THE

LADY'S MAGAZINE,

OR

ENTERTAINING COMPANION

FOR

THE FAIR SEX;

APPROPRIATED

SOLELY TO THEIR USE AND AMUSEMENT.

For JUNE, 1802.

THIS NUMBER CONTAINS,

This Number is embellished with the following Copper-Plates:

1 THE MISTAKE RECTIFIED.
2 For the MORAL ZOÖLOGIST—THE BISON.
3 An elegantly-coloured PARIS DRESS.
4 A new and elegant PATTERN for a VEIL.
5 MUSIC—THYRSIS WEEPING—for three Voices—by Mr. BARRE.

LONDON:

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

Where Favours from Correspondents continue to be received.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

THE portions of the Novel sent by Mr. F****s shall be returned if it is not inserted; it would, however, have been easier to have formed a judgment if it had been concluded.

Cesario's Strictures on a late Publication are tinctured with illiberality.

R. D.'s Extracts are intended for occasional insertion. We are obliged to this correspondent for the trouble he has taken.

F.'s Essay is almost illegible; what can be read of it certainly requires correction and revision.

Mr. B.'s communications are received, but we cannot promise insertion to all of them.

THE

LADY'S MAGAZINE,

FOR

JUNE, 1802.

THE RIGID FATHER;

A NOVEL.

(Continued from page 230.)

LETTER IX.—*in continuation.*

Charles Janson to Henry Muller.

I NOW resume my pen to continue my letter.

Without listening to Augusta's objections, I drew her with me into the meadows at a little distance from the house, and we walked along the bank of the river. When I was alone with her, I said to her tenderly—'Augusta, I know not why I thought so, but it seemed to me, when I came to see you this evening, that you did not receive me with the same cheerfulness and pleasure you have usually expressed.'

'Oh! no, indeed, no; there can be no reason for you to think so,' said she, eagerly turning towards me.

'What then am I to think, dear Augusta?' replied I.

Her answer was a sigh.

'You sigh! tell me what is the cause of that sigh?'

She sighed again and was silent, but let a tear drop on the hand in which I held hers.

'Dearest Augusta, you weep! Am I no longer your friend? I intreat you tell me every thing?'

'I cannot,' answered she, in a low voice; 'my mother has forbidden me.'

'Dear Augusta,' said I, with much emotion, 'will you not tell me why you weep?—not *me?*'

'Oh! a great deal has happened—I have been very melancholy.'

'For Heaven's sake tell me the cause?'

Oh! I wish I could express to you the words she uttered, as they came from her full heart, with all the inflexions of voice, the sighs, the artless hesitations, the motions of her hands, the expression of her features, that you might form some conception of the delicious emotions that at that moment overpowered my whole soul.

'Alas!' said she, after a short silence, 'I know not whether I do right to tell you—and yet there is no person in the world to whom I would sooner tell it than yourself. My mother thinks, and I feel—I have been very melancholy—No; I must not tell you!'

'You must tell me every thing, dearest Augusta! If I had any thing that pressed on my heart, I should tell it to you.'

'No,' said she, hastily, 'you

did not tell me that you was going to marry miss Willmans.'

'Of that, dear Augusta, we will speak presently. I could wish my happiness assured by knowing that you love me as I love you.'

'Yes,' said she, the tears starting into her eyes, 'my mother said to me one day that I loved you, and that you loved me, and just after she had told me so, my brother came home and told us of your intended marriage, which he had heard of from young Grohmann. At first it did not make much impression on me, but the longer I thought of it the more I found myself melancholy and uneasy. My mother, from time to time, looked at me and seemed sorrowful. I endeavoured to assume cheerfulness, but at last I burst into tears. My mother then took me with her into her chamber: we embraced each other, and I laid my face on her bosom. She wept and said, "dear innocent, unhappy child!"—Oh! I could have wished to have died that moment on my mother's bosom, so deeply did those words pierce my heart. My mother then said that she herself had been to blame, and had acted incautiously. "You must not, Augusta," added she, "be so unreserved and familiar with him as you have been. I could indeed wish that he would not come to see us again"—And I too.'——

'You too! did you too wish that?' said I hastily; for it was necessary that I should speak; amid the exquisite feelings which this pure, artless, and unsuspicious innocence had excited.

She was silent for some time: at last she said, slowly and mournfully—'If your visits would have made you unhappy, I must have wished it, though I know not how I could have endured never to have seen you more.'

'Dear Augusta!' said I, pressing her to my breast, 'can you then really believe that I will ever marry miss Willmanns?'

Hastily she raised her expressive countenance, and looked on me for some time with a kind of anxious expectation. As I continued silent, she said, in a low voice—'When my uneasiness overpowered me, I often went up stairs to my chamber to weep, that I might not give my mother pain, and when I was there alone, I often said to myself that it could not be possible. But when I heard that your father himself had said it was so, and when to-day miss Willmanns went by our house to go to yours—Oh! I would not live again such another day!—I was convinced it must be true. It might not indeed be agreeable to your wishes.'

'And, dear Augusta, what do you believe that I do wish?' said I, tenderly pressing her hand.

I felt her hand tremble in mine; she withdrew it to cover her face, which was suffused with blushes, and said, in a very altered tone—'Oh! I intreat you, Mr. Jansen, let us return.'

'No,' replied I, 'dear Augusta, I will tell you what I wish, what I now wish, and what I shall ever wish as long as my heart shall continue to beat.—I wish, Augusta, that you may be my wife, my innocent, my dear, my most tenderly beloved wife. No, I have not engaged to marry miss Willmans: how, Augusta, could you suppose so?—And here in this solitary place, I swear, in the presence of him who made us both, that I am thine, and thou, and thou alone, shalt be mine.'

She eagerly raised her hands, which had before covered her face, as if to embrace me, or to call Heaven to witness my oath. Her eyes sparkled; but in a moment she sank down on my breast as deprived

prived of sense. Her cheek was cold; but it was but for an instant. A deep sigh restored her to herself. I embraced her, and pressed her tenderly to my heart.

'Augusta,' said I, 'my dearest wife, thou art in the arms of thy husband.'

She slowly raised her face; I impressed the first kiss of love on her lips, and asked her—'Dost thou love me, Augusta? Art thou mine?'

She threw her arms around me, cast down her eyes, hesitated a moment, then in a low and tender sigh, uttered—'Yes!'

We now turned back, and she walked silently by my side, holding by my arm, with her eyes fixed on the ground, and, I may say, almost deprived of sense. 'Augusta,' whispered I from time to time. She clung still closer to my arm and hastened her pace. Thus we came home, and when we arrived there and came into the light, I first perceived how pale she was. She attempted to say something to her mother, and to conceal under a smile, as I thought, the violence of her emotions; but she sank into a chair, and was unable to utter a word.

Her mother was greatly agitated and clasped her weeping daughter to her bosom.—'Augusta,' said she, tenderly, 'you have forgotten what you promised me;' then, turning hastily to me, she said with much emotion—'I must request, sir, that you will let some time elapse before you visit us again. I have nothing but my children.'

I took Augusta's hand, and said, 'Dear mother, this hand, this heart, is mine. I am your son. Augusta will be my wife.'

The innocent girl instantly started up, and threw herself on the bosom of her mother.

'Is this true!' exclaimed the latter in a tone of transport, and gazing on me for some time in silence.—Will you———?'

'I will,' said I, interrupting her, and immediately drew Augusta to my lips.

Embrace now followed embrace, and my promised wife hung on my neck. Oh! it was a scene of ecstatic bliss. Now that the love of Augusta was consecrated by the consent and blessing of her mother, it broke forth from her full heart without restraint. She kneeled before her mother, and I put my hand in hers. Trembling and confused, with tears in her eyes, though they sparkled with joy, she took the ring which I placed on her finger. Her mother intreated me to leave them, when I was preparing to relate all that had passed, and inform her of the difficulties which we had yet to overcome.

I acquiesced in her request, and took my leave, with the liveliest sensations of joy in my heart, after having appointed to see them again the next day, when they were to accompany me in a little country excursion.

It was midnight when I returned home. I found my chamber locked. My father, who usually went to bed at ten o'clock, was still up, and called me. When I went to him he took me to the table, and said to me, very harshly, 'For the last time, I advise you, sign the contract.'

'Never, father!' said I, firmly and coolly.

'You will not?—I swear, however, that the schoolmaster's daughter shall never be my daughter-in-law: no, never!—You now know my fixed resolution, and you may go.—There is your chamber behind mine.—You shall never come over the threshold again till you have signed the contract.'

He opened the door and pushed me in, and I now am in my prison.

Fortunately

Fortunately I had in my pocket-book a small phial of ink, and a few sheets of paper which have enabled me to write this letter to you. As Mr. Rosen's letter which I was to send you is still in my possession, you will, I am persuaded, not be offended at my breaking the seal to inclose this; for, as my father knows Mr. Rosen's hand, he will forward it without suspicion, otherwise I should not be able to convey this letter to you.

The sensations of my heart and my resolution are not in the least altered by my situation. How long can my imprisonment last? I am, at any rate, determined to be very patient, and to make no attempts to procure my liberty. Augusta will shed a tear or two when she finds I do not come according to my appointment; but report will soon inform her of the cause of my absence —and the first moment that restores me to liberty, and the sight of her I so ardently love, shall be that of our eternal union.—I have succeeded perfectly in opening the letter; the seal is uninjured. Adieu.

(To be continued.)

THE MISTAKE RECTIFIED;

A TALE.

[*With an elegant Engraving.*]

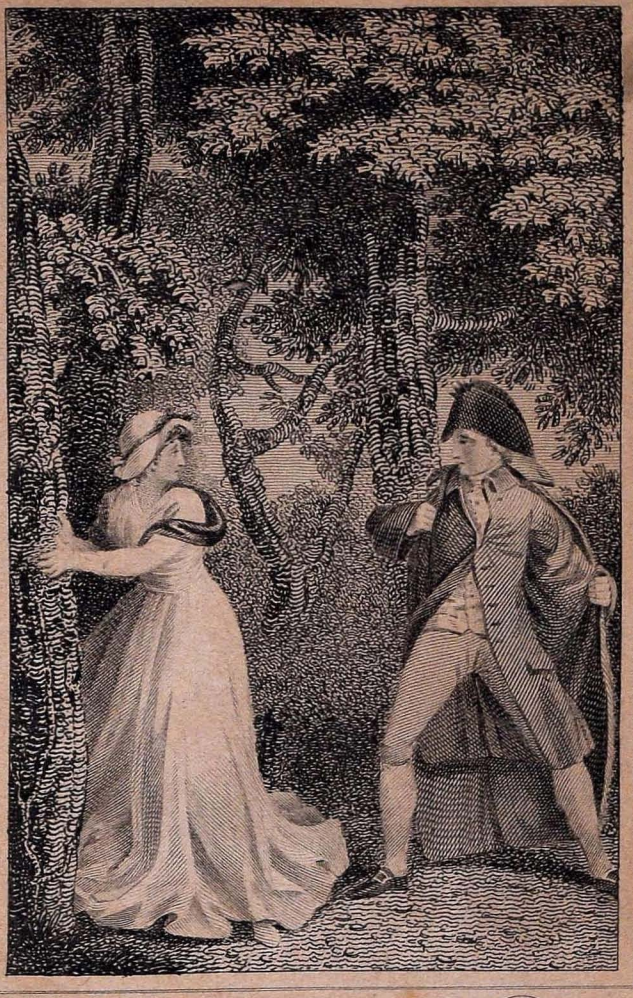
'NO,' said Maria, 'Mr. Seagrove, I cannot submit to be catechised. If I were in company with a gentleman to whom you are a stranger, and if I did comport myself with what you may esteem too much levity, and with what you are pleased to style a too marked attention and complacency towards him, I do not conceive that I am bound to enter into any apologising explanations. I have not yet surrendered the last remnant of my liberty, and transformed the humility of the lover into the haughty authority of the husband. When that is done it will become me no doubt to be more circumspect.'

'Maria, Maria,' said Mr. Seagrove, hastily interrupting her, 'this is all beside the purpose. When I have the testimony of my own eyes, when I have seen the behaviour of which you must be conscious, when hanging on the arm of a stranger you gaze on me with a kind of vacant stare, if not a smile of contempt, am I, after all the affection I have expressed, and been permitted to express for you, to receive only evasive answers, and common-place allusions to what is termed by the dissipated of both sexes the liberty of unmarried women, and the slavery of connubial life? Suffer me once more to repeat my questions, and let me intreat you to give me a positive and satisfactory answer. Who was the gentleman I saw with you last night at the play, and how long has the familiar intimacy of which I saw such evident proofs subsisted between you? Had you not gone away so hastily as you did, I should possibly have put some similar plain questions, and much more abruptly, to him, notwithstanding his military dress.'

Maria had many amiable and good qualities, but they were tinctured with a grain or two of coquetry. The perplexity and agitation, therefore, which Mr. Seagrove manifested she considered as a triumph of which she could not refuse herself the enjoyment. With an air of levity and high spirits she rallied his solemn jealousy, as she termed it, and the seriousness with which he treated an affair so frivolous, still avoiding, and indeed, at last, positively refusing to give any explanation of the circumstances that had given so much pain to her lover. She continued this behaviour so long

that

Engraved for the Lady's Magazine.



The Mistake Rectified.

that Mr. Seagrove, deprived of all patience, at length left her with this farewell—

'Maria, you have taught me how little confidence is to be reposed in woman. I could never have imagined your real character to be what it now appears, frivolous and inconstant. I had at first flattered myself I had made some mistake, but your behaviour has convinced me that all I supposed I saw was real; and as it is more than probable that you wish to dissolve your connexion with me, as it can now be only an obstacle to that you have newly formed, be it from this moment dissolved: though my heart burst I will tear you from it.'

When her lover was gone, Maria began to reflect more coolly on her conduct in this silly affair—for such it may not improperly be termed. Mr. Seagrove was by no means disposed to the meanness of jealousy, and had at first intimated the impropriety of what he thought he had seen in the mildest terms, and requested, if he had been mistaken, to be informed of the truth. Maria was not only conscious that it was a mistake, but immediately perceived in what manner the mistake had arisen, yet still she refused any explanation, and even descended to play the coquette and exult in the pain of a heart which she knew was affectionately devoted to her. Her good sense, however, now resumed its sway, and she was convinced that her behaviour had been very reprehensible. She sought relief in tears, and passed a very anxious night, but not without indulging a hope that Mr. Seagrove would soon return, notwithstanding his solemn adieu, and afford her an opportunity of giving him the explanation which she now much regretted that she had so flippantly and so improperly withheld.

The next day, as Maria was walking pensively in the grounds near her father's house, she saw Mr. Seagrove advancing towards her, who, when he came up to her, thus addressed her—

'Madam, I am now about to remove from your sight a person whom you certainly can no longer wish to see. I have hastily made preparations for a journey to the continent, where I propose to travel several years, till time shall have eradicated from my heart a foolish but too ardent passion for a most lovely, but giddy and inconstant woman. I shall set out immediately. May the change which has given me so much pain render you happy, though there is perhaps much more reason to expect that your natural levity will avenge me of my rival.'

Maria heard him with much emotion. 'O, George!' exclaimed she, giving him her hand, 'I am convinced of my error and my folly. I have been guilty of giddiness and impropriety in my behaviour towards you, but not of the inconstancy with which you charge me. The whole is a mistake, which I will now explain, and which ought to have been explained sooner. I have a sister who has been almost constantly, for these last three years, with an aunt of ours, who resides in a distant county. In her features and person she surprisingly resembles me. You have never seen her. She returned home a few days ago, with a young officer to whom she is to be married next week. It was her you saw at the play. She is now within; and, if you will go into the house with me, you will immediately be sensible in what manner you was deceived.'

Mr. Seagrove, with heart-felt pleasure, complied with Maria's request; the *mistake* was *rectified* to his entire satisfaction, and a complete and tender reconciliation took place, which was no more disturbed either by

by distrust or coquetry till their final and happy union.

PARISIAN FASHIONS.

(With an Engraving elegantly coloured.)

THE most general head-dress still is the veil laid flat upon the hair, and falling at the sides. That which passes for the most distinguished is a half-handkerchief of lace, *en marmotte*, laid on the side, and leaving a rich comb and a short *chignon* open to view. For some days past our *élégantes* have worn with these lace half-handkerchiefs another of the same kind, as a shawl. We hear no more of turbans and antique head-dresses: the head-dresses in full-dress are called head-dresses *de genre*. A short *chignon* constitutes their base. The ornamental embellishments are, fancy flowers in bunches, a rich comb, cameos or diamonds mounted in pins, with heads of various shapes, or in flowers. The fashion of robes without a train, of full sleeves, and puffed tunics, is not general, but it is sufficiently extended to show that there is an adoption of English fashions. The *capotes*, with elastic *coulisses* of white cambric, the fashion of which still continues, are now copied in taffetas of dark green or jonquil. Lilac and rose are not so much worn as usual. Ribbands, with flowers incorrectly designed, and generally upon a dark green ground, are coming into fashion; they are called *Turks*.—Some muslin veils are trimmed before with lace of middling breadth.

Some women of fashion, not without influence in the circles of the *haut ton*, sport *capotes*, decorated with edging of violet or deep green. With respect to gowns and robes, the English fashion is still supreme in its attraction; they are called *Parisots*, and are not destitute of grace and dignity. The lace with which they are embellished is uncommonly magnificent.

Veils are worn as head-dresses not only by the middle sphere of *élégantes*, but by the beauties of the first order. They are usually worn flat upon the hair; but the fashion of uniting the ends in a bow under the chin has been entirely superseded.

LONDON FASHIONS.

ROUND dresses of white muslin, made with plain wrapping fronts; the back full, with lace let in it across; the tops of the sleeves very full; the bottom trimmed with lace. Mamaluke jackets and turbans, trimmed with silver.

Morning-dresses of cambric muslin; handkerchief of muslin trimmed all round. Small caps of worked muslin with lace borders.

Dresses of lilac silk; the sleeves of white satin trimmed with lace; full epaulettes of lilac silk. Small hats of silk, ornamented with flowers.

Evening-dresses of fine sprigged muslin, trimmed with lace; buffonts of lace over the bosom, fastened in a bow on the front of the dress. White satin hats turned up in front, and ornamented with antique gems and bird-of-paradise feathers.

Walking-dresses of white muslin, with several rows of lace, or work let in from the top to the bottom of the train. The hair dressed with a white lace veil over it.

The prevailing colours are lilac, flesh-colour, blue, and puce. Flowers of all descriptions are universal. In full-dress white ostrich feathers are the principal ornaments for the head. Spanish cloaks of white muslin, trimmed all round with lace, are generally worn. The patent perforated Leghorn and chip hats are favourites; coloured chips are likewise becoming fashionable.

THE

Engraved for the Ladies Magazine June 1802.

PARIS DRESS.

THE MORAL ZOOLOGIST.

(Continued from p. 238.)

LETTER XXXIX.

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

WHEN we proceed to minute distinctions in the animal genera, the variations are innumerable; and bear no proportion to our circumscribed powers, but by a comparative estimation of their being derived from the source of infinite perfection. The next objects of our consideration are those branches of the cloven-hoofed tribes that are destitute of horns. The first in this class is the musk genus, the distinctive marks of which are: two long tusks in the upper jaw; eight small teeth in the lower jaw, and none in the upper.

THE TIBET MUSK.

This animal, which by way of eminence is denominated the musk, has by many naturalists been regarded as a stag, a roe-buck, a musk-goat, or as a large chevrotain; though, it is evident, notwithstanding he participates of the nature of those quadrupeds, that his generic properties constitute a distinct species. The musk resembles the roe-buck in form; his length is three feet three inches, and his height from the point of the shoulders to the soles of the fore-feet, two feet three inches, and from the top of the haunches to the soles of the hind-feet, two feet nine inches. The upper jaw extends beyond the lower; on each side of the former there is a slender tusk, near two inches long, very short on the interior edge; these osseous exuberances project, and are obvious to the sight. In each jaw there are six grinders; and in the lower jaw eight small cutting teeth. The ears are long and narrow; the colour of the exterior part of them is dark brown, the interior of a pale yellow hue. The chin yellow. The hair on the body is uniformly long and erect, marked in an undulated or waved form; the colour near the roots cinereous or ash, black near the extremity, and at the point or tips ferruginous, or of a rust colour. The fore part of the neck of some individuals is marked on each side with long white stripes from the head to the chest; the back striped with pale brown, extending to the sides. The hoofs are black, very much cleft, and long; the spurious hoofs on the fore-feet are of a great length. The tail is nearly hid in the fur: it is one inch long. The female is less than the male, her nose of a sharper construction, and she is destitute of tusks. The odoriferous sanguinous substance which renders this animal so famous, is contained in a bag or tumour, about the size of a hen's egg, under the belly of the male only; as, notwithstanding the female has a similar bag or pouch, it contains no perfume. This celebrated drug is secreted in a pendulous bag, as before described, with two small orifices; the largest of which is of an oblong form, the other round; the one naked, and the other clothed with hair. These recesses are called musk-bags; and the musk contained in them, in its genuine form, has the appearance of a fat matter of a brown colour. As this potent perfume is not only used as a medicine but as an article of luxury, various means are used by the Indians to obtain it, and several methods practised to adulterate it; which makes genuine musk a scarce commodity. The hunters that pursue these animals cut off

musk-bag, and secure the contents, which they vend at a great price: those of Tibet are esteemed of a superior quality. As the musk-bag forms a kind of abscess, when it is surcharged with matter, it becomes incommodious to the animal; therefore, as the means of freeing himself from the superabundance of this odorous excrement, he rubs himself against trees, or any other hard substance, and thus breaks the tumour, and disperses the perfume, which is carefully preserved by the Indians, and constitutes a considerable branch of commerce. Notwithstanding it is only corrupted blood, yet it is endued with such a strong scent, that a single particle perfumes any substance that approaches it. This species inhabit the kingdom of Tibet, the province of Mohang Ming in China, Tonquin, and Bootan; the country about lake Baikal, and the vicinage of the rivers Jenesei and Argun. They have a natural propensity to inhabit mountains covered with pine trees, and recluse situations difficult of access. When driven from thence by deep snows, they migrate to cultivated grounds to subsist on corn and rice. They shun mankind and love solitary places; which occasions their habitudes to be imperfectly known. The chace of these animals is a dangerous exercise; as, to escape the huntsmen, they take refuge in the summit of the most steep mountains. The flesh of the musk is strongly tinctured with the powerful odour it produces, yet it is eaten by the Russians and Tartars.

THE BRASILIAN MUSK.

This animal is a native of Guiana and Brazil, and is the cuguacu-ete described by Marcgrave. By the French inhabitants of Guiana they are called *biches* (which signifies does), from their near resemblance to deer; though it is evident they form a distinct species, as both sexes are destitute of horns.

The Brasilian musk is nearly the size of a roe-buck; its ears are four inches long; the eyes large and prominent; the nostrils capacious. The space about the mouth is black; the hind legs are longer than the fore ones. The tail is six inches long, and white on the under part. The hair is uniformly short and smooth. The head and neck are of a tawny hue mixed with ash or cinereous; the back, sides, chest, and thighs of a bright ferruginous or rust colour; the lower part of the belly and interior of the thighs white: in some subjects the throat and under side of the neck are white. These animals are of a timid, harmless nature; and, like the goat, have a predilection for craggy eminences. They swim with great dexterity, and are easily taken in that situation. They are also hunted by the Indians, as their flesh is esteemed delicate food.

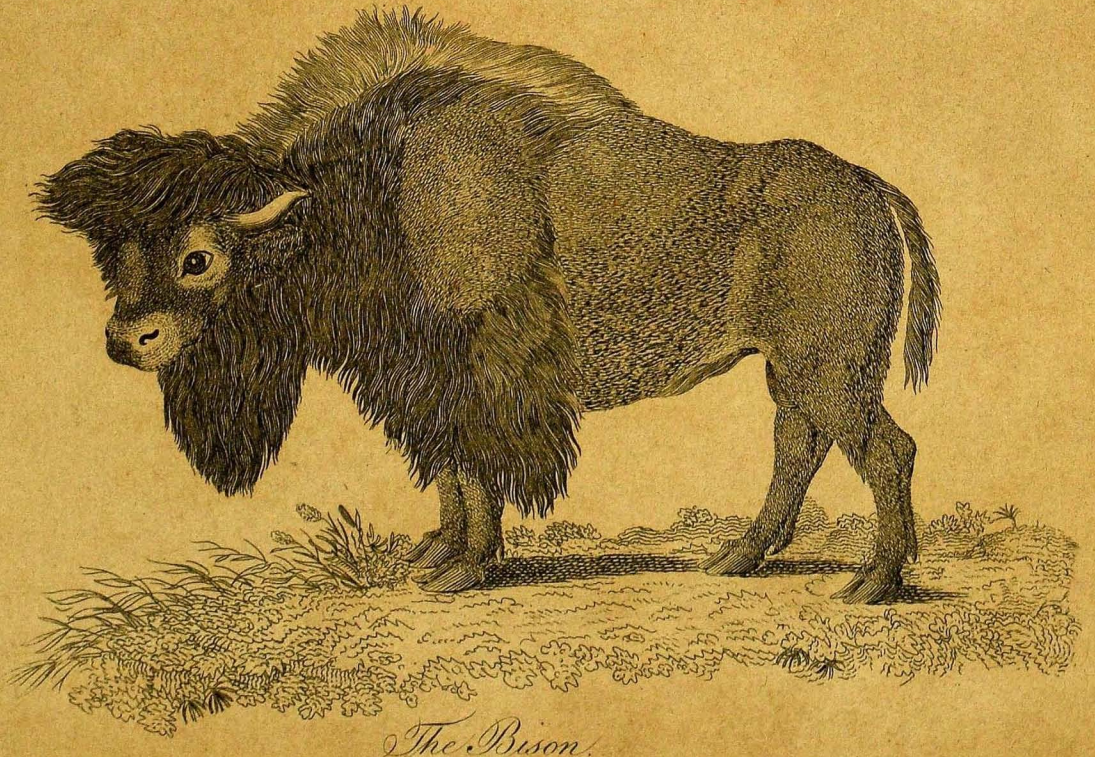
THE INDIAN MUSK.

The Indian musk is the *meminna* described by Knox in his history of Ceylon, and is ranked by M. de Buffon in the class of *chevrotains*, or small antelopes. This animal in length does not exceed one foot five inches. It is of a cinereous olive colour; the throat, breast, and belly are white; the sides and haunches are spotted, and barred in a transverse direction with white. The ears are large and open; the tail very short. This species inhabits the islands of Ceylon and Java.

THE GUINEA MUSK.

This animal, as well as the preceding species, is ranked by M. de Buffon amongst the *chevrotains* or small

Engraved for the Ladys Magazine.



The Bison.

small antelopes, a term which seems to be applied to all small animals of the Asian and African continent, that approach, by their form and habitudes, to the stag and hind kind, or the gazelle, or goat genera. The Guinea musk is only nine inches and an half long. The head, legs, and the upper parts of the body are of a tawny hue; the belly is white. It has no spurious hoofs. There are two very broad cutting teeth in the lower jaw; and, on each side of them, three others of a very slender construction. In the upper jaw are two small tusks. The ears are large. The tail is one inch long. The subject preserved in the Leverian museum is of a ferruginous or rust colour, blended with black; the neck and throat are striped downwards with white. This species are common in the East-Indies, and various oriental islands, particularly in Java and Prince's Island. By the Javans they are called *poet-jang*, and by the Malays *kant-chil*. The natives of the countries where these animals are numerous snare them, and carry them in cages to market, where they are sold at a low price.

It may perhaps appear extraordinary to your ladyship, that any animals should be classed in the musk genus not endued with the odoriferous quality which seems its peculiar characteristic. In order to obviate this objection, it may be proper to observe, that in systematic arrangements particular distinctions yield to general features. Thus, though none of the different species of the musk genus, except that of Tibet, have a sanguinous bag; yet from their affinity in form, and being destitute of horns, they appear to belong to the same genus. To this species also may be referred a species of animals less than stags, and destitute of horns, which are described by Nieuhoff, as natives of the island of Formosa.

When we reflect on the manifold beneficent effects of divine goodness and wisdom, which the creation in its varied forms exhibits, our wonder is augmented to the highest degree of awe and grateful reverence. In the beaver and musk we may discern the gracious dispensations of providence, in ordaining, that the several medicinal unguents they yield should minister to the increase or recovery of health; and, like sanative plants, prove an essential blessing. If we attentively consider the whole of animated nature, we shall perceive it is a chain, of which each link derives benefit from the compact; man alone is endued with intellectual powers to form a just estimate of this general dependence, and universal claim to the efforts of the most genuine philanthropy, and unfeigned adoration to the primary and final cause of all terrestrial felicity and celestial hope. Your ladyship will rejoice to blend the due tribute of your best services with those of EUGENIA.

(To be continued.)

ON AVARICE.

BY BISHOP HORNE.

HE who flatters himself that he resolves to employ his fortune well, though he should acquire it ill, ought to take this with him, that such a compensation of evil by good may be allowed after the fact, but is deservedly condemned in the purpose; and it may be observed that a resolution of this kind taken beforehand is seldom carried into act afterward.

The eagerness with which some men seek after gold, would lead one

to imagine it had the power to remove all uneasiness, and make its possessors completely happy; as the Spaniards pretended to the Mexicans that it cured them of a pain at the *heart* to which they were subject.

Count Schweitzer; *or* The Mysterious Adventure.

(Continued from p. 251.)

THE cause of the precipitate departure of the baron was the suspicion which he entertained, that the stranger was one of the emissaries of count Schweitzer, whose treacherous designs had at last succeeded. Koënigsmark, therefore, embraced the resolution to depart immediately for Schweitzer-castle; and, as Illing might be of service, he determined that he should accompany him.

Travelling with the greatest rapidity, they reached Lubec on the morning of the third day. At this place the baron remained until Phœbus had sunk beneath the horizon, till

> ——'eve o'erhung the western cloud's thick brow;
> The far-stretch'd curtain of retiring light,
> With fiery treasures fraught*.'

He then resolved upon endeavouring to gain access secretly through the ruinous part of the castle, and attempt to discover the place where Adolphus was confined, as the baron doubted not that, if his life was spared, he was imprisoned in one of those cells with which Gothic buildings generally abound. Illing was to follow with defensive weapons, in case they should be necessary.

Koënigsmark would have preferred, as a more honourable manner of acting, to have publicly demanded the youth of Schweitzer; but as he was not able to prove that the count had indeed confined him, and deeming the former a more effectual method for the safety of him whom he had taken under his protection, he adopted it.

At a little distance from the castle they left the vehicle, desiring the driver to wait their return, which for a gratuity he readily promised.

The baron shuddered when he thought that perhaps before his arrival Adolphus had breathed his last, and for some moments remained viewing the edifice in silence.

The eastern wing was almost one entire ruin: here and there, however, the fragment of a wall, and a few columns which once supported the fallen turrets, remained the proud vestiges of its pristine but now sinking grandeur. Luna shone brilliantly, and her silver beams adorned with liquid pearls the tufts of bladed grass that surrounded the Gothic edifice, which might well be deemed 'majestic e'en in ruins.'

The baron suppressed his emotions with difficulty, as those days occurred to his memory when Frederica was wont to enliven the castle with her presence.

'There, sir,' said Illing, pointing to a part of the eastern wing, 'was the place in which I saw the figure I have before mentioned to you.'

These words roused the baron from his reverie, who replied, that 'then they had better take the same direction, since it perhaps communicated with some subterraneous apartments.' Accordingly, taking the lantern from Illing, he forced a passage through vast mounds of stones interwoven with weeds, that slowly waved to the midnight zephyr, beneath huge fragments of the battlements, which seemed as if a blast

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* Bloomfield.

blast could crush them to atoms, The faithful peasant followed him.

They at last reached a less ruinous part of the building, and entered a place which seemed formerly to have been designed for a chapel; but it was in so decayed a state that the monuments were almost entirely defaced, and the inscriptions on them scarcely legible. An awful silence reigned, interrupted only by Æolus, who mournfully murmured through the arches of the shattered porticoes; or Echo, that vibrated their footsteps, and resembled the mysterious accents of the dead reproving those sacrilegious mortals who dared to enter their precincts.

The baron stopped to trim his lamp, while he cast a venerating eye around, then proceeded through a vaulted passage in which was a trap-door. Having descended, they reached a matted gallery, which appeared at first to have no communication with any other part, until by minute examination the baron discovered a door so ingeniously contrived as to be imperceptible when cursorily viewed; but it was not till after repeated efforts that the lock could be forced.

A room, of not very large dimensions, was then visible, of which the sole inhabitants were birds of ominous note: thence they descended a flight of steps in tolerable preservation, at the extremity of which were two divisions; one leading to the right, the other to the left. Koënigsmark remained irresolute how to proceed, when he descried a figure hastily advancing. A gown, resembling a cowl, extended from his head to the ground, and precluded a view of the countenance; but a lamp which he carried emitted a sufficient light to enable the baron to descry a bloody dagger, which he held in his right hand.

The figure vainly attempted flight on perceiving them; for Koënigsmark wrested the poniard from his hand, and pointed it at his breast.

'Villain!' exclaimed he, 'say whether the youth is alive, and where confined, or this weapon shall end your life.'

The miserable wretch, terrified at the sudden threat, replied trembling—'This key unlocks the door of his dungeon.'

Koënigsmark seized it, and, without waiting to hear further, after ordering Illing not to suffer the fellow to escape, darted through the circuitous passage, at the extremity of which was a door strongly secured;

——'There in the key-hole turns
The intricate wards, and ev'ry bolt and bar
Of massy iron, or solid rock, with care
Unfastens*.'

But what was the baron's consternation, on entering a dismal dungeon, to behold Adolphus extended on the ground senseless, the blood profusely flowing from a wound; while a female, with her hands raised in the attitude of despair, hung over him, with horror and grief strongly depicted on her emaciated countenance! Perceiving the baron, she pointed to the bleeding corpse, exclaiming, 'Oh, save my son!—my dear Augustus!'

(To be continued.)

On Imagination *and* Taste.

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

THE word Imagination has great latitude in its application. It is sometimes employed to denote sim-

* Milton.

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ple apprehension; it being very usual in common conversation to say, that we cannot imagine how such a thing could happen, when we mean, that we cannot conceive it. In this sense, you will observe, that I have carefully avoided employing it. It is sometimes likewise applied in a general way, to express the operation of the mind in thinking: and in this incorrect way of speaking, we frequently observe, that a thing occupies the imagination, when, in reality, it is the subject of reflexion.

Again; the term Imagination is sometimes made use of in describing the intellectual pleasures and pursuits, in contra-distinction to those of sense. In this way it is applied by doctor Akenside, whose poem on the 'Pleasures of the Imagination' describes the employment of all the intellectual faculties.

By Imagination, in the sense to which I have confined myself, is understood that power of the mind, which is exerted in forming new combinations of ideas. The power of calling up at pleasure any particular class of ideas is properly denominated Fancy. A creative imagination implies not only the power of fancy, but judgment, abstraction, and taste. Where these are wanting, the flights of imagination are little better than the ravings of a lunatic.

From the nature of this faculty, it is obvious, that it can be exercised but in a very slight degree in childhood, the ideas being at that period too few in number to afford materials for new combinations; or should the attempt at forming them be made, they must, from the want of taste and judgment, be weak and imperfect. But long before the mind can combine for itself, the conceptions are sufficiently vigorous to enter with avidity into the combinations made by others. If these are so artfully contrived as to interest the passions, or to excite the emotions of terror, hope, indignation, or sympathy, they become the most pleasing exercises of the juvenile mind; but if this exercise be frequently repeated, it will infallibly produce trains of thought, highly unfavourable to the cultivation of those important faculties, without whose aid the creative power of imagination can never be exerted to any useful purpose.

While the mind is occupied in making observations on the nature and properties of the objects of sense, its train of thought is merely a series of simple conceptions; but these conceptions are the materials with which imagination is at a proper time to work. On these conceptions, too, does judgment begin its operations; by these, is it exercised into strength; and by such exercise alone it is, that it can ever attain perfection. These operations are, as I suspect, greatly retarded, and in some instances utterly prevented, by a premature disposition to make attempts at combination; the inevitable consequence of having the mind powerfully impressed by interesting fictions. After every such impression the train of thought flows for a considerable time in the same channel with the emotion that has been excited: and before judgment has attained the capability of directing its combinations, the images that are formed must of necessity be wild and incoherent. However incoherent they may be, they have such a tendency to increase the flow of ideas, and, of consequence, to augment vivacity, that such children appear to much greater advantage than those whose faculties are cultivated in the natural order. But when both arrive at maturity, they who have laid in the greatest fund of clear,

distinct,

distinct, and accurate ideas must possess a manifest advantage.

Were imagination (as is unfortunately too often supposed) a simple faculty, which could be exercised to advantage without the assistance of the other faculties, the methods usually taken to cultivate it would be judicious and effectual. But if it be in fact a compound of several other faculties, it necessarily follows, that its excellence depends on the degree of perfection to which the faculties connected with it have arrived. The Iliad of Homer is a work of imagination; it exhibits a series of combinations, perhaps more astonishing in their variety, harmony, and consistency, than any that human genius has ever produced; but does it not in every line give a proof of clear and vigorous conceptions, of strong judgment, and profound reflexion? When our own Shakspeare, whose elevated genius

'Exhausted worlds, and then imagin'd new,'

pourtrayed the character of Caliban, (who is certainly a creature of the poet's imagination) did not judgment evidently guide the pencil, and lay on the colours? From the incomparable productions of these extraordinary men, we may justly infer, that all the faculties of the mind were by them possessed in an uncommon degree of vigour, and therefore conclude them to have been cultivated according to the order assigned by nature.

In a living author, whose remote situation will apologise for a comparison which would otherwise seem invidious, we see a still further proof of our argument. In the power of imagination, (taken according to its simple definition) it is probable, that Kotzebue does not yield to either of the poets above mentioned. But what are the combinations which his genius has produced? I have no intention of turning critic, and therefore shall decline answering the question; but think it not out of my province to observe, that if a deficiency in the powers of accurate conception and sound judgment be laid to his charge, he has given us a clue to lead us to the cause of this deficiency in his memoirs, where he describes his mother having, while he was yet a child, assiduously cultivated his imagination by the powerful emotions excited by romantic fiction. He tells us, 'She was a woman of sensibility, and delighted in inspiring him with a taste for works of imagination, of which he soon grew enthusiastically fond.' Of old Mrs. Shakspeare we know nothing; but, from the sound judgment exhibited in the works of her son, I think the probability is, that, instead of being a woman of *sensibility*, (in the sense Kotzebue employs the term) she was a woman of plain good sense.

To produce a work of genius, the power of imagination must be possessed in a very eminent degree; but unless a certain portion of the same imagination be possessed by the reader, the works of genius will never be perused with delight. Nothing can be relished but in proportion as it is understood; and thoroughly to understand an author, we must be able, with the rapidity of thought, to enter into all his associations. This can never be done by those who possess a very limited stock of ideas. The beautiful allusions which at once illustrate and adorn the works of the learned, are lost upon those who are unacquainted with classical literature; and we may be assured, that many of the beauties of the ancient orators and poets are in like manner lost upon the learned of our days, from their ignorance of the associations which

produced

produced them. A small number of ideas will, indeed, suffice to pursue a simple narrative; and accordingly we find that narrative, either of real or fictitious events, is the only sort of reading which is relished by the uncultivated mind. Do we wish to inspire a taste for studies of a higher order? Then let us lay a solid foundation for such a taste, in the cultivation of all those faculties which are necessary to the proper exercise of imagination. Let us by the exercise of the reasoning powers, as well as of the conception and the judgment, produce that arrangement in the ideas, which is alike favourable to invention and to action. In such minds the trains of associated ideas are, if I may so express myself, harmonised by truth. The ideas being numerous, distinct, and just, are called up in proper order; and as arrangement in our associations is the true key of memory, every idea that is wanted obeys the call of will. It is then that the power of imagination comes forth to irradiate the mind, and to give a new zest to the charm of existence. The combinations which it then presents, arranged by judgment, selected by taste, and elevated by the sublime ideas of Divine perfection, give an exercise to all the intellectual powers.

'What employment can *he* have worthy of a man whose imagination is occupied only about things *low* and *base*, and grovels in a narrow field of mean, unanimating, and uninteresting objects?' And such must ever be the case with him whose ideas are few, confused, and inaccurate; and who, while incapable of expanding his mind to embrace the forms of general and abstract truth, has habitually employed his imagination on the chimæras of untutored fancy; such a person must be 'insensible to those finer and more delicate sentiments, and blind to those more enlarged and nobler views, which elevate the soul, and make it conscious of its dignity.

'How different from him, whose imagination, like an eagle in her flight, takes a wide prospect, *and observes whatever it presents*, that is new or beautiful, grand or important; whose rapid wing varies the scene every moment, carrying him through the fairy regions of wit or fancy, sometimes through the more regular and sober walks of science and philosophy!

'The various objects which he surveys, according to their different degrees of beauty and dignity, raise in him the lively and agreeable emotions of taste. Illustrious human characters as they pass in review, clothed with their moral qualities, touch his heart still more deeply. They not only awaken the sense of beauty, but excite the sentiment of approbation, and kindle the glow of virtue. While he views what is truly great and glorious in human conduct, his soul catches the divine flame, and burns with desire to emulate what it admires*.'

The reveries of such a mind are not only delightfully amusing, but salutary and useful. On the gay pictures delineated by fancy, judgment, reason, and the moral sense, exert their powers of criticism; and thus the casual combinations of imagination are made a means of improvement to the heart.

I have known a young person, prone to indulge in the reveries presented by a rich and lively imagination, who acknowledged that it was by reflecting on these spontaneous effusions of fancy, that she became acquainted with the propensities and imperfections of her own temper and disposition. In her dreams of future

* Reid.

felicity,

felicity, she found that the gratification of vanity was always included, or indeed formed the ground-work of the piece; she accordingly set herself to root out a propensity which she thus discovered to be predominant. When mortified by the pride of others, she found fancy immediately busied in forming scenes whereon she was to act the superior part, and to retort the mortification on those by whom her feelings had been wounded. Conscience took the alarm, and taught her to apply to the Throne of Grace for the Christian spirit of true humility. Thus was imagination rendered subservient to religion, judgment, and reason; and while it acts under such control, we may safely pronounce it the first of human blessings!

Where the imagination has been injudiciously stimulated at an early period, it has little chance of ever coming under this species of regulation. The attention having been habitually engaged in pursuing the dreams of fiction, loses a thousand opportunities of information and improvement, and the number of ideas must consequently be extremely circumscribed. The judgment having never been exercised on realities, can only compare ideas that are equally imperfect, and consequently be for ever liable to error. An expectation that the same causes should always produce similar effects, will, to the mind which has been exercised in fiction, be attended with the most fatal consequences; the real events of life succeeding each other in a very different train from that in which they are represented in such productions. The false associations that are thus produced in the mind, may not only mislead the judgment, but, as I have endeavoured elsewhere to show, may effectually pervert the heart—the sensibility excited by fictitious representations of human misery being very far from that genuine spirit of benevolence that is actively exerted in alleviating the distresses which it cannot remove. Where the judgment has been strengthened by observation, and habits of active benevolence have been, in some measure, acquired, and confirmed by religious principle, then, indeed, the luxurious tear, called forth by the witching power of imagination, may be indulged with safety; for its source will not then be mistaken. But where by imagination sensibility has been brought into existence, to the woes of imagination will sensibility be confined; and far too sickly will be its constitution, to produce the active charities of life.

Taste is so intimately connected with imagination, that many of the observations applicable to the one will be found to reach the other. The emotion of taste, though simple in its operation, is derived from complex sources. Its very existence depends on the vigour of conception, and implies the exercise of judgment. Nor are these faculties alone equal to the production of this delightful emotion; as we may be convinced, by observing the numbers of persons who possess these faculties in an eminent degree, who, nevertheless, are incapable of experiencing the emotions of taste. Without a certain portion of sensibility, I believe, true taste is never found. How much this sensibility depends upon organisation, I cannot presume to determine; but that it is seldom the boon of uncultivated minds, experience affords us convincing proofs.

To perceive and to enjoy whatever is beautiful or sublime in the works of nature or of art, is the peculiar privilege of taste. Its emotions are accordingly divided by an author*, to whose elegant and judi-

* See Alison on Taste.

cious remarks I confess many obligations, into the *emotions of sublimity*, and *the emotions of beauty*.

'The qualities that produce these emotions, are to be found in almost every class of the objects of human knowledge, and the emotions themselves afford one of the most extensive sources of human delight. They occur to us amid every variety of external scenery, and among many diversities of disposition and affection in the mind of man. The most pleasing arts of human invention are altogether directed to their pursuit; and even the necessary arts are exalted into dignity by the genius that can unite beauty with use.'

That a susceptibility to the emotion of taste does not altogether depend upon the original frame of our nature, is evident from its being entirely confined to minds possessing a certain degree of cultivation; whereas the emotions of surprise, wonder, joy, &c. are felt by all. Nor is the mind of the most cultivated at all times equally susceptible of these emotions. All must know, that there are moments when objects of sublimity or beauty make no impression. All must have experienced, that scenes which have at one period called forth the most vivid sensations of delight, have at another been viewed with the most perfect indifference.

The more deeply we examine this curious subject, the more fully shall we be convinced, that the emotions of taste entirely depend on the train of ideas which are called up in the mind by certain objects of perception. If the mind has not been previously furnished with a store of ideas that can be thus associated, the finest objects of sublimity or beauty will never give a pleasurable sensation to the breast.—They may be viewed with wonder, with admiration, but will never produce emotions of sublimity or beauty.

The above observations may be further illustrated, by reflecting on the manner in which a taste for the beauties of nature in the material world, and for the beauties of poetry, enhance each other. A young mind, accustomed to the contemplation of rural scenery, is enraptured by the poetical descriptions which present a transcript of all that had so often charmed the imagination—

'When nature charms, for life itself is new.'

The elevated sentiments and sublime ideas of the poet give, on the other hand, a number of new associations, which are henceforth called up by the scenes of nature, and become to the mind of sensibility a new and inexhaustible source of delight.

By the ideas associated with them, a thousand sounds that are in themselves indifferent, nay, some that are rather in their natures disagreeable, become pregnant with delight. I have for this last half-hour been leaning on my elbow, listening to the distant tinkling of the sheep-bell, a sound so perfectly in unison with the surrounding scenery, as to appear enchantingly beautiful. Upon reflexion, I believe it to be just such a bell as is tied to the pie-man's basket, which I have often in town deemed an execrable nuisance. The different emotions which it now excites can only be resolved into the different trains of ideas with which the sound is associated*.

My

* I once knew a lady who had been brought up in one of the most confined streets of the city of London, where her father had, by dint of industry, accumulated a large fortune. When complaining of her hard fate, in being obliged upon her marriage to leave the metropolis, for the dull sameness of a country life, she drew a striking picture of the joys she had unwillingly relinquished.

My narrow limits will not permit me to go into this subject at sufficient length; but the hints I have suggested, will, if pursued with any attention, infallibly lead us to conclude, that the foundation of the emotions of taste, with regard to natural objects and to poetical description, must be laid in distinct and accurate conceptions. By these must the ideas be accumulated, which, by the laws of association, are formed into distinct trains; which, like the genii of Aladdin's lamp, appear the moment the enchanter imagination is disposed to call them. Without some pains taken in the cultivation of the faculty of conception, we may learn to criticise upon the laws of taste, but we shall never be subject to its influence.

(To be concluded in our next.)

LETTER *from the late Abbé* BARTHELEMY *(Author of 'The Travels of Anacharsis') to Count* CAYLUS.

[*From Barthelemy's 'Travels in Italy,' lately published.*]

Rome, September 28, 1756.

I RECEIVED at Florence, my dear count, your letter of the 31st of August, and that of the 6th of September has just reached me at Rome. You give me a lively interest in the arrival of the post, when the certainty of hearing from you sets my heart at rest. I reply to the contents of your letter. The circumference of the walls of Rome, as they now stand, that is, including Trastevere and Borgo, amounts to 11,036 canes, taking the cane at ten palms, which will give sixteen miles and a half, a mile being 667 canes. But observe, that in this measurement are included not the walls only, but all the front and lateral projections of the bastions and towers. This circumference exceeds that of Aurelian, from the additions made to Rome beyond the Tiber. If I knew the exact state of the question discussed in the academy, I would direct my researches accordingly; but by mentioning merely the ancient circumference of Rome, you have expressed yourself too generally. You are aware, that at several different times it has varied. When a question like this is agitated in the academy, I could wish to be informed of the precise circumstance that gives rise to the difficulty, and I would then procure its solution from architects and mathematicians: but the preference is given to measurements on maps; and so let it be.

I will make more minute inquiries relative to the hole in the hatchets; but I fear I shall not obtain for you satisfactory information. I remember having observed, in a very elevated tomb at Palazzuolo on the lake Albano, twelve of these hatchets, represented in bas-relief. In my journal, I have marked the holes as being in the middle of the hatchets; but, as it was a subject that did not much interest me, I employed no means to ascertain the point with accuracy. I will endeavour to find the engraving of this tomb, which is the most singular one I have ever seen, and will request the first young academician who visits the place, to examine it carefully.

I have answered regularly all the letters of the chevalier d'Arcq, except his last, which I received before my departure for Florence. I was then preparing for my journey, during which I had not time to write

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ed. 'There,' she said, 'she never knew what it was to be lonely; for, besides the bustle all day long in the street of carts and coaches, there were forty coopers in the back-yard, who were knock, knocking, from morning till night!' Does not this strongly evince the power of association in forming our ideas of harmony?

to him. His letters bring me nothing but commissions; and surely some allowance ought to be made, when a man does every thing in his power to execute them, notwithstanding indispensable concerns of his own. As soon as I can, I will write to him. Say so to madame de Boze, and assure her of my respectful attachment.

The two marble tables, which appear to represent a college of gladiators, founded by Commodus, were discovered some months ago. I omitted to mention them, because I saw they had been already announced in the journals. They contain a list of various kinds of gladiators. The inscription is dated from a consulship in the time of Commodus. It is among my papers; but will be much better understood from an explanation of it, published two days ago, by the abbé Venuti of Rome, your very good friend, and the friend of our painters. He has also published a dissertation in Italian, dedicated to the embassador, on a large urn at the Capitol, on which some suppose the rape of the Sabines to be represented, but which he, with more reason, believes to be the quarrel between Achilles and Agamemnon. He gave it us yesterday, but I have not yet read it.

Speaking of dissertations, father Paciaudi has just addressed a Latin letter to you, on the subject of the small statue of bronze, which I mentioned in a former letter. He did not ask your consent, because you would have refused; but it was given by me; and, say what you will, I am rejoiced to see the antiquaries of this country paying you homage. His work appears to me to be executed with judgment. He praises me, it is true, without knowing why; and he is so worthy a man, that I confess I felt myself pleased at this public testimony of his regard. I was still more gratified by the introduction of my name in the same page with yours. You may scold if you please, for it is too late, the letter is printed. Should you be really angry, we will complete the business by a pompous dedication. I have plenty of eulogists at my disposal, and have often been tempted to let a dozen of them loose upon you. By this post you will receive two copies of this dissertation; one through the medium of the marquis of Marigni; the other by Mr. Tercier. I embrace our friend Gibert. Inform him, if you please, that the Vatican library is at present shut; but that I hope nevertheless to be able to serve him. Thank you, for your idea of writing to me no more! I very much fear, I shall subject you some time longer to this cruel inconvenience. The embassador's leave of absence is not yet come. I could wish to be at Paris without quitting Rome.

I have to tell you of my last journey, which, as I predicted, occupied precisely a fortnight. I visited Pisa and Leghorn. I had heard of several collections of medals in the latter town, and I found some of considerable value. I saw also the stone engravings of the Jew Medina, who promised me a handsome reward, if I would procure him a purchaser. This was attacking me, as you know, on my weak side; and I resolved, in my heart, to do nothing for him. He has some fine camææ, of which the set is numerous. The catalogue of them you have perhaps seen: if you wish to have it, I will send it you, on condition that you do not purchase the contents.

From Leghorn, we went to Florence, where I saw what I had been obliged to leave unseen during my former journey. I stayed there five days. On our return, we took the way of Arezzo, Cortona, and Perugia;

gia; and, without exaggeration, it is the finest country in the world. Without going this road, it is impossible to form a just idea of Tuscany; for it is here that Etruscan monuments abound. At Cortona I stopped nearly two days, and saw the cabinet of the academy, and several private collections, containing, in point of elegance, some admirable figures, many in bronze, and a number of tombs, on some of which are Etruscan inscriptions, which I copied.

I have applied myself to Etruscan literature, reading what has been said of it, and ruminating on what might still farther be said. I was on the point of passing a week at Cortona, for the purpose of copying the tables of Eugubio, of which an exact resemblance has been engraved from the originals, under the direction of Buonaroti. I have transcribed two of them. There is another similar copy, I have been told, at Rome, which I am endeavouring to find. You will no doubt tell me, they have been published; but I have no faith in books, after what I have so often seen. I read the Etruscan language tolerably well, which has furnished me with many new ideas.

Its origin, as you know, is yet to be found. I shall not discover it; but, as I travel along, my mind is fully occupied with the subject, and it affords me the truest pleasure. I shall bring with me all the books that have been written upon it, of which not a twentieth part are known in France. I shall not detail to you the civilities I received from the academicians of Cortona. The walls of that town are very ancient, and are supposed to have been erected by the Etruscans. Stones of an enormous size compose the foundation. Take notice, that I respect the Etruscans as profoundly as you do the Egyptians. Which ought to have the preference, will be a point of frequent dispute between us; and, when I get into a passion, I shall address you in the following terms:- *Esunu, inumek, pircigitu.*

On my way to Florence, I was desirous of passing by Volterra, for which place I had obtained letters of introduction; but my design was frustrated by the uncertainty of the embassador's departure. I now feel regret at not having undertaken this journey, which I have still in contemplation. If I were rich, I would travel far, and visit various countries. I have procured very few medals during my excursion; but I have acquired considerable information on the subject of them. There are several belonging to the doubtful class, which we suppose to have been coined in Africa, or in quarters still more remote; and which are deemed Etruscan, only because found in the environs of Cortona and Perugia. I saw in my route a gold medal, to obtain which I had previously written many letters. It belonged to a regular set; but it was promised me. It is worth from thirty to forty sequins, that is, from three to four hundred livres. What do you suppose they asked me for it? Nearly six thousand livres; observing at the same time, in a note which I preserve, that they parted with it purely to oblige me. Adieu, my dear count: I think of you continually, and wish much to see you; for my stay in Italy has been very long. My compliments to *tutti quanti.*

Since finishing my letter, I have acquired a small quinarius in gold of the emperor Valerian; a very scarce medal, and in excellent preservation. On this I shall feast with avidity for a week at least.

I send you the two letters of thanks from Mazzochi and Gori.

LADIES' DRESSES *on His* MAJESTY'S BIRTH-DAY, 1802.

HER Majesty. A petticoat of rich white and silver tissue gauze, with silver wreath ornaments and tassels, diamond bows and tassels. In the centre was a pyramid of brown, inlaid with fine pearls, and clusters of diamond and chains. This was designed by her majesty, and had a very singular and novel effect. The mantle of brown and silver tissue, with silver trimmings. Head-dress brown sarsenet, covered with a rich silver spangled net, and a tiara of the largest diamonds ever seen.

Princess Augusta. An elegant embroidery of prune crape, worked in silver and satin flowers, with wreaths and bunches of musk flowers, rich ornaments in silver: the train to correspond, being of rich brown and silver brocade. This dress was rich and elegant, yet rather too sombre for June.

Princess Elizabeth. A drab and silver crape petticoat, embroidered in waves of silver spangles; a massy drapery of silver foil, and silver oak leaves, over which hung a second drapery, tastefully formed of silver chequers, and trimmed round with rich festoons, tassels, and fringe. On the left side, a square drapery, with massy foil border, and silver chequers; the whole of which bore a splendid and elegant appearance, being entirely novel in the decorations: train a drab and silver tissue.

Princess Mary. A white and silver petticoat, richly spangled, and divided in waves by stripes of silver foil; a superb drapery in silver foil and spangles, forming a striking and beautiful pattern grounded with silver stars and rings; on the left side, a rich drapery of foil stripes, forming a star, drapery drawn together with rich cord and tassels, highly finished with rich fringes, cords, and tassels: the whole elegant, displaying much taste according to the present season; train pink and silver tissue.

Princess Sophia. The same as princess Mary, except varying in the colour, which had a beautiful delicate appearance, being blue and silver; train blue and silver tissue.

Princess Amelia. Body and train of white silver tissue, trimmed with Brussels point: white crape petticoat, most beautifully embroidered with silver, the left side with points and tassels, and on the right two beautiful broad borders of drapery, superbly embroidered with silver: the whole was one of the most beautiful dresses we witnessed.

Princess of Wales. Apricot crape petticoat, richly embroidered with silver leaves; round the drapery and bottom of petticoat was a most superb silver Vandyke fringe, with a tassel between each Vandyke; the drapery was tastefully looped up with a wreath and plume of diamonds: also large silver dress tassels; the train of apricot crape to match; the petticoat trimmed all round with rich silver fringe to correspond; the sleeves festooned with diamonds. Her royal highness's dress was universally admired.

Princess Sophia of Gloucester. A beautiful straw-coloured sarsenet petticoat, superbly embroidered with silver, the border richly spangled with shells in waves, interwoven with wreaths of brown leaves, and elegant bunches of raised embroidered flowers; the drapery was formed in the most magnificent style, silver waves with wreath of brown leaves and silver flowers, with superb silver tassels, grounded with silver grape leaves. An elegant sash, spangled with a beautiful embroidered border, ornamented the right side of the petticoat. The

robe

robe straw-coloured and silver silk, elegantly ornamented with beautiful silver fringe and embroidery.

Princess of Orange. Slate-coloured petticoat, over white silk; silver embroidered drapery, ornamented with fine blond and fastened in festoons, with an elegant profusion of diamonds; train slate-coloured, and silver imperial gauze.

Princess Castelcicala. An embroidered petticoat of white and gold, drapery of purple crape spangled with gold, rich gold cords and tassels; train purple crape and gold.

Duchess of Buccleugh. A white crape petticoat spangled, intermixed with purple; the train white sarsenet, elegantly ornamented with purple and silver to correspond.

Duchess of Beaufort. White crape petticoat, ornamented, blue, and richly embroidered with silver; a drapery of ditto, ornamented and embroidered with silver; the whole finished with silver fringe, cord, tassels, &c. &c. train of rich blue and silver Chamberry, ornamented with silver fringe.

Duchess of Devonshire. White crape train petticoat, decorated with draperies, finished with brown and silver Mosaïc border, elegantly and fancifully festooned with silver tassels.

Duchess of Dorset. Petticoat of white silk, beautifully ornamented with white and silver sarsenet, interspersed with wreaths and branches of lilac flowers, drapery ornamented with lilac and silver tassels; train to correspond.

Dowager Duchess of Rutland. A white crape petticoat, embroidered with a rich border of silver spangles, looped up with bunches of silver laurel, the body and train of white crape, trimmed with silver, and silver laurel.

Duchess of Rutland. A petticoat of green crape, embroidered with silver, bases of slate crape in stripes, and borders of spangles looped up with silver chains and tassels; the body and train of slate crape, embroidered with silver, which had a beautiful effect. Head-dress feathers and diamonds.

Marchioness of Salisbury. Yellow crape petticoat, with an elegant silver embroidered border, and an entire drapery of superb black lace; train yellow crape.

The *Marchioness of Thomond's* dress was one of the most elegant and most admired at court; the petticoat of white crape, with a drapery richly embroidered with wreaths of lilac in purple and green foils, drawn up with rich silver fringe and tassels; the body and train of white crape, ornamented with wreaths of green foil, and the sleeves drawn up with diamond loops, and diamond bands round the arms; the head-dress *bandeaux* of diamonds, with a plume of white feathers, and an olive branch in green foil.

Countess of Cardigan. A blue crape and silver petticoat, embroidered in waves of spangles, superbly decorated with elegant draperies of fine black lace, intermixed with large twists of silver rolio, rich cords and tassels; a most superb petticoat, the decorations most tastefully and elegantly displayed; train blue crape and silver.

Countess of Essex. A slate-coloured crape petticoat, richly embroidered with silver pines; the drapery forming a sash on the left side, festooned with silver cords and tassels; body and train of embroidered crape to correspond. This dress was one of the most splendid we observed at court.

Countess of Temple. White crape petticoat, superbly embroidered in silver Vandykes; the drapery and sash of yellow embroidered crape, with bunches of embossed flowers, rich

rich silver cords, tassels and fringe; body and train of embroidery to correspond, with a profusion of diamonds. This dress was universally admired, and her ladyship looked extremely beautiful.

Countess of Chesterfield. A white crape petticoat, embroidered with silver Vandykes, intermixed with green foil and rich branches of silver acacia, forming stripes, and a drapery of the same, richly trimmed with silver fringe and tassels; train of silver tissue.

Countess of Clonmell. A green crape petticoat, embroidered with silver, and wreaths of silver and green laurel, trimmed with rich silver rope and tassels; the body and train of green crape, embroidered with silver. Head-dress, green feathers, embroidered crape and diamonds.

Countess of Conyngham. A petticoat of lilac crape, embroidered with silver, drapery of black lace, with silver border of rich spangles, tied up with silver rope and tassels; the body and train of black lace net, embroidered with silver. Head-dress of beads and diamonds.

Viscountess Bulkley. Crape petticoat, with a very rich spangled drapery, embroidered border with curtains, white satin and lilac, edged with spangle fringe; the drapery drawn up with stone ornaments, and between the brakes branches of foil hyacinth, with green leaves and laurel playing about: a very elegant and rich dress; train purple and silver.

Lady Grantham. Petticoat of white crape, Vandyked with yellow, spangled in silver, edged with deep silver fringe; a scarf across the coat, Vandyked and striped with silver, the left side looped in festoons, with silver rolio, and rich cord and tassels; train striped yellow and silver; the sleeve bands, &c. spangled with silver; cap white and silver, with white ostrich plume.

Lady Newborough. Yellow embroidered crape petticoat, richly ornamented with diamonds, acorns, &c.; the train of yellow lustring ground, with a deep lilac silk spot in the middle of a very rich and beautiful silver star; a tissue waved stripe of silver and silk alternately, which had not only a most elegant effect, but displayed great taste, as the pattern, &c. was entirely her ladyship's own drawing.

Lady Montford. White sarsenet petticoat, covered with white crape, ornamented with olive branches, fastened with bunches of silver; drapery of white crape, richly embroidered with silver, and trimmed with broad silver fringe, festooned up with silver tassels; broad silver fringe at the bottom of the petticoat; a robe of white sarsenet, ornamented with blond and diamonds. Head-dress, *bandeau* of diamonds and white feathers; diamond necklace and ear-rings.

Lady Wilson. Petticoat of white crape, beautifully ornamented with wreaths, and bunches of ivy. The dress altogether perfectly corresponded with the taste and elegance of her ladyship, which it is known cannot well be excelled.

Lady Glynne (Berkley-square). Her ladyship's dress was one of the most elegant in point of taste: crape coat, richly embroidered in large bunches of olive branches, in green and silver, round the bottom, which was ornamented with festoons of green points, edged with silver; over the coat two draperies drawn up with great taste, with bunches of artificial flowers, lilies of the valley, and white roses; the draperies the same as the coat; on the right side a star of white crape, edged with green points and silver; pocket-holes of the turban fashion, beautifully

fully elegant; body and train of white sarsenet. This dress was much admired, as being suitable to the season of the year. Head-dress, crape, feathers, diamonds, &c.

Lady Coghill. White crape coat, with deep black Vandykes at the bottom; on each point a small white sprig, which had a pretty effect; draperies of flesh-coloured crape, drawn up in festoons, edged with small blue points, trimmed with deep black lace; the draperies fastened up with wreaths of lilies of the valley, and white roses with black leaves; the whole spotted over with silver spots, &c.

Lady Mary Bentinck. White crape petticoat, embroidered with silver, striped with wreaths of white lilies in silver fringe, Parisian sleeves, richly trimmed with fine Brussels point, ornamented with silver.—Head-dress five ostrich feathers, and point lace, ornamented with pearls and diamonds.

Lady Maria Waldegrave. White crape petticoat, tastefully ornamented with white crape, lilac, liburnums, and white rouleau; lilac sarsenet train.

General Observations.

Amidst the great variety of dresses, which differed as much as the persons who wore them, we can only state such as appeared the most prevailing. The head-dresses consisted either of black velvet half-caps, or of yellow silk, with plumes of feathers, or gold and silver nets, with tassels and flowers: or the hair ornamented with rows of large beads, which were very general. Powder was scarcely to be seen, and that only among the matrons. Feathers and flowers seemed equally in use. The robes were chiefly worn with small roses of white or yellow on the shoulders.

The colours were more mixed and general than usual. Green was much worn, as well as slate, grey, and blue; but lilac and yellow still kept up a decided ascendancy. The hoops are growing rather smaller. The waists are still Grecian, that is, the natural waist. Some few French backs appeared, which, with hoops, looked abominable; and made the ladies with them appear deformed. Artificial flowers were much worn, and they are improving much in the beauty of their imitation. Some carnations we noticed most perfect. A great number of feathers were also worn on the best-dressed heads, but rather differently in the mode of placing them: they do not stand quite so upright, they were placed in a drooping posture. In this way, they looked highly becoming on the beautiful countess of Conyngham. The style of dressing the head is still the Grecian, long hair, with ringlets over the face. Rouge used as freely as ever. All the gentlemen wore hair-powder.

The ornaments in diamonds or pearls consisted chiefly of wreaths of roses, jessamine, pinks, laurel, &c. sultanas, crescents, feathers *bandeaus en châmons*, and aigrettes for the head.

Necklaces—single rows of brilliants set, detached, to hang gracefully round the neck, or clustered.

Ear-rings—chiefly tops and drops, surrounded by other large brilliants; also necklaces of amethysts and topazes, with ear-rings, bracelets, and other ornaments to suit.

The ornaments in gold were neck chains and medallions, with antiques, or modern engravings in sardonyx, cornelian white and red, jasper, sanquin, &c. or with emeralds, sapphires, rubies, &c. &c. Ear-rings, bracelets, aigrettes, and rosettes for the shoulders.

Silver buckles, of a moderate size, oblong, and the corners rounded.

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

SIR,

THE inclosed letter I found among some papers, which an aunt of mine had long treasured up: I do not know whether it was written to herself or any of her acquaintances; but I am much pleased with the sentiments it contains. If you will preserve it by insertion in your instructive and entertaining miscellany, you will much oblige

A Constant Reader.

LETITIA R****.

Chichester, May 10, 1802.

DEAR SOPHY,

I AM surprised, my dear girl, you should ask me a question which no person is so capable of answering as yourself. You desire to know which is preferable, sense or beauty, and which would be chosen if a lady were obliged to be contented only with one of them. But who better than you knows the value of each, since no one possesses both in so eminent a degree, as she whom I have the pleasure of calling my friend? Why, I again repeat it, will you not yourself decide upon a subject with respect to which you so well know what advantages result from both? I perceive what prevents you. You pretend to be unqualified to judge, because the advantages of good sense or beauty are better known by their absence than their possession. With such a face as yours, you are insensible of the slights thrown upon less regular features; with that right understanding which is never absent, you are incapable of knowing the miseries that attend stupidity. No, my dear, it is almost impossible that you can conceive the uneasiness felt for the want of either. You may tell us, indeed, that beauty makes up for sense, or that sense supplies the place of beauty; but who can give any credit to your assertions? We shall be apt to regard your opinion in this respect, like that of Seneca, who was ever preaching up poverty: the truth is, he lived in continual opulence, and could have no idea of the evil of poverty. This has given his most sanguine admirers some reason to suspect his sincerity. Like him, your decisions in this respect would be considered rather as the result of fancy than of feeling.

Beauty is undoubtedly a gift to be desired; it predisposes all the world in our favour; and this often fixes us for life, giving an opportunity for every other good quality to show itself to greater advantage. The eyes make way to the heart; we are interested in all a lady thus furnished from Nature is going to say; and our desire that she should have good sense, often induces us to believe that she is possessed of it in reality. We are eager to catch every opportunity of being confirmed in our first favourable disposition, and to pass over what would seem to contradict the prepossession. The eyes being satisfied render the ears less delicate; and, in such case, it is easy to satisfy even a sensible audience. In short, they who actually appear stupid with pretty faces, must be very stupid indeed, since their conversation in such a case is an actual contradiction to their appearance.

After all this, who would not say that beauty is all in all? Yet let us examine it without either affectation or pedantry. I flatter myself, Sophy, that you will not rank me among the number of those who rail against beauty, because I am possessed of none myself; on the contrary, you have frequently been pleased to allow me my share: yet,

my

my dear girl, I find it to be the most uncertain companion in the world. To-day I look, at least I fancy I look, charmingly; yesterday, things were not quite so well; and the day before it was frightful, and I was out of humour the whole afternoon. I do not know how it happens, but upon the whole it gives me as much pain as pleasure. If I am in face, nothing is more gay; yet believe me, if I do not look well at any time, my glass in the morning will make me sick, at least splenetic, for the whole day. You see then to what vicissitudes all our charms are subject: anger and sickness may impair, and time will certainly destroy them. Often, a few years work such a total change, that one must have a good memory to remember that beauty ever was ours; and the more just our former pretensions, the more poignant is the recollection of wanting it now. If you have only beauty, lose it and you lose all; a child of summer, where the whole of life is lost for the pleasure of fluttering in the short-lived season of beauty. But even in youth itself this beauty is of no advantage, unless you are possessed of something that resembles, if not good sense, at least common sense. I mean a certain rotation of little things to say upon every occasion. Such stuff as this seasoned up with a pretty face, an agreeable smile, a well-timed laugh, will often impose upon the company at first sight. But, alas! beware of a closer acquaintance. A fine lady must, like an Asiatic monarch, keep herself up on her ill-looking days, nor ever let the beholders grow too familiar with her face. A pretty face promises a good understanding, and excites disappointment, when, upon closer inspection, that understanding is not to be found. Besides, there are some occasions on which a woman is obliged to write; at such a time, adieu the graces of a beautiful form! On the contrary, good sense often makes us forget the disadvantage of a homely exterior: taken up only with the conversation, we no longer consider the person. It is true, indeed, that a sensible but an ordinary woman enters the company with the odds against her; but soon her forbidding appearance grows familiar to the eye, her soul begins to beam in her visage, new beauties at first unseen start out into view, the woman we at first thought homely soon becomes well enough, she by degrees mends into very well, and at last becomes the charming creature.

Add to all this, that beauty without sense will never be preferred by that part of the other sex who are remarkable for any share of discernment, and it would be but a poor conquest to gain those who have none. Beauty is like a mistress that stays with us but for a day; sense, like a friend that is to be a companion for life. Suppose we were to converse with persons who do not profess to be lovers, and certainly the greatest part of our life is spent in such company, our beauty among such is nothing, our good sense alone is useful. Suppose we were to pass a part of life in solitude in the country, what would be the great advantage of beauty? How charming does such a solitude become to a woman who thinks, who reads, and passes the hours in domestic assiduity! In short, if we were to pass our whole life in one continual courtship, beauty would certainly be most desirable; but, as we are supposed at last to make friendships that are to last for life, good sense is certainly preferable. Beauty may invite, but sense alone can secure esteem. Farewell, my

my dear Sophia, and forgive my present essay with the same candour that I allow your superiority of understanding. Yours,

CAMILLA.

Interesting NARRATIVE *of two* TRAVELLERS *in* UPPER CANADA.

(*Translated from the French.*)

TWO friends enter a forest, in quest of trees in which bees had deposited their honey—directed by marks on the trees, as usual in the extensive woods of North America.

We had advanced some way in the wood, when Herman, stopping suddenly, cried out, "And where are our trees? We have wandered from the path, and are lost!" Like a flash of lightning, which discovers to the traveller the precipice to which he had been decoyed by the darkness, these words, by suddenly opening my eyes, made me see the danger into which our carelessness had plunged us.—"Let us return," said I; "and as in our progress westward the mossy sides of the trees were on our left, by keeping them on the right we shall find the ravine, whose direction must be north and south;" but not having, like the natives, the faculty of tracing our own steps by the removal of the leaves, which were in motion, we were deceived in our hopes. Night surprised us before we had made any discovery which could contribute to our tranquillity. It is in the woods as at sea; one fault draws on another; the farther we advance to find our way, the more distant are we from it. This was our situation.

Though seven months have elapsed since this melancholy incident, I still recall its frightful images, as on the day when we escaped from the wood. Time will never efface from my mind the painful remembrance of the moment when I contemplated death through the horrors of despair and famine. On the approach of night, I was collecting some dry wood to light a fire, when M. Herman, who was at a little distance, cried out, "What can we do? What will become of us?"—"What has now happened?" said I.—"I have lost the flint with which I was intrusted, probably in the fall which I had in crossing the ravine. Cannot we find one in these woods?"—"It is not very probable," replied I: "besides, we could scarcely see it. It has been often said that one misfortune seldom comes alone. Give me the steel, and I will try it on the first stone that I meet." Our attempts were unsuccessful.—"What," said my companion in a plaintive tone, "must we be exposed to the fury of the wolves and panthers for want of a flint, when there are so many useless ones on the earth? Of every possible combination of misfortune, this seems the most distressing. On what trifle does human happiness depend! Millions are consumed in the repairs of the high-ways; one would now console us, and recall our courage, by the assistance of fire and light."

"Don't let us despair," said I, "for one night passed without fire at the foot of a tree: we are lost if we despair. Give me your shoes*, and I will place them with mine, at some distance: with this simple rampart we shall pass the night quietly, and to-morrow we will escape from this labyrinth."

* Shoes are said to retain the smell of the body longer than the other clothes; and beasts, except when very hungry, will not attack men.

Weakened

Weakened by want and fatigue, overwhelmed with reflexions and apprehensions, how long this night seemed! Our eyes were not closed *for an instant:* the howlings of the wolves, at a greater or less distance; the shrill cries of the owl and night-eagle, eagerly repeated by the echoes of the forests; the sound, even the suspicion, of the slightest motion, and the whisperings of the breeze, raised a thousand apprehensions in the restless mind of my companion: his imagination, exercising all its powers in the creation of the most distressing presages, banished sleep from his weary lids. Whence arises this influence of darkness on the minds of the greater number of mankind?

After endeavouring to recollect the little that I knew of the geography of this part of the mountains, the course of the ravine, as well as the direction of our journey after we had passed it, I resolved at break of day to ascend a large tree, to observe at what point the sun rose. I mentioned this design to M. Herman, who replied, with accents of anger, "You have drawn me into this difficulty, by inducing me to hunt after bees."—"Well," said I, "am not I in equal difficulties? Must bitter animosity supply the place of confidence and friendship?" Such are mankind: circumstances alone influence their mutual relations.

This tedious night at length ended. When day appeared, I executed my design; and, having ascertained the point where the sun rose, convinced that our proper route was to the north-east, we followed that direction. We should probably have found the ravine, if we had not been obliged to pass many considerable valleys, covered with high bushes, among which we again went astray. How could we find our way through a forest where every new object so perfectly resembled that which we had left? On what then can be founded those marks, and the knowledge, necessary to conduct a traveller in these solitary and unknown woods? Is it the result of study or inspiration? How do the natives manage? In relating to my companion what I had heard relative to the astonishing sagacity of animals who never lose their way in these woods, "We should blush," he observed, "that two men, with their reason and judgement, have less power at this moment to escape from their difficulties, than two cows assisted by their instinct only."

We travelled, or rather wandered, the whole day, without finding the slightest vestige of any plantation, or the ravine, without meeting with a single fruit, or a single berry, to allay the hunger which preyed on our stomachs. How often, in the long day's journey, did we listen to the slightest noise, without being able to distinguish any thing but the mournful sounds of forest birds, and the vague, indistinct murmur, which, in happier moments, would have appeared like the voice of nature! How often did we call to each other, heard only by distant echoes, whose reverberations made us leap, thinking them the voices of men! Why does time, which, in the ordinary periods of life, passes like the shadow of the sun, without a sensible progress, shorten the moments of happiness, and prolong those of misery, to make us feel more poignantly all its bitterness? In the midst of the torments of hunger, of irritation and despair, this second, this most painful of nights passed; and such were the gloomy auspices with which we commenced the third day of our fatal excursion.

We spoke no more: absorbed and

and plunged in extreme consternation and weakness, we walked slowly to what we concluded was the north-east; when M. Herman suddenly exclaimed: "We are not far from a plantation! we are preserved! See the leaves recently disturbed, which is most probably owing to swine."—"Would to God it were!" said I: "but it is only from a flock of wild turkeys, with which the forests are filled." Had we brought our guns, one of these beautiful birds would have supplied us for a long time, since nature has not produced a single fruit on which we can support ourselves.

As if the most gloomy despair, the bitter and inexpressible tortures of hunger, had not been sufficient to fill up the measure of our woes, about the middle of the day madness seised us. If we opened our mouths, it was only to utter the wildest abuse, and the most bitter reproaches, relative to this journey. If our eyes turned towards each other, though sunk and weakened, they sparkled with the fire of anger and indignation. These passions, which till this moment we had never known, were suddenly displayed with the greatest violence, as if some evil genius had at once inspired them—No—the germs which nature had implanted waited only for the distressing circumstances in which we were placed, for their evolution. Had we, at that moment, arms, or indeed strength to have seised each each other, mad as we were, we should have become our mutual executioners.

To these tempests, which I recall with dread and shame, succeeded, towards the evening, the calm of extreme debility and sinking. Sitting at the foot of a tree, we were seised with an inflammation of the bowels, which excited a constant thirst. This devouring fever, this insupportable want, to which human nature is subject, was added to the perpetual irritation of extreme inanition. Happily a change of wind brought us the sound of a neighbouring cataract, which we followed, leaning from time to time against the trees, and reached at night the banks of a river, which I have since found to have been one of the branches of the Alleguipy, where we extinguished the burning heat of our thirst.

Herman passed nearly the whole of the third night in the most frightful delirium. He cursed the day of his birth, his passage across the ocean, and, above all, his companion, whose last agonies he was anxious to witness before he died. But, though this transport of fever and despair seemed to give him new strength, I feared that he could not survive so violent a paroxysm. The great quantity of water that I had drunk produced an opposite effect; it calmed the fever and the acute pain, but excited a copious and a cold sweat. My faculties were more blunted, more weakened, than those of my unfortunate companion; perhaps I suffered less, though equally unhappy. My eyes closed; and the last idea that I can recollect is the state of resignation which I felt, and the sensation of a rapid decline of life. Yet I regretted that I must die alone, abandoned, at the foot of a tree; and felt extreme horror at the idea of my body being devoured by carnivorous animals.

Nature, however, watched over our preservation; the cessation of thought was the commencement of sleep. We believed we slept some hours; and, in spite of every probability, or our own gloomy presages, we saw the fourth day: but, like the funereal torch, it served only to augment the horror of our situation, in

in showing us the gates of the tomb at which we were almost arrived. Our eyes, covered with the clouds of death, instead of real objects, saw only imaginary ones agitated and trembling like ourselves. Sometimes the shades with which we were surrounded, sometimes the clouds with which we were environed, were suddenly dispersed by trembling and transitory rays; sometimes they presented phantoms, which, after flitting near us, swept the surface of the earth, and, rising above the bushes, perched on the trees over our heads. Sometimes our eyes, though almost closed, saw still a transparent joy, without being able to distinguish any thing. Such were the last images which the imagination of two beings, sinking in the shades of death, had raised.

Sometimes I was still able to say to my companion, while dragging slowly to the banks of the river: "Occasionally, when misfortune is at the height, some soothings, some lights of hope, arise. Have you never observed, at sea, these consoling intermissions, even during the most frightful tempests? We are come to the highest degree of misery; but let us still hope."—"How can you pronounce that word?" said he with the accent and gesture of a madman. "Despair and death have dissipated even these last illusions. Since thou art coward enough, hope for thyself; I will immediately throw myself into this river, at the bottom of which, peace and a tranquil sleep await me. Who would longer endure these biting pains, since not twenty paces intervene between the middle of hell and the haven of repose?"

"Let us live over this day," said I, "if it be possible; let us drink some more water; and, in the evening, if no favourable sign occurs, we will leap into it together."—"For a person who suffers like me," said he, "the evening is a hundred leagues distant. But, well! since you are become my enemy, and will persuade me to live still some hours, kill your dog, and give me a part to appease my hunger. If you are barbarous enough to refuse this gift, be generous enough to let me die this instant." The idea of killing the animal, an idea which necessities so urgent had not yet excited, recalled me at once to hope and life. So far from attending to the voice of affection and remorse in favour of the dog, as much weakened and as languishing as ourselves, I was seised with a feeling still more violent than anger: it was the irritation of madness. I shuddered; my trembling hands sought with eagerness the knife that I had let fall among the leaves; when my companion, reanimated by the prospect of satisfying his hunger, accused me of slowness, and overwhelmed me with fresh abuse. As I approached my resigned victim, a ray, emanating from the invisible power which regulates our destinies, led me to observe a bunch of ground-nuts. "We are preserved!" I exclaimed, "we are preserved! The ground on which we have passed the night, and on which we expected to die, contains what will give us life, since, where one of these plants grows, there are millions; and we were ignorant of it."—"Merciful God!" he exclaimed in his turn, "are you not deceiving me?" At that moment I offered him the first root that I had drawn up; but we were so weak, that it required many efforts, and much labour, to obtain a sufficient quantity to satisfy our most urgent necessities. Could we have lighted a fire, what a sumptuous repast should we have made!

But

But how can I express the effects which the certainty of procuring a still greater quantity made on our minds? how paint the new and exquisite feeling, the inexpressible ecstasy, which relieved our diminished strength, raised our drooping spirits, and recalled the delicious, the divine consolation of hope? How can I explain what I so poignantly felt? the sudden passage from extreme want to the possession of some aliments, collected by the feeble ray of hope! the transition from a state of despair to one of tranquillity; from the banks of the gloomy Cocytus to the realms of life!

Soon after this they hear the tinkling of bells suspended to the necks of cattle, and discover a plantation, at which all their wants are relieved.

Observations *on* Domestic Education.

[*From the 'Parents' Friend.'*]

WHILE we contemplate with considerable pleasure the improvements that have taken place in the conduct of domestic education, while we see parents anxious to guard their tender offspring from the baneful influence of bad precepts and bad examples, how sincerely must we lament, that their labours are so often undermined by the secret influence of ignorant or unprincipled domestics! That this too frequently occurs is universally acknowledged; but no good plan has hitherto been suggested, by which the evil can be entirely obviated.

Some modern writers have recommended, that children should be forbidden ever to speak to servants, and would have houses so constructed that they might never casually meet: but this is practicable only in opulent families, and would certainly inspire children with the most insufferable pride, which would lead them to treat their inferiors with haughtiness and contempt.

Prohibitions, by exciting curiosity, increase the mischief they are intended to prevent.

'He thank'd her care, yet day by day
His bosom burn'd to disobey,
And every time the well he saw,
Scorn'd in his heart the foolish law;
Near and more near each day he drew,
And long'd to try the dangerous view.'

GAY.

Thus would the child be drawn into a clandestine intercourse with the servants, and at length with reason exclaim,

'I ne'er had been in this condition,
But for my mother's prohibition.'

In most families it is, perhaps, impossible to prevent children from occasionally mixing with the domestics. Let us content ourselves therefore with inquiring how the purity of their morals may be most effectually preserved; nor should we fear their acquiring vulgar language, or speaking bad grammar, since these habits are easily corrected when they quit the nursery, and become constant inmates in the parlour.

That 'law is the mother of crimes' is perhaps in no instance more true than in regard to children and servants. Instead therefore of enacting a number of laws, which will be either forgotten or disregarded, is it not preferable to make few, or, if possible, no laws, that neither children nor servants may be tempted to break them? The principal evil to be apprehended, in suffering children to associate with servants, is, that they may learn lying, deceit, and secrecy, through the endeavours of the latter to win their affections by indulging them in things forbidden

den by the parents. Where children are healthy, therefore, I would advise parents to make no prohibitions with regard to food, these rules being seldom strictly adhered to: nor would it be a great evil, were a child sometimes made sick by the imprudence of his nursery-maid, as this would probably render him cautious not to eat too much another time.

Attention to diet is undoubtedly of the greatest importance in sickness; on which account, in critical cases, mothers should scarcely leave their children a moment while awake, unless some careful friend remain in the room.

Children, however, should undoubtedly be as much as possible with their parents, whose society they will prefer to any other, if not unreasonably restrained. But, since there are many occasions when little children must necessarily be left in the care of a nursery-maid, it is very desirable she should be fond of them, and treat them kindly; which cannot be expected where the unnatural distinctions above alluded to are established.

These observations are chiefly applicable to children under ten years of age; for, as they grow older, if accustomed to associate with intelligent and well-bred people, they will generally prefer such society to that of their inferiors. Should they, however, discover a taste for gossiping with the servants, it may then be necessary for the parents to enter into an explanation on the subject, and tell them, that, society being divided into different classes, it is proper to associate with those who have received a similar education with ourselves, rather than with those who are either very much below or very much above us, though they may all be equally good characters.

Parents should also be careful to set their children a good example by treating their servants with attention and kindness, but should avoid familiarity of manner when speaking to them; and as children generally imitate those with whom they pass most of their time, this conduct will make a deeper impression than any regular instruction on the subject.

When children are five or six years old they usually grow tired of playing all day; and, when they cannot be amused out of doors, saunter about for want of some active pursuit. This shows that it is time to give them some regular employment, that may occupy them part of every day. At first, however, they should not be confined above half an hour at a time, till by degrees habits of industry will be formed, and they will feel themselves so much happier for having the day regularly divided between business and play, that they will even dread the idea of a holiday.

Children may soon be brought to spend two or three half-hours every day at business; but their time should not be wholly taken up in learning to read, lest they be set against it. Girls should be taught needle-work, and boys may make stay-laces or cabbage-nets, while too young to draw or write. There appears to be a great degree of injustice in suffering boys to play about while their poor sisters are confined to needle-work; and as there should be as much equality as possible kept up between brothers and sisters, their hours of recreation should be the same.

Where children are uncommonly slow of apprehension, and there is reason to fear a defect in their intellects, they should not be required to apply long together to study. Parents should be contented merely to teach them reading, writing,

common arithmetic, a little geography, (and needle-work if girls,) without attempting any foreign language, grammar, history, or the arts and sciences. If their stupidity be owing to indolence and want of application, they will perhaps improve themselves by their own exertions when they grow up and feel their deficiency; but if it arise from a real want of capacity they will never make any progress in learning, and all the pains you take to instil it into them will not only be thrown away, but there is a danger that it may perplex their minds, and destroy what little common sense they possess. At all events cultivate in them habits of industry and activity, if it be only by employing them in knitting, netting, making stay-laces, or spinning, and by degrees you may perhaps persuade them to apply to other objects.

If they are incapable of learning foreign languages, it is needless to puzzle them with English grammar; but they may be taught to write and spell tolerably correct, by writing from dictation; after which the spelling may be corrected, and the faults explained to them.

Young people should not be too narrowly watched, but be occasionally suffered to consider themselves as free agents, and try the strength of their own powers: if they sometimes fall into errors, this will teach them humility with respect to themselves, and candour toward others.

The following passage from Mrs. Radcliffe's 'Romance of the Forest' contains so excellent a lesson to all parents on this subject, that I shall extract it for the benefit of those who may not have met with it before.—'It was the happiness of La Luc to see his children happy, and in one of his excursions to Geneva he bought Clara a lute. She received it with much gratitude; and having learned one air, she hastened to her favourite acacias and played it again and again, till she forgot every thing besides. Her little domestic duties, her books, her drawing, even the hour which her father dedicated to her improvement, even this hour passed unheeded by. La Luc suffered it to pass. Madame was displeased that her niece neglected her domestic duties, and wished to reprove her; but La Luc begged she would be silent. "Let experience teach her her error," said he; "precept seldom brings conviction to young minds." Madame objected that experience was a slow teacher. "It is a sure one," replied La Luc, "and it is not unfrequently the quickest of all teachers: when it cannot lead us into serious evil, it is well to trust it." The second day passed with Clara as the first, and the third as the second. She could now play several tunes; she came to her father, and repeated what she had learned.

'At supper the cream was not dressed, and there was no fruit on the table. La Luc inquired the reason. Clara recollected it, and blushed. She observed that her brother was absent, but nothing was said. Towards the conclusion of the repast he appeared; his countenance expressed unusual satisfaction, but he seated himself in silence. Clara inquired what had detained him from supper, and learned that he had been to visit a sick family in the neighbourhood, with the weekly allowance which her father gave him. La Luc had entrusted the care of this family to his daughter, and it was her duty to have carried them this little allowance on the preceding day: but she had forgotten every thing but her music.

'"How did you find the woman?" said La Luc. "Worse, sir," replied his

his son; "for her medicines had not been regularly given, and the children had had little or no food to-day." Clara was shocked. "No food to-day!" said she to herself, "and I have been playing all day on my lute!" Her father did not seem to observe her emotion, but turned to his son. "I left her better," said the latter; "the medicines I carried eased her pain, and I had the pleasure to see her children make a joyful supper."

'Clara perhaps for the first time in her life envied him his pleasure; her heart was full, and she sat silent. "No food to-day!" thought she. She retired pensive to her chamber. The sweet serenity with which she usually went to rest was vanished, for she could no longer reflect on the past day with satisfaction.

'"What a pity," said she, "that what is so pleasant should be the cause of so much pain! This lute is my delight and my torment." This reflexion occasioned her much internal debate; but before she could come to any resolution upon the point she fell asleep.

'She awoke very early in the morning, and impatiently watched the progress of the dawn. The sun at length appearing, she arose, and, determining to make full atonement for her former neglect, hastened to the cottage. When she returned, her countenance had resumed its usual serenity. She resolved, however, not to touch her lute to-day.

'She attended her father in the library at the usual hour, and learned from his discourse with her brother on what had been read the two preceding days, that she had lost much entertaining knowledge. She requested her father would inform her what the conversation alluded to; but he calmly replied, that she had preferred another amusement at the time when the subject was discussed, and must therefore content herself with ignorance. "You would reap the rewards of study from the amusements of idleness," said he: "learn to be reasonable—do not expect to unite inconsistencies."

'Clara felt the justness of this rebuke, and remembered her lute. "What mischief has it occasioned!" sighed she. "Yes, I am determined not to touch it at all this day. I will prove that I am able to control my inclinations, when I see it necessary so to do." Thus resolving, she applied herself to study with more than usual assiduity.

'She adhered to her resolution, and towards the close of day went into the garden to amuse herself. The evening was still and uncommonly beautiful. Nothing was heard but the faint shivering of the leaves, and the distant murmurs of the torrents that rolled among the cliffs. As she saw the last rays of light gleam upon the water, whose surface was not curled by the lightest breeze, she sighed, "Oh! how enchanting would be the sound of my lute at this moment, on this spot, and when every thing is so still around me!"

'The temptation was too powerful for the resolution of Clara; she ran to the chateau, returned with the instrument to her dear acacias, and beneath the shade continued to play till the surrounding objects faded in darkness from her sight. But the moon arose, and shedding a trembling lustre on the lake made the scene more captivating than ever. It was impossible to quit so delightful a spot: Clara was perfectly enchanted: no! nothing was ever so delightful as to play on the lute beneath her acacias, on the margin of the lake, by moonlight. When she returned to the chateau

supper was over. La Luc had observed Clara, and would not suffer her to be interrupted. When the enthusiasm of the hour was passed, she recollected that she had broken her resolution, and the reflexion gave her pain. "I prided myself on controlling my inclinations," said she, "and I have weakly yielded to their direction. But what evil have I incurred by indulging them this evening? I have neglected no duty, for I had none to perform. Of what then have I to accuse myself? It would have been absurd to have kept my resolution, and denied myself a pleasure, when there appeared no reason for this self-denial."

'She paused, not quite satisfied with this reasoning. Suddenly resuming her inquiry, "But how," said she, "am I certain that I should have resisted my inclinations if there had been a reason for opposing them? If the poor family whom I neglected yesterday had been unsupplied to-day, I fear I should again have forgotten them, while I played on my lute on the banks of the lake." She then recollected all that her father had at different times said on the subject of self-command, and she felt some pain. "No," said she, "if I do not consider that to preserve a resolution, which I have once solemnly formed, is a sufficient reason to control my inclinations, I fear no other motive would long restrain me. I seriously determined not to touch my lute the whole day, and I have broken my resolution. To-morrow perhaps I may be tempted to neglect some duty, for I have discovered that I cannot rely on my prudence. Since I cannot conquer temptation, I will fly from it." On the following morning she brought her lute to La Luc, and begged he would receive it again, or at least keep it till she had taught her inclinations to submit to control.

'The heart of La Luc swelled as she spoke. "No, Clara," said he, "it is unnecessary that I should receive your lute; the sacrifice you would make proves you worthy of my confidence. Take back the instrument. Since you have sufficient resolution to resign it when it leads you from duty, I doubt not that you will be able to control its influence now that it is restored to you."'

EPINETTE *and* MELISE; *or The* TWO WIDOWS.

A TALE.

[*From the French.*]

FONTESCROK, a man of a harsh and vindictive character, conceived the design of connecting himself to society, of which he was the plague, by an honourable marriage, which might at the same time increase his fortune, already become very ample by the management of certain affairs at the expense of the government.

Often had the hopes of Fontescrok, in this respect, been deceived; and those for whom he had panted with a real or an interested passion had become his victims by multiplied persecutions.

One day, Marsange, whose good opinion he had obtained by a seducing exterior, presented him to Melise, a rich and amiable widow, whom a decided taste for solitude had rendered a kind of philosopher. Melise possessed beauty which made an impression on Fontescrok; and the latter, without regard to the friendship he professed for Marsange, whose half-concealed sentiments could not but be sufficiently apparent to him, immediately avowed

ed a passion which, as he said, could only end with life.

A woman of sense seldom finds it difficult to discover the real character of her lover, since it is not easy to assume such a disguise as she cannot see through. Melise, therefore, was soon convinced that her new suitor was a mean and contemptible being; and from that moment disgust took the place of that esteem which she had hitherto been accustomed to feel for the friend of Marsange. She rejected therefore, and with some degree of disdain, the proposals of Fontescrok, giving him at the same time to understand, that a continuance of his visits would be far from agreeable. With a feigned submission, Fontescrok promised to renounce all his pretensions, and to desist from his troublesome visits.

Melise had a female friend named Epinette, who was likewise a widow, but whose character was as much distinguished by vivacity and sprightliness as that of Melise by prudence and reserve. She could at a glance distinguish merit from folly and extravagance; but without returning a positive answer to the love and delicate esteem of Valere, she received his attentions with more respect than she showed to any other visitor. Fontescrok, rejected by Melise, at first came less frequently to visit the amiable widow; but as often as he did come, instead of addressing to her a direct homage, he turned all his attention to Epinette, and at length concluded an avowal of the most tender sentiments by a formal solicitation of her dear hand, which, he said, would open to him the gates of the sanctuary of felicity. This declaration was at first not absolutely disagreeable to Epinette, whose vivacity, mingled with a grain or two of coquetry, frequently approached to folly. She returned to her new admirer so artful an answer, that, with the presumption of a man of his capacity, he considered it as unequivocally favourable, if not amounting to absolute consent. Marsange and Valere, whose rights he thus insolently invaded, restrained by a respect for their mistresses which was highly honourable to them, suffered the mortification they felt without complaining. Fontescrok, persuaded that he had gained the good opinion of Epinette, redoubled his attentions, and thereby rendered his presence more frequent and more disagreeable than ever in the house of Melise, who declared to her friend, that the visits of a person whose character was so notoriously mean and self-interested were absolutely insupportable to her; she therefore requested her, if she had conceived no serious approbation of him, as she thought it impossible that she should, that she would put an end to them by finally terminating all his hopes. Epinette, who was as unwilling to offend her friend as she was capable of artfully misleading the passionate rival of Valere, immediately changed the management of her fine black eyes; and, as often as she saw the attention of Fontescrok turned towards her, fixed them, even to a degree of affectation, on the object deserving her affections. Fontescrok soon perceived this marked change in her behaviour, and, unable to endure a doubt of the success he had promised himself in his new project of augmenting his fortune, demanded an explanation.

A woman of sense and wit never finds it difficult to disembarrass herself of a fool. This maxim was fully verified, on this occasion, with respect to the presumptuous Fontescrok.

scrok. The answer of Epinette was laconic, and her lover dismissed in a manner at once cool and formal.

Enraged at being disappointed and treated in this manner by two women, a union with whom he had first sought from interested motives, but which soon produced an ardour he would have denominated love, (for love of some kind it was impossible for the most insensible not to feel in the company of such women,) Fontescrok now resolved to take all the vengeance in his power.

He began his persecutions, and by the dissemination of secret calumnies, and other means, succeeded so well, that Melise, one day, said to Epinette, that the only means left them to free themselves from the scandal and malevolent falsehoods with which the venemous reptile Fontescrok had contrived to poison their asylum, would be to retire from the world, and seek shelter in a distant retreat, for which they would set out incognito, concealing their resolution from all their friends. The proposal of Melise was immediately acceded to by Epinette; and a project of eternal retirement and renunciation of love and marriage was conceived and adopted by the heated imaginations of these two females, disturbed and chagrined by a few troubles of comparatively little moment.

The necessary preparations were hastily made, and they set out without delay. The sudden disappearance of the two amiable widows reduced Marsange and Valere to despair. But real love never distrusts itself; it fears to lose, but it perseveres, and sooner or later attains its object. The two lovers made the most diligent inquiries to discover the retreat of their mistresses; which, though for a long time unavailing, were ultimately successful. They were transported with joy at the discovery, and immediately set out, elated with the hope that they should be able to dissuade the two fair fugitives from persevering in the design they had so hastily adopted.

When they reached the place of their retirement, they applied themselves to learn the particular habits and manner of living of the two ladies. Clairette, a sprightly little girl, the daughter of the gardener they employed, appeared to them worthy of their confidence: the ingenuity of love taught them the means of gaining her favour, and they soon obtained from her all the information they desired.

Every day the two inseparable friends, Melise and Epinette, came to enjoy the rural delights and fragrance of the scene, under a long range of mulberry trees in a retired part of their garden. In this retreat, so suitable to the gentle reveries of souls of sensibility, Melise incessantly breathed sighs of satisfaction, and Epinette those which originated from a desire to return to a world of which she was an ornament, and which she had quitted more from giddiness than disgust.

One morning when Epinette came first to the mulberry grove, and was revolving in her mind the project she had formed of again returning to that society she had too precipitately abandoned, Melise came suddenly upon her, and, from her air and manner, was led to conjecture what passed in her heart. Anxiously desirous that the person for whom she felt the sincerest friendship should be happy, she earnestly pressed her to carry her design into effect, and offered, more from a sentiment of generosity than willingness to part from her,

her, to assist her in making preparations for her intended journey. At the instant they were settling the time and manner of her departure, Clairette arrived. She had overheard every thing; and the two widows, whom she came to inform that their coffee was ready, left her in the garden. At the same moment arrived Marsange. On seeing him Clairette attempted to shut the garden gate, to prevent his entrance; but he seized her arm, eagerly inquiring where was her mistress. Clairette told him that one of the two widows had resolved to leave the country, and return to the capital, and that she was to set out that very day. Marsange asked her which of the two; but to this question, with an ill-judged reserve, she returned no answer, but immediately left the garden. Marsange, interpreting her manner and slightest motions according to the dictates of his passion, conceived that it must be his mistress, his adorable Melise, who had resolved to renounce the gloom of solitude, and return again to the gay world, where her charms assured to her unrivalled pre-eminence.

In the mean time Valere, the confident of all the fears and all the wishes of his friend, had arrived likewise. Marsange immediately informed him of the new flight of Melise, her intention to set out that same day, and his determination to be her escort. The two friends then took leave of each other and separated, Valere remaining alone in the garden, waiting the happy moment which should bring to this retired place the idol of his heart.

Presently he heard the sound of some person approaching, and, turning round, perceived, to his great astonishment, his odious and detested rival Fontescrok, who had caused him so much cruel disquietude. He instantly concealed himself behind some bushes, in order to discover what could have brought such a man to the retreat of his mistress. Fontescrok, supposing himself alone, uttered aloud, in the violence of his passion, some expressions that sufficiently informed Valere of the violence he intended to offer the ladies by whom he pretended to have been ill treated, but who had retired hither from his attacks and insults. He had now discovered the place of their retreat, and brought his servant and some ruffians to seize and carry them off to a chaise which was in waiting about fifty paces from the spot.

Melise, wishing to indulge the melancholy that had taken possession of her heart at thought of her approaching separation from her dear friend Epinette, whose want of constancy in her attachment to the pleasures of retirement and a country life she sincerely lamented, now repaired to her beloved retreat under the shade of the mulberry trees. Fontescrok, who had retired to a little distance, the more certainly to seize his prize, suddenly appeared, and, loading Melise with the most insulting reproaches, ordered her to follow him. He laid violent hands on her to force her to obey, when Valere made his appearance; the sight of whom equally surprised both Melise and her brutal assailant. Valere, though unarmed, rushed upon Fontescrok, and a contest ensued, during which Melise made her escape, calling upon Valere to follow her, and despise a wretch capable of so base and atrocious an act. Fontescrok, now left alone with Valere, and enraged at having been prevented by him from carrying off Melise when he had so fair an opportunity, pulled out two pistols, and, presenting

senting one of them to Valere, challenged him to fight. Valere accepted the challenge; and a glove being thrown up to determine who should fire first, the lot fell to Fontescrok, who fired and missed Valere. The latter then coolly discharged his pistol in the air, and returned it to Fontescrok, saying: 'I despise you too much to take away your life: go, and never again make your appearance here.' With rage in his heart Fontescrok left the place, still threatening, in the most violent manner, his generous enemy.

The discharge of the pistol brought Clairette to the garden, where she found only Valere, who was anxious to leave her to fly to the protection of Epinette, who he feared might be already in the power of the ruffians Fontescrok had brought with him. Clairette endeavoured in vain to remove his fears: he would not listen to her, but ran to defend his mistress from the attacks he expected would be immediately made on her. Clairette now regretted that she had not been more communicative and explicit with Marsange; when the latter appeared, leading Melise and Epinette, expecting to find his friend in the garden, and restore to him his mistress. Clairette informed them that he was just gone, and had taken, with all speed, the road to the village. Marsange requested permission to follow him, promising that he would soon bring him back.

Epinette then related to Melise and Clairette, with what generous courage Marsange had singly braved every danger in rescuing her from the ruffians under the command of the valet of Fontescrok, and that he put them all to flight, though they were five in number, after severely wounding several of them.

She had scarcely concluded her eulogium on the bravery and gallant conduct of Marsange, when the latter returned with Valere, and Melise related to the company the manner in which she had been rescued by Valere from the insidious attack of Fontescrok, and his courageous and honourable conduct in the duel.

After a few mutual explanations, the two widows, equally from gratitude and inclination, yielded to the affectionate and delicate solicitations of their generous lovers, and consented to secure their future protection through life by the hymeneal union. L. E.

Some Account *of the* Knisteneaux Indians.

[*From Mackenzie's Voyages in North America.*]

THE Knisteneaux Indians are of a moderate stature, well proportioned, and of great activity. Examples of deformity are seldom to be seen among them. Their complexion is of a copper colour, and their hair black, which is common to all the natives of North America. It is cut in various forms, according to the fancy of the several tribes, and by some is left in the long, lank, flow of nature. They very generally extract their beards, and both sexes manifest a disposition to pluck the hair from every part of the body and limbs. Their eyes are black, keen, and penetrating; their countenance open and agreeable, and it is a principal object of their vanity to give every possible decoration to their persons. A material article in their toilettes is vermilion, which they contrast with their native blue, white, and brown earths, to which charcoal is frequently added.

Their

Their dress is at once simple and commodious. It consists of tight leggins, reaching near the hip: a strip of cloth or leather, called assian, about a foot wide, and five feet long, whose ends are drawn inwards and hang behind and before, over a belt tied round the waist for that purpose: a close vest or shirt reaching down to the former garment, and cinctured with a broad strip of parchment fastened with thongs behind; and a cap for the head, consisting of a piece of fur, or small skin, with the brush of the animal as a suspended ornament: a kind of robe is thrown occasionally over the whole of the dress, and serves both night and day. These articles, with the addition of shoes and mittens, constitute the variety of their apparel. The materials vary according to the season, and consist of dressed moose-skin, beaver prepared with the fur, or European woollens. The leather is neatly painted, and fancifully worked in some parts with porcupine quills and moose-deer hair: the shirts and leggins are also adorned with fringe and tassels; nor are the shoes and mittens without somewhat of appropriate decoration, and worked with a considerable degree of skill and taste. These habiliments are put on, however, as fancy or convenience suggests; and they will sometimes proceed to the chase in the severest frost, covered only with the slightest of them. Their head-dresses are composed of the feathers of the swan, the eagle, and other birds. The teeth, horns, and claws of different animals are also the occasional ornaments of the head and neck. Their hair, however arranged, is always besmeared with grease. The making of every article of dress is a female occupation; and the women, though by no means inattentive to the decoration of their own persons, appear to have a still greater degree of pride in attending to the appearance of the men, whose faces are painted with more care than those of the women.

The female dress is formed of the same materials as that of the other sex, but of a different make and arrangement. Their shoes are commonly plain, and their leggins gartered beneath the knee. The coat, or body covering, falls down to the middle of the leg, and is fastened over the shoulders with cords, a flap or cape turning down about eight inches both before and behind, and agreeably ornamented with quill-work and fringe; the bottom is also fringed, and fancifully painted as high as the knee. As it is very loose, it is inclosed round the waist with a stiff belt, decorated with tassels, and fastened behind. The arms are covered to the wrist, with detached sleeves, which are sewed as far as the bend of the arm; from thence they are drawn up to the neck, and the corners of them fall down behind, as low as the waist. The cap, when they wear one, consists of a certain quantity of leather or cloth, sewed at one end, by which means it is kept on the head, and, hanging down the back, is fastened to the belt, as well as under the chin. The upper garment is a robe like that worn by the men. Their hair is divided on the crown, and tied behind, or sometimes fastened in large knots over the ears. They are fond of European articles, and prefer them to their own native commodities. Their ornaments consist, in common with all savages, in bracelets, rings, and similar baubles. Some of the women tatoo three perpendicular lines, which are sometimes double: one from the centre of the chin to that of the under lip, and one parallel on either side to the corner of the mouth.

Of all the nations which I have

seen on this continent, the Knisteneaux women are the most comely. Their figure is generally well proportioned, and the regularity of their features would be acknowledged by the more civilised people of Europe. Their complexion has less of that dark tinge which is common to those savages who have less cleanly habits.

They are naturally mild and affable, as well as just in their dealings, not only among themselves, but with strangers. They are also generous and hospitable, and good-natured in the extreme, except when their nature is perverted by the inflammatory influence of spirituous liquors. To their children they are indulgent to a fault. The father, though he assumes no command over them, is ever anxious to instruct them in all the preparatory qualifications for war and hunting; while the mother is equally attentive to her daughters in teaching them every thing that is considered as necessary to their character and situation. It does not appear that the husband makes any distinction between the children of his wife, though they may be the offspring of different fathers. Illegitimacy is only attached to those who are born before their mothers have cohabited with any man by the title of husband.

It does not appear that chastity is considered by them as a virtue; or that fidelity is believed to be essential to the happiness of wedded life. Though it sometimes happens that the infidelity of a wife is punished by the husband with the loss of her hair, nose, and perhaps life; such severity proceeds from its having been practised without his permission: for a temporary interchange of wives is not uncommon; and the offer of their persons is considered as a necessary part of the hospitality due to strangers.

When a man loses his wife, it is considered as a duty to marry her sister, if she has one; or he may, if he pleases, have them both at the same time.

It will appear from the fatal consequences I have frequently imputed to the use of spirituous liquors, that I more particularly consider these people as having been, morally speaking, great sufferers from their communication with the subjects of civilised nations. At the same time they were not, in a state of nature, without their vices, and some of them of a kind which is the most abhorrent to cultivated and reflecting man. I shall only observe that incest and bestiality are among them.

When a young man marries, he immediately goes to live with the father and mother of his wife, who treat him, nevertheless, as a perfect stranger, till after the birth of his first child; he then attaches himself more to them than his own parents; and his wife no longer gives him any other denomination than that of the father of her child.

The profession of the men is war and hunting, and the more active scene of their duty is the field of battle, and the chase in the woods. They also spear fish, but the management of the nets is left to the women. The females of this nation are in the same subordinate state with those of all other savage tribes: but the severity of their labour is much diminished by their situation on the banks of lakes and rivers, where they employ canoes. In the winter, when the waters are frozen, they make their journeys, which are never of any great length, with sledges drawn by dogs. They are, at the same time, subject to every kind of domestic drudgery; they dress the leather, make the clothes and shoes, weave the nets, collect wood, erect the tents, fetch water, and perform every culinary service:

vice: so that when the duties of maternal care are added, it will appear that the life of these women is an uninterrupted succession of toil and pain. This, indeed, is the sense they entertain of their own situation; and, under the influence of that sentiment, they are sometimes known to destroy their female children, to save them from the miseries which they themselves have suffered. They also have a ready way, by the use of certain simples, of procuring abortions, which they sometimes practise, from their hatred of the father, or to save themselves the trouble which children occasion: and, as I have been credibly informed, this unnatural act is repeated without any injury to the health of the women who perpetrate it.

The funeral rites begin, like all other solemn ceremonials, with smoking, and are concluded by a feast. The body is dressed in the best habiliments possessed by the deceased, or his relations, and is then deposited in a grave, lined with branches; some domestic utensils are placed on it, and a kind of canopy erected over it. During this ceremony great lamentations are made; and if the departed person is very much regretted, the near relations cut off their hair, pierce the fleshy part of their thighs and arms with arrows, knives, &c. and blacken their faces with charcoal. If they have distinguished themselves in war, they are sometimes laid on a kind of scaffolding; and I have been informed that women, as in the East, have been known to sacrifice themselves to the manes of their husbands. The whole of the property belonging to the departed person is destroyed, and the relations take in exchange for the wearing apparel any rags that will cover their nakedness. The feast bestowed on the occasion, which is, or at least used to be, repeated annually, is accompanied with eulogiums on the deceased, and without any acts of ferocity. On the tomb are carved or painted the symbols of his tribe, which are taken from the different animals of the country.

Many and various are the motives which induce a savage to engage in war. To prove his courage, or to revenge the death of his relations, or some of his tribe, by the massacre of an enemy. If the tribe feel themselves called upon to go to war, the elders convene the people, in order to know the general opinion. If it be for war, the chief publishes his intention to smoke in the sacred stem at a certain period, to which solemnity meditation and fasting are required as preparatory ceremonials. When the people are thus assembled, and the meeting sanctified by the custom of smoking, the chief enlarges on the causes which have called them together, and the necessity of the measures proposed on the occasion. He then invites those who are willing to follow him, to smoke out of the sacred stem, which is considered as the token of enrolment; and if it should be the general opinion that assistance is necessary, others are invited with great formality to join them. Every individual who attends these meetings brings something with him as a token of his warlike intention, or as an object of sacrifice, which, when the assembly dissolves, is suspended from poles near the place of council.

(To be concluded in our next.)

POETICAL ESSAYS.

ODE FOR HIS MAJESTY'S BIRTH-DAY, 1802.

BY HENRY JAMES PYE, ESQ. P. L.

I.

No more the thunders of the plain,
The fiery battle's iron show'r,
Terrific, drown the duteous strain
That greets our monarch's natal hour;
Peace, soaring high on seraph wings,
Now strikes her viol's golden strings;
Responsive to the thrilling note,
Symphonious strains of rapture float,
While grateful myriads in the Pæan join,
And hail her angel voice, and bless her form divine.

II.

Thro' many a whirlwind's blast severe,
The rage of elemental war,
Stern heralds of the op'ning year,
Sol urges on his burning car;
Tho' dark the wint'ry tempest lours,
Though keen are April's icy show'rs,
Still, still, his fleeting coursers rise,
Till high in June's refulgent skies
'Mid the blue arch of heav'n he victor rides,
And spreads of light and heat the unextinguish'd tides.

III.

Glory's true sons, that hardy race,
Who bravely o'er the briny flood,
Smiling serene in danger's face,
Uncheck'd by tempest, fire, and blood,
Britain's triumphant flag unfurl'd,
The terror of the wat'ry world,
Now freely to the fav'ring gale
Of commerce spread the peaceful sail,
And friendly waft from ev'ry shore,
Where Ocean's subject billows roar,
The gifts of nature, and the works of toil,
Produce of ev'ry clime and ev'ry soil.
The Genius of the Sister Isles
On the rich heap exulting smiles,
'Mine the prime stores of earth's remotest zone,
Her choicest fruits and flow'rs, her treasures all my own.'

IV.

Nor second you, 'mid Glory's radiant train,
Who o'er the tented field your ensigns spread:
Whether on Lincelles' trophied plain
Before your ranks superior numbers fled;
Or on Ierne's kindred coast
Ye crush'd Invasion's threat'ning host;
Or on fam'd Egypt's sultry sands
The banner tore from Gallia's vet'ran bands;
Your sinewy limbs with happier toil
Now till your country's fertile soil,
Mow with keen scythe the fragrant vale,
Or whirl aloft the sounding flail,
Or bow, with many a sturdy stroke,
King of our groves, the giant oak;
Or now, the blazing hearth beside,
With all a soldier's honest pride,
To hoary sires and blooming maidens tell
Of gallant chiefs who fought, who conquer'd, or who fell.

V.

Yet, in the arms of Peace reclin'd,
Still flames the free, the ardent mind;
And, should again Sedition's roar,
Or hostile inroad threat our shore,
From Labour's field, from Commerce' wave,
Eager would rush the strong, the brave,
To form an adamantine zone
Around their patriot monarch's throne.
But long with Plenty in her train
May Concord spread her halcyon reign,
And join with festive voice the lay sincere
Which sings th' auspicious morn to Britain ever dear!

ELEGIAC VERSES,

ON THE PREMATURE DEATH OF MR. THOMAS MASON TOWNSHEND;

Who died at Windsor estate, St. Ann's, Jamaica, aged sixteen; and who at that early period of life evinced uncommon industry and integrity, which, added to a modest deportment, exemplary manners, and sentiments of honour and rectitude, conciliated the esteem of all who had the pleasure of his acquaintance.

'ALAS, sweet bud! cropt in life's op'ning stage,
Where all that's lovely bloom'd in early age;
Where grace and beauty stamp'd the blessing given,
And spoke aloud the bounteous hand of Heaven!
'Of gentle blood—thy mother's richest treasure,
Her lasting sorrow, and her vanish'd pleasure:
Nor could her prayers prolong thy shorten'd date,
Too early fitted for a better state.
'Adieu, lov'd son! where life no more shall bloom!
Adieu, all joy—'tis centred in the tomb!
Adieu to all that's lovely, good, and fair!
To Heaven I give thee—it's peculiar care.'
Stop thy maternal tears, nor dare complain,
That Heaven thy much-lov'd son has early ta'en:
Nor prayers, nor tears, can move the silent grave,
Or from the worm thy sleeping darling save.
Will you complain because he early fell?
While innocent and virtuous, all was well;
Or would you with vain prayers recall him down,
And wrest (with impious hand) th' immortal crown?
Prepare to meet him at the blissful throne,
Where mercy joins the mother and the son.
In light and joy ye both shall live for e'er,
And prove the bliss that fate denied ye here.

PADDY AND THE SAILOR;

A TALE.

IN fam'd *Whitechapel*, some few years ago,
Stood an old miserable-looking jail,
Where such as run up *scores*, and then did fail
To *rub them off again*, they us'd to stow.

There from a little grating, story-high,
Suspended to a pole, a *box* hung out,
Contriv'd (beyond the shadow of a doubt)
To catch the charity of passers-by.

This dangling oddity a *Pat* one day
Espy'd, and greatly wonder'd what it meant;
And on an explanation was so bent,
He question'd all whom matters call'd that way:

But satisfaction none at all obtain'd
Till *sailor Jack*, a most unlucky wight,
Some how or other chanc'd to heave in sight:
From him our *Pat* full soon an answer gain'd.

'It's a *machine*,' said Jack (and threw a grin
Over his shoulder in a *ship-mate*'s face),
'Hung here by the kind people of the place,
For travellers to *weigh* their *money* in.'

'Sure, man alive! why, that's the very thing!'
Roar'd *Pat*, 'for I've a *golden* guinea got,
And would be seeing if it's *good* or not,
What (were I *hang'd*) I know not by the ring.'

'Then drop it through this *hole*,' rejoin'd the tar,
'And if it's *heavy 'nough*'t can never rise;
But if *too light*, d'ye see, aloft it flies.'
'Twas done—the *consequences* obvious are.

ELEGY.

[*Written during a tedious Indisposition, in November*, 1801.]

FAINTLY, bright Sol emits his feeble rays;
Ascending fogs obscure his golden eye.
Fair Nature, where are now thy boasted charms?
Gay songsters, where's your dulcet minstrelsy?
All, all are vanish'd—not a trace remains
Of those sweet scenes when Summer green'd the bowers;
When Philomela charm'd the rural groves,
And Flora deck'd each field with fragrant flow'rs.
Come, Winter! come, in boisterous terrors drest!
Hail to thy beating rain and roaring wind!
Welcome, ye snows that clothe the mourning earth!
Ye all are most congenial to my mind.
Dull season! emblem of my dreary mind:
No cheerful ray illumes my mental sphere.
On leaden wing the lazy moments fly,
And all is cheerless—all is pensive here.
Immur'd in bed, I waste the tedious day;
By pain enfeebled, by confinement tir'd:
To speed the hours I read th' historic page;
Or scribble verses, by no Muse inspir'd.
No Muse propitious smiles where Woe presides;
No bright ideas gild th' afflicted mind:
Like summer birds they visit fairer climes,
And leave the stormy scenes of care behind.
Hark! from yon time-worn tower the deep-mouth'd knell
Informs the world another soul has fled;
Proclaims another actor's left the stage,
To swell the countless millions of the dead.
Again I hear that death-denoting voice,
Whose solemn accents, murm'ring through the gloom,
Shock my weak nerves, and weigh my spirits down,
And ope to Fancy's view the gaping tomb.
Obnoxious custom! these imprudent sounds
Oft strike a panic to the patient's heart;
His spirits droop, the dire disease prevails,
And with fierce onset mocks the doctor's art.
He who reclines upon a bed of pain,
And wets his couch with unavailing tears,
Needs no memento-bell to rouse his mind,
And shake his frame with useless, fatal fears.
His own acute sensations, doubtless, will
Remind him of his critical estate;
And wakeful Conscience open to his sight
The awful prospect of a future state.
Hold, hold, stern monitor! thine iron tongue,
And let Sleep's downy hand mine eye-lids close:
May Somnus shed his poppies on my head,
And steep my faculties in soft repose!
And, O sweet Hope! illume my waking hour,
That I may then anticipate the day,
When Health her balmy comforts shall dispense,—
When Spring shall crown with rose-buds gentle May.

Thus with thy radiant influence, soothing Hope!
Cheer with gay smiles the sullen brow of woe:
For thou, blest cordial! (as the poet sings)
Art 'Man's full cup—his paradise below.'

JOHN WEBB.

Haverhill.

PROLOGUE TO 'TASTE;'

A PARODY.

[*Performed at the private Theatre, Tottenham Street.*]

Spoken and written by an Amateur, as Mr. King in Lord Ogleby.

YOU look for Taste!—Why, what the deuce!
I hear you cry, can Taste produce?
What can it mean? What can it be?
'Have but a little patience, and you'll see.'
Behold—To keep your minds uncertain,
Between the scene and you, this curtain.
So writers *hide* their plots, no doubt,
To please the more when *all* comes out.
Of old, the prologue told the story,
And laid the whole affair before ye—
Came forth in simple phrase to say—
'Fore the beginning of the play,
'Tom King will certainly be here'
(Without consent of manager I fear),
Follow'd by Taste—without a plot—
And next, in truth, I scarce know what.
Asking no trouble of your own
To skim the milk, or crack the bone;
'*That*'s too much trouble for *Bon Ton*.'
A poet, as once poets used,
To poverty was quite reduced—
No boy on errands to be sent,
On his own messages he went;
And once with conscious pride and shame,
As from the chandler's shop he came,
Under his thread-bare coat (poor soul!)
He cover'd—'half a peck of coal.'
A wag (his friend) began to smoke—
'Will, tell us what's beneath your cloke.'
'Tell you—'Twere as good to show!
I hide it that *you* should not know.'
The poets now take diff'rent ways,
(E'en let them find it out for Bayes!)
'Stories half told'—a Cosmagorie!
And stranger names—but I'll not bore ye;
With useless expletives your time won't waste,
For ev'ry one that's here—'I know has Taste.'
Next for ourselves—Of *Pic Nic* not one word—
'Twere useless here—and elsewhere more absurd.
Smile at pale Envy—*here* your plaudits give—
Censure shall die—and virtuous Mirth shall live,
Spite of detraction—no fell war we'll wage
'Gainst *Harris!* giants! Pérouse! and *his stage!*'
Let 'monkeys, horses, beasts, draw low applause—
Ours is the public's—ours—our country's cause.'
Last for myself,—'I fain one word would say,
'Approve this night,'—and I again will play.
Nature (not Art) shall *then* become my guide,
'For *Taste* and Nature are with you allied!'
And whilst I fancy I am now the king,
'Excuse *my* faults,'—in compliment to *King*.
Your most obedient—ere I hence depart,
Whether *you've Taste* or *not*—'you've won my *heart*.'

EPILOGUE TO 'THE FASHIONABLE FRIENDS.'

Written by the Hon. WILLIAM LAMB.

Spoken by Miss DE CAMP.

SURE, had our author, whom in vain we seek,
Compos'd the play you just have seen, last week,
He would not now have sent me to attend,
In Italy, the death-bed of my friend;
To throw away this gay auspicious year,
And lose the prospect which is opening here.
Is this a time for me abroad to roam?
Now Peace will send so many lovers home;
Sailors victorious still on ev'ry sea,
O'er ev'ry foe, who yet must strike to me;

And

And captains, cover'd with hard-earn'd renown,
From eastern climates beautifully brown—
Peace, which in every face throughout the isle
Has spread an heart-felt, universal smile—
Peace, which in all most variously excites
New views, new thoughts, new fancies, new delights!—
Some think on pleasure, some alone on gain,
On price of stocks, or plenty of champagne—
Exports and imports trading men engage,
Cloth for new marts, new dances for the stage—
Forward the epicure with transport looks
To a fresh troop of revolution cooks,
And o'er the pye exults, whose precious store
Has been denied him ten sad years before;
While the gay nymph, who lures a crowd of slaves,
Prepares her charms, resolv'd to cross the waves—
Resolv'd the *beaux* of Paris to invade,
And flirt with whisker'd gen'rals of brigade.
Amidst these diff'rent tastes, may I advance
The grounds on which I vote for peace with France?
Then—though through all this time of woe and fear,
We have not suffer'd much in England here,
Yet now, I own, new hopes within me rise,
Of times more great, more happy, and more wise—
Now London shall appear itself again,
Adorn'd with fresh supplies of handsome men;
No thought of business now shall e'er invade
The nightly ball, and frequent masquerade;
Now luxury again on wealth shall thrive,
And pleasure rule, and usury revive—
Exulting Fashion hails the happy league;
Hence love of cards, and leisure for intrigue;
Credit, and curricles, and dice increase,
Racing, and all the useful arts of peace.
The Morning Post may now display unfurl'd
Four columns of the Fashionable World,
And, not confin'd to tell of war's renown,
Spread all the news around of all the town;
While gay Gazettes the polish'd treas'ry writes,
Of splendid fashions, not of vulgar fights;
Proud to record the tailor's deeds and name,
And give the milliner to deathless fame,
Who first shall force proud Gallia to confess
Herself inferior in the arts of dress.
Oh! join to pray my hopes may not be vain:
Commerce, gay Peace, a long and joyous reign—
May Europe's nations, by my counsels wise,
Learn e'en thy faults to cherish and to prize,
And, shunning glory's bright but fatal star,
Prefer thy follies to the woes of war!

EPITAPH.

SURVIVING friends did this memorial raise,
Not for the useless task—the dead to praise;
But that the passenger, when passing by,
Might stop, and ponder on mortality.
Pause, reader, pause! for thou must ever prove
Perpetual rapture in the realms of love;
Or, dread reverse! must sink to shades below,
To spend a long eternity in woe.

Haverhill. JOHN WEBB.

FOREIGN NEWS.

Corfu, March 15.

THE greatest confusion prevails in our little state, and the republic of the Seven United Islands is nothing less than *united*. Zante, Cephalonia, and Corfu, now form three distinct states. The Porte, which can scarcely govern its own territory, sends us menaces. We shall be ruined if Russia, France, and England, do not restore order and tranquillity. Zante still persists in defending its new revolutionary government. This island will therefore be blockaded by a Turkish squadron, and the inhabitants thereof treated as rebels, till the original government shall be restored.

Venice, March 28. Ships, which yesterday arrived here from Ragusa, bring advice, that an English flotilla from Malta had appeared before Corfu, and landed a body of troops, probably to suppress the commotions which prevail in that island.

Vienna, March 31. Passawan Oglou, in order to strengthen himself against the Porte, has concluded treaties of alliance with several other pachas, particularly the pachas of Travnick and Janina, each of which is to assist him with a corps of from six to eight thousand men. As a very active war may be expected to be carried on in European Turkey in the ensuing summer, a considerable body of troops are already under orders to cover our frontiers.

April 4. The English envoy here, Mr. A. Paget, received a courier from Constantinople, with dispatches, containing advices, as we are assured, that all the differences between the English and Turkish commanders have been accommodated to the satisfaction of both parties. Passawan Oglou threatens the confines of Wallachia.

It is now positively asserted that the Hungarian nation, at the ensuing diet, will demand that Dalmatia, which has been newly acquired by Austria, shall be united to the kingdom of Hungary.

The Hungarian diet will not be opened till the 21st instant, instead of the 2d, as was intended. The court will set out for Presburg on the 18th.

Hague, April 10. A proclamation has been published at Antwerp, in both the French and Dutch languages, declaring the Scheldt free, and inviting all merchants to take advantage of this important liberty.

The trade with the Cape of Good Hope will, for the future, be no longer a monopoly for a particular company, but be free to all the merchants of the republic.

Vienna, April 24. By an extraordinary courier from Constantinople, we have received advice that the beys, who made their escape through the English, have obtained great support from the Mamelukes, and have collected a very considerable body of troops, and give the Porte reason to fear some very unpleasant consequences.

Bavaria, April 26. Accounts have been received at Munich, from St. Petersburg, relative to the state of the election of a successor to the grand mastership of Malta. There are five different candidates, each from his particular *langue* or tongue. The grand priorate of Bohemia has nominated the Imperial general field-marshal count Van Colloredo, a brother to the vice-chancellor of the empire.

Berne, April 27. The late revolution has given birth to excessive joy in several cantons; public feasts have even been celebrated on the occasion in many places. The canton of Obeland, however, has sent a deputation to the French minister, with orders to complain of the measures that were taken on the 17th; but that minister answered

ed them, that their constituents must conform themselves to the wishes of the majority, or that general Montrichard would send troops into their canton. It is said that a day previous to the revolution, the said minister received more than two thousand protests against the constitution of the 26th of February, which is now annulled.

M. Neckar, who has declined a sitting in the new constitutional assembly, on very frivolous pretences, is not the only one of the forty-seven who has pursued the same line of conduct; five others bear him company: their places, however, have been immediately filled by others.

Paris, May 3. Within five days there have entered the port of Dunkirk seven English flags of truce, with 2031 French prisoners.

The squadron of Gantheaume is preparing to return without delay to St. Domingo. It takes out ten thousand troops, and a most ample supply of provisions. There are no recent advices from that island.

Her royal highness the duchess of Cumberland went to-day to visit several rich magazines in this capital; among others, the superb magazine of furniture opened at the Hôtel de Choiseul, Rue Grange Batelière.

Thomas Paine, it is said, is going to embark at Brest for America, in consequence of an invitation from Mr. Jefferson.

4. Yesterday all the new archbishops and bishops were presented to the chief consul, by Portalis, the counsellor of state. Bonaparte received them with great distinction, and conversed with them some time upon the importance of their functions. He desired them to make no difference between the priests who had refused to take the oath, and those who had taken it; but to select, without distinction, for the new clergy, men whose conduct had been exemplary, and who had rendered themselves beloved and respected by the purity of their morals. 'Be united,' he said, 'and deserve the esteem and confidence of your fellow-citizens, and you will then never make government repent of having given a new existence to the ministers of the altars.'

Since the re-establishment of the catholic religion, many bones and relics of saints, which had been carried off from the churches during the cannibal reign of Robespierre, have been exposed for sale. One of the Paris papers says—'We saw this morning exposed to sale, in the Rue de Thionville, the heads, arms, feet, and legs, of saints, which had been mutilated, and carried off from the churches, to make room for the idols with which in those times they ornamented the Temple of Reason. Perhaps it was not conceived that these relics of the catholic worship would have been found collected together for the purpose of becoming an object of speculation, and these are particularities which will not escape the attention of the historians of the revolution.'—*(Gazette de France.)*

Hague, May 7. Hitherto, the ratification of the definitive treaty has not been proclaimed here as at London and Paris. We are told, that the instrument which contains that ratification is deficient in some of the forms, which has occasioned its being sent to Paris, in order that that defect may be remedied. It is believed that the proclamation will not take place till the first of June, when the peace will be celebrated publicly. To-day the government will illuminate the hotel of the council of state: the public walks of Voorhout and Vivier, and the hotels of the French, Spanish, and Sicilian ministers will also be illuminated.

Paris, May 8. General Menou is arrived at Paris, and has been presented to the first consul, who gave him the most distinguished reception.

General Menou said to him—'Consul, in presenting myself before you, the grief of having seen your fairest conquest lost, is renewed.'

'The fate of battles,' replied the first consul, 'is uncertain. You have done all that could, after the unfortunate day of the 30th, be expected from a man of experience and talent. Your long resistance at Alexandria contributed to the good issue of the preliminaries of London. Your good and wise administration has merited the esteem of all men who appreciate its influence upon the public prosperity.

'I know very well what has passed

in

in your army. Your misfortunes have been great without doubt, but they have not lost you any of my esteem; and I shall be eager to testify it openly, in order that no clamour may be raised against your conduct.'

9. Addresses from all parts to government against exclusive privileges demonstrate that the freedom of trade is now the universal wish; a wish that is not founded upon the mercantile speculations of some individuals, but upon the interests of the majority, which must give to it the character of a general will, the basis of all the laws of a free state. The government has solemnly recognised these principles, in excepting the coral fishery on the coasts of Africa from the exclusive privilege, which localities indispensably required should be granted to a company for the commerce of grain in Barbary.

A new memorial from the council of commerce of Bourdeaux inveighs against the exclusive right enjoyed formerly by the ports of L'Orient and Toulon, of receiving vessels arriving from India, which might unload their cargoes there, deposit them in magazines, and sell them there, whilst that privilege was forbidden to all the other ports. It is demonstrated in this memorial in an evident manner, that the suppression of this abusive privilege injures neither the interests of commerce in general, nor those of the proprietors of the rich produce of India, nor even those of the two hitherto privileged ports, to which the same facilities remain as are possessed by all commercial places, of carrying on the India trade, or any other, if they think it more lucrative.

10. On Saturday last the conservative senate received, by a messenger of state from the tribunate, the vote which that body had passed on the preceding day, expressing their wish to bestow a mark of the national gratitude upon Bonaparte. The senate immediately passed a *senatus consultum* re-electing Bonaparte first consul of the republic for the ten years which shall immediately follow the ten years for which he has been already appointed. The *senatus consultum* was transmitted to the two legislative bodies and to the first consul, who returned an answer which concludes with the following words:—'In your judgment, I ought to make a fresh sacrifice for the good of the people; I shall do, if the wish of the people commands, what your suffrage authorises me to do.'

The colleagues of Bonaparte, however, in the consulate, seem to have considered this decree of the conservative senate as not sufficiently extensive. On Monday last they issued a decree directing an appeal to be made to the people upon this question—'*Shall Napoleon Bonaparte be consul for life?*'

Registers are opened to receive the answers of the people in each commune, and are to continue open for three weeks.

31. The government of France have, at length, appointed a commercial commissioner to reside in England, for the purpose of negotiating a treaty of commerce between the two nations; a measure which has been long looked for here, and which our national habits have made us regard as an indispensable accompaniment of peace. The following is the decree:—

'*Decree of the 26th Floreal (May 16), Year 10.*

'Bonaparte, first consul of the republic, decrees as follows:—

'Art. 1. Citizen Coquebert-Montbret, commissary general for commercial affairs at Amsterdam, is named commissary general of commercial affairs at London.

'2. The minister of foreign affairs is charged with the execution of this decree. (Signed)

'The first consul, BONAPARTE.

'By the first consul.

'The secretary of state,

(Signed) H. B. MARET.'

June 1. It appears from the confession of government itself, that the scarcity of grain in France is productive of very serious apprehension. This confession is recorded in a letter from the minister of the interior to the prefect of the northern department. He laments, in this address, the want of those supplies of the first articles of life, and assures the people that the government, ever attentive to their welfare, is engaged in providing for their necessities, not only from domestic but from foreign sources, the means of gratifying their wants.

HOME NEWS.

London, April 30.

YESTERDAY morning the first battalion of the third regiment of foot-guards, who served with such distinguished honour in Egypt, had a field-day in Hyde-park, when the commanding-officer of the regiment, colonel Grosvenor, in a very handsome speech thanked the battalion for their gallant conduct in the late campaign, and presented each man who had served in Egypt with one shilling, to drink his majesty's health, and success to the peace, to which they had so nobly contributed.

Yesterday, about an hour before the procession came to the Mansion-house, an unlucky accident happened:—a scaffold which was erected for the reception of the lady mayoress and her friends, in the front of the Mansion-house, which was intended for forty or fifty people to be on, by one of the uprights breaking, part of the scaffolding gave way; and from which Mr. Hadley, brother-in-law to the lady mayoress, had his leg broke, Mr. Samuel Dixon had his arm broke, and several others were slightly hurt. Not above 18 were on the scaffold when it fell.

A shocking accident happened yesterday, when the procession was passing the New Church, in the Strand. A number of people were upon the balcony of the church, just under the clock, and pushing round from the west to the east end, following the cavalcade, one of the ornamental stones at the east end gave way, and fell over. It unfortunately killed two men who were within the railing below, besides wounding two others in a dangerous manner. Of the latter one lost an eye, the other is very much wounded on the head.

May 2. A most fatal accident took place, on Thursday evening last, by that dangerous practice of firing off pistols, guns, &c. on nights of rejoicing: Edward Thumbwood, a journeyman to Mr. Robinson, oil-merchant and tin-plate worker, in Long-acre, was passing along King-street, Golden-square, in company with a friend, when a pistol was fired from the door of a tradesman in that street, containing a wood ruler, about five inches and three quarters in length, and about five-eighths of an inch in diameter, which, entering the middle of his right thigh, perforated entirely in, so that the end of it could not be perceived. He was taken to St. George's hospital, where he died.

Norwich, June 1. Yesterday, about twelve at noon, a most tremendous fire suddenly broke out amongst the rags in one of the upper rooms of the paper-mill at Swanton, and raged with such violence, that great part of the whole building (with a very large stock of paper) was, in less than two hours, burnt down to the water's edge: three good engines were procured from Dereham, &c. and arrived on the spot with incredible speed: but the conflagration was so rapid and irresistible, that, notwithstanding the great exertions of the workmen, and of the gentlemen and inhabitants of the neighbourhood, no assistance, in extinguishing the flames, could be derived from them; the only matter to be considered was the getting out all the stock possible; and the small part saved was at the hazard of the lives of those who assisted, insomuch that some of them were obliged at last to effect their escape from the windows. The whole damage is estimated at upwards of four thousand pounds, about one-half of which (fortunately for the proprietors, Messrs. Furness and Robberds) is insured at the Norwich Fire-office.—A barn and cottage, at about three hundred yards distance from the mill, caught

caught fire from the flakes; but, being instantly discovered, no damage ensued to them. No satisfactory account can be given of the cause of this fire, it having broke out in a part of the mill remote from all machinery and chimneys: immediately under it was a rag loft, into which one of the proprietors had occasion to go not more than twenty minutes before it took fire, without perceiving any thing indicating such a calamity; and several persons had been at work during the whole morning, in the room below it, which they had not left more than ten minutes.

Ashburnham, June 2. Tuesday se'nnight, about nine o'clock, a fire was discovered in the dwelling-house of Mr. Button, farmer, of Warbleton, which raged with such fury as to render all attempts to extinguish it of no avail. Owing to the prevalence of a brisk easterly wind, the flames were driven across the turnpike, and communicated to some growing underwoods, the property of the earl of Ashburnham, from fifteen to twenty acres of which, notwithstanding the verdant state of them, were destroyed. The progress of the ravaging element was at length stopped, but not till the house, with nearly the whole of the furniture, a quantity of corn, and the above underwoods, were consumed. Mrs. Button, who is far advanced in pregnancy, very narrowly escaped with her life in attempting to save some of the most valuable effects.

London, June 2. Yesterday being the day appointed for a general thanksgiving for the return of peace, the lord chancellor, attended by the lord chief justices of the court of king's bench and common pleas, and several other temporal lords; likewise the archbishop of Canterbury, the bishop of Rochester, and a number of other bishops, attended divine service in Westminster-abbey, where a sermon was preached by the bishop of Chichester, from the 22d chapter of the first book of Chronicles, and the 18th and 19th verses.—The speaker of the house of commons, attended by the chancellor of the exchequer, sir W. Dolben, sir Edw. Knatchbull, sir Richard Hill, sir C. Morgan, and Messrs. James Martin, Lefevre, Bond, Steele, and upwards of twenty other members, attended divine service in St. Margaret's church. The speaker and his attendants were placed in a most elegant new pew, built in the Gothic style, in the gallery, under the organ. The removal of the pew from the aisle was done at the suggestion of the chancellor of the exchequer, when he was speaker. The sermon was preached by Dr. Vincent, one of the prebends of Westminster, from the 58th Psalm, verse 10.

Salisbury, June 3. The public thanksgiving for the peace took place here on Tuesday last. The Salisbury troop of Wiltshire yeomanry cavalry, and the several corporations of tailors, weavers, &c. walked in procession to and from the cathedral. The tailors, agreeable to ancient usage, brought out the colossal figure of St. Christopher, their patron saint, whose prodigious height and tremendous aspect gave considerable effect to the spectacle, and evidently much delighted the multitude.

Inverary, June 3. Sunday afternoon, about six o'clock, a fire broke out in the castle of Roseneath, belonging to his grace the duke of Argyle, which, we are sorry to learn, was burnt to the ground. It is not distinctly ascertained how the fire began, but it is reported to have been first discovered in the bedrooms, and the whole building was soon in a blaze. A great many boats and two fire-engines were dispatched from Greenock, but they arrived too late to stop the progress of the devouring element. His grace and the whole family who were there, with a number of strangers, went across the Loch to Ardincaple, where they remained all night, and next morning set off for Inverary. The premises, it is said, were insured.

London, June 3. Yesterday, about two o'clock, a tremendous fire broke out at a warehouse in Great Alie-street, Goodman's-fields, belonging to the East-India company, supposed to be occasioned by a candle left burning near some straw, while the labourers were gone to dinner. In the course of an hour a number of engines arrived; but from the want of water at first the flames increased. Three watermen got upon the roof, which fell under them;

them; two are said to be lost; one was dug out of the ruins by some of the Whitechapel officers, in a shocking state, not likely to recover. Several of the Tower hamlet militia attended, with an officer, to clear the place of improper persons who attended for the purpose of plunder. There being a church-yard behind the place, the houses beyond that were safe. The property consumed by the conflagration is very great. The flames were nearly subdued by five o'clock.

The warehouse was formerly the Goodman's-fields theatre, where the celebrated Garrick made his first appearance on the London boards.

5. Yesterday his majesty completed the 61th year of his age, and passed the period deemed the most critical in human life. His birth-day, always celebrated with much joy, deserved particular notice on this occasion, and if it was not more remarkable than usual, at least it was as much distinguished. For, whether it was on account of peace, or for any other reason, the queen's drawing-room was as crowded and as splendid as ever we remember it. We have seen more of the first-rate nobility, and we have seen particular dresses more remarkable for beauty, taste, and grandeur; but we never saw a more numerous assemblage, generally speaking, better dressed; we never saw a court which, taken altogether, was more magnificent.

The day was distinguished by the usual signals of joy, ringing of bells, flags displayed from the churches, the Park and Tower guns fired at one o'clock, &c. and a holiday at all the public offices. The younger branches of the royal family, in the morning, paid their respects to their majesties, and at noon the queen prepared to hold a drawing-room at St. James's, previous to which the Birth-day Ode was performed in the anti-chamber adjoining, and an address of congratulation was delivered by the archbishop of Canterbury. At one o'clock their majesties, and the princesses Augusta, Elizabeth, Mary, Sophia, and Amelia, went to St. James's palace, where the queen held a splendid court.

The company consisted of their royal highnesses the prince and princess of Wales; the dukes of York, Clarence, and Cumberland; his royal highness the duke of Gloucester and princess Sophia; the princess Castelcicala; his grace the archbishop of Canterbury; archbishop of Cashel; bishops of London, Litchfield, Chichester, Norwich, Winchester, Limerick, and St. David's; the lord chancellor, the chancellor of the exchequer, the speaker of the house of commons, the secretary at war, the attorney and solicitor generals, the master of the rolls, Mr. Erskine (chancellor to his royal highness the prince, attending in his robes), the secretaries of state (lords Hobart and Hawkesbury), the rev. Dr. Heath, Dr. Vyse, the rev. Mr. Sandford, the rev. Mr. Dymock, Dr. Duval, Dr. Turton, the right hon. the lord mayor, the sheriffs of London, foreign ambassadors, &c. &c.

On Wednesday evening, as two of the Newington stages were running a race, (and which of late has been the practice both by the Hackney and Newington coaches) they came in contact with each other in passing through Shoreditch turnpike-gate, by which means the fore-part of the hindmost carriage caught the post and was torn to pieces; a young woman, thrown from the box, was much bruised, and miraculously escaped being dashed to pieces; the horses broke loose and galloped off towards Bishopsgate-street. An action lies against the proprietors for the medical attendance on the young woman.

8. The general assembly of the Grand Junction Canal company held their meeting at the Yorkshire Stingo, Lisson-green, Paddington; when it was stated to the proprietors, that the committee of the house of commons had come to a resolution, that the city of London had not any jurisdiction or interference, with the company's establishment of the markets at Paddington.

11. On Tuesday evening, about eight o'clock, as two ladies of Beddington, near Croydon, were walking very near a house in the former village, they were attacked and robbed by a man in sailor's clothes, who soon proceeded from begging to alarming threats and gestures. The presence of mind of one of the ladies enabled her

her to secrete her own purse, of considerable value, and even to divide that of her terrified friend with the foot-pad. He was, soon after the robbery, secured by the laudable exertions of the neighbourhood, and is now lodged in the New Gaol in the Borough.

BIRTHS.

May 25. Mrs. Bean, lady of captain Bean, of a daughter.

28. At Totteridge, Herts, the lady of Vaude Hunter, esq. of a daughter.

June 1. In Somerset-street, the lady of J. Whitaker, esq. of a son and heir.

2. The lady of John Smith, esq. of Finsbury-square, of a son.

The lady of Dr. Pemberton, George-street, Hanover-square, of a son.

3. In Park-place, the right hon. lady Caroline Stuart Wortley, of a son.

4. In Cavendish-square, the right hon. the countess of Cassilis, of a son.

At his house, in Piccadilly, the lady of Thomas Anson, esq. M. P. of a daughter, which died in a few hours.

5. In Jermyn-street, the lady of G. Torrane, esq. of a daughter.

In Conduit-street, Hanover-square, the lady of major Davison, of a son.

6. At his lordship's house, Grosvenor-square, lady Petre, of a son.

In Curzon-street, May-fair, the lady of Samuel Holman, esq. of two sons.

7. In Lincoln's-inn-fields, the lady of Henry Hulton, esq. of a son.

9. At West Molesey-lodge, Surrey, the lady of the hon. captain Richard King, of a daughter.

In the Polygon, Sommers-town, Mrs. Bacon, of a son.

The lady of sir George Cayley, bart. of a son.

10. At the house of the speaker, in Palace-yard, Mrs. Abbot, of a son.

At Taplow, Bucks, the lady of rear-admiral sir Charles H. Knowles, bart. of a son.

11. The lady of James Hulme, esq. Brunswick-square, of a son.

13. In Upper Seymour-street, the lady of T. Nisbett, esq. of a son.

15. In Baker-street, Portman-square, the lady of the rev. John Branston Stane, of Forest-hall, Essex, of a daughter.

MARRIAGES.

May 25. Mr. Cubitt, of St. Mary-hill, to Mrs. Cullam, of Buxton, Norfolk.

Henry Batram Ogle, esq. of the Temple, to miss Raphael, of Baker-street, Portman-square.

Gilbert Harvey West, esq. to miss Folkes, eldest daughter of sir Martin Browne Folkes, bart.

The rev. A. Brodie, A. M. to miss Walter, of Teddington.

27. Mr. T. O. Stock, Holborn, to miss Wilson, eldest daughter of John Wilson, esq. of Islington.

Mr. W. C. Damant, of the Stock-exchange, to miss A. Taylor, youngest daughter of Wm. Taylor, esq.

29. In Dublin, R. P. Dundas, esq. son of general Ralph Dundas, to miss Marianne La Touche, daughter of John La Touche, esq.

Henry Greenway, esq. of Henley-upon-Thames, to miss Woodroffe, eldest daughter of Mr. B. Woodroffe, of Newbury.

June 2. The hon. Mr. Wellesley, brother to the marquis, to lady E. Cadogan, daughter of the earl of Cadogan.

3. Col. Bailey Wallis, M. P. for Ilchester, to Mrs. Bosville, widow of the late col. Bosville, of the guards.

Col. William Colquhoun, late of the guards, to miss Eliz. Farrer Hillersdon, youngest daughter of the late Denis Farrer Hillersdon, esq.

Clark Hillyard, esq. of Northampton, to miss Tahourdin, daughter of the rev. Gabriel Tahourdin, rector of Hannington.

The rev. C. H. White, rector of Shalden, Hampshire, and chaplain to the earl of Dysart, to miss St. Barbe, daughter of the late Alexander St. Barbe, esq. of Blandford, Dorsetshire.

4. At Clapham, the rev. David Saville, to miss Petrie, daughter of Martin Petrie, esq. commissary to his majesty's forces in Portugal.

Mr. Charles Townson, to miss Mary Anne Hounsell, daughter of the late J. Hounsell, esq. of Bridport, Dorset.

Henry Metcalfe, esq. of Murton-house, Northumberland, to Mrs. De la Beche, widow of col. De la Beche, late of Halse-hall, Jamaica.

5. Lieut.-col. Manley Power, of the 20th regiment of foot, to miss Coulson.

Captain

Captain Corne, of the royal navy, to miss Scales, of East Acton.

7. Mr. De Lattre, of Rathbone-place, to miss Maurice, of New Ormond-street.

Major John Maister, of the 20th regiment of foot, to miss Phyn, of Queen Ann-street West.

J. S. Harney, esq. barrister at law, of the Middle Temple, to Mrs. Lightfoot, of Berner's-street.

10. The rev. Edward Goddard, of Cliffe Pylard, Wilts, to miss Bayntun, daughter of E. Bayntun, esq. deceased.

Mr. Henry Burden, jun. of Abingdon, Berks, to miss Jukes, of Lincoln's-inn-fields.

11. Francis Trench, esq. of Dublin, to miss Mason, youngest daughter of the late J. Mason, esq. of Shrewsbury.

14. The hon. James Abercromby, of Lincoln's-inn, to miss Leigh, eldest daughter of Egerton Leigh, esq. of High Leigh and Twemlow, Cheshire.

John Russell, esq. of Camberwell-grove, to miss Foster, of Hart-street, Bloomsbury.

Mr. William Evans, of Budge-row, to miss Sarah Jane Street, youngest daughter of Thomas Street, esq. late of Knightsbridge.

DEATHS.

May 19. Sir P. Ainslie, of Pilton.

26. At his house, at Clapham, in the 72d year of his age, Mr. James Randal, of Queenhithe.

In Quebec-street, aged 89, Mrs. Susannah Ewer, widow and relict of Anthony Ewer, esq. late of Bassey-hall, Hertfordshire.

At his house, on Croom's-hill, Greenwich, Christopher Mason, esq. vice-admiral of the white, in the 58th year of his age.

28. At his lodgings, in Jesus-college, Oxford, after a lingering illness of above nine years, the rev. Joseph Hoare, D. D. principal of that society, prebendary of Westminster, and rector of Turweston, Northamptonshire. This gentleman attended the late earl Harcourt to the court of Mecklenburg-Strelitz, in 1761, and had the high honour of marrying our gracious queen.

At Hackney, Mr. John Hoskins.

At her house, in Bedford-street, Bedford-square, Mrs. Wroughton.

June 2. Mrs. Jane Mainwaring, sister to Wm. Mainwaring, esq. M. P.

The wife of Mr. Fred. Dietrichen, of Bedford-street, Bedford-square.

Mrs. Glasse, daughter of the late Thomas Fletcher, esq. of Ealing, and wife of the rev. George Henry Glasse, rector of Hanwell, Middlesex.

At Totterells, Herts, master H. Casamajor, 5th son of J. Casamajor, esq.

3. Mrs. Mary Flood, wife of L. Flood, esq. of Maryland-point, Stratford.

Mr. Greave, of Catharine-street, Strand, an eminent dealer in prints.

4. Mrs. Cornewall, of Chart-park, Surrey, widow of captain Cornewall.

At Vauxhall, Mr. Henry Addis, of the Borough, Southwark.

5. Mrs. Wood, lady of colonel Wood, of Piercefield, M. P. for Newark.

At the house of Henry Bonham, esq. Broad-street-buildings, capt. Charles Wemyss, of the royal navy.

At his seat, at Fulbeck, in Lincolnshire, the hon. Henry Fane, member in the present parliament for Lime-Regis, in Dorsetshire; brother to the late, and uncle to the present, earl of Westmoreland.

6. J. B. Murphy, esq. of Sion-college.

7. At his seat, at Rushton-hall, Northamptonshire, the right hon. C. Cockayne, lord viscount and baron Cullen, of Ireland.

At Highbury-place, Joseph Maysey, esq. of Amwell, Herts.

9. Mrs. Pidcock, wife of Mr. Pidcock, surgeon, at Watford, Herts.

At Bohun-gate, near East Barnet, of the gout in his stomach, J. Baker, esq.

At Brislington-cottage, near Bristol, miss C. Vander Horst, daughter of E. Vander Horst, esq. American consul.

11. Sir John Russell, bart. of Checkers, in the county of Bucks. By his death the title and estates go to his only brother, now sir George Russell.

At his house, in Upper Brook-street, John Cookson, esq.

At West Broomwich, aged 129, Mr. John Sheldon. He had 9 children, 51 grandchildren, 94 great grandchildren, and 5 children of the 4th generation.

Mr. Rous, barrister. He was seized on the Tuesday preceding with an apoplectic stroke in the court of exchequer, as he was beginning to address the jury. He never recovered from the attack.