

THE LADY'S MAGAZINE,

OR
ENTERTAINING COMPANION

FOR
THE FAIR SEX;

APPROPRIATED
SOLELY TO THEIR USE AND AMUSEMENT.

FOR MARCH, 1800.

THIS NUMBER CONTAINS,

1 The Village Orphan, a Tale, ... 115	11 Answer to an Enigmatical List, 157
2 The Monks and the Robbers, ... 118	12 POETICAL ESSAYS :— Moon-
3 The Moral Zoologist, ... 121	light. On the Death of a
4 Treatment of the Fair Sex in the	Friend, Mrs. Robinson's Poor
East, ... 128	Singing Mary. Love's Witch-
5 The Paradise of Schedad, ... 129	craft. Ode to Morpheus, &c.
6 Observations on English Women, 133	158—160
7 The Young Mountaineer, ... 135	13 Foreign News, ... 161
8 Life of William Shield, Esq; ... 142	14 Home News, ... 164
9 Emily Veronne, ... 146	15 Births, Marriages, and Deaths,
10 The Corsicans, ... 153	167—168

This Number is embellished with the following Copper-Plates;

1. THE VILLAGE ORPHAN.
2. THE ORANG OUTANG.
3. A NEW PATTERN FOR A VEIL, &c.
4. SONG IN ALEXANDER BALUS, set to Music by Mr. HANDEL.

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Where Favours from Correspondents continue to be received.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

LUCILLA's Essay requires revision and correction.

We are obliged to the author of Grasville Abbey for his communication, and should be glad to hear from him again.

G. Caroline L.'s contribution will be attended to.

The Tale by Camillus is intended for insertion.

H. O.'s poetical packet—The Invocation—Song and Acrostic, by L. L.—and Epigrams, by R.—are received.

Engraved for the Ladies Magazine.



The Village Orphan.

THE
LADY'S MAGAZINE,

FOR

MARCH, 1800.

THE VILLAGE ORPHAN.

A TALE.

(With an elegant Engraving.)

THE amiable and accomplished Julietta had entered into the tenderest of unions with Mr. Hargrave, a young gentleman of fortune and fashion, who possessed an estate in the north of England, to which, soon after his marriage, he retired with his lovely partner; for the happiness he found in her company and endearments had weaned his heart from the habits of dissipation, to which he was before in some degree addicted. With her, he learned to relish the simple beauties of nature; while they rambled together over the heath, or through the copse, along the gentle slope, or by the side of the murmuring stream, without regretting the artificial pleasures and follies of the town, or bestowing a thought on its censure or its scandal.

In this manner they lived, till Mrs. Hargrave had brought her husband two children: soon after the birth of the second of which, as they took one of their usual walks together, they chanced to meet with a fresh-coloured rustic boy, carrying in his arms a very beautiful little girl, whose countenance especially attracted the notice of Julietta. She stopped, and made inquiries of the

boy, from whom she learned that she was the daughter of a poor woman in a neighbouring village, who had dropped down dead suddenly the day before. The neighbours had applied to the overseers, who had agreed to receive her into the work-house, to which the boy was now taking her, by their direction, as it was not far distant, and he himself was maintained in it. The delicate sensibility of Julietta was much moved by the situation of this poor orphan, whose countenance, from the first moment, had greatly interested her. On her return home, with Mr. Hargrave, she talked of nothing else, and the next morning declared that the poor little friendless child had been likewise the subject of her dreams. She proposed, therefore, if it met his approbation, to take her under their protection, and bring her up, from this early age, as an attendant on, and companion for, their children. Mr. Hargrave's love for his lady would not permit him even to hint an objection, and Julietta, accordingly, applied to the officers who had the direction of the momentous affairs of the parish, and who, after due deliberation, and satisfying themselves

selves that no injury could thereby accrue to the interests of the parish, gave their consent to her proposal, and Nelly (for that was the name of the little orphan) was removed to Mr. Hargrave's house.

The child who had so lately seemed friendless and destitute, now, by her artless innocence, her tractability, and the readiness with which she learned every thing that was attempted to be taught her, presently acquired not only the friendship, but the affection of Mrs. Hargrave. It was even difficult to distinguish what difference she made between her and her own children, who were constantly her companions, and seemed always to consider her as their sister.

With the advantages of such a situation, and the education which Mrs. Hargrave bestowed on her, Ellen (for by that name she was usually called in the family), as she grew up, added to that kind of useful knowledge which her subordinate situation obliged her to acquire many accomplishments of the politest kind. Her beauty improved to such perfection, as to attract every eye; her understanding was not inferior to her beauty, and her modesty and delicacy were equal to her understanding. But these endowments threatened to be to her the source of unhappiness, and the disappointment of all her hopes and prospects. The son of Mr. Hargrave, now verging towards manhood, began to view the beautiful orphan with warmer emotions than those excited by a mere companion, or even a friend; and Ellen, who distinctly perceived the symptoms of this dawning passion, was too incapable of the arts of dissimulation, not to show, what she really felt, that she was well-disposed to return it.

This mutual inclination, however delicacy might endeavour to veil it from general observation, did not long escape the suspicions of Mr. and Mrs. Hargrave, who both began, in consequence, to abate much of their kindness towards Ellen, and even to treat her, not unfrequently, with a degree of harshness; for neither of them could endure the thought that their son should form a serious attachment to a friendless, and, what was still worse, a pennyless orphan.

About this time, the uncle of Mrs. Hargrave, Mr. Seaton, a colonel in the East-India Company's service, returned from India, where he had accumulated a very large fortune; and, soon after his return, made a visit for a few weeks to the country mansion of his niece and her husband. Here Ellen particularly attracted his attention, and he was lavish in his encomiums on her beauty and numerous good qualities; but when he was informed of her history, and the impression she was supposed to have made on the heart of young George Hargrave, he did not hesitate to concur in the opinion, that accomplishments so amiable were highly dangerous to the honour and peace of the family.

Mr. Seaton, however, was a truly benevolent and liberal-minded man. He was accustomed during his stay at his nephew's frequently to take walks early in the morning, in the grounds about the house, and to the neighbouring villages, where he would enter into conversation with almost any person he met. In one of these excursions he chanced to fall in with an old man who lived on a small annuity bequeathed by a relation, and who had been in the army in India. The latter circumstance, when Mr. Seaton discovered

it, rendered the discourse of his companion much more interesting to him, as he found that he had, in some cases, witnessed the same events, and been present at the same scenes with himself. The old man gave an account, and not a very short one, of several actions he had been in; and Mr. Seaton, in return, described the taking of Pondicherry, when, as he said, his life was saved by a brave fellow, of the name of Warner, a serjeant in his regiment.—"Ah!" continued Mr. Seaton, "he was a truly brave fellow, and a worthy and an honest one too; I procured him a commission, and I hope I should have been able to have done still more for him, had he not been mortally wounded in the very next action we were engaged in. I was present with him at his death, and remember well with what earnestness he spoke of his wife and child, whom he had left behind him in England. My heart never felt an acuter pang. I had received so many proofs of his integrity and sincerity, that I promised, I swore to him, that I would be a friend and a father to his wife and child. But I have never been able to discover what became of them. I wrote from India, according to the direction he gave me, but received no answer. I employed other persons to inquire, but to as little purpose. Since my return to England, I have made a journey into Devonshire, to the village where they resided when he left them, but could obtain no information of them. They are no doubt dead; and the poor are soon forgotten by their neighbours."—"Heaven bless me!" said the old man, "what you have said puts me in mind of poor Mrs. Warner, who lived in the village hard by, and dropped down dead suddenly about sixteen years ago. She was as good a creature as ever lived,

though poor. I have heard her say, that she had a husband in the army, in India, and that he had saved the life of his principal officer. He sent her a letter relating this circumstance, and remitted her fifty pounds. But after that time she never heard more from him."

"But, how was it," said Mr. Seaton, "that she removed from Devonshire to this part of the country, a distance of more than two hundred miles?"

"Not by her own choice, nor at her own expense, I assure you. Soon after she had received the money, I mentioned she had a dangerous fit of illness, which swallowed it all up, or at least it fell into the hands of those about her; and when she was a little recovered, the humane parish-officers of the place, fearing she might become chargeable to them, removed her hither, this being her husband's parish by birth, and he not having acquired any other settlement.—She, however, poor woman, I hope is in heaven; and her orphan daughter has been provided for by Providence in a very extraordinary manner, through the benevolence of the lady at your great house, who certainly is one of the most charitable and kindest hearted gentlewomen in the world. She saw the poor little child carrying to the workhouse, and took such a liking to her, that she had her home, and has brought her up like one of her own children; and she is now a most accomplished young lady, and many suppose that she will at last be married to the young squire, for they have been frequently seen together, and he seems to be very fond of her."

"What!" said Mr. Seaton, with much surprise, "do you mean Miss Ellen, at Mr. Hargrave's?"

"I do," said the old man, "that young lady is the daughter of poor Mrs.

Mrs. Warner, and, I make no doubt, of the serjeant Warner, who, you say, saved your life."

"I wish I were certain of it," said Mr. Seaton, not a little agitated.

"Now I think of it," said the other, "I can give you a kind of proof, for I have the very letter, which, as I mentioned before, Mrs. Warner received from her husband when he remitted money. It came into my hands by an accident, and I have preserved it. I will either bring it to you wherever you may please to appoint, or if you will go with me, I will show it you."

"We will go immediately," said Mr. Seaton: "I knew his handwriting so well, that I shall certainly recollect it, and shall want no other voucher."

They accordingly went together: the letter was soon found, and Mr. Seaton recognised the handwriting of his preserver, to whose daughter he had sworn to be a father.

As he returned towards Mr. Hargrave's, eager to communicate this very extraordinary discovery, he met the amiable Ellen in tears and great distress. Mr. Hargrave had overheard his son making some very tender declarations to her, and had insisted that she should immediately leave the house, presenting her, however, at the same time, with a purse of guineas, and a bill for a hundred pounds, but exacting from her a promise that she would proceed immediately for London, and never more revisit that part of the country. She told her artless tale to Mr. Seaton, and vindicated her conduct with great emotion. "Stay child," said he, "you must not go to London till I go. Strange as you may think it, you are now become my daughter, and must return with me to Mr. Hargrave's."

Poor Ellen knew not what to

think of this strange language; but could not refuse Mr. Seaton, whom she followed with a trembling step, and little expectation of the change of fortune that awaited her.

"You did not know," said Mr. Seaton to Mr. Hargrave, "that when you dismissed this poor orphan, you turned my adopted daughter out of doors: yet such she now is.—She shall receive immediately one third of my fortune, and inherit the greater part of the remainder; for to him who gave her birth I owe that I am now alive, and the remuneration I cannot bestow on him is due to his heir.

The explanation which immediately followed gave the most heart-felt pleasure to Mrs. Hargrave, who had with great reluctance consented to abandon her favourite; and in the breasts of the two lovers excited emotions that can only be conceived by those who have felt the same.

The MONKS and the ROBBERS.

(Continued from p. 82.)

CHAP. XXV.

FRUITLESSLY did the lady Juliet perplex herself in conjectures on what had just passed; in vain bring to mind every word and action of her aunt; all was dark and unintelligible. Again and yet again she revolved in her thoughts the expressions of Rodigona, but still was incapable to understand them; and, indeed, the more she pondered on them, the more mysterious they appeared: but, desirous as she was of comprehending their meaning, and of penetrating the cloud which hid from her view the source of her aunt's sorrows, she yet determined to

to repress that desire, and forbear to express any wish to satisfy it, since it was evident, by the appearance of Rodigona, that the last conversation had affected her health. Juliet reproaching herself as being, by her importunity, the occasion of it, and moved by the self-same impulse of affectionate friendship which induced her to use it, now endeavoured, with increased tenderness, to sooth and revive her; but, though her aunt at length recovered from the shock her health received, still the same melancholy appearance remained upon her, of which not all the best endeavours of the lady Juliet could divest her, though sometimes they would rouse her beyond herself; but the animation was but momentary, like the lightning's flash, scarce seen ere it disappears; a something seemed to pass across her that checked the slightest advance towards cheerfulness. With wonder Juliet witnessed the emotion, and, with sorrow, perceived every day more and more instances to convince her that the heart of Rodigona was corroded with sorrows that were silently and imperceptibly accelerating her dissolution.— Juliet was grieved, and felt compassion at her aunt's hapless fate rising to her eyes, as she found how little availed every attempt to amuse her and alleviate the effects of those griefs that dwelt too strongly upon her mind; but, nevertheless, she abated not the endeavours which friendship and commiseration excited her to continue.

This employment, together with the company and conversation of Rodigona, in some measure lightened the weight of anxious and painful inquietudes which pressed upon her mind; but the effect ceased with the cause, and, when alone, she could not prevent herself from giving way to the foreboding apprehensions

which the dreadful dangers Manfredi and Rudolpho were to encounter gave birth to; and, as they crossed her imagination, she pictured to herself a thousand mischances that might befall them, agitating her gentle spirits continually with fears for their safety. Every messenger that arrived she questioned with the utmost anxiety, trembling the while, lest her imaginary fears should prove real; but the information each one brought proved them unreal, for it appeared that Manfredi and Rudolpho had passed in safety the perils of the sea, and had survived many fierce and desperate engagements, in all of which their intrepid spirit eminently distinguished them. When these matters Juliet learnt, she felt some degree of satisfaction, and much more of gratitude to that Being whose almighty power had, in the midst of danger and destruction, protected those lives that were so inestimable to her.

In the mean-while Rudolpho and Manfredi continued to exert their courage, and to reap fresh laurels in every encounter. Oft did the former receive on his buckler the blows that were levelled at the latter, and more than once, when in the battle's heat Manfredi was struck to the earth, did Rudolpho bestride him, combating, with increased vigour, to guard his prostrate friend, and, indeed, upon every occasion, was much more careful of his life than of his own, which was oft-times endangered by his fierce impatient spirit; but, however, the age and experience of Manfredi, together with the example his cool and steady courage ever set, somewhat restrained and corrected it. The whole camp resounded with their deeds, and their soldiers with enthusiasm spoke when their magnanimity was the theme of discourse, with rapture dwelt upon the bravery they

they displayed in battle, and their courteous bearing and humanity after it—when, as was ever their custom, they passed from tent to tent among their followers, distributing rewards and commendation to all whose valiant deportment merited them, and all with a condescension that, while it commanded respect, so entirely won the hearts of their soldiers, that they exposed their lives to great peril to defend them.—When their chiefs cried “Forward!” not one of them would have shrunk from encountering hazards, however imminent, but all willing cheerfully to follow their beloved leaders into the thickest of the fight, and unhesitatingly charge upon the enemy with the utmost fury, knowing they fought beneath the eye of chieftains that would commend and reward their bravery, and their cowardice reproach, which from them they more dreaded than the weapons of the foe. Such was the esteem and veneration their deportment had raised in their troops, and so enthusiastic the attachment of the soldiers, that the most cowardly disdained to yield one step while they continued fighting. The Christian banner now waved victorious, and, after a long and obstinate struggle, with various fortune, in many bloody battles, the Moors were fain to accept of peace on the victors’ terms.

Manfredi and Rudolpho now embarked with many other warriors, and steered their course homeward. Oft did Rudolpho count the hours that had to come ere he should meet his Juliet—her, whose sweet idea ever filled him with rapture, as in imagination he contemplated her beautiful person, graced with every perfection that fancy’s warmest colours could paint—her fascinating manners, and that soft and timid

passion which sparkled in her eyes when they turned on him their soul-thrilling lustre, then did his heart throb with impatience to behold her whose image was there so forcibly impressed, that it was ever present to his thoughts, preserving, undiminished, that fervent admiration, that passionate glowing attachment, which natures like his, fiery and impetuous, feel when they love. A less incitement than the love of glory had never induced him to leave the object of that attachment for the hazard of a soldier’s life; but his ardent desire to signalise himself in the field of honour drooped within his bosom when he turned to leave his love: soon, however, did it resume its former vehemency. It made him endure every peril—it supported him through every hardship. It caused him to bear his part in the scenes of war with uncommon eagerness and courage. Glowing with such a desire, the marching of the troops to battle was a sight which ever fired his soul with ardour. The inspiring notes of the martial music, the loud clang of the trumpets, the hollow sound of the drum, and the piercing shrillness of the fife—all combined to rouse his native intrepidity. In the fight, the fierce and courageous visages of the soldiers,—their acclamations, and the applause that his valorous deportment drew from the greatest chieftains, even in the heat of the battle, were circumstances that wrought his valour up to inconceivable fury, and made him regard danger no more than as an excitement to greater exertion of his activity and prowess, and death in vain presented itself around; to him it had no terror, for he fought to gain renown, as if that was the end and purpose of his existence.

(To be continued.)

The

The MORAL ZOOLOGIST.

(Continued from p. 72.)

LETTER V.

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

AS we have already traced the progress and history of that part of the ape genus which inhabits the old continent, let me entreat your ladyship's patient attention to the review of those branches which are natives of America, or the new world: in the latter regions, it is remarkable, every class of animals is on a smaller scale than those that immediately belong to the other part of the globe.

These remaining members of the ape genus, M. de Buffon divides into two classes; which he denominates "sapajous" and "sagoins," the distinctive qualities of which I shall endeavour to enumerate.— These animals differ from apes, by having tails; and from baboons, by being destitute of cheek-pouches, and callosities on their buttocks: their most distinguishing characteristic, is the space between their nostrils being unusually thick, and the apertures of their nostrils not immediately under the nose, but obliquely situated.

The sapajous have prehensile or curling tails, which are so formed as to serve the purpose of hands, or to suspend their bodies to branches of trees. This prehensile quality consists in the under part of the tail being so constructed that the animal can extend, or curl it up, as best suits his convenience: this useful organ is destitute of hair on the under part, and is covered with a smooth skin. The sagoins, on the contrary, have straight flaccid tails, considerably longer than the sapa-

jous, entirely clothed with hair, and not endued with the prehensile power already described, consequently they are incapacitated from suspending their bodies, or seising any object with their tail, which, to the sapajous, is as useful as a fifth hand.

THE PREACHER MONKEY, OR
OUARINE.

This species is the largest of the four-handed kind found on the new continent; and, in size, approaches nearer to the baboon than monkey tribes. The ouarine has black brilliant eyes, short round ears, and a broad beard under the chin and throat; the hairs on the body are long, of a shining black hue, and so closely compacted as to have the appearance of a smooth skin; the feet and tail are brown; the latter very long, prehensile, and always twisted at the end: this animal is about the size of a fox or greyhound, and generally walks on four feet. This species have, invariably, a large concave bone in the throat, which causes the voice to resound like a drum; as this effect excites terror, they have, from many travellers, obtained the name of "howling baboons." The females usually produce two young ones at a birth; one of which they carry on their back, and the other in their arms,— and, in the process of their maternal attention, they very nearly resemble the human race.

There is a variety of this species which Buffon denominates the "alouate." This animal perfectly resembles the preacher monkey, or ouarine; except by having a longer beard, and by its hair being of a reddish-brown, or bay hue.

These animals, by having a very hideous appearance and tremendous voice, excite disgust and terror: they are also of so wild a nature

that can neither be subdued or rendered docile; but as they have not a carnivorous appetite, and only feed on herbs and insects, their flesh is esteemed a dainty by the native inhabitants of the regions where they are found. It is difficult to seize these kind of monkeys, as they attach themselves to the trees by the hand or tail, and remain thus fixed, when mortally wounded, or even after they are dead, till their flesh becomes a mass of putrefaction. It is worthy of observation, that, when one of these animals is wounded, its companions put their fingers into the aperture, apparently to ascertain its depth, and afterwards close the incision, and apply a plaister formed of leaves.

This species appear to enter into a strict league; as, when the hunters chase them, they combine in executing various ingenious modes of defence, by making hideous cries, or pelting their pursuers with branches of trees, &c. They also, by linking their tails together in any case of exigency, mutually assist each other in transporting themselves over rivers, or any other obstacle which impedes their progress. The young can never be taken, but by killing the mother; they being so closely attached to her body, nothing can produce a separation but the expiration of her life, as she never abandons her infant charge when the most imminent danger impends.

Marcgrave asserts, these animals assemble morning and evening in the woods, and that one assumes a degree of superiority over the rest, by taking an elevated seat, and from thence gives a token for his companions to sit down and listen to his harangue, which is delivered in such a sonorous cadence as to be heard at a great distance: it is further reported, that, on a certain signal, the

audience reply, and afterward resume their silent attention till the harsh oration ends, when the assembly disperses. It is reasonable to imagine this narration is exaggerated and blended with the marvellous; as, most probably, the false idea proceeds from the tremendous noise these animals make when they collect in large bodies: however, from the circumstance before recited, this species have unquestionably obtained the name of the preacher monkey. Thus does credulity triumph over truth, and, consequently, error pass current.

THE FOUR-FINGERED MONKEY, OR COAITA.

This species differ from every other kind of sapajous, by having only four fingers on each hand; but, as the dispensations of Providence invariably counterbalance every defect by the grant of some effectual blessing, the tail of this animal is so eminently endued with the prehensile quality as to prove of more general use than either its hands or feet.

The four-fingered monkey, or coaita, has a long flat face, of a warthy flesh colour; ears resembling the human; eyes sunk in a deep concavity; limbs remarkably slender, and disproportionally long to the magnitude of the body; the hair black, long, and rough; four fingers on each hand, and five toes on each foot, all of which have flat nails; the tail about two feet long, and destitute of hair on the under part; the length of the body one foot and a half. These animals always walk on four feet; and, from the great length of their legs, have often been denominated the "spider monkeys."

This animal inhabits the regions of Guiana, Brasil, Carthagera, and Peru. It is not only of a very harmless

less but of a very entertaining nature: as these kind of monkeys are scarcely ever seen on the ground; but dwell chiefly in high trees, they enliven the forests by diverting those who pass through them with their droll grimaces and grotesque gestures. They appear not only to be tractable, but adroit and intelligent; as they usually go in large companies, and with peculiar dexterity combine in transporting themselves from the summit of high trees or across rivers, when the space is beyond the compass of a leap, by linking their tails together, and by that means forming a chain, which enables the lowest to catch hold of a bough or some other object, and thereby furnishes the whole compact with the power of gaining the desired end. They also contrive to break shell-fish, which they eat with avidity, and in part subsist on worms and insects, notwithstanding fruits are their natural and general food; when the latter is ripe, their flesh is said to be esteemed a dainty viand. The females bring forth but one or two young at a birth, which they always carry on their back. This species, which are the most lively and agile of the monkey tribes, are sometimes brought to Europe; but are too tender to subsist long in a variable climate.

THE SPOTTED MONKEY, OR
EXQUIMA.

This animal so nearly resembles the coaita in its structure and propensities, M. de Buffon does not consider it as a distinct species, but only as a variety. Pennant distinguishes this monkey by the appellation of "spotted," and ranks it with the Asian and African kinds; but M. de Buffon, from the circumstance of its tail being prehensile (which seems peculiar to some of the Ame-

rican monkeys), classes it with the sapajous.

The spotted monkey has a long white beard; the colour of the superior part of the body of a reddish hue, marked with white spots; the belly and chin of a whitish cast; the tail very long; and the animal of a middling size.

FEARFUL MONKEY, OR SAJOU.

The fearful monkey has a round head; and a short flesh-coloured face, with a little down on it; the hair on the forehead differing individually in length and erectness; top of the head of a black or dusky hue; the hind part of the neck, and middle of the back, covered with long dark hairs; the other part of the body and the limbs of a reddish-brown cast; the hands and feet covered with a black skin; on the toes flat nails; the tail longer than the head and body, and often carried over the shoulders. This animal walks on four feet, and the length of its head and body does not exceed one foot. This species is described as being of a capricious nature, apt to form strong attachments to some persons, and violent dislikes to others, without any apparent cause: the male, as well as the female, are remarkable for paying the most affectionate attention to their young. Buffon specifies two varieties in this species; the brown sajou, or capuchin monkey, and the grey sajou, which differs in colour only.

THE CAPUCHIN MONKEY, OR
SAI.

This animal has a round head; a flat flesh-coloured face, encompassed with erect white hairs; the breast is clothed with long, pale, yellow, shaggy hair; the head black; the body and tail of a dark-brown, or dusky cast; the tail is long, and thickly covered with hair;

and on the toes there are crooked claws.

THE WEEPER MONKEY.

This species has obtained the name of weeper, from making a plaintive noise, resembling the cries of an infant, especially when they are irritated: they are also by some authors called "musk monkeys," as their bodies diffuse a musky odour.

The weeper monkey, or sai, has a round flattish face, of a reddish-brown cast, and deformed construction; the hair on the head, and upper part of the body, is black tinged with brown; and underneath the body, and on the limbs, the hair is of a black hue tinged with red; the tail is black, and considerably longer than the body; the length of the latter, including the head, does not exceed fourteen inches. These animals walk on four feet: the females produce two young ones at a birth, which are very deformed when first they are born. This species inhabits Surinam and Brasil; and are not only of a tractable but timid nature, but also of a melancholy disposition, yet strongly endued with the imitative faculty. This kind of monkey, when it is brought into Europe, prefers snails and insects to every other kind of food; notwithstanding, in its native regions, it subsists on fruits and grains, particularly a podded tree, from which they scarcely ever descend. It is worthy of observation that these animals assemble in troops, particularly when it rains, when their chatter and grimaces prove very entertaining to travellers. As the young attach themselves to the bodies of their parents as soon as they are born, there is no mode of seising them but by wounding the old ones with arrows; as they bite desperately, and make such obstinate resistance, they often suffer themselves to be torn in pieces rather than quit their hold.

M. de Buffon mentions a variety of this species, which he denominates the "sai, or weeper with a white throat," which differs only from the other kind by the circumstance implied in the title.

THE HORNED MONKEY.

This animal has two black tufts of hair, resembling horns, on the top of its head; the eyes vivacious, and of a dark cast; ears like the human; the face, sides, belly, and fore-legs, of a reddish-brown hue; the superior part of the back, and the upper regions of the arms and neck, of a yellowish colour; the top of the head, lower part of the back, hind-legs, and all the feet, black; the tail fifteen inches long, and covered with short bright hair; the dimensions of the body fourteen inches. This species has a deformed appearance, and inhabits some of the American climes.

ANTIGUA MONKEY.

The native regions of this kind of monkey are not clearly ascertained; it is, therefore, called the Antigua monkey, because the described specimen was brought from thence.

This animal is represented as having a short nose; a black face, with long hair on each side; the hair on the back and sides of a black and orange intermingled hue; the belly white; the outside of the legs black; the inside of an ash colour; the tail of a cinereous cast, and twenty inches in length; the body about eighteen inches long. This animal was tractable, lively, and entertaining, and in the possession of a private gentleman.

THE ORANGE MONKEY, OR SAIMIRA.

This animal has often been distinguished by the appellation of the "golden, orange, or yellow saipajou;" and, from its peculiar beauty,

ty, is deservedly esteemed above every other class of that tribe.

The orange monkey has a round head; a nose pointed in a small degree, the extremity of which, and space round the mouth, marked with black in a circular form; the eyes large and brilliant, and their orbits flesh colour; the ears covered with hair; the hair on its body is yellow, brown, short, and woolly, and of a fine texture; but, in its native country, where the animal attains full perfection, the hair is of a brilliant gold colour; the feet are of an orange hue; on the hands there are nails; on the feet claws; the tail is very long, but less supplied with the prehensile quality than those of the other sapajous, which makes these animals form the intermediate species between the sapajous and sagoins. The orange monkey can stand on his hind-feet, but usually walks on all four: in size it resembles a squirrel, the length of the head and body not exceeding ten or eleven inches. This species are very graceful in their motions, but very difficult to preserve in any but their native climes; as they cannot endure intense cold, or variation of temperament. They are not only agreeable, but of an affectionate caressing nature, which, joined to their external beauty, justly entitles them to admiration and pre-eminence.

I shall next endeavour to describe the sagoins, or those species of monkeys peculiar to the new continent, that have straight, but not prehensile tails: it may not be improper to observe, the terms, sapajous and sagoins, are of American origin, and expressive of certain kinds of monkeys congenial to those climes.

THE FOX-TAILED MONKEY, OR SAKI.

The fox-tailed monkey is the largest of the whole sagoin genera,

as it measures, from the extremity of its nose to the base of its tail, above one foot and an half; therefore, by some authors, it is called "cagui major," which, in the Brazilian language, is "cagoussou," from which the word sagoin is derived.

This animal has a swarthy visage, covered with short down; the forehead and sides of the face are clothed with whitish long hair; the hair on the body is of a dusky-brown hue, inclining to yellow at the extremity; the tail is long and bushy, but variegated as to colour, being in some individuals black, in others red; the belly and under part of the limbs are of a reddish-white cast; the hands and feet are black, and have claws on the fingers and toes: this kind of monkey walks on four feet, and is a native of Brasil.

THE GREAT-EARED MONKEY, OR TAMARIN.

This animal, by some naturalists, has been denominated, the "little black monkey." Its construction is beautiful; its disposition vivacious, familiar, and tractable; but its constitution so extremely susceptible of cold, it cannot subsist in variable climes, or inclement temperaments. The great-eared monkey has a round head; a swarthy flesh-colour face, destitute of hair; the upper lip a little divided; chesnut-coloured eyes; very large, naked, erect ears, almost square; the hair on the forehead upright and long; on the body shaggy, but of a pliant texture; the head and upper part of the limbs black; the lower part of the back tinged with yellow; the hands and feet covered with very fine, light, orange-coloured hairs; the tail black, and twice the length of the body; the teeth very white.—This animal, head and body included, does not exceed seven or eight inches in length: it walks on four

four feet, and is a native of Cayenne, the isle of Gargona, in the South Sea, and the most torrid regions of America.

STRIATED MONKEY, OR
OUISTITI.

The striated monkey has often been distinguished by the appellations of the "cagui minor," "sanglingin," and "sagoin."

This animal has a very round head; above the ears, which resemble those of the human species, there are two very full tufts of white hairs, which project on each side, and hide the ears on a front view; the face is of a swarthy flesh colour; the eyes of a reddish hue; above the nose there is a white spot destitute of hair; the head is black; the body ash-coloured, reddish, and dusky, often mixed with yellow on the throat, breast, and belly, and so blended as to form striated marks across the body; the tail is twice the length of the body, and thickly covered with hair, annulated alternately with black and white, or black and grey; the hands and feet are covered with short hairs, and have fingers like those of a squirrel, armed with sharp claws. These animals walk on four feet, and are natives of Brasil: they are often brought to Europe, feed on vegetables, and are not averse to fish; they are of a restless disposition, make a weak noise, and are highly esteemed on account of the beauty and singularity of their form. This species have proved prolific in the southern parts of Europe, particularly in Portugal: their offspring are very ugly when first they are born, being almost destitute of hair; in this their infant state they attach themselves firmly to their mothers' teats, and, when they gain sufficient strength, mount upon her back or shoulders; if they become incom-

modious in that posture, she dislodges them by rubbing them against some hard substance, and their father instantly suffers them to rest upon his back, and thus alleviates his mate's parental assiduity.

THE SILKY MONKEY, OR MARI-
KINA.

The silky monkey, by some authors, has been called the "small lion ape;" notwithstanding he resembles the lion in no other circumstance than by having a kind of mane round the face, and a tuft of hair at the extremity of the tail. This animal has a round head; and a flat face, of a brown or dull purple hue; round naked ears; the sides of the face are encompassed with very long bright-bay colour hairs, turning backwards, sometimes yellow, and the bay hairs only in patches; the hair on the body is long, of a pale-yellow cast, fine texture, and glossy hue; the hands and feet are naked, and of a dusky purple; on every finger there is a claw; the length of the head and body does not exceed ten inches; the tail is about thirteen inches long. This animal walks on four feet, and inhabits Guiana: from the best authority, it appears to possess the same vivacious and harmless qualities as the other sagoin tribes, but seems to be more hardy in its constitution.

THE RED-TAILED MONKEY, OR
PINCHE.

This animal is rendered remarkable by having white hair on the top and sides of the face, which is covered with black and grey down; its head is round; its face pointed; its ears curvical, and of a dusky hue; its eyes are black; the hair that encompasses the face spreads over the shoulders, which, with the back, is covered with long, loose, brown hair; the tail from the base

to the middle is of a lively red hue, from which space it changes to a brownish-black, with which it terminates; the hair on the upper part of the body is of a yellowish-brown, and that on the other part, as well as on the hands and feet, is uniformly white; the inside of the hands and feet is black, and on the toes and fingers there are sharp claws. The red-tailed monkey walks on four feet, and is about eight inches in length; the tail twice as long as the dimensions of the head and body. The construction of this animal is singularly beautiful, and its voice so soft it rather resembles the singing of a bird than the sound usually issuing from an animal: it is so delicate in constitution, it requires great care to remove it from South-America to Europe; as it is sensibly affected by the motion of the ship, as well as the change of climate; it is also of such a capricious disposition, the slightest offences often cause it to die of chagrin.

This animal chiefly inhabits Guiana, Brasil, and the banks of the River of Amazons. It is described by various travellers as being lively and entertaining: it frequently marches with its tail over its head, which gives it the appearance of a little lion; from whence it has sometimes been distinguished by the appellation of the "little lion monkey."

THE FAIR MONKEY, OR MICO.

M. de la Condamine was the first naturalist who transmitted an account of this species, the description of which was taken from an animal presented to him by the governor of Para. This rare specimen is described as having had a small round head; face and ears of a bright vermillion hue; the body covered with long hairs of a matchless fine texture, and silvery white appearance; he tail of a shining

dark chesnut, or auburn cast; the ears large; and the eyes distant from each other. This animal inhabits the banks of the River of Amazons: it walks on four feet, and does not exceed seven or eight inches in length; its tail is about twelve inches long. The subject, from which the foregoing description was taken, died on its passage from South-America to France, and was preserved in spirits by M. de la Condamine, who communicated the particulars just recited.

Having presumed thus far on your ladyship's patience, I cannot forbear soliciting your further attention to a moral retrospect of the numerous, yet essentially-varied individuals of the ape genus. These several species appear nearly confined within the boundaries of the torrid zone, and abundantly inhabit the Asian, African, and South-American forests, where they range denizens at large, and but rarely prove noxious to the human race. Many of this genera are terrific, not only in size, but in strength and evil propensities; but, by divine mercy, the greater part are only mischievous in a slight degree, and in many instances are diverting and harmless; which is peculiarly fortunate, as the ape genus is more numerous than any other class of animals. These various species have little cause to dread the assaults of the lion or the most ferocious of savage beasts, as their agility enables them to evade the sanguinary chase by taking refuge in trees. They sometimes fall a prey to leopards, and other branches of the feline race; but their most formidable enemies are serpents, who can pursue them to the summit of their aerial retreats, and, from their superior magnitude and strength, often swallow the small kind entire and alive. It is an evident proof of the provident dispensations

dispensations of our wise Creator, that, in those regions where the ape genus is most common, the feathered race, with peculiar dexterity, by cautious instinct, form their nests in situations remote and secure from the attacks of their common enemy, whose depredations are committed from wanton cruelty, not from the suggestions of appetite, as they are not carnivorous, but despoil the nests of eggs and their callow inhabitants for no other purpose than to gratify their malicious delight in mischief.

In the comprehensive works of nature, whatever subject is the object of our contemplation, our wonder, blended with admiration, cannot fail to be excited: every atom evidently displays the perfections of its divine source; and, to a mind not warped by prejudice, or blinded by the impenetrable shades of ignorance, those effects must be produced that beam forth with such distinguished lustre in your ladyship, which justly entitles you to the best affection of your faithful

EUGENIA.

(*To be continued.*)

On the TREATMENT of the FAIR SEX in the EAST.

(*From the French Journal, the Moniteur.*)

THE customs of the East, in the treatment of the fair sex, are founded on distrust and suspicion. — Their severity, however, is a little relaxed by the liberty which the women enjoy of assembling in the baths. These assemblies are *fêtes*. All the art of the toilet is exhausted to adorn the fair who resort to them. The object of this studied embellishment of their per-

sons and display of dress is not to attract the attention of the other sex; for they never appear in public without having their faces covered with the *borgo**, and a piece of taffeta, which, inclosing them from head to foot, conceals their cloaths, head-dress, and hands. When they reach the baths, they immediately throw aside these irksome veils, in order to enjoy the pleasure of rivalry in beauty and magnificence, in which the sex so greatly delight. Their great object of ambition is to excel each other in the number of Venetian sequins, suspended from their hair, the brilliancy of their diamonds, or the richness of their robes. It must be confessed that these enjoyments are very confined in their nature, and that, though one should be fortunate enough to kill two or three of her friends with spleen and envy, the poor lady's triumph would be very imperfect. What value could she attach to a victory which the men cannot witness? The latter are rigorously excluded from these assemblies. The only males at all permitted to approach are blind musicians, hired to afford them the pleasure of hearing a male voice.

Nevertheless, the Turkish women are much attached to the pleasures of the bath; there they hear all the news circulating in the town; — they compare the liberality of their husbands; if there happens to be one more niggardly to his women than the rest, his peace is destroyed. In baths, too, are discussed the general interests of that league, which,

* The *borgo* is a piece of white linen, the corners of which are fixed on the temples; it comes close on the nose, falls down on the breast, and conceals the whole face, except the brow, and the eyes. A Mussulman woman cannot show her face but to her father, brother, and husband.

in spite of the opposition it encounters from so many private interests, has subsisted from time immemorial among the women of all countries. There they concert the means of repelling the encroachments made on their prerogatives. The women of Rosetta vigorously asserted a right, of which an attempt was made to deprive them last Ramadan*. The story is as follows:—

“The effendi of Rosetta, in a proclamation, announcing the *fête*, which, in all the Mussulman towns, precedes the morning of the Ramadan, thought fit to forbid the women from being present at it. This is the only occasion on which they are permitted to leave the haram, and appear at any public solemnity. They assembled at the baths to deliberate upon this innovation; they wrote to general Menou, who then commanded at Rosetta, stating that they knew very well that it was without his participation that the effendi had issued such a prohibition, and hoped that it would be taken off by order of the general.

“General Menou replied, that he would signify his intentions in an assembly of the nobles of the country, and that they might send some person to the meeting to apprise them of what passed. The assembly was held in the haram of a person of Rosetta, who entered willingly into the affair. The representatives of the women were present.

“General Menou told the effendi—‘You have issued the prohibition of which the ladies complain without being authorised; you wished to have it thought that the

French were capable of insulting them. Learn, then, that no people more respects the fair sex. I order you to revoke this part of your proclamation.’ The ladies approved this speech by rolling their eyes, the only part of their face which is visible.—Their constituents, after hearing their report, voted an address of thanks to general Menou, which was presented a few days after.”

The PARADISE of SCHEDAD;

AN ARABIAN TALE.

LONG before the empire of the true believers had enlightened the world, and the sacred koran had descended from the seventh heaven, Schedad reigned in Yemen, with absolute power, and the most tyrannic sway. He was voluptuous and cruel, an extravagant and impious despot; a monster rather than a man; yet had he the presumption to wish to be thought a god. Had he conceived the mad idea of acting as such in his own court only, the courtiers of that time would have adored him without scruple, and even his ape and his parrot would have been equally the objects of their devotion. But Schedad insisted that all his subjects should acknowledge his pretended divinity, and that it should be a serious and unquestionable article of their faith.

The better to succeed in this project, he conceived what he thought an infallible plan. He caused to be built, in one of the most beautiful districts of Yemen, a circular wall of prodigious height. This wall was lined within by a forest of pines, which formed at once an inclosure and a crown to the most extensive and magnificent garden that can be imagined. Here the

* The Lent of the Mussulmen, which commonly begins in the middle of September. It begins, as our's used to do, with a masquerade composed of the labouring classes. At Rosetta this masquerade traverses the streets by torch-light.

meadows were adorned with all the flowers of the spring; there the orchards promised the lavish bounties of autumn. Here the brooks flowed silently over a sand of gold, or, rolling rapidly over a bed of pearls, blended their murmur with the warbling of the birds; there every object was reflected in a small lake, in which were sporting fishes of every kind and every colour. Now, we descended into a delightful valley, where refreshing coolness was diffused around by a fine sheet of water falling from a rock. Farther on we entered ever-verdant thickets, where every species of odoriferous shrubs flourished at the feet of majestic palm-trees and cedars. Nature every-where appeared in all her charms, and the timid art that adorned her was scarcely to be seen.

In the centre of this enchanting solitude a circular mountain rose with a gentle slope; then, becoming level on a sudden, it formed a vast esplanade on the summit. There Schedad erected a stupendous palace, which he furnished with equal magnificence and taste. The conveniences of every kind were numberless; and to all the pomp that luxury could display were united its most exquisite refinements. All that excelled in the fine arts, or who might be called the scientific professors of sensuality in all its varieties, were here to be found; cooks, musicians, dancers, buffoons, and even poets. The latter were held by Schedad in little estimation; but what he prized more than all the rest was a numerous swarm of young females, whom he took care to have in every part of the palace and gardens. They were as beautiful as the celestial houris;—a little less pure, perhaps, but much more gay and sprightly.

When every thing was ready for

the execution of his design, Schedad published the following strange edict, which was fixed on the gates of all the temples.

“Schedad, god of Yemen, to all our faithful worshippers, felicity and greeting. As we purpose to surpass in liberality all the other gods, who promise no happiness till after death, we make known, that we have created in our plain of Yemen a paradise, in which you shall enjoy all the pleasures of the present life. We will admit there, at the proper time, such among you, who, neglecting all superfluous virtue, shall have believed sincerely in us, and submitted, without reserve, to our divine will. We admit from this moment, and without any farther probation, such of our blessed servants whose names are included in the list annexed to the present edict. O people of Yemen! hasten to imitate the example which they have left you, and to merit the crown which they have obtained.”

These blessed servants of Schedad were, if the truth must be known, some of his most impudent flatterers, some ministers of his outrages and profligacy; contemptible women, who had yielded to his desires; others, more artful, who had only promised to gratify them; and these were preferred in the promotion. In fine, scarcely was the edict published, when Schedad kept his word with the new saints. He conducted them solemnly to the palace of Iram; desiring them to enjoy in peace the felicity which he had prepared for them, and which his frequent visits would render still more perfect. On leaving this paradise, he himself shut the gate of the sacred inclosure, giving orders to the soldiers who guarded it on the outside to immolate on the spot whatever profane person might presume to approach it.

In the mean time, the blessed inhabitants, as they were called, abandoned themselves, without reserve, to the ecstasy into which the sight only of their new abode had thrown them. For the first time in their lives, they adored, they almost loved the tyrant of Yemen. They even believed (as he himself concluded they would, that the author of so much felicity could not but be a god. Their faith, however, lasted no longer than their happiness, which was very short. Pleasures, varied in appearance, but, in reality, ever the same; pleasures easily obtained, uninterrupted, and immoderate, soon became insipid, or were disgusting from satiety. Susceptibility of pleasure was annihilated by excessive enjoyment. It was found that languor and wearisomeness respected not the paradise of Schedad; and that disease, with all her painful attendants, respected it as little. This was not all. The blessed inhabitants were not unknown in the world, and they were not beloved; but being now seen in a nearer point of view, they were better known, and were detested. From this moment society and conversation were no more.—Shut up in their apartments, or dispersed on the terraces of the palace, they beheld, with a look of sorrow, the delightful gardens which surrounded them, and which now appeared no better than a verdant prison. Their eyes were fixed with less reluctance on the Red Sea, and on a chain of rocks, that appeared in the horizon. What would they not have given to wander at liberty over those frightful rocks, or to sail on that dangerous sea, so much dreaded for innumerable shipwrecks!

The blessed inhabitants were precisely in this situation, when the god of Yemen honoured them with his first visit. To the pleasures

with which he thought them enchanted, he came to add the supreme felicity of his presence.—Judge of his surprise and indignation when he beheld melancholy visible in every countenance, and found that, instead of songs of gratulation, and hymns of praise, he heard nothing but complaints and murmurs. He dissembled, however, and suppressed, with the best grace he could, his indignant emotions. He mingled caresses with reproaches, and, by dint of now chiding and now wheedling his saints, he made them promise to inure themselves to the paradise, and take their felicity in good part. But this extorted promise afforded him but little satisfaction. He depended more on the order he had left with the soldiers who guarded the outside of the wall, to massacre without mercy, not only the profane, but even the saints themselves, should they attempt to scale its formidable height.

Notwithstanding these precautions, Schedad did not return to his capital without the most corroding sensations of anxiety and trouble. Those, indeed, were too well founded. Nor did he flatter himself: he saw that his paradise and his divinity were fallen into that discredit, from which he never could raise either the one or the other; and, to ward off this fatal blow, he had recourse to the only expedient that remained. He announced, by a second proclamation, that, considering the ingratitude of his people, and the very little solicitude they expressed to merit paradise, he should now create a hall, in which the incredulous and the impious would not be disposed to jest. As it is much easier to torment mankind than to make them happy, the new project, perhaps, would have succeeded better than the other, but

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that Schedad was not allowed time to carry it into execution. This cruel extravagance alarmed both the nobles and the people, and deprived them of all patience. The tyrant was dethroned, and the punishment he should undergo was long the subject of discussion. It was at last determined, that no punishment could be so proper as to confine him to the gardens of Iram, with the vile wretches with which he had peopled it, and to wall up the gates of this infernal paradise;—there, distracted by remorse, and overwhelmed with outrages and insults, the god of Yemen was compelled to acknowledge that there is a Supreme Being, who confounds the projects of impiety, and has promised felicity only to the virtuous and the good.

OBSERVATIONS on the PERSONS
and CHARACTER of the ENGLISH WOMEN.

(From "*Letters written during a Residence in England, by Henry Meister,*" a Swiss Writer.)

YOU have charged me, my dear friend, with negligence, for not having given you a fuller account of the English ladies; and I confess you have reason: we never can say enough of them, at least when we speak in their praise. For, if silence on their subject be a certain mark of want of breeding, to say a great deal concerning them, for the purpose of degrading them, is, in my opinion, the greatest proof of ill manners which a polished people can be guilty of.

I told you, that, after my first voyage to London, I fancied I observed a greater number of handsome men than beautiful women;

but now that I have been in this city during the winter-season, when the town has been exceedingly full, I must beg leave to retract this observation. I think there are not to be found, in any country in Europe, so many handsome persons of both sexes as are to be seen here. I speak more especially as to the contour of face, that there are no-where such regular, or really perfect beauties. This peculiar kind of perfection in beauty calls to my mind a passage in Dr. Johnson's works, which I have often endeavoured to translate, without satisfying myself in the task.—"To expand," says he, "the human face to its full perfection, it seems necessary that the mind should co-operate, by placidness of content, or consciousness of superiority."—Indeed it appears impossible to have that perfection of beauty which the English ladies possess, without that habitual calmness and serenity of mind attending a state of entire freedom from importunate necessity, and an absolute command of temper, and happy disposition of mind and character. The people of this country have features more fully delineated, and completely finished, than are to be met with in France, Switzerland, or Germany: female faces, in particular, which are handsome, have great softness and delicacy. If the over-scrutinising observer thinks he discovers any thing coarse or harsh in their features, he finds it happily losing itself in an air of suavity, which is not less distinguishable in their countenance than in that characteristic calmness and dignity, without which beauty itself would cease to be charming. It should seem as if Nature had only sketched out the features of the Parisian beauties, and left it to their coquetry to alter and finish the work according to their own taste; and this, perhaps,

haps, from caution, not to injure the happiness of a first idea.—I think I have now said enough to convince you that my admiration of English beauty has not made me forget how agreeable our pretty women are, and with what graceful and engaging vivacity even the least handsome among them are able to heighten and set off their charms.

England is greatly indebted to sir William Hamilton for the acquisition he has made of a considerable number of Etruscan vases and antique paintings, which is worth to the nation many millions annually, by the models and patterns it furnishes for the imitation of the several manufacturers; as, from this collection, many very beautiful articles have been designed:—but to what introduction or importation, or other happy conjuncture, this “expansion of the human face to its full perfection” is to be attributed, I know not; the degree of perfection is, however, very apparent in my eyes. And indeed some Italians here, though highly prejudiced with notions of the superiority of their own country, have owned to me, that they did not think there were, throughout Italy, so many faces, formed with a perfect symmetry, as are to be met with in London and its neighbourhood. This regularity of the features of the face is certainly heightened by the perfect whiteness of the skin. In this respect, great advantages may well be supposed to result from the inconvenience of a cloudy atmosphere; and it may, perhaps, be owing to this circumstance, that the human face possesses such a clearness of complexion*; as it is certainly,

from that cause, that the gardens and meadows derive that charming verdure, which is here so remarkable.

I cannot, however, avoid remarking, in this place, that English beauty is more striking than attractive. At a distance you are charmed with its lustre; but, on a near approach, lament that it is not more lively and animated. The blood passes through those fine and delicate veins with more calmness than passion, with more tenderness than love.

The common defect of these fine faces is, that they are somewhat too long: the heads have, however, the advantage of being well placed on the body:—I cannot say the same of their shoulders. Women, in general, wear stays very ill shaped, which, by pressing on the back, occasion a roundness of back and shoulders, and impede the free motion of the back and arms, by forcing them too high, and throwing them too far back. And this is certainly an absurdity the more provoking, as you cannot avoid readily perceiving, that the womens’ shapes are naturally formed with a capacity of arriving at great ease and elegance; which is evident, because they discover a great deal of both under all the disadvantages of this ridiculous fashion. In general, their feet are large, and their legs rather clumsy.

Here you may, perhaps, be curious to know my opinion, whether gallantry prevails more in London than in Paris? May I not ask, in my turn, what is your opinion of this matter, after having considered what I have just now written? I have taken the liberty of observing, that the English ladies possess a style of beauty which appears to have more calmness and dignity than that of the handsome ladies in Paris; but the latter have, at the same time, more sprightliness and vivacity.

* A certain colour of hair (the ardent brown), scarcely ever seen out of England or Scotland, greatly contributes to set off English beauty.

vivacity. The complexion of the former is more brilliant than the latter, but less animated: their countenances more noble, and perhaps more of the Roman, but less attractive and less voluptuous. I should think one of your philosophical turn of mind might draw more than one serious lesson from these premises. I think it necessary to observe, that English women, in general, have not full chests; and that the common sort of people cover their bosoms, as if unwilling to show them. As to such women as have chests well formed, and really handsome, I must remind you of what I have before remarked concerning those abominable stays, which are absolute breast-plates, that destroy this beauty, while they serve the purposes of concealment and defence. How often has virtue been preserved in this world, by its being enabled to resist the first onset!

You would do me, my dear friend, a very serious piece of injustice, if you were to suppose that I imagined these to be the only arguments by which I can support my opinion of the modesty of the fair sex in England. I know there is a great resemblance in the manners of great cities, and that immorality and vice spring up in every nation, and among every people; but it is, at the same time, very true, that there are variations among different nations, as there are between individuals of the same nation,—and it is the office of the speculatist to discriminate these.

It cannot be denied, that the modes of living commonly followed by English ladies are widely different from those of our countrywomen. In the first place, the sex is more separated, and converse more with each other. The interior economy of their houses, and the duties as-

signed their several domestics, are continual checks on their actions. In London, the office which is performed with us by a Swiss, or porter, is scarcely known. Visits are received only in a room on the ground-floor. The lady's bed-chamber is a sanctuary which no stranger is permitted to enter. It would be an act of the greatest public indecorum to go into it, unless the visitor were upon a very familiar footing with the family, or did it upon some very urgent occasion. There are impediments in the way of gallantry, which, however well disposed a lady may happen to be for an intrigue, are not easily got over. Whatever may be her quality, she must make her appointments at some other house, either on her return from a walk, from the play, or from a ball. You see, plainly enough, that what is brought about with so much difficulty, cannot be often put in practice; though, for the same reason, perhaps, more satisfactory to the votary of licentiousness. I have already told you, that men of genius only, in this country, possessed wit; in like manner, none but the most abandoned women, or such as have strong passions, are suspected of intrigue and gallantry. The greatest difficulty is not always to persuade an English woman to suffer you to carry her off, but to find a convenient opportunity for telling her you wish to do it. Amiable and modest as they are, there is less art and good-fortune required to bring the love-adventure to a successful conclusion than there is to open it.

In England, gentlemen employ all the time they can spare from public affairs, or private business, in the exercise of riding or walking, in the diversions of hunting or shooting, at the theatres, or in tavern-clubs and societies. At home, a very small part of the long sitting, sacred

sacred to the enjoyment of the pleasures of the table, is allowed to the female part of the family, and in which they can associate with gentlemen. After the table is uncovered, and the small coloured cloths, which serve the purpose of napkins, are placed on it,—when the bottles, filled with Madeira, Burgundy,

Claret, or Port wine, begin to circulate briskly upon the smooth surface of their highly-polished mahogany tables, the ladies retire to their own apartments,—and the gentlemen forget, sometimes altogether, but always for some hours after their retreat, that it is lawful to follow them.

THE YOUNG MOUNTAINEER.

LETTER I.

Felicia de Belleville to Eliza de Chamval.

NO, my Eliza! you cannot entertain a doubt of the pain which I experienced at the moment of my separation from you: you were a witness of it; and so powerful were my sensations, that monsieur de Belleville proposed to leave me with you, and I was on the point of consenting to the proposal. But, in that case, would not the charm of our friendship have vanished?—could we have been mutually happy in each other's company, while no longer satisfied with ourselves?—Could you have ventured to talk of virtue without an apprehension of exciting my blushes, or to fulfill duties on your part which would have been a tacit reproach to your friend, who had abandoned her husband, and separated a father from his children?

My Eliza! it was my duty to quit you; and I cannot repent that I complied with it. If it was a sacrifice, it has been amply compensated by monsieur de Belleville's gratitude: and the seven years which I have spent in the busy scenes of the world since the time of my marriage, had never gained for me so great a share of his confidence as I now derive from his cer-

tainty that I do not prefer you to him. You know, my dear cousin! that, from the moment of my union with monsieur de Belleville, he never has shown any jealousy except of my friendship for you. It was therefore indispensably necessary to make his mind easy on that subject; and I have effectually succeeded in accomplishing my wish.

You may scold me, Eliza! if you please, for what I am now about to say: but, notwithstanding your absence, I am happy: yes, I am happy to observe the satisfaction felt by monsieur de Belleville.

"At length," said he to me this morning, "I have acquired the most complete evidence—I henceforward rest perfectly secure of your attachment to me. A long time, no doubt, was requisite to convince me: but can you be surprised at my slowness of belief? and will not the disparity of our ages be a sufficient plea for your indulgence in that respect? You are young and handsome and amiable. In the giddy circle of the world, in the round of dissipation and pleasures, I have seen you courted, flattered, yet so prudent that no man dared to address you in the language of seduction, and so simple as not to be flattered by the homage paid to your beauty. Your mind was not awakened to coquetry, nor your heart warmed

warmed by tender passion: and, in every situation, at every moment, I observed that it was your sincere desire to glide unnoticed through the world. That was your first trial; and, to a woman possessed of your principles, it was not the most difficult. But soon afterward I restored you to the company of your friend Eliza, and flattered you with the hopes of thenceforward living with her. Already were your plans formed: no distinction was made between your children and hers; and the task of educating them became doubly charming by engaging you both together. It was from the midst of that heart-felt enjoyment that I snatched you away, to conduct you to an entirely new scene, to a distant country-seat. Here you now live in solitude at the age of twenty-two, with no other society than that of two young children, and a husband of sixty! Well! I still find you the same woman, still tender, still fondly affectionate: you are the first to remark the beauties of this abode: you seek to enjoy what I allow you, and to make me forget that of which I have deprived you. But the chief, the inestimable, merit of your complaisance consists in your appearing so unaffected and resigned that I am yet ignorant whether the place which I myself prefer be not also that which is most pleasing to you. This was the second trial to which I intended to subject you: and, after it, nothing remains to be made. Perhaps I inherit from nature a mind too susceptible of suspicion: and certainly your charms were sufficiently powerful to increase that disposition.—But, fortunately for us both, your virtues were even greater than your beauty; and my confidence is henceforward boundless as your worth.”

“My friend!” I replied—“your encomiums penetrate and delight my soul. They assure me that you are happy: for the mortal who is happy sees every thing in the most favourable light. You describe me as a perfect being; and my heart enjoys your delusion, since you love me as such. But,” added I with a smile, “let not what you are pleased to term my complaisance have the entire credit of my present cheerfulness: for you have not forgotten that Eliza has promised to come and live with us, since we could not stay with her; and the prospect of that event is not the least advantageous point of view in which I consider this abode.”

In effect, my dear Eliza, you must not forget that promise of which the observance is so essential to us both. You must avail yourself of your independence, to prevent those from remaining separated whom heaven destined to be united. You will restore to my heart the dearest portion of itself. We shall again enjoy those delightful moments, whose transient existence has left so deep traces in my remembrance; we shall renew those lengthened conversations, which friendship rendered so interesting, and in appearance so short: we shall feel in its full force that exalted and pleasing sentiment which extinguishes all rivalry, and kindles emulation: in a word, the happy moment when Felicia shall again behold thee, will be that when she can say “for ever:” and may the guardian genius who presided at our birth, and who brought us both into the world at the same instant, that we might more affectionately love each other—may he fill up the measure of his favours by sending a single death to carry us off both together.

LETTER II.

Elizia to Eliza.

No doubt, my dear Eliza! it was a culpable neglect on my part to have given you no information respecting an abode which is shortly to become the scene of your residence, and which besides well merits description. But, in short, when I take up my pen to write to you, my thoughts are entirely engrossed by you alone: and that consideration will perhaps induce you to pardon an omission of which my friendship was the cause.

The seat where we reside is situate at the distance of a few leagues from Tours, in the midst of a happy assemblage of hills and plains, the former clothed with forests and vineyards, the latter covered with waving crops of corn and embellished with neat houses. The river Cher embraces the spot with its serpentine meanders, and proceeds to discharge its waters into the stream of Loire. The banks of the Cher, ornamented with groves and meadows, smile with rural beauty: those of the Loire, in aspect more majestic, are shaded by tall poplars, and by thick woods interspersed with fertile fields.

From the summit of a picturesque rock which commands our mansion, the eye can trace the courses of those two rivers, rolling their waters, which glitter with the reflected glories of the sun, through an extent of seven or eight leagues, and with pleasing murmur uniting their floods at the foot of the château. In their beds rise some verdant islets: a great number of lesser streams contribute to swell their tide: in every direction is discovered a vast tract of land rich in fruits, enameled with flowers, and browsed by numerous herds which give animation to the interesting

landscape. To these add the husbandman bending over his plough, the coaches and chaises whirling along the high road, the boats gliding up and down the rivers, the towns and villages rearing their lofty spires: and the whole together displays the most magnificent sight that imagination can conceive.

The château is ample and convenient: the buildings appertaining to the manufactory, that monsieur de Belleville has lately erected, are immense. I have appropriated to myself one entire wing of them, for the purpose of establishing a kind of hospital where the sick workmen and poor peasants of the neighbourhood may be sure of finding an asylum. I have provided for it a surgeon and two nurses: and, as to the superintendence, I have reserved that charge for myself; for it is perhaps more necessary than we imagine that we should impose on ourselves the obligation of being daily useful to our fellow-creatures. The practice keeps our benevolent affections in exercise: and frequently we even stand in need of the impulse of some irresistible power to prevail on us to perform acts of goodness.

You know that this vast estate has long been in the possession of monsieur de Belleville's family. 'Twas here that in his youth he first became acquainted with my father, and formed a connexion with him. 'Twas here that the two friends, enchanted with a friendship which had been productive to them of so much happiness, swore to each other that they would return to terminate their days in this spot, and here deposit their earthly remains. Finally, my dear Eliza! here stands the tomb of the best of fathers: under the shade of the cypress and the poplar, rests his

sacred urn. A broad rivulet environs the hallowed spot, and forms as it were an island which none but the elect are entitled to enter. How I delight to talk of him with monsieur de Belleville!

"The last favour," said my husband, "which your father conferred on me, was that of uniting me with you. Judge, then, how affectionately I ought to cherish his memory!"

And on my part, my Eliza! when I consider the world, and survey in the mirror of recollection the different men whom I have known in it, ought I not likewise to bless the memory of my father for having chosen so worthy a man to be my partner?

Adolphus is much better pleased here than at your house. Here every object wears the charm of novelty; and the constant bustle of the workmen appears to him more lively than the *tête-à-tête* conversations of his mother and her friend Eliza. He never quits his father: the latter scolds him, and nevertheless yields to his wishes. But 'tis of little consequence: though this excessive indulgence should render the child headstrong and refractory in his boyish years, am I not certain that monsieur de Belleville's example will render him beneficent and just as he advances in youth?

Laura does not, equally as her brother, enjoy the surrounding objects. She distinguishes her mother alone; and even that dawn of intellect is contested; for monsieur de Belleville insists, that, the moment I have taken her from my breast, she is incapable of distinguishing me from her nurse; and I have been afraid to put the matter to the test of experiment, lest I should find that his assertion was well founded.

Monsieur de Belleville sets out on a journey to-morrow. He is going to meet a young relative who is

coming from Dauphiné. Connected with his mother by the ties of consanguinity, he swore to her on her death-bed that he would act as a guide and a father to her son; and you well know how punctual my husband is in the observance of his oath. Besides, he intends to set him over his manufactory, and thus to ease himself of the task of superintendency, which is too laborious for a man of his years. Were I not swayed by that consideration, I know not whether I should be glad of Frederic's arrival. In the world at large, the appearance of an additional guest does not even make a difference; whereas, in solitude, it is a momentous event.

Adieu, my dear Eliza! There reigns here an air of prosperity, of life, and of joy, which will not fail to afford you pleasure: and with respect to myself, I think that you alone are wanted, to render me completely happy.

LETTER III.

Felicia to Eliza.

I AM alone, my dear Eliza! it is true: but I do not feel the irksomeness of solitude. I find sufficient occupation in tending my children, and sufficient pleasure in my walks, to fill up the whole of my time. At all events, as monsieur de Belleville is to meet his cousin at Lyons, I expect him back here within ten days: and besides, how can I think my situation lonely or wearisome when I see the earth every day embellished with increasing charms?

Already the first-born of nature advances: already I feel his soft influence: my blood rushes in a full tide to my heart, which beats with additional violence at the approach of spring. But, ah!

Eliza! I am tired of the world:
there

there is nothing in it which pleases me. My eyes are weary of beholding those insignificant beings, who jostle each other in their narrow sphere, while each strives to outstrip his fellows by a single line. Whoever has seen one man; has nothing new to see: it is ever the same round of ideas, of sensations, of phrases; and the most amiable of mankind will never be any thing more than an amiable man. Ah! leave me under the shade of these groves: here, fondly fancying an ideal world of better mould, I find that happiness in imagination, of which heaven has refused me the reality.

Do not, however, my dear Eliza! conceive that I complain of my lot. No! I were highly culpable, if I did.—Is not my husband the best of men? He affectionately cherishes me: I revere him: I would sacrifice my life for him. Besides, is he not the father of Adolphus—of Laura? How numerous are his claims to my tenderest affection! If you knew how well pleased he is with his residence in this spot, you must acknowledge that circumstance alone a sufficient motive to attach me to it. Each day he congratulates himself on being here, and returns me his thanks for being so well satisfied with the scene. In any place, he says, he would be happy with his Felicia: but here his happiness is enhanced by every object around him. The care of his manufactory, the inspection of his workmen, are occupations suited to his taste: they are moreover the means by which he expects his village to flourish. Thus he stimulates the slothful, and enables the poor to gain a subsistence. The women, the children, all are employed. The sons and daughters of misfortune cling to him: he is, as it were, the centre and the cause of all the good which

is done within ten leagues on every side of him: and this prospect re-animates him with the vigour of youth.

Ah! my Eliza! even if I felt as strong a liking for the world as I feel an aversion to it, still would I remain here: for a woman who loves her husband, esteems those days on which she herself is happy, as common days, and those on which she gives him happiness, as holidays.

LETTER IV.

Felicia to Eliza.

I suffered many days to elapse without writing to you, my dear Eliza: and, at length, at the very moment when I was preparing to take up my pen for the purpose, monsieur de Belleville arrived with his relative. He met him much nearer than Lyons; which is the reason why he has returned sooner than I had expected. I have yet only embraced my husband, and had a slight glimpse of Frederic. His appearance is advantageous, very advantageous indeed. His port is noble, his physiognomy open: he is timid, but not embarrassed. I gave him the most affable reception in my power, as well to encourage him as to please my husband.

But I hear monsieur de Belleville call me; and I haste to return to his company, lest he should reproach me that, even at the moment of his arrival, my first thoughts were devoted to you.

Adieu, my dear Eliza!

LETTER V.

Felicia to Eliza.

How dearly I love my husband, Eliza! How sensibly I am affected at seeing what pleasure he takes in doing good! His whole ambition is

to undertake laudable actions; his whole happiness consists in successfully accomplishing them. He tenderly loves Frederic, because he considers him as a person whom he hopes to make happy.

That young man, it is true, is very interesting. He has hitherto constantly lived in the Cevennes; and his residence amid the mountains has imparted as great suppleness and agility to his body as originality to his mind, and candor to his character. He is unacquainted even with the most trifling formalities of polite etiquette. If we approach a door, and he be in haste, he enters first. At table, if he feel the pressing call of hunger, he takes whatever he likes, without waiting to be helped. He asks, without restraint, respecting every thing which he wishes to know: and his questions would even frequently appear indiscreet, were it not evident that he proposes them merely through the ignorance of the maxim by which we are forbidden to tell *every* thing.

For my part, I admire that novel character, which displays itself without disguise and without reserve: I like that untutored frankness, which renders him often deficient in politeness, but never in complaisance, because he feels the happiness of others to be necessary to his own. While I observe in him so sincere a desire to oblige all around him, so lively a gratitude to my husband, I smile at his simplicities, and am charmed with his goodness of heart.

Never in my life have I beheld a physiognomy more expressive than that of Frederic: his slightest sensations are as faithfully portrayed in it as our features are in a mirror. I am convinced that he has not yet an idea that any one can be capable of telling a deliberate falsehood. Poor young fellow! If he were to be launched on the wide world at the

age of nineteen, without a guide, without a friend, what would become of him, thus disposed to believe every thing, and irresistibly impelled to speak his every thought?

My husband will, no doubt, be his friend and protector: but do you know, Eliza, that monsieur de Belleville almost insists that I likewise shall act in the same capacity toward him? "I am somewhat blunt," said he to me this morning: "and the goodness of my heart is not always sufficient to allay the disagreeable sensations excited by the roughness of my manner. Frederic will stand in need of counsel: a woman is better acquainted with the art of giving it: and your age authorises you to take that liberty. Three years older than he! a considerable difference at your time of life! Besides, you are the mother of a family; and that title inspires respect."

I promised my husband to do every thing he should require: and thus, Eliza, behold me set up as the grave tutoress of a young man of nineteen! Are you not quite astonished to think of my new dignity?—But, to return to matters which lie more within my sphere—I must inform you that my little girl began to walk yesterday. She stood without support for some minutes. I was quite proud to observe her motions, and felt as though 'twere I who had created them.

As to Adolphus, he is ever among the workmen: he examines the machines, is not to be satisfied unless he understands their uses and construction, sometimes imitates them, but much oftener puts them out of order, springs into his father's embraces when scolded by him, and wins the affection of every individual, even while he excites general discontent by his innocent mischief. He is much liked by Frederic: but

my daughter has not the same happiness. I asked our young mountaineer whether he did not think her a charming babe, and whether he would not feel a pleasure in kissing her soft and rosy cheek. "No!" he frankly replied: "she is ugly, and smells of sour milk."

Adieu, my dear Eliza! I depend on your friendship to accelerate those delightful days which you and I are to enjoy together in these abodes. I know that the situation of a widow, who wishes to preserve her children's property, requires many sacrifices. But, if the pleasure of your Felicia's society is a stimulus to your indolence, it must necessarily prompt you to expedite your affairs.—My angel, monsieur de Belleville, told me this morning, that, if the establishment of his manufactory, and the instruction of Frederic, did not imperiously demand his presence, he would quit wife and children for three months, that he might go in person to transact your business, and conduct you to our mansion three months sooner. Excellent man! He sees no happiness for himself, except so far as he diffuses it on others: and I daily experience that his example improves and ameliorates my heart.

Adieu, my dear cousin!

LETTER VI.

Felicia to Eliza.

THIS morning, while we were at breakfast, Frederic came hastily into the parlour, quite out of breath. He had been playing with my son: but, suddenly assuming a grave and serious air, he requested that my husband would be pleased to give him, that very day, the first instructions relative to the employment which he destines him to fill in his manufactory.

This sudden transition from boy-

hood to manly reason appeared to me so ludicrous, that I immediately burst out into a fit of immoderate laughter.

Frederic viewed me with surprise; and, "Cousin!" said he, "if I be wrong, set me right: but it is not proper to turn me into ridicule."

"Frederic's observation is just," said my husband. "I know, Felicia, you are too good-natured to indulge in ridicule: but your unexpected bursts of laughter, which form so strong a contrast with your habitual character, often give you the appearance of such a propensity. That is your only fault; and it is a serious fault, because it hurts other people as severely as if they were really the objects of your laughter."

This reproach affected me. I tenderly embraced my husband, and assured him that he should never again have occasion to reprove me for an error which gave him pain. He clasped me to his bosom. I saw the tear standing in Frederic's eye; and the sight penetrated me to the soul. I stretched forth my hand to him: he eagerly seized and kissed it; and I felt it bathed with his tears.

It was not, I assure you, Eliza—that action of his was not the effect of mere politeness. Monsieur de Belleville smiled. "Poor youth!" said he—"How can one avoid loving him? so simple! so caressing! Come, Felicia! to seal your peace with him, take him out to walk towards those woods which tower above the banks of the Loire. There he will find a scene resembling those to which he has been accustomed in his own country. Besides, it is well that he should become acquainted with the place which he is to inhabit." Then addressing Frederic, "To-day," said he, "I have letters to write. To-morrow,

row, young man, we will apply to business."

I set out with my children. Frederic carried my little girl in his arms, notwithstanding her odour of "sour milk." Arrived in the forest, we chatted—no—"chatted" is not the proper term; for he was the only speaker. The prospects which he beheld, recalling to him his native spot, inspired him with a sort of enthusiasm. I was surprised to observe that grand ideas were so familiar to him, and to hear the eloquent language in which he expressed them. He seemed to soar with his conceptions: and never had I before seen such fire and animation in his looks. Returning afterward to other subjects, I discovered that he possessed substantial information, and was endued with uncommon aptitude for every science.

I fear that the station which he is destined to fill will neither please nor suit him. An employment purely mechanical, a rigid superintendence, dry calculations, must necessarily appear insupportable to him, or extinguish the flame of his imagination—a circumstance truly to be regretted.

I think, Eliza, that I shall become habituated to the society of Frederic. He presents a novel character, not yet worn down by the effect of an artificial polish. Accordingly it displays all the attractive originality of pure nature: one discovers in it those broad and vigorous touches which must have characterised primæval man, when fresh from the creating hand of the divinity. It excites a presentiment of those noble and great passions, which may, no doubt, sometimes lead their possessor astray, but which alone can elevate him to glory and virtue. Immense is the distance between him and those little characters void of life and colouring, who are incap-

ble of either acting or thinking, except as others act and think—whose delicate eyes are hurt by a contrast—and who, in the petty sphere where they move, have not even sufficient spirit to commit a great error.

(To be continued.)

SKETCH of the LIFE of WILLIAM SHIELD, Esq.

(By Mr. T. Busby.)

GENIUS is not always to be estimated by the precise degree of merit discoverable in its productions: to decide justly on individual talent, it often becomes necessary to take into the account the disadvantages it has encountered, and the obstacles it has overcome; to throw into the same scale the works, and the occasional embarrassments of the author, and to judge by what he has produced in unfavourable and discouraging situations, what he probably would have effected under circumstances more auspicious to his views and inclinations. To these considerations the subject of the present memoir is particularly entitled. Mr. Shield, by the intrinsic power of genius, has borne down every opposition of accident or fortune, and has raised himself into high and justly-merited distinction in that path to which nature propelled and fitted him.

Mr. Shield was born in the year 1754 at Swallwell, in the county of Durham. His father, whose profession was that of a singing-master, was a man much esteemed for his personal integrity, and admired by the *cognoscenti* of his neighbourhood for his professional excellence.—Soon after the birth of his son William, he removed to South-Shield's, and such was his musical repute, that his practice, even in that ob-

scure

scure situation, embraced the tuition of nearly a hundred scholars.

William discovered so early a taste for music, that his father began to teach him the violin when he was but six years of age; and in the short space of a year and a half he made so extraordinary a progress as to be able to perform Corelli's fifth work; although, in the mean-while, much of his time was occupied in practising the harpsichord, on which instrument he made a considerable progress, as well as in the scientific exercise of his voice, during which he acquired, even at that early period, so perfect an acquaintance with the several cliffs as to be able to read them with facility. A circumstance in direct opposition to the prevalent report that Mr. Shield is wholly a self-taught musician, and did not enter upon the study of his art till he had considerably advanced in life. William had only reached his ninth year when he had the misfortune to lose his parent and tutor, who left a widow with four children.

The boy was so partial to the practice in which he had made so uncommon a progress, as to be greatly solicitous to continue it, and to render music his fixed profession; but this propensity was thwarted by the constant ridicule with which he heard the profession of a *fiddler* treated in a sea-port town; and on his proposing to relinquish it, three several employments were offered for his choice, and he had the liberty of becoming either a sailor, a boat-builder, or a *barber*. Of these the latter was preferred by his mother's friends, because his fingers had already been used to nice work: the hand hitherto employed in drawing the *bow*, was, they thought, well fitted for wielding the *razor*; but William's mind, like that of his sea-port companions, having then but one idea of manhood, could no more

brook the becoming a *barber* than a fiddler; and decided in favour of boat-building: he was accordingly bound apprentice to Edward Davison, then living in the vicinity of South-Shields. His master kept him pretty close to the practice of his new profession; yet was so far indulgent to his favourite amusement as not to object to his continuing the cultivation of his musical talents at proper intervals; and Shield, in the third year of his articleship, occasionally turned his harmonic abilities to pecuniary account.

Soon after the expiration of his indentures, he resolved to quit boat-building, and to adopt music as his profession. Fortunately for young Shield, the celebrated theorist Avison lived in the neighbourhood, and he enjoyed the great advantage of receiving lessons in counter-point from that profound master. Under so able a tutor such a mind as Shield's could not but make a rapid advancement; and having grounded himself in the principles, as well as practice of his art, he went upon a musical expedition to Scarborough, whither he was invited by his intimate friend Cunningham, the well-known pastoral poet, several of whose songs he had set to music at South-Shields, the melodies of which were greatly admired for their expression and simplicity. At Scarborough his talents soon became distinguished: he acquired the situation of leader of the theatrical band, and the principal concerts; and obtained the intimacy and friendship of most of the respectable inhabitants of the town and its vicinity. Soon after the death of his tutor, Mr. Avison, the surviving son of that great master, engaged Mr. Shield as leader at the Durham theatre, and at the Newcastle concerts. Returning, at the recommencement

mencement of the season, he became acquainted with Borghi and Fischer, both performers of acknowledged merit, who advised him to seek a wider sphere for the display of his talents, and pressed him to come to London. He therefore repaired to town, and these gentlemen made so favourable a report of his abilities to Giardini, then leader at the Opera-house, that it procured him an engagement in that orchestra; and Mr. Cramer, who entertained the highest esteem for Mr. Shield, was so sensible of his merit, that when that great performer succeeded Giardini as leader, he immediately raised him in the orchestra.

Mr. Shield, on account of the indisposition of Mr. Bulkeley, was one season leader of the band at Colman's theatre. At that time the rev. Mr. Bate (now Bate Dudley) wrote the pleasant little after-piece of the "Flich of Bacon," and in his great partiality to the talents of Mr. Shield, applied to him to set it to music: but Dr. Arnold being the regular composer to the theatre, a delicacy highly honourable to Mr. Shield's feelings rendered him desirous to decline the undertaking. However Mr. Bate threatening to withdraw the piece unless Mr. Shield were the composer, he at length complied, and to Mr. Bate Dudley's musical discernment, and generous compulsion, the town is in a great measure obliged for its acquaintance with Mr. Shield's high talents in composition. His time continued to be occupied some while longer in assisting at the great concerts; such as Bach and Abel's, and La Motte's, for which only first-rate performers were qualified, when Mr. Harris, manager of Covent-garden theatre, made him the offer of an engagement as regulator of the band, and composer to the

house: a situation which he accepted and filled with much success. However, a difference between that gentleman and him, on a pecuniary point, induced the composer, not long after, to resign his new station.

He now resolved to make use of his leisure, by visiting that region of the melodious art, Italy: a school in which he had long wished to study, and where he made himself certain of quickly giving the *finish* to his talent. In August 1792 he accordingly quitted England, accompanied by the ingenious Mr. Ritson, to whose abilities and industry the public owe the restoration of many valuable productions of the British lyric muse. The first place of consequence at which he stopped on the continent was *Paris*; whence he went to *Lyons*, to *Chambery*, *Turin*, *Milan*, *Lodi*, *Piacenza*, *Parmá*, *Modéna*, *Bologna*, *Florence*, and *Rome*. Nothing worthy the notice of a superior mind escaped his attention at these places; yet music never ceased to be the primary object of his inquiry; nor did the great masters any-where remain unvisited.

At Rome he met with sir William Hamilton and his lady, whose attention to him did honour to their regard for genius roving in search of science. Prince Augustus also noticed him in the most flattering manner. It was here that he contracted an intimate friendship with that justly-celebrated landscape-painter Mr. More, who shortly after died, and left him to lament the loss of a sincere friend and most endearing companion. After receiving lessons every day for two months, and deriving that general information and particular instruction for which he left his native country, he quitted Italy, and took his direct road to England. On his return, he renewed his engagement at Covent-garden theatre, which did not long continue
before

before another misunderstanding took place between him and the manager, which ended in his entire relinquishment of the situation.— He has since been engaged in the prosecution of a work deeply scientific and important, the great object of which is to facilitate the acquisition of the harmonic art, by simplifying the laws of harmony, and divesting the science of that forbidding complexity which deters so many from venturing into the labyrinth.

The merits of Mr. Shield are, in a *general* way, universally known and acknowledged; yet a few remarks on his *particular* excellences will not, I presume, be unacceptable to the reader.

His style, generally speaking, is simple, neat, and, though correct, unaffectedly easy. We find the notes of every *part* in their proper and best places, without the parade of intruded learning; and his passages never quit the path of nature in search of unmeaning flourish and *extravaganza*. His airs are generally sweet and attractive; often original, and always illustrative of the poet's idea. His symphonies and accompaniments are, with few exceptions, so incorporated in the melody, in point of affinity and congeniality of character, as to mark his knowledge of their true use and design. His *divisions* are flowing, seldom far-fetched, and not unfrequently formed in the very spirit of the air they are meant to embellish; a propriety rarely found in his contemporaries. His *bases*, though not always the choicest that might have been selected, are respectably arranged, and, in no instance, that I recollect, betray the want of information in the established laws of composition. In his overtures we find great variety and readiness of conception. Spirit, vigour, tender-

ness, and pathos, exhibit themselves in turn; and his *scores* universally bespeak a thorough acquaintance with the powers of the *band*, as well as much judgment in *effect*. The reader, by combining these requisites, will form some idea of the Herculean task of good composition; and by attributing them to Mr. Shield, will do justice to that gentleman's genius, taste, and science.

But estimable as Mr. Shield may appear as a musician, from this just comment on his professional merit, he has, as I every-where learn, still stronger claims to approbation from the excellence of his private character. He is a kind husband, an attentive son, and a sincere friend. Tenderness, benevolence, honour, and innocent conviviality, are the predominant characteristics of his heart; and useful intelligence, readiness of conception, and solidity of judgment, form the distinguishing features of his mind.

Mr. Shield has been many years married, and has often been heard to remark that he ought to be the happiest of mortals at home, because he has the best of wives; and that he considers the power he possesses of contributing to the support of his mother as one of the greatest blessings heaven could have bestowed upon him.

Of the *quality* of his compositions I have spoken at large; and, to the best of my judgment, their *quantity* or number will be found in the following list:—

The Flitch of Bacon.

Rosina.

Lord Mayor's Day.

The Poor Soldier.

Robin Hood.

Friar Bacon.

Fontainebleau.

Omai.

The Choleric Fathers.

The Magic Cavern.
 The Noble Peasant.
 Sprigs of Laurel.
 Travellers in Switzerland.
 The Midnight Wanderer.
 Netley-Abbey.
 The Highland-Reel.
 The Farmer.
 Love in a Camp.
 The Crusade.
 The Woodman.
 Marian.
 The Picture of Paris.
 The Enchanted Castle.
 The Czar.
 Oscar and Malvina.
 Hartford-Bridge.
 Arrived at Portsmouth.
 The Lock and Key.
 Abroad and at Home.
 The Italian Villagers.
 Chorusses, dances, dirges, glees,
 songs, &c. &c.

EMILY VERONNE.

(Continued from p. 80.)

"HOW much more to your advantage will it be," said she, "than remaining at the castle; as my mad brother was determined to take you into keeping;—therefore, I think, you may be much obliged to miss Orville and myself for taking the trouble of removing you out of his sight." She then expatiated largely on the qualification of the lady she was going to be with; adding, in a haughty manner, with a particular emphasis on the word *friend*, as if that was now entirely disregarded: "The lady whom you are going to was once a particular friend of mine; but, somehow or other, people of the world, that is, those who enter into the gaieties of life, are so much taken up with the present parties, that one has not time to think of those who are absent,—

those whom the sentimental part of mankind denominate under the appellation of old friends."

Emily sighed, having truly experienced the veracity of what she had asserted; when she ventured gently to reproach them with unkindness, in thus hurrying her away, without even a day's notice, or time to take her leave of the baron.

The ladies, though possessed of a large share of obduracy and unfeeling disdain, were rather affected, or otherwise softened, by her manner, and knew not what answer to make; when the chaise stopped at an inn-door, and saved them the trouble of a reply.

They all three alighted, and found a servant waiting to take her to Mr. Allen's, the name of the family she was going to enter.

Miss Orville bade her adieu, superciliously wishing her better success, in affairs of a tender nature, than she had hitherto experienced; advising her not again to be aspiring, but to humble her high spirit.

Tears gushed into the eyes of Emily, as she saw them depart; not from the esteem she had for them, but to think whither she was going. An elegant chariot was in readiness to receive her, which she entered very reluctantly; fearing, after all they had asserted, it was some contrivance to bring her into the power of Belac.

She soon arrived at a large modern-built mansion, near the road: the hall-door was opened; and a lady, who did not prepossess Emily in her favour, by appearance, entered, and, in an audible voice, inquired her name, and why she left miss Orville, &c.? which Emily knew not what reason to alledge it to.

Before I proceed further, it is necessary to give a concise description of the family this amiable girl was

was about to take up her abode with. It consisted of an old man and his daughter;—what he originally was, remained buried in obscurity. He had, by some means or other, amassed an immense fortune, which he lavished very liberally on unprincipled women, and loose dissolute characters of all descriptions, to the prejudice of his no less unprincipled daughter; who, losing her mother in her infancy, and having early been left to pursue her own inclination, with the example of such a father, had consequently imbibed many of his principles,—and in person, as well as manners, was rather disgusting than otherwise. Short, and clumsily formed, her complexion rather the tincture of a Creole; small grey eyes, never seen to so much advantage as when venting her rage on the head of the abandoned old man. She sometimes, when specie was wanting, called her honoured father illiterate, ill-bred, and imperious, yet exceedingly consequential,—certain her attractions would one day captivate the heart of some right honourable noble of the realm—daily anticipating the great event. Thus was Emily to superintend her toilet, and show her taste in the elegance of her dresses; to adorn and display her person to the best advantage; and, when with her, was she continually relating the numerous conquests she had made, the duels that had been fought on her account, and other equally ridiculous subjects. She was much in London, though sometimes compelled to spend a few days at the country-residence, in compliance to her father's commands, who sometimes enjoyed a few days' relaxation from the confusion of the metropolis. With this daughter of his, of whom he pretended to be passionately fond, permitting her to

visit most of the fashionable places of resort, supplying her with large sums of money to support her extravagance, suffering her to establish a little faro-bank for her amusement, never controlling her in any thing, with a proviso she interfered not in his private proceedings, which would not bear much investigation.

No sooner did the old man see Emily, than he began to think of her as of others of his daughter's domestics, and thought to have found her equally condescending. He essayed every art he had oft before successfully tried, to gain her good opinion, but in vain. Yet, before she knew of his infamous character, he so far gained her confidence, as to obtain an account of her father's voyage to India, and not returning.

"Fear not," he exclaimed, "my Emily! "I will search the uttermost part of the globe, if it will give you any satisfaction. My connexions are extensive in the mercantile line. I may, nay I will, be of service to you."

On this consideration only, of hearing of her father, she listened a moment to his discourse; when she had discovered the leading trait in his conduct, she shunned him accordingly.

Miss Allen soon discerned her father's intentions. She from the first interview internally detested her; and this consideration heightened that detestation, which at first originated from her beauty, and the elegant accomplishments she possessed; considering how very prejudicial might she be to her future establishment, if the modern beaux she had a design on should become acquainted with her; as the admiration she wished to excite would descend to her servant; as she had a numerous assemblage who at-

tended her fêtes, yawned out a few unmeaning compliments, bowed at the shrine her fortune raised, drank her wine without ceremony, and departed without ever bestowing a thought on their liberal hostess, till another entertainment was announced. These were the persons she dreaded the result of Emily's being exposed to, conscious she would attract that admiration it was her first wish on earth to gain, and which she tried so many fruitless endeavours for. Yet some latent notions rushed in her bosom, that some one of those diffident beaux, as she chose to term them, would one day solicit her hand, with a proviso her fortune (which was far more desirable in their eyes), accompanied it.

Emily was conscious of her aversion to her, from the first day she was with her, and by all her submission and civility could not gain her good opinion. Thus persecuted by the old man, and despised by the daughter, no Susan, no Norton to console her, she would gladly have accepted the humble asylum of Jenny's parents, but she knew not where it was situated; and to write would have been truly reprehensible, as the innocent girl would have been reproached with what she was quite ignorant of, as Theresa had ordered all the letters that came to the castle to be brought to her before they were opened. This, Emily expected, was to discover the correspondence between her and Norton. All she had to support her spirits, with any degree of fortitude, was conscious rectitude; piously confiding in that Being, who suffered such an accumulation of distress to fall on her head, and could in an instant reverse the prospect before her. A retrospect of her past inoffensive life afforded her more satisfaction than all the intrin-

sic wealth of this transitory world could produce. No part of her conduct to regret, she had much to hope: she knew, by hints from miss Allen, she could not remain long where she was, neither did she much wish it; yet what, then, was to be her destiny, was a heavy consideration—knowing she had no friend to whom she could apply, even for advice. Yet how satisfactory, how serene, her private hours, in comparison of those of her dissipated mistress! who, when she had no public engagements to fulfil, mortified and disgusted with the idea of spending a few hours alone, would take her breakfast in bed, and feign indisposition; then send for the physician, who would prescribe air and exercise: this she could not endure; and soon forgot her indisposition in some crowded assembly. Her uncultivated mind was dead to all kind of rational amusement. Books were her aversion; work, neither ornamental nor useful, she knew any thing of; music she had no ear for; and walking in woods and fields was, to her, vitiated taste, horrid, disgusting. Captious and ill-natured, Emily was ever happy to get out of her sight.

Emily, on the contrary, attended diligently to the employ allotted her, exerting her utmost endeavours to give satisfaction; but without effect. Ever in the habit of rising early in a morning, she now enjoyed it unmolested, as the family arose very late. Hours did she spend in walking over their ill-planted grounds, where no real taste or beauty was displayed, except that inherited from nature; every part plainly evincing the judgment and disposition of its owners. Every place had been modernised, from the drawing-room to the cage of miss Allen's parrot. A Chinese bridge, erected over a little bub-
bling

bling brook, which any person might walk over without being in the least incommoded; serpentine walks, wildernesses, and groves, huddled up together in a little space of ground, where any person could scarce walk without being seen on the opposite side.

One morning she arose early, to enjoy her favourite recreation, but was prevented by rain; when recollecting a piano-forte, which stood quite neglected in an old deserted parlour, thither she repaired; and, finding it tolerably in tune, she played two or three plaintive airs she had oft played on happier occasions. But she was not suffered to remain long undisturbed; for Allen, who had pretended, the preceding evening, he was going to town quite early, entered the parlour, saying—“Cheer up, my little charmer! not such a dismal ditty;—you, so young and handsome, mope yourself to death about an old quiz of a father, who cared but little about you, or he would not have left you with that vile old hypocrite, baron d’Orville. I know him of old; but he is always devilish shy of me, because I am up to his tricks.”

Seeing Emily looked displeased at the unjust sarcasm thrown on her beloved parent, he approached her, and rudely chucking her under the chin, cried—“Cheer up, my chick! it looks as demure as a mouse. I’ll be a friend to you, if you’ll banish bashfulness. You pretend you can’t take hints, can’t comprehend my allusion. I see I must come down-right to the point.”

Much terrified and shocked at the depravity of a person so advanced in years, she arose from her seat, and walked to the window, to conceal her emotion; when, on seeing her inclination of a removal, he took her hand, saying—“No, no, my girl! you are not going yet;

I have long wished for an opportunity of telling you how much I’ll be your friend. If you’ll go to London, I’ll provide you an elegant suit of apartments, where you shall see life in its full perfection: every thing riches can purchase will be at your command.”

When Emily replied:—“And that truly-desirable acquisition which I now am possessed of, and which your riches cannot purchase, I then shall be bereft of,—and that is, a good conscience.”

This he affected not to notice, but continued:—“My daughter, though a good kind of creature, does not behave to you as I could wish.”

Emily shuddered, to see vice thus the inhabitant of the breast of an old man, whose grey hairs should have claimed respect and veneration instead of contempt. She begged him to suffer her to depart, but his superior strength detained her. She feared to alarm the family, as it would give rise to many reports, which would not tend to her credit. She therefore summoned sufficient resolution to say:—“Mr. Allen, if you’ll release my hand, I’ll give you my final determination.”

Rather awed by her manner, and a consciousness of his own turpitude, he complied; when she drew near the door, and exclaimed:—“Mr. Allen, if you value my character or your own, never again renew this infamous subject. So sure as you do, it shall be the signal for my instantaneously leaving your house. Give yourself a moment’s serious reflection; consider the enormity of your intentions. Though I am friendless, thank heaven I am endowed with sufficient penetration and resolution, both to discern and despise the luring temptations you may hold forth to seduce me from the paths of virtue! Therefore, detain me no longer, at your peril, unless

unless you wish to have your villainy blazed abroad in the eyes of the world."

Seeing her inflexibility, and the firmness he had to contend with, he attempted not to detain her; when Emily opened the door in great haste to be gone, and, in her hurry, ran violently against some one at the door, whom she soon knew, by the shrill shriek she uttered, to be miss Allen. The audibility of her voice brought the domestics from all parts of the house to her assistance, when by that time she had gained the use of her tongue, saying:

"This is the way the vile wretch has treated me, because I have accidentally discovered her intrigues with my old brute of a father. I thought I should have been murdered; but, thank Heaven! I escaped her blow by almost sinking to the floor." Then turning to her father, her features distorted by excess of rage, she exclaimed: "And you deserve the worst of punishments for thus treating a dutiful daughter, who, merely to oblige you, has submitted to bury herself an age in the horrors of the country; and now, for all my attention, this is the return you make: squandering away your substance on impostors! hypocrites! vile unprincipled creatures!—For this did I suffer the impudent minx to practise on my music, walk in a morning, never controlled her in any thing, and thus has she requited my goodness!"

Emily was almost overpowered by this infamous accusation. The acuteness of her feelings were such as to impede all utterance, in vindication of her conduct; which confusion, in her eyes, indicated guilt: even could she have spoken, the immoderate rage of miss Allen would not have listened to one word she had to assert. The old man, with a sneer at the domestics, left

the room, quite unconcerned, conscious the very worst actions she could lay to his charge were but too well founded, while his daughter continued to load Emily with the most scurrilous reproaches her mean imagination could suggest.

"Here," says she, "I am to stay with a good-for-nothing father; see him carry on a criminal intercourse with my servant; be insulted for my condescension, when, had it not have been to indulge his capricious fancy, I might have been the lady of a man of the world, sporting my consequence and elegance in the first circles of fashion: nay, I thought he would have carried me off, in quite a dashing manner, to Gretna-green, in spite of all my old father could say. I wish he had, since this affair has happened, if it had been only to have mortified him. It is not too late yet; but his consummate diffidence, and fear of offending, made him relinquish his project just at the most important crisis."

Emily, by this time a little recovered from her fright, attempted to justify her proceedings. She became outrageous; vowing to trample her under her feet, if she uttered a syllable; desiring her to go out of her sight directly, or worse would be the consequence. This Emily very readily complied with; when the angry dame also retired to her own apartment, not venturing to appear again during the day, for fear of meeting with Emily, whom she could endure in her sight no longer. The servants again returned to their respective duties, sufficiently diverted by the truly ludicrous behaviour of their mistress, whom they rather considered an object of ridicule than pity.

In the mean-time the persecuted Emily was at a loss to conceive in what manner she should clear her character

character of the unjust aspersions thrown on it, and how to make her escape from the house without letting its infamous owner know the place of her destination: though, in fact, she knew it not herself; not even one person could she apply to for even a night's lodging. Gladly would she have sought the residence of Jenny's parents, and implored them to have afforded her an asylum, had she known where it was situated, never inquiring while she was at the castle,—thinking, if ever she was compelled to remove, time would be allowed her to arrange such frivolous affairs: but that time had been cruelly denied her by the unfeeling Theresa. All day she remained up stairs, revolving in her mind the various distressing incidents she had experienced, and what in all probability might befall her ere again she found a resting-place, her mind worked up almost to a state of distraction; but knowing how ineffectual such remembrances of past scenes were to provide for the present, she calmed the perturbations of her bosom with that consideration, and came to the final determination of leaving the house privately, when the family were retired to rest, as the only means of escaping the persecutions of old Allen, who would be urgent for her to accept his proposals, if he knew she had no friends at all in whom she might confide, as he expected the baron still intended to see her provided for. To explain the mysterious affair to his daughter, she knew would be folly to attempt, as she would not even allow her the privilege of acquainting the servants with particulars: she, therefore, wrote a note, directed for miss Allen, merely to beg her pardon for the violence with which she unintentionally run against her; saying, she was sorry a wrong construction was put on her conver-

sation with her father; as, instead of any intrigue, it was the very reverse: she was expostulating with him on the depravity of that system of living he had adopted, and representing the vileness of his intentions in thus seeking the ruin of an unfortunate young person, whose virtue was her only support. It concluded by begging her to be cautious how she gave a decision on such an important affair, where a person's reputation was at stake.

She then packed up a few valuable trinkets, and a change of apparel, together with the miniature picture of her beloved mother, whose placid features she fancied assumed a smile of approbation on her proceedings: then, putting up her other clothes in two large travelling trunks, on one she put the note for miss Allen, and on the other a slip of paper, on which were written words to this effect:

“Whosoever may discover my flight first, and these trunks, let them remember that clandestine proceedings are very repugnant to my feelings. I found it now necessary to secure my own welfare. Be compassionate enough to suffer my trunks to remain here till sent for.”

This little arrangement made, Emily sat down to ruminate on her distresses till the clock went twelve. She opened her room-door, to listen if all was still; when, finding it was, she cautiously descended the staircase. When in the hall, she listened again: all was a profound silence. She traversed the gloomy place, at a loss how to remove the fastening of the door without alarming the family: she at last, after various unsuccessful efforts, found out the right way, and made her exit from that detested house, where she had experienced almost as much distress as at the castle.

When on the lawn, her heart bounded

bounded with unspeakable delight; but, at the recollection of whither she was going, again struck terror to her soul.

"Heaven only knows," she faulteringly exclaimed, as she walked hastily along, "where the journey I have commenced may terminate!—what distress I may be exposed to!—My small sum of money will be soon exhausted, and then where am I to go for more?"

A slight railing now impeded her career; a difficulty she soon overcame, by throwing over her bundle and climbing over herself. After walking some distance, her progress was again interrupted by a little limpid rill that murmured gently over its pebbly bed; the effulgent rays of the moon, now at its meridian glory, glittered on its transparent surface; every constellation twinkled in the firmament; a keen air from the north indicated a slight frost. She walked along the meandering banks till she discerned a few houses on the other side, and a bridge that led to them. Not wishing to take up her residence in a village, for fear she might be betrayed, and yet prompted by fatigue to ask admittance, she sat down to consider which way to proceed.

The place appeared to be quite tranquil; the inhabitants sunk in profound slumber; and Emily, lost in profound meditation, would have sunk under the influence of the drowsy god, had not a flock of sheep, pursued by a voracious dog, (who threatened to make great devastation among them) rushed past her, and aroused her from the reverie into which she was fallen. She soon determined on seeking some lonely dwelling, and left the village for a lane that apparently led to some other place of residence; but it soon terminated in a church-yard, near which stood the vicarage-house.—Here she thought she might have

revealed her distresses, and sought an asylum; but, on a nearer approach, found it destitute of inhabitants. She again returned to the church-yard, to pursue the path that went through it. A momentary horror chilled her blood on entering its sacred bounds: at first she hesitated whither to proceed; but, not inclined to superstitious fears, she undauntedly viewed the ancient Gothic structure, when she gave vent to the reflections that passed in her mind, in the following words:

"This is the elaborate work of ages, long sunk into dust! How soon will their state be mine!"—When drawing near an extensive tomb, she resumed: "Here is the receptacle of some noble family: their last remains are deposited in this cold dreary abode, on which is set forth a long list of their sounding titles, high descents and glorious actions: this, now, is all the pre-eminence these once noble personages can claim over the humble poor, who lie promiscuously scattered around the solemn spot. O, ye sons of ambition! learn from this striking lesson to be gentle and submissive: the poor man enjoys his long sleep as tranquilly as the wealthy; and, howsoever haughty and disdainful ye may be, remember all your high-raised schemes must terminate in those regions where all are equalised!"

Emily, at these words, burst into tears: a consciousness of her own forlorn condition came to her imagination. She envied the peaceful inhabitants of the graves beneath her feet, who rested unconscious of all worldly care, while she was a wandering pilgrim of the earth.

Bidding adieu to these gloomy mansions of the dead, she pursued her way over some fields, thinking to find some hospitable shelter to rest her weary limbs. She soon came to a level glade, on which
were

were numberless sheep taking their nocturnal repose.

Fatigued, and seeing no prospect of any habitation, she sat herself down under the branches of a venerable oak, the trunk of which had suffered considerably from the ravages of time, thinking to remain there till the return of day, when she might again resume her journey. The gentle Susan and her ever-beloved brother came into her mind: Susan blest with an amiable mother, while her Emily was bereft of every friend,—an outcast from society,—her name stigmatised with infamy.

“Ah!” sighed she, “I am now, like Timon of Athens, ‘sick of this false world,’ and will love nought but the necessities on it. How readily could I adopt his proceeding, of fleeing from the perfidy of mankind to the woods, where the unkindest beast is kinder than mankind!—But, then, would death be alike compassionate to me, as to him? should I so soon shake off this mortal coil, and take up my everlasting mansion in those realms ‘where the wicked cease from troubling?’”

Feeling the cold damp arise from the earth, which chilled her whole frame, she was preparing to remove, when a transition of the head discovered a faint gleam of light that glimmered through some trees:—in hopes of some dwelling, she arose, and directed her weary steps towards it.

(To be continued.)

THE CORSICANS.

(Continued from page 96.)

SCENE VII.

The Count, Ottilia, Natalia.

Count.

THAT man is a very good stew-
-Vol. XXXI.

ard—but he is a misanthrope; and that is not a character that I admire.

Natalia. Why do you weep, dear Ottilia? (Ottilia sobs, but does not answer).—Good Heavens! sister, what is the matter?

Count. How can you ask such a question? She is uneasy on account of your brother.

Natalia. No, no; there is some other cause for her uneasiness.

Ottilia. And cannot you guess what it is—you who know my history so well?

Natalia (half aloud). Surely that old whimsical fellow——

Ottilia. He has broke my heart.

Count. Who?—My steward?

Ottilia. He has awakened my slumbering conscience.

Count. Who?—Old Muller?

Ottilia. What he said of unfeeling daughters——

Count. What can be that to you?

Natalia (with a kind of significant nod). Very right;—what is that to you?

Ottilia. Oh! it was perhaps the echo of my father's words.

Count. Surely, child, the cannonade has disturbed your imagination.

Natalia (takes Ottilia by the arm). Come, let us go and take a walk.

Ottilia. No; let what will happen, I no longer can conceal any thing.

Count. Have you then concealed any thing?

Ottilia. I, too, had a father——

Count. Yes; but he died when you was but a child.

Ottilia. I hope—he is still living.

Count (with surprise). How!

Ottilia (earnestly clasping his hand). I have deceived you.

Count. That was not right.

Ottilia. I am not an orphan.

Count. Why did you conceal that from me?

X

Ottilia.

Ottilia. Did we not confess enough?

Count. It would have been better to have confessed all at once.

Ottilia. We married without your knowledge.

Count. That was certainly bad enough.

Ottilia. And should I add, without my father's consent likewise?

Count. Without his consent?—Hem!—I am sorry for that.—Had he any objection to my son?—Did he know him?

Ottilia. Alas! he did not even know his daughter——

Count. How!—What is your meaning?

Ottilia. After the death of my mother,—that is, since I was four years old, I was brought up in France, under the care of an aged aunt.

Count. That I already know.

Ottilia. There I became acquainted with my Francis, and loved him.

Count. I know it. Instead of making the tour, he staid in a little village in France; though he was cunning enough to date his letters to me from Rome or Naples.

Ottilia. I knew my father's aversion to all foreigners——

Count. Accursed national pride!

Ottilia. With a trembling hand I ventured to insert many a significant expression in my letters, to endeavour to discover his sentiments.

Count. And he understood them?

Ottilia. But too well. After some paternal admonitions, he informed me on a sudden, that, ever since my twelfth year, he had designed me for a friend.

Count. On a sudden; but yet too late, I suppose.

Ottilia. I made another attempt. I entreated—he threatened. I wished to go into a convent. He ridiculed the proposal, and wrote to

my aunt that he would come and fetch me as soon as our island should be in a less disturbed state.

Count. I can guess the rest.—You did not chuse to wait his arrival?

Ottilia. My kind affectionate aunt died unexpectedly, and my grief and the situation I was in, added to love and enticeries, induced me to take a step for which I shall never forgive myself, whatever prosperity and even happiness I may enjoy.

Count. It was certainly a rash act. I should use a harsher term, did I not fear that my son was more culpable than you.

Ottilia. We were privately married—and I went to reside in a convent.

Count. Why did you not immediately come to me?

Ottilia. My Francis wished to give some previous notice to his good father.

Count. And his good father was simple enough to write a complimentary letter to your dead aunt.

Ottilia. Oh! did you but know what delight I felt when I read that letter in my retirement in the convent!—I received it a few days after the birth of my son.

Count. But what became of your father?

Ottilia. Alas! I do not know.

Count. How! did you never make any inquiry after him?

Ottilia. During a twelvemonth, scarcely a week elapsed in which I did not write the most penitent letters to him; but whether he ever received them, I know not.

Count. You received no answer?

Ottilia. None.

Count. The Genoese are wreaking their vengeance on Corsica.—Your father was a patriot, and may have fled no one knows whither.

Ottilia. My brother, too, is equally silent.

Count.

Count. Your brother! Your family now increases rapidly.

Ottilia. My only brother; an excellent and amiable youth.

Count. Did you know him?

Ottilia. It is now almost three years since he visited me in France. Before that time I knew neither my father nor my brother. But a few weeks sufficed to draw close the tenderest tie of affection between Camillo and me.—No, he can never have forgotten me: my letters must have miscarried. This is the only wretched consolation left me.

Count. And a consolation which will probably not prove vain.

Ottilia. There is a report that my father's estates are confiscated, and that he is banished. Alas! it is but too probable that he now wanders from country to country, in poverty and wretchedness.—I look in vain for his name in the gazettes. His grief for the fate of his country, and the disobedience of his daughter, may have sunk him on a bed of sickness!—I see him forsaken by all the world—I hear his sighs—his curse——

Count. No more! Be composed. —We will write, make all inquiry, send off messengers.

Ottilia. Oh! how does all earthly happiness fly before us when a father's curse weighs us down!

[Exit in tears.]

SCENE VIII.

The Count, Natalia.

Count. True! very true! and on that account, poor girl, you deserve all you suffer.—Yet I pity thee.

Natalia. She suffers more than can be expressed.

Count. O Francis, Francis! where was thy honour, thy conscience?

Natalia (excusing). Love——

Count. Love!—Prophane not the name of the only passion which

seems to be of heavenly origin.—You simple girls take an idol of your own creation, deck it out according to your fancy and caprice, and then cry, This is love!—Love, my dear Natalia, is as inseparable from virtue and a noble mind as fragrance from the rose.

Natalia. Yet lovers do not always appear virtuous and noble-minded.

Count. You talk as if you were inclined to run away too.

Natalia. Heaven forbid! My dear father has not promised me to any friend.

Count. You do not know that.

Natalia. He will consult my heart,

Count. Hearts, my dear, are but bad counsellors.

Natalia. Very true, if they are only permitted to give their assent to what is proposed.

Count. Ah! Natalia, if I thought you would act in such a manner towards me, I should be sorry that my Neapolitan did not let the horses break your neck.

Natalia. You remind me of an incident which lies heavy on my heart.

Count. Heavy on your heart!—Why so?

Natalia. Without the exertions of that noble youth I had lost my life: yet has he received no proof of my gratitude.

Count. That is my business.

Natalia. He is recovered.

Count. I am glad to hear it.

Natalia. To-day he will go out for the first time.

Count. I will speak to him.

Natalia. What will you do for him?

Count. I will consider.

Natalia. He is a young man who has been well educated.

Count. So much the better.

Natalia. He has knowledge.

Count. Of what kind?

Natalia. He seems to be acquainted with every subject.

Count. That is not very likely.

Natalia. I have frequently conversed with him.

Count. And then he made a parade of his knowledge.

Natalia. No, indeed; but I presume—

Count. And I presume you are not over-wise.

Natalia. I had rather not be wise than be ungrateful.

Count. Do you think, then, that your father is ungrateful? Am I not rich?

Natalia. Gratitude is different from reward.

Count. You shall express your gratitude, and I will reward him.

Natalia. In what manner?

Count. If he would wish to study, we will send him to the university,—or, if you please, we'll find him some pretty girl for a wife.

Natalia. Mighty well!

Count. What do you think of your chamber-maid? She is a smart girl.

Natalia. Yes, she is a handsome simpleton enough.

Count. Nature has given her a pretty face: suppose I give her a couple of thousand dollars besides?

Natalia. If young Muller approves—

Count. Young folks generally approve of being married.

Natalia. My uncle, the general, may, perhaps, procure him a commission—

Count. Oh! why not? Though he is not a gentleman—

Natalia. His heroic action has ennobled him.

Count. His heroic action!

Natalia. Was it not such?

Count. It was of great importance to you and me certainly; but it is of little consequence to the state whether there is a pert lady of quality more or less in the world.

SCENE IX.

Enter a Servant.

Servant. A courier who just passed, has left this packet. [Exit.

Count (looking eagerly on the direction). From my brother.

Natalia. From the general?

Count. Yes.

Natalia. Possibly some accounts from Francis?

Count. Very probably. [He lays the packet on the table, and appears to be much agitated.]

Natalia. Why do you not open the packet?

Count. I will open it presently.

Natalia. I hope you have no fears that——

Count. I fear and hope every thing.

Natalia. Shall I call my sister-in-law?

Count. No, not yet.

Natalia. Perhaps you may find in it a letter from my brother.

Count. The direction is not in his hand-writing.

Natalia. Shall I open it?

Count. No.

Natalia. Why will you keep both yourself and me so long in suspense?

Count. Whoever agitated by fear and hope expects his sentence of death-warrant or acquittal, wishes for the decisive moment, yet approaches his judge slowly and with trembling. I have only this son.—He is a brave man—and I love him.—Who will say but when I open this packet—Go, Natalia; leave me alone.

Natalia. Dear father!—

Count. I entreat you.

Natalia. I cannot consent to leave you at such a moment.

Count (earnestly). I must be alone.

[Exit Natalia.]

SCENE X.

The Count alone.

If my Francis be dead, I can receive neither aid nor consolation:—but if he be living all the world shall rejoice with me, as though he were new born. [*He fixes his eyes on the packet.*—As yet I am a rich man; in another minute I may be much more wretched than yon poor day-labourer. Why am I unable to open this parcel?—What palsies my hand?—I will be quick. [*Tears the cover, but leaves the packet still on the table.*—It is open.—Who will say that the heart of an old man cannot throb violently. [*Walks about the room greatly agitated, then sits down again at the table.*—Such exactly was the form of the letter which brought me the melancholy tidings of the death of my wife.—But why should that occur to me at this moment?—Well, well! it must be endured some time. Uncertainty is a kind of slow poison; rather plunge the dagger into thy breast at once. [*He opens the packet, and scatters the papers and letters it contains about the table.*—There they all lie;—all—News—Lists of the killed and wounded; and—and (*exclaiming aloud*)—a letter from my son! [*He takes up the letter, raises it towards heaven with an air of devout thankfulness, presses it to his lips, and wipes his eyes.*—He lives!—Gracious Heaven! accept my humble gratitude. (*Opens the letter, trembling with agitation, and reads at intervals.*) —“We are victorious.—I was in danger,—but my good fortune and my courage preserved me.—My regiment fought bravely.—Prince Eugene embraced me on the field

of battle.—I have leave of absence for twenty-four hours.—In the evening I shall be with you.—Say nothing to my wife and sister—I will surprise them.” [*A pause. — His gestures express the joy of a father. — He rings the bell.*]

SCENE XI.

Enter Servant.

Count. John, you know the old woman whose son was lately killed in battle?

Servant. Yes, your excellence.

Count. Do you know where she lives?

Servant. At the second house in the village.

Count. Go and carry her this purse. [*Gives him a full purse; puts the letter in his bosom, and exit.*]

Servant (*shaking the purse*). Here is a great deal of money—but no son.

END OF THE FIRST ACT.

(*To be continued.*)

ANSWER to the ENIGMATICAL LIST of LADIES of HEREFORD.

Vol. XXX. p. 619.

1. PROSSER. 2. Coren. 3. Fidoe. 4. Gwilym. 5. Penny. 6. Underwood. 7. Gooden. 8. Carpenter. 9. Parker. 10. Bethell. 11. Arnett. 12. Sayce. 13. Cook. 14. Winter. 15. Newell. 16. Almond.

D. H.

POETICAL ESSAYS.

LINES

*To the Memory of Miss Sarah Bland, of
Kensington.*

BY GEORGE MOORE,
AUTHOR OF "GRASVILLE ABBEY."

OFT have we mark'd the sun-beam's
pow'r,

With animating warmth, display
The bosom of some fragrant flow'r,
Whose beauties hail'd the op'ning
day.

Yet ere the approach of ev'ning
gloom,

A wintry gale, or passing storm,
Has faded all its rosy bloom,
And wrap'd in death its tender form.

Alas! fair maid, the wither'd rose
Was trac'd within thy languid eye;
We saw thy blossom-sweets disclose;
We saw them slowly droop and die.

Yet, like the fallen flower of spring,
Thy form shall grace a future day,
And ev'ry promis'd blossom bring,
Matur'd by Heaven's refulgent ray.

MOONLIGHT.

[FROM THE GERMAN OF GOETHE.]

SCATTER'D o'er the starry pole,
Glimmer's Cynthia's beam;
Whisp'ring to the soften'd soul,
Fancy's varied dream.

O'er the landscape, far and nigh,
Gleams the glowing night,
Soft as friendship's melting eye
Bends its soothing light.

Touch'd, in turn, by joy and pain,
Quick responds my heart;—
Floats, as memory paints the scene,
'Twixt delight and smart.

Riv'let, speed thy flowing maze;
So my years have flown!
Past delights thy lapse displays;
Joys for ever gone!

Dear the transports once I knew;
Dear and lov'd in vain!
Mem'ry's ling'ring fond review
Turns the past to pain.

Riv'let, urge thy ceaseless flow,
Gurgling speed thee on;
Whisp'ring strains of plaintive woe
Mournful unison!

Whether, at the midnight scene,
Swells thy troubled source;
Or, along the flow'ry green,
Glides with gentler course.

Blest the man, who, timely wise,
Seeks retirement's shade;
Blest, whose lot a friend supplies,
Partner of the glade.

Calmer pleasures there invite;
Joys, nor vain nor loud;
Joys, that erring mortals slight;
Joys, that shun the crowd!

ON THE DEATH OF A FRIEND.

MY every joy, alas! is fled,
Now thou, my dearest friend, art dead.
In vain I heave the bursting sigh!
On Longland's name I vainly cry!
Must I no more behold that face?
That form combin'd with every grace?
Ah, no! the debt of nature's paid,
And Frances in her grave is laid.
Scarce eighteen years my friend had
seen,

And in this busy world had been,
Ere Death appear'd, made her his prey,
Turn'd her dear form to lifeless clay.

ELIZA

THE POOR SINGING DAME.

BY MRS. ROBINSON.

BENEATH an old wall that went
round an old castle,
For many a year with brown ivy o'er-
spread,

A neat

A neat little hovel, its lowly roof raising,
[over its shed.

Defied the wild winds that howl'd
The turrets, that frown'd on the poor
simple dwelling,

Were rock'd to and fro, when the
tempest did roar;

And the river, that down the rich val-
ley was swelling,

Flow'd smoothly beside the green
step of its door.

The summer sun gilded the rushy-roof
slanting, [low-bound side;

The bright dew bespangled its wil-
And above, on the ramparts, the sweet
birds were chaunting,

And wild buds thick-dappled the
slow river's side—

When the castle's rich chambers were
haunted and dreary,

The poor little hovel was still and
secure;

And no robber e'er enter'd, nor goblin,
nor fairy—

There, the splendors of pride had
no charms to allure.

Now, the lord of the castle, a proud,
surly ruler,

Of heard the low dwelling with
sweet music ring,

For the old dame, that liv'd in the
lonely hut, cheerly,

Would sit at her wheel, and would
merrily sing.

When with revels the castle's great
hall was resounding,

The old dame was sleeping, nor
dreaming of fear;

And when over the mountains the
huntsmen were bounding,

She would open her wicket, their
clamours to hear.

To the merry-ton'd horn she would
dance on her threshold,

And louder and louder repeat her
old song;

And when winter her mantle of frost
was displaying,

She carol'd undaunted the bare
woods among.

She would gather dry fern, ever happy
and singing,

With her cake of brown bread, and
her jug of brown beer;

And would smile, when she heard the
great castle-bell ringing,

Inviting the proud to their prodigal
cheer.

Thus she liv'd, ever patient, and ever
contented, [sting;

'Till envy, the lord of the castle did
For he hated that poverty should be so
cheerful, [of a king.

While care should inhabit the breast
He sent his bold yeomen, with threats

to prevent her, [roundelay:

And still did she carol her sweet
At last, his old steward, relentless, he
sent her— [son away.

Who bore her, all trembling, to pri-
Three weeks did she languish! then

died, broken-hearted!

Poor dame! how the death-bell did
mournfully sound!

And along the green path, six young
bachelors bore her,

And laid her, for ever, beneath the
cold ground!

And the primrose all pale, 'mid the
long grass was growing,

The bright dews of twilight be-
spangled her grave,

And morn heard the breezes of sum-
mer soft blowing,

To bid the fresh flow'rets in sympa-
thy wave!

The lord of the castle, from that fatal
moment, [her grave,

When poor singing Mary was laid in
Each night was surrounded by screech-
owls appalling,

While o'er the black turrets their
pinions would wave.

On the ramparts, that frown'd on the
river, swift flowing, [song!

They hover'd, still hooting a terrible
When his windows would rattle, the
winter winds blowing,

They would shriek, like a ghost, the
dark alleys among.

Wherever he wander'd, they follow'd
him, crying,

At dawn-light, at eve, still they
haunted his way,

When the moon shone across the wide
common, they hooted,

Nor quitted his path till the blazing
of day:—

Now his bones began wasting, his flesh
was decaying,

And he hung his proud head, and
he perish'd with shame;

And his tomb of rich marble, no soft
tear displaying,

O'er shadows the grave of the poor
singing dame!

LOVE'S WITCHCRAFT.

[FROM THE GERMAN OF BERGER.]

("Madel, schau mir ins Gesicht.")

MAIDEN, look me in the face:
 Stedfast, serious—no grimace!
 Maiden, mark me, now I task thee;
 Answer quickly what I ask thee;
 Stedfast, look me in the face.
 Little vixen,—no grimace!
 Frightful art thou not, 'tis true;
 Eyes thou hast of lovely blue;
 Lips and cheeks, the rose defying,
 Bosom, snow in whiteness vying.
 Charms thou hast;—ah, sure 'tis true;
 Killing eyes of azure hue!

Be thou lovely;—yet, I ween,
 Fair thou art, but not a queen.
 Not the queen of all that's charming;
 Not alone all hearts alarming.
 Fair and bright;—but still, I ween,
 Bright and fair; but not a queen!

When I turn me here and there,
 Scores of lovely maids appear;
 Scores of maids, in beauty blooming,
 Claims, as fair as thine, assuming;
 Scores of maidens, here and there,
 Smile as sweet, and look as fair!

Yet hast thou imperial sway;—
 I, thy willing slave, obey;—
 Sway imperial, now to tease me,
 Now to soothe and now to please me.
 Life and death attend thy sway;
 See thy willing slave obey!

Scores of maidens! What a train!
 Scores and scores! Yet all were vain,
 Should e'en thousands strive to chase
 thee [thee;
 From the throne where love doth place
 Tens of thousands!—what a train!
 All their fondest arts were vain!

Look me, charmer, in the face;
 Little vixen, no grimace!
 Tell me, why for thee I'm sighing,
 Thee alone, and others flying?
 Little charmer, no grimace!
 Speak and look me in the face!

Long the cause I've vainly scan'd,
 Why to thee alone I bend!—
 Tortur'd thus, nor know the reason!
 Martyr still to am'rous treason!
 Fair enchantress!—fore me stand;
 Speak,—and show thy magic wand!

ODE TO MORPHEUS.

TELL me, thou god of sweetest slum-
 bers, why [fly?

Thus cruel from my pillow dost thou
 Tell me, why, stranger to thy balmy
 pow'r,

I must alone count ev'ry passing hour?
 And, whilst each happier mind is lull'd
 in sleep,

I must alone a painful vigil keep?

Once more be thou the kindest friend
 of woe, [to know

And teach once more my weary eyes
 The welcome pressure of thy healing
 hand, [wand;

Lull'd by the touch of thy benumbing
 So shall the gnawing tooth of anxious
 care [bear,

Its rude attacks from me a while for-
 And ev'ry keen corroder of my breast,
 Vanquish'd, shall yield me to the arms
 of rest.

Yet, O! when grateful sleep the body
 chains

In sweet oblivion of its former pains,
 Bid not imagination active wake,
 Nor with sad dreams my peaceful slum-
 bers break;

O, Morpheus! ever banish from my
 bed [dread:

Each form of cruel grief, each form of
 Let not the ghastly fiends admission
 find,

Which conscience bids to haunt the
 guilty mind.

Kind god! O! bring before my rap-
 tur'd sight

Each pleasing image of sincere delight.
 O tender Morpheus! on thy magic
 wing,

Then to my fancy's eye Eliza bring,
 Who glows with rosy health and ev'ry
 charm, [alarm,

That knows to fill my breast with soft
 Then, O! let fancy's pow'ful hand
 supply

The blushing cheek, the beauteous
 melting eye;

Then let my breast, which glows with
 genial fire,

Lose every grief in gratify'd desire:
 Thus, kindest Morpheus, clear the
 gloomy night,

Nor let me, anxious, wait Auroral light.

WILLIAM HANBURY.

Rugby, Warwickshire, March 5, 1800.

FOREIGN NEWS.

Constantinople, January 1.

WE have at length received intelligence from the army of the grand vizier. A courier sent from Jaffa has brought the following report: In the desert which separates Syria from Egypt is a caravansera, named *Al Arisch*, where caravans stop and find provisions. General Kleber, knowing the importance of the place, converted it into a fort, in order to render the passage of the desert more difficult to the Turkish army; a strong garrison was to be sent as soon as the fort was properly victualled. This circumstance attracted the attention of the grand vizier. Having learnt that a convoy of provisions was on the way, he sent a corps of troops to intercept it. This enterprise completely succeeded.

Stockholm, Jan. 28. The disturbances, which were at first not supposed to be serious, or very dangerous, have become much more alarming. The flame of sedition has already reached Gothenburg. The military were forced to give way, and the furious populace were victorious. At Malmö, a maritime town, the insurgents cut off the head of the commandant of the troops sent against them.

So heated were the minds of the people at Norköping in the beginning of January, and the danger was thought to be so imminent and so pressing, that two thousand grenadiers were sent, but without producing any effect.

A reinforcement of hussars and artillery was then sent from Stockholm; but the peasants disarmed the former, and carried off the artillery.

Milan, Feb. 4. We learn from Pavia, that the first operation of the cam-

paign will be the siege of the fort of Gavi. As the roads leading to it are impassable for artillery, a great number of peasants are employed in cutting a new road.

7. The Imperial army is in motion on all sides. Our city resembles a *place d'armes*—troops, baggage, artillery, and ammunition, are constantly passing through it. It is nearly the same in the other towns of Lombardy. Six battalions of grenadiers defiled three days ago by Pavia; they had been preceded by the regiment of Mitrowski; the regiment of Priess and Resski are to follow immediately. All these troops proceed by forced marches to Alessandria. The headquarters of general Melas are to be removed on the 10th from Turin to Acqui, and it is presumed that the operations against Genoa will commence on the 15th or 20th. Verona is the point of union of all the troops which arrive from Germany.

Lintz, Feb. 11. To our great astonishment, the departure of the army of Condé, which had been fixed for today, has been countermanded by a courier from Vienna. It is to remain here till further orders. The prince of Condé himself confessed to the duke of Berry that he did not know the cause of this counter-order.

Berlin, Feb. 13. Sweden begins to act conjointly with Russia. It is very interesting to France to watch the former power. The alliance of the Russians does not please the friends of freedom in Sweden.

Stuttgart, Feb. 15. From Donaueschingen we learn, that the archduke will quit the army on the 19th, and proceed to Vienna or Prague; and that general Kray will take the command of the army in his stead.

Letters from Zurich and Basle, and
Y
other

other parts, announce, that a great number of Swiss pass through the Frickthal to reinforce the archduke's army. These emigrations are attributed to the scarcity which reigns in the country.

Frankfort, Feb. 18. Every thing is ready for the opening of the campaign in that part of the theatre of war in the vicinity of the Rhine and Mein, and yet all is tranquil. The archduke Charles has not set out for Vienna, though he was expected there, and all the dispositions which he has taken induce a presumption that he will retain the command. There have been lately sent to him, from the chest of reserve at Augsburg, twelve carriages laden with money to his head-quarters at Donaueschingen, for the maintenance and pay of his army, which is constantly receiving reinforcements. All the commanders of the corps composing the Imperial army have received orders to be ready to march before the 15th instant at a moment's notice. The troops have been provided with stores, and the artillery, which remained at the *dépôt* of Pfullendorf during the winter, has been brought to the army. Several portable telegraphs have been erected between the head-quarters of the archduke and the Lake of Constance. It seems this point is supposed to be the one most menaced.—The fortifications of Mannheim have been entirely destroyed by the Austrians.

Brussels, Feb. 20. The news from the right bank of the Rhine state, that the whole Austrian army commanded by prince Charles is in motion. The troops on all parts are quitting their cantonnements, to repair to the banks of the Rhine; a circumstance that justifies the presumption the campaign is on the point of commencing. Considerable reinforcements are sending to the Mein, where there are twelve thousand Austrians, three thousand troops of the line of the empire, and six thousand peasants of the levy in a mass.

As to the Russian army under the command of general Suwaroff, it is certain it is partly returned to Poland. However, twenty-two thousand Russians are given by Paul I. to the empe-

ror of Germany, as auxiliaries. This corps will be composed of some chosen regiments of infantry, four regiments of grenadiers, two of chasseurs, two of dragoons, and two of hussars. They will immediately proceed to Franconia, where they will serve under the orders of the archduke Charles. The corps of Condé will also form part of the army of Germany. Such are the new changes announced this morning by the German gazettes, as well as by many letters from the interior of Germany.

Reims, Feb. 21. The proclamation of the consuls of the 7th Nivose, and the other acts which relate to it, have been generally received with favour. Their effects would be more sensible if it were not for the obstinacy of the priests in refusing the declaration, which five of them only have taken. The others find means to distribute in profusion a printed paper against that declaration, which has been much circulated in this department. The malecontents come in daily, but very few surrender their arms.

Laval, Feb. 21. The surrender of the royalist chiefs does not produce perfect quiet. The dissolution of their bands is very incomplete in several parts: in others, bands in small numbers desolate the country parts. Three days ago a band of sixty dared to attack the commune of Lassay, but they were repulsed with loss.

Ratisbon, Feb. 23. General Suwaroff arrived on the 13th of February at Cracow, from which, after reposing some days, he was to set out for Petersburg.

The Russian army continues its march towards Wolhynia; the principal column files off through eastern, and the other through western Gallicia: the first, commanded by general Desfelden, is divided into eight different columns, consisting of thirty-two thousand men, including those who do not bear arms, and who are estimated at four or five thousand men: the second corps, under the command of general Rosenberg, consists of about ten thousand men.

Strasburg, Feb. 26. General Kray, appointed general in chief of the Austrian army in Suabia, arrived, on the 16th,

16th, at the head-quarters at Donaueschingen. It was on the 19th, that he was to enter upon his functions in the room of the archduke Charles, who appears to be in disgrace. He will, it is said, be appointed governor of Bohemia, in order to keep him at a distance from Vienna, whence the party of the empress, and of the minister Thugut, wish to remove him, knowing perfectly well the ascendancy which he might by his presence regain over the mind of his brother.

Cleres, Feb. 28. The return of Suwaroff, the order to stop on the Vistula, the discontent which Paul has expressed against Prussia, for not joining the coalition, the assembling of a large force in Russian Poland, every thing induces the court of Berlin to adopt precautions and put herself in a state to repel attack. If she is obliged to make war, she will be powerfully seconded, as much by the elector of Saxony as by Denmark, who is more closely connected than ever with Prussia. — Paul is dissatisfied with Denmark, because he has not obtained a free passage for troops through the Danish territories.

Frankfort, March 1. It is said in the public papers that the king of Prussia has sent orders to the nobility of Western Prussia to prepare carriage-horses in case the troops stationed there should be put upon active service; but that the nobles have answered, It was not for them to furnish such horses, but for the peasants, according to ancient usage. We learn from Vienna that the emperor Francis is dangerously ill. His life is despaired of. For a long time it has been feared that he must finally sink under the frequent indispositions with which he has been attacked. His death would deprive the empress, the princess of Naples, of her present influence in political affairs.

They write from Munich, that the retreat of the Russians has given another direction to the policy of the elector of Bavaria. Some other German courts are in the same situation.

Paris, March 3. The court of Spain has just declared, by a circular letter addressed to neutral powers, that the blockade is renewed before Gibraltar, and that all vessels which shall quit that

port shall be taken as quitting a besieged place. The blockade of Cadiz, which admiral Keith had announced, was but a boast. General Brune having pacified the Morbihan, the Finistère, and the Côtes du Nord, is going into the department of Ille and Vilaine. He is about to proclaim the pacification and the return to the constitutional régime of the departments of the west. General Delaloy is visiting the coasts, to direct repairs to be made in the forts and batteries which may stand in need of them.

The Austrian general Kray, who has recently joined the Austrian army, is going to Mannheim to take the command of all the Imperial and militia troops of Franconia posted between the Neckar, the Mein, and the Nidda.

From Wesel, we learn that a corps of ten thousand Hanoverians has received orders to march to the Weser. This corps will form part of the army of observation.

We are assured that the emperor of Russia has demanded from one of the neutral powers of the north the liberty of embarking a corps of twenty-five thousand men, destined for England. It is added, that this neutral power has claimed the mediation of Prussia to avoid receiving a Russian army in its territories.

Letters from Constantinople, of the 11th January, so far from confirming the victory of the grand vizier over the French, represent the situation of the affairs of the Porte in Syria as very disquieting, particularly on account of the open rupture between the general in chief and Dgezzar Pacha.

Letters from Westphalia announce, that part of the garrison of Magdeburg, and several regiments of cavalry and infantry of Pomerania and Silesia, have received orders to march to Warsaw and the new Prussian provinces in Poland; other corps of troops are to set out from Brandenburg for Prussia. The corps destined for the army of observation in Westphalia will also proceed to Poland. These movements are attributed to the formidable assembling of Russian troops in Lithuania, Volhynia, and other parts of Russian Poland.

HOME NEWS.

Lewes, February 24.

ON Monday last about fifty labourers assembled at Petworth, and complained to the magistrates of that district, that, in consequence of the excessive price of bread and other provisions, they, and their families, were in a state bordering on starvation, notwithstanding their utmost industry to support them. Sir Godfrey Webster, who was on a visit at the earl of Egremont's, after patiently hearing the men's complaints, sent summonses to the officers of the parishes from whence the labourers had assembled, ordering their attendance before the magistrates the next bench-day; after which the men quietly returned to their respective homes.

Dublin, Feb. 28. On Saturday last, major Swan having received information that a number of prisoners in the New Gaol (some of them under sentence of death) had planned their escape, by breaking prison, he went directly to the prison, and with Mr. Gregg, the gaoler, began a strict search. They found a deep and considerable breach had been made from one of the cells in the second range. They also found a large iron instrument, by which the moving the stones had been effected; and also a thick long rope, which was to facilitate their escape. The fellows were then properly secured, and rendered incapable of any farther attempt. By this timely and happy discovery, several atrocious and daring ruffians were prevented from being again let loose on the public.

Glasgow, March 1. On Wednesday morning, the warehouse in Tron-gate, belonging to Messrs. Lindsay, Smith, and Co. which had been twice broken into of late, was observed by the watchman to be again broken open. After alarming the family of a gentleman in the neighbourhood, who, with his two sons, got up and stood watch

over the passage, the watchman proceeded to the house of one of the owners, who, accompanied by some friends, hastened immediately to the warehouse, and, after some search, found a man concealed in a dark corner of one of the rooms, who, on being brought to the light, proved to be one of their own warpers, lately discharged. He confessed that he had broken into the warehouse on the two former occasions, and earnestly sued for mercy. On being questioned as to the motives which could induce him so often to injure his masters, he handed one of the gentlemen a pocket-book, and told them that that would explain the cause. On opening the pocket-book, it was found to contain, among other things, a certificate of the bann of his marriage last Sunday se'nnight. He was to have been married next day, and wanted a little money, he said, to put it over decently. He was committed to prison.

Lewes, March 3. One night last week, the tide at Brighton exhibited a phenomenon not easily to be accounted for, having, in defiance of a brisk northerly wind, risen to a very unexpected and unusual height. Several fishing-boats that were lying on the beach, almost close under the cliff, were, to the great astonishment of their proprietors, swept away by it; and, if we may credit their report, a similar circumstance has not fallen under the observation of the eldest inhabitant of that place.

Leeds, March 3. On Thursday last, betwixt twelve and one o'clock, when the work-people at the manufactory belonging to Messrs. Whitely and Sons, at Penyfyon, near this town, were most of them gone to their dinners, four of the children went to play in the mill, when unluckily three of them got entangled in a large strap which was slipped from off the drum where it was wrought

on to a rest, and where it is usually put to remain during the meal-times. The fulling-stocks being at work, occasioned the shafts to run at that time, and the children, not aware of their danger, had pulled the strap from the rest upon the drum, which immediately drew them up to the joists of the floor above, where they were bound so tight, that they stopped the shafts and all the other works immediately. One of the children, *viz.* Sarah Higgins, was instantly killed; and the other two, who were boys, extricated themselves, and dropped down, without being materially hurt.

Aylesbury, March 3. A curious cause was tried at our assizes, in which Mr. Groom, a farmer in Buckinghamshire, was plaintiff, and the earl of Sandwich, master of the king's hounds, and Mr. Gordon, defendants. Mr. Groom attempted to stop his majesty and his party in the chase, from passing over his grounds; and failing in doing so, he brought his action against the master of the king's hounds; but he was nonsuited. The trial lasted five hours.

London, March 4. The whole body of eight thousand French and Dutch prisoners, which were agreed on the capitulation of the British army to be delivered up without an equivalent, have actually been sent to France and Holland. The last part of the Dutch troops were embarked, and sailed on Thursday. As soon as their safe arrival shall be notified in form, general Knox will of course return to England.

The barns and out-houses on Mr. James May's farm, at Odiham, Hants, were on Friday wilfully set on fire, and burnt down. A very large quantity of wheat, barley, and hay, were consumed. The farm is the property of sir H. Mildmay, bart. A similar outrage took place last week at farmer Gray's, at Chapel Grimsted, Wilts. The premises were the property of Mrs. Freemantle, of Englefield Green.

Banff, March 5. On Saturday evening the 23d ult. a most shocking and inhuman murder was committed at Mountcoffer, near this place. Elspet Imlach, a young woman about twenty years of age, being with child by a fellow-servant, of the name of Morrison, had left her service to go and reside

with a friend until she should be delivered. Morrison soon after endeavoured to entice her to meet him after dark at the bridge of Alva, with intent, as now evidently appears, of murdering her, but she was prevented from meeting him by some of her friends. However, on this last-mentioned day, he enticed her to meet him at the church of Alva, on pretence of attending the kirk session, and prevailed on her to accompany him through lord Fife's woods of Mountcoffer, and there murdered her by stabbing her in the neck with a knife, and giving her many other horrid wounds with a large stick, by which she was much disfigured. She was discovered weltering in her blood, before she was cold, and a party was sent off to apprehend the murderer; but some of his friends got the start, and gave the alarm, by which means he was enabled to effect his escape.

London, March 7. A plan upon a very magnificent and extensive scale is now drawing out for the re-building of both our houses of parliament, which is expected to be begun upon as soon as the present session closes. The buildings to be pulled down will include the speaker's house in Old Palace-yard, and extend as far as the public-house at the corner of Abingdon-street. The business of parliament will, in the interim, be carried on in a temporary building to be erected in Westminster-hall.

Yesterday morning public intimation was given to the guards, that a body of two battalions, *viz.* the first of the second regiment, and the first of the third, amounting to two thousand men, should hold themselves in readiness to march on Tuesday next. The place of their destination is not known. Two expeditions for that purpose are in forwardness; one, to be commanded by general sir Charles Stewart, is most probably destined to the Mediterranean, the former sphere of his victories; and the other, under the equally gallant sir Charles Grey, is probably to be employed as a diversion nearer home. Shipping for twenty thousand men are already taken up.

Barb, March 7. Miss Stordy, a young lady of singular beauty and accomplishments,

ments, on Monday night, while dancing at the Upper Assembly Rooms, was, in the midst of health and spirits, and without any previous indisposition, seized with illness. She was carried home, and, notwithstanding every medical assistance, died on Wednesday.

Plymouth, March 8. Arrived the ship *Providence*, of Bremen, J. D. Otto, master, laden with sugar, &c. from Surinam, bound to London. Sailed twelve weeks since, and brings intelligence, that a few days before she left Surinam a flag of truce had arrived there from the inhabitants of Cayenne, with a request that some British troops might be sent thither with all possible expedition, to whom the place would be immediately surrendered, in consequence of an insurrection having taken place amongst the blacks, who are said to have committed great depredations. The number of troops, however, at Surinam, not being sufficient for the enterprise, the account was immediately dispatched to Martinique, from whence, it is expected, the necessary force can be obtained.

Chelmsford, March 8. A remarkable occurrence happened here last night, towards the close of the Essex assizes: John Taylor had been arraigned and tried on the charge of uttering a forged note, in the name of Bartholomew Browne, for eight hundred and twenty pounds ten shillings, with an intent to defraud the bank of Crickett and Co. at Colchester, of which the jury found him guilty; but just as baron Hotham was about to put on his black cap, and to pass sentence of death on the prisoner, one of the barristers, not retained on the trial, happening to turn over the forged note, saw it signed Bartw. Browne; and, throwing his eye immediately on the indictment, perceived it written therein Bartholomew Browne. He immediately pointed out the circumstance to Mr. Garrow, counsel for the prisoner, who rose up, and stated the variance as fatal to the indictment; in which the judge concurred, and directed the jury to reconsider their verdict, and acquit the prisoner, which they did, and he was instantly discharged from the bail-dock accordingly.

Cork, March 8. We are truly con-

cerned to observe the spirit of insubordination and violence reviving in this quarter of the kingdom. The accounts from the county Limerick are particularly distressing; scarce a night passes that there are not meetings of deluded wretches in different parts of that county and liberties.

Monday night a number of men armed, on horseback, seemingly under commanders, came to the mill of Ballyclough, near the city of Limerick, swore the man if he had any arms, and, after searching several houses in that neighbourhood, departed.

Same night a number of villains set fire to a house between Cahirconlish and Newtown-Ellard, and cut and beat the owner in so desperate a manner, that his recovery is doubtful.

We are sorry to be obliged to state, that within a mile and a half of Kilworth, on the estate of sir Henry Cavendish, eight fine cows were houghed on the night of the 3d inst. the property of his steward.

Dublin, March 9. His excellency held a privy-council at the Castle on Thursday, in consequence of the resolution of the house of commons, which signified that it was expedient to put an immediate stop to the maling of barley, when the council directed a proclamation to be issued as soon as possible for that purpose, which was issued accordingly.

London, March 17. On Saturday a sheriff's officer, attempting to execute a writ against one of the figurants at the opera, for a debt of ten pounds, the latter unfortunately resisted, and drew a sword against the civil officer and his followers; but the officer, having got more assistance, returned; and the dancer, still resisting, was so severely wounded in the throat with a poker, that he was carried to Newgate, and from thence to St. Bartholomew's hospital, without hopes of recovery.

On Saturday se'nnight, one Moore, for the apprehension of whom a reward of fifty pounds had been advertised, drowned himself near Basleton-ferry, in Hampshire, in the sight of his pursuers. The water was so shallow, that the poor wretch actually laid his face downwards in the stream to accomplish his purpose. In his pockets were found

found letters from his friends, persuading him to surrender himself, as very favourable circumstances would appear upon his trial.

Monsieur, the duke of Orleans, and his two brothers, the duke of Bourbon, all the French bishops resident in London, and a great number of French emigrants of every description, assisted on Saturday last at the French chapel in King-street, Portman-square, to celebrate a solemn funeral service for the royalists who perished in the western departments of France.

BIRTHS.

Feb. 20. The lady of colonel Boardman, of a son and heir.

24. In Dorset-street, the lady of brigadier-general Campbell, of the sixth regiment, of a son.

March 1. In Welbeck-street, Manchester-square, the lady of lieutenant-colonel Drinkwater, of a daughter.

At his house in Great George-street, Westminster, the lady of William Currie, esq. M. P. of a son.

4. At Abberford, the countess of Errol, of a daughter.

In Portman-square, the lady of William Blanc, esq. of a son.

9. The lady of the rev. Thomas Causton, prebendary of Westminster, of a son.

At Watchfield-house, Berks, the lady of Rowley Lascelles, esq. of a daughter.

11. The lady of John Sidney, esq. of Penshurst-castle, Kent, of a son and heir.

12. Mrs. Adams, St. James's-palace, of a son.

In Holles-street, Cavendish-square, Mrs. Lockwood Maydwell, of a daughter.

13. At Barrogill-castle, in the county of Caithness, the countess of Caithness, of a son.

15. At his house in Upper Wimpole-street, the lady of Ed. B. Clive, esq. of a son.

MARRIAGES.

Feb. 23. At Margate, Mr. C. Hoffmann, of Bishopsgate-street, to miss Kidman, of Margate.

At St. Stephen's church, Norwich,

Mr. J. G. West, of Albion-street, Blackfriars-road, to miss Francis, of that city.

Francis Freeling, esq. secretary to the General Post-office, to miss Newbery, daughter of Francis Newbery, esq. of St. Paul's church-yard.

24. Fleming French, esq. of David-street, Manchester-square, to miss Helen Packenham, sister of admiral Packenham.

At St. Martin's, Micklegate, York, Cha. Constable Stanley, esq. of Acklam, in the east-riding of York, to miss M'Donald, of that city.

At Limerick, lieutenant M'Kenzie, of the Diadem, of sixty-four guns, to miss Sidley, daughter of Mr. Robert Sidley, of Kilrush.

25. At St. George's, Hanover-square, John Baptist Falhard, esq. to miss Roche, of Old Bond-street.

26. At St. John's church, Westminster, James Gerrard, esq. corn-factor, of Cannon-street, to miss Boredoff, of Pinner.

At St. George's, Southwark, Thomas Leach, esq. of Lantrissant, Glamorganshire, to miss Okines, of Newington, in the county of Surrey.

March 1. Mr. John Edwards, of Hatton-garden, to miss Mary Willan, of Mary-le-bone-park-farm.

Mr. W. Hides, of Tid St. Mary, Lincolnshire, on Sunday buried his wife, with whom he had lived near twenty years, and on the following morning married miss E. Huson, after an acquaintance and courtship of twelve hours.

At Feltham, Middlesex, Mr. Joseph Toussaint, of Sackville-street, Piccadilly, to miss Brecknell, of Bell-broughton, Worcestershire.

5. At St. George's, Hanover-square, Charles Frederick de Coetlogon, esq. late his majesty's naval store-keeper at the island of St. Domingo, to miss Edkins, of Newbury.

Charles Walcot, esq. of the Post-office, to Mrs. Osborn, of Turville-court, in the county of Bucks.

10. David Forbes, esq. to miss Catharine Flower, of Newark-upon-Trent, Nottinghamshire.

Lieutenant-colonel Conran, of the fifty-second regiment, to miss Ann Hopkins.

11. At St. Mary-le-bone church, James

James Hewitt Massy Dawson, esq. son of the late hon. James Massy Dawson, deceased, of Ireland, to miss Dennis, eldest daughter of the late Francis Dennis, esq. of Jamaica.

Sir William Bagenal Burdett, bart. to miss Maria Reynett, of Great Prescot-street.

13. James Campbell, of Warnford-court, esq. to miss Eliza Roberts, youngest daughter of Thomas Roberts, esq. of Charter-house-square.

DEATHS.

Feb. 20. Mrs. Choppine, wife of Mr. Frederick Choppine, of Park-lane, and daughter of the late sir Cecil Bishopp, bart.

21. Aged seventy-two, without any previous indisposition, sir Thomas Shirley, bart. of Oat-hall, in the county of Sussex, many years governor and commander in chief of the islands of Antigua, St. Christopher's, &c. and a general in the army.

After a very short illness, Mrs. Farington, lady of Joseph Farington, esq. R. A. of Upper Charlotte-street, Fitzroy-square.

Mrs. Soley, wife of Mr. Soley, chemist, High Holborn.

Aged seventy-five, Mr. John Lone, stock-broker.

At her ladyship's house in Sackville-street, Dublin, the right honourable lady dowager Erne.

22. At Camberwell, miss Sarah Shewell.

After a long illness, Mrs. Swain, wife of Mr. Swain, of the Old Jewry.

In the seventy-eighth year of his age, at Wickham, in Hampshire, the rev. Dr. Joseph Warton, rector of that parish, and prebendary of Winchester, &c.

23. At Fulham, in his seventy-fifth year, Mr. William Burchell.

24. Mr. John Jackson, of New Palace-yard, Westminster, aged ninety-one years.

At his house, Gayfield-place, the lady of sir John Wardlaw, bart.

Mr. Henry West, many years keeper of the Poultry-compter.

26. At Bath, John Scott Butter, esq. second son of Henry Butter, esq. of

Faskally, and late in the service of the East-India company.

Mr. Andrews, of Yaxley, near Stilton, who at one period of his life weighed thirty-six stone.

At his father's house, Vauxhall, Mr. Edward Wetenhall, jun. aged twenty-one years.

At the great age of one hundred and five years, Thomas Colton, of Liscard, in Cheshire, well known to many persons in Liverpool, and particularly in the Fish-market there, having brought shell-fish and mushrooms to it for nearly forty years.

Mr. Cocker, at Rattery, in Devon, aged one hundred and five years: till within two days of his death he retained the use of his limbs and faculties; he was carried to the grave by his grandsons, and followed by one hundred and thirty-nine of his children, grand-children, and great grand-children.

27. At his house in Queen-street, Edinburgh, the right hon. John viscount of Arbuthnot, lord Inverbervie. His lordship is succeeded in his estates and titles by his eldest son, John, now viscount of Arbuthnot.

At Windsor, Mr. Charles Jalouse, one of the police-officers of Bow-street, appointed to attend his majesty.

28. At Waterford, Alexander Wallace, esq. formerly of the city of New-York.

At Greenwich, Mrs. Rebecca Harris, widow, aged eighty-three.

At her house in Howland-street, Mrs. Forster.

Of a decline, at her father's seat in Staffordshire, miss Susannah Wolseley, second daughter of sir William Wolseley, bart.

March 1. At his house at Bermondsey, Mr. Thomas West, of Gracechurch-street.

At Perry's hotel, Suffolk-street, the hon. Mrs. Moore, wife of the hon. Mr. Moore, of Saperton, Ireland.

11. Miss Louisa Tierney, second daughter of G. Tierney, esq.

The right hon. Daines Barrington.

12. Peter Rutt, of his majesty's dock-yard, Deptford.

15. At Bath, lady Hawkins, aged eighty-three, relict of the late sir Cæsar Hawkins, bart.