
sing, [bound,
And hail down the chimney re-
I'm happier than many a king,
While the bellows blow bass to the
sound.

Abundance was never my lot;
But out of the trifle that's giv'n,
That no curse may alight on my cot,
I'll distribute the bounty of Heav'n.
The fool and the slave gather wealth:
But if I add nought to my store,
Yet while I keep conscience in health,
I've a mine that will never grow
poor.

HYMN TO POVERTY.

OH, Poverty! terrific thing!
Whence in the name of wonder did
you come?
From what curs'd monster did you
spring?
What impious frolic made this
earth your home?
Thou such an hideous scare-crow art,
Man at the name of thee a panic feels;
Thinks thee at hand, and runs, my
heart!
Like folks with a mad-bullock at
their heels.
The mere perchance of meeting thee
Has sent to Bedlam many and many
a one:
Some e'en to Death's embrace will flee,
Thy hated hug, O Poverty! to shun.
Aye, scores (as all the world doth know)
'Midst coffers full of gold to feast
their eyes on,
(Their brains by thee being bother'd
so)
Have flown to razors, ropes, and eke
to poison.
Yet, though so comical a creature,
Thou and poor I have liv'd so long
together,
That, dame, to me thine ev'ry feature
Is grown familiar—not admir'd
much neither.
There are that talk about thy uses—
That hold thee up to th' crowd as
beauty's queen;
But, for their own parts, very few sees
Aught in thee so desirable, I ween.
Yet if there should be one (which
much I doubt)
Thinks thee so pretty, I prythee
tack about
As soon as may be, and go find him
out.

W. BARRE.
FOREIGN

FOREIGN NEWS.

Constantinople, January 28.

IN Egypt several of the beys are preparing to oppose the grand vizier, who holds himself in readiness to resist their attack. The contest may be expected to be very critical, as the inhabitants of the country are more inclined to favour the beys than the new Turkish administration.

The murder of the pacha of Belgrade has made a great impression on the sultaun, and several councils of state have been held in consequence. It is now confidently said that an army of sixty thousand men will march immediately against Paswan Oglou and the insurgents in Belgrade. Whether the capitan-pacha will command this army is as yet uncertain.

Paswan Oglou has entered into a correspondence with certain foreign powers, which the Porte views with a jealous eye. Several Turks that were employed in carrying on this correspondence have been strangled.

Milan, February 18. By a decree published yesterday, it is ordered, that, for the future, in all public acts and papers, the Gregorian calendar shall be used, out of respect, it is said, for the custom and usages of other nations, and particularly to those which have a relation to religion.

The report that the ecclesiastical state will be united to the Italian republic finds little credit.

Hague, Feb. 26. The council of state will appoint, the beginning of next week, an ambassador to the court of Vienna: we expect here, in the month of April, baron de Fels, as minister-plenipotentiary from his imperial majesty.

The voluntary loan of thirty millions was filled the day before yesterday. The province of Holland alone has furnished the sum required. It is

true that the eagerness manifested to subscribe to the loan evinces great confidence in the government; but the majority of the nation, which thus suffers under a new impost upon its capital and its revenue, to pay off in eight years these thirty millions, are very much against the measure, which cannot be repeated without producing disagreeable consequences; and this effect will scarcely be thought extraordinary by you, when you hear that this is the thirteenth tax upon the capital and income of the inhabitants since the revolution of 1795. Several rich individuals have since that time quitted the country, and realised their property which they sold below its value, in order to see another country under a foreign sky.

The instructions to Mr. Janssen, governor-general of the Cape of Good-Hope, who took the oaths in that quality the day before yesterday, contains orders for the reform to be made in that colony, particularly in what relates to the administration, which was so bad that the old government were forced to send annually very considerable supplies, so that the colony became more burthensome than useful.

Admiral De Winter is arrived here; he is to have his last conference with the government to-day.

Citizen Grenier, the inspector-general of the French troops, has been here for some days, and has reviewed the French troops, who are to quit our territories three months after the general peace. The greater part are in the isles of Zealand, and the whole amount to about six thousand men.

The number of vessels fitted out this year for the herring-fishery will be greater than it has been for several years.

Brest, Feb. 27. The *Tourville*, of
2 F 74 guns,

74 guns, capt. Henry, set sail to-day, with a breeze from the N. E. but not very fresh. Her destination is for St. Domingo; she has on board troops and passengers, and general Desboureaux.

The Dutch division and the *Zelé* have continued their voyage, and we have received no account of them since the 12th, the day on which they sailed.

To-night or to-morrow morning the Spanish frigate *Perle* is to sail for Cadiz or Carthagea.

Paris, Feb. 27. The prince of Orange, son of the ex-stadtholder of Holland, arrived here two days ago.—Yesterday, at two o'clock, he was presented to the first consul by the minister for foreign affairs. It is said that he is come to solicit the government for the indemnities claimed by his father in Germany.

The colonial assembly of the Isle of France has sent to the consuls of the republic an address of congratulation upon the happy effects of their government, and, at the same time, of gratitude for the promises of security which were sent to them in an administrative letter of the 18th Ventose.—‘They are,’ says the address, ‘engraved upon the mind of the first consul. When every noble and generous sentiment is united with power,’ add the colonists, ‘the citizens ought not to seek for a guarantee of their rights but in the faith due to the government.’

March 1. The count de Dietz, hereditary prince of Nassau, and son of the *ci-devant* stadtholder, was presented, on the 25th, to the first consul, who directed that he should be treated with the respect due to the brother-in-law and cousin-german of the king of Prussia. The first consul made known to him at his first audience the satisfaction he had felt from the perusal of the excellent letter from his father, tending to procure tranquillity to his country; and that he hoped circumstances would not fail to occur soon, when France might give him real proofs of it.

Hague, March 1. Our minister at the congress of Amiens has made the most pressing representations to the French ambassador, for the re-shutting of the Scheldt, in order to sustain the drooping commerce of this country; or, if

this should be found impossible, that then, for preventing its total ruin, it might be made a law, that the trading towns of Brabant and Flanders be rendered subject to an impost of three-fourths on the transit or conveyance of their merchandise, and those of this republic to one-fourth; offering, at the same time, to put Middleburg on a footing with Dunkirk, and thus one-fourth higher. By this means he proposed the throwing obstacles in the way of the English merchants in Brabant, and to deprive them there of advantages which might be found here, and thus to procure the French a considerable gain to the prejudice of the English.

Our minister has also proposed, in the congress, the abrogation of the famous act of navigation passed by Cromwell, an act which gave a mortal stab to the commerce of this country: and, at the conclusion of the peace, to form an entire new commercial treaty with Great-Britain. These two points, in the present posture of our affairs, are of the highest importance to the republic. How far citizen Schimmelpenninck has succeeded, or how far he is likely to succeed, time must determine—for as yet we are ignorant of our destination and our fate.

Berne, March 1. The senate has at length terminated its sittings relative to the constitution. The Helvetic republic is one and indivisible—Berne is the capital, and the territory is divided into twenty-one cantons. The catholic and protestant religions are established; but no other religion is forbidden to exercise its worship, if its institutions be not contrary to morality and good order. There are to be two landammans and a senate.

Cherbourg, March 3. An English frigate from the East-Indies, that had been six months at sea, had been driven by the gales of wind between the Guernsey coast and France. Not knowing where she was on account of the darkness of the night, and the sea running so high that the crew thought every moment of sinking, she cast anchor, and fired guns of distress the whole night, not knowing she was near shore. At day-break she again fired guns for assistance; eighteen French

men went off, and when they got to the frigate, the English said that they surrendered as prisoners, but desired to be saved. The French having replied that peace was concluded, and that they came to assist them as friends, the news caused the most agreeable surprise. The eighteen Frenchmen got the frigate from among the rocks, and she pursued her voyage. She was of eleven hundred tons, her cargo part gold, and the rest the most valuable East-India merchandise.

Milan, March 8. Our president Bonaparte has appointed citizen Ville minister of the interior, and the general of brigade Trivulzi minister at war.

The two counsellors of state, Felia and Lamburinghi, set out in the night of the 4th for Paris, where they will act as counsellors of state for our republic to the first consul Bonaparte.

The vice-president Melzi has presented to Charpentier, the chief of the staff of the army, a very magnificent snuff-box; the commandant Broussier, and the adjutant-general Braumont, have likewise received from him valuable presents.

12. According to accounts from Toulon, three Spanish ships of the line and four frigates have arrived in that harbour.

Brest, March 12. The naval armament entered the harbour of the Cape on the 16th Pluviose (February 5).—When the vessel sailed the whole army had landed; the city and all the plain were occupied by our troops.—The courier, who is the bearer of the dispatches, set off last night for Paris.—*Note* :—Thus the fleet arrived at St. Domingo in fifty-two days.

Paris, March 12. The minister of war has contradicted the report circulated through La Vendée of a new military conscription.

General Thurreau is expected at Paris on a very important mission. He passed through Lausanne the beginning of this month. It is said that the duke of Modena has agreed at last to accept the Brisgaw with some possessions in anterior Austria. The archduke François, eldest son of prince Ferdinand, and grandson of the duke of Modena, will take up his residence speedily at the castle of Montfort.

The English minister, says an article from Genoa, has given orders to restore all the vessels which the British ships had taken in the Mediterranean after the notification of the preliminaries. This decision has been adopted in consequence of the observations made by the French government relative to the prolongation of the cruising of the English ships on our coast.

13. The marquis de Lucchesini, minister from his majesty the king of Prussia, congratulated on the 15th of this month (March 6) the chief consul on the issue of the congress at Lyons.

Count Cobentzel, ambassador from his majesty the emperor of Germany, has communicated directly to the first consul, on the 18th (March 8) the resolution of his imperial majesty to admit ministers plenipotentiary from the Batavian, Helvetic, and Italian republics, and that his majesty was disposed, on his part, to appoint ministers of the same rank to reside in those republics. He at the same time declared, that his imperial majesty had seen with interest the definitive organisation of the Italian republic.

The count De Marcoff has received, by the return of the courier that he had sent off to notify the issue of the congress at Lyons, his credentials to reside at Paris as minister-plenipotentiary.

The chef de brigade Colincourt has written, by the same courier, that his imperial majesty of all the Russias has seen with interest the motion made at Lyons to re-open a commerce with his dominions; his majesty appears satisfied with the nomination of general Hedouville to reside at his court.

April 7. The concordat was presented to the legislative body on the 5th instant. The catholic religion is declared the religion of the majority of the people, though every other form of worship is tolerated. The number of archbishops is to be ten—of bishops fifty.—The celibacy of the clergy is to be established, and the priests who have married during the course of the French revolution are, it is said, to be allowed small pensions, but are not to be permitted to officiate.

HOME NEWS.

Gloucester, March 11.

MONDAY morning, about one o'clock, a fire broke out in a malt-house belonging to Mr. Nind, of Aston-on-Carron, near Tewkesbury, which entirely consumed the same, together with about two hundred and fifty bushels of malt; and before the engines could arrive from Tewkesbury (a distance of four miles), the flames communicated to the dwelling-house, which was very soon burnt down: Mr. Nind has a wife and twelve children, and was able to save but very little of his property; all their wearing-apparel and linen, except what they had on, was destroyed.

Dublin, March 12. Some nights since, the dwelling-house of John Kilverton, an aged industrious farmer, who resides at Stagdale, in the county of Limerick, was attacked by a numerous set of armed ruffians, for the purpose of robbing him and forcibly carrying off his daughter. Kilverton having got intimation of an intended attack on his house, applied to a gentleman in his neighbourhood, who gave him two bayonets, which he fixed on poles, and, with the assistance of his son and nephew, beat off the assailants, who fired thirteen shots into the house; some of the ruffians, who, with sledges, broke the lower part of the door, had the temerity to enter the house; old Kilverton and his small party made so good use of their bayonets and a pitchfork, that three of them died the next day, and another is languishing, who received a stab from old Kilverton in the throat, endeavouring to force in at a window. Mr. Hugh Massy has taken four of the above party.

Dover, March 15. The wind has blown so hard to the north these two days, that nothing could arrive from France; but this morning, about eleven o'clock, four vessels appeared in

sight, and it soon being discovered that one passage-vessel had her colours flying, every heart beat with the idea that the definitive treaty was at length come, or that the marquis Cornwallis was returned; both gentle and simple soon collected to hear the news, and the pier-heads and shore were soon crowded with some hundreds of spectators; at length the boat arrives, and brings brigadier-general Oakes, from Egypt; Mr. Dickens, king's messenger, from Amiens; and Mr. Motteux, from Paris. Numbers were extremely mortified, after having waited so long in the cold easterly wind, to find the grand question of peace or war still undecided: they came by the Queen Charlotte, captain Curling, and had a fine passage of three hours.

16. La Fleche, captain Lambert, arrived in the Roads from Calais, and landed M. Le Comte, French messenger, with dispatches from Paris for monsieur Otto; at six o'clock this morning he went off in great haste to London; six other passengers came also in the above vessel.—By an intelligent traveller, lately returned from Paris, we learn that the road to Paris is much improved of late, there being at present two tolerable summer roads, one on each side of the paved one.—The use of the guillotine is still continued, though happily not so frequent. A man was guillotined at Amiens last Friday, just before the above gentleman took his departure from Calais, for the murder of his mother and child.

General Don reviewed yesterday the Dover volunteers and bombardiers, and seemed much satisfied with their soldier-like appearance.

London, March 17. Yesterday evening, between nine and ten, a fire broke out at Mr. Nairn's, a biscuit-baker, in Wapping, near Mr. alderman Curtis's, which, for want of water, burnt very

fiercely,

fiercely, and threatened rapid destruction to the whole neighbourhood; but, fortunately, a barge belonging to the Thames police, with a fire-engine fixed therein, was brought down by the exertion of the Thames police-officers, and supplied the first engine with water, by which means a check was soon put to the extension of the flames; and, other engines arriving by the time they could get water, the whole was extinguished before twelve o'clock.

18. Tuesday morning, about four o'clock, a fire broke out at Mr. Wright's, New-grove, Mile-end, which entirely destroyed the same: one man was unfortunately burnt to death.

27. A melancholy accident occurred on Thursday night in Guildford-street, where a gentleman of fortune and respectability, conceiving himself insulted by a tradesman, who came to demand payment of his bill, took up a loaded pistol and shot the latter through the head. The unfortunate man, we understand, is not yet dead, but lies without hopes of recovery. The gentleman, whose name we at present forbear from mentioning, was taken into custody by the police-officers.

Dover, April 1. Marquis Cornwallis and suite arrived here yesterday afternoon, at four o'clock, after a short passage from Calais. He was received by a great concourse of persons, with loud acclamations, on his landing.

Petersfield, April 2. As Mr. Jolliffe, brother to the late member, was returning on Tuesday from the election at Petersfield, his chaise was suddenly overthrown, and his head mangled in a most alarming manner. He was conveyed the same evening to Merstham-house, the seat of colonel Jolliffe, where surgical assistance was procured with the utmost expedition.

London, April 3. A letter was sent by Mr. Addington to the Bank, yesterday, and Mr. Abraham Newland informed the gentlemen of the Stock-Exchange, he was authorised to state, that the sum wanted by way of loan, for the services of the current year, would be twenty-six millions and a half; one million and a half of which is to be

raised in Ireland, for the service of that country. Upon this intelligence, stocks rose about one *per cent.* the loan being for less than was expected.

A reduction in the army, we understand, is immediately to take place. The number of regiments is to be reduced in the first instance to eighty.

Rochester, April 5. The following melancholy affair happened on Monday se'nnight:—A young gentleman of Woolwich decamped from his father a day or two before with a considerable sum of money, in company with a female, and slept at the King's-head inn, in Rochester, on Sunday night; his father, with a friend, arrived early in the morning, and, finding his son in bed, sent his friend before to the room-door for admittance; during which the son, hearing his father's voice on the stairs, immediately took a pistol from his trunk, and discharged its contents just below his temple. A surgeon was immediately sent for, who extracted the ball, and he lingered from six o'clock in the morning till two in the afternoon, when he expired. The jury sat on his body, and, after a long consultation, returned a verdict—*Lunacy.*

The officers of the different dock-yards, ordnance and victualling-offices, at Portsmouth, Plymouth, &c. are in the greatest bustle, making preparations for the great number of ships of war that are expected to be paid off in the course of a few days. Orders are already received for paying off and laying up in ordinary several which, previous to the signing the definitive treaty, were fitting for sea with the greatest dispatch.

The Ruby, Standard, and Texel, of sixty-four guns, are ordered to the river from Spithead, to be paid off, making eleven ships at that port so circumstanced.—The seamen belonging to the ships paid off are immediately discharged.

London, April 6. Yesterday morning the keeper of Newgate-market seized the carcasses of three oxen, exposed for sale at the shop of two salesmen, and which, from their appearances, were supposed to be poisoned. They were conveyed to the Mansion-house, and, after an examination, were ordered by the

the lord-mayor to be thrown into the Thames, no person appearing to own them.

7. As two gentlemen were passing through St. James's park, late on Sunday night, they unobservedly discovered some person near the brink of the canal, in the attitude of devotion, with a brace of pistols and some letters by his side. At first, his mind was greatly agitated, and with some force and great persuasion he accompanied them. He stated, he had been a captain in the army, and had lately experienced nothing but troubles. He came to London purposely to solicit his friends and his royal highness the duke of York for some situation, which applications had been unsuccessful; and therefore he had no prospects left of future happiness. The charges of the pistols were drawn, and he took his leave with faithful promises to banish from his mind so rash an idea. He was very genteelly dressed, about thirty years of age, and in manners is quite the gentleman.

Sunday night, about ten o'clock, a gentleman called a coach from a stand in Piccadilly, to take him to Great Portland-street, Oxford-market; having arrived there, he desired to be drove to Westminster, to a wine-vault, and then desired to be reconducted to Portland-street, naming the number of the house, where having arrived, the door was opened to him, when he paid the coachman five shillings, and in an instant dashed his watch against the floor. The coachman went but a few yards from the house, on his return home, when he heard a cry of murder from the house; upon which he returned and inquired into the cause; it appeared the gentleman attempted his own life by cutting his throat with a knife in a most shocking manner. Surgical assistance was immediately procured for the unfortunate gentleman, whose recovery is very doubtful.

Portsmouth, April 10. This evening the Raven sloop of war arrived at Spithead, from St. Domingo, after a passage of seven weeks: she was sent off by admiral Duckworth to announce the very important information of the capture of St. Domingo by the French

troops, after a most obstinate and vigorous resistance by Toussaint. The loss of the French was very great, and two thousand men were blown up by the springing of a mine belonging to the French army. Toussaint and his army had retired into the interior, and preparations were making to follow him in his retreat.

11. The tremendous gale of wind which has blown the whole of this day has precluded any boats coming from St. Helen's or Spithead: we learn by the Raven sloop, which came up last night, that after the defeat of Toussaint he had made a precipitate retreat, and taken the whole of the whites with him in the island that he could conveniently collect.

Lewes, April 13. On Tuesday last an inquest was taken at Hellingly, by W. Wheeler, gent. one of the coroners for this county, on a view of the body of William Reed, a boy about fifteen years of age, who, whilst employed in driving a plough-team, about ten o'clock in the forenoon of Saturday the 8d instant, incautiously ate part of the root of a plant botanically named '*aconitum crocata*,' and commonly called 'hemlock dropwort,' or 'dead tongue.' An hour after having eaten the root, he was seized with dizziness, sickness, violent convulsions, and all the symptoms usually produced by poison, and, notwithstanding various efforts to give him medical relief, he died about two o'clock in the afternoon of the same day. Another boy who partook of the root was attacked at the same time with the like symptoms, but he was relieved from its deadly effects by a strong emetic.

London, April 13. A curious bet for a thousand pounds was made a few days ago at a coffee-house in St. James's-street. Two noble lords, well known on the turf, have agreed to run against each other, the first windy day, on Hampstead-heath. The one is to wear jack-boots, and to run backwards, against the other, who is to carry a large umbrella over his head, and to run forwards. They are both to run against the wind. All the sporting men are expected to be present; and bets to a considerable amount have been already made.

14. The ratification of the definitive treaty did not take place till yesterday. It received the great seal in the afternoon, came from the chancellor's in the evening, and was dispatched for Paris by Mr. Hunter, jun. the messenger. The ratification will reach Paris to-morrow or next day, and the French, Spanish, and Dutch ratifications may be expected back on Monday or Tuesday.

BIRTHS.

March 14. The lady of Mr. alderman Flower, of the Crescent, Minorias, of a daughter.

16. At his lordship's house, in Privy-garden, Whitehall, lady Sheffield, of a son.

24. Mrs. Gillies, wife of W. Gillies, esq. of Throgmorton-street, of a son.

In Harcourt-street, Dublin, the wife of counsellor M'Nally, of a son.

26. At Escot, in Devonshire, the lady of sir J. Kennaway, bart. of a son.

Mrs. J. H. Gell, of Chelsea, of a daughter.

April 1. At her house, in Brunswick-square, the lady of Thomas Platt, esq. of a son.

2. At Canonbury, the wife of John S. Ancram, esq. of a son.

3. At her father's house, in Baker-street, Mrs. Wood, of a son.

At Yarmouth, Mrs. Thomas Lynne, of a daughter.

4. At his house, in Portland-place, the lady of Thomas Tyrwhitt Jones, esq. M. P. of a son.

At his lordship's house, in Portland-place, the right hon. lady Newborough, of a son and heir.

In Bedford-square, the lady of Henry Gregg, esq. of a son.

9. At her house, in Grosvenor-place, the hon. Mrs. Cornwall, lady of J. Cornwall, esq. of a daughter.

At Edinburgh, the lady of lieutenant-colonel Joseph Burnett, of a daughter.

11. In Piccadilly, the lady of William Paxton, esq. of a daughter.

MARRIAGES.

March 4. Mr. Samuel Taylor, of Gray's-inn-square, London, to miss Barnard, of Hadleigh.

16. Mr. James Green, to miss Jane Tebb, daughter of the late Richard Tebb, esq. of West-ham, Essex.

20. Charles-William Flint, esq. superintendent of the alien department, to miss Anna-Maria Seton, youngest daughter of Daniel Seton, esq. president of the council of Surat.

Thomas Lys, esq. of Took's-court, Chancery-lane, to miss Sarah Arden, third daughter of Christopher Arden, of Edward-street, Cavendish-square.

23. John-Christopher Pfeiler, esq. of Liverpool, merchant, to miss Jane Dean, eldest daughter of Hugh Dean, esq. of Nassau, New-Providence.

At Littleham, in Devonshire, Philip Ducarel, esq. to miss Shawe, eldest daughter of lieutenant-colonel Shawe, of the 74th regiment.

25. Richard Pack, esq. of Bridge-street, Blackfriars, to miss Mary Freeman, daughter of John Freeman, esq. of Newington-green.

30. Captain Clark Collwell, of the 35th regiment, to miss Sarah Madox, second daughter of the late Tristram Maries Madox, esq. of Greenwich.

April 1. At Edith-weston, in Rutland, Mr. John Hill, aged 83, to Mrs. Hose, the buxom hostess of the Red Hart, aged 63.

Henry Wills, esq. to Mrs. Young.

Mr. John Holmes, jun. of Belfast, to miss Daniels, only daughter of Thomas Daniels, esq. attorney-general of the island of Dominica.

6. Samuel Fothergill Lettsom, esq. of Grove-hill, Camberwell, to miss Garrow, only daughter of William Garrow, esq. of Bedford-row.

Colonel White, of the guards, to miss Coore, daughter of John Coore, esq. of Gilder's-hill-farm.

The hon. Coulson Wallop, member for Andover, to miss Keatinge.

7. The hon. Wm. Booth Grey, second son of the earl of Stamford, to miss Pryce, eldest daughter of Thomas Pryce, esq. of Duffryn, Glamorgan.

8. At Harmondsworth, Middlesex, Mr. Tho. Curtis Gale, to miss Anna-Maria Thurbin, youngest daughter of Mr. Thurbin, of that place, brewer.

10. The rev. J. W. Flavell, rector of Stodey with Hunworth, in Norfolk, to miss Caroline Aufrere, esq. daughter of A. Aufrere, esq. of Hoveton-hall.
Mr.

Mr. Samuel Boggis, of Newgate-street, to Mrs. Mary Loder, of Windsor.

DEATHS.

March 21. C. Saxon, esq. of South-Molton-street, Grosvenor-square.

22. At Dudley, Mrs. Simpson, wife of John Simpson, esq. of Launde-abbey, Leicestershire.

At his house, in Rutland-square, Dublin, James earl of Caledon.

27. Mr. Chas. Wearg Clark, brick-layer, of Angel-court, Snow-hill.

At his seat, at Melton, sir E. Astley, baronet, who represented the county of Norfolk in four successive parliaments. His eldest son, the present member for the county, succeeds to the title and estates.

At Hackney, John-Daniel Lucadou, esq.

At his house, Elder-walk, Islington, Matthew Shirreff, son of Alexander Shirreff, esq.

Mr. Launcelot Docker, late partner with Mr. Emerson, deceased, one of the attorneys of the lord-mayor's-court office.

29. At Blackford, lieutenant-colonel Alexander Trotter, of the marines.

30. Of an apoplexy, Mr. Haynes, stable-keeper, Riding-house-lane.

Mrs. Jane Copping, wife of West Copping, esq. of Charlotte-street, Bloomsbury.

31. At Brompton, in her seventy-second year, Mrs. Jelfe, relict of capt. A. Jelfe, late of Pendhill, Surrey.

In Park-street, Grosvenor-square, miss T. Mahew, third daughter of Christopher Mahew, esq. of Ramsgate.

April 1. Francis Buller, eldest son of sir F. Buller, bart. of Lupton-house, in the county of Devon.

At his house, in Upper Seymour-street, Neil Malcolm, esq. of Pottaloch, Argyleshire.

At his seat, in Cheshire, the hon. Mr. Grey, brother to lord Stamford.

3. In Hornsey-lane, Mrs. Ranking, wife of Mr. Joseph Ranking, of Cheapside.

At his house, at Hammersmith, Mr. James Thompson, aged 67.

4. At Holbrook, in Suffolk, Mrs.

Dealy, relict of the late Mr. Timothy Dealy, of High-Holborn.

5. At his lodgings, at Bath, lord Kenyon, chief-justice of the court of king's-bench.

At Greenwich, a few hours after his arrival from the Cape of Good-Hope, Archibald Hamilton Robertson, captain of the royal artillery.

In Great Ormond-street, the youngest daughter of Mr. serjeant Best.

6. After a long illness, at Ashton-court, Gloucestershire, sir John Hugh Smyth, baronet.

William Croome, esq. of Cirencester, banker.

At her father's house, Surrey-place, Kent-road, of a decline, miss Lucy Ricketts.

7. At Wargrave, Berkshire, Mrs. Hill, late of Union-street, Berkeley-square.

8. At the Mote, in Kent, the seat of Thomas Selby, esq. the lady of capt. C. Selby.

At his lodgings, on the North-Parade, Bath, Charles-Frederick Wiple, esq. late of Walworth, Surrey.

At her house, in Harpur-street, Mrs. Rogers, widow of the late Mr. Rogers, of Sun-court, Cornhill.

9. At Hampstead, Mrs. Harrison, wife of G. Harrison, esq. of N^o 9, Lincoln's-inn-fields.

10. In Vauxhall-walk, Lambeth, Mrs. Pinto, formerly the celebrated miss Brent. Such is the mutability of human affairs, that this lady, once the renowned and distinguished heroine of the vocal tribe, and who, in the meridian of her fame, was universally respected and admired, gradually declined into the vale of obscurity, if not of indigence, and died at length almost forgotten by the public.

In Lower Seymour-street, miss Georgina Welch, youngest child of Richard Welch, esq.

11. Of a fever, after an illness of seven days, in the forty-ninth year of her age, Mrs. Hawkins Browne, wife of Isaac Hawkins Browne, esq. M. P. and daughter of the late hon. Edward Hay, governor of Barbadoes.

13. At his lordship's house, in Windsor-castle, Mrs. Douglas, wife of the right rev. the lord-bishop of Salisbury.