

THE  
**LADY'S MAGAZINE,**  
 OR  
 ENTERTAINING COMPANION  
 FOR  
**THE FAIR SEX;**

APPROPRIATED  
 SOLELY TO THEIR USE AND AMUSEMENT.

For JULY, 1802.

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

- 1 THE DISBANDED SOLDIER.
- 2 For the MORAL ZOÖLOGIST—THE GOAT.
- 3 An elegantly-coloured PARIS DRESS.
- 4 A new and elegant PATTERN for a VEIL, &c.
- 5 MUSIC—"My Soul with tender Bliss runs o'er." A favourite Arietta. Translated from the Italian of Metastasio by John Hoole, Esq.

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Where Favours from Correspondents continue to be received.

## TO CORRESPONDENTS.

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THE continuation of Count Schweitzer in our next.

The Sonnets by Juliana F\*\*\*x shall certainly have a place in our next. We shall be glad to receive further contributions from this ingenious correspondent.

Curio's Essay is intended for insertion.

The satirical poem signed Verus appears to be written to gratify private pique; the versification, besides, is not very excellent.

We are unable to give any information to J. C. relative to the particulars concerning which he inquires.

The Blind Man's Petition—The Maniac—Sonnets by C. T.—and Alexis, a Pastoral—are received, and under consideration.

THE  
LADY'S MAGAZINE,

FOR  
JULY, 1802.

THE RIGID FATHER;  
A NOVEL.

(Continued from page 286.)

LETTER X.

*M. Richter to M. Bernstorff.*

Luneburg.

TO make slaves of their fellow-men, my good old friend, seems not to be peculiar to those who possess sugar-plantations, but to be the failing of the greater part of human kind. What is most extraordinary in this is, that the master still makes pretensions to the love of his slaves, as in fact I myself have done. You remember (thank God the time is past!) when we were in Curaçao, how we behaved to our slaves. Did we not endeavour to obtain their love? Did we not anxiously strive to deserve their gratitude? It is true we gave them their dishes full of rice, and treated them not like devils, but humanely. We may lay our hands upon our hearts, good Bernstorff, and say we treated them humanely. How else could the unfortunate creatures have loved their masters? Man can bear every thing but slavery; and that, indeed, how should he bear? Persuasion is the only sovereignty that one man can bear from another, and scarcely that. Gracious Heaven! there is one way, and one only, to reach the human heart—affection. But this way, though it is that the Almighty takes with us, man disdains to follow. He will rend the heart he would penetrate, instead of waiting till it shall open itself to the ray of

love. The bee hangs on the closed cup of the flower, and waits till the warm ray of the sun shall open it; the child breathes with his warm breath on the flower, that it may expand its leaves: yet how differently does man act by the human heart!

My brother, in order to secure to himself the affection and obedience of his son, has locked him up, a close prisoner, in his room. I have told him over and over, till I am tired, that confinement never yet produced love and willing obedience.

'Your son,' said I to him, 'to avenge himself, will be still less inclined to obey you.'

'O no, a son can never be so wicked!' whined out an old aunt, who, in this house, turns every thing upside down.

'Judith is in the right,' said my brother: 'it is contrary to nature that a son should hate his father.'

Nothing irritates me more than when people endeavour to shelter their folly behind such general expressions and maxims as these.

'What then is the meaning,' said I coldly, 'of the words son and father? What is that natural affection which the hard-hearted man can talk as freely of as the benevolent? Do you think, brother, that nature has formed so firm a bond between father and son, and yet permitted you to loose yourself from it at pleasure? Father and son are the de-

nominations which signify the bond of a natural affection. Affection did I say? The purest and most sacred love should unite each to the other; take from the commands of the father every thing that may appear harsh and forbidding in the nature of a command, and render the obedience of the son an exquisite pleasure. Take away this love, and the father will become a master, and the son a servant. Then, instead of love, we shall have hatred; instead of confidence, rancour; instead of advice, commands; and instead of affectionate compliance, the obedience of the slave. What gives a father his sacred rights? Not surely his having given existence to his children? The mother, from the pains and dangers of childbirth, would then have rights much greater and still more sacred. Affection to his son gives the father his rights: take that away, the son can owe him only precisely so much obedience as his future inheritance may be worth. We exhort children to love their parents, and to be grateful and obedient to them. Good! very good! But shall a father never be told that his son likewise has his rights? When a father makes his child the sport of his caprice; when he sacrifices the whole happiness of his son's life, to a temporary advantage of his own, or his love of authority, shall no one say to him—"Thy son is a man, and not thy slave?"

'Oh!' said Judith, 'now I perceive why my nephew Charles is so obstinate and self-willed.'

'No,' said I, 'I certainly shall not hold this language to your son. I know well that young persons, when all their whims and caprices are not indulged, are too apt to call us tyrannical and cruel. But I know, likewise, that we old men often take our passions—our pride, avarice,

and love of authority—for virtues, as young men do their extravagancies.'

All my talking, however, had but little effect, and my nephew is locked up a close prisoner, because he will not marry a person with whom he would probably be miserable. My brother-in-law was indebted for his fortune to the grandfather of the girl; and so the son is to be made to pay the father's debts. The girl is an artful, designing, extravagant hussy, who only looks to the money of my nephew. She is wanton and dissolute, too, I fear, which is the worst that can be said of a girl; for woman by nature has not a propensity to wantonness.

As soon as I found that my brother-in-law had conceived the design of this marriage, I employed myself in endeavouring to learn, as privately as possible, the real character of the girl, and discovered circumstances which proved to me what a fruitful source of corruption the present mode of female education is, when it acts upon vanity. You would be astonished, good honest Bernstorff, were I to tell you all the base effects that vanity has produced in this family.

I had resolved to obstruct the hasty completion of this marriage by every means in my power, whatever might be the consequences. Fortunately my nephew has conceived an affection for the daughter of a widow. I have already mentioned her to you in a former letter. She is so like my Julia! she is all simplicity, goodness, tenderness!—My nephew, as may be supposed, refused to sign the marriage-contract with the other. I then said aloud, somewhat maliciously I own, that I was sure the young lady would not sign it. She, however, took the pen. This thoughtless eagerness she will never be able to atone

atone for with my nephew: I could see disgust in every feature of his countenance.

My nephew was confined in his chamber the same evening; and I almost doubt whether some violence may not be attempted on the poor innocent girl. I shall, however, be at hand to afford assistance to both should it be requisite.

You see, my good old friend, I am again involved in a romantic adventure; but I hope I shall be able at last to act the part of the good English captain, who took us out of our leaky vessel on board his own sound ship. My nephew remains very patiently in his chamber, where he is even denied the use of pen and ink. I am narrowly watched with respect to every thing I do, and where I go, so that I must let some days pass over before I can carry the poor girl the welcome intelligence that the absence of her lover is only occasioned by his being confined on account of his fidelity to her.

#### LETTER XI.

*The same to the same.*

Lunenburg.

THE storm still continues, my good friend; in our family every one seems to have conspired against the happiness of the other. I am almost ready, to say the truth, to break open the prison of my nephew, and give him liberty to go and see the poor girl on whom he has bestowed his heart; but I would much rather be able to convince my brother that he is in the wrong, than too violently intermeddle in an affair so delicate.

A day or two since, I went to see the widow, under my usual pretext of carrying work for her and her daughter. I found them both, as I expected, evidently very uneasy, but they said nothing. I would

not discover myself, but sat down and conversed on the common topics of the town, to introduce the information I intended to give. I mentioned miss Willmans (that is the name of the young lady my nephew is required by his father to marry). When I pronounced her name, I saw a tear start into the eyes of the daughter; but I took care not to observe it.

'Poor girl!' said I, 'how strangely things sometimes happen in this world! She was to have been married, it is reported, to young Mr. Janson; and now he will positively have nothing to say to her.'

'Nothing to say to her!' said the daughter, and seemed anxiously attentive to my words.

'No, indeed,' continued I; 'and so his father has confined him to his room to force him to consent.'

'Gracious Heaven!' exclaimed she: 'confined him!'

She turned from me, and I heard her sigh heavily.

'But I hear,' continued I coolly, 'that he has already given his heart to another; and if that be the case, I will venture my life they must set him at liberty again without obtaining their end.'

'That I think, too,' said the mother: 'they cannot force him.'

'But, dear mother, confined to his room! who knows how severely he may be treated!' said the daughter, with broken sighs.

'Severely treated!' said I—'I have been young myself, my dear child; and, if you had a lover, only ask your own heart if imprisonment for his sake would not appear like a heaven to you! He may remain there perhaps a fortnight, with his thoughts all the time fixed on the dear object of his affections. Will not that give him pleasure? And as to Mr. Janson, I know with certainty that he is as cheerful and happy

as

as ever he was in his life ; one of the clerks at his house has told me that.'

You see, my good friend, I had now got rid of my parcel of comfort which I had undertaken to carry ; and I left the house, extremely well satisfied with what I had seen and what I had done. A little trouble is an additional enjoyment to an affectionate heart : it is a dark cloud in the clear sky of spring, which heightens the beauty of the day.—But I have now another story to tell.

Yesterday morning a hackney-coachman inquired for me, and wished to speak with me alone. As the man had a very honest countenance, I took him into my chamber. There he began with a long account of the great respect and regard he had for my nephew, for the sake of his mother, my late sister, whose goodness had preserved him and his family, when they were in the utmost distress, from sickness and want. He then proceeded, in a very perplexed manner, to tell me that my nephew had sometimes hired his coach for a little country excursion, and taken the widow Silverman and her son and daughter with him.

'Young Mr. Janson,' continued he, 'has I believe a particular kindness for the daughter, and she is, indeed, a very good and a very pretty girl : but I am convinced he means nothing dishonourable ; otherwise I might have gone once, but he certainly should have had my coach no more for any such base purpose, though in other respects I would go through fire and water to serve my young master.'

'And is that all,' said I, at last, 'that you came to tell me?'

'No,' said he, 'had I thought it necessary to tell you that, I should certainly have come and told you sooner. But the principal matter I came about,—and I think you will

agree with me that it is of some consequence,—is this:—Yesterday I was employed to drive madam Willmans and a person who was an entire stranger to me. They talked about my young master and the widow's daughter he is so fond of ; and, from what they said, they have some bad designs against the poor girl. I am sure there is a wicked plot against her.'

I now became attentive. From what I could learn from this honest man, Mrs. Willmans has formed a plan to have the girl and her mother carried off ; and, if the ears of the coachman are to be trusted, there seems to be a design against the innocence of the daughter. There has, it appears, been some talk of conveying her to Hamburg. I have been mentioned, too, and accused of supporting my nephew ; which induced the coachman to apply to me. He intreated me very earnestly to espouse the cause of the poor girl.

'She is not rich,' said he ; 'but her countenance is so expressive of innocence that I cannot bear to think that any harm should happen to her.'

I pressed his hand with a sympathetic feeling, and was sorry that I was obliged to let him go without another kind of reward ; but I cannot as yet lay aside the appearance of poverty.

It is not improbable that Mrs. Willmans will endeavour to have the girl carried off. If they take her to Hamburg, there will be work cut out for you, my good Bernstorff. The stranger is named Knoch, or Schocher ; the coachman could not rightly remember the name. He is a little man with a prominence on his back, a long sharp chin, and wears a cut wig.

'Let us only get the pretty creature to Hamburg,' said he, 'and I warrant we will manage the business.'

The

*Engraved for the Lady's Magazine.*



*The Disbanded Soldier.*

The post is going out. My nephew is still confined. I wonder both at his and his father's patience. Farewell.

(To be continued.)

## THE DISBANDED SOLDIER;

AN ANECDOTE\*.

[With an elegant Engraving.]

SOON after the peace of Luneville, M. Monjoli, a Frenchman, who had acquired a considerable fortune by some lucrative employments he had enjoyed under government, met with and married a beautiful Piedmontese lady. They travelled together into Italy, into which country his occupations called him, and were entertained, in the neighbourhood of Piacenza, for some days, by a rich Italian, the cousin of M. Monjoli. About that time several corps of troops had been disbanded by the government of the Italian republic, in consequence of the peace, and many robberies were committed in the neighbouring country. One evening, as M. Monjoli and his lady were walking near the skirts of a thick and romantic wood, they were suddenly attacked by one of these banditti, who rushed suddenly upon them from behind some bushes; and, drawing his sword, told them that they must bestow on him some liberal alms, or that he was prepared to enforce their charity.

'I do not,' said he, 'ask this for myself; though, considering all the hardships I have suffered in the field, and all the wounds I have received in the support of a cause which I was taught was that of mankind in general, I think I have some claims to the generosity of the world.—

But no more of that—I ask for my poor wife, who, from sickness and want, lies at the point of death. You must give her effectual assistance immediately.'

'You seem,' said M. Monjoli, 'to be a brave man; and fighting in the French armies, or in conjunction with the French, how could you be left in so much want as to render such an act as this necessary for the support of your wife?'

'Perhaps I was too generous: if I saw distress, I gave away my money. But I could not intrigue, and I sometimes spoke out too plainly against the pillage and plunderings of some of my officers; for I could not rob—not I mean till compelled by absolute necessity. My wife would sooner die than accept relief in this manner now, but I will not see her die. She is of a family not rich, indeed, but of most honourable principles. Her brother, however, we have lately heard, has got into the right revolutionary track, and made a great fortune in a very short time by some employments under the government. He is now Mr. commissary Monjoli.'

The countenances of both Mr. Monjoli and his lady expressed the utmost astonishment. The soldier proceeded—

'For myself, I am a Piedmontese, a native of Pignerol. Animated with the most ardent enthusiasm for the republican cause, I left my friends, and took up arms. I have gained nothing but the knowledge that our superiors make us the tools of their self-interest and ambition.'

'Are you a Piedmontese?' said madame Monjoli. 'I had a brother who went into the army in despite of the remonstrances of his friends. Your name is not Giannone?'

'It is,' said the soldier; 'but I will never again see any of my friends or relations. I will not expose myself to their upbraidings.'

An

\* This anecdote is founded on one related as a fact in a recent German journal.

An explanation now soon took place, by which it appeared that the soldier was the brother of madame Monjoli, and his wife the sister of her husband; by whose fortune and influence they were both afterwards amply provided for.

### THE BUSTS.

[From the '*Journal des Dames*.']

I WENT this morning to a celebrated peruke-maker and hair-cutter with one of my friends who wished to consult him on the cut of his hair. He received us in a handsome little parlour, around which were placed small busts of Greek, French, and Roman heads. The operator looked at my friend, requested him to turn his head to the right and to the left; to look upwards to the skies, downwards to the earth, and through the window; to smile, to assume an expression of anger; to examine a picture of a beautiful woman going into a bath; to walk, to dance, to wipe his nose. The wig-maker, in the mean time, walked round him, viewed him with the utmost attention, and, after having reflected for some moments, said to him—

'Sir, I am satisfied; I see what you want—a mixture of the Titus, the Caracalla, and the Alcibiades. Look at these busts: these tufts of the *chevelure* of Titus are full of benignity; but it is important to add to them those of Caracalla, which are extremely severe, and to enliven them by some coquettish looks of the Alcibiades. You shall be exactly suited.'

At this moment he turned his eyes upon me. I had just come from under the hands of the hair-cutter, and I read in the eyes of the artist that he had acquitted himself in a very wretched manner. He approached me, and, after having politely requested permission,

raised lightly some tufts of my hair, and exclaimed—

'Not a single lock that shows a just knowledge of the art! not a single one! What barbarian has thus mutilated your hair? It is horrible! it is most horrible! In three months, however, I can repair the error. You are of a dusky-pale complexion. Happy deformity! for this is the true antique colour. We may give to your *toupet* a tone vigorously defined. Your eyes are black to give pleasure, your hair is black to dispense terror. Beautiful mixture! Sir, I will give you an assemblage of the Juvenal and the Tiberius, with a little of the Titus: it shall be perfection itself.'

I was, as may be supposed, filled with admiration. At the same instant a young man came in quite out of breath.

'There,' cried he, as he entered; 'there is the head of Antinoüs!' laying it on the table.

The peruke-maker examined it, and, with the point of his scissors, followed the outline of the hair of Antinoüs.

'This is good, extremely good, sir,' said he to the young man.—'Leave this head here: I will study it, and be with you to-morrow at noon.'

'Observe,' said the young man, 'this tender lock; and this other so expressive of life, wit, and sensibility. Here, indeed, is another which does not please me so much: it is more that of the libertine than the mere voluptuary; but take notice with what address, by crossing it with this lock of attention, the artist has obviated the extravagance which would otherwise have been the result.'

'I feel all this, sir,' exclaimed the peruke-maker with enthusiasm—'I feel it—I am penetrated with it. To-morrow your hair shall be a master-piece.'

THE MORAL ZOOLOGIST.

(Continued from p. 291.)

LETTER XL.

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

I AM at a loss whether to ascribe it to innate virtue, or to acquired veneration, when we experience a degree of reverence for subjects which more immediately occur in Holy Writ. The dignity of inspired writers, blended with the native beauty of oriental language, tends to impress the mind with a peculiar degree of attention, and the sacred testimonials of the most common circumstances thereby become interesting and eventful. These reflexions are naturally excited by considering the properties of the camel, and comparing them with those of the horse, or many other quadrupeds. The camel, it is well known, constituted the wealth of the patriarchal tribes, and still continues to be the chief source of Arabian riches; notwithstanding the whole species are intrinsically devoid of beauty, and, from the laborious services that are imposed on them, may justly be regarded as the most persecuted of the brute creation. The principal distinctive characteristics of the camel genus are: no cutting-teeth in the upper jaw; the upper lip cleft or divided like that of a hare; six cutting-teeth in the lower jaw; small hoofs, and no spurious ones.

ARABIAN ONE-BUNCHED CAMEL.

This animal has a small head; short ears; long neck, of a slender construction and bending form. The height to the summit of the bunch on the back is six feet six inches. The hair is of a soft texture; longest about the regions of

the neck, under the throat, and near the bunch: the colour on that of the dorsal protuberance is dusky, on the other parts of a reddish-ash hue. The tail is long; the hair on the middle soft, on the sides coarse, black, and long. The hoofs are small; the feet flat, divided above, but not through, their soles very tough, but of a pliant texture. There are six callosities on the legs, one on each knee, one on the inside of each fore-leg on the fore-joint, one on the interior side of the hind-leg at the bottom of the thigh, another on the lower part of the breast, which are the principal parts on which the animal rests in a couchant posture.

This species are subject to numerous varieties. The Arabian is the most hardy kind, and the Turkish the largest. The dromedary, maihary, and raguahl, are very fleet, inferior in size, and of a more delicate structure than the preceding; therefore never carry burdens, but are only used to ride on, for racing, and carrying couriers. The Arabian or one-bunched camel is common in Africa, and the warmest climates of Asia, though not diffusely dispersed: it is used as a common beast of burden in the countries bordering on the Mediterranean Sea, Egypt, Morocco, Zaara, or the Desert, and in various inland parts of Africa. In Asia, it is found in Turkey and Arabia, but not farther north than Persia; as it is of a tender temperament, therefore unable to subsist in variable or inclement climes. As the extremes of heat and cold appear equally unsuitable to the camel, it seems to be an intermediate inhabitant, and genuine native of Arabia; its construction and propensities appearing to be best adapted to that arid soil and desert country. The feet of the camel, from their spongy pliancy, are pecu-

liarily suited for walking on the deep sands of the regions he inhabits, and his stomach is amply furnished with recesses, to contain water sufficient to afford a supply of that needful commodity, during a long tedious march through a country where the salutary aid of springs is denied; by which means he is enabled to subsist without any liquid refreshment, but that which his natural reservoir affords. These animals have been often known to abstain from water for the space of seven or eight days; and, according to the testimony of some authors, for fifteen days. By the acuteness of their scent, they can perceive water at the distance of half a league. They also patiently endure hunger, and will pursue a journey of many days continuance, by being fed with some dates, balls of bean- or barley-meal, and the coarsest kind of thorny herb-*age*; and, as they are of a ruminating nature, when they meet with good pasturage, they eat sufficient at one repast to suffice for their subsistence twenty-four hours. These instances of the inversions of the common demands of nature are an incontrovertible proof of the universality of Divine Providence, which operates in causing every creature to be effectively endued with powers according to its local and native condition. The force and truth of this assertion require no other proof than a survey of the animal creation, which clearly manifests that to every the most inconsiderable being convenient and needful faculties are assigned, which conspire in reflecting glory on the Great Author of Nature.

The Arabians justly regard the camel as the peculiar gift of Heaven, from its general utility and beneficial qualities; as, without the aid of this useful animal, they could neither subsist, traffic, or journey to

any distance. Camel's-milk forms a great part of the Arabian's subsistence, and the flesh of these animals when young is esteemed a dainty. Their hair, also, which is shed every year, constitutes a considerable branch of commerce; as, from its peculiar fine texture, it is manufactured into stuffs of various kinds. By means of the camel, the Arabians, with safety and expedition, traverse the most desert regions of the globe. It is not unusual for an Arab, mounted on a camel, to perform a journey of fifty leagues in one day; which must appear very extraordinary, when we reflect that the dreary deserts of Arabia are entirely destitute of verdure, refreshing streams, or any intervening local comfort, being perpetually scorched by the most ardent solar rays, and interspersed with craggy rocks, barren mountains, and a dry soil, blended with formidable drifts of sand, intermixed with bones and flints, with not a single vestige of an human habitation to cheer the exhausted traveller. So powerful is the rapacious thirst of gain, that even these desolate regions are traversed in quest of pecuniary emolument, and also for the base purposes of theft and rapine; as it is a common practice among the Arabs to load their camels with subsistence, and to proceed into the deserts, to pillage the scattered houses and unwary passengers, and, after having laden their beasts with the booty, retreat with speed. In these expeditions those formidable robbers have been known to perform a journey of three hundred leagues in eight days, by only allowing their camels to rest one hour in each day, with no other subsistence than a ball of paste, and the refreshment they derive from the water contained in their intestine ventricle, or fifth stomach. In Turkey, Persia, Arabia, Egypt,

Egypt, and Barbary, the merchandise is conveyed by camels, many of which will carry a thousand or twelve hundred weight. In their progress they usually walk ten or twelve leagues in a day, and the mercantile adventurers travel in caravans, or great bodies, as the means of being secure from the depredations of the wild Arabs. Camels are unquestionably the most oppressed of all the quadruped tribes, as from their infancy they are destined to labour without intermission. To inure them to these hard services, a few days after their birth, their master folds their limbs under their belly, and loads them with a burden of great weight, which is not removed but for the cruel purpose of imposing a heavier; in this position they are compelled to remain for a certain period; their meals also are regulated in scanty portions administered at long intervals, to enable them to travel without frequent refreshment, and, thus trained, by degrees execute journeys of great length. The camel race may, therefore, properly be said to be trammelled in perpetual bondage, as the whole species are employed in the most laborious exertions, which in a great measure cause contortions in their structure, as the unnatural positions they are compelled to adopt tend to warp their frame, and consequently occasion corporeal deformity. The Arabs pay so little attention to these useful animals, notwithstanding they constitute their wealth, and liberally contribute to their convenience, that they do not even unlade them whilst they sleep; as, even then, they rest with their legs bent under them, which by constant habit becomes an easy position. It is evident, from the lamentable cries of these animals, that they suffer very acute sensations of pain from the brutal

ferocity of their owners: yet with exemplary patience they endure the harsh treatment they receive; and, by the most uniform docility and inoffensive conduct, conform implicitly to their master's will, as they bend their knees and lie down to be loaded, at the slightest signal given for that purpose; and rise again, when completely laden, without any assistance, at a similar token. They are also so tractable, that they require neither whip nor spur; and when they begin to be tired, and consequently abate in the rapidity of their progress, they are induced to continue their march by the sound of singing, or of a musical instrument, which is obliged to be continued from one resting-place to another: blows rather retard than hasten their course. The female camels are exempted from labour, and are allowed to pasture freely; as greater emolument is derived from their offspring and milk, than from any other mode of service. They produce but one young one at a birth: their time of gestation is about twelve months, and the usual length of their life forty or fifty years. Every thing appertaining to these animals is converted to profit; as their flesh is a pleasant article of food, their milk used for the nourishment of man, their hair superior in quality to the finest wool, and their very excrements of essential use; as sal ammoniac is extracted from their urine; and their dung serves not only for litter for themselves and other animals, but is excellent fuel. Thus does the beneficent Author of Nature ordain, that, in regions where vegetation does not flourish, or social comforts abound, numerous conveniences should be derived from one source, evidently originating from the fountain of Universal Goodness.

THE BACTRIAN TWO-BUNCHE  
CAMEL.

The Bactrian or Turkish camels differ only from the Arabian or dromedary kind, by having two bunches or protuberances on the back. Exclusive of this dorsal variation, their construction and properties are perfectly similar, and therefore they can only be considered as a variety of the preceding species.

This species are very hardy, and are capable of supporting as great burdens as the former kind. They are found in great numbers in Asia, and are employed as beasts of labour from the Caspian Sea to the empire of China: they even can endure the severity of the Siberian climate and that of Lake Baikal, but are there of less dimensions than those reared in more temperate latitudes. During the winter season, in these cold countries, they subsist on trees of various kinds; which causes them to become lean. In the month of April they lose their hair, and their coat is not renewed till June. Salt marshes and dry situations are the most congenial to these animals. A variety of this species are found in a wild state in the deserts of some of the temperate latitudes of Asia, which are larger in dimensions, and possess more generous qualities, than the domesticated tribes. In China there is a fleet variety, denominated 'camels with feet of the wind,' to imply their speed. The fat of these animals is esteemed a panacea in many disorders, by the inhabitants of these eastern countries. There is also a white variety, in the vicinity of Lake Baikal, which are consecrated to the idols and priests revered by the superstitious votaries of their Pagan rites. The two-bunched camel is very rare in Arabia, as it is only carried thither, and kept as a rarity by persons of consequence. The camels already spe-

cified are evidently native inhabitants of Asia and Africa; the remaining species of this genus consist of those of the camel tribe which are peculiar to America or the New Continent: which are the llama, or lama, and the pacos.

## THE LLAMA.

The llama, or lama, has a small head; fine black eyes; and very long neck, much bent, and protuberant near the junction with the body. The back is almost even; and in a tame state is covered with smooth short hair, in a wild state with long coarse hair, of a white, grey, and russet hue, disposed in spots. From the testimony of Hernandez, this animal is of a yellowish cast, with a black line or list from the head to the tail. The belly is white. This variation induces Mr. Pennant to imagine that the spotted are probably the subjugated lamas, and the other sort wild animals of the same species. The tail is short. The general height of the lama is four feet, or four feet and an half; the length from the neck to the tail is six feet. The general contours of this animal are perfectly similar to those of the camel, except that it is destitute of the protuberance on the back: they are also equally gentle and tractable; and, before the reduction of South-America by the Spaniards, were the only beasts of burden used by the Indians: at present, mules are employed in those countries for the plowing of land, and other works of agriculture.

Lamas are native inhabitants of Peru and Chili, and have been transported from thence to some other South-American provinces, where they are rather esteemed as curiosities than converted to real utility. In Peru, where these animals are most numerous, their extreme usefulness renders them of great

great value, insomuch that they chiefly constitute the wealth of the lower class of the inhabitants of that country. They can carry a great weight, and are remarkably sure-footed, as they have a spur at the hinder part of their cloven hoof which enables them to keep their ground in the most rugged roads. Their usual progress is but slow; but, to compensate for their defect in speed, they can journey four or five days without taking rest, and can traverse craggy regions inaccessible to other animals.

It is said that three hundred thousand llamas, on an average, are constantly employed in conveying the gold and silver dug out of the mines in Potosi. In the course of this arduous journey they take rest for about the space of thirty hours, and then resume their laborious progress. As the habitudes of these animals are very similar and congenial to those of the camel, when they are inclined to repose, they rest on their knees with great caution, but, when their master whistles, instantly rise with equal care. In the course of their journeys they browse, but never eat in the night, as they are ruminating animals, and employ that season in chewing the cud. They require but little food, and less drink, as they are more abundantly supplied with saliva than any other animal, and have no other mode of expressing their resentment than by ejecting their spittle on their adversaries; which is endued with such an inflammatory quality that it excites an itching sensation, and occasions a reddish cutaneous spot. When these animals sink under their prodigious loads, every effort to raise them proves ineffectual; and, if they are beaten for their supineness, they frequently kill themselves in despair. The llamas are not very prolific, as the female brings

forth only one young one at a time, which immediately after it is born is in a state to follow its mother.

The flesh of the young lama is very palatable, but that of the adult animal is tough and unpleasant. Their skin is used for shoes, harnesses, and other purposes. Their back being so well clothed with wool, saddles are unnecessary. Their fleece has a rank offensive scent; and it is probable the term of their life is short, as they soon attain maturity.

This species inhabit the vast chain of the Andes to the Straits of Magellan; but never approach the sea, except when the mountains they frequent are near the coast.

As all tamed animals proceed from an unsubjugated stock, the guanaco, or (according to some authors) the huanacas, appears to be a wild lama in its genuine native state. These animals are described as being more strong, agile, and fleet, than the domesticated kind: they are gregarious, and herd in great flocks; climb the steepest precipices, and prefer cold to temperate regions; which is evident from their seeking a residence in the most elevated situations covered with snow. They are found in great abundance in the highest regions of the Cordilleras, and are pursued by the hunters for their fleeces, but often escape by taking refuge among rocks of an amazing height. When they feed, they appoint a sentinel to watch and give notice of the approach of danger, by taking his post on the summit of a precipice. These animals produce a bezoar of a superior quality to those found in the stomachs of the domestic llamas. The guanacos are usually killed with fire-arms, as their fleetness enables them to escape the pursuit of the canine species. Their flesh is highly esteemed by the Indians, and their

hair

hair manufactured into cloths of various textures.

#### THE PACOS.

The pacos appears to approach as near to the lama as the ass does to the horse species. These animals are on a smaller scale, and less qualified for laborious pursuits; but their fleeces are more beautiful, consequently held in higher estimation, and manufactured in various manners; thus furnishing a considerable branch of commerce to the Spaniards. The domestic pacos are called alpaques, and vary in colour; some being black, and others of a brownish hue blended with yellow. Their construction is perfectly similar to that of the lama, but their dimensions are considerably less, as they are nearly the size of a buck. The tame pacos are employed like the domestic lamas in carrying burdens, though from their inferiority in strength they can only carry loads of smaller weight; they are also more capricious in their nature, and less fertile; which occasioned the kings of Peru in former times to issue an edict to prohibit their being hunted. These animals are very timid and fleet; and, from the thickness and length of their fleece, better able to sustain cold than the lama species. They are found in greatest abundance in Terra Magellanica, and the guanacos, or wild lamas, often herd with them. The wild pacos, or vigognes, are covered with fine wool of the colour of dried roses, or of a dull purple cast, the hue of which cannot be altered by any artificial means.—The belly of these animals is uniformly white. The extreme timidity and wonderful agility of the wild pacos cause them to be difficult to take; the Indians, therefore, have recourse to the following stratagem.

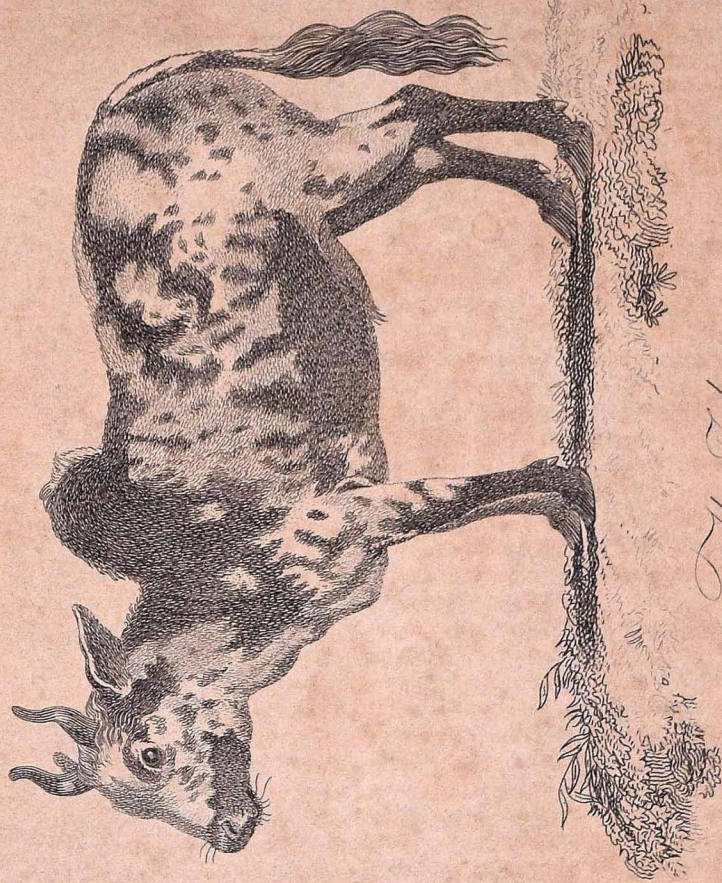
They tie cords, with pieces of cloth or wool fastened to them, about four feet from the ground, across the narrow passes of the mountains, and then chase the animals towards them. The pacos are so dismayed at the motion of the suspended rags, that they herd together with a degree of confused precipitation; which gives the hunters a fair opportunity to kill them with their slings and other weapons. As their flesh is inferior in quality to that of the guanaco, they are only pursued for their wool and the bezoars they produce.

The several individual species of the camel tribe are indisputable testimonials of the efficacy of Divine Wisdom in the dispensation of their respective qualities. The gradation, or perhaps, to speak with more propriety, the degradation, of the several classes proves, beyond the possibility of a doubt, that all the members are apparently more or less useful in proportion to the necessities of the inhabitants of their native regions. In the arid deserts of Arabia, and in the frozen climes of Lapland, we perceive the camel and the rein-deer dispensed as an universal blessing. In latitudes less scantily provided with local comforts, these general qualities gradually decline, and become more partially allotted. In the camel, deer, and other genera, we may trace that each species has propensities granted, suited to its own condition, and the benefit of those beings more especially within its sphere of action. A due sense of these distinguished blessings cannot fail to excite the gratitude which exists in your ladyship's heart on all laudable occasions; with which I beg leave to blend the kindred sensations of your affectionate

EUGENIA.

(To be continued.)

*Engraved for the Lady's Magazine.*



*The Lebu.*

ON POLYANDRY, or the CUSTOM  
of having many HUSBANDS, usual  
with the WOMEN of TIBET.

[From Captain Turner's '*Account of an Embassy to the Court of the Teshoo Lama in Tibet.*']

AS soon as the sun had risen, we quitted the gates of the monastery of Terpaling, and descended to the valley, crossing a narrow water-course that divided the hill which we had left, from another on the opposite side. Having ascended this, we came down soon after upon a wide plain, bounded on all sides by naked eminences; upon the summit of one of which, and on its southern aspect, was a large religious settlement of female devotees. This kind of edifice is styled annee goomba. In this solitary station, like the gylongs (or monks) of Terpaling, the annees (or nuns) rise to their orisons, chant their mid-day mass, and, having concluded their vespers, retire to their solitary cells. This association of nuns had often been mentioned to me; but in the course of my travels I had never yet seen one of them before, though many were said to be existing at that time in various parts of Tibet. I would gladly have gone to visit these devotees in their secluded station; but it was at some distance from our road, and the loss of time dissuaded me from the attempt. Though nuns, the admission of male visitors among them during the day is not prohibited; but no male is ever suffered to pass a night within the walls that inclose the annees, any more than a female is within those that surround the gylongs.

That they should be thus drawn, in such multitudes, to these solitary retreats, from the business and pleasures of the world, will less excite our surprise when we reflect on the peculiar custom that prevails with

regard to the union of the sexes in Tibet; a custom at once different from the modes of Europe, where one female becomes the wife of one male; and opposite to the practice of Asia, where one male assumes an uncontrolled despotism over many females, limiting his connexion with wives and concubines only by the extent of his resources. Here we find a practice equally strange, that of polyandry, if I may so call it, universally prevailing; and see one female associating her fate and fortune with all the brothers of a family, without any restriction of age or of numbers. The choice of a wife is the privilege of the elder brother; and, singular as it may seem, I have been assured that a Tibetan wife is as jealous of her connubial rites, though thus joined to a numerous party of husbands, as the despot of an Indian zenana is of the favours of his imprisoned fair. Under circumstances so unfavourable, it is no wonder that the business of increasing the species is but coldly carried on.

Officers of state, as well as those who aspire to such distinctions, deem it, indeed, a business ill suited with their dignity or duties to attend to the propagation of their species; and retire from this essential care, abandoning it entirely to mere plebeians. Marriage, in fact, amongst them, seems to be considered rather as an odium, a heavy burden, the weight and obloquy of which a whole family are disposed to lessen by sharing it among them.

The number of husbands is not, as far as I could learn, defined or restricted within any limits: it sometimes happens that, in a small family, there is but one male; and the number may seldom, perhaps, exceed that which a native of rank, during my residence at Teshoo Loomboo, pointed out to me in a family

family resident in the neighbourhood, in which five brothers were then living together very happily, with one female, under the same connubial compact. Nor is this sort of league confined to the lower ranks of people alone; it is found also frequently in the most opulent families.

However this custom, which as a traveller I am obliged to notice, may intrinsically deserve reprobation, yet it must at the same time be allowed, that local laws very frequently result from local causes; and that, in consequence of the peculiar prejudices and opinions of one people, the same practice may be viewed in one country in the blackest light, which another people may not only see fit occasionally to tolerate, but even to recommend. Thus we find that neither the practice of polygamy in India, nor of polyandry in Tibet, is without its advocates.

The influence of this custom on the manners of the people, as far as I could trace, has not been unfavourable. Humanity, and an artificial gentleness of disposition, are the constant inheritance of a Tibetan.

I never saw these qualities possessed by any people in a more eminent degree. Without being servilely officious, they are always obliging; the higher ranks are unassuming; the inferior, respectful in their behaviour; nor are they at all deficient in attention to the female sex: but, as we find them moderate in all their passions, in this respect, also, their conduct is equally remote from rudeness and adulation. Comparatively with their southern neighbours, the women of Tibet enjoy an elevated station in society. To the privileges of unbounded liberty, the wife here adds the character of mistress of the fa-

mily and companion of her husbands. The company of all, indeed, she is not at all times entitled to expect. Different pursuits, either agricultural employments or mercantile speculations, may occasionally cause the temporary absence of each; yet, whatever be the result, the profits of the labourer flows into the common store; and when he returns, whatever may have been his fortune, he is secure of a grateful welcome to a social home.

To descant upon established usages that have existed far beyond the date of any written records, or the more obscure traces of tradition, with a view to discover their origin or object, is, indeed, entering upon a field which affords ample scope for ingenious and fanciful speculation; but under such circumstances the efforts of the speculatist frequently tend only to raise new doubts, and involve the subject of inquiry in still more mysterious obscurity. Whether or not, at some remote period of time, when population was in its infancy, from the operation of some unknown cause, there existed so great a proportion of males to females in this nation, as rendered the single possession of one woman a blessing too great for any individual to aspire to, and, in consequence, this compromise may have been adopted by general consent; or whether a too numerous population may have overburdened a meagre soil; I will leave to the determination of others more able to decide on such a question. It is sufficient for me to mark manners as I find them.

But it certainly appears that superabundant population, in an unfertile country, must be the greatest of all calamities, and produce eternal warfare, or eternal want. Either the most active and the most able part of the community must be compelled

compelled to emigrate, and, to become soldiers of fortune, or merchants of chance; or else, if they remain at home, be liable to fall a prey to famine, in consequence of some accidental failure in their scanty crops. By thus linking whole families together in the matrimonial yoke, the too rapid increase of population was, perhaps, checked, and an alarm prevented, capable of pervading the most fertile region upon earth, and of giving birth to the most inhuman and unnatural practice, in the richest, the most productive, and the most populous country in the world. I allude to the empire of China; where a mother, not foreseeing the means of raising or providing for a numerous family, exposes her new-born infant to perish in the fields—a crime, however odious, by no means, I am assured, unfrequent. With this the Tibetians never can be charged. Their custom, as it eventually operates against superabundant population, tends also to prevent domestic discords arising from a division of family interests, and to concentrate all the spirit and all the virtues inherent in illustrious blood.

The ceremonies of marriage are neither tedious nor intricate in Tibet. Their courtships are carried on with little art, and quickly brought to a conclusion. The elder brother of a family, to whom the choice belongs, when enamoured of a damsel, makes his proposal to the parents. If his suit is approved, and the offer accepted, the parents, with their daughter, repair to the suitor's house, where the male and female acquaintance of both parties meet, and carouse for the space of three days, with music, dancing, and every kind of festivity. At the expiration of this time, the marriage is complete. The priests of Tibet, who shun the society of women,

have no share in these ceremonies, or in ratifying the obligation between the parties. Mutual consent is their only bond of union; and the parties present are witnesses to the contract, which, it seems, is formed indissolubly for life. The husband has it not in his power to rid himself of a troublesome companion, nor the wife to withdraw herself from the husband, unless, indeed, the same unison of sentiment that joined their hands, should prompt their separation; but in such a case, they are never left at liberty to form a new alliance. Instances of incontinency are rare; but if a married female be found to violate her compact, the crime is expiated by corporal punishment, and the favoured lover effaces the obloquy of his transgression by a pecuniary fine.

If, in general society, the males be sometimes chargeable with coldness towards the female sex, they cannot therefore be said, with cynical severity, to forbid them all indulgence; since very precise chastity, before they marry, is not expected in the fair sex, though when they have once formed a contract, they are by no means permitted, with impunity, to break it.

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#### On IMAGINATION and TASTE.

(Concluded from p. 299.)

IN creating a susceptibility to the emotions of taste, we shall find a powerful assistant in devotional sentiment. The mind that has been accustomed to associate the ideas of Infinite Power, Wisdom and Goodness, with all that is striking in the works of nature, must have a peculiar tendency to the emotions of sublimity and beauty. It is thus that sensibility may be properly and effectually

fectually awakened. The train of thought which devotional sentiment excites, is so highly favourable to the cultivation of refined taste, that I greatly question whether its emotions were ever excited, where sensibility had not been thus called forth. So necessary is it towards the perfection of the human mind, that the cultivation of the affections should go hand in hand with that of intellect!

It is no small incitement to the cultivation of taste, to reflect, that the emotions of sublimity and beauty are connected, not only with our devotional, but with our moral feelings. They coalesce not with any of the dissocial or malevolent passions; and can never be experienced while the mind is under their influence. By rendering the mind susceptible of the emotions of taste, we not only expand the circle of human pleasures, but as every emotion, of which the heart is capable, has a tendency to produce emotions that are in the same key, we give an additional chord, if I may so express it, to the harmony of the virtues.

To those who are by their situation in society exempted from the cares and perplexities of business, it is of the last importance to have a sufficient number of such objects and pursuits, as may serve fully to occupy the time which is thus left to their disposal. The intellectual powers have little chance of being called forth, in any eminent degree, where there are no difficulties to stimulate the energies of the soul, and no object to rouse its activity. The love of knowledge is, indeed, an active principle; and for that reason cannot be too assiduously cultivated in the minds of those who are born to the privilege or the curse of leisure: but if to the love of knowledge, we do not add a susceptibility to the emotions of taste, the

mind will be apt to languish, and to seek resources in those fatal scenes of dissipation, where every virtuous disposition and manly sentiment are soon obliterated.

The emotions of taste, are, I believe, particularly congenial to the female mind; but it deserves our serious inquiry, how far the common mode of female education tends to cultivate or to destroy this natural susceptibility. When we hear a mother speak of giving her daughters *a taste for music, and a taste for painting*, we may, nine times in ten, conclude, that she means nothing more by the expression, than exciting in her children an ambition to exhibit to advantage their practical skill in these accomplishments. For this purpose, the methods generally adopted are obviously so successful, as to render it unnecessary to suggest any improvement.

With the idea of excelling in those accomplishments is associated every idea of glory and approbation. To render the road to excellence easy of access, diffidence and modesty are banished from the youthful mind; the veil of bashfulness is torn aside by vanity, and every art made use of to render the gentle pupil callous to the public gaze. Vanity, aided by example, and stimulated by ambition, does wonders. The attention is exerted in the art of imitation, and its power is never exerted in vain. Where the best models are procured, the copies will in time be excellent. The music-master who has taste, will teach his pupils to make use of graces, which will serve as a succedaneum for that which he has it not in his power to confer; and rapid execution must inevitably be attained by unwearied application.

All this may, I confess, be accomplished without the cultivation of a single faculty of the mind, excepting

cepting those of perception and attention; but to confound this paltry art of imitation with the idea of taste is no less absurd, than if we were to call the compositor, who arranges the types for an edition of Homer, the Prince of Poets!

The emotion of taste with regard to musical composition, depends upon association no less than it does with regard to the other objects of our perceptions.

Single sounds, we well know, are accounted agreeable or disagreeable, according to the ideas which they excite. On examination, we shall find that those which particularly strike us as sublime or beautiful, never fail to produce certain trains of ideas in the mind, which, if accidentally broken, the emotions of sublimity or beauty are annihilated. An instance or two will sufficiently elucidate this truth. What sound so sublime as a peal of thunder? The emptying of a cart of stones in the street may be mistaken for it, and, while the deception lasts, will produce the emotions of sublimity in their fullest extent; but let us discover our mistake, and what becomes of the emotions of sublimity?—The melodious notes of the nightingale have been well imitated on the stage; but did they there produce the same emotions of beauty, as when heard in the stillness of the solemn grove?

Music, which is a continuation of sounds, may, from the various combinations of which it is capable, be rendered highly expressive of the tender, the plaintive, the melancholy, the cheerful, or the gay. It may be rendered elevating or depressing, soothing the soul to sadness, or exalting to the tone of pleasure. Now that every one of these various emotions are occasioned by the production of certain trains of ideas connected by the

laws of association, I think no person of reflexion will dispute. The person who is not susceptible of these emotions, may attain a knowledge of the laws of composition, and acquainted with the difficulty attending the execution of laborious passages, may admire the art of the performer; but this admiration is perfectly distinct from the emotion of taste. To obtain this species of applause, is the sole aim of a number of composers, whose ambition is amply gratified by the approbation of the vulgar many: but it is the man of real taste alone, who, either in his compositions or performance, can excite the emotions of sublimity or beauty.

That the number is so few, will not be matter of surprise, when we reflect that the person who would call forth the emotions of taste, either in the disposition of material objects, or in any of the fine arts, must be capable of entering into all those associations that are connected with the tones of mind which he wishes to produce. Whatever rudely breaks these trains of ideas, utterly destroys the effect. Every person of taste, who has heard the Messiah of Handel performed at Westminster-Abbey, and at the play-house, must be sensible of the advantage with which this sublime composition was heard at the former place, where every object tended to produce associations in unison with the tone of the performance. At the play-house, these associations were forcibly broken, trains of discordant ideas obtruded themselves on the mind, and thus the effect was lost.

Why is our church-music in general so poor, so deficient in sublime expression, and so ill calculated to produce the sublimity of devotional sentiment? Why, but because the sublimity of devotional sentiment

ment was unknown to the composers. Had the musical compositions of David happily been handed down to us, I make no doubt, we should have in them examples of the elevated and sublime in music, which would have harmonised with the tone of his own inimitable poetry.

From the tenor of these observations, I hope it has been made clear, that a taste for the fine arts can only be cultivated by the same means which must be employed to lay the foundation of taste in general, viz. a careful improvement of all the intellectual faculties. If the conceptions have not been rendered clear and accurate, and the attention roused to give them constant employment, so as to lay in a large stock of ideas upon every subject; if the judgment has not been exercised upon the agreement and disagreement of ideas; and if the powers of abstraction and imagination have not been called forth; it is impossible that the emotions of taste should ever be experienced. It is not by constantly practising at a musical instrument, or by handling the pencil, that taste for painting or for music can possibly be acquired. But let the basis of taste be fixed, and then by rendering your pupils capable of the practical part of these accomplishments, you enlarge the sphere of their innocent enjoyments, and afford them the opportunity of communicating pleasure to others.

The mother who is superior to the chains of fashion, and who is capable of taking an extensive view of the probabilities of human life, as well as of weighing the talents of her children with accurate impartiality, will decide with wisdom and precision on the value of those accomplishments which must inevitably be purchased at the expense

of a large portion of time and attention. Does the mind appear destitute of that energy which is necessary to give a zest to the intellectual pleasures, she will readily perceive the advantage which may be derived to such a mind, from having at all times the power of gratifying itself by an elegant and innocent amusement. But if her children possess sufficient intellectual vigour to find full employment from other sources, she will, perhaps, content herself with cultivating in them that taste for the fine arts in general, which will at all times ensure them the most exquisite gratification.

To such minds sources of delight open on every side. Every scene in nature presents some object calculated to call forth trains of ideas, which either interest the heart, or amuse the fancy. But if the time in which the mind ought naturally to be employed in accumulating those ideas be devoted to acquiring a facility of execution at a musical instrument, it is evident no such ideas can be called forth. I once travelled four hundred miles in company with an accomplished young gentleman, who made, in the course of the journey, but one solitary observation, and that was called forth by an extensive moorish fen, where he said he was sure there was abundance of snipes! Read the observations of St. Fond, on going over the same ground, and observe the rich variety of ideas presented to the man of science by objects which are to the vulgar eye barren of delight. Follow the elegant Gilpin through the same tour, and mark the emotions which the various scenery of natural landscape excites in the mind of the man of taste. Who that is capable of weighing the value of the mind's enjoyments in the scale of truth and reason, will  
not

not instantly perceive, how much the balance preponderates in favour of those who have such a rich variety of associations, when put in competition with the superficially accomplished? Let science and taste unite in the same mind, and you prepare materials for a constant feast.

As painting is now become a fashionable accomplishment, little less generally cultivated than music, it may be expected that I should make a few observations that may particularly apply to it. It is a subject on which I have no assistance from the writings of others; in what I say upon it I have, therefore, no guide but my own feelings and my own judgment, and in such circumstances it becomes me to express myself with diffidence.

The pleasure we receive from painting appears to be derived from two very unequal sources. The first, and greatest, is from the emotions of sublimity or of beauty; which, in painting, as in all other subjects, depend on the train of associated ideas. The more perfect the work of the artist, the more perfect the emotion; which is so powerful in a mind of sensibility, that it must be permitted, in some degree, to subside, before we are capable of examining with minute attention the sources from which it is derived. These are various, as design, expression, colouring, &c.; but if these were not in perfect harmony with each other, we may be assured the emotion of taste would not be produced in any powerful degree.

The second source of pleasure in painting is the accuracy of imitation. This corresponds to the facility of execution in the musical performer; both are sources of a certain degree of admiration and surprise, but are equally distinct from

the emotions of taste. Where taste has not been previously cultivated, painting will never advance beyond an imitative art; and as the happy imitation of nature depends upon vigorous conception, it cannot be expected, that those who have not had their conceptions exercised upon natural objects, can ever produce any imitations which will be worthy of even this inferior species of admiration. Masters may, indeed, give them rules of perspective, and teach them to daub on abundance of pretty colours with striking effect; but if taste be wanting, the lessons of a Raphael will be thrown away. Examples, on the other hand, are not wanting to show what progress in this delightful art may be made with little instruction from masters, where real taste is guided by judgment and warmed by a brilliant imagination. I have the pleasure of knowing many ladies who so excel; but not one uncultivated mind is of the number.

Taste in the form of ornamental decoration, whether in articles of dress or furniture, is so much under the influence of the tyrant *fashion*, that it can no longer be styled a simple emotion. Fashion depends so evidently upon association, that it must be traced to that source by the least reflecting mind; but the associations to which it owes its wonderful ascendancy, are merely those which connect the ideas of esteem and admiration with the splendour of rank and elevated situation. The form of dress that is worn by those we account patterns of gentility, is associated with the ideas of respect and admiration, which we are accustomed to cherish towards those of a certain rank; or with the ideas of a distinction still more flattering, which constitutes the glory of gay and youthful beauty.

ty. When the same form of dress descends to the vulgar, the change that takes place in our associations strips it of its adventitious lustre, and affixes to the very same object which had before called forth our admiration, ideas of meanness and contempt.

If the sovereignty of fashion be so absolute, what use, you will say, is there in the cultivation of just and refined taste, which cannot overturn her decrees?

Notwithstanding the influence which fashion has over our opinions, taste has still a very important part to act; and if true taste (of which judgment is a necessary constituent) were properly cultivated, all the evils arising from the powerful influence of fashion would be completely done away.

Taste rejects whatever is incongruous; it requires fitness and harmony, and therefore taste will always reject the affectation of singularity. It will always, for this reason, adopt the mode of the present fashion; but it will adopt it under such limitations, as are agreeable to its general principles. Wherever cultivated taste prevails, one general sentiment, whether of simplicity or magnificence, will pervade the scene. In the furniture of the house, in the economy of the table, the same predominant idea will be expressed; and every ornament will be rejected, that does not give additional force to the expression. If inanimate objects can be so disposed as to produce an undivided emotion, surely the decorations of the human form ought to be able to produce the same effect. There true taste must revolt with inexpressible disgust from whatever does not perfectly harmonise with the character. Where purity, modesty, and virtue, dwell in the heart, it is not taste that will deco-

rate the form with the fleering dress of the wanton.

A knowledge of the principles of taste would teach our sex to preserve the appearance of modesty at least, even if the reality were wanting. In female beauty, I believe no one will deny, that softness, graced with dignity, modesty, gentleness, and purity, are ideas that perfectly harmonise with the object. Let these associations be broken by discordant images, and the emotion of beauty will be no longer felt.

'But,' says miss Pert, 'young men are strangers to the emotions of taste; to please them other associations must be excited. By dressing in the style of women of a certain description, we call up trains of ideas favourable to passion.'

True, young woman; but know that she who glories in this species of conquest, degrades herself beneath the rank of those she imitates, and stands upon the brink of a precipice, with nothing but a little pride betwixt her and destruction. Few, however, very few of the numbers who adopt modes of dress highly incongruous with sentiments of modesty, are influenced by any other motive than the desire of being in the very extreme of fashion. The cultivation of taste would modify this species of ambition in the young; and would lead those who have arrived at the sober autumn of life, to adopt that mode of decoration which harmonises with the season.

The principles of which I have here given an imperfect sketch, are of universal application. They extend not merely to the disposition of material objects, but have an important connexion with moral conduct and behaviour. It is in these principles that the laws of propriety originate. From them they

they derive their authority; and the period in which fashion gives a sanction to such modes of conduct as the principles of taste condemn, is the epoch of depravity.

It may now be expected that I should proceed to give some hints respecting the cultivation of taste and imagination; I shall not, however, swell the size of my letter by laying down rules, which the foregoing investigation must have rendered in some measure unnecessary. I have endeavoured to prove, that unless we have assiduously cultivated the faculty of attention, and directed it to such objects as may enlarge the stock of useful ideas; unless we have awakened the curiosity, invigorated the conceptions, and enlightened the judgment; we can have no hopes of introducing those trains of thought which are the loftiest exercise of imagination, or those associations which are the source of refined taste.

Where the preliminary steps have been taken, and Nature has granted to the character a common share of sensibility, the preceptor will find the cultivation of imagination an easy task. True taste is more difficult of acquirement. But where the first faculties of the mind have been duly cultivated, and the pupil is then directed to such subjects as are calculated to elevate the tone of feeling, and awaken the sympathies of the human heart, there is no doubt that the principles of taste will be understood, felt, and practised.

Should our efforts prove unsuccessful, it is in the neglect of the early affections that we shall probably find the cause of our disappointment. If we have suffered pride, self-will, arrogance, hatred, envy, or any other malignant passion, to gain an ascendancy in the disposition, we need not expect

that taste will be either felt or cultivated. Its emotions were never known to the selfish: they harmonise with the most generous feelings of our nature, and seek alliance with all the virtues! Adieu.

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Some ACCOUNT of the KNISTENE-  
NEAUX-INDIANS,

(Concluded from p. 323.)

THEY have frequent feasts, and particular circumstances never fail to produce them; such as a tedious illness, long fasting, &c. On these occasions it is usual for the person who means to give the entertainment, to announce his design, on a certain day, of opening the medicine-bag, and smoking out of his sacred stem. This declaration is considered as a sacred vow that cannot be broken. There are also stated periods, such as the spring and autumn, when they engage in very long and solemn ceremonies. On these occasions dogs are offered as sacrifices, and those which are very fat, and milk-white, are preferred. They also make large offerings of their property, whatever it may be. The scene of these ceremonies is in an open inclosure, on the bank of a river or lake, and in the most conspicuous situation, in order that such as are passing along, or travelling, may be induced to make their offerings. There is also a particular custom among them, that, on these occasions, if any of the tribe, or even a stranger should be passing by, and be in real want of any thing that is displayed as an offering, he has a right to take it, so that he replaces it with some article he can spare, though it be of far inferior value; but to take or touch any thing wantonly is considered as a sacrilegious

act,

act, and highly insulting to the great Master of Life, to use their own expression, who is the sacred object of their devotion.

The scene of private sacrifice is the lodge of the person who performs it, which is prepared for that purpose by removing every thing out of it, and spreading green branches in every part. The fire and ashes are also taken away. A new hearth is made of fresh earth, and another fire is lighted. The owner of the dwelling remains alone in it; and he begins the ceremony by spreading a piece of new cloth, or a well-dressed moose-skin, neatly painted, on which he opens his medicine-bag and exposes its contents, consisting of various articles. The principal of them is a kind of household god, which is a small carved image about eight inches long. Its first covering is of down, over which a piece of beech bark is closely tied, and the whole is enveloped in several folds of red and blue cloth. This little figure is an object of the most pious regard. The next article is his war-cap, which is decorated with the feathers and plumes of scarce birds, beavers, and eagle's claws, &c. There is also suspended from it a quill or feather for every enemy whom the owner of it has slain in battle. The remaining contents of the bag are, a piece of Brazil tobacco, several roots and simples, which are in great estimation for their medicinal qualities, and a pipe. These articles being all exposed, and the stem resting upon two forks, as it must not touch the ground, the master of the lodge sends for the person he most esteems, who sits down opposite to him; the pipe is then filled and fixed to the stem. A pair of wooden pincers is provided to put the fire in the pipe, and a double-pointed pin to

empty it of the remnant of tobacco which is not consumed. This arrangement being made, the men assemble, and sometimes the women are allowed to be humble spectators, while the most religious awe and solemnity pervades the whole. The michiniwais, or assistant, takes up the pipe, lights it, and presents it to the officiating person, who receives it standing, and holds it between both his hands. He then turns himself to the east, and draws a few whiffs, which he blows to that point. The same ceremony he observes to the other three quarters, with his eyes directed upwards during the whole of it. He holds the stem about the middle between the three first fingers of both hands, and raising them upon a line with his forehead, he swings it three times round from the east, with the sun, when, after pointing and balancing it in various directions, he reposes it on the forks: he then makes a speech to explain the design of their being called together, which concludes with an acknowledgement of past mercies, and a prayer for the continuance of them from the Master of Life. He then sits down, and the whole company declare their approbation and thanks by uttering the word *ho!* with an emphatic prolongation of the last letter. The michiniwais then takes up the pipe and holds it to the mouth of the officiating person, who, after smoaking three whiffs out of it, utters a short prayer, and then goes round with it, taking his course from east to west, to every person present, who individually says something to him on the occasion; and thus the pipe is generally smoaked out: when, after, turning it three or four times round his head, he drops it downwards, and replaces it in its original situation. He then returns the company thanks

thanks for their attendance, and wishes them, as well as the whole tribe, health and long life.

These smoking rites precede every matter of great importance, with more or less ceremony, but always with equal solemnity. The utility of them will appear from the following relation.

If a chief is anxious to know the disposition of his people towards him, or if he wishes to settle any difference between them, he announces his intention of opening his medicine-bag, and smoking in his sacred stem; and no man who entertains a grudge against any of the party thus assembled can smoke with the sacred stem; as that ceremony dissipates all differences, and is never violated.

No one can avoid attending on these occasions; but a person may attend and be excused from assisting at the ceremonies, by acknowledging that he has not undergone the necessary purification. . . . . If a contract is entered into and solemnized by the ceremony of smoking, it never fails of being faithfully fulfilled. If a person, previous to his going a journey, leaves the sacred stem as a pledge of his return, no consideration whatever will prevent him from executing his engagement.

The chief, when he proposes to make a feast, sends quills, or small pieces of wood, as tokens of invitation, to such as he wishes to partake of it. At the appointed time the guests arrive, each bringing a dish or platter, and a knife, and take their seats on each side of the chief, who receives them sitting, according to their respective ages. The pipe is then lighted, and he makes an equal division of every thing that is provided. While the company are enjoying their meal, the chief sings, and accompanies his song with the tambourin, or shishi-

quo, or rattle. The guest who has first eaten his portion is considered as the most distinguished person. If there should be any who cannot finish the whole of their mess, they endeavour to prevail on some of their friends to eat it for them, who are rewarded for their assistance with ammunition and tobacco. It is proper also to remark, that at these feasts a small quantity of meat or drink is sacrificed, before they begin to eat, by throwing it into the fire, or on the earth.

These feasts differ according to circumstances; sometimes each man's allowance is no more than he can dispatch in a couple of hours. At other times the quantity is sufficient to supply each of them with food for a week, though it must be devoured in a day. On these occasions it is very difficult to procure substitutes, and the whole must be eaten whatever time it may require. At some of these entertainments there is a more rational arrangement, when the guests are allowed to carry home with them the superfluous part of their portions. Great care is always taken that the bones may be burned, as it would be considered a profanation were the dogs permitted to touch them.

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ANECDOTES of LINNÆUS, the celebrated SWEDISH NATURALIST.

(From Acerbi's *Travels through Finland and Lapland.*)

A LADY of the province of Upsala, who had never been beyond its boundaries, applied to a friend of Linnæus for a letter of recommendation, that she might have an opportunity of making the acquaintance of this eminent character, and at the same time see his collection. The philosopher received her with

much politeness, and, as he was showing her the museum, the good lady was so filled with astonishment at the sight of an assemblage of such a number of different objects, upon each of which Linnæus had always something to remark, that she exclaimed—"I no longer wonder that Linnæus is so well known over the whole province of Upsala!" Linnæus, who, instead of the *province of Upsala*, expected to hear *the whole universe*, was so shocked, that he would show her nothing more of the museum, and sent the lady away quite confounded at the change of his humour, and at the same time firmly believing that her high encomium had wounded the feelings of the great philosopher.

One day, being in a melancholy temper, he gave orders that no person should be admitted to him, and placed himself in his bed-gown and a night-cap, sad and pensive, upon his sofa. An officer in the Swedish service arrived with a party of ladies, who had made a journey for the express purpose of seeing the Linnæan collection. The officer was denied admittance; but being aware of Linnæus's caprice, he would not be refused by the servant, but pushed by him, and entered the chamber where Linnæus was sitting. At first some indignation was shown at this intrusion; but the officer introduced the ladies with a most extravagant panegyric to the *illustrious philosopher who was the sole object of their journey; to the man whom the whole world allowed to be the greatest; to that man who had put Nature herself to the rack to discover her dearest secrets, &c.* Linnæus's surly humour instantly forsook him, and he never appeared more amiable in his manners than to this officer, whom he embraced tenderly, calling him his true friend, &c. &c.

He was so singularly enamoured of praise, that his mind was never in that sedate state which would have enabled him to distinguish true commendation from flattery and deception. A clergyman, who at first could not credit such reports, was convinced of their truth by one of his friends, who composed so ridiculous an eulogy for Linnæus, that the weakest child might have treated it as a farce or satire. It was worded in the bombast of the middle ages, or in the Asiatic style. He called him the sun of botanists, the Jupiter of the literati, the secretary of nature, an ocean of science, a moving mountain of erudition, and other appellations to the same effect. Linnæus, far from feeling displeasure at such excessive and ridiculous compliments, interrupted the panegyrist at each phrase, embracing him, and calling him his dearest friend.

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#### FINNISH PROVERBS.

[From the same.]

THE good man spareth from his peck; but the wicked will not give from a bushel.

The wise man knoweth what he shall do; but fools try every thing.

There is no deliverance through tears; neither are evils remedied by sorrow.

He who hath tried goeth immediately to work; but he who hath no experience, standeth to consider.

The wise man gathereth wisdom every where; he profiteth by the discourse of fools.

A man's own land is his chiefest delight; the wood is most pleasant that is his.

The stranger is our brother; he who comes from afar off is our kinsman.

When

When the morn breaketh forth,  
I know the day which followeth; a  
good man discovereth himself by  
his looks.

The work is ended which is begun;  
there is time lost to say, What  
shall I do?

The tool of the industrious man  
is sharp; but the ploughshare of the  
fool wanteth grinding.

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EXTRACT from Mrs. OPIE'S FATHER and DAUGHTER.

AGNES Fitzhenry, the heroine of the tale, having been tempted by the wiles of Clifford to leave her indulgent father, and, after a considerable lapse of time, being convinced of the villany of her seducer, who is about to sacrifice her honour to his views of family aggrandizement, is represented as returning in the dreariness of a winter's night to the house of her parent.

Agnes expected to arrive within twelve miles of her native place long before it was dark, and reach the place of her destination before bed-time, unknown and unseen; but she was mistaken in her expectations, for the roads had been rendered so rugged by the frost, that it was late in the evening when the coach reached the spot whence she was to commence her walk; and by the time she had eaten her slight repast, and furnished herself with some necessaries to enable her to resist the severity of the weather, she found that it was impossible for her to reach her long-forsaken home before day-break.

'Still she was resolved to go on:—to pass another day in suspense concerning her father, and her future hopes of his pardon, was more formidable to her than the terrors of

undertaking a lonely and painful walk. Perhaps, too, Agnes was not sorry to have a tale of hardship to narrate on her arrival at the house of her nurse, whom she meant to employ as mediator between her and her offended parent.

'His child, his penitent child, whom he had brought up with the utmost tenderness, and screened with unremitting care from the ills of life, returning, to implore his pity and forgiveness on foot, and unprotected, through all the dangers of lonely paths, and through the horrors of a winter's night, must, she flattered herself, be a picture too affecting for Fitzhenry to think upon without some commiseration; and she hoped he would in time bestow on her his *forgiveness*:—to be admitted to his presence was a favour which she dared not presume either to ask or expect.

'But, in spite of the soothing expectation which she tried to encourage, a dread of she knew not what took possession of her mind.—Every moment she looked fearfully around her, and, as she beheld the wintry waste spreading on every side, she felt awe-struck at the desolateness of her situation. The sound of a human voice would, she thought, have been rapture to her ear, but the next minute she believed that it would have made her sink in terror to the ground.—“Alas!” she mournfully exclaimed, “I was not always timid and irritable as I now feel;—but then I was not always guilty:—O! my child! would I were once more innocent like thee! So saying, in a paroxysm of grief, she bounded forward on her way, as if hoping to escape by speed from the misery of recollection.

'Agnes was now arrived at the beginning of a forest, about two miles in length, and within three of her native place. Even in her

happiest days she never entered its solemn shade without feeling a sensation of fearful awe; but now that she entered it, leafless as it was, a wandering, wretched outcast, a mother without the sacred name of wife, and bearing in her arms the pledge of her infamy, her knees smote each other, and, shuddering as if danger were before her, she audibly implored the protection of Heaven.

‘At this instant she heard a noise, and, casting a startled glance into the obscurity before her, she thought she saw something like a human form running across the road. For a few moments she was motionless with terror; but, judging from the swiftness with which the object disappeared, that she had inspired as much terror as she felt, she ventured to pursue her course: she had not gone far when she again beheld the cause of her fear; but hearing, as it moved, a noise like the clanking of a chain, she concluded that it was some poor animal which had been turned out to graze.

‘Still, as she gained on the object before her, she was convinced it was a man that she beheld; and, as she heard the noise no longer, she concluded that it had been the result of fancy only; but that, with every other idea, was wholly absorbed in terror when she saw the figure standing still, as if waiting for her approach. — “Yet why should I fear?” she inwardly observed: “it may be a poor wanderer like myself, who is desirous of a companion;—if so, I shall rejoice in such a rencontre.”

‘As this reflexion passed her mind, she hastened towards the stranger, when she saw him look hastily round him, start, as if he beheld at a distance some object that alarmed him, and then, without taking any notice of her, run on as fast as be-

fore. But what can express the horror of Agnes when she again heard the clanking of the chain, and discovered that it hung to the ankle of the stranger!—“Surely he must be a felon,” murmured Agnes:—“O! my poor boy! perhaps we shall both be murdered!—This suspense is not to be borne; I will follow him, and meet my fate at once.”—Then, summoning all her remaining strength, she followed the alarming fugitive.

‘After she had walked nearly a mile further, and, as she did not overtake him, had flattered herself that he had gone in a contrary direction, she saw him seated on the ground, and, as before, turning his head back with a sort of convulsive quickness; but as it was turned from her, she was convinced that she was not the object which he was seeking. Of her he took no notice; and her resolution of accosting him failing when she approached, she walked hastily past, in hopes that she might escape him entirely.

‘As she passed she heard him talking and laughing to himself, and thence concluded he was not a felon, but a *lunatic* escaped from confinement. Horrible as this idea was, her fear was so far overcome by pity, that she had a wish to return, and offer him some of the refreshment which she had procured for herself and child, when she heard him following her very fast, and was convinced by the sound, the dreadful sound of his chain, that he was coming up to her.

‘The clanking of a fetter, when one knows that it is fastened round the limbs of a fellow-creature, always calls forth in the soul of sensibility a sensation of horror. What then, at this moment, must have been its effect on Agnes, who was trembling for her life, for that of her

her child, and looking in vain for a protector round the still, solemn waste! Breathless with apprehension, she stopped as the maniac gained upon her, and, motionless and speechless, awaited the consequence of his approach.

"Woman!" said he, in a hoarse, hollow tone—"Woman! do you see them? Do you see them?"—"Sir! pray what did you say, sir?" cried Agnes, in a tone of respect, and curtsying as she spoke—for what is so respectful as fear?"—"I can't see them," resumed he, not attending to her, "I have escaped them! Rascals! cowards! I have escaped them!" and then he jumped and clapped his hands for joy.

Agnes, relieved in some measure from her fears, and eager to gain the poor wretch's favour, told him that she rejoiced at his escape from the rascals, and hoped that they would not overtake him: but while she spoke he seemed wholly inattentive, and, jumping as he walked, made his fetter clank in horrid exultation.

The noise at length awoke the child, who, seeing a strange and indistinct object before him, and hearing a sound so unusual, screamed violently, and hid his face in his mother's bosom.

"Take it away! take it away!" exclaimed the maniac—"I do not like children."—And Agnes, terrified at the thought of what might happen, tried to sooth the trembling boy to rest, but in vain; the child still screamed, and the angry agitation of the maniac increased.—"Strangle it! strangle it!" he cried—"do it this moment, or——"

Agnes, almost frantic with terror, conjured the unconscious boy, if he valued his life, to cease his cries: and then the next moment she conjured the wretched man to spare her child: but, alas! she spoke to

those incapable of understanding her—a child and a madman!—The terrified boy still shrieked, the lunatic still threatened, and, clenching his fist, seized the left arm of Agnes, who with the other attempted to defend her infant from his fury, when, at the very moment that his fate seemed inevitable, a sudden gale of wind shook the leafless branches of the surrounding trees, and the madman, fancying the noise proceeded from his pursuers, ran off with his former rapidity.

Immediately the child, relieved from the sight and the sound which alarmed it, and exhausted by the violence of its cries, sunk into a sound sleep on the throbbing bosom of its mother.—But, alas! Agnes knew this was but a temporary escape;—the maniac might return, and again the child might wake in terrors; and scarcely had the thought passed her mind, when she saw him coming back; but, as he walked slowly, the noise was not so great as before.

"I hate to hear children cry," said he, as he approached.—"Mine is quiet now," replied Agnes; then, recollecting she had some food in her pocket, she offered some to the stranger in order to divert his attention from the child. He snatched it from her hand instantly, and devoured it with terrible voraciousness: but again he exclaimed, "I do not like children; if you trust them they will betray you:" and Agnes offered him food again, as if to bribe him to spare her helpless boy.—"I had a child once—but she is dead, poor soul!" continued he, taking Agnes by the arm, and leading her gently forward.—"And you loved her very tenderly, I suppose?" said Agnes, thinking the loss of his child had occasioned his malady; but, instead of answering her,

her, he went on:—"They said she ran away from me with a lover—but I knew they lied—she was good, and would not have deserted the father who doted on her—Besides, I saw her funeral myself—Liars, rascals, as they are!—do not tell any one, I got away from them last night, and am now going to visit her grave."

'A death-like sickness, an apprehension so horrible as to deprive her almost of sense, took possession of the soul of Agnes. She eagerly tried to obtain a sight of the stranger's face, the features of which the darkness had hitherto prevented her from distinguishing; she however tried in vain, as his hat was pulled over his forehead, and his chin rested on his bosom. But as they had now nearly gained the end of the forest, and day was just breaking, Agnes, as soon as they entered the open plain, seized the arm of the madman to force him to look towards her—for speak to him she could not. He felt, and perhaps resented the importunate pressure of her hand—for he turned hastily round—when, dreadful confirmation of her fears, Agnes beheld her father!

'It was indeed Fitzhenry, driven to madness by his daughter's desertion and disgrace!

'After the elopement of Agnes, Fitzhenry entirely neglected his business, and thought and talked of nothing but the misery which he experienced. In vain did his friends represent to him the necessity of his making amends, by increased diligence, for some alarming losses in trade which he had lately sustained. She, for whom alone he toiled, had deserted him,—and ruin had no terrors for him.—"I was too proud of her," he used mournfully to repeat—"and Heaven has humbled me, even in her by whom I offended."

Month after month elapsed, and no intelligence of Agnes.—Fitzhenry's dejection increased, and his affairs became more and more involved: at length, absolute and irretrievable bankruptcy was become his portion, when he learned, from authority not to be doubted, that Agnes was living with Clifford as his acknowledged mistress.—This was the death-stroke to his reason: and the only way which his friends (relations he had none, or only distant ones) could be of any further service to him was, by procuring him admission into a private mad-house in the neighbourhood.

'Of his recovery little hope was entertained.—The constant theme of his ravings was his daughter;—sometimes he bewailed her as dead; at other times he complained of her as ungrateful:—but so complete was the overthrow which his reason had received, that he knew no one, and took no notice of those whom friendship or curiosity led to his cell: yet he was always meditating his escape; and though ironed in consequence of it, the night he met Agnes, he had, after incredible difficulty and danger, effected his purpose.

'But to return to Agnes—who, when she beheld in her insane companion her injured father, the victim probably of her guilt, let fall her sleeping child, and, sinking on the ground, extended her arms towards Fitzhenry, articulating in a faint voice, "O God! My father!"—then prostrating herself at his feet, she clasped his knees in an agony too great for utterance.

'At the name of "father," the poor maniac started, and gazed on her earnestly, with savage wildness, while his whole frame became convulsed; then, rudely disengaging himself from her embrace, he ran from her a few paces, and dashed himself on the ground in all the violence

lence of phrensy. He raved; he tore his hair; he screamed, and uttered the most dreadful execrations; and with his teeth shut and his hands clenched he repeated the word "father," and said the name was mockery to him.

'Agnes, in mute and tearless despair, beheld the dreadful scene: in vain did her affrighted child cling to her gown, and in its half-formed accents entreat to be taken to her arms again: she saw, she heeded nothing but her father; she was alive to nothing but her own guilt and its consequences; and she awaited with horrid composure the cessation of Fitzhenry's phrensy, or the direction of its fury towards her child.

'At last, she saw him fall down exhausted and motionless, and tried to hasten to him; but she was unable to move, and reason and life seemed at once forsaking her, when Fitzhenry suddenly started up, and approached her.—Uncertain as to his purpose, Agnes caught her child to her bosom, and, falling again on her knees, turned on him her almost closing eyes; but his countenance was mild,—and gently patting her forehead, on which hung the damps of approaching insensibility, "Poor thing!" he cried, in a tone of the utmost tenderness and compassion, "Poor thing!" and then gazed on her with such inquiring and mournful looks, that tears once more found their way and relieved her bursting brain; while seizing her father's hand, she pressed it with frantic emotion to her lips.

'Fitzhenry looked at her with great kindness, and suffered her to hold his hand;—then exclaimed, "Poor thing!—don't cry,—don't cry;—I can't cry,—I have not cried for many years; not since my child died—for she is dead, is she not?" looking earnestly at Agnes, who

could only answer by her tears.—"Come," said he, "come," taking hold of her arm, then laughing wildly, "Poor thing; you will not leave me, will you?"—"Leave you;" she replied, "never:—I will live with you—die with you."—"True, true," cried he, "she is dead, and we will go visit her grave."—So saying, he dragged Agnes forward with great velocity; but as it was along the path leading to the town, she made no resistance.

'Indeed it was such a pleasure to her to see that, though he knew her not, the sight of her was welcome to her unhappy parent, that she sought to avoid thinking of the future, and to be alive only to the present: she tried also to forget that it was to his not knowing her that she owed the looks of tenderness and pity which he bestowed on her, and that the hand which now kindly held hers would, if recollection returned, throw her from him with just indignation.

'But she was soon awakened to redoubled anguish, by hearing Fitzhenry, as he looked behind him, exclaim, "They are coming, they are coming!" and as he said this, he ran with frantic haste across the common. Agnes immediately looking behind her, saw three men pursuing her father at full speed, and concluded that they were the keepers of the bedlam whence he had escaped. Soon after she saw the poor lunatic coming towards her, and had scarcely time to lay her child gently on the ground, before Fitzhenry threw himself in her arms, and implored her to save him from his pursuers.

'In an agony that mocks description, Agnes clasped him to her heart, and awaited in trembling agitation the approach of the keepers.—"Hear me, hear me!" she cried,

cried, "I conjure you to leave him to my care:—He is my father, and you may safely trust him with me."

"Your father!" replied one of the men; "and what then, child? You could do nothing for him, and you should be thankful to us, young woman, for taking him off your hands.—So come along, master, come along," he continued, seizing Fitzhenry, who could with difficulty be separated from Agnes.—while another of the keepers, laughing as he beheld her wild anguish, said, "We shall have the daughter as well as the father soon, I see, for I do not believe there is a pin to choose between them."

But, severe as the sufferings of Agnes were already, a still greater pang awaited her. The keepers finding it a very difficult task to confine Fitzhenry, threw him down, and tried by blows to terrify him into acquiescence. At this outrage Agnes became frantic indeed, and followed them with shrieks, entreaties, and reproaches; while the struggling victim called on her to protect him, as they bore him by violence along; till, exhausted with anguish and fatigue, she fell insensible on the ground, and lost in a deep swoon the consciousness of her misery.

When she recovered her senses all was still around her, and she missed her child. Then hastily rising, and looking round with renewed phrensy, she saw it lying at some distance from her, and on taking it up she found it was in a deep sleep. The horrid apprehension immediately rushed on her mind, that such a sleep in the midst of cold so severe was the sure forerunner of death.

"Monster!" she exclaimed, "destroyer of thy child, as well as father!—But perhaps it is not yet too late, and my curse is not completed."—So saying, she ran, or

rather flew, along the road; and seeing a house at a distance she made towards it, and, bursting open the door, beheld a cottager and his family at breakfast;—then, sinking on her knees, and holding out to the woman of the house her sleeping boy, "For the love of God," she cried, "look here! look here! Save him! O save him!" A mother appealing to the heart of a mother is rarely unsuccessful in her appeal. The cottager's wife was as eager to begin the recovery of the child of Agnes as Agnes herself, and in a moment the whole family was employed in its service; nor was it long before they were rewarded for their humanity by its complete restoration.

[It is intended to make another extract from this interesting tale in a future number.]

## CEPHISA.

[From Mrs. Crowther's Moral Tales.]

BEAUTY and accomplishments could not make Cephisa amiable; as nature had given her the former, and the latter was acquired by art: united, they rendered her pleasing to one sex, and helped to excite the envy of the other. The shafts of malice were sometimes aimed at her, but their effects were felt but for a moment. Virtue had forcibly impressed its precepts on her heart, taught her bosom to glow with benignity, and her eyes to weep for sorrows not her own. Cephisa could stretch forth her arm to raise a fallen enemy, and clasp to her bosom the wretch who had betrayed her. Vice she abhorred; but she would stoop to kiss the hand that had pierced her with a dagger.

Yet Cephisa had frailties as great as her beauty; and many little shades arose to obscure the bright picture of her goodness. Pride and vanity,

vanity, like the dark vapours of the night, would often cast a gloom over her virtues, and make her for a moment displeasing. She had tasted the cup of bitterness in the morning of her days, but still possessed a considerable portion of vivacity, which, by the ignorant and inattentive mind, was mistaken for levity.

Beauty, elegance, and every manly accomplishment, fully unfolded themselves in the person of St. Maur, in whose heart resided all the good qualities that could render him amiable. He had seen Cephisa; he esteemed, admired, and loved her; but fortune had never been kind enough to afford him an opportunity of evincing to the object of his tenderness how much he felt himself interested in her welfare.

Cephisa too had felt reciprocal sentiments: but she kept the secret close within her own breast; she had not even so much as exchanged a passing glance with St. Maur; and love thus constrained never fails to burn with increasing fires.

Count Julian was a man of fashion, a man of letters, and a man of the world. To these acquirements were added a person not inelegant, together with a degree of politeness, that considerably softened the natural haughtiness of manners, which (among his numerous mistakes) he imagined gave him ease and dignity.

This nobleman had seen Cephisa, and without esteem adored, without pleasure admired, and without disinterestedness loved her. Cephisa listened to him without feeling the smallest sentiment of tenderness; she smiled on him, but her smiles were unconscious of their own existence, and she thought of Julian only when he stood in her presence.

Long had St. Maur sighed forth sorrows which were re-echoed to

his heart from the still bosom of solitude; the tear of silent anguish dropped unseen at his feet, and the silver orb of night alone heard the voice of his complaint. The calls of duty at length filled the measure of his misery. He was in the army; and suddenly received orders to join his regiment, which was destined to embark on foreign service. But how could he leave Cephisa, ignorant of his sufferings? Could he leave her to the arms of another? Could he tear himself away, without looking one last adieu? Ah, no! the dread of losing her induced him to throw off the veil. He wrote to her, and painted his passion in the most delicate and respectful language a refined imagination could dictate: but, alas! his letter just arrived a few moments after count Julian had made Cephisa an offer of his hand. She had not given her final consent: the only advocates that pleaded for Julian in her bosom were pride and vanity. False deluders! they were the only enemies of Cephisa, and rose in an evil hour against her. She held the letter of St. Maur in her hand, and was on the point of breaking the seal, when the stern voice of prudence thus mentally addressed her: "Hold, Cephisa! listen not to St. Maur, for he is poor; suffer not thyself to be deluded by the ravings of a boy; give romance to fools, and enthusiasm to madmen. St. Maur cannot make thee great; the approbation of thy kindred will not be afforded thee, nor will the admiration of the multitude follow thee:—with count Julian thou wilt have every thing; all that wealth and honour can bestow shall be in thy possession."

Such were the sentiments of Cephisa. She paused a few moments;—love arose in her heart, to paint St. Maur generous, brave and ami-

able in poverty, when Julian suddenly stood before her. She instantly decided in his favour, and consigned the letter of St. Maur to the flames, without reading it. "He will think on me no more," she would often say; "absence will erase my image from his memory; love will again enter his bosom, and some more amiable maiden will soon cause him to think no more on Cephisa. Short will be his regret, and trifling his disappointment; for he will suppose I either never received the declaration of his love, or that I had pre-engaged my hand to count Julian."

The day before St. Maur embarked, Cephisa's nuptials were celebrated; and as she expected no pleasure in the society of her husband, she experienced no disappointment. Magnificence, dress and admiration alone engrossed her attention; she had not a thought to bestow on her husband; and St. Maur ceased to be remembered.

Five years had elapsed, when the count took his Cephisa to visit a large plantation which belonged to him, in one of the West-India Islands. Every beholder was fascinated with the beauty of Cephisa, and charmed with the elegance of her manners. She shone as the star of the north, and all but Julian paid homage to her beauty.

One evening, as Cephisa was returning from a walk by the seaside, she perceived a poor black boy, whose garb announced the child of poverty, and whose emaciated form, withered in the dawn of youth, excited a tear. He was sitting under the shade of a cocoa-tree, his head resting on his knee, when Cephisa drew near, who having contemplated him with pain, addressed him in the soft accents of compassion:

"Poor fellow! you look ill and

miserable; tell me the story of your misfortunes, and if they reach not the heart, the hand of benevolence can remove them."

"Fair lady! (he exclaimed, as he slowly raised his head) and will you listen to the sorrows of a friendless black, who, desolate and deserted, is like a fair tree stripped of its leaves, and withering on the earth?—My name is Xary. I was born in Africa, of poor parents, who dwelt under the shelter of a cottage. The few wants which Nature taught them to feel she bountifully supplied, by giving them fruits of the earth and water from the fountain. If they had no religion, neither had they any vices; they knew no laws, for they were strangers to the crimes which gave them existence. If they presented no offering to the Almighty, they bent in gratitude to some unknown benefactor. They knew no world beyond the boundaries of their mountains; nor had their curiosity extended beyond the limits of their horizon.

"My father's days were spent in peace, for the milk of human kindness flowed in his bosom; the bow of his forefathers had not been bent against an enemy; nor had the silver-feathered arrow been dipped in the blood of a fellow man; no innocent animal had bled beneath his power, nor had he willingly taken the life of the meanest insect. I alone was spared, of a numerous offspring, to gladden the heart of a father and delight the age of a mother. My infancy glided on like the soft breeze of summer.

"I had a little companion who participated in my infantine joys and sorrows. The tender Zula's father fell in the chase of a tiger, which having strayed from the mountains, had prowled into the village, about three leagues from my

my father's cottage, and committed great depredations upon their cattle and corn. The javelin that was thrown at the beast pierced the unfortunate Muly to the heart. He had consigned his little darling to my father's care before he departed on his fatal expedition.

"Zula was three years younger than myself; and such a generous, faithful, affectionate little creature never existed. To give liberty to a captive bird, or free an insect from pain, gave more pleasure to the tender bosom of Zula than the conquest of worlds to the hero. My mornings and evenings were spent in wandering hand in hand with my Zula, through the woods and groves which surrounded our cottage. To pluck the finest fruits and gather the fairest flowers for her, were my chief aims; to sit by her side, and gaze upon her innocent features, my principal delight: nor have time and misfortune been able to drive those peaceful scenes from my memory."

*(To be concluded in our next.)*

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THE PRINCESS des URSINS;  
AN HISTORICAL NOVEL.

BY MADAME DE GENLIS.

[Translated from the French.]

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ADVERTISEMENT BY THE AUTHOR.

It is impossible to write a novel in which history is more faithfully followed than in this. The greater part of the incidents, the characters, almost all the particulars, and the ground-work of the *dénouement*, are taken from history.

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PHILIP V., the vanquisher of all his enemies, and undisturbed possessor, during two years, of the throne of Spain, sought in vain, in

the bosom of his court, and in the delightful gardens of St. Ildefonso, that mild repose, that desirable peace, the recompense of long labours, and of which warriors are rarely capable of enjoying the charms. A soul of sensibility, and a cultivated mind, are necessary to find happiness in the calm of a simple and monotonous life, after having long lived in the tumult of camps and the agitation of momentous affairs. All the pomp of courts is only a frivolous representation of reality, when compared with the glory that surrounds a young and brave king at the head of his armies. It is only amid the fatigues and the dangers of war that a sovereign can be fully acquainted with the supreme and supernatural empire which a single man may possess over a multitude of other men. In his palace he must often suspect flattery; and sometimes even mistake for it sincere zeal and real friendship. But beneath the tents of his armies he is surrounded with people who dedicate themselves to him without reserve. Those officers, those soldiers, who wait his orders are not courtiers: they do not say to him *We will sacrifice our lives for you*, but they hazard it for him every moment. All march at his command. Whither hasten they with so much ardour? To death. From what motive? The glory of obeying him who commands them. After having enjoyed during several years such devoted submission, how cold and doubtful must appear the testimonies of attachment which may be received in the ordinary course of life!

Philip V. was naturally grave and serious, a disposition irksome in inaction, especially when joined with ignorance. He regretted France, but this regret was in him rather a prejudice than a sentiment. The

French ease and gaiety accorded less with his melancholy and morose disposition than Spanish etiquette and gravity. He made the love of his country a pretext for the indulgence of his *ennui*, for which he might have found a remedy in applying himself to business; but the indolence of his mind was insurmountable. This prince, whose surname *the Courageous* attests his valour, had distinguished himself in war by the most signal bravery. Though he had not the elevation of soul of his grandfather, he possessed greatness of sentiment and integrity of character. He did not want for goodness of heart, though he had little sensibility. He had no lively passions; and, like all indolent princes, he was weak, because he continually felt the necessity of guidance. He had suffered the beautiful princess des Ursins to obtain a supreme ascendancy, if not over his heart at least over his mind; and for eight years she had despotically governed both Philip and Spain. Born a Frenchwoman, and of the illustrious house of la Tremouille, madame des Ursins added the most attractive graces to the most regular beauty. Her mind and character seemed formed for the station she occupied: the one was acute and penetrating; the other insinuating, flexible, and dissembling. Ambition was her only passion. To please and engage love were with her only the means of acquiring power.—Had fortune placed her on a throne, her manners would have been austere. She availed herself of the weaknesses of love, while she despised, and even did not comprehend them: she only wished to seduce in order to reign. A woman of this character must long preserve the same charm in the eyes of her lover. She is never subject to those disquietudes, those apparent ca-

prices, which sensibility inspires; nor that coolness which time produces sooner or later: she is always equal, because she is always calm; and is indulgent without effort.

Madame des Ursins, like all favourites who have long enjoyed unlimited influence, believed that her power was not to be shaken; and thought it impossible that Philip should ever govern, or even live happily without her. The indolence of Philip increasing every day, the authority of the princess des Ursins augmented in the same proportion. She congratulated herself on this effect of time on the sentiments she inspired; her pride attributed to confidence and passion what was only the result of an indolence become excessive; and she employed all the means of seduction to maintain herself in this eminent degree of favour. It was not necessary to make so much exertion: art was requisite to obtain this empire, but much less was required to preserve it.

The princess des Ursins disposed sovereignly of all places, and the ministers discussed all public affairs in her cabinet. She appeared to have a genius for political business, and had more than once given judicious and useful advice. She had been guided on these occasions by a man, then obscure, whom she secretly consulted on the deliberations of the council of state. This man was the abbé Alberoni, the son of a peasant of Tuscany, who had improved a naturally good intellect by industrious study. Born with an enterprising genius, an ardent ambition, a subtle mind, and a most artful character, he had found means to gain access to the favourite, and acquire her confidence. A simple and even rough exterior, and a manner almost rude, are frequently more serviceable

serviceable to a crafty intriguer than politeness and the graces, which are usually distrusted, especially at court. Alberoni had, however, this appearance of rusticity sufficiently softened by politeness not to appear either offensive or ridiculous. In the intimate communication of an elevated personage with an inferior, the latter has the immense advantage of being able more easily to penetrate the true character of the former, since it is his part always to listen, and he must never speak of himself.

Alberoni was acquainted with all the views and projects of the princess des Ursins, and the latter believed Alberoni to be a very honest man in whom she might confide. She found he possessed a capacity for business, and did not suspect him of the smallest ambition; for the artful Alberoni, finding himself consulted, and consequently necessary, perseveringly solicited an inferior preferment, which would have removed him to a distance from Madrid, and which he was certain that he should not obtain.

Madame des Ursins affected in public all the pomp of royalty. Liberal, and even prodigal, she had no avarice; she accumulated no treasures, but her magnificence was excessive. This false air of grandeur gained the respect of the courtiers, but drew on her the hatred of the people, who ever view in the ostentation of favourites only the cause of the taxes with which they are loaded. All this factitious splendor, far from satisfying madame des Ursins, only stimulated her ambition. She turned, with a sigh, her eyes towards France, where she saw the widow of Scarron become the consort of Louis the Great; and as she was younger and handsomer than madame de Maintenon, and had besides the advantage of per-

sonal rank and a more illustrious birth, she found all the superiority on her own side. In this comparison she forgot to reckon virtue for any thing; yet she might have recollected that kings and princes never marry their mistresses, and that love never engages them to contract unequal alliances but when it is founded on esteem. Philip had been a widower during a year; the nation wished, and true policy demanded a queen; and the king himself gave sufficient indications that he entertained thoughts of marrying again. Madame des Ursins, therefore, thought that no time was to be lost in determining Philip in her favour; but all her insinuations in this respect were useless. The king, that he might not repulse them with harshness, received them with inattention. This is an artifice frequently employed by princes, and leaves an ambitious courtier in a disquieting uncertainty; for he knows not whether he has not made himself understood, or whether he has given offence. Madame des Ursins, one day, ventured to praise Louis XIV. for his secret marriage.

‘Yes,’ replied Philip, ‘he has been pardoned, because madame de Maintenon was only his friend, and was fifty years of age.’

This answer was clear, and the princess des Ursins felt all its force; but, as is the custom in courts, concealing her mortification under a calm and serene air.

‘It must, however, be admitted,’ replied she, ‘that mademoiselle d’Aubigné, the widow of Scarron, was not made to fill the station she occupies.’

From that time mademoiselle des Ursins no longer deceived herself with respect to the disposition of the king; she saw that even his feebleness, on which she had founded her hope, would prevent him from doing

doing an extraordinary thing. Weak persons are easily led by insensible degrees, and drawn on by habit; but are not easily determined to perform an unusual act, except by the urgent motive of fear. The princess des Ursins had indeed the idea of rendering Philip a devotee; but this expedient is dangerous to a favourite. Religious scruples might inspire a resolution to make a great sacrifice, and produce a separation instead of a marriage. She, therefore, renounced this latter resource; but she formed the design of marrying the king in such a manner as to preserve her influence over him, and to choose for him a princess destitute of either personal graces or understanding, and who, in fine, should be unable to obtain the least ascendancy over the heart of her husband.

Alberoni had travelled, and resided two years at the court of Parma. Madame des Ursins consulted him on her new project, without concealing either her intentions or her policy. The joy of Alberoni was excessive, but he dissembled it with the utmost care. Having been appointed one of the tutors of Elizabeth Farnese, princess of Parma, he found that young princess to possess a superior understanding, and the most firm and decided character. Alberoni had long cherished a wish to see Elizabeth on the throne of Spain, and on that account had never spoken of her to madame des Ursins, whose hopes he knew; but when she communicated to him her new plan he immediately mentioned Elizabeth, describing her as a timid and feeble princess whom she might govern at pleasure. He deceived her with respect to her personal endowments as well as her character. Elizabeth was beautiful; but he assured her that she was neither handsome nor engaging.

‘What is her age?’ asked madame des Ursins.

‘Eighteen,’ replied Alberoni.

‘What did you teach her?’

‘I gave her a few lessons in history and geography.’

‘Did she learn readily?’

‘She has neither memory nor understanding; her indolence is excessive.’

‘Do you know whether she writes tolerably?’

‘I know she cannot write at all: those about her are obliged to dictate even the most trivial billet.’

‘All this is excellent in a queen: she will take no part in public affairs; they will be managed the better for it, and the tranquillity of the king will not be disturbed. You say she is not handsome; I think I have heard her figure greatly praised.’

‘She is tall, and well-shaped; but her countenance has not a single feature that is pleasing.’

‘Did she present you with her portrait?’

‘Yes, I have it on a snuff-box, which I happened to break, and it is now in the hands of a jeweller, who is at present absent. He will return in a few days, and I will then show you this portrait, which is a great likeness, though rather a flattering one.’

Alberoni had, in fact, a portrait of Elizabeth; and when he left madame des Ursins, he sent for a painter, and made him hastily, under his inspection, take a copy from it, but such that, though it retained a resemblance, exhibited only an uninteresting and disagreeable countenance. This copy he procured to be set in the box which he carried to madame des Ursins.

She surveyed it with a smile, and said, ‘I think I can perceive in this face, plain as it is, an air of goodness: this is the very queen we want.’

want. But, my dear Alberoni, we must have recourse to a little stratagem; we have now to induce the king to make the determination we wish; and I must say this portrait is not very likely to charm him. You must procure a very flattering and highly-embellished copy to be taken of it, which we will show the king.'

'I own,' replied Alberoni, 'I feel some repugnance to consent to this.'

'Oh, you are too nicely scrupulous!'

'But when the king sees the princess'—

'He will not see her till she is queen, and then he will submit to what cannot be avoided. Besides, I will take the management of this upon myself.'

'I will follow your directions; but you must excuse my usual frankness, when I tell you that this artifice does not please me.'

'Your honesty, I confess, has always surprised me.'

'You will never be able to correct this defect in me.'

'Remember that if this affair succeeds, a bishopric shall be the reward of the part you have taken in it.'

'A bishopric!—gracious Providence!—No, no, madame; the curacy of the village, which I have solicited for more than a twelve-month, is the utmost of my ambition.'

'I wish to have you near me; and the man who possesses my confidence cannot remain in an inferior situation. I must take care of your fortune, not only from the regard I have for you, but for my own sake. Cause then the portrait to be copied in the manner I have desired; and afterwards, in an evening or two, you shall be at my apartment, and I will present you to the king.'

Alberoni replaced on the snuff-box the real portrait of Elizabeth, and after some days showed it to

madame des Ursins, asking her whether she was satisfied with this *deceitful copy*.

'It is perfect,' replied madame des Ursins. 'This is a charming portrait!'

'But this face is the mere work of fancy,' answered Alberoni, laughing.

'That is precisely what I would have it,' replied madame des Ursins, laughing likewise; 'return to me this evening.'

The king, having been pre-informed of the merit of Alberoni, put to him two or three questions respecting the court of Parma and Elizabeth.

'He has a charming portrait of that princess,' said, in a careless manner, madame des Ursins.

Philip expressed a desire to see this portrait, and, examining it with much attention, asked if it were not a very flattering likeness. At this question madame des Ursins could not refrain from smiling when she looked at Alberoni, who coldly replied that he was not a connoisseur either in painting or in beauty.

When the princess des Ursins was again alone with Alberoni, she reprehended him warmly for not having seized this first opportunity of making the eulogium of Elizabeth. Alberoni intreated her to excuse his awkwardness.

'You may soon repair the omission,' said she; 'for be certain that, when the king speaks to you again, he will again question concerning the court of Parma. When princes, in their intercourse with persons little known to them, have once discovered a subject of conversation, they follow it with a constancy that is peculiar to them.'

'Well, then, I will endeavour to extol the charms of the princess of Parma: but when the king shall see her he will banish me.'

'By no means: I will maintain that she is handsome; and, though she will not appear so to him, he will believe it.'

'Must I likewise praise her understanding and her wit?'

'No; nothing is less necessary, and it may even do hurt. Princes do not wish to be dazzled: splendor of this kind has only the effect of intimidating, that is to say, offending them. The universal homage which they have been accustomed to receive from their infancy produces ideas of superiority so extensive, that whatever may oppose them embarrasses or displeases them. Wit never seduces princes but when it has the art to veil itself under the appearance of frivolity or perfect simplicity.'

Thus did the princess des Ursins, in a private conversation with Alberoni, display her finesse and profound policy, without being aware that it was to her master in such arts that she was pretending to give lessons.

(To be concluded in our next.)

## PARISIAN FASHIONS.

(With an Engraving elegantly coloured.)

THE *fichu en marmotte* (represented in the plate) still continues one of the most distinguished head-dresses; besides which we have the heads cut close *à-la-Titus*; the hair plaited and fastened with a comb or a pin; laced *paysannes*, worn very forward; hats of black straw and fancy bonnets of white satin. The robes are somewhat longer-waisted. The reigning colours, next to white, are sky-blue, black, and rose colour. Almost all the robes have a long train.

In common dress the *capotes à coulisses* of taffety, of a dark-green, lilac, jonquil, or rose colour, are still in fashion. Some locks of sprouting hair, which escape from under these *capotes*, show that the mania of clipping *à-la-Titus* prevails among the *élégantes* of all classes. The locks on the temples and forehead, which are exempted from the fatal scissors, are now oiled with more profusion, and curled with more care than ever.

The English fashions are still very closely copied by our ladies, though scarcely with so much servility as they were some time since.

The colours of gentlemen's clothes are dark blue, black, black-a-moor's head, or dark brown. The collar of the coat is still large, but not so high as usual. The newest fashion for buttons is silk wove into nine squares. The coat is not now wadded at the shoulders, nor ridiculously drawn tight round the waist. Large lapels are no longer worn. The sleeves are narrow, and of an oval shape. White waistcoats, longer than ordinary, and cut straight round the bottom, and consequently without flaps, are worn. They have only five little buttons, and an extremely large protuberant collar, the fore-parts of which are formed into the shape of a shell. Nankeen breeches, as well as pantaloons, are full from the waist to the knee, and made to fit close from the knee to the knee-band, which is drawn tight by a small round buckle. The colours of gentlemen's loose frocks are chesnut, black-a-moor's head, or smoke of London. They are made large and strait, and are single-breasted, with only five or six buttons of wove silk. The collar is either of velvet of the same colour as the cloth, or black.

*Engraved for the Ladies Magazine July 1802.*



*Messrs. J. & R. Rigollé Co.*

PARIS DRESS.

LONDON FASHIONS.

*Full-dresses.*

**R**OUND dress of white sarcenet, with crape sleeves, trimmed with lace; the body of the dress made quite loose, and confined with a buffont bow behind and before; cap of white lace, trimmed with pink crape, and ornamented with a pink feather.

The *Syrienne Tunique* of white crape, richly embroidered with silver; the back made plain and very low. Full epaulettes. Cap of white satin, embroidered to correspond with the dress, and ornamented with ostrich feathers.

*Walking-dress.*

Round dress of cambric muslin, made short and flounced round the bottom; the sleeves long and full. The cloak veil fastened on the top of the head, and falling nearly to the bottom of the dress.

*Travelling-dress.*

An open dress of dark silk or cambric muslin, Vandyked down the sides with lilac. Full long sleeves with lilac epaulettes and fronts. A small jockey hat to correspond with the dress.

*Head-dresses.*

Large hat of purple silk covered with crape, and ornamented with a wreath of flowers. A bow of purple ribband on the top of the crown, and purple strings.

Close bonnet, the front of white chip, the crown of green crape, ornamented with a green wreath; bow in front.

Hat of white chip and crape.

Cap of purple silk, covered with lace; a yellow ostrich feather on the right side, and bows behind.

Bonnet of pink silk, embroidered with black velvet, made open to show the hair; white ostrich feathers.

Turban of white satin, ornamented with gold; two white ostrich feathers.

The Rohan hat, made of frivolity twist, and willow. We are indebted to the invention of madame Lebrun for this elegant hat.

The parasol bonnet of silk plush, trimmed round the front with silk fringe.

*General Observations.*

The prevailing colours are green, yellow, and lilac. Feathers of all sorts are universally adopted. The Spanish cloak continues to be much worn. Chip and straw hats remain the same as last month.

EXPERIMENTS in AËROSTATION.

**T**HE following account of the first discovery of the air-balloon, the early experiments made with it, and the different persons who have ascended into the atmosphere and made aerial voyages, may probably not be unacceptable to such of our readers as have witnessed the late ascents of M. Garnerin, or read the various accounts that have been published of them.

Dr. Black, of Edinburgh, was the first person who is known to have suggested the possibility of inclosing inflammable air so as to render it capable of raising a vessel into the atmosphere, which was done in his lectures in 1767 and 1768: and Mr. Cavallo, in 1782, first made experiments upon the subject; but he was unable to retain the air in any material light enough for the purpose, except a thick solution of soap, which the practice of children had shown would ascend even with common air, if rarefied by heat. In the same year Stephen and Joseph Montgolfier, paper-manufacturers, of Annonay, about ten leagues from

Lyons, filled a silken bag with air rarefied by burning paper, which rose first in a room, and afterwards to the height of seventy feet, in the open air. Several repetitions of the experiment were made in the ensuing year; and, finally, dry straw and chopped wood were consumed, instead of paper. One of their balloons, about thirteen feet in diameter, rose to the height of three thousand feet in two minutes.

At length, on the 15th of October, 1783, M. Pilatre de Rozier rose from the gardens of the Fauxbourg St. Antoine at Paris, in a wicker gallery about three feet broad, attached to an oval balloon of seventy-four feet by forty-eight, which had been made by M. Montgolfier, and which also carried up a brazier, or grate, for the purpose of continuing, at pleasure, the inflation of the balloon, by a fire of straw and wool. The weight of this machine was sixteen hundred pounds. On that day it was permitted to rise no more than eighty-four feet; but on the 19th, when M. Giraud de Villette ascended with him, they rose to the height of three hundred and thirty-two feet, being prevented from further ascent only by ropes. In November of the same year, M. Pilatre de Rozier and the marquis d'Arlandes first trusted a balloon to the elements, who, after rising to the height of three thousand feet, descended about five miles from the place of their ascent.

About the same time, count Zambecari sent up from the Artillery-ground, in London, a small gilt balloon, filled with inflammable air, which, in two hours and a half, reached a spot near Petworth, in Sussex, and would not then have fallen had it not burst. The discovery was now nearly as complete as in its present state. Inflammable air, produced by iron filings and

vitriolic acid, was soon used in the inflation of larger balloons, and by one of twenty-seven feet and a half diameter M. Charles and M. Roberts rose, in December, from the garden of the Thuilleries in Paris, and in an hour and a half descended about twenty-seven miles from that city. In this voyage the thermometer fell from forty-seven to thirty-one, from which *datum* the balloon was supposed to have reached the height of three thousand five hundred feet. Subsequent experiments may rather be enumerated than described. The adventurers in them were—

M. J. Montgolfier, who, in 1784, ascended, with six other persons, from Lyons, by a balloon one hundred and thirty-one feet high, and one hundred and four broad.

M. Blanchard, in March of the same year, rose to an altitude which is calculated at nine thousand five hundred feet, and descended in an hour and a quarter, having experienced heat, cold, hunger, and excessive drowsiness.

Mr. Bertrand, in April, rose from Dijon to the height of about thirteen thousand feet, and in an hour and a quarter sailed eighteen miles.

Madame Thible, who was the first female adventurer, ascended, in June, from Lyons, with M. Fleurant, in the presence of the late king of Sweden, and reached the height of eight thousand five hundred feet.

M. Mouchet, in the same month, ascended from Nantz, and travelled twenty-seven miles in fifty-eight minutes.

M. Rozier, in another experiment, reached the height of eleven thousand seven hundred feet, and found the temperature of the air reduced to five degrees below the freezing point.

The duke de Chartres (Orléans) ascended, in July, from the park of

of St. Cloud, with three other persons.

Vincent Lunardi, on September 15, rose, from the Artillery-ground, by a balloon thirty-three feet in diameter. In his ascent the thermometer fell to twenty-nine, and some drops of water round his balloon were frozen.

M. M. Roberts and Hullin, in the same month, sailed from Paris to Arras in six hours and a half.

Mr. Sadler, who was the first Englishman that ascended with a balloon, rose in October, from Oxford.

Mr. Sheldon ascended from Chelsea in the same month.

Mr. Blanchard and Dr. Jefferies, on the 7th of January, 1784, crossed the Channel between Dover and Calais, by means of a balloon; but had such difficulty to keep it above the water, that they were obliged to throw overboard every thing they had with them.

Mr. Crosbie ascended from Dublin, in the same month, with such rapidity that he was completely out of sight in three minutes.

Count Zambecari and admiral sir E. Vernon, in March, sailed from London to Horsham (thirty-five miles) in less than an hour.

Mr. Windham and Mr. Sadler ascended from Moulsey-hurst, in May, and descended at the confluence of the Thames and Medway.

Mr. M'Guire, in the same month, having ascended from Dublin, was taken up in the Channel by a boat, when on the point of expiring with fatigue.

M. M. P. de Rozier and Romain ascended, from Boulogne, on the 14th of July, with the intention of crossing the Channel; but their balloon, being a Montgolfier, took fire at the height of twelve hundred yards, and they were dashed to pieces by the fall.

Mr. Crosbie, who again ascended from Dublin; and major Money, from Norwich, in the same month, both fell into the sea, and were with great difficulty saved.

M. Blanchard, in August, sailed from Lisle to a distance of three hundred miles before he descended.

We are not sufficiently acquainted with the many performances of M. Garnerin, previous to his late ascents from Ranelagh and Lord's Cricket-ground, to add them to this list.

## DOWAGER MISSES.

To the EDITOR of the LADY'S  
MAGAZINE.

MR. EDITOR,

PRAY tell us some *title* of distinction for unmarried ladies of a *certain* age, whose fathers are dead, and elder brothers have daughters.—What think you of styling them *dowager misses*? In the country these declining beauties expect their brother's eldest daughter to be called miss Betsy or Kilty; and foolishly fancy, while the old brood continue unmarried, the rank of *miss* (without the Christian name) belongs exclusively to themselves. But this Turkish *etiquette* won't pass with us who have been educated at the great school, Mr. Editor, where we have been taught that as soon as grandpapa is dead, grandmamma is no longer lady A. or Mrs. B., but the dowager lady A. or dowager Mrs. B.; and why should not our aunt tabbies be called the *dowager misses*? If you can think of a better denomination, be so good as to give it; or, at all events, allow this hint at propriety a corner in your Magazine.

MISS IN HER TEENS.

July 1, 1802.

## POETICAL ESSAYS.

## THE RAT; A FABLE.

**WITHIN** a dark and lonely wood  
An old deserted building stood;  
Beneath its roof the vermin train  
Enjoy'd a free and happy reign:  
There, far remov'd from noisy strife,  
A rat long led an easy life,  
And, bless'd with mean and scanty  
store,

Knew not a want, nor wish'd for more:  
Where roll'd the gently purling rill,  
To slake his thirst he drank his fill;  
The filbert trees which grew beside  
A moderate hoard of nuts supplied;  
And, when a daintier meal would fail,  
On neighbouring acorns he'd regale.  
A life of such serene repose  
Who but the humble rustic knows?

One eve, as through the sylvan  
ground

He took his lone sequester'd round,  
Or walk'd the dreary desert o'er,  
Or tripp'd along the sea-girt shore,  
Lo! gloomy Night usurp'd the glade,  
And spread around her ebony shade;  
In vain he sought the guiding flood  
To lead him to his native wood;  
In vain he roams, in error tost,  
Poor Nibble 'midst the gloom was lost!  
At length his eagle-prying sight  
Espies a distant glimmering light,  
And, pleas'd with beams so sparkling  
gay,

Thither he bends his cautious way;  
Till, with a timid, hopeful pace,  
He gain'd, fatigued, th' unwonted  
place,

Where numerous lamps their light  
display'd, [shade:

And triumph'd o'er the night's dull  
There grand and lively domes arise,  
And turrets of stupendous size.

He star'd about him, stood amaz'd,  
And at the steeple spire he gaz'd;  
Then happy, ere the dawn of day,  
In a large mansion made his way,

Where such a clatter rang below,  
He deem'd it higher best to go,  
Till garret safe retreat afforded,  
Where num'rous heaps of goods were  
hoarded.

Aurora now, serenely bright,  
Broke through the east with heav'nly  
light;

Mild Cynthia from the sky looks pale,  
Whilst gently blew the morning gale.  
Rous'd from a lazy deep repose,  
The pestering city vermin rose,  
Star'd at our rat with saucy look,  
And into frequent laughter broke:  
So have we known from distant climes,  
Strangers receiv'd in recent times.  
Nibble, although a simplish clown,  
Soon caught the manners of the town,  
Roam'd the vast garret with an air,  
Return'd each rude unmeaning stare;  
Could ev'ry other fool despise,  
And thought himself amazing wise.

One night, howe'er, as with the train  
He pilfering thought to share the grain,  
And idly in the garret stray'd,  
Where pil'd in heaps the corn was laid,  
A cat the silent thief descried,  
And all his care-less motions ey'd;  
Then sudden from her nook, ere long,  
Grimalkin on poor Nibble sprung,  
Who all in vain for mercy calls—  
Beneath her cruel gripe he falls.

Thus when the simple human clown  
Adventures to our polish'd town,  
School'd in the manners of the place,  
Deck'd as he seems with ev'ry grace,  
With foppish emulation fir'd,  
He struts about to be admir'd;  
But soon, with crafty knaves link'd in,  
He treads the dangerous paths of sin;  
His country's laws at length defied,  
Before the solemn bench he's tried;  
Suppliant in vain, he begs, he sighs;  
Condemn'd, he on the gallows dies.

May, 1802.

W. M\*\*\*\*

## LINES

[Occasioned by a Visit to Whittlebury-Forest,  
Northamptonshire, in August 1800,]

*Addressed to his Children,*

BY ROBERT BLOOMFIELD.

GENIUS of the forest shades!

Lend thy pow'r, and lend thine ear!

A stranger trod thy lonely glades,

Amidst thy dark and bounding deer:

Inquiring childhood claims the verse:

O! let them not inquire in vain;

Be with me while I thus rehearse

The glories of thy sylvan reign.

Thy dells by wint'ry currents worn,

Secluded haunts, how dear to me!

From all but Nature's converse borne,

No ear to hear, no eye to see.

Their honour'd leaves the green oaks  
rear'd,

And clothed the upland's graceful  
swell;

While answer'd through the vale was  
heard

Each distant heifer's tinkling bell.

Hail, greenwood shades! that, stretch-  
ing far,

Defy e'en Summer's noontide pow'r,

When August, in his burning car,

Withholds the cloud, withholds the  
show'r!

The deep-ton'd low from either hill,

Down hazel aisles and arches green,

(The herd's rude tracks from rill to  
rill,)

Roar'd echoing through the solemn  
scene.

From my charm'd heart the numbers  
sprung,

Though birds had ceas'd the choral  
lay:

I pour'd wild raptures from my tongue,

And gave delicious tears their way.

Then, darker shadows seeking still,

Where human foot had seldom  
stray'd,

I read aloud to every hill

Sweet Emma's love, 'the nut-brown  
maid.'

Shaking his matted mane on high,

The gazing colt would raise his head;

Or, tim'rous doe would rushing fly,

And leave to me her grassy bed:

Where, as the azure sky appear'd

Through bow'rs of ev'ry varying  
form,

'Midst the deep gloom methought I  
heard

The daring progress of the storm.

How would each sweeping pond'rous  
bough [cleaves,

Resist, when straight the whirlwind  
Dashing in strength'ning eddies

through  
A roaring wilderness of leaves!

How would the prone descending  
show'r

From the green canopy rebound!

How would the lowland torrents pour!

How deep the pealing thunder  
sound!

But peace was there—no lightnings  
blaz'd—

No clouds obscur'd the face of heav'n;

Down each green op'ning while I  
gaz'd,

My thoughts to home and you were  
giv'n.

O, tender minds! in life's gay morn  
Some clouds must dim your coming  
day;

Yet bootless pride and falsehood scorn,  
And peace, like this, shall cheer  
your way.

Now at the dark wood's stately side,  
Well pleas'd I met the sun again;

Here fleeting fancy travell'd wide!

My leat was destin'd to the main:

For many an oak lay stretch'd at length,  
Whose trunks with bark no longer  
sheath'd,

Had reach'd their full meridian  
strength

Before your father's father breath'd!

Perhaps they'll many a conflict brave  
And many a dreadful storm defy;

Then, groaning o'er the adverse wave,  
Bring home the flag of victory.

Go, then, proud oaks! we meet no  
more!

Go, grace the scenes to me denied,  
The white cliffs round my native  
shore,

And the loud ocean's swelling tide.

'Genius of the forest shades!'

Sweet, from the heights of thy do-  
main,

When the grey ev'ning shadow fades,  
To view the country's golden grain!

To

To view the gleaming village spire  
 'Midst distant groves unknown to  
 me;  
 Groves, that grown bright in borrow'd  
 fire,  
 Bow o'er the peopled vales to thee!  
 Where was thy elfin train that play  
 Round Wake's huge oak, their fa-  
 v'rite tree?  
 May a poor son of song thus say,  
 Why were they not reveal'd to me?  
 Yet, smiling fairies left behind,  
 Affection brought you to my view;  
 To love and tenderness resign'd,  
 I sat me down and thought of you.  
 When morning still unclouded rose,  
 Refresh'd with sleep and joyous  
 dreams,  
 Where fruitful fields with woodlands  
 close,  
 I traced the births of various streams.  
 From beds of clay, here creeping rills,  
 Unseen to parent Ouse, would steal;  
 Or, gushing from the northward hills,  
 Would glitter through Toves' wind-  
 ing dale.  
 But, ah! ye cooling springs, farewell!  
 Herds! I no more your freedom  
 share;  
 But long my grateful tongue shall tell  
 What brought your gazing stranger  
 there.  
 'Genius of the forest shades!  
 Lend thy pow'r, and lend thine ear;  
 Let dreams still lengthen thy long  
 glades,  
 And bring thy peace and silence  
 here.

### THE COTTAGER'S DAUGHTER.

BY MRS. CROWTHER.

IN a deep barren glen stood Evander's  
 poor cot,  
 And no other the heath did afford;  
 Content cheer'd the peasant, tho' hard  
 was his lot,  
 Forsaken by all, by the world long for-  
 got,  
 Yet Evander possess'd one dear  
 hoard.  
 'Twas a daughter—fair Thirza—his  
 lov'd only child,  
 The delight and the prop of his age;

As the dew of the heavens her accents  
 were mild,  
 But 'twas heaven itself when her ruby  
 lips smil'd;  
 Ev'ry grace did fair Thirza engage.  
 She was pious and good—and her sire  
 she maintain'd,  
 She oft wrought by the midnight's  
 pale oil;  
 And when her fair fingers a trifle had  
 gain'd,  
 She brought it Evander, nor ever com-  
 plain'd  
 Of the hard scanty earnings of toil.  
 Thus dwelt old Evander, condemn'd  
 by the great,  
 Yet his cottage a crust could bestow,  
 And a crumb to the robin that sang at  
 his gate  
 He spar'd with a smile from his little  
 estate—  
 'Twas his heart bade fair charity  
 flow.  
 On a dark sullen night, at the close of  
 the year,  
 When fast fell the snow on the moor,  
 Thirza heard the blast howl in the  
 chimney with fear,  
 And whilst they both listen'd, a foot-  
 step drew near,  
 And a stranger knock'd loud at the  
 door.  
 'Twas lord William of Westmoreland,  
 gallant and bold,  
 Who in crossing the heath lost his  
 way;  
 A sorrowful story the knight did un-  
 fold;  
 Exhausted with hunger, and perish'd  
 with cold,  
 He implor'd in the cottage to stay.  
 'Sir knight,' cried Evander, 'we're  
 humble and poor,  
 But my bed shall your wearied limbs  
 rest,  
 And Thirza shall spread you our cold  
 little store;  
 I wish for your sake that our little were  
 more!  
 Though 'tis homely and coarse, 'tis  
 our best.'  
 Lord William, on ent'ring, had gaz'd  
 with surprise,  
 And view'd with delight the sweet  
 maid;

He

He was lost when he look'd at her  
heavenly eyes:—

Alas! the fair virgin's affection he  
tries—

He was faithless, and Thirza be-  
tray'd.

Lord William departed, and bade them  
farewel; [more;

He was gone, and they saw him no  
But, oh! what a story had Thirza to  
tell!

Where once smil'd a heaven there  
frown'd a dark hell!

Who could now her lost honour re-  
store?—

Soon, soon wild emotions beat high in  
her breast,

And a maniac Thirza became;—

The wretched Evander, forlorn and  
distrest,

In the grave was soon laid, where his  
woes were at rest—

The sad victim of sorrow and shame.

Oft Evander's lone sod would his Thir-  
za adorn, [the brook,

As she gather'd wild flow'rs from  
Then warbled forth ditties, in accents  
forlorn,

'Dark spirits from Thirza Evander  
have torn!

He is gone, and poor Thirza forsook!

'Tis long since poor Thirza the cottage  
has fled:

Fallen ruins the spot only shows;  
By casual bounty the wanderer's fed,  
And she asks the hard pavement to  
pillow her head,

When humanity's deaf to her woes.

O'er the head of lord William fair hap-  
piness flows;

He knows not of Thirza's sad fate;  
Nor ever a thought on the cottage be-  
stows,

Nor remembers a moment his false  
broken vows;—

Such reflexions on grandeur ne'er  
wait!

Oh say, ye gay libertines! what can ye  
claim [stows?

From the triumph seduction be-  
Can the fall of a virgin give laurels to  
fame?

Can the heart that is broken raise  
higher your name,

Or bind a fair wreath round your  
brows?

## ADDRESS

FROM THE GENIUS OF THE MORN-  
ING TO THE SLUGGARD.

*'Diluculo surgere saluberrimum est.'*

RISE from thy downy couch, thou  
sluggard, rise;

Tear sleep's soft bandage from thy  
heavy eyes:

Lo! Sol with golden pencil paints the  
morn:

I wait thy presence on the dew-pearl'd  
lawn.

What can detain thee in a morn so fine?  
Hast thou been worshipping at Bac-  
chus' shrine;

Where boon compeers, a set of jovial  
souls,

Attempt to drown their cares in rosy  
bowls?

What head aches dire from midnight  
revels spring!

Arise, and taste the pleasure of a king.  
Arise and feast on pure salubrious gales,  
And breathe the sweets of vi'let-scent-  
ed vales.

Haste, while fair Flora doth her stores  
display,

And skirt with variegated tribes thy  
way;

While drops hang pendent on the  
blossom'd thorn,

Wept from the dewy lids of 'meek-  
ey'd morn.'

Hark! how the plummy minstrels of the  
groves

Chant their glad love-songs to their  
feather'd loves:

The speckled lark his flight to 'hea-  
ven's gate' wings,

While from a spray the sooty black-  
bird sings.

If rural music yield thee no delight,  
If blooming nature never charm thy  
sight,

Still rise, young friend, and to the hills  
repair,

For that blithe goddess, rosy Health, is  
there.

Seek the sweet maid, and clasp her to  
thy breast,

To ev'ry earthly joy she'll give a zest;  
Her smiles benignant will improve thy  
lot,

And shed a radiance round thy low-  
roof'd cot.

JOHN WEBB.

*Haverhill.*

## TO THE MEMORY OF WILLIAM PASKE,

*Who died Sept. 28, 1800, aged 73.*

WHOE'ER thou art, by curious motive led

To read the records of the village dead,  
Pause o'er this tomb, erected here to show [below.

The spot where hapless William rests  
Wise Heaven thought fit, in manhood's joyous prime,

To pluck fair reason from his throne sublime,

And doom'd poor Paske to sojourn to and fro;

A wand'ring pilgrim in a world of woe.  
Stranger to real mirth, he danc'd and sung, [his tongue:

While wit's keen flashes issu'd from  
Strong beer and snuff to him were life's best joys; [ing boys.

His favourite friends—a train of shout-  
At wake, or mountebank, or country fair, [there:

Glad clowns beheld eccentric William  
With fixt regard they mark'd each smutty joke,

And smil'd and wonder'd at the words he spoke;

His tricks and antic gestures made them gay, [day.

And gave new pleasure to the festive  
In scenes like these he play'd an active part,

Till Death with his broad arrow pierc'd his heart;

Surviving friends soon laid his body here,

But o'er his relics never shed one tear.  
Alas! he had no wife, no tender wife,  
To soften the fierce pangs of parting life!

No duteous child its last respect to pay,  
To wet with filial tears his lifeless clay.

Ye to whom Providence hath been more kind,

Who boast Heaven's fairest gift—a healthful mind,

Oh! while the best of blessings is enjoy'd, [ploy'd;

Well may the precious talent be em-  
Lest, at the great tremendous day of doom, [tomb.

Ye envy him who rests within this  
*Haverbill.*

JOHN WEBB.

## ON THE DEATH OF A RELATIVE.

'Our friends and kindred drop and die,  
And helpers are withdrawn;  
While Sorrow, with a streaming eye,  
Weeps o'er our comforts gone.'

WATTS.

SHALL titled greatness gain th' ap-  
plausive strain

To celebrate its deeds, while humble worth

Descends unnotic'd to the silent tomb!  
No!—gentle shade, thou shalt not rest unsung;

My rustic Muse shall tune the plaintive lyre, [bier.

And strew a flower o'er thy lamented  
Oh for the Muse of solemn-singing Young, [death

To paint the scene, when by the bed of I sat and wept! No formal tear I shed,  
But dropp'd the heart-felt tribute o'er her fate.

Thou, too, my Maximilian, thou wert present,

To view thy dear departing relative,  
And to impress upon thy infant mind  
The fond remembrance of a tender friend.

With eager arms she press'd thee to her bosom;

With anxious looks survey'd thy blooming form,

And then invok'd a blessing on thy head.

Oh shower that blessing on him, gracious Heaven!

And crown his life with bliss—his death with peace!

I saw, with deep anxiety, that Death [feature

Had mark'd her for his victim; ev'ry Inform'd me of the tyrant's near approach. [struggle,

Not long I'd left her when, without a Her spirit bade adieu to earthly objects,

And wing'd its rapid flight to unknown regions.

Lamented shade!

Oh may that Being who delights in mercy [faults,

Pardon thine errors, and forgive thy And grant thee an abode amongst the happy; [pose

Where spirits, gentle as thine own, re-  
In bowers of bliss!

*Haverbill.*

JOHN WEBB.  
FOREIGN

## FOREIGN NEWS.

*Dantzick, May 12.*

ON the 8th instant, in digging a new sluice way at the upper end of the Fairwater, a ship was found buried in the ground, at the depth of about twenty feet. She measured from stem to stern, in the inside, fifty-four feet, and in breadth nearly twenty feet, and was loaded with stones, marked H. L. N<sup>o</sup> V. to XII. some apparently intended for foundation stones; others finely polished and flat, supposed to be head stones for graves. A box of tobacco pipes was also found, all whole, with heads about the size of a thimble, and stalks from four to six inches in length. The ship was built of oak, her planks about twenty inches broad, full of treenails, and no iron about her except her rudder bands. A boat was found near, fallen to pieces. Many human bones were found in the hold, both fore and aft; and it is supposed that the vessel had been lost in some convulsion of nature, before the foundation of the city, upwards of five hundred years ago, as the place had long been built over.

*Presburg, May 14.* The following is the substance of what passed upon the entrance of their imperial majesties at Presburg, on the 12th May. At five in the morning a deputation of the diet repaired to Sclosshof to congratulate the monarch and his august consort. At nine the guard of burghers and the cuirassiers of duke Albert were under arms. The former was drawn up in two lines from the gate St. Laurent to the primate's palace. The deputation having returned at eleven o'clock, the states and royal guards proceeded to the Alle du Prince, where their majesties arrived at half past twelve. They were received under two superb tents, and congratulated by the archbishop of Colocza. Then a first discharge of artillery announced the presence of our sovereigns, and the procession proceeded

to the gate of St. Laurent, preceded and followed by a detachment of cuirassiers. At the gate, the magistrate presented to the emperor the keys of the city, and a second discharge of artillery was the signal of the entry of their majesties. Resuming then its march, the procession advanced by the Grand Place, passing under a triumphal arch to the primate's palace, where the archbishop of Colocza, assisted by several bishops and prelates, gave the benediction to those august personages. Their majesties followed, the states went next to the palace chapel, where *Te Deum* was sung, amidst the report of a third discharge of artillery and a triple discharge of musquetry. At night the whole city and suburbs were illuminated. On the 13th, after mass, the emperor went to the grand audience hall of the palace to open the diet in solemn form. His majesty being seated on the throne, the count de Palfy, chancellor of Hungary, stated to the states the motives of their convocation. The monarch then delivered a Latin speech, which was answered by the assembly with shouts of *Vive le Roi*. His majesty, having given to the archduke palatine the propositions in writing which were to form the object of the deliberations, left the assembly, and retired to his apartments. His royal highness then went with the members of the diet to the hotel of the states, where he read the propositions of his majesty.

*Frankfort, May 16.* The interview which the emperor of Russia is to have with the king of Prussia at Memel, excites the attention of different courts. Every body attempts to divine the object of this solemn measure, and we are lost in a labyrinth of conjectures, of which it is impossible to discover the issue. Some think the business relates to Poland; some maintain that the two monarchs intend to form an alliance

for the purpose of securing the repose of the north of Europe. Indemnities and other objects of equal importance in the present state of politics are also mentioned. It has been remarked that the prince of Wirtemberg, commandant of Vienna, arrived the 15th of May, probably on his way to Memel, to attend the interview on behalf of Austria. This circumstance gives an additional degree of importance to the event in question. There is no doubt, at all events, but that it is a question of negotiations that concern the three courts. The duke of Brunswick, it is said, is also to go to Memel. The presence of this enlightened prince, who is perfectly acquainted with the political state of Europe, may prove of great service to the several powers in their regulation of such important interests.

*Leghorn, May 17.* On the 14th an embarkment of Polish troops began to take place, and fifteen vessels of different nations were taken for this purpose. This has excited much discontent among the persons who had the care of these vessels, and particularly the commander of the Danish squadron which has been some time here. The destination of these troops is a secret, but it is probable they are going to the West-Indies. The present relations between the Porte, France, and England, would lead us to presume also that they may be destined for the Levant.

Letters from Ancona state, that general Massena is expected there, and that preparations for a secret expedition are making at that place. It may be destined for the Archipelago.

*Vienna, May 19.* The Jesuits importunately solicit their re-establishment, which it is thought will be discussed at the diet of Presburg. Much resistance to it is, however, expected, although they have several of the great lords in their favour.

20. Passwan Oglou, so far from being blockaded at Widdin, as was generally supposed, has pushed his reconnoitring parties as far as Nissa and Nicopolis. His army is, however, considerably reduced in numbers, and is estimated to amount only to six thousand men, three hundred of whom are

Poles. His train of artillery is sufficiently strong, and, what is not a little extraordinary, he pays his troops with the greatest punctuality, and they are furnished with ample quantities of provisions.

*Presburg, May 21.* The following are the propositions which his imperial majesty submitted to the deliberation of the Hungarian diet:—1st, To regulate the army of insurrection (a sort of militia). 2d, The levy of recruits, that in future it may be carried into effect by order of the king alone, and not by that of the provincial meetings. 3d, The establishment of a heavy duty on salt. 4th, The union of Dalmatia to Hungary; and that of the three counties of Lissenstadt, Oldenburg, and Wasselburg, to Austria: the river Raal to serve as boundary to the two kingdoms. 5th, The augmentation of the revenues of the crown by two millions (about ninety thousand pounds).—Before the sitting closed, the diet commissioned a deputation from their body to wait on the archduke Charles, and present him with the homage of their gratitude for the invaluable services which he had rendered to the kingdom of Hungary during the war, and to recommend their nation to his future protection.

*Hague, May 27.* The lists opened for the suffrages upon the question, 'Shall Bonaparte be consul for life?' are filled with the names of all the French, as well citizens as soldiers, in this republic. They are all for the affirmative.

In the sitting of the legislative assembly last Wednesday, the following sum was granted to the government of state, for the service of the republic for the year 1802, *viz.* 65,992,569*fr.* 10*st.*

In the assembly of yesterday, a letter was read from the government of state, proposing that it should be enacted, that such of the inhabitants of those countries which have belonged to Holland, but which, by the late treaty, are now ceded to France or Great-Britain (Ceylon excepted), who shall return to this territory before the first of January, 1803, shall be considered as having resided here six years.—Enacted accordingly.

The persons interested in the old East.

East-India company have sustained a new misfortune in the loss of the last vessel that left Middleburg for Batavia. This ship, called the *Vriedenbourg*, has been lost upon the coast of France.

There is reason to believe that government will very shortly make known its intentions, with respect to the East-India trade. It has already given orders to suspend the building of vessels which had commenced in the dock of the East-India company. It is thought that government, yielding to the wish of the majority of the merchants, means to dissolve the old company, and to declare that trade free, as it has done with respect to the trade of other colonies.

The council of state have ordered another payment of 200,000 florins, in addition to the 150,000 formerly granted to those places which suffered in 1799 by the defence made in them by the French troops.

*Berne, May 29.* The notables, before they separated, sent a deputation of seven members to the minister of France, who received them in the most honourable manner. In answer to the orator of the deputation, he said that the assembly of notables would constitute an æra in the history of Helvetia by the unanimity of its members, and the concurrence of all for the public good. He requested the notables, now ready to return to their respective homes, to declare in the most explicit manner to their fellow-citizens that the *fixed and sole* wish of France is to preserve the bonds which have so long united the two states. The election made by the petit-council of the twenty-seven members, who are to compose the constitutional senate, is of a nature to please all parties. Of the new senators sixteen have been members of former governments. The choice of them will be submitted to the ratification of the people at the same time with the constitution.

*Rome, May 30.* The pope held an extraordinary consistory upon the 24th of May, upon which occasion he published all the objects relative to the church of France, as also the nomination of all the bishops. Upon the 27th, Ascension-day, he pronounced an allocution upon the subject of the restora-

tion of religion in France, and the present state of the church. He celebrated mass in person in the church of Grande-Basilee and St. Giovanni, gave the papal benediction, after which *Te Deum* was sung, and thanks returned to the Almighty for the restoration of religion in France. He then received the congratulations of the cardinals, who proclaimed him the restorer of the church, and acknowledged that what had been just accomplished was the greatest event of modern times.

*Brussels, May 30.* The merchants of Dunkirk, Havre, Rouen, and Nantes, have renewed the strongest solicitations to the government against allowing a direct trade between Antwerp and the East and West-India colonies; as otherwise, they contend, that all the old French ports, from Dunkirk to the mouth of the Loire, will be ruined.

*Naples, June 9.* Charles-Emanuel the Fourth, king of Sardinia, having by an instrument, dated at Rome the 4th of this month, resigned his crown and dominions in favour of his brother the duke d'Aost, his royal highness has acceded to the crown, under the name of Victor Emanuel.

*Paris, June 17.* The Ottoman minister at this residence has this day received from Constantinople the act of accession, on the part of the Sublime Porte, to the definitive treaty of peace between his majesty and the French republic, the king of Spain, the Batavian republic, signed at Amiens on the 27th of March last.

*Hague, July 2.* The king of Prussia is expected back to Berlin on the 5th or 6th of this month, when his majesty will take possession of the countries allotted for his share of the indemnifications.

We hear that Bonaparte's journey to Belgia and along the Rhine is fixed positively for the 24th of July. It is also said that he will be accompanied by general Berthier and the adjutant-general Duroc.

As long as the prohibition on the importation and exportation of tobacco continues in force, with regard to the port of Antwerp, that city will derive little advantage from the free navigation of the Scheldt.

## HOME NEWS.

*Greenwich, June 9.*

A MELANCHOLY accident happened in Greenwich-park on Saturday last: As the young gentlemen of an academy were recreating themselves, one of them, a fine youth, about twelve years old, took off his clothes, and, unperceived by the ushers, plunged himself into a pond, to which the deer resort for water; he was taken out lifeless, and every means to recover him were used by a number of gentlemen of the faculty, but without effect. His remains were on Wednesday interred in St. Margaret's, Westminster. He was a son of Mr. Smith, of the Land's-end, to whose troubles it makes no small addition.

*Nottingham, June 11.* Yesterday we had a very violent storm of thunder, lightning, and rain, which continued four or five hours. The warehouseman of Messrs. Maltby, St. James's-street, looking out of the window, was struck down with a flash of lightning; his clothes were partly burnt, the silver case of his watch and steel chain were partially melted in his pocket, and he continued some moments speechless; nor has he yet recovered from the shock.

*London, June 14.* The appointment of general Andreossi to the French embassy in England is now officially announced; together with that of M. Otto, as minister plenipotentiary to the United States. The general is expected to reach London in the course of a few days, and lord Whitworth is, therefore, hastening the preparations for his journey to Paris.

16. On Monday afternoon David Michaels, a Jew, went to see Michael Michaels, his brother, who is under sentence of death in Newgate, for uttering counterfeit silver: after making some apology for not seeing him sooner, he presented half a guinea to him,

when the atrocious villain ripped up his belly with a knife in so shocking a manner that he is not expected to live, though he was immediately taken to St. Bartholomew's hospital. The cruel wretch was immediately confined to his cell, where he will remain until the recorder shall make his report of the convicts under sentence of death in Newgate.

23. This morning were executed before the debtors' door, Newgate, Mr. Henry Cock, for forging a certain letter of attorney, in the name of William Story, with intent to defraud the governor and company of the bank of England; John Finlay, for forging a five pounds bank of England note; and Edward Hartwright, for forging a certain promissory note for five pounds, with intent to defraud Messrs. Down, Thornton, and Co., bankers. Mr. H. Cock ascended the platform first, elegantly dressed in mourning. The appearance of a man whose manners and demeanour were of the most prepossessing kind interested every person present. After the rope had been fastened about his neck, he made a short speech, which he delivered in a firm and manly tone. Throughout the whole of this most awful scene, he displayed a degree of fortitude equally remote from audacity and indifference. John Finlay and Edward Hartwright were young men, of very genteel appearance, about twenty-seven years of age. A few minutes after eight o'clock the platform was removed. After hanging the usual time, their bodies were cut down, and carried into the prison. Mr. Cock's body was put into a leaden coffin, and removed in a hearse a short time afterwards.

*Brighton, June 23.* William F\*\*\*d, esq. was yesterday taken out of the Anna homeward-bound vessel, from Bengal, in a most deplorable situation, after

after an attempt to destroy himself, and brought into this place about two o'clock P. M. This unfortunate gentleman, it seems, had lost his wife at Bengal, about a fortnight previous to his embarking with four of his children, and property to an immense amount, in the *Anna*, for England. During his voyage, he appeared in a most melancholy and dejected state, would frequently mention the name of his wife, and burst into tears as his eyes were directed to his children. He, however, betrayed no particular symptoms of insanity to create alarm in those about him for his own safety. During the last two or three days of his voyage, he frequently interrogated his servant if England could yet be described from the vessel, and, on being answered in the negative, appeared much hurt and disappointed, desiring the man to give him the earliest notice of such a welcome discovery. This the other did not fail to do; when his master, turning from him, drew a razor from his pocket, and cut his throat in a most dreadful manner. The surgeon of the vessel was instantly summoned to his assistance; but the wound was too deep, the wind-pipe being entirely severed, to afford any prospect of preserving his life.

*Plymouth, June 26.* This morning, notice having been given that the gallant 28th regiment of foot were to march through Plymouth, on their route to the Dock-line-barracks, a large concourse of people assembled on Briton's-side, to give them a hearty welcome: when the first division passed, their band playing 'The British Grenadiers' March,' three hearty cheers were given them, as well as when their colours passed, which visibly affected those brave fellows to be so received on their return to their native country. The officers and men look very healthy, though much tanned by the Egyptian sun. There does not appear any instance of ophthalmia in the regiment.

*London, June 26.* Last night a dreadful fire broke out at an oil-shop in St. Giles's, occasioned by the explosion of some gun-powder in the cellar; in a short time the premises were entirely destroyed, but the arrival of engines prevented its farther extension.

28. On Wednesday, as Mr. G. Mingay, of Orford, was sailing in a small boat, with his sister and two other young ladies, a squall of wind, all sails being set, engulfed the boat. Mr. Mingay with difficulty swam ashore, but the ladies perished.

A milkman, at the west end of the town, of good property, on Friday morning last, beat a woman, with whom he had cohabited for some years, in such a dreadful manner, that she died a few hours afterwards. It appears that the deceased had also a sister, who lived in the house with them as house-keeper, to whom the milkman for some time past had shown a partiality, which had produced a quarrel between the two sisters, and that they were at words when he came home on Friday, which caused his unlucky interference. He did not offer to make his escape, but remained on the premises, where he was apprehended on the morning following.

Last Friday a young negro woman, who had been slighted by her husband, one of her countrymen, made several attempts to drown herself in the river Lea, but was prevented by some barge-men, who sought out her husband and brought him to her. She was flying to his arms, but he repulsed her with brutal violence, and ran away again, denouncing vengeance against any person who should dare to pursue him, and left the unhappy woman destitute of every thing. Some sailors made a collection for her; but she told them it would be of no service, as she was determined to make away with herself: they, however, prevailed on her to go to a house in Limehouse, and they would support her till they could bring her husband to reason.

Between six and seven o'clock on Friday morning, a man named Charles Seaton, a journeyman gun-smith, put a period to his existence, at his lodgings in Fleet-lane; by putting a small cannon fixed on a wooden handle into his mouth, and, placing a lighted match to the touch-hole, blew his mouth almost to pieces.

A gentleman of property undertook, for a considerable wager, to ride from the borough of Christchurch, in Hampshire, to Hyde-park-corner, a distance of one hundred and one miles, in seven hours.

hours. He was allowed seven horses to perform the task, which he did with apparent ease in five hours and forty minutes. The last thirteen miles he rode in forty minutes on one horse. In another part of his journey he performed fourteen miles in thirty-six minutes with two horses. On the whole, this is considered one of the greatest equestrian feats that is remembered ever to have taken place.

M. Garnerin ascended with his balloon from Ranelagh, accompanied by captain Sowden, in the sight of an innumerable concourse of people. They passed over St. James's-park, the Thames, Westminster and Blackfriars' bridges, and over the cathedral of St. Paul's. The balloon rose to the height of about ten thousand feet, and in three quarters of an hour carried them to the distance of four miles beyond Colchester, where they alighted without hurt, on a common, almost sixty miles from Ranelagh, having travelled at the rate of nearly seventy-five miles an hour.

His majesty went in state to the house of peers, and, having signed the bills presented to him, prorogued the parliament to the 16th of August.

30. The Gazette of last night contains the proclamations dissolving parliament, and calling a new one. The writs issue this morning, and the elections will commence in most places next week.

*St. Ives, July 4.* Yesterday a very melancholy and barbarous transaction took place at Corva, near this place. A woman, whose name is Brey, whilst her husband was on his business at a tin-mine (where he is a captain), and no one in the room with her, took an infant child, of about ten months old, out of the cradle wherein it was fast asleep, undressed it, and laid it on a red-hot baking-iron, which was then on the fire; then, throwing a sheaf of reeds over the infant, set it in a blaze: but the child, through the torture, was heard to cry vehemently, which immediately brought in her sister-in-law and daughter, who were in another part of the house, into the kitchen, where this horrid barbarity was committed. They found the child just taken off the fire by this unnatural monster, burnt in a most shocking

manner. A surgeon and the child's father were immediately sent for, but to no purpose; it languished a few hours, and then expired in great agonies. This wretched woman, it seems, has been in a kind of melancholy for some months past; and sometimes so outrageous, that her husband was obliged to bind her for some days together; but that morning she seemed to talk sensibly, and desired him to let her loose, which he consented to in an unguarded hour. The jury, after examining the child, and its inhuman mother, gave a verdict—'Insanity.' The mayor, who attended, ordered her husband to confine her in future, and by no means to let her loose again.

*London, July 5.* M. Garnerin again ascended in a balloon from Lord's cricket-ground, accompanied by a gentleman of the name of Locker. As the atmosphere was entirely clouded over, and it rained very hard, they rose above the clouds, and were entirely out of sight in less than three minutes, and in about fifteen alighted safely in a field near Chingford, in Essex, at the distance of somewhat more than nine miles from London.

9. This day the election for the borough of Southwark closed, when the numbers being—

For Mr. Thornton	- - -	1580
Mr. Tierney	- - -	1390
Sir Thomas Turton	- - -	1130

the two former were declared duly elected.

12. The election for the city of London ended, when the numbers were—

Combe	- - - - -	3377
Price	- - - - -	3236
Curtis	- - - - -	2989
Anderson	- - - - -	2387
Travers	- - - - -	1371
Lewes	- - - - -	652
Lushington	- - - - -	113

The four first are consequently elected.

15. This morning Mr. Fox and lord Gardner were declared duly elected at Westminster, Mr. Graham, the other candidate, having declined all further opposition. The populace immediately proceeded to pull down and carry away the hustings, when the whole fell in with a dreadful crash, that was heard all over the neighbourhood.—The scene was frightful. Nothing

was

was heard but shrieks and groans, both within and without. Above twenty people were beneath, among whom were three poor women, when the building fell. Several were severely and dangerously bruised, and many had their arms or legs broken.

**BIRTHS.**

*June 19.* The lady of sir D. Mackworth, of Oxford, of a daughter.

22. The lady of admiral sir C. H. Knowles, of Taplow, of a son.

The lady of captain W. Money, of a son, at Walthamstow, Essex.

Mrs. H. Johnston, of Covent-garden theatre, of a son.

Mrs. Gibbs, of the Haymarket theatre, of a daughter.

Mrs. Cresswell, of Gould-square, of a son.

26. The lady of captain Lloyd, of the Coldstream guards, of a son.

29. The lady of colonel Barker, of a daughter, at Champion, Isle of Wight.

The lady of H. Jarrett, esq. of a son, at his house, in Portland-place.

30. The lady of John Hammet, esq. M. P. and daughter of sir Ralph Woodford, bart. of a son and heir.

*July 1.* Mrs. A. Corri, of a daughter.

The lady of the hon. John Vesey, eldest son of lord viscount De Vesey, of a daughter, at his house, in Dublin.

4. The lady of Geo. Henry Rose, esq. in St. James's-square, of a daughter.

The lady of the rev. H. Horsley, of a daughter, at Woolwich-common.

5. Mrs. Chawner, wife of Henry Chawner, esq. of Lyne-grove, of a son.

Mrs. Frances Gregg, of a son, at Wallington, Surrey.

9. The hon. Mrs. Charles Ellis, of a daughter, at Clare-mount, Surrey.

10. The right hon. lady C. Lennox, of Harley-street, Cavendish-square, of a son.

11. The lady of T. Orby Hunter, esq. in Manchester-square, of a daughter.

Mrs. Wilson, Lower Gower-street, Bedford-square, of a daughter.

The countess Talbot, of a son and heir, at Ingestree.

13. The lady of lieutenant-col. Conran, of the 52d regiment, of a daughter.

Mrs. D. Bevan, of a daughter, in Russell-square.

**MARRIAGES.**

*June 17.* Capt. Henry Lidgard Ball, of the royal navy, to miss Charlotte Forster, of Powis-place.

20. At Hamburg, sir Robert Barclay, bart. to madame de Cronstadt.

21. Edward Cook, esq. of the Treasury, to miss Flude, of Mortlake.

24. Sidenham Teast, esq. of Bristol, to miss Mary Irwin, daughter of the late Joseph Irwin, esq. of Carlisle, and governor of Sierra Leone, on the coast of Africa.

26. At Doddington, capt. Parker, to miss Ann Mulcaster, daughter of the late major-general Frederick George Mulcaster, of the royal engineers.

Mr. Berks Thompson, of Newark, to miss Ann Roberts, daughter of Mr. John Roberts, Fetter-lane, London; and, at the same time, Mr. William Roberts, of Fetter-lane, to miss Mary Roberts, second daughter of the same gentleman.

27. Mr. William Hall, of Great Ryder-street, to miss Sophia Choppin, daughter of Mr. Frederick Choppin, of Park-lane; and Mr. Thomas Hall, of Piccadilly, to miss Louisa Choppin.

30. The rev. H. J. Sydenham, to miss Abington, daughter of major Abington, of Cobham, in Surrey.

*July 1.* At the countess of Lincoln's, Portland-place, the hon. lord Henry Stuart, third son of the marquis of Bute, to the right hon. lady Gertrude Villiers, daughter and sole heiress of the late earl of Grandison, of Park-lane. After the ceremony the happy pair left town for Luton, in Bedfordshire, the seat of the marquis of Bute.

3. At Hammersmith, E. Poore, esq. of West-end-cottage, Herts, to Mrs. Lipyeatt, one of the daughters and co-heiresses of the late rev. Edmund Gibson, rector of Bishop-Stortford, in the same county.

At Hackney, Mr. Richard Monkhouse, of Milbank-street, Westminster, to miss Vincent, of Clapton.

Major George Groves, of the 28th regiment, to miss Alethea Blackstone, eldest daughter of the late Dr. Henry Blackstone, of Adderbury, Oxfordshire.

Mr. C. Lucas, of King-street, Golden-square, St. James's, to miss Elizabeth Wales, of Horsham-park, Wilts;

5. Tho. Stackhouse, esq. of Hatton-garden, to miss Gray, daughter of the late Andrew Gray, esq. of the Adelphi.

6. John George Scott, esq. of Birton, in the county of Salop, to miss Morse, daughter of William Morse, esq. of Drayton-green, Middlesex.

8. The rev. Frederick Tomkins, rector of South Perrot and Mosterton, Dorset, to miss Letitia Frances Dod, daughter of the late John Dod, esq.

13. Mr. William Devey, of Bank-side, to miss E. Child, of Hampton-court, only daughter of the late Rich. Child, esq. of Old-street, distiller.

15. Joseph Hague Everett, esq. eldest son of Thomas Everett, esq. M. P. of Bedford-square, to miss Cooke, eldest daughter of the late major Cooke.

Middleton Onslow, esq. of Aldermaster, Berks, to miss Matilda Boddington, daughter of Thomas Boddington, esq.

### DEATHS.

*June 20.* At Manchester, William Monsell, esq. late lieutenant-colonel of the twenty-ninth regiment of foot.

At his house, in Clapham, in the 70th year of his age, William Feuilletau, esq. F. A. S.

22. At her house, in Brunswick-square, much lamented by her disconsolate husband and friends, Mrs. Wylie, wife of Robert Wylie, esq. late of Abchurch-lane, London, merchant.

25. Mr. Thomas Harrison, of Cumberland-place: a man much lamented by all who knew him. He has bequeathed the best part of his property to W. Legge, esq. of the Temple.

27. At Chelsea, Mrs. Moseley, widow of William Moseley, esq.

At his house, in Great Marlborough-street, Mr. Garnet.

30. At the rectory-house, Wanstead, of a deep decline, in the bloom of youth, miss Glasse, daughter of the rev. G. H. Glasse, rector of Hanwell, Middlesex.

At her house, in Homerton, Mrs. S. Albert, in the 97th year of her age.

At his house, in Henrietta-street, Cavendish-square, G. F. Schurz, esq. of Shotover-house, Oxon.

At Highgate, after an illness of four days, in the forty-fourth year of her age, miss Garnett, of Scarborough.

*July 1.* At the seat of her brother the bishop of Waterford, at Cellbridge, Mrs. Levinge, of Dominick-street, Dublin, widow of Richard Levinge, esq. late of Colverstown, in the county of Kildare, and the last surviving daughter of the late lord chief-justice Marley.

3. At Baghan, near Neath, H. Bewicke, esq. son of Cal. Bewicke, esq. of Clapham.

Mr. John Fry, of Hoxton.

After a tedious illness, Mrs. Ellen Owen, daughter and co-heiress of the late William Owen, esq. of Porkington, in Shropshire.

5. In the sixty-ninth year of her age, at the Grove, Yoxford, Suffolk, the hon. Frances Ann Davy, wife of Eleazar Davy, esq. She was daughter of the late lord Carbery, and aunt to the present lord.

At Acton, Mrs. E. Church, aged 79. Mrs. Fly, of Long-acre.

6. At her son's house, captain H. Amiel, Englefield-green, near Egham, Mrs. Christian Amiel, aged eighty-four, remarkable for her sufferings and losses during the American war.

At Malvern-hall, Warwickshire, the hon. Charlotte Greswold Lewis, wife to Henry Greswold Lewis, esq. of the above place, daughter of the late and sister to the present lord Bradford.

8. At his house, at Bishop-Stortford, in the county of Hertford, Ralph Winter, esq. aged sixty-three.

At her house, in Great Russell-street, Bloomsbury, Ann Fothergill, spinster, in the eighty-fifth year of her age. She was sister to the late celebrated Dr. Fothergill, of London.

10. At the commissioner's house, Chatham dock-yard, Mrs. Chas. Hope.

12. At his house, North-end, Fulham, Mr. William Howard, sen.

Henry Capel, esq. of Feltham-hill, Middlesex.

At Eton, in the eighty-sixth year of his age, A. Angelo, esq.

At his house, in Howland-street, lieutenant-general Spry, commandant of the corps of royal engineers.

15. At Brompton, near town, miss Colston, daughter of the late rev. Alexander Colston, of Filkins-hall, Oxfordshire, aged twenty-seven years.