

THE LADY'S MAGAZINE,

OR
ENTERTAINING COMPANION

FOR
THE FAIR SEX;

APPROPRIATED
SOLELY TO THEIR USE AND AMUSEMENT.

FOR FEBRUARY, 1800.

THIS NUMBER CONTAINS,

1 Lindor and Eugenia, a Tale.....59	15 Customs of the King of Imeritia 99
2 Account of Joanna, the New Dramatic Romance61	16 Anecdote of Madame de Guer- cheville100
3 Female Censoriousness62	17 Answer to Enigmatical List of British Poetslb.
4 Anecdote, &c.64	18 POETICAL ESSAYS:— Prologue and Songs in Joanna. Epi- gram, addressed to a Lady of Fashion. Ode, by J. H. Beati- tic, A. M. Myra, a Pastoral. Mrs. Robinson's Wintry Day; &c. &c.101—104
5 The Moral Zoologist65	19 Foreign and Home News 105—110
6 Emily Veronne72	20 Births, Marriages, and Deaths 111—112
7 The Monks and the Robbers ...80	
8 Character of the Princess of Lippe 82	
9 The Cup-bearer.....83	
10 Sketch of the Life of Voltaire 87	
11 The Corsicans91	
12 Parisian Fashions96	
13 London Fashions97	
14 Vicissitudes of Fashionable Life ib.	

This Number is embellished with the following Copper-Plates:

1. LINDOR AND EUGENIA.
2. THE LEOPARD.
3. A NEW PATTERN OF SPRIGS FOR WORKING A GOWN OR APRON.
4. A FAVOURITE SONG, set to Music and sung by Signor Tenducci.

LONDON:

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

Where Favours from Correspondents continue to be received.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We shall be obliged to Eliza for the continuation of her contribution, together with its title.

The Memoirs proposed by R., if properly executed, will be very acceptable.

The Simple Tale by Valancourt contains many good verses, but others so extremely incorrect as to prevent its insertion in its present state.

The Question and Solution by J. L. are much too trivial.

R. F.'s communication is not destitute of wit, but inadmissible, for reasons which must be very obvious to himself.

H. O.'s poetical packet is received, as are likewise Verses on the Loss of a Friend,—Ode on the Birth-day of a Lady, by Romeo,—Elegy on the Death of the Rev. Dr. Cooper,—Leander's Charade,—and L. P.'s Rebus.

Engraved for the Lady's Magazine.



Lindor and Eugenia.

THE
LADY'S MAGAZINE,

FOR
FEBRUARY, 1800.

LINDOR AND EUGENIA.

A TALE.

(With an elegant Engraving.)

IN a calm summer's evening, as the moon, emerging from a cloud, shone with mild refulgence, Lindor, a youth "of gentle manners and attractive mien," walked forth to indulge, in lonely scenes, a pensiveness inspired by love. He sat him down by the side of a murmuring brook, which, at a small distance, fell into a rapid river, and, raising his eyes to the wide expanse of heaven, thus apostrophised the pale orb of night.

"Emblem of inconstancy and change, may I not address thee as the tutelary divinity of her I adore! How fair, how serene, how gentle, yet at the same time how mutable, how irresolute is she who has entwined her chains around my heart! Not long since she received, with approbation, my vows of unceasing affection, and returned my passion with pure and spotless ardour. But within a month, "a little month," she listened to the cold and mercenary advice of a rigid guardian, who, carefully weighing, in the balance of avarice present fortunes and future prospects, expressed his doubts on the prudence of the union.

She listened and changed: not that she caught the infectious meanness; but she bowed with implicit submission to the decision of one, who, chosen by her dear deceased parent to stand in his place, was entitled, in her opinion, to the same obedience. Yet delicate and impassioned was her declaration of this opinion and this resolution. Yes, the most refined virtue alone is the principle of all the actions of Eugenia; to the sordid motives of interest her heart is inaccessible. O love, how potent art thou! how dost thou triumph over all endeavours to repress thee, while every obstacle but inflames thee more!"

At this moment he heard, at some distance, the shriek of a female, and something dash into the water. He hastened to the place, and found a woman in the water, struggling with the stream of the river, which was rapidly carrying her down. He instantly plunged into the water, got hold of her as she was sinking; and, at length, though not without extreme difficulty, from the steepness of the banks, and the nature of the place, brought her out. What

was his surprize when he discovered that the female whom he had thus rescued was the lovely, the dear Eugenia; but what was his distress when he perceived that she was senseless, and apparently deprived of life! The house of her guardian, Mr. Mortimer, was not far distant, and thither, having procured assistance, he conveyed her. By the use of proper means she was at length recovered, and tender indeed was the scene which ensued between the two lovers. So affecting was it, that Mr. Mortimer himself, though rather unused to the melting mood, was greatly moved by it. But it is time to inform the reader how Eugenia came into the situation in which she was found by her lover.

With feelings congenial to those of Lindor, she had strayed, invited by the mild serenity of the evening, to indulge in lonely scenes the reflections inspired by the tenderness of her heart; when, as she wandered near the bank of the river, a snake, suddenly darting from a hedge, so terrified her, that, giving a loud shriek, she started, and springing precipitately from it, fell into the water.

The next day, when she was tolerably recovered, Mr. Mortimer had the following conversation with her.

"I think, my dear, it will be proper, not merely to confine ourselves to expressions of gratitude and compliments towards your deliverer, but endeavour to make him some more solid remuneration."

"Sir," replied Eugenia, "to unmeaning compliments I have ever been a stranger; my gratitude I cannot express; and as to a reward suitable to the merits of my deliverer, as you are pleased to call him, I now cannot but think him entitled to myself, and all that I can bestow."

"Mighty romantic and enthusiastic, to be sure; yet were you to consider the circumstances of this occurrence coolly and impartially, it does not appear to me that you have any reason to consider yourself as under such delicate and particular obligations to your preserver as you may suppose. He certainly knew not that it was you who were in danger; and if, from the shriek he heard, he might conclude it was a person of your sex, this was an act of general gallantry, not of exclusive attachment and affection."

At this moment Lindor entered, to inquire how Eugenia found herself, when Mr. Mortimer, turning to him, thus addressed him:

"You come opportunely, Sir; you are indeed the person I wished for. I have understood some time since that you had conceived an affection for this young lady; at which I cannot wonder, for there is no man whose love she does not amply merit. As I have reason to believe that her heart, before, was not indifferent to you, I cannot doubt but she will resolve to pay you for her life with herself; and the world in general will conceive that you are best entitled to her. I own, too, that I am myself considerably influenced in your favour by this accident; not because you saved the life of her you loved, but because you encountered no small hazard to preserve a stranger, for such she was, in fact, to you, when you plunged into the water to her rescue. Had you known it was Eugenia, though I could have allowed some praise to your spirit and courage, I should not have thought that you merited so much. Love, in reality, seeks its own gratification, and, perhaps, properly speaking, is as self-interested as avarice. But I shall not enter into the discussion of so difficult and profitless a question."

question. In the act you have performed, I see courage, generosity, benevolence to your fellow-creatures, without the attachment of passion or hope of reward. Receive an unexpected reward. Take her you love. She is innocent, truly amiable, and tenderly affectionate. Take her and be happy!

ACCOUNT of the DRAMATIC ROMANCE of JOANNA, performed for the first time on Thursday, January 16, at the Theatre-Royal, Covent-Garden.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Albert, lord of Thurn,	Mr. Pope.
Lazarra, a knight, ..	Mr. Holman.
Darbony, leader of a band of armed soldiers,	Mr. Incedon.
Wensel, castellan of Belmont,	
Philip, his son,	Mr. H. Johnston.
Guntram,	Mr. Emery.
Hermit,	Mr. Murray.
Wolf, a servant to Albert,	Mr. Munden.
Joanna, wife to Al- bert,	
Eloisa, supposed daughter to Gun- tram,	Mrs. H. Johnston.
Eugene, a page,	
	Miss Waters.

FABLE.

JOANNA of Montfaucon, the heroine of the piece, who is married to Albert, lord of Thurn, is beloved by Lazarra, an Italian knight, who had been defeated in a contest with her husband. Lazarra determines on revenge, and visits the neighbourhood in the disguise of a pilgrim, having entered into a confederacy with Darbony, a leader of banditti. The project formed between them is an attack upon Albert's castle. Darbony is to have

the chief part of the spoil, and Lazarra is to take the lady. The attack is made, and the assailants are successful. Albert is driven from his mansion, and Joanna falls into the hands of Lazarra, who takes possession of the domain. All the attempts of Lazarra, by soothing and by threats, cannot alienate Joanna from her duty and affection. After Albert is obliged to fly from his castle, he falls into the hands of Wensel, a wretch who had attempted to injure Albert, and whose enmity is only increased by the generous forgiveness of the latter. Philip, the son of Wensel, is an amiable youth strongly attached to Albert, and who is in love with Eloisa, the supposed daughter of Guntram, a Swiss peasant. Guntram, allured by the riches of Darbony, the acquisitions of plunder, determines that Darbony shall have his daughter. Eloisa, equally devoted to Philip, rejects the suit of Darbony, but fears the severity of her father. A venerable hermit, who has taken up his abode in a neighbouring mountain, interests himself in the cause of Eloisa, and visits the house of Wensel, to inform Philip of the situation of his mistress, and the design that she shall be given in the evening to Darbony. The hermit arrives at Wensel's just as Philip has formed a plan to save the life of Albert, who, by command of Lazarra, is to be beheaded within two hours. A severe conflict ensues in the mind of Philip, between his love for Eloisa and his friendship for Albert. At length friendship obtains the ascendancy, Philip dismisses the hermit, and aids the escape of Albert through a secret passage. During these events Lazarra remains lord of the castle, with Joanna in his power. Having effected the release of Albert, the generous Philip

lip forms a band of mountaineers, for the purpose of storming the castle and restoring him to his possessions. Albert also, by the assistance of Wolf, a military veteran in his service, raises an armed body, and the castle is attacked with success. Lazarra however rallies his forces, and the tide of battle is turning in his favour.

At this moment Philip and his hardy mountaineers join in the contest, and the troops of Lazarra are dispersed. Lazarra and Albert at length meet, and a contest ensues, in which Albert, being disarmed, is struck to the ground. Lazarra, resolved to dispatch his adversary, exalts over him; but just as he is raising his sword to destroy Albert, Joanna rushes in, and stabs Lazarra before he can effect his purpose. The hermit had acknowledged himself to be the rightful lord of Thurn, who had been unjustly dispossessed of his property by the father of Albert; and it appears that Eloisa, the supposed daughter of Guntram, the vile peasant, is in reality the daughter of the hermit, who readily allots her to the generous and heroic Philip, Albert having long before expressed his desire of restoring the lordship of Thurn to the rightful claimant.

This piece, which has been altered from the German of Kotzebue, and adapted to the English stage by Mr. Cumberland, is an addition to the number of plays which have derived their dramatic effect and their success less from the genius of the author, than from the most powerful combination of music and painting. The plot, however, of the present play, is well conceived; the incidents well arranged, and the interest supported with excellent management. Many good sentiments, and much good writing is to be met with, which we hope

will be purged from that vulgar dress which was sometimes too prominent, and excited reprehension. The third act, in every respect, deserved the unbounded applause that it received; nor was Mr. H. Johnston ever more successful than in his noble struggle between love and friendship.

The music, by Mr. Busby, is original, bold, and animated: it approaches more to the style of Handel than of any other composer in recollection: the songs by Incledon were given, in the best style, and in such a manner as rendered the apology nugatory. The new scenes, many in point of number, offered a happy display of the painter's art. It would be an invidious, though an easy task, to point out the imperfections, which Mr. Cumberland's good sense may obviate, and the plagiarisms which he ought not to have committed.

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

HEAVENS! Mr. Editor, what strange scenes of refined deception am I doomed to contemplate, in my journey of indefatigable observation!—How few beings do I encounter who are really what they seem,—who do not varnish over their actions with the gloss of superficial hypocrisy, or impose upon the ingenuousness of nature, by the most invincible effrontery!

I was led to these reflections by the following circumstance: being almost petrified by the intense cold, a few evenings since, I availed myself of an opportunity that offered, and entered the tea-room of one of those females generally distinguished for their obtrusive prominence in every society: I found her seated amidst

amidst a small circle of second-rate personages, in a comfortable apartment, and, by the most imposing manners, commanding the attention of her companions. Few sentences had escaped her lips, before I discovered that my new subject of observation was one of those overbearing and decided censors, who examine without judgment, and condemn without remorse, merely for the pleasure of maintaining a singularity of opinion. She talked loudly, and incessantly, on various topics; but the immorality of the times, and the follies of her own sex, were evidently the most favourite themes of her acrimonious animadversions.

Filled with the sustaining *gaze* of self-importance, Mrs. Prominent, for so I denominate her, expatiated on vice with the ingenuity of one who had long been initiated in all its varying mysteries. She uttered anathemas against those who had wandered from the paths of virtue; and, with a kind of ludicrous solemnity, thanked heaven that *her* "name was irreproachable!"

The second subject of comment was that of modern female pursuits. She condemned the art which women employed in the embellishment of their persons, while the French rouge on her cheek was deepened by the glow of conscious shame; and the humidity of compunction glistened through the false ringlets which shaded a forehead overpread with the deadly whiteness of pearl-powder. She complained of the licentious latitude of female dress, while she indecently displayed a bosom that would have disgusted a Hottentot; and extolled neatness as the most admired of perfections, while she exhibited a person rendered disgusting by dirt and frippery, that would have disgraced a

Parisian inhabitant of the *Rue Saint Honore*!

Her third chapter of declamation turned upon the literature of the day. Here Mrs. Prominent assumed a more than ordinary importance! She arrogantly ventured to examine, distort, dissect, and condemn, even the most polished compositions. She raved in the most ungrammatical jargon against the language of modern writers; censured with unblushing effrontery the presumption of incompetent critics; with an acrimonious affectation of wit ridiculed the malevolence of satirists; and, while she perpetually quoted passages from a flimsy work, which she had made up of fragments, collected at all the book-stalls in the metropolis, declared that there was not one female writer of the present æra who had talents to compose a book completely original.

Her fourth course of calumny was a salmagundi of no less sickening materials, than those of the three preceding. She ridiculed the obscure birth and early occupations of certain enlightened individuals: this man was "low born;" that woman "of vulgar extraction;" and while every fourth word she uttered was marked by either a false application, or a false pronunciation, she "boldly affirmed," to use her favourite expression, that no woman, who was not classically educated, had a right to obtrude her opinions on the public.

Her fifth rhapsody of reprehension was dedicated to what she denominated "the minor follies." She execrated the vanity of women, and declared, that she had never felt its influence, though she had often been mistaken for some of the most celebrated beauties! She blamed the insignificance of affectation, while she

she lamented that she was a martyr to the delicacy of her feelings; extolled good nature, while she lamented that women were, in general, so depraved as to be unfit for society; abhorred the household Zantippe, though she menaced her trembling servant with the most vehement resentment; and praised the meekness of connubial obedience, while she glanced at her astonished *caro sposo* with the virulence of a *virago*!

This transient visit induced me to explore the page of Mrs. Prominent's history: and a sister sylph has informed me, that she was a woman of low extraction; superficially educated; and unexpectedly raised from a state of servile dependence, to the enjoyments of prosperity: that she had been, in her youth, a living example of that frailty which she so vehemently condemned; but having out-lived the memory of a wounded reputation, she had wholly forgotten the sting which had inflicted it. I also learnt that she was the avowed flatterer of high-flown indiscretion; the intimate associate of snug, but opulent depravity: that she could wink at scenes which violated domestic propriety; that she feasted at the plenteous tables of specious, deceptive characters, though she reviled the sinking daughters of poverty, whom credulity had subjugated to the artifices of seduction, or necessity propelled to the misery of personal degradation.

SCRUTATOR.

ANECDOTE.

KING James I. made a progress to Chester in 1617, and was attended by great numbers of the Welch, who came out of curiosity

to see him. The weather was very dry, the roads dusty, and the king almost suffocated. He did not know well how to get civilly rid of them, when one of his attendants, putting his head out of the coach, said, "It was his Majesty's pleasure that those who were the *best gentlemen* should ride forwards." Away rode the Welch at full gallop, and one solitary man was left behind. "And so, Sir," says the king to him, "you are not a gentleman then?"—"Oh yes, and please hur majesty, hur is as good a shentleman as the rest, but hur horse, Got help hur, is not so good!"

CONJUGAL AFFECTION.

A FRENCH gentleman, being married a second time, was often lamenting his first wife, before his second, who one day said to him, "*Monsieur, je vous assure qu'il n'y a personne qui la regrette plus que moi* *."

CONJUGAL WIT.

ANOTHER French lady wrote this letter to her husband. "*Je vous écris, parceque je n'ai rien à faire : je finis, parceque je n'ai rien à dire* †."

A LEGAL PUZZLE.

A PRESIDENT of the Parliament of Paris asked Langlois, the advocate, why he so often burdened himself with bad causes. "My lord," answered the advocate, "I have lost so many good ones, that I am puzzled which to take."

* "I assure, you, Sir, no one regrets her more than I."

† "I write to you, because I have nothing to do: I end my letter, because I have nothing to say."

The MORAL ZOOLOGIST.

(Continued from p. 21.)

LETTER IV.

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

THE next subject for contemplation, according to our systematic arrangement, is, monkeys with tails usually longer than their bodies, which are native inhabitants of the Asian and African continents, and have the following distinctive qualities: cheek pouches in each lower jaw; buttocks usually destitute of hair; and tails straight, but not prehensile.

I flatter myself the survey of these animals will prove more entertaining to your ladyship than the preceding ones, the greater part of which presented painful images of vice and deformity; while the generality of the subjects I am proceeding to delineate are chiefly distinguished by their agility, grimace, and diverting qualities, which constitute, in many instances, a striking resemblance (though a humiliating one) of the human species. I must confess we have the less reason to boast of superiority, when experience convinces us of the abasing truth, that many of the human race, in the general tenour of their action, have recourse to chicanery, craft, and mischievous intent, which are the principal traits of instinct discovered in the ape genus. It would be a happy consequence if this degrading similarity would inspire active endeavours to assert the prerogative of pre-eminence by the uniform practice of moral virtues: this reformation would conduce to establish the world in the possession of integrity and peace, and justly entitle the noble combatants (or rather victors) to undoubted superiority.

VOL. XXXI.

I hope your ladyship will forgive this digression, which arose so naturally from the subject, I could not resist the impulse of expressing my disapprobation on one side, and my ardent wishes to effect a reform on the other. Like the labours of most theorists, I am afraid my speculations will not prove effectual; I shall, therefore, pursue the track of my discourse, by giving you the history of

THE PURPLE-FACED MONKEY.

This animal is described as having a large white beard of a triangular form; short and pointed at the bottom, and on each side of the ears extending, in a winged direction, far beyond them; the face and hands of a purple hue; the body black; the tail considerably longer than the body, terminating with a white tuft of a dirty cast. This species inhabit the island of Ceylon. They are of a harmless nature; as they live in the woods; and feed on leaves and buds of trees, and, when they are taken, are so docile they soon become tame.

There is a variety of this species entirely white, which are similar in form, but very scarce.

THE PALATINE MONKEY.

The Palatine monkey has a triangular black face, environed with white hairs, which on the chin are divided into a long forked beard; the back is of a dusky hue; the head, sides, and exterior part of the arms and legs, are of the same colour, each hair being white at the extremity; the breast, belly, and interior surface of the limbs, white. In their native regions, these animals are of an orange colour; but, from the influence of climate, their colour changes in temperate latitudes. They are natives of Guinea, are about a foot and half high, and are represented as being very

K. frolicsome,

frolicsome, and attached to persons to whom they are accustomed, and subject to take strong dislikes to strangers.

HARE-LIPPED MONKEY, OR MACAQUE.

This animal has nostrils divided like those of a hare, from which circumstance he obtains his name. He has callosities on his buttocks; his head is large; his muzzle thick; his eyes small; his teeth very white; his ears covered with hair; his face naked, livid, and wrinkled; his body and limbs of a short thick construction; the tail rather shorter than the body, and always in a curvical direction. The colour of the hair varies; some subjects being in hue like a wolf, others of a brown cast tinged with yellow or olive; the belly and inside of the limbs are usually of a light ash colour: the length of the body, including the head, is about eighteen or twenty inches. This animal is of an harmless nature, and diverting in its grimaces and gestures: it is a native of Guinea and Angola; walks sometimes on two, and at others on four feet.

Pennant ranks the malbrouck, described by Buffon, as a variety of this species, the only material difference arising from climate, the latter being a native of India; therefore that able naturalist has judiciously compacted, rather than extended, the classes of this numerous tribe of animals.

THE LONG-NOSED MONKEY.

This species of monkeys have long slender noses, covered with a flesh-coloured skin destitute of hair; the hair on the head falling in a backward direction, on the body and breast very long. The colour of the head, and superior part of the body and limbs, of a pale ferrugi-

nous hue, intermingled with black; the breast and belly of a light ash colour; the tail very long; and the height, when in a sitting posture, about two feet. This animal is very good-natured: its native regions are not decisively ascertained; though, probably, he inhabits some of the African districts.

Pennant gives a figure of a variety which he thinks is probably allied to the former species: this animal he has denominated the prude.

THE YELLOWISH MONKEY.

The yellowish monkey is a native of Guinea: it has a black face; large canine teeth; great black naked ears; on the sides of the cheeks it has long pale yellow hairs falling backwards toward the head, long hairs above each eye; the throat and breast are of a yellowish white hue; the crown, upper part of the body, arms, and thighs, of a cinereous colour mixed with yellow; the former tint predominates on the lower part of the legs and arms, and on the tail, which is the length of the body, and the animal about the size of a fox.

THE GREEN MONKEY, OR CALLITRIX.

The word "callitrix" was a general term amongst the ancients, to denote the peculiar beauty of the hair of any animal; therefore, with strict propriety, is bestowed on this species of monkey. The upper part of the body, head, and limbs, of this animal are covered with soft hairs of a yellowish green hue at the extremity, and of a cinereous cast at the roots, which forms a beautiful shade; the under side of the body and tail, and interior parts of the limbs, have a silvery appearance; the tail is longer than the body, and very slender; the face and ears black, and of a flattish make, environed

virioned with long white hairs that fall back and cover the ears, which are black, and formed like those of the human species. This animal has cheek-pouches and callosities on its hinder parts. He walks on four feet; and the length of his body, including his head, is about fifteen inches.

The green monkeys are found in great abundance in Mauritania and the districts of ancient Carthage; and also in Senegal, and the Cape de Verd Islands. They are so nimble and silent, it is difficult to perceive them, except by the alarm of the branches they fling from the trees in their sportive gambols; and even when they are shot at they make no noise, but, by their grimaces and combined tokens of displeasure, seem as if they meditated revenge, which they have neither strength nor courage to execute.

THE WHITE EYE-LID MONKEY, OR MANGABEY.

This animal has a long, black, naked face, resembling the canine species; its ears are black, and very similar in form to those of the human species; the upper eye-lids are of a clear white; the hairs on the sides of the head under the cheeks are longer than the rest; it has no canine teeth; the tail is very long; the nails flat on the thumbs and fore-fingers, and on the other fingers there are blunt claws; the hands and feet are uniformly black; they have also cheek-pouches, and callosities on the buttocks.

This species differ in colour, some individuals being of an uniform hue, and others variegated: in general, the hair on the upper part of the body is of a brown colour, and the under of a grey tint: some also have a white circle round the neck and cheeks, which form

the appearance of a beard. These Mons. de Buffon denominates, *Le mangabey à collier blanc*.

The white eye-lid monkey walks on four feet, and usually measures a foot and half, from the extremity of the muzzle to the base of the tail.

THE MUSTACHE.

This species of monkey most probably derived its name from the circumstance of its having on its cheeks, before the ears, two large tufts of yellow hair, which resemble mustaches. The face of these animals is of a bluish black hue, with a large white transverse mark extending over the whole upper lip, which is naked, except by having a border of black hairs that encompasses the mouth; its body is about eighteen inches in length, and of a thick construction; its tail exceeds the length from the muzzle to its base; there is a tuft of hair on the top of the head, yellow mixed with black; that which is on the body and limbs is of an ash hue blended with red, the under part of the body of a paler cast than the superior; the feet are black; its nails flat; and its length about one foot; the dimensions of the tail eighteen inches.

This beautiful animal inhabits Guinea, and walks on four feet.

WHITE-NOSE MONKEY.

The term, "white-nose," is applied to this species, from that part being peculiarly contrasted in colour to a black flat face: the eyes of this kind of monkey are yellow; the hair on the head and body smooth and mottled with black and yellow; the belly white; the hands and feet black; the tail long; the under side white, the upper black.

These animals inhabit Guinea and Angola; are said to be crafty and very diverting, but endued with an offensive odour.

THE TALAPOIN MONKEY.

The talapoin is of small dimensions and beautiful construction: This animal has a round head; sharp nose, of a flesh-colour hue at the extremity; large black naked ears; eyes of a reddish hazel cast; the hair on the cheeks long, and reverting towards the ears; on the chin there is a small beard; the upper part of the body, and the exterior part of the limbs, are covered with hair of a dusky yellow and green mixture; and the lower part of the former, and the interior of the latter, with white hairs tinged with yellow; the tail is long and slender, the top olive colour, the other part ash or cinereous; the paws black; and the length of the animal about one foot, exclusive of the tail, which is near five inches longer than the head and body.

The talapoin is a native of India.

THE NEGRO, OR MIDDLE-SIZED BLACK MONKEY.

This animal has a round head; a nose a little inclining to sharp; face of a tawny hue, with a few black hairs; eyes of a reddish hazel colour; hair on the forehead long, and blended with the eye-brows; that on the temples in part shading the ear; the breast and belly of a swarthy flesh colour, and almost destitute of hair; the body, limbs, and tail, black, and the hair on those parts long; the paws covered with a black skin, of a soft texture.

This species inhabit Guinea.—In size, they nearly resemble a cat; and are described as being agile, entertaining, and of a tractable harmless nature.

EGRET MONKEY.

The egret derives its name from its having a pointed tuft of hair, which forms an erect crest on the top of its head; the hair on its

forehead is black; the colour of the upper part of the body of an olive cast, the under of a cinereous hue; the eye-brows are large; the beard small, and the animal about the size of a cat.

This species are natives of Java; are of a fawning nature, as they caress not only their own kind, but men and dogs. They are of a social disposition, as they greet each other with tokens of joy and uncouth grimaces. It is remarkable when a number of them sleep, they put their heads together, and make a continual chattering during the night. These animals are very tractable; but are disgusting by the uncleanness of their actions, and the musky scent which they diffuse. They often assemble in troops for the purpose of robbing gardens, which they manage with great dexterity, by taking in each paw a quantity of millet or other grain, an equal portion under each arm, and an ample store in their mouths: thus loaded, they leap on their hind feet, and when pursued drop all their treasures except those that are secured in their cheek-pouches.

MONA MONKEY.

This species of animals is called, by the Malays, mona, from which the name of monkey is derived. This kind have a high erect tuft on the crown, of a rusty hue; the limbs and body of a ferruginous cast, mixed with a dusky tint; the belly and interior part of the limbs of a whitish appearance.

THE RED MONKEY, OR PATAS.

This animal is a native of Senegal. Its hair is of so vivid a hue, as to have the appearance of being painted. By the testimony of M. de Buffon, there appear to be two varieties in this species, one of which has a black line that extends from ear to ear; and the other, one similar

Engraved for the Lady's Magazine.

Chinese Bonnet.



Fair Monkey.

similar in form, but uniformly white. These animals he distinguishes by the appellations, *Le patas à bandeau noir*, and *Le patas à bandeau blanc*. Both species have long hair under the chin, and round the cheeks, which forms a beard: in the first species this is of a yellow hue, in the second white.

The patas, or red monkey, has a long nose, eyes sunk in a deep concavity, and ears furnished with hairs of a middling length; the upper part of the body is of a bright bay colour, the lower part of an ash hue tinged with yellow; from the point of the muzzle to the base of the tail the dimensions are about a foot and half, and the tail is not so long as the body.

These animals are less agile in their nature than the other monkey tribes, but of a very inquisitive disposition, which they manifest by their attention to any object that presents itself. If they are attacked, they defend themselves by throwing sticks, &c. at their assailants; and when they are accustomed to the human race become familiar. They walk more frequently on four, than two feet; and, when they are irritated, do not agitate their jaws, like the other species of monkeys. They commit great depredations in the cultivated grounds; and, when they are pursued, never yield till they are reduced to the greatest extremity. Like many other branches of this genus, they combine in large bodies, which renders their daring expeditions successful.

CHINESE MONKEY.

M. de Buffon denominates this animal "the Chinese bonnet," from the hair on the top of its head being so disposed as to have the appearance of a bonnet. This animal has a long smooth nose, of a dusky hue;

the hair on the crown of the head is long, lies flat, and is parted like that of the human species: the superior part of the body is of a yellowish brown colour, the under of a whitish cast. This animal is an inhabitant of Ceylon. He walks on four feet. M. de Buffon specifies the following varieties in four of this species,—white, black, red, and grey. In the Leverian Museum there is one of a ferruginous cast. The Chinese monkey is represented as being extremely daring in his attacks, and very delicate in his appetite. As he is not intimidated by pursuit, and is so circumspect in the choice and the quality of the food he eats, he examines the millet and other grain with the most minute attention; and, when he approves the commodity, fills his cheek-pouches and arms, and, thus laden, hops off on his hind legs with incredible speed and agility. These crafty animals are very expert in stealing the sugar-cane: when they are employed on these expeditions of theft and plunder, they, like many of their wary fraternity, appoint a sentinel, which, on the slightest token of danger, gives an alarm in a distinct loud voice: this warning causes the whole troop to flee with precipitation. When they are destitute of fruits and succulent plants, they eat insects, and some kinds of shell-fish, which with peculiar dexterity they open, by putting their tail into the aperture: they also adroitly extract the milk of the cocoa-nut for drink, and afterwards eat the kernel. When thus regaling, they are often caught; as, from the circumstance of their paws being effectually engaged, they are reduced to a defenceless state.

BONNETED MONKEY.

This animal has a dusky face; on the crown of its head a circular bonnet,

bonnet, consisting of erect black hairs; on the sides of the cheeks the hairs are long; those on the body are of a brown cast; its legs and arms are black; and the specimen in the Leverian Museum is the size of a small cat.

THE VARIED MONKEY, OR MONA.

This species is found in Barbary, Arabia, Persia, and many other Asiatic regions. They are more numerous than any of the kinds already described and specified, and are also better qualified to subsist in temperate climes. The term, "mona," I have before observed is the original foundation of the word monkey;—I shall, therefore, only remark, this species gives rise to the appellation bestowed on the whole tribe of animals thus denominated.

The varied monkey, or mona, has a short black nose, thickly constructed; the mouth and orbits of the eyes of a dirty flesh hue; the hair on the sides of the face, and under the throat, long, and of a whitish colour inclining to yellow; the forehead grey; above the eyes a black line extending from ear to ear; the upper part of the body dusky and tawny; the breast, belly, and interior part of the limbs white; the outside of the thighs and arms black; the hands and feet of the same colour, and destitute of hair; the tail two feet long, and of an ash-brown cast; the length of the head and body about one foot and an half. These animals walk on four feet, and are described as being very tractable in their nature, which they not only manifest by implicit obedience, but tokens of attachment to their keepers.

TAWNY MONKEY.

This animal has a face and ears of a flesh-coloured hue, the former in-

clining to project; it has a flat nose; and long canine teeth in the lower jaw; the hair on the upper part of the body pale, tawny, cinereous at the roots; the hind part of the body orange colour; the legs ash, and the belly white. These animals inhabit India, are very ill-natured, and about the size of a cat: there are varieties in this species, but the difference is too immaterial to require description.

GOAT MONKEY.

The goat monkey has a blue face, destitute of hair, ribbed obliquely; a long beard; and tail of a great length; the colour of the body and limbs of an uniform dark hue.—This animal is described from a drawing in the British Museum, executed by Kikius.

FULL-BOTTOM MONKEY.

This animal obtains the name of full bottom, from having its head and shoulders covered with long flowing hair, of a coarse texture and yellowish hue, mixed with black, which bears a resemblance to a pettiwig. It has a short black face, destitute of hair; a round head; its body, arms, and legs, are black, and have a glossy appearance, being covered with short hairs; the hands are naked, with four fingers on each; on each foot there are five slender toes; the tail is very long and white, with a tuft of hair at the end; the body and limbs are very slender; and the height of the animal about three feet. This species inhabits some of the forests in Guinea, where it is held in high estimation; and the inhabitants, by way of eminence, denominate them bey, or king monkeys.

BAY MONKEY.

This monkey, as well as the full bottom, is a native of the regions of Guinea,

Güinea, and was presented to the Leverian Museum by Mr. Smeathman. It has a black head, and a back of a deep bay colour; the outside of the limbs black; the cheeks, under part of the body, and legs; of a very bright bay hue; the tail black, very long, and slender; and the body and limbs of a meagre delicate construction.

ANNULATED MONKEY.

This description is taken from a drawing in the British Museum, by which it appears that this animal has a flat face; and long hairs on the forehead and cheeks; the upper part of the body, and limbs, are of a tawny brown; the belly cinereous; the tail shorter than the body, and annulated with varied tints of brown; the hands black, and destitute of hair.

THE PHILIPPINE MONKEY.

This animal is only mentioned by Petivier, who asserts it comes from the Philippine Islands, and represents it as having its mouth and eyebrows environed with long hairs: this vague account renders the species obscure.

COCHIN-CHINA MONKEY.

M. de Buffon styles this animal "the douc, or Cochin-China monkey," and regards it as forming the shade between the monkey race and the sapajous; as this species are the only kind of Asian and African four-handed animals that have hair on their buttocks, a circumstance that seems to ally them to the sapajous, which are natives of South-America.

This animal has a short flat face, encompassed on each side by long yellowish hairs; on the neck there is a collar of a purplish brown cast; the lower part of the arms and tail are white; the upper part of the

arms and thighs black; the legs and knees of a chesnut colour; the back, belly, and sides, grey, tinged with yellow; above the base of the tail there is a white spot, which extends beneath for a considerable space; the feet are black; and the animal about four feet in length from nose to tail; the tail not so long as the body. This species are natives of Cochin-China and Madagascar: they subsist on beans, and frequently walk on their hind feet.

From the testimony of various travellers, it appears that the large apes, in the southern provinces of Asia, produce bezoars of a superior quality to those voided by the goats and gazelles: as these large apes are more probably the ouanderon, or lion-tailed-baboon, and the douc, or Cochin-China monkey, to them must be ascribed the faculty of producing the concretions before mentioned. As apes, as well as goats, in part subsist on the buds of certain vegetables, it follows, as a natural consequence, they are both capable of producing the same effect, which similarity of climate tends to accelerate.

As I have specified the most remarkable species of the Asian and African monkeys, I shall only subjoin the observation, that these numerous races never intermix, as every species inhabits distinct regions. Thus does the hand of Providence not only amply provide space for his creatures, however numerous, but also restrains and fixes the boundaries of their affections and progress.

Notwithstanding the natives of civilised countries regard the various classes of apes, baboons, and monkeys, with abhorrence and contempt,—in many of the Indian provinces, inhabited by Bramins (who from principle kill no animals), this genus is incredibly numerous, and implicitly

implicitly revered, by the most absurd tokens of veneration. In the capital of Guzarat there are three hospitals for animals; where monkeys, either in a diseased or healthful state, take refuge, and are fed. In these regions, it is reported, the monkeys assemble twice every week, for the purpose of receiving the voluntary contributions of the inhabitants. They are so daring, if by any accident the quota of provision is withheld, they untile the houses (on the flat roofs of which they sit), and commit other enormous outrages. They are also very dainty; and so undaunted, they frequently enter into houses inhabited by persons who vend commodities they relish as food.

From this account, does not your ladyship rejoice, that our native favourable clime renders us not obnoxious to such formidable assailants, and that the still greater blessing of an enlightened mind enables us to give our adoration and worship to that Being from whom every good and perfect gift is derived. Let a proper estimation of these benefits excite our pity for those deluded members of the human race, whose intellects are enveloped in the clouds of superstition:—that this veil of darkness, which intercepts their mental optics, may be speedily and effectually removed, is the ardent wish of your ever faithful friend, and their sincere commiserator.

EUGENIA.

(To be continued.)

EMILY VERONNE.

(Continued from page 29.)

THERESA was very urgent with the colonel, to exert his utmost in-

fluence with his friend Norton, to prevail on him to make the castle in his way to Portsmouth, when he embarked; but this the colonel frequently told her was impossible, as he must accompany his troop on their march, to see that the chief commandant's orders were enforced with regularity and precipitation.

This was a cruel disappointment, and tended in no small degree to increase the natural moroseness of Theresa's disposition. In the mean time, the long tedious week was spent by the disconsolate Emily in anxious suspense: no Norton had made good his promised engagement. She began rather to doubt whether he would; and, with a heavy foreboding heart, set off, on the appointed day, to meet Susan.—thinking, at all events, she should hear some intelligence of him, which afforded her a momentary gleam of consolation amid the comfortless void every scene now presented to her view.

When she arrived at the well-known spot, no Susan appeared.—All around was silent and dreary; and, to her ideas, unusually so. Notwithstanding the coolness of the air, she rested on the seat she so recently sat down on with her beloved friends:—the recollection brought tears to her eyes. A long time she remained deeply absorbed in thought, knowing she should not be missed, as the colonel and Theresa were both absent at their respective places of resort, and the baron was deeply engaged with a fresh assortment of modern publications, which his son in Italy had sent an order for, little thinking he would have so little occasion for them.

Wearied in suspense, she arose and walked pensively round the desolate place, till her patience was nearly exhausted. The chill hollow

low blasts that whistled through the silent woods struck horror to her soul. She thought it but a prelude to some mournful event she was to encounter: perhaps Susan might have met with some accident that had prevented her coming; again, in imagination, she saw the noble-minded Norton hurried on board the stowed-up transport, without a minute allowed him even to bid her adieu. Despairing of seeing Susan, when it grew so late, she, with heavy eyes, but still heavier heart, turned her reluctant steps toward the castle, but not without casting many a longing lingering look behind.

She had scarce passed the confines of the wood, ere a voice from the same path she left assailed her ears. She turned hastily round; no one could she see. Belac immediately came to her mind. She looked again; when, through an aperture of the trees, she perceived a soldier walking very fast, apparently to where she was. Much alarmed, she increased her pace, hurrying away with all the speed she was mistress of. The confusion she was in prevented her seeing where she set her foot. The soldier approached faster than she was able to retreat. She stumbled against the stump of a tree, and would have fallen to the ground, had not he caught her in his arms. After recovering, in some small degree, her fright, she ventured to turn up her eyes, and view the person who had so much terrified her. Her sensations may be better conceived than described, when, in this identical soldier, she recognised the features of her beloved Norton, dressed in his regimentals; his face glowing with all the ardour of his affection, his fine manly form never displayed to greater advantage.—Emily, astonished, surveyed him minutely, without uttering a syllable.

VOL. XXXI.

She thought he never appeared half so handsome as at that moment. Such an instinctive influence bath *le habillement militaire* over the most refined understanding,—especially in the present instance, when, in combination with an elevated soul, and greatness of disposition rarely equalled, who but must acknowledge its powerful ascendancy over the heart, and more particularly that of a congenial composition, as was Emily's!

The first words were: "What, my Emily! alone at this solitary place! Little did I expect you had waited so long! And then, why thus fly from one who adores you to distraction? Am I so altered! so forgot! as not to retain a place in your recollection after so short an absence? How then am I to support the long absence I am compelled to undergo? Cruel girl! why thus endeavour to avoid one who has no wish on earth so ardent as that I shall ever retain for your welfare."

Seeing her emotion at this unmerited reproach, he softened the tone of his voice, and tenderly uttered:

"No, my dear girl! I will not accuse you of such a change. Your sympathising eyes at this moment convince me the accusation has no foundation in that pure unspotted bosom, which cannot harbour a thought which Heaven itself might not be privy to: then never can you act in any one respect so as to merit my censure. If ever coolness or disrespect is exhibited in you, it must proceed from some trait in my own conduct that deserved it."

Emily, blushing at the flattering opinion he entertained of her, exclaimed, "You have no occasion to reproach me with forgetting you: I remember you too much for my peace. Was it not on your account I braved all danger, and

L remained

remained so long at the ruins fondly delighted with the pleasing idea of seeing Susan ; but she, I fear, has a little of that duplicity so prevalent in the world. A long tedious time I waited, thinking, perhaps, you might perchance stroll towards the spot."

This Emily uttered rather facetiously, and glanced her eyes on Norton, who shook his head, as if not disposed for raillery, when Emily resumed :

"I assure you I had given over all hope, and was returning, disconsolate and forlorn, to an habitation that presented little more comfort than my own desponding mind ; despairing of ever seeing either of my friends again ; even thinking you had forgot me."

"No, my sweet girl!" cried Norton, "that would be utterly impossible. Entertain a higher opinion of me : I assure you I merit it, and am incapable of practising the mean arts of deception. I have seen neither father or mother. I left my troop, on their route, to the care of my captain, who is an invalid, consequently but little calculated to sustain the fatigues of his duty ; but who, upon so emergent an occasion, most willingly dispensed with my attendance. I left my horse at Morden, expecting you and Susan might be here ; but when I approached, as the twilight came on so quick, my hopes vanished. Had not my wishes been gratified, I intended writing a note to Jenny, to procure me an interview. I revere that grateful girl. Her goodness to you alone endears her to me."

Then, taking the willing arm of Emily ; he led her to the recess in the wilderness, as more exempt from the dampness of the evening than the open air. When seated, he emphatically exclaimed :

"Ah, my Emily ! to-morrow, that fatal day ! deprives me of all com-

fort : I will not say all ; one consolation is, the idea of again returning to those joys I must now quit, though so reluctantly. To-morrow I must embark again on the merciless ocean. Had you accompanied me, though great the hardships you must have endured, I think you would have been safe under my protection, and I should have been spared that poignant sorrow I now must feel. But why should I embitter the present precious moments by starting impossibilities ?—Is my friend the colonel yet at the castle ? I have so much to attend to, that I have for once forgot him. I know some of the troops are already assembled and embarking, therefore I thought he might have taken his leave."

Emily informed him he dined that day with a party of his military companions at Newsells.

After a short pause, Norton rejoined : "Could I but introduce my Emily to my mother, and leave her under such protection, I should have nothing to fear ; but youth and unsuspecting innocence, exposed to the scorn and insults of an unfeeling world, without one friend in whom they may confide,—the idea makes me shudder. But should you ever be compelled to leave your present residence, fly far from all haunts of greatness. Seek an asylum in some friendly cottage, impervious to the eyes of those who cherish in their bosoms low-minded pride, as the the partner of all other vices.—Much have you already experienced by that degeneracy of opinion so often practised : but, Emily, let me again exhort you to seek the humble cot, should you ever change your present situation at the castle ; for there will you find that protection the intrinsic glitter of affluence and grandeur will never afford you, and will serve but to draw on you the observation

observation of those infamous beings in the form of men, but in heart mere demons,—who traverse the earth, literally speaking, ‘seeking whom they may devour.’ You well know to whom I allude. They think that modest merit can have no plea sufficient to counteract their base designs; at least they suppose persons in obscure ranks of life are not authorised to resist their importunities; and, even if it happens they have resolution enough to withstand their fallacious persuasions, they are deaf to all remonstrances of reason and justice, and obtain by violence what they never could by fair and gentle proceedings. The censure of mankind, or the voice of virtue and equity—the sober advice of experienced age—is alike lavished in vain: nothing will have any influence over their rash obdurate hearts. They continue, uninterruptedly, their career, rushing impetuously on from one species of wickedness to another, till their substances are irretrievably ruined, their constitutions enervated, and they are incapable of pursuing their folly any longer. Then how can they support the serious reflections that must crowd on their troubled spirits? You, my Emily, know two unhappy beings of that description: I, my dear girl, am sorry to say, know many. May you ever avoid such characters, is the wish nearest my heart! Let my brother, infatuated young man! continue his old course of folly,—a time will inevitably come when he will bitterly feel the sting of contrition and remorse. Though you and me, my Emily, may for a time endure that uneasiness humanity is subject to, and from which the happiest being on earth is not entirely exempt at one time or other, if we act in unison with those who make virtue their guide, which I hope and trust

we ever shall, what a consolation will it always afford, when a retrospect of our conduct leaves us nothing to lay to our charge, nothing to regret; and a future prospect presents (though tempestuous storms may for a while impede our progress) a lively scene of unfading and eternal happiness.—I am rather too solemn; but the depravity I so often witness is enough to make any one, unless their hearts are adamant, shudder at the dreadful precipice, on which they stand.—But remember, my Emily, to avoid splendid mansions and their inhabitants. Seek the cottage of the parents of Jenny; they are honest, industrious people: share their scanty pittance. But why need I be peremptory in my commands to one who has sufficient penetration to discern what step to pursue for her own safety? Why need I be so selfish, as to wish to bury one in obscurity who would add such a lustre to society? But, my Emily, upon second consideration, I find it essentially necessary for you to rusticate yourself till I return.”

Emily, overcome by various dire forebodings, could not answer to his question. This he attributed to a doubt remaining, whether she could agree to it; when he, with apparent concern, repeated—

“My Emily, can you, for my sake, abandon yourself to obscurity? Can you”——

This pathetic address brought tears to her eyes: the tender manner in which it was repeated worked powerfully on her susceptible heart. She faintly articulated—

“Mr. Norton, why thus distress me? Must I again own you merit my confidence, my esteem, nay, my tenderest”——

She paused, as if conscious of saying too much: the crimson blush that glowed on her cheek

finished the sentence that died on her faltering tongue. At length, recollecting herself, she assumed more courage, and replied :

"Very readily will I take your advice, in seeking refuge in some peasant's cot. Retirement from the world is more adapted to one in my forlorn condition than the gaiety of high life: the artless, honest conversation of a cottager, in the peculiar state of my mind, will afford me more heart-felt satisfaction than all the adulation and eloquence of a finished modern beau."

Norton, delighted with her candour and acquiescence to his proposals, begged her to be punctual in her meetings with his sister; likewise her correspondence with him by writing, which she promised to attend to; when, after a little impassioned conversation, that generally passes on such occasions, the deep-toned clock at the castle heavily tolled seven, reverberating through the woods, reminding Emily it was time to take leave. She arose, very reluctantly, to be gone, —reproaching herself for remaining so long absent. The last, the sad adieu, destroyed her fortitude: the arm of Norton was scarce enough support for her languid frame. He attended his weeping charge to the hall-door. He pressed her tremulous hand between his own, little less so. Tears fell in abundance on their united hands.

"Ah!" exclaimed Norton, "what a fragile cement are these precious drops! Would to Heaven they were more durable!"

Jenny, opening the door, interrupted his saying more. He kissed her hand in silent agony. Jenny told them, there was a good fire in the music-room, if they would walk in; as she did not expect the family home yet.

Emily, regardless of what she

said, sobbed out, "Farewell!—Heaven protect you!" and rushed forward to a chair, to give vent to her grief.

Norton lingered at the door, in speechless anguish, till, recollecting his weakness unbecoming a soldier, he left the hall, and, with it, the source of all his happiness and all his misery.

The first words Emily uttered, were to know what effect her absence had on the domestics.

Jenny told her their inquiries were satisfied in a plausible manner; adding, "Do you know, miss, I was in the wilderness when you entered the recess? therefore, I well knew what allowance to make for the time you have been gone. How well Mr. Norton looks in his soldier's cloaths! Had miss Theresa seen his tender looks at you: ah! and the tears that would roll down his cheeks, though he tried to stop them by drawing his hand over his eyes—I am sure she would have torn the very hair from her head; though, by the bye, she has not much to tear: it's like her, false.—Before he came to the castle, nothing but Belac would go down; but now she dreams of Mr. Norton day and night."

Emily thanked her for the trouble she had taken, in feigning some excuse for her absence, and begged her to be silent; but this she could not consent to, till she had said:

"I well knew you would not be in very soon, when I saw who you was with: so I waited in the hall, on purpose to let you in; but Mr. Norton pulled the bell very gently. Poor soul! I suppose he was not thinking what he was about."

This display of her talkative talents gained not a word from Emily. She was ruminating on the risk she had run of being seen by the family. Her remonstrances with Jenny to be silent

silent were ineffectual. She must tell her what allowance she made for being out so long; adding, with a significant nod:

"I well know, by experience, when we are with those we love, how quick time passes away: but, as Thomas tells me, 'hours were made for slaves.'"

This, and several other such uninteresting incidents, Emily was compelled to hear, but paid little attention to. What passed in her own mind was enough for her to dwell on, without Jenny's loquacity.

"Ah!" continued she, with a sigh, "he is so like you in his manners, I always prayed you might never be parted;—but prayers are not always heard. Poor young man! Thomas says, 'it's a hundred to one if ever he comes back.'"

This part of her discourse agreed with Emily's own ideas, and aroused her from the stupor she was in. A deep sigh heaved her anguished bosom: tears trickled in abundance down her pallid cheeks, as she arose and took the light to go to her own apartment, rather to be out of the reach of her conversation, than any notion of rest.

After pondering over the remembrance of many past scenes, anticipating ills yet to come—nature, almost overpowered, yielded to the influence of the drowsy god. She sunk into a kind of restless slumber; disturbed by visionary troubles, equally as distressing at the time as if in reality endured.

Little refreshed, she arose as soon as the eastern hills exhibited the least appearance of dawn. Her bewildered imagination naturally wandered to the peaceful home of Norton; representing the placid countenance of Susan as rather disconcerted, at taking a long farewell of her beloved brother. She knew the extent of his parents' sufferings

by her own: most willingly would she have sacrificed her dearest interests, could she have mingled her tears with those of his worthy relatives, and have poured forth, unrestrained, her sorrows on the breast of his amiable mother; for so she was confident she must be, as Susan constantly presented to her view some fresh instance of her goodness and inerrability. What comfort would it have been to have enjoyed the society of his gentle sister—daily to have traced, in her blooming features, the resemblance of her much-loved brother; to have heard his sentiments, if possible, more refined, flow spontaneously from her lips—would have been happiness more than Emily, in her desponding state, ever expected to taste: the only comfort she now could think to enjoy was the friendship of Susan, and her meetings with her; and them she despaired of having long in her power to maintain, if the baron continued to treat her with so much indifference. She anticipated the momentary pleasure, with true heart-felt delight, when she should again see the dear representative of her brother, and know the reason why she had once deceived her.

The morning Norton embarked, the colonel left the castle early. It was fixed for the day after he saw Emily; but, owing to some mistake among some of the artisans in fitting out the transports, it was deferred till the next day.

Emily attended the colonel at breakfast ere he departed. He behaved in his usual lively manner; begging her, above all things, to maintain, if possible, the good opinion of his father, and all would be as she wished.

No sooner was he gone, than all the pleasing scenes he had drawn vanished. She sat down at the long Gothic

Gothic window of the apartment. Her mind wandered to the scene of tumult and confusion, Norton was engaged in, on the sea-shore, representing him calm and serene, though deeply involved in the hurry and distraction that reigned around: amid all the horrid uproar, rage of commanders, blasphemous murmurs of the commanded, yet was Norton thoughtfully attending to the duties of his station, with coolness, alacrity, and diligence; but all his perseverance and attention to the charge allotted him did not prevent a heavy sigh from heaving his manly bosom, at what innumerable disasters might impede his ever again viewing his native land, consequently his Emily: he execrated the vile Belac; invoking Heaven to pour down its vengeance on his head, should he again insult Emily with his base proposals. This, and various equally interesting subjects, passed in his mind, as he entered on board a transport crowded with soldiers. All previous orders for sailing being given, they soon got under weigh, and bore down the Channel with a fair wind; but not without many a heavy sigh from Norton, as the white cliffs of Britain gradually diminished from his sight.

We will now return to the hapless Emily at the castle, who passed the following week in unspeakable sorrow: but what alleviated, in some degree, her grief, was the meeting Susan, and receiving a few lines from Norton, when at Portsmouth, very tenderly written, exhorting her to be punctual in sending to him every particular that occurred, relative to herself, &c. when it was abruptly concluded. This Emily attributed to the haste he was in, which in reality it was. Susan informed her the reason why she disappointed her the preceding week was,—her mother being suddenly taken ill, she could by no means

leave her so long a time. This, with a promise to be there in future, removed the little affront Emily thought she had received from her neglect, and they were as good friends as ever. After telling her the particulars of her brother's conversation, how well his aunt received him, what time he set off in the morning, &c. they separated.

Emily retired, immediately on her return home, to her own apartment, to ponder over the beloved epistle of Norton; to see if, perchance, ought had escaped her notice: when finished, in the fervour of her heart, she inadvertently ejaculated:

"The native energy and softness of your address is forcibly depicted in every syllable, likewise the ardour of your unconquerable passion. Ah, fatal passion, I fear, it will it prove to both! How much has it already torn this distracted bosom!"

Intent on the paper, her head pensively reclined on her arm, she saw not the mortified Theresa, till her voice assailed her ears, with—

"So, my lady, I have at last discovered a fact I before only suspected. I am convinced it was you, and you only, invented those scandalous reports,—which you, under the mask of hypocrisy, so ingeniously circulated, so much to my prejudice, in respect to my connection with that vile animal Belac:—and that Norton too. I scorn him; base, infamous villain! to come sneaking to the castle to be maintained! I wonder at his assurance, and your ambitious notions, elevated to such a height to imagine (nay, you are led into the delusive supposition) that you have gained, unsought-for, his affections. Foolish girl! But what was that 'native energy!—sweetness of address!' What do those high-flown phrases allude to?"

Here she cast a penetrating glance on Emily's hand, through her confusion yet containing Norton's epistle.

"Let me look at that paper, Emily; though, I suppose, it is a list of his innumerable amours. I know he is a dissolute, unprincipled character. I presume you was looking in what style of precedence your name would be placed."

Emily, blushing with indignation at these aspersions on the innocent Norton, very reluctantly resigned the letter into her hands. She read it with eagerness and astonishment, and put it in her pocket-book; and, without uttering a word, left the trembling Emily bursting with grief and vexation, at having thus inadvertently betrayed what it behoved her particularly to conceal. Now remaining at the castle she saw was impossible: how to act she knew not, neither had she time to consider, for Theresa had long projected some means of getting her away the first opportunity; and now, Norton was gone, it was the only time to put it in execution.

Miss Belac, happy to oblige her dear Theresa Orville, recommended her to one of her acquaintance, who had some time since applied to her for a young person to take the charge of her dresses, superintend the household when required, bear with her ill temper, be privy to her intrigues, &c.—and Emily was fixed on as the person to take this enviable situation.

It was referred to the baron for his consent. He expressed much concern: but was soon persuaded to agree to it by his daughter, who strenuously affirmed her resolution of leaving the castle, if Emily remained. His anxiety was visible to all around him. Scarce recovered the shock occasioned by the death of a beloved son, he could ill

support the consciousness of such ingratitude. He shuddered at the bare mention of her name. Sometimes he was half inclined to reveal all to the innocent, unsuspecting Emily; but fear of incurring the displeasure of Theresa compelled him to stifle his own feelings.

Emily had no idea of their intentions, though she saw by Theresa's countenance all was not right,—but that she attributed to the discovery she had made. The night after the letter was delivered to her she entered her apartment, and bid her pack up her cloaths, as she was to remain no longer at the castle, and she had something in view much to her advantage.

Emily, without a murmur, put every thing in proper order for her removal, though where she was going remained a perfect secret,—therefore to have written to Susan would have been useless. Now what would become of Norton's letters, since where she was going was kept entirely from her knowledge, on purpose to prevent the correspondence being maintained? To seek an explanation of the baron she thought would have been madness: even was he lenitively inclined, he could exercise no will but Theresa's.

She retired to rest, resigning herself to that Being who alone could protect her in every calamity. Her good sense had taught her not to expect real happiness on this side the grave,—therefore that consideration in some degree consoled her; but the thoughts of her father, and the happy days she once experienced, then the sad contrast she then felt, hindered her having much sleep. She arose pale and languid, her eyes swollen with weeping. She put on an olive-coloured habit, her beaver hat, &c. letting her hair hang careless in untortured ringlets. Thus arrayed, she descended to the hall, where

where Theresa was already waiting. The chariot was at the door, and, without being permitted to bid the baron adieu, she was hurried into it. With faltering accents she took her leave of Jenny, who tenderly grasped her hand, saying—

“God bless you, miss! I wish I could have time to tell you what I know; but was like to have been turned away the last evening I was with you.”

Theresa now jumped into the carriage, or Emily intended asking Jenny to have met Susan, and told her she was gone. The coach doors were closed. They drove off,—when poor Emily could conquer her feelings no longer. She burst into an agony of tears, as she gave a last lingering look at the gloomy walls of the castle. Theresa deigned not to speak a word, till they stopped at Belac’s lodge, and took up miss Belac. A servant had been sent forward to apprise her of their arrival, when she rode on horseback to the park gates, where she waited.

After the first compliments had subsided, a significant nod from Theresa induced her to commence a long panegyric on the family she was going to enter. Poor Emily listened in anxious suspense; but could not stifle her emotion enough to ask what all their mysterious behaviour was for, and where she was to be taken to.

(To be continued.)

The MONKS and the ROBBERS.

(Continued from Vol. XXX, p. 588.)

CHAP. XXIV.

“I PERCEIVE,” continued Rodigona, “my reserve doth but the more increase thy solicitude to ga-

ther the occasion of it, which, though I am grieved at, I may not satisfy; therefore, your suit is bootless: but, if yet you will persist in entreaty, I cannot do aught more than (however it may pain me so to do) persist in my denial. On any other subject unhesitatingly would I lay open every thought; but on this—pardon me, that I refuse to make thee acquainted with my cause of grief; and let my words meet belief at thy hands, when I say I cannot—durst not—divulge it to any one.”

“Alas!” said Juliet, “then I do fear it is because thou thinkest me no longer worthy of thy confidence!”

“No, Juliet; thou dost me wrong. Far, very far, are my thoughts from questioning thy worth; for, trust me, I hold thee deserving of the highest confidence and esteem: and had I a sorrow that I might disclose, to none so soon as to thee would I unfold it, and from none so soon as thee could I receive consolation; for thou hast a gentle and compassionating nature, that feels for another more than for itself, and a heart as free from guile as full of kindness and love. Believe what I have said to be truth, that you may not believe I think thee no longer worthy of my confidence.”

“If ’tis so, then should I know thy counsels. If you stand upon my faith, and think me true, wherefore not impart them?”

“For the self-same reason that another hath for placing confidence in a friend. My refusal comes from the esteem and love I bear toward thee; from my knowledge of the truth and purity of thy mind.”

Juliet listened with unfeigned astonishment; and, being utterly unable to comprehend her meaning, looked at her aunt with impatience for an explanation.

“Thou

"Thou marvellest at my words," she continued: "I spoke them inadvertently, and am not grieved that you found them unintelligible. Bear with me, gentle Juliet; for I cannot explain further; and forget that you did not understand what I said. I meant nothing—nothing but to express my affection for thee; and that is all."

"Wherefore then, dear lady, give me to think it was that which opposed thy confidence?"

"I was fearful lest you would—misunderstand—No—think—Aye, think me;—but yet if"—

She stopped in manifest confusion, and presently said:

"I pray you let it pass, and question me no more; for, entreat me how you may, it is now, and ever will be, as profitless to you as grievous to me. I do beseech thee now be content, and seek not to know that which, if known, would but the rather increase and strengthen the sorrows of my heart."

"How sayest thou? Why, will not griefs told lose half their violence? The mind, oppressed with many troubles, ever finds relief abundant in communicating them to a friend, whose heart is touched by gentle sympathy."

"Though I am sick of many griefs, yet to divulge the cause whence they spring would be but rousing a sleeping serpent to sting me. Then how impotent would be sympathy to heal the wound? Pity cannot obliterate the anguish of my mind."

"But it can alleviate, and, by imperceptible degrees, wear down the keenest sorrow. Then do not chill its tender efforts, but rather meet its gentle offers. It will cleanse thee of this gloomy melancholy, and make thy heart, joyless and depressed now, light and cheerful."

"Ah, Juliet! if thou didst know

what it is to feel that I feel, thou would'st then know it is not in the power of aught human to give tranquillity to this bosom; for who can bind the memory, and cause it to obey the will? How often do we remember that we should forget, and forget that we should remember! But remembrance is free, and obtrudes itself, uncalled, where it lists, pursuing still as the shadow doth the substance. Could I but banish remembrance from me, happiness were mine; but, while I do remember what I once was, I still must grieve at what I now am.—Remembrance, placing in my imagination the images of times past, revives all my sorrows even as they were when first I felt them; yet many years have since elapsed."

"It is because thou keepest them bound within thy bosom:—give them vent, pour them in the ear of friendship, and be happy. Wilt thou yet refuse me to share thy woes?"

Juliet continued, taking her hand, "Pray you trust me: indeed you shall not repent that you confided in me. By the esteem and affection thou didst say erewhile thou hadst for me, I do conjure thee tell me wherefore thou art sad?"

"It may not be. Even if my determination to conceal this secret was less unalterable than it is, I could not command myself to reveal it. Be satisfied with that thou knowest; for I tell thee, good Juliet (as I have told thee before) entreaty is unavailing."

"But I cannot bear to behold thee thus sinking beneath thy sorrows, and not wish to participate in them,—that friendship's soothing words may administer consolation to thy woe-worn heart."

"In vain would that be, when the heart is not fitted to receive it. No, Juliet; useless is the task. It

is in death alone I hope for comfort. O blissful, yet dreaded moment, when my fluttering soul is about to quit its frail habitation! which is weary of existence, borne down with anguish, and can no more feel the touch of happiness!"

"Do not say so: I trust thou yet will be happy. Be of courage, and all will yet be well."

"Never! O never!" exclaimed Rodigona, energetically. "Alas! I am for ever barred from comfort! My peace of mind is gone! fled even as a dream; and years succeeded, spent in continual anguish!—It preys on me still. My wounded mind is stung, pursued, racked!—Torments!—Oh!—Mercy, Heavens!"

While thus she spoke of her sorrows, the strong remembrance of their cause seemed to rouse her far beyond her disposition, which ever appeared gentleness itself, and incapable of feeling such an impetuous emotion as now possessed her whole appearance, causing every feature of her countenance to breathe an air of the utmost despondency.—Her eyes glared wildly round.—Her voice rose to an elevated tone, and she spoke with unusual force of expression. Her voice, look, and attitude, were all expressive of an energy, equally strange and uncommon; but quickly it subsided. A death-like paleness spread itself over her face. Her agitation became extreme ere she had finished speaking; and, as she sunk back upon her seat, the concluding words dropped, scarce audible, from her lips. Juliet, alarmed at her manner, threw her arms around her, and, bursting into tears, besought her to be composed; but she heard her not; for grief mastered every sense.

"Speak to me, dearest lady!" Juliet exclaimed. "Wilt thou not speak to me?"

She paused; and Rodigona, unable yet to speak, fell upon her neck; and, after a minute's inward struggle, falteringly said, while the tears rolled fast down her pallid cheeks, "Pity, and pray for me, Juliet; but never more attempt to learn from whence my affliction flows: and now, I beseech thee, leave me."

"Say but first that you forgive me," resumed Juliet.

"I do," she replied: "but it is I that should ask forgiveness of thee rather than thou of me. So now farewell!"

She said, and Juliet left her.

(To be continued.)

CHARACTER of the PRINCESS of LIPPE.

HER serene highness, Juliana Wilhelmina Louisa, princess dowager of Schaumburg Lippe, regent and guardian, died at Buckeburg, on the ninth of December, in the thirty-ninth year of her age, after a short and painful illness.

This princess was sister to the landgrave of Hesse-Cassel, and one of the brightest ornaments of her sex and age. In many of her public and private actions she imitated the illustrious Frederic the Great: like him, she rose early in the morning to work in her cabinet, in the affairs of state; and there was hardly a petty law-suit, the judgment of which she did not revise. Like Joseph II. she travelled all over the continent, for observation and instruction: the fruits of her travels she applied to the good of her small dominions, which travellers will find more cultivated and improved than the countries around it. She wrote and spoke several living languages with facility. She was courteous and affable to the meanest of her subjects, who

who could have access to her as often as wished for. She was a kind benefactress to several unfortunate emigrants, many of whom she permitted to carry on a little traffic, even in the assembly-rooms of her palace; and, with the greatest affability, she recommended them customers from among the company assembled. She was particularly fond of the *belles lettres*; and we have seen a private correspondence of this princess which would do credit to men of learning. In short, her endowments of mind and amiableness of person were such, that, if fate had allotted her the government of a vast empire, she would certainly have shone in the list of the first sovereigns of Europe. Her indefatigable application to study and business, we apprehend, has hastened the period of her existence. Though she possessed a masculine understanding, yet she was far above the female pedants who are rather shunned than courted in society. With all the accomplishments of her sex, she always suited her amusements and conversation to every character and capacity.

THE CUP-BEARER.

AN INDIAN TALE.

(By Mr. William Jackson of Exeter.)

BEFORE the contention of Shah Jehan's four sons to determine who should possess the throne of their father, Indostan was in perfect peace and tranquillity. The empire was not then divided into contending parties, naturally seeking each other's destruction; but the great officers of the court sought health and amusement by hunting the beasts of the forest.

Jessom emir alOmrah, cup-bearer to the Shah, one day pursuing a swift nyl-gau, it led him to the mountains adjacent to Dehli, where the creature eluded the dogs and the hunters. The emir, dismounting from his horse, and winding his way between the rocks, at last sat down under the shade of a spreading platanus. Nature, exhausted by fatigue, was recruiting herself by sleep—moments of insensibility, yet delicious on reflection. Awaking, he found before him an old man wrapped in a shawl, who, after his salam, expressed a fear that he had unintentionally disturbed his repose, and asked whether he chose any refreshment.

"A draught of water would be pleasant to me," said the cup-bearer.

The other retired, but soon returned with a bowl filled with the purest element, and cool as the rock from whence it issued. As the emir took it in his hand:

"Stay," says the old man, adding three drops from a crystal vessel.

After the emir had drank, he required the meaning of the addition?

"The water was drink," said the other; "but the drops were medicine. You have fatigued yourself by the chase, and something was wanting to restore the strength you had lost by exercise!"

"Strength lost by exercise!" exclaimed the emir: "I exercise myself to procure, not to lose strength."

"How strength is to be acquired by fatigue, I am yet to learn," replied the old man: "the human machine, like every other, wears out by friction, and is preserved by rest."

"I thought," returned the other, "that all men were agreed in the use, and, indeed, necessity, of exercise?"

"Not all," replied the old man: "our neighbours, the Persians, are

not fond of unnecessary motion ; and they have a proverb, ' that it is better to ride than to walk, — to sit than to stand, — and that death is the best of all.' The Frangis, indeed, who of late have forced themselves into this country, have that restlessness which you consider as essential to health. Where there is intemperance, exercise may be necessary ; and hard labour requires additional nourishment ; — but the easy office of cup-bearer to the Shah (for so your robe declares you) requires not the labour of exercise to counteract any ill effects arising from your high station."

The emir did not altogether agree to this ; but, before he could reply, a peasant addressed the old man, complaining of tormenting pains in his stomach, and begged his assistance.

" Friend," says the doctor, " address thyself, through the prophet, to the great Disposer of Health ; I can do nothing without superior assistance—but this is thy *earthly* remedy—drop thrice from this small phial into a large draught of water, and eat nothing until to-morrow.—Remember — three drops, and no more."

He was scarce gone, when another patient came with a different complaint ; but the prescription was the same.

The emir wanted not curiosity ; but, finding himself sufficiently refreshed, withheld farther inquiry—thanked the doctor (for so he appeared to be), and departed.

When Shah Jehan drank, to do his cup-bearer honour, he always presented him with the remainder of his draught, which the emir took, offering up a prayer to the prophet for the emperor's welfare.

The Shah loved wine, and could bear much without intoxication : the emir being of a contrary tempe-

rament, it frequently happened that he had more cups to finish than were consistent with that clearness of understanding which should accompany an address to the holy prophet. In consequence, large pimples began to cover his nose, his legs swelled, his beard became scanty, and the ladies of the haram complained that his breath was offensive. The court-physicians were called in, who prescribed all the costly medicines of the east,—but to no purpose.

The symptoms growing worse and worse, by mere chance the emir recollected the old man of the mountain. Too weak to sit on horseback, he was conveyed to him in a litter.

" When I was here before," said the emir, " I was your guest : permit me now to be your patient."

" Willingly," said the other :—" put three drops from this phial into a vessel of water, drink it, and nothing else for the rest of the day."

" Impossible !" replied the other ; " I must often take the cup of honour from the hand of my bountiful master."

" Then," pronounced the physician, " you will take the cup of death—the least particle of heterogeneous mixture with my medicine instantly becomes fatal !"

As the Shah loved the emir better than his other attendant slaves, he permitted the favourite to be absent for a season ; conceiving that the talisman of the sage (for such he thought the doctor's three drops to be) required the presence of the patient.

The doctor continuing the same prescription, and the patient his prompt obedience, many days had not elapsed before the health of the emir was in all respects much improved. The carbuncles had left his nose, his beard increased, his legs

legs decreased, and his breath no longer poisoned the atmosphere.

"Yet a little while," said the learned physician, "and the angel of health may deign to take up his abode with you, and dismiss the angel of death, to search for other victims."

Many people came from the adjacent country seeking the doctor's advice, which was always given in the same words, with the same medicine; and with such great success, that the physicians of the province lost their reputation and practice.

"Of what can these precious drops consist?" revolved the emir, equally admiring the simplicity and efficacy of the prescription. Though unable to penetrate the mystery, yet finding that he was quite recovered, and longing to present himself to his master, and indeed to his mistresses, he took a grateful leave of the doctor, who, refusing all reward, dismissed his patient, by saying:

"My medicine, under the Power in whose hands are health and sickness, has performed its accustomed effects; but, as some time must elapse before the narrow pores of the skin can discharge what yet remains of it in your constitution, the cup of honour must be refused, unless you wish to make another visit to your doctor."

A horse, richly caparisoned, carried the emir to Delhi, attended by troops of servants rejoicing in his health.

When he kissed the ground before the feet of Shah Jehan, he was at first received as one unknown;—the efficacious medicine having made him a new man.

"A cup of wine!" said the Shah. "Let the great physician know who it is that wishes him a long enjoyment for himself of the blessing he procures for others. Give him a

robe of honour, and let me see and reward the sage who possesses the source of health!"

Two messengers departed with speed to carry the words and robe to the old man of the mountain.

When the Shah had drunk, he graciously presented the remaining wine to his restored cup-bearer; who, taking the vessel, attempted thrice to bear it to his lips—but in vain! the doctor's injunction at parting being still fresh in his remembrance—and not to drink was loss of his high office, perhaps of life.

The Shah, perceiving that his cup was rejected, gave way to wrath.

"Take that slave from my presence!" he exclaimed; "and since he refuses wine from the hand of his master, let water be his only beverage. Begone!"

The messengers to the mountain were not long in speeding across the plain of Delhi; they hastily invested the doctor with his *kalaak*, and brought him into the presence of the emperor.

"Approach," said the Shah: "relate by what good fortune thou art possessed of that grand elixir which the sages of the east and west have been so long endeavouring to obtain."

"Thy slave," replied the doctor, "has no such possession."

"Is it a talisman, then?" said the Shah.

"Nor talisman have I," continued the old man. "If thou commandest me to disclose my secret, thy slave must obey;—but once disclosed, the virtue of the medicine ceases."

"Thou dost but more and more inflame my curiosity," uttered the Shah, with impatience.

"It becomes my duty to gratify it," humbly replied the doctor.—

"In my early youth I remarked the effects

effects of imagination on the human mind—nothing is too strange for the imagination to conceive, and no effect too great for it to produce;—by imagination we almost become the thing we wish to be. This discovery is open to all, and all may make the same use of it as myself. Much later in life I discovered intemperance to be the origin of disease, and the hastener of death. Of this truth experience only brings a belief, we having, from long fixed habit, the appetite for pleasure and prejudice to oppose and vanquish. As the works of nature are all perfect, it is by acting contrary to her laws that we induce imperfection and disease; and nothing but the propensity of nature to recover, and rest in the centre from which we have forced her, can ever restore us to our pristine perfection and health. If there are medicines which can assist this propensity, let us use them; but how can we be certain that we do not retard, instead of assisting, operations, the causes of which are beyond our weak intellects to investigate.”——

“But the three drops?” interrupted the Shah; “for all sovereigns hate information, though they ask it, and scarcely admit a reply to their own questions.

“These,” answered the doctor, “come under the head of imagination.”——

“Tell me the secret of the three drops!” said the Shah, beginning to lose his temper, “and keep all the rest to yourself.”

“I was hastening to convince the emperor,” meekly replied the old man, “that I possess neither medical secret nor talisman—but thy slave ceases to speak, as his words find no favour before thee.”

“Proceed,” said the Shah.——

“When a patient comes to me,” continued the doctor, “I consider him as having suffered by forcing nature from her seat. If we knew what would restore her first position, or, knowing the medicine, how to make the application, it would be well—but, as we do not, I leave the work to her own powerful efforts. Intemperance being most probably the cause of the disorder, abstinence is most likely to be the cure. But this is too simple a remedy: there must be something to act on the imagination. My three drops do this office, which are the same fluid as that which receives them—*water*;—but they have an air of mystery, and appear in the form of a powerful medicine, whose quantity must not be mistaken. To prevent my patient relapsing into the intemperance which produced his complaint, and must retard his cure, I enjoin strict abstinence, that the effect of the medicine may not be counteracted. But the whole means no more than removing the effect by destroying the cause, and leaving nature at liberty to do a work which cannot safely be trusted in other hands.”

“What!” says the Shah, with contempt, “are thy so-much-famed three drops nothing but water?”

“If they have fame,” respectfully replied the doctor, “let us suppose they deserve it.—I told you, sir, that the discovery once made, my art was at an end.”——

“So,” said the Shah, with apparent good humour, “instead of punishing the cup-bearer, I have been his physician, and ordered him the invaluable medicine of the three drops! Bring him again to my presence, and it shall not be my fault if ever again he has occasion to visit the old man of the mountain.”

SKETCH OF THE LIFE OF VOLTAIRE.

(Abridged from his *Life at large* by the Abbé Du Vernet.)

VOLTAIRE, the son of a notary named Arouet, came into the world on the twentieth of February 1694. The abbé de Châteauneuf — a friend of madame Arouet, and the last of Ninon's lovers — stood sponsor for him at the baptismal font. Before he had attained his third year, his religious godfather had already made him learn by heart John-Baptist Rousseau's poem entitled the "Moïsade." At the age of ten, in college, he passed his hours of recreation in company with Tournemine and Porée. His professor, Le Jay, was not pleased with his objections. "Wretch!" said the preceptor to his pupil, "you will one day be the apostle of deism in France."

His two companions took pleasure in hearing his doubts respecting the objects of religious worship; and they lived and died deists like Voltaire. Porée fostered in Voltaire's bosom the love of study. His teachers spoke of him as a prodigy. Some verses in honour of the Dauphin, which he composed for an old officer in 1705, and for which that officer received a reward, laid at Paris and Versailles the foundation of Voltaire's great celebrity. At the distribution of the prizes in the class of rhetoric, J. B. Rousseau testified a desire to embrace him. Voltaire was accustomed to call Rousseau his master. They afterward quarreled at Brussels; but the fault lay on the side of Rousseau.

On quitting the college, Arouet pressed his son to choose a profession. "I choose no other," replied the youth, "than that of a man of

letters." He composed his tragedy of "Œdipus" at the age of seventeen; but he had reached his twenty-fourth year when that piece was acted.

Being suspected of having written some verses against Louis XIV. who was lately deceased, and also against the regent, he was confined in the Bastille, where he remained eighteen months immured, without ink or paper. It was in that gloomy mansion that he formed the plan of his "Henriade." A few days after his release, he was introduced to the regent, who received him with a smile, and to whom Voltaire replied — "My lord! I would be highly pleased that his majesty should deign to take upon himself the charge of my board; but I entreat your highness never again to take the trouble of providing me with a lodging."

When he thus spoke of his board, his circumstances were narrow. Ninon had bequeathed to him a legacy of two thousand livres* for the purchase of books. His works successively produced him considerable sums; insomuch that, in the year 1762, he enjoyed an annual income of above a hundred and forty thousand livres†, to which the lottery, and even trade, had contributed something.

The *Philippics* composed in 1718 by La Grange-Chancel were attributed to Voltaire. He was banished in consequence, and, from the year 1719 to 1725, he lived at

* Somewhat above eighty pounds sterling.

† Five thousand eight hundred and thirty pounds.

Sully — at Maison, where he had the small-pox — at Brussels — and in Holland. After his return to Paris in 1725, the chevalier de Rohan caused some strokes of a cane to be inflicted on him. Indignant of the affront, Voltaire engaged a fencing-master, and sent a challenge to the cowardly Rohan. The latter communicated the affair to his family, who obtained an order for shutting up Voltaire in the Bastille, whence they afterward procured his release, accompanied by a sentence of banishment from the kingdom.

That event took place in 1726. For the place of his retreat, he chose England; where, immediately on his debarkation, he prostrated himself to the ground, and fervently kissed the land of liberty. In this country he spent three years; and here he turned his attention to the printing of his "*Henriade*," for which he had not been able to procure an "Approbation" in France. That work was productive to him of a considerable sum, and enabled him to bestow and to lend money. On his return to France, he saw, in the list of his debtors, such names as those of Guise, Richelieu, Destaing, Guébriand, Bourdeille, Villars, Bouillon. They were, almost universally, deficient in punctuality of payment: but he seldom importuned them for his annuities or arrears; for, if he loved money, he loved it nobly.

In 1730, he was refused admission to one of three vacant seats in the academy. His "*Philosophic Letters*" on the English nation; together with his "*Apotheosis*" of the actress Lecouvreur, proved a new ground of persecution against him. The cardinal Fleury, to screen him from the parliament, caused him to be sent into exile. A new persecution was raised against him in

1734 on account of his "*Maid of Orléans*;" another succeeded on account of his "*Death of Cæsar*." He retired to Cirey, near the little town of Vassy in Champagne, where he lived with the marchioness du Châtelet, his friend and mistress — a sincere friend, but an inconstant mistress, since she afterward had a child by another paramour.

At Cirey, madame du Châtelet and he studied Leibnitz and Newton; which occupation did not prevent him from producing his tragedy of "*Alzira*" in 1736. His "*Merope*," which made its appearance in 1743, having had the good fortune to please madame de Pompadour, Voltaire was invited to Versailles, where he was appointed gentleman in ordinary to his majesty, and royal historiographer.

In 1746 he was admitted a member of the academy. But some new mortifications, and particularly the preference given by the favourite Pompadour to old Crébillon and his "*Catiline*" over Voltaire and his "*Semiramis*," impelled him to quit Versailles, and retire to the seat of the duchess of Maine at Sceaux. From her house he went to the court of Stanislaus king of Poland, with whom he remained till the year 1750.

It was at this last-mentioned period that he went to the court of the Prussian monarch, who had, since the year 1736, never ceased writing to him, flattering him, soliciting him, and offering him an asylum. In Frederic he thought he had found a friend; but he soon discovered that he had subjected himself to a master who carried his despotism so far as to open his *protégé's* letters, and to say, "I yet stand in need of him to revise my works: we suck the orange, and cast away the peel."

They quarreled, were reconciled, and

and quarreled anew. The poet solicited permission to retire. His wish being granted, he intended to repair to the baths of Plombières: but, scarcely had he commenced his journey, when the courtiers, who were his rivals and enemies, accused him as the author of a piece entitled the "Private Life of Frederic." He spent a month at the court of Gotha; after which he set out for Plombières, but, on his way thither, was arrested in the *free city* of Frankfort by order of *his good friend* the king of Prussia, was loaded with insults and indignities, and continued the victim of oppressive persecution during a whole month; for such was the length of time requisite to convince his Prussian majesty that the pretended "Private Life" was an insipid and contemptible production beneath the pen of Voltaire.

Voltaire and Frederic were once more reconciled; and they afterward revived their former epistolary correspondence. The king again made him the confidant of his poetic productions, and again offered him an asylum which the philosopher cautiously declined. "It is not pardonable," said he, "to live in another person's house, even in the palace of a king, except when a man cannot live under his own roof."

With this proud maxim Voltaire seems to have been unacquainted in 1753; yet he was at that period fifty-nine years old, and possessed immense wealth. From Frankfort he went to Mentz; next he proceeded to Manheim, and thence to the residence of Don Calmet at Sannes, where he staid two months, eating with the monks in the public refectory, attending at mass, assisting at the sermons, following the processions, with such exemplary punctuality that the good abbot boasted of having "converted the

rankest deist that the world had ever produced."

It was on quitting this monastic retirement that Voltaire published his "Law of Nature." The parliament pronounced that production to be impious, and did him the honour of ordering it to be publicly burned. The author, not daring to return to Paris, formed the resolution of settling in the vicinity of Colmar, where he had vested a considerable property; but the bishop of Bale opposed his design, and threatened to excommunicate him. Voltaire extricated himself from the impending danger by keeping his bed as if sick, making his confession to a capuchin friar, and writing to the prelate a very orthodox letter.

He next conceived the project of passing over to Pennsylvania, proceeded to Lyons, and was there intoxicated with the applauses which he received at the exhibition of the "Duke de Foix." The bishop, Tencin, endeavoured to get him banished. A fit of sciatica obliged him to repair to Geneva to consult Dr. Tronchin; and that physician undertook to cure his sciatica, requiring of him no other regimen than that he should desist from further traveling.

He purchased for life the house called "*Les Délices* *." There all Geneva came to dine with him; and there, for the first time, he began to enjoy life. Madame de Pompadour, who was now become a devotionist, proposed to him to translate the "Psalter" and the "Song of Solomon;" for which performance his reward was to be a cardinal's hat. He versified the "Song of Solomon;" but the parliament ordered his translation to be burned as licentious. The bishops declared war against the philoso-

* Delights — or, the Seat of Pleasure.

phers: the encyclopædists were reviled as deists, atheists, rebels, corruptors of the national morals; and whoever wrote against the philosophers was sure of protection and remuneration.

Voltaire, being the person against whom Pompidon and Fréron entertained the greatest animosity, was treated with a roughness untempered by the smallest reserve. He avenged himself by the publication of the "*Pauvre Diable*" and the "*Écossaise*."

A more serious quarrel was that with J. J. Rousseau. Voltaire wished to serve him, to assist him, to be useful to him: and Rousseau wrote in answer, "I hate you." The ministers of the gospel at Geneva having excited a storm against him, Voltaire quitted the *Délices*; and went in 1762 to live at Ferney, where he built a catholic church dedicated "*Soli Deo* *." From a poor village, Ferney became a town, to which watch-making and all the arts were invited — where the grand-niece of Cornille was married — where the persecuted names of Syren and Calas found protection.

It was at Ferney that he received his statue, which the king of Prussia had procured to be executed in porcelain, with the inscription, "*Immortali* †." It was to Ferney that Catharine II. sent him a box which she had turned with her own hand, and which she had caused to be ornamented with her portrait and twenty diamonds. It was there also that the great Voltaire had the

littleness to show himself hurt at not being visited by the emperor Joseph, after he had taken the trouble of putting on his wig to receive his majesty. It was there that he expected to deposit his earthly remains, since he had erected on the spot a mausoleum to receive them, and had even given the measure for his coffin. But glory and friendship recalled him to Paris.

Thither he returned in the beginning of the year 1778, to the society of that lady whom he had with so great propriety described as equally endowed with "*goodness and beauty*." At Ferney he had presided at her marriage with the marquis de Villette. Those affecting and affectionate attentions, so necessary to old age, were become indispensable to both — indispensable in him to receive them — in her to pay them.

Behold him then arrived at Paris. He there received from the public, at the inn, in the streets, at the theatre, at the academy, in his own house, such honours as never before had been paid to any man during his life-time. The philosopher, now in the eighty-fourth year of his age, soon fell a victim to those fatiguing and indiscreet demonstrations of esteem. His blood became inflamed. He had ever been of that inflammatory disposition, and was wont to say in his frequent fits of impatience, "It is not blood that circulates in my veins: it is vitriol."

A hæmorrhage and ischuria terminated that life of splendor and turmoil on the thirtieth of May 1778. The priest who was at that time rector of the parish of Saint Sulpicius refused to admit his body to the rites of sepulture; and his nephew, the abbé Mignon, found it very difficult to obtain leave to cover it with earth at his abbey of Selrières.

* "*To God alone*," or "*To the sole God*;" although perhaps some wag may suppose that Voltaire intended a pun or an ambiguity in the word *Soli*, which might equally well import, that, like a disciple of the Persian Magi, he dedicated that temple to the *SUN!* T.

† "*To the immortal*" man.

It was Voltaire's fate never to enjoy peace or rest, and to travel even after death. The public have witnessed his triumphal translation from Sellières to the Pantheon. But will that be his last abode? Or, if the Pantheon tumble to the ground*, must not his remains be extricated from the incumbent heap of ruins, and committed to a cinerary urn, which might be placed in the garden of the Tuileries? That would be a more proper station for him: at the Pantheon he does not receive one visit each day: at the Tuileries he would receive two thousand. There each lounge would dissect Voltaire in his own particular way: for Voltaire has a hundred different faces; and there is one to suit every taste.

THE CORSICANS.

(Continued from page 40.)

SCENE III.

Ottilia, Natalia; to them enter Rose, with a basket of flowers.

Rose.

GOOD-MORNING, ladies. I have brought you some flowers; roses and violets, geranium and sage for the teeth.

Natalia. How does your patient?

Rose. My patient is well; only he looks a little pale; but that becomes him.

Natalia. Will he go out to day?

Rose. I dare say he will. He yesterday walked two or three times up and down the chesnut avenue.

Natalia. Yesterday! How came you not to tell me, then, before to-day?

Rose. I could not get out.

Natalia. What important business detained you, pray?

Rose. I was obliged to go with him.

Natalia. Go with him! Obligated to go with him!

Rose. Yes, he would have me go; and I was very willing.

Natalia. Indeed!

Rose (with a kind of tender earnestness). Indeed I did! I always do very willingly whatever he wishes me to do.

Ottilia. You seem to be very fond of him?

Rose. Yes, that I am! He is very handsome; and his scars don't disfigure him at all.

Natalia. Has he scars?

Rose. Yes, a large one on his forehead, and a small one on his cheek. The little one looks just like a dimple when he laughs.

Ottilia (archly). See how children take notice of every thing.

Rose. His eyes are like the violets, his lips like apple-blossoms, and his teeth like narcissuses.

Natalia. It would be better for you, child, to learn your catechism, than to look so often at his violet eyes.

Rose. Yes; he often bears me my catechism.—But what's very odd, when I'm by myself, I can say every bit of it; but when he asks me, I can't remember a single word.

Natalia. What! does he hear you your catechism?

Rose. Yes; twice a week.

Natalia. He might do something wiser.

Rose. He has promised to teach me a great many more things.

N 2

Natalia.

* That gigantic edifice is, or at least was not long since, considered as in very great danger of suffering the fate here alluded to; several fissures appearing in the architecture—parts giving way, &c. Various plans have been proposed, to prevent or procrastinate its fall. T.

Natalia. O!—you know enough for your age.

Rose. Well, I used to think so. But I don't know how it is, when I am with him, I seem to myself to be very ignorant and simple. But he is so good-natured, he likes me the better for it.

Natalia (eagerly). How do you know that?

Rose. O! I must be stupid if I could not see that. He will frequently sit moping in a corner,—but the moment I come in, his spirits seem to revive, and he becomes cheerful.—

Natalia. So! Miss Vanity!

Rose. Then he will take me by the hand, and talk by the hour together.

Natalia. About what?

Rose. I don't know—about everything—but mostly about you, my lady.

Natalia. About me?

Rose. Yes; he makes me tell him what you are doing;—what you talk of;—whether you ever mention him.

Natalia. And what do you tell him?

Rose. I tell him that you often mention him;—very often, indeed!

Natalia. You love to hear yourself chatter, I suppose?

Rose. Then he asks me when your birth-day is.

Natalia. What is my birth-day to him?

Rose. A little while ago, when the strange gentleman was here, that you played upon the harpsichord so often, he would have me tell him what you sung. But then he seemed to be very much out of humour.

Natalia. Why so?

Rose. I can't tell. Perhaps his wounds pained him;—for three or four days afterwards he talked of nothing but the strange gentleman.

Natalia. Did he know him?

Rose. No; but he thought, he said, there would soon be a wedding in the house.

Natalia. And what did you say?

Rose. I said, very likely there might be.

Natalia. How could you be so stupid—there'll be no such thing.

Rose. How did I know that, my lady? Well, I'll go and tell him so directly.

Natalia. No, no;—say nothing about it now. It's nothing to him whether there is or not, as I know of.

Rose. He would be very glad to see you happy,—that he often says.

Natalia. Does he say so.

Rose. Yes; and I saw the tears in his eyes once, when he said so.

Natalia. Tears in his eyes!

Rose. Yes: he turned his head to try to hide them, but I could see them plain enough.

Natalia (aside—with emotion). He shed tears!—

Rose. When I carried him the preserved fruit, two or three days ago, he would hardly look at it, till he heard that it came from you; and then he blushed as red as scarlet—and—

Natalia. And what?

Rose (blushing). And then he gave me a kiss.

Natalia. A kiss!—so, indeed!—I suppose he gave you more than one.

Rose. O no!—it was only one—his father came in just at the moment.

Natalia. Aye!—If his father had not come in—

Rose. He is a nasty ill-tempered old fellow; and looks for all the world like my father, when the moles have got into his hot-beds.—Sometimes they talk together in a kind of gibberish, like the gipsies; such

such as no christian creature can understand.

Natalia. Go, Rose, and tell him, when he comes out, not to forget to come to the manor-house.—Do you hear?

Rose. Who, the father?

Natalia. No, no!—the son.

Rose. O! he will be willing enough to come.—He said yesterday that he must come and return you thanks.

Natalia. Return me thanks!—For what?

Rose. For the medicines, and broths, the fruits and flowers, you have sent him.

Ottilia. What, you have sent him all those things?

Natalia. To be sure I have! Do you think I could suffer the man who saved my life to want any thing?

Rose. Well, I'll run to him directly, and tell him my young lady has ordered me—

Natalia. No, no! when you happen to see him, it will be time enough.

Rose. O yes! I will; I like to see him. (*Skips out.*)

SCENE IV.

Natalia, Ottilia.

Ottilia. O! sister! sister!

Natalia. What do you mean?

Ottilia. If any stranger had witnessed all this?

Natalia. What if he had?

Ottilia. He would swear you are in love with the steward's son.

Natalia. And perhaps he might be mistaken.

Ottilia. Heaven grant it!

Natalia. I should hate myself if I could be ungrateful.

Ottilia. Gratitude is sometimes only love in disguise.

Natalia. Suppose it should be? Is it my fault that young ladies of

quality are not dipped in the Styx, like Achilles, to make them invulnerable?

Ottilia. Suppose it should be!—Dear Natalia! what an endless thread of misery would'st thou spin for thyself? Your father is a worthy man; but he is proud.

Natalia. I might answer;—he would have reason to be proud of such a son-in-law. But do not be alarmed; I shall not forget what I owe to my father and the world.

Ottilia. My own experience renders me suspicious.

Natalia. Your case was very different from mine.

Ottilia. I was in love, like you, before I was aware; and, like you, I trusted in my own strength.

Natalia. If the ancestors of this youth had but demolished some castle, or cut off the heads of two or three Saracens.

Ottilia (smiling). Perhaps they were Saracens themselves. What do you think of the strange language the steward and his son sometimes converse in?

Natalia. Perhaps it was French.

Ottilia. I can hardly think so. If it had been, Rose would not, indeed, have understood it; but, as she hears it every day in the family, she could never have taken it for the gibberish of gypsies—I sometimes suspect—

Natalia. What?

Ottilia. When I compare different circumstances—

Natalia. Dear Ottilia! what do you suspect?

Ottilia. That I have found a countryman of mine in your young knight-errant.

Natalia. A Corsican?

Ottilia. It is possible. Your father sometimes talks politics with his steward. Their conversation accidentally turned the other day on Corsica; when the old man grew extremely

extremely warm, and inveighed with the utmost vehemence against the Genoese;—but suddenly stopped, with all the air of one who thought he had gone too far and betrayed himself.

Natalia. Well; let Felix have been born where he may, his country has reason to be proud of him.

SCENE V.

Enter the Count.

Count. Good-morning, children! (*Natalia kisses his hand; Ottilia offers to do the same, but he withdraws it, and kisses her on the forehead.*) See how the gnats have stung me! I like to sleep with the windows open; but I am obliged to purchase the fresh air with my blood.

Natalia. Did you hear the nightingale?

Ottilia. And the cannon?

Count. Thus it is:—we may easily perceive that one of you is unmarried, and that the other has an officer for her husband: the one hears the nightingale, and the other cannon.—I have heard neither.

Ottilia. No!—You were then more fortunate than I.

Count. Are you in earnest? (*Looks attentively at her.*) Either the gnats have stung your eyes too, or I see the traces of tears.

Ottilia. My anxiety—that heavy cannonade—

Count. Where?

Ottilia. On the side towards the Danube. It lasted the whole night.

Count. Indeed!—Again!—Hem! Hem! (*He shakes his head, and sits down at the breakfast-table.*) I thought they had, as yet, dead-bodies enough to bury. (*A servant brings him a pipe of tobacco.*)

Count. John, did you hear any cannon fire last night?

Servant. Two couriers have just passed through the village. There has been an action.

Count. An action!

Servant. A very bloody one, they say.

Count. Well, well!—How bloody.

Servant. We have lost, on our side, five hundred killed, and three hundred wounded.

Count. Say no more.

Servant. A great number of prisoners;—thirty officers.

Count. Hold your tongue, I tell you.

Servant. The Turks very likely have—(*Makes signs of cutting off hands.*)

Count. Go to the devil! (*Dashes his pipe on the ground:—the servant picks up the pieces, and goes out.*)

Ottilia (*wringing her hands*). Oh merciful heaven!

Count. Be composed, child!—there may not have been so many lives lost as they say. (*He endeavours to conceal his anxiety and agitation; and pours out a cup of tea; but his hand trembles.*)

Natalia. Dear father! let me—

Count. Why so?

Natalia. You tremble.

Count. What of that?—I have often enough braved the enemy in the field, and never trembled.—But then I had no children.

Ottilia (*aside, in silent anguish*). Oh, my God!

Count (*casts a side glance on her, and sets down his cup*). This is not the way to give us an appetite to our breakfast.—Was I not right in what I said of the world?—The weevil devours the harvest—the canker nips the bud—the hail beats down the corn: in the winter the frost destroys the vines; and in the spring men kill each other to gain possession of the barren spots where the frozen vine-stocks stand.

Ottilia.

Ottilia. My Francis was certainly in the action.

Count. No doubt. We are sure he would not stay behind with the baggage.

Ottilia. Five hundred killed!

Count. Better so, than disgraced by cowardice.

Ottilia. Three hundred wounded!

Count. If my son is wounded, I'll engage it is not in the back.

Ottilia. Thirty officers taken prisoners!

Count. But who knows whether all this be true?—A courier and a liar are very near relations.

Ottilia. Oh! the war! the war!

Count. It would certainly be much better if the abbé St. Pierre commanded the army:—we should soon celebrate a perpetual peace.

SCENE VI.

Enter Muller, the old Steward.

Count. Good morning, honest Muller! What news do you bring?

Muller. Old Steffanson, your excellency, must be put in the dungeon.

Count. That old man!—Why so?

Muller. For negligence, and not minding what is said to him.

Count. I have not put any body in the dungeon these twenty years.

Muller. That is the very reason why every one of your servants and peasants acts the master.

Count. Perhaps so:—but then they only act.

Muller. An example must be made.

Count. Good Muller, I have but one prison; and if the key of it were not lost, it would at least take a couple of days to air it before it would be fit to put any human creature into it.

Muller. Let the fellow then have two dozen lashes.

Count. I am not fond of lashes.

Muller. Nor I; but who can govern men without them?

Count. Do not think so ill of mankind.

Muller. They are a worthless race.

Count. I am contented with them.

Muller. The world would be a paradise, were there no men in it.

Count. A sad paradise!—Here a volcano, and there an inundation! Here a hurricane, and there an earthquake!

Muller. And on the ruins there occasionally stand three or four thousand idiots, shooting at, and cutting the throats of each other.

Count. A change at least from eternal ice and perpetually scorching heat.

Muller. The elements are easier to govern than men.

Count. If experience has taught you this, I pity you. But there is an excellent method of governing men.

Muller. —Fear and severity.

Count. Kindness! kindness! my good Muller! will be repaid, with interest, by love.

Muller. Love will not obey.

Count. It is not necessary that it should;—it will anticipate every command.

Muller. On this principle—

Count. My tenants have been happy,—and I still happier. When, after the battle of Peterwardin, a troop of flying Turks burned down my castle, this same Steffanson lodged me in his house for three days;—and shall I now put him in a dungeon?

Muller. He refused the service due by the custom of the manor.

Count. What did he allege in his excuse?

Muller. Hem!—He said his daughter

daughter was brought to bed, I think.

Natalia. Well, then, good Muller, his excuse ought surely to be admitted.

Muller. What is the lying-in of the daughter to the father?

Count. Perhaps she was in danger?

Muller. He said so, to be sure.

Count. Well then we will overlook a little neglect.

Muller (with a sarcastic laugh). For the sake of his daughter.

Count. You are not very fond of daughters, it should seem.

Muller. Indeed I am not.—My young lady will excuse me—but I am not fond of daughters.

Natalia. Why not?

Muller. Why, what are they good for? When they grow up, they marry—

Count. So much the better.

Muller. And when they are married, they forget their parents.

Natalia. That is not the case, here, in Hungary.

Count. A father who chuses for his children with care and affection—

Muller. Yes, yes;—but do fathers always chuse for their children? Sometimes daughters run away with vagabonds. The tears of a father will not extinguish the flames of love; and a love-sick girl cares very little for the anguish that rends her father's heart; nor whether he blesses or curses her. (*Ottília appears very attentive, and greatly affected by this discourse.*)

Natalia. Such a daughter must be very unnatural.

Muller. There are enough such.

Natalia. Have you a daughter?

Muller. A daughter!—(*Earnestly*) No, no; I have no daughter.

Natalia. If you had one, you would talk very differently.

Muller. If I did, I should be a fool, like old Steffanson,—who, it seems, is to escape the punishment he deserves.—Your excellency resolves so?

Count. Yes, I am resolved.

Muller. He is to receive no punishment?

Count. None.

Muller. Mighty well!—so let it be. (*Exit.*)

(*To be continued.*)

PARISIAN FASHIONS.

IN contempt of the season, several of our *élégantes* wear the shawl twisted into a cord, or knotted before. Those of scarlet poppy colour are most in fashion. Crosses, attached to long chains, are again the order of the day.

The handkerchief cravat is resumed by a few, and the chemise handkerchief is still in great repute. The little lace trimmings to the shape form a kind of spencer. Most of the muslin robes are in compartments. White feathers, called *esprits*, are worn, mixed with black herons. Ostrich feathers have not yet had their turn. We see some robes charged behind with a bundle of folds, that fall down perpendicularly, like a curtain, to the ground.

Négligé-boiteux.

We cannot see the propriety of the epithet *boiteux*, or lame, as applied to this sort of head-dress; but the language of Fashions is so capricious, so strange, that we may defy any person to shew the analogy. Commonly this *négligé* is a handkerchief, the ends of which are concealed, edged with a narrow lace round the face.

Bonnet de Fantaisie.

There is a variety of kinds of this head-dress now in fashion: the turbans, which at present enjoy the highest degree of repute, have neither regularity or definite figure. A piece of gauze is pinned up hastily, and hence a turban, that may perhaps bear no resemblance to any former shape. Black hair is almost the only colour worn with the turban.

Bonnet du Matin.

This is another species of fancy head-dress, invented by our fashionables, whose genius is inexhaustible. It is a simple round cap, with a wreath of leaves round the head in the place of a ribband, and a bunch of flowers at top.

White is still the prevailing colour for robes. Indian muslins, plain or embroidered, are preferred to Florence and satins. The designs of embroidery for shawls are of infinite variety.

Négligés.

These kinds of morning head-dress are very much worn. They are close caps, which cover the hair entirely, except a little left on the forehead, and come down close to the neck, resembling very much the old French night-caps. They are commonly of gauze, with a yellow transparency, edged with lace, and lappets of the same.

LONDON FASHIONS

FOR FEBRUARY.

SMALL round caps, with very narrow lace borders, are coming rapidly into fashion, and give a peculiar appearance of buxom beauty to the countenance of an handsome woman.

VOL. XXXI.

Scarlet carsimere cloaks, neck handkerchiefs, and half great coats trimmed with sable, are the morning street-dresses. Scarlet ribbands and shoes are likewise very fashionable.

Short wadded coats, of coloured sarsnet, trimmed all round with fur or broad lace, are worn by the highest belles of fashion.

The male leaders of *ton* daily diminish the size of their hats; pantaloon are going out of fashion; the stiffened boot has also had its day, and the shape of the human leg, once more, becomes visible. Crops are more universal than ever: cravats diminish in quantity, and great coats are permitted to cover the knees.

The most fashionable apartments are all fitted up with fine cotton furniture.

The handsomest carriages are lined with wadded silk, and painted of the darkest colours.

The VICISSITUDES OF FASHIONABLE LIFE.

(Concluded from p. 7.)

REDUCED to the greatest embarrassments, and even distress, the two companions now soon became estranged from each other: Mr. Nesbit found how little the accomplishments and gaiety of Mr. Dorval were to be admired in their consequences; and the latter could no longer either obtain flattery or derive pecuniary assistance from the former. Mr. Nesbit, fully sensible of the folly of which he had been guilty, very seriously attempted a reform, and endeavoured to resume his habits of industry and economy; but he soon perceived how very different is the progress in the downhill road of vice and profusion from that

that which may be made in the same time in the steep and rugged ascent of amendment and frugality. Nor would he, with all his efforts, have been able to regain his former independence and happiness, had not his good fortune enabled him to gain the affections of a woman of the most amiable disposition, who was at the same time in possession of a sufficient fortune to retrieve all his affairs. Strongly prepossessed in his favour, notwithstanding she knew that he had lately been guilty of several acts of extravagance and imprudence, she bestowed on him her hand and her property; confiding that she should be able to restrain him from running into any of those excesses of which painful experience had likewise taught him the danger. Nor were her hopes disappointed. Mr. Nesbit, thus happily rescued from the consequences of his imprudence, and no longer exposed to the infection of dangerous example, returned with equal sincerity and pleasure to his former habits of economy and application to business; in which he was so successful, that in a few years he accumulated a very large fortune; and, disposing of his stock and connexions in trade, in a very advantageous manner, retired with his lady into the country, where they enjoyed at once tranquillity and affluence.

In the mean time Mr. Dorval continued to sink still deeper in the gulph of vice and wretchedness. As his property was entirely exhausted, he commenced gambler, for which he was not a little qualified in several respects by the fashionable life he had before led. He attended the race-ground, the cockpit, the hazard-table, with an assiduity which, had he only employed, in time, one half of it to retrieve his affairs, would have en-

abled him to live in unimpeached credit and real opulence. He soon became profoundly skilled in all the arts employed either to entice or defraud the unwary, and practised them without compunction or regret. As, however, the voracious shoal of sharks with whom he associated could not always find a sufficient quantity of prey of this kind to supply their wants, they were frequently reduced to the necessity of devouring each other; and in these contests Dorval was often a great sufferer; till at length his adverse luck compelled him to sink still lower in the scale of depravity, and resort to force to obtain that which he could no longer procure by fraud.

When he first began to prove that he was superior to his companions in courage, and to leave it doubtful whether he was not so likewise in honesty, he entered into the genteel *branch* of the *robbing* line,—that is, the profession of a highwayman, which he exercised at first with considerable success; but one day, chancing to attack a post-chaise, in which was an old captain of the navy, he was abruptly fired upon; and, as he turned his horse to ride away, a shot from a second pistol killed the animal under him: nor would he have made his escape had not his antagonist been disabled by an old wound from attempting any pursuit. After this cross accident, which deprived him of his horse, he became less nice in his sense of honour, and associated, without much scruple, with the lowest class of his profession, vulgarly denominated *foot-pads*, and occasionally tried his skill, as far as his ingenuity would permit, at shop-lifting and house-breaking.

In the course of his practice, he rambled with two or three of his companions to a considerable distance from town on some depredatory

tory expedition; and, while in this part of the country, chanced to hear that a person was to receive a considerable sum of money at a neighbouring village, whence he would return in a chaise, early in the evening, by a way that he knew to be a very lonely road. He immediately formed the design of robbing him; but, without communicating his intentions to his companions, believing (as he was not deficient in courage) that he should not want their assistance, and being willing to appropriate the whole booty to himself.

It happened that Mr. and Mrs. Nesbit were returning that evening in a one-horse chaise from the neighbourhood of the same village, by the same road, and about the same time that had been pointed out to Dorval, who had concealed himself behind a hedge to watch for his prize. Seeing the chaise approach, he conceived it must be that of which he was in quest, and, immediately rushing from his lurking-place, seized the rein of the horse, and cried, "Stop! I must have the money you have taken." Mr. Nesbit made a blow at him with the but-end of his whip, and endeavoured to push by him; but Dorval, being a powerful man, seized him by the legs, pulled him down upon the ground, and presented a pistol to his breast. In a moment, however, he recognised his old friend and companion; and overcome either with remorse or shame, immediately left him, and hurried away. Two farmers coming up on horseback at the same instant, and being informed by Mr. Nesbit what had happened, rode after him, and presently took him, and carried him before a justice of peace, who lived almost on the very spot where he was taken. It is im-

possible to describe the astonishment and sympathetic concern of Mr. Nesbit when he discovered in the robber his old school-fellow and intimate acquaintance, fallen by the consequences of vicious dissipation from so elevated a rank in society, and to such a depth of disgrace and misery. But the justice, as the law required, bound him over to prosecute, and Dorval was tried at the next assises and capitally convicted. Mr. Nesbit, however, by his exertions and influence, procured the sentence to be changed to that of transportation; and, before his departure from England, presented him with a considerable sum of money, to render his future life as comfortable as possible.

CUSTOMS
Of the KING of IMERITIA.

THE customs of the king of Imeritia, a country of Asia, are thus related by a gentleman in the East-India Company's civil service at Surat:

"Among the extraordinary sources of revenue, confiscations have a considerable share; but as all this is insufficient for the subsistence of the prince, he usually travels from house to house, living on his vassals, and never changing his quarters till he has consumed every thing *eatable*. It will of course be understood that the court of Imeritia is not remarkable for great splendour, nor the prince's table very sumptuously served. His usual fare consists of gom (a species of millet, ground and boiled into a paste), a piece of roasted meat, and some pressed caviar. These he eats with his fingers,—forks and spoons being unknown in Imeritia.

At table he is frequently employed in judging causes, which he decides at his discretion, there being no law but his own will. He usually wears a coarse dress of a brown colour, with a musket upon his shoulder; but, upon solemn occasions, he puts on a robe of rich gold brocade, and hangs round his neck a silver chain. He is distinguished from his subjects by riding upon an ass, perhaps the only one in Imeritia, and by wearing boots. He has no regular troops, but can collect an undisciplined army of 6000 men, with no artillery. These troops are drawn together by the sound of trumpet. His civil ordinances are issued every Friday (which is the market day) by one of his servants, who ascends a tree, and, with a loud voice, proclaims the edict, which is communicated to the people by each person, upon his return to the place of his abode. The former king was driven from his throne, and compelled to live like a wild man for sixteen years in the woods and caverns of the mountains."

ANECDOTE

Of MADAME DE GUERCHEVILLE.

HENRY IV. of France was very much in love with this beautiful and excellent woman. She declined his addresses; and yet so much power has virtue upon minds that are not totally abandoned to vice, that he made her first lady of the bed-chamber to his new queen, observing to her, that if he knew a woman of more honour than herself in all his kingdom, he should have given her the preference. Henry, one day, hunting on purpose in the

neighbourhood of her château, sent her word that he would sup and take a bed at her house. She replied that she would take all possible care that his majesty was received as he ought to be. The king, pleased with this answer, came to Roche-Guion in the evening, and found madame de Guercheville, beautiful as an angel, and very elegantly dressed, in waiting for him, at the foot of the great stair-case, and surrounded by all her servants. She took a candle from one of them, and conducted the king to the best room in the house, when, after having made him a most respectful courtesy, she retired, as the king supposed, to give the necessary orders. Soon afterward supper was served, but the lady did not make her appearance at it. Henry sent after her, and was told that she had just entered her coach, and was gone out. On hearing this, the king immediately sent to know the reason why she had quitted her house. She replied by the messenger, "A king should always be the master wherever he is: with respect to myself, I always wish to be free wherever I am." Henry rose early the next morning, and retired to Paris, vexed, yet pleased, at his disappointment.

ANSWER to the ENIGMATICAL
LIST of BRITISH POETS.

Vol. XXX. p. 619.

1. MILTON. 2. Shakespear.
3. Churchill. 4. Mallet. 5. Shens-
stone. 6. Young. 7. Goldsmith.
8. Cowley. 9. Thomson. 10.
Spencer. 11. Falconer. 12. Pom-
fret. 13. Prior. 14. Otway.

MARIANNE.

POETICAL ESSAYS.

PROLOGUE TO JOANNA.

SPOKEN BY MR. MURRAY.

THE scenes that soon will open to
your view, [drew;
In their first sketch a foreign author
If merely tracing his inventive thought,
We set translation's servile task at
nought,

All, who can judge our labour, must
confess

Originality had made it less.

Our dramatists, you know, in every age,
Have copied from the French and Span-
ish stage:

We have done less—for, save in plot
alone,

The work from top to bottom is our own:
If thus towards you in conscience we
are clear, [friend to fear;

There's nothing from our foreign
We've given him all our care—with
music's aid, [array'd;

And painting's art his splendid scene
That when his Muse imperial shall be
shown, [own,

Audience, not less illustrious than her
She may not have it in her power to say,
A British stage disgrac'd a German
play.

The author of our plot from married
life

Selects his heroine, a virtuous wife.

This character, as fearing to advance,
Fiction t' avoid, he paints as a romance.

We, under no such terrors, vouch it
true,

And for its living model point to you;
Asserting you in grace and goodness
show

All that was lovely centuries ago,
Conscious, though wives of old were
more demure, [be pure.

Your eyes may sparkle, yet your hearts
Here we conclude—for music now pre-
pares [airs;

Her better Prologue to more moving
If knotted oaks will bend to our appeal,
Need she despair that *Hearts of Oak*
will feel?

SONGS IN JOANNA.

MR. INCLEDON.

IN Spring's sweet prime the opening
flower

Allures the roving bee,
And is not beauty's vernal hour
The hour for love and thee?

For like the bee, love's archer leaves
His honey with the dart,
And she, who feels the wound, re-
ceives

A sweet, that heals the smart.

MISS WATERS.

MY father is gone to his grave,
My mother cares little for me,
Her love to another she gave,
I was wretched, as wretched could be.

Upon the wide world I was cast
A poor little fatherless boy,
But fortune, kind fortune at last,
Had turn'd all my sorrow to joy.

I am pagé to a lady so kind,
A lady so loving to me,
Such joy in her service I find,
I was happy as happy could be.

But those happy hours are gone by,
Our pleasure is now become pain,
All is sorrow around me, and I,
Once so wretched, am wretched
again.

[The two first stanzas only are made use of.]

EPIGRAM,

Addressed to a Lady of Fashion.

"ALAS!" cries Damon—plaintive
bard!

"My Delia's heart I find so hard,
I would she were forgotten!"
But straight he answers—"I recant,
For how can hearts be adamant,
When all the breast—is cotton?"

ODE

ODE,

Supposed to have been written on occasion of visiting the wild and magnificent scenery of the cliffs of Kinnoull, on the banks of the Tay, near Perth,

BY JAMES HAY BEATTIE, A. M.

POW'R of these awful regions, hail!
For sure some mighty genius roves
With step unheard, or loves to sail
Unseen along these cliffs and groves.
O'er the wild mountain's stormy waste,
The shatter'd crag's impending breast,
And rocks by mortal feet untrod;
Deep in the murmur'ing night of woods,
Or 'mid the headlong roar of floods,
More bright we view the present God.

More bright than if in glitt'ring state
O'er-canopied with gold he sat,
The pride of Phidian art confess'd.
Hail, Pow'r sublime! thy vot'ry shroud;
O listen to my lay, and yield
A young and weary wand'rer rest!
But if, from rest and silence torn,
And these lov'd scenes, I roam afar,
By fate's returning furge down borne,
'To toils in care's tumultuous war;
Grant me, secure from toil and strife,
And all the vain alarms of life,
And all the rabble's feverish rage,
Remote in some obscure retreat,
At least to pass, in freedom sweet,
The solitude of age!

MYRA; A PASTORAL.

SINCE Myra's unkind, I unweariedly
range,
In search of sweet pleasure's delight;
I cry with wild sorrow, Ah! how cou'd
she change,
And leave me in darkness of night?
Ah! why did she smile on my tenderest
vows,
Or accept my ill-manner'd lays;
Since she but intended to wrinkle her
brows [praise?
With disdain, while I sung in her
She was lovely to view — her mind had
a charm —
I saw all her beauties combin'd;
Her eye pierc'd my heart when I
thought of no harm,
And left all its venom behind.

Together we rang'd, over hill, heath,
and dale —

The sun shed its influence down;
At eve, when pale Cynthia enliven'd
the vale, [crown.

Her smile would my fondest hopes
I felt that I lov'd her — I made it be
known —

She accepted my offers with speed:
Ah! now that she's left me, I cannot
but moan

The ill-tim'd and merciless deed!
The hills that were lovely — the fields
that were gay —

No longer those charms can impart;
Since she, who's more lovely, has wand-
er'd away,

And inflicts a sad pain on my heart.
Ah! since she's unkind, I unweariedly
range,

In search of sweet pleasure's delight;
I cry with wild sorrow, Ah! why did
she change,

And leave me in darkness of night?
TOM JONES.

Islington, Dec. 15, 1799.

GASCONNADE.

PAR P. A. M. MIGER.

CERTAIN cadet de la Garonne,
Dont on disoit l'humour poltronne,
D'un tel renom fut offensé;
Et pour l'honneur de sa personne
Il s'écria, tout courroucé:
“Cadédis! j'ai si bien l'allure
D'un homme de cœur, qu'au miroir
Je ne puis seulement me voir,
Sans avoir peur de ma figure.”

THE WINTRY DAY.

BY MRS. ROBINSON.

IS it in mansions rich and gay,
On downy beds, or couches warm,
That Nature owns the Wintry Day,
And shrinks to hear the howling
storm?

Ah! no!
'Tis on the bleak and barren heath,
Where Mis'ry feels the shaft of death,
As to the dark and freezing grave
Her children not a friend to save —
Unheeded go!

Is it in chambers, filken drest,
At tables, with profusion's heap?
Is it on pillows soft to rest
In dreams of long and balmy sleep?
Ah! no!

'Tis in the rushy hut obscure,
Where Poverty's low sons endure,
And, scarcely daring to repine,
On a straw pallet mute, recline,
O'erwhelm'd with woe!

Is it to flaunt in warm attire,
To laugh and feast, and dance and
sing,

To crowd around the blazing fire,
And make the roof with revels ring?
Ah! no!

'Tis on the prison's flinty floor,—
'Tis where the deal'ning whirlwinds
roar,

'Tis when the sea-boy, on the mast,
Hears the waves bounding to the blast,
And looks below!

Is it in chariots gay to ride,
To crowd the splendid midnight ball,
To revel in luxurious pride,
While pamper'd vassals wait your
call?

Ah! no!

'Tis in a cheerless, naked room,
Where Mis'ry's victims wait their
doom!

Where a fond mother famish'd dies,
While forth a frantic father flies,
Man's desp'rate foe!

Is it where, prodigal and weak,
The silly spendthrift scatters gold,
Where eager folly hastes to seek
The fordid wanton, false and bold?
Ah! no!

'Tis in the silent spot obscure,
Where, forc'd all sorrows to endure,
Pale Genius learns, O lesson sad!
To court the vain, and on the bad
False praise bestow!

Is it where Gamesters, thronging round,
Their shining heaps of wealth dis-
play?

Where Fashion's giddy tribes are found,
Sporting their senseless hours away?
Ah! no!

'Tis where neglected Genius sighs,
Where Hope, exhausted, silent dies;
Where Merit starves, by Pride op-
press'd, [breast
'Till ev'ry stream that warms the
Forbears to flow!

January, 1800.

VERSES

*Written partly in imitation of the French
Anacreontic, by the Regent Duke of
Orleans, beginning "Je suis ne pour
les plaisirs."*

BY Nature form'd for ev'ry joy,
Pleasure only is my aim;
No other scheme my thoughts employ,
I scorn the fools of wealth and fame;
Where'er I go, I play my part,
And bring a social, jovial heart.

Since sleep's a tribute we must pay,
Which Nature rigidly demands,
Let gen'rous wine prepare the way,
Ere I'm consign'd to Morpheus'
hands:

Quick then, dear God, bring on the day,
Short be thy reign, and short thy sway!

But should the Queen of soft desires,
When Reason's pow'r is felt no more;
Should she awake my am'rous fires,
And love's sweet joys again restore;
Slow, gentle God, bring on the day,
Long be thy reign, and long thy sway!

And, oh! in that delightful hour
Of visionary bliss supreme,
Ah! then, let Fancy's magic pow'r
Present Elvina in the dream;
Round her angelic form my arms en-
twine, [mine.
And fondly press her beating heart to
G. L.

SONG.

WHEN first the vessel spread its sails
To bear me from my native coast,
My sighs were mingled with the gales!
My tears within the deep were lost!
I mourn, alas! a fate unkind,
That dooms me from my love to
part:

Her virtues dwell upon my mind;
Her kindness lives within my heart.
While ling'ring on a foreign shore,
Her image still shall be my guest;
Ere Time shall lend a lenient power,
And guide me to my fair one's breast.
My bosom's joys, its hopes, and fears,
I centre in the maid alone;
And chide the slow-revolving years,
Till love and fortune make us one.

W. A.

SONNETS.

SONNETS.

TO SOLITUDE.

HAIL, charming Solitude! of form
serene! [my breast!

Thy influence soft thrice welcome to
Descend (of Sympathy the sister queen),
And lull from earthly cares my heart
to rest!

'Tis thine to soften dread Misfortune's
low'r; [pains;

In Love to soothe the tortur'd lover's
To heighten Friendship, kindest, gen-
tlest pow'r [tains.

This life can give, or mortal man re-
Where yon bright moon spreads forth
her silver'd ray, [earth;

To light the fons of th' else benighted
To taste of joys, in haunts of thine I'll
fray, [birth.

Joys which to nature give a second
Such soothing charms are thine, ce-
lestial maid! [shade!

Oh, give me then thy contemplative
TOM JONES.

BY MISS SEWARD.

IN* sultry noon when youthful Milton
lay, [shade,

Supinely stretch'd beneath the poplar
Lur'd by his form, a fair Italian maid
Steals from her loitering chariot to sur-
vey [foul betray.

The slumb'ring charms, that all her
Then, as coy fears th' admiring gaze
upbraid,

Starts;—and these lines, with hur-
ried pen pourtray'd,

Slides in his half-clos'd hand;—and
speeds away.—

“Ye eyes, ye human stars!—if, thus
conceal'd [heart,

By Sleep's soft veil, ye agitate my
Ah! what had been its conflict, if re-
veal'd

Your rays had shone:”—Bright
Nymph, thy strains impart

Hopes, that impel the grateful Bard to
rove, [nary love.

Seeking thro' Tuscan vales his visio-

* This romantic circumstance of our great Poet's juvenility was inserted, as a well-known fact, in a periodical publication ten years ago, and it was there supposed to have formed the first impulse of his Italian journey.

ENIGMAS.

BLITHE Aphrodite, ever young,
Was shapen from the foam of sea;
Of purer crystal I am sprung,
And smoother billows fashion'd me.

Cupid and I both bend our bows,
By Beauty's temples both incline:
He o'er his eyes a bandage throws;
A two-fold lustre gleams from mine.

Like him the fringed brow I seek,
And aid each lurking charm to spy;
Like him I pillow on the cheek,
And nestle near the languid eye.

A quiver on his shoulder shines;
In rattling case my powers I hide:
In couples he the young confines;
In pairs a graver throng guide.

Of him let headlong passion learn,
Philosophy learns much through me;
Can you not yet my name discern—
I've help'd you, I suspect, to see?

IN goodness I once was esteemed the
prime: [crime.
I'm committed to gaol, but yet for no
In sin nor in wickedness I was ne'er
found;

But in grace and in godliness still do
abound.

Oh! hard is my fate, if the truth I must
tell; [dwell:

I'm doom'd in a dungeon for ever to
Oft, at request, I'm admitted to fight;
And always am seen in the middle of
night.

WHEN Virtue smil'd, and spread
her purple wings
O'er senates, laws, and held the crowns
of kings:

How happy I! who, by a just applause,
Converted all to one essential cause;
Bid Merit rise, and held imperial sway,
Till Athens fell: O black and awful day!
Then lofty Rome, to ev'ry virtue prone,
To arts and arms, with heighten'd lustre
shone;

Smil'd in the records of immortal fame,
And rais'd a temple sacred to my name;
Approv'd my worth, ador'd my tender
care, [fair.

And made me guardian to the charming
J. STOW.

FOREIGN NEWS.

Turin, January 8.

ON the 1st inst. the French made an attempt to take Novi by surprise, and to make themselves masters of the Austrian magazines at that place. At day-break they advanced against that fortress, and attacked the out-posts at Casa-Lemella, when a very warm engagement ensued, which lasted several hours. As soon as intelligence had been received of the approach of the enemy, several battalions and squadrons, who were in cantonments near Alessandria and Tortona, hastened towards Novi; but on their arrival, the French had already relinquished their design, and withdrawn.

Since the arrival of the commander in chief, Massena, at Genoa, the French troops in the Genoese have been continually in motion. From Genoa to Nice there are only fifteen thousand men, but numerous reinforcements are expected from Switzerland. The French garrison at Gavi consists of five hundred men.

Ratisbon, Jan. 19. We are assured that a more extended treaty of subsidies has been concluded between Great-Britain and Russia. It is positively said, that his Russian majesty is fully determined farther to support the cause of the allied powers against France with the utmost vigour. The manner and the direction of that succour seem not, however, to be finally arranged, on account of certain circumstances.

Between the ambassador from the electoral court of Saxony, and the Imperial Russian minister, M. de Struve, some differences have taken place with respect to the ceremonies to be observed, the latter not having paid the first visit to the former. This case will be laid before the electoral college, for its decision.

21. It is said that general Bellegarde, who is gone from Vienna to Prague, will from thence proceed to Berlin, on business of the utmost importance.

From the Rhine, Jan. 21. When it was known that Buonaparte had made

proposals of peace to England, we entertained some hopes; but after the publication of the answer to these proposals, general consternation reigns in our neighbourhood. People of property seemed more inclined than ever to emigrate to neutral countries, more even than they were in the year 1796. The example of Switzerland makes us tremble.

Within three days, since the answer of the British cabinet is known, money has almost entirely disappeared, and paper loses considerably.

Vienna, Jan. 22. On the 16th inst. a courier arrived here from St. Petersburg, and soon afterwards count Kalitschew went to the emperor. A report has been in circulation of new difficulties having arisen with respect to the stay of the Russian troops, which cannot, however, be warranted for the present.

Yesterday morning his royal highness the archduke palatine, and his consort, set off from hence, for Hungary, but were obliged to return to this capital, the roads being impassable. The reason for their early departure is said to have been an offer made by the kingdom of Hungary to send a corps of thirty thousand men into the field, at its own expense, and that the arrival of the palatine was waited for, to carry this plan into effect.

Prague, Jan. 24. The day before yesterday, two imperial Russian couriers arrived here, with dispatches for the generalissimo, prince Italisky Suwarroff; and yesterday the Russian major-general de Rehbinden returned from hence to St. Petersburg. A Russian courier had also arrived here on the 20th from Vienna, with dispatches for prince Suwarroff, and two English commissaries of war from Dresden.

P. S. It is positively said, that the two Russian couriers, who have arrived here from St. Petersburg, have brought orders for the Russian army under prince Suwarroff not to march to the Rhine, but to return to Russia.

P

Ratisbon,

Ratisbon, Jan. 26. The first column of the Russian army in Bohemia will, it is said, set out on its return for Russia, as early as the present week; it is, however, asserted, that, under certain circumstances, counter orders might yet be received.

The day before yesterday, another Russian courier passed through here.

Hamburg, Jan. 28. According to authentic information, some new differences have arisen between the courts of Petersburg and Vienna. Among other causes, the former is said to have been discontented at the conduct of the Austrians with respect to the capitulation of Ancona. The emperor of Russia will not, however, abandon his other allies, but continue to support the common cause.

It is again reported that the Russians in Bohemia are already marching home. Bournonville has been favourably received at the court of Berlin.

Although the thaw has set in for some time, the Elbe is still covered with ice near Hamburg, and sledges and waggons continue to pass over it. The port of Cuxhaven is, however, entirely free.

The city of Hamburg is very much indebted to the good offices of the king of Prussia. It was in consequence of the remonstrances made to the French government by M. de Sandoz, his minister at Paris, that the embargo laid upon the Hamburg vessels in France was taken off. This pleasing intelligence was announced officially to the magistrates of Hamburg by his Prussian majesty's minister M. de Schulz.

31. While the accommodation of the differences between the courts of Petersburg and Vienna remains in suspense; marshal Suwarroff still continues at Prague, and the Russian troops are new clothing and equipping.

The Austrian army has been very considerably reinforced by large bodies of armed militia, and by a detachment of ten thousand men, furnished by the circle of Suabia; who, in conformity to a convention signed with the states on the 9th of January by the archduke, are to be subject to the absolute direction and controul of that prince. They are to be commanded by Austrian of-

ficers, and supplied with provisions and ammunition from the Imperial magazines, at the expense of the circle of Suabia.

Paris, Feb. 3. Letters from general Gardanne, dated head-quarters, Ferte Macé, of the 26th and 28th ult. inform us of the complete defeat of the Chouans, of those even who after the affairs of the 25th and 26th Jan. had taken refuge in the forest of Fougères.

Vannes, Feb. 3. General Brune has succeeded in collecting in this neighbourhood a very formidable force, with which he intends to attack the numerous banditti commanded by Georges, the leader of the Chouans of Morbihan and Finisterre. The republican columns marched with a rapidity which struck the rebels with dismay. They saw themselves surrounded in a moment without any means of escape, even by sea; for the principal positions, from the peninsula of Ruis to L'Orient, were in the hands of the republicans; every preparation was making for an engagement, which was expected to be very obstinate and bloody, when an officer belonging to the staff of general Grigny brought an account that the rebels had surrendered, that their troops were disbanded, and that their arms had been deposited in places pointed out for the purpose.

Frankfort, Feb. 4. We learn from Vienna, that a sudden revolution has taken place in the politics of that cabinet. Eight days since, war was the only subject of discourse; but now it is said government lends a favourable ear to propositions for peace. They are as busy now in the diplomatic offices as they were a few days back in the arsenals. This change originated from some dispatches sent by general Moreau to the archduke Charles.

Angers, Feb. 4. There are fifty thousand men in Morbihan, and the inhabitants of the country who had been compelled to take up arms, seeing themselves supported by such a numerous force, have delivered up their arms, and returned peaceably to their homes.

It is said, that in the park of Elven are to be found the artillery, baggage, and all the provisions and ammunition belonging to the rebel army. Couriers have

have been dispatched with this intelligence to government.

Hamburg, Feb. 4. The intelligence is at length confirmed that the Russian troops have, in consequence of the differences existing between the courts of Vienna and Petersburg, received orders to return home. This event has caused considerable anxiety throughout Germany: and England is the only power that will be in a state, after the re-establishment of the usual communication, to effect once more a change in the determination of the emperor Paul. Russia and England are on such terms of reciprocal friendship, that every thing may be hoped from the interference of the latter.

5. Warlike movements appear to have commenced already on the Rhine, particularly in the environs of Kehl and Mentz. At Frankfort, it was supposed the French would attempt the passage of the Rhine, from the side of Mentz, in the night of the 29th ult.; on which account the guards at the gates of Frankfort had been doubled.

Frankfort, Feb. 5. We know not the motives which induced Paul I. to recall his troops. Some say the internal tranquillity of Russia is menaced: others, that he intends to put in execution the plan of Catharine II. and seize on Constantinople and the Dardanelles.

The object of England is to obtain the restoration of the Netherlands to Austria, and to reinstate the Stadtholder in Holland.

Strasburg, Feb. 8. The court of Vienna, which cannot be accused of too much disinterestedness, is inclined to peace. We may conclude this from the language of the last official gazette, where, speaking of the new government of France:—"It is not just to censure the last changes in the French government, and the new form adopted in that country. We must wait for further intelligence, since at first view it seems that the French are returning to their former ideas of government, which have been obliterated by the revolution."—We also know that the letter of Buonaparte to the emperor was better received than the one he sent to London.

Paris, Feb. 11. Letters from the interior of Germany announce, that the English minister has concluded a sub-

sidary treaty with the elector of Bavaria, who is to furnish a corps of twelve thousand men in the pay of England, independent of his contingent of seven or eight thousand men.

The elector of Saxony still persists in his neutrality.

Citizen Carnot (ex-director) is appointed inspector-general of reviews.

This day the three *tails* of the Pacha and the seventy-one colours, taken at Aboukir, were presented by general Laine, received by the minister at war, and deposited in the Hôtel of Invalids, after a speech from the general, at the foot of the statue of Mars.

12. Letters from Mittau positively state, that Louis XVIII. has lately had an apoplectic attack, which terminated in a palsy in his legs.

Fifteen thousand Chouans, who lately laid down their arms, have requested to be incorporated with the republican troops.

From the manner in which the Austrians are stripping Piedmont, and Turin in particular, it is supposed they mean to evacuate the country, and restore the king of Sardinia to his throne.

The neutrality of Switzerland, it is now said, is actually agreed upon.—There have been several conferences between the French and Austrian generals on this subject.

They write from Hamburg, that as soon as the Russian minister read the letter from the senate to the French consuls, he threatened the former with all the resentment of his Imperial master, for having endeavoured to justify themselves to his enemies.

13. The following order has been published here for the consular guard, and all the troops of the republic:

"Washington is no more. That great man fought against tyranny.—He firmly established the liberty of his country. His memory will be ever dear to the French people, as it must be to every friend of freedom in the two hemispheres, and especially to the French soldiers, who, like him and the Americans, fought bravely here for liberty and equality.

"The first consal, therefore, orders, that for ten days black crapes shall be suspended to all the standards and flags of the republic."

HOME NEWS.

Limerick, Jan. 29.

ON Monday last, at the most numerous and respectable meeting ever known to have been convened in this city by the high sheriffs, a petition to parliament, praying a rejection of a legislative union with Great-Britain, was unanimously agreed to.

By accounts from Downpatrick we learn, that a most numerous and respectable meeting of the freeholders of the county was held at the county court-house, in consequence of a requisition from the high sheriff, to take into consideration the subject of a legislative union with Great-Britain.—After the business was opened by the high sheriff, the marquis of Downshire strongly represented the evils that must inevitably arise to the whole kingdom from such a measure, and particularly to that county, where the linen and corn-trade are at present in so flourishing a state.—Having fully evinced these points, he concluded with moving, “that a petition be presented to parliament, founded on those sentiments, at the same time declaratory of their conviction, that the possession of the constitution of 1782 could alone secure and advance the prosperity of the nation.” The motion was seconded by Matthew Ford, esq. and received with the warmest marks of approbation by the great assemblage, two voices having alone been raised against it.

Dublin, Jan. 30. A post assembly of the corporation of Dublin was held this day, when it was unanimously resolved to present a petition to parliament, against a legislative union between Great-Britain and Ireland. An aggregate meeting of the freemen and freeholders of Dublin is to be held tomorrow, and it is expected a similar resolution will be adopted by them.

This day a meeting of the freemen and freeholders of this city took place at the sessions-house, Green-street, when a petition to parliament against the measure of union was unanimously agreed to.

Stamford, Feb. 1. As Mr. Blow and his son, plumbers, were repairing a pump in this neighbourhood, the young man descended by a hanging ladder into the well, which was about twelve yards deep; he had scarcely reached the surface of the water, of which there were about four feet, when the weight of him and the ladder brought down the stone wall-casing of the well, which precipitated the unfortunate young man to the bottom. Fifteen men were immediately assembled with buckets, &c. and in three hours had only been able to clear away to the depth of as many yards; and imagining they had six more to do before they could accomplish their object, began to despair, and had absolutely given over working, when the young man's voice was heard under the rubbish, intreating them not to remove the ladder, as it was to that he owed his preservation, and to be as expeditious as possible, as he could not much longer exist. Exertions were redoubled, and at the end of six hours his release was effected. We are happy to add, that though he was severely bruised, great hopes are entertained of his recovery.

Stockport, Feb. 4. On Friday last, being market-day, a very alarming disturbance took place here. A great number of people assembled early in the day, and being afterwards joined by large parties of colliers from the neighbourhood, they proceeded to seize on the provisions that were brought to market, and sold flour, meal, and butter, at reduced prices, paying the owners the money. Having

ing disposed of most part of what was in the town, they went to different farms, and brought quantities of corn to town, which they sold in like manner, and this without much interruption. On Saturday and Sunday they continued to assemble and to search for corn; and on Monday they went to Macclesfield market, where, in spite of the exertions of the magistrates and the volunteer corps, they proceeded in like manner to dispose of provisions at low prices. An express was sent to Manchester, and in the afternoon two troops of the Ayrshire fencible cavalry arrived; several people were hurt, but no lives lost, and in the evening the mob dispersed, but not without threatening to pay the town another visit.

Feb. 4. Saturday, about the hour of eleven in the forenoon, a young gentleman, an officer on the recruiting service, belonging to the dragoon guards, arrived, with some other passengers, at the bull inn, Preston, where, during the breakfast hour, he took an opportunity of committing a most horrid act of suicide—by placing the handle of his sword to the wall, and running his body upon it, so that the point of the blade came through his back: after which he had the strength and resolution to draw it out and thrust it into his gullet!—he lived one hour, during which time he asked the surgeon, who was called in, whether the wound in his throat was mortal? being answered in the negative, he expressed regret that it was not so;—but on being told that the first wound in his body was mortal, he smiled and appeared happy. The coroner's jury brought in their verdict—Lunacy. Report says, that being cut off by his father with a shilling, the circumstance preyed upon his mind so as to produce this dreadful act.

Dublin, Feb. 6. At half past seven o'clock on Wednesday evening (the fifth), Lord Castlereagh presented the following message from His Majesty, acquainting the House,

“That his excellency had in command from his majesty to lay before them the resolutions of the British parliament upon the subject of a more intimate union of the two

countries; and to express his majesty's earnest recommendation that his faithful commons would take those resolutions into their serious consideration; and to communicate the satisfaction his majesty felt in observing that sentiments in favour of such a measure prevailed so very generally amongst his faithful subjects of Ireland, and gave such hopes of an early completion of that measure, to which his majesty looks with the utmost earnestness, as the only means by which the interests of all his people can be indissolubly united; and that his majesty therefore, relying upon the wisdom of his parliament and the loyalty of his people for the completion of such a system, as shall give to both countries a full and unreserved participation in their mutual advantages of commerce and constitution, doubts not that it will establish the freedom and power of the empire on such a foundation as will not be shaken by either foreign or domestic enemies.”

His lordship then opened the plan in a speech of great length and detail, and concluded by presenting several articles intended to form the general basis.

The debate continued with great warmth till half past twelve on Thursday afternoon, when the house divided,

Ayes 158—Noes 115—Majority 43.

Feb. 7. When the house broke up, College-green and Dame-street were crowded with an anxious and inquiring multitude. Fortunately little mischief was done by the populace. Some stones indeed were thrown; one of them hit Sir J. Blaquiere, I learn, but did him no injury. Captain Martin's carriage was surrounded by the crowd. Colonel McDonald was very roughly treated by the mob in Nassau-street, and took shelter in the Paving-house. In Kildare-street, I am informed, two fellows approached the chancellor, as he rode through the street.

Among other reports of the day, one is, that Mr. Conolly's superb house at Castletown has been attacked by a mob, and very ill used. I cannot answer for the truth of this report.

London, Feb. 8. In the court of king's bench a criminal information was this morning moved for by Mr. Erskine, against Samuel Ferrand Waddington, esq. for the offence of forestalling the hop-market. The charge was brought forward upon the affidavits of Mr. Knipe and Mr. Richardson, stating, that the defendant had expressed his determination to expend his whole property of eighty thousand pounds, and to borrow more, if it was necessary, in order to get all the hops he possibly could into his hands; and that in execution of his speculation he had bought up nearly all the hops growing in the county of Kent.

The court expressed its satisfaction at such an offence being brought forward; and lord Kenyon desired, as it was probable it might have been committed in more counties than one, the rule should be for an information or informations.

Lewes, Feb. 10. A few days since, as some men were digging marl in a field belonging to T. Carr, esq. of Beddingham, near this town, they discovered six human skeletons, one of which, from a number of beads, formed of glass and a sort of earthen-ware, being found lying round the spine of the neck, it is conjectured is of some female of distinction, who was buried in her necklace, and probably in other fashionable ornaments of her day, which time has mouldered into dust. A sword was taken from the side of another; and nigh to one was found a short weapon, somewhat resembling a dagger. The labourers carefully sought and preserved the beads, which they have since threaded, and choicely keep for the inspection of the antiquary. Three of these skeletons appeared to lie east and west, and three north and south. The bones are much decayed, and must doubtless have lain many centuries in the earth; but, whether their age is to be dated from the time of the Romans, the Saxons, or the Danes, we are unable to say. The field in which they were found, it is well known, has been in constant tillage for more than one hundred years.

London, Feb. 12. Last night, about seven o'clock, a fire broke out in the newly-built extensive warehouses of

Mr. Lingham, in Thames-street, opposite the Custom-house, which burnt with uncommon fury, and did great damage. The premises were well stored with rum and sugar, and of course the flames raged with violence. The flames communicated to some small houses in Gloucester-court, behind the warehouse, and destroyed four or five of them. The wind blew fresh from the eastward, and the fire raged tremendously for some time. The weathercock at the top of the Custom-house, which is on the other side of the street, was at one time enveloped in flames, and the frames of the windows had taken fire; and had it not been for the active exertions of the waiters and attendants, that important edifice, with all its valuable stores, would have increased the awful spectacle. About twelve o'clock part of the front brick wall of the second and third story of the warehouse fell down into Thames-street, and the burning timbers and heated bricks flew to a great distance, but fortunately did no injury: from the appearance of the part standing at that hour, the whole must have speedily fallen. Only a few casks of liquors were saved. Some of the Tower Hamlets militia, and some of the volunteers, attended to guard them. The fire was got under, and there was little apprehension at twelve o'clock of its doing more injury.

Yesterday the lord-mayor was waited upon by the master and wardens of the company of bakers to fix the assize of bread. On inspecting the meal-weighers' returns, it appeared, that between the 27th of January and 1st of February eleven thousand two hundred and seventy-three quarters of wheat had been sold, on the average, at one hundred and six shillings one penny halfpenny per quarter; and that, between the 1st and 7th instant, nineteen thousand two hundred and seventy-one sacks of flour were sold, on the average, at ninety-four shillings and eight-pence three farthings per sack, which being much higher than the preceding returns, his lordship ordered bread to be raised to sixteen-pence the quartern-loaf, to take place to-morrow.

BIRTHS.

Jan. 18. The countess of Antrim, of a daughter, in St. James's-square.

25. At his house in Upper Grosvenor-street, the lady of the hon. George Villiers, of a son.

The lady of col. Browne, of the fortieth regiment, of a daughter.

In Wimpole-street, the lady of Josias Jackson, esq. of a son.

27. In Harley-street, the lady of John Denison, esq. M. P. of a son.

30. The lady of Russel Manners, esq. of Cookham, Bucks, of a son.

In Lower Grosvenor-street, the lady of A. G. Mackay, esq. of a daughter.

31. In Grosvenor-square, the marchioness of Bath, of a still-born child.

Feb. 3. The lady of Richard Williams, of Lincoln's-inn-fields, esq. of a daughter.

At Lincoln, the lady of Dr. Cookson, of a daughter.

At Winchester, the lady of sir Henry Mildmay, bart. of the ninth son.

12. At Melbury, the right hon. lady Elizabeth Talbot, of a son.

At Alcester, Warwickshire, the lady of J. Peter Boileau, esq. of a son.

At his house in Hanover-square, Newcastle-upon-Tyne, Mrs. Stevenson, wife of Dr. Stevenson, of a son.

The lady of Dr. Gretton, one of his majesty's chaplains, of a daughter.

15. At his lordship's house, Portland-place, the countess of Mansfield, of a daughter.

MARRIAGES.

Jan. 22. Mr. Sealey Fourdrinier, of Lombard-street, to miss Pownall, of Islington.

At Bath, J. J. Bedingfield, esq. of Ditchinghall, Norfolk, to miss Piersy.

John Gideon Archer, esq. of Barbadoes, to miss Vassal, daughter of the late John Vassal, esq. of Bath.

25. Mr. Paul Tatlock, of Battersea, Surrey, to miss Amelia Gresley, of Bristol, Somerset.

Mr. Shurlock, of Farnham, to miss Russell, of Newman-street.

At St. George's, Hanover-square, John Berkley Dean, esq. barrister at law, to miss Knudson.

27. At St. George's, Hanover-square, Joseph Mortimer, esq. to miss Caroline Bedingfield.

Mr. Walter Blackader, of Took's-court, Chancery-lane, London, printer, to miss Eliz. Shearer, of Edinburgh.

At Crick-Howell, Brecknockshire, John Brock Wood, esq. to miss Davies.

Lieutenant-colonel Brooke, of the twentieth foot, to miss Grimshaw.

At Totness, in Devonshire, Samuel Adams, esq. to miss Bentall.

30. Tho. Scholey Cooke, esq. of Aldermanbury, to Mrs. Philips, of Egham.

31. Lieutenant-colonel Robert Crauford, to miss Holland, daughter of Henry Holland, esq. of Sloane-place.

Feb. 1. B. B. Grandon, esq. of Bridge-water, to miss Bryant, of Edmonton.

Mr. Charles Hempol, of King's-road, Chelsea, to Mary-Ann Hornby, of St. Martin's-lane.

6. Colonel Charles Crauford, to her grace the duchess of Newcastle.

The rev. R. T. Andrews, LL. B. to miss Forster, of Howland-street, Fitzroy-square.

7. Lieutenant L. O'Neil, now of the seventeenth regiment of foot, to miss A. Willim, late of Delahaye-street.

8. The rev. Augustus Faulknor, son of the late admiral Faulknor, to miss Harriet Spry, daughter of lieutenant-general Spry.

At Thorpe, in Northamptonshire, the rev. A. D. Hake, to Mrs. Burton Philipson, niece of the late major-general Philipson.

12. Richard Brickenden, esq. to lady E. Lambert.

Alexander Cockburn, esq. his Britannic majesty's consul at Hamburg, to mademoiselle De Vegnier, only daughter of madame de Vegnier.

William Barr, esq. of Southwark, to miss Cosens, of Finnere-house, Bucks.

DEATHS.

Jan. 21. Mrs. Hodges, wife of The. Hallett Hodges, esq. of Hampstead-place, Kent.

22. In Bath, Fysh De Burgh, esq. In Bath, the rev. Dr. Krauter.

At his seat at Dunson, in Kent, sir John Boyd, bart.

At his house, in St. John's-square, after

after a few days illness, the rev. John Warner, D. D.

23. The rev. S. Raincork, vicar of Chesulden, Hampshire, and many years lecturer and curate of Hampion, Middlesex.

24. At Carrickmacross, Londonderry, Mr. J. Wilson, aged 117 years.

At her house, in Wimpole-street, the ben. Mrs. Hamilton, widow of the late hon. and rev. George Hamilton, brother to the late earl of Abercorn.

Thomas Woiley, esq. of Southampton-row, Bloomsbury, aged 69.

At her house, at Richmond, in Surrey, Mrs. Jane Nicholls, aged 81.

26. Thomas Flight, esq. of Hackney.

At Pimlico, Mr. Wm. Wallace.

At Exmouth, Devon, captain Robert Manning, of his majesty's navy.

Lord Lilford, at his house in Albemarle-street. His lordship's health had been for some months in a declining state, attended by great debility, the use of his limbs having been entirely taken away, and he died of a decay, in the 57th year of his age.

27. In Great George-street, Westminster, after a lingering illness, the right rev. lord bishop of Bangor.

At his house, in Portland-place, — Cornwall, esq. aged eighty-six years.

28. Near Raby-castle, the dowager countess of Darlington, sister to the earl of Lonsdale.

At Exeter, Samuel Milford, esq. banker in that city, after a very short illness, supposed to have been brought on by the agitation of his spirits, in consequence of the robbery of his bank, which lately took place, and the mysterious veil in which it is enveloped.

Charles Waller, esq. of West Wickham, Kent, father of the captains Waller, of the artillery, navy, and militia.

Feb. 1. At his house in Cornhill, John Leach, esq.

At his brother's house in King-street, Cheapside, John Sowden, of Kendal, Westmoreland, esq.

At his house in John-street, Bedford-row, William Wroughton, esq. late of Bengal.

2. At Stretton-hall, Staffordshire,

Mrs. Grove, wife of Edward Grove, esq. and third daughter of the dean of Lichfield.

At Hollis-house, near Midhurst, suddenly, the rev. Mr. Antrobus, a clergyman of the church of Rome.

3. Mrs. Eaton, of Clapton-terrace, Hackney.

The youngest daughter of William Greenwood, esq. of Baker-street.

At his house in Hatton-garden, R. Wainwright, of the Chancery-office, esq.

4. At his house, in Mansell-street, Goodman's-fields, Abraham Mocatta, esq. aged seventy.

At his house, in Portman-square, Johnson Wilkinson, esq.

Thomas Bertie, esq. of Vine-street, Piccadilly.

5. At King's Thorpe, in Northamptonshire, the lady of E. L. Percival, esq. one of the daughters of the late lord George Manners Outton.

8. In the fifty-third year of her age, Mrs. Thompson, wife of Mr. H. Thompson, of New Bond-street.

12. Miss Hanbury, the only daughter of Mr. John Hanbury, of Tottenham, in the county of Middlesex.

Mr. Breach, late of Blackfriar's-road, surgeon.

At Woolwich, Mr. Bartlett, aged seventy-four, a superannuated carpenter of the navy; a very singular character; who, though in perfect health, confined himself to his room for twenty-three years. He wore nothing during this period but a morning-gown; he did not make use of either fire or candle, never read, or amused himself in any manner, and would suffer no person to see him, except his relations where he lived. Neither his hair or nails were cut, or his face shaved, for the above time. Before he died his hair reached the floor, and was so matted together from not being combed, that it was as firm and as hard as a board; his nails were about one inch longer than his fingers, and curved like eagle's claws.

13. At Canterbury, George Gipps, esq. one of the members for that place.