

THE  
LADY'S MAGAZINE,

OR  
ENTERTAINING COMPANION

FOR  
THE FAIR SEX;

APPROPRIATED  
SOLELY TO THEIR USE AND AMUSEMENT.

FOR APRIL, 1800.

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

1. A PORTRAIT OF MRS. LEIGH PERROT.
2. THE TYGER.
3. A NEW PATTERN FOR A HANDKERCHIEF OR APRON, &c.
4. A SONO, composed by MOZART, and translated from the GERMAN.

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Where Favours from Correspondents continue to be received.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

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THE continuation of Emily Veronne in our next.

T. C.'s Essay is much too prolix and incorrect.

The Essay on Suicide is left to be returned.

The Fragment of Alphonso and Isabel is too short, and otherwise imperfect, for insertion.

The Ode to Fancy—Song by Strephon—Sonnets by R. C.—Verses to a young Lady, with a Locket—The Goldfinches' Complaint—Rebus by D.—and Epigrams by Jocosus—have been received.



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APRIL, 1800.

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ACCOUNT of the TRIAL of Mrs.

LEIGH PERROT, charged with stealing a card of lace in the shop of Elizabeth Gregory, haberdasher and milliner, at Bath, which came on, on Saturday morning the 29th of March, 1800, at the Somerset assizes, held at Taunton, before Mr. Justice Lawrence.

(*Embellished with an elegant Portrait of Mrs. Leigh Perrot.*)

ABOUT half past seven o'clock, the prisoner, attended by a number of ladies, walked from their lodgings at the London inn, in two or three different parties, to the Assize-hall, about a quarter of a mile, where they waited, in the anti-room to the grand-jury-room, till the judge came, about eight o'clock. She then went into the prisoner's pen, accompanied by her husband, Mrs. Winstone, and Mrs. Chumley, of Bath, and some other ladies. Mrs. Leigh Perrot appeared very pale and emaciated, between fifty and sixty years of age, and rather thin. She was dressed in a very light lead-colour pelisse, a muslin handkerchief on her neck, with a cambric cravat. Her hair of a dark-brown, curled on her forehead; a small black bonnet, round which was a purple ribband, and over it a black lace veil, which was thrown up over her head. While the jury were called and sworn, and other steps taken preparatory to the trial, she appeared perfectly calm and collected, talking with her counsel and friends.

The indictment consisted of four counts, varying the owner of the property charged to have been stolen. Her counsel requested she might be allowed a chair, which was granted.

The counsel for the prosecution were Mr. Gibbs and Mr. Burrough; for the prisoner Mr. Bond, Mr. Dallas, Mr. Jekyll, and Mr. Pell.

The prosecution having been opened by Mr. Burrough—

Mr. Gibbs then addressed the jury. In his speech he confined himself to stating the situation of the parties, of the prosecutor's shop, and the evidence that he was about to adduce in support of the prosecution, and then proceeded to call his witnesses in the following order:

Elizabeth Gregory deposed, that in August last she kept a haberdasher's shop in Bath-street, in the city of Bath; that she had an apprentice of the name of Sarah Raines; another person as shop-woman, named Leeson; and also a journeyman, whose name is Charles Filby. That Filby had been with her about six months. That the shop fronts Bath-street. (Here she described the situation of the shop.) On Thursday the eighth of August last, remembers prisoner coming to the shop between one and two o'clock, and asked to look at the black lace she had seen the day before: but before asking that, the prisoner inquired, if the lace which was expected from London was arrived; witness told her it was not. The black lace

was in a box at the bottom of the shop, upon the counter, near the brass-rail, which rail was covered with veils and handkerchiefs, which hung down, so as to interrupt the view of any person who should be behind them. Mrs. Leigh Perrot was standing outside of the counter, and witness withinside: in the box there were several parcels of black lace, which witness showed to the prisoner, who fixed on buying a part of it. Filby the shopman was at that time at the upper part of the counter, nearest the door on the left-hand side: we were taking stock when prisoner came into the shop, and Filby was measuring white lace withinside the counter; witness called him; when he came, told him to measure the black lace which she had sold to the prisoner, which he began doing, and being then standing at the bottom of the counter, withinside on the left hand, and the prisoner withoutside, witness went down to the desk, leaving Filby measuring the lace so sold; witness called to Sarah Raines to clear away the black-lace box which had been left on the counter, and sat down at the desk, with her face towards the door, till S. Raines had done it. While sitting there, she heard Mrs. Perrot say to Filby, "Can you give change for a five-pound bank-note?" Filby then left Mrs. Perrot, and brought the note to her for change, which she gave him, and saw him take back to the prisoner. As soon as witness had given Filby the change, she went down the stairs to dinner, and observed, as she looked round, that the prisoner was moved from the bottom of the counter; but she did not know where to. Prisoner was to pay one pound nineteen shillings for the black lace she had purchased. This was at a time of the year when very little business is done at Bath. There were no goods on the counter on the right-hand side of the shop,

nor any on the left, excepting the box of black lace, that of white lace, and the veils and handkerchiefs on the brass rod. Miss Raines was down at the desk when witness went to dinner; witness went up again into the shop in about ten minutes afterwards, in consequence of information she had received from Filby; and in about a quarter of an hour after so coming into the shop, she saw the prisoner pass by on the other side the way with her husband; witness went across to her, and said, "Pray, madam, have not you a card of white lace as well as of black?" Mrs. Leigh Perrot said, "No, I have not a bit of white lace about me." Witness then said to her, "See in your pocket, madam." Mrs. Perrot then took her arm from under her cloak, and presented a paper which she had in her hand, saying, "If I have, your young man must have put it up in mistake." Witness then described and represented with paper the condition the paper parcel was in when prisoner so produced it—it was rumpled, and appeared to have had something folded up in it, but the ends were then both of them open and not folded. The prisoner trembled very much, looked very red, and appeared much frightened. Witness took the paper, and folding down one corner of it, saw the end of the card with white lace on it, and the black lace on a card over it. The card with black lace was about an inch shorter than that with white lace. Witness took out the white lace and looked at it, and said, "Yes, it is mine; I'll swear to it:" there was a private mark on it, it was Filby's hand-writing; witness said she would swear to the shop-mark.—Prisoner told witness the lace was in the paper, and that the man had given it to her in mistake; witness said, "'Tis no such thing! 'tis no such thing! — You stole it." Mr. Leigh Perrot then called after witness,

nasa, and said "She did not," or words to that effect. Witness took the white lace out of the parcel, and carried it home. Within about half an hour afterwards, witness, and Filby with her, went to the Town-hall, for the purpose of laying an information before the magistrates. The mayor had left the hall, but they saw Mr. Jeffery the town-clerk, and Mr. George, the deputy town-clerk, to whom they related the circumstance, and who directed them to come next day, at eleven o'clock:—witness went accordingly on the next day, and also on the Tuesday; but the magistrates being particularly hurried in business that week, respecting soldiers who were passing through Bath, they could not see the magistrates till Wednesday.—The card of white lace was then produced in court. She swore to its being the same lace, and on the same card as delivered to her by Mrs. Perrot.—On cross-examination, it appeared that witness had been in the shop nearly five years; that she had kept it on her own account for near two years; and that her sister, whose name is Smith, kept it previous to that time. At the time she accosted Mrs. Perrot she was walking publicly in the street; that several persons were near, but that she does not think any person heard the conversation except herself; that she never saw or heard any thing of the prisoner from the day that this happened until the Wednesday following.

Charles Filby—on the eighth of August last lived as shopman with miss Gregory, with whom he had been about six months; remembers prisoner's coming to the shop on the eighth of August, before which time he never recollects to have seen her; witness was at that time behind the counter, on the left hand side, measuring cards of white lace; and as he measured the pieces, he

made a private shop-mark on the card, and fixed a ticket to it, denoting the number of yards thereon. There was no other customer in the shop when prisoner came in; but one person came in soon after, and, after staying four or five minutes, was served and went out again.—Miss Gregory called him, and desired that he would come and measure over the lace which the prisoner had fixed upon; that he then went to the other end of the counter, and measured the black lace for the prisoner; that miss Rames was called at the same time by miss Gregory, to put the remainder of the black lace into the box, which she did; it was on the further side of the counter, and prisoner stood on the outside of the counter opposite to her. Witness rolled up the lace on a small piece of card, and taking up a piece of paper close by him, he folded up the card of black lace so purchased by the prisoner in the paper. Witness then described and showed to the court the manner in which he had folded up the lace, which was by folding down the corners of the paper in which it was contained, in right angles, and doubling over each end twice; that he delivered it to the prisoner so folded, who gave him in return a five-pound bank-note, desiring to have it changed. Miss Gregory was at the bottom of the shop, and witness was four yards from where she stood; that in carrying the five-pound note to miss Gregory, who was at the desk, to get cash for it, his back was towards the prisoner; that the desk is four yards from the place where the black lace had been delivered to the prisoner. Miss Gregory, after giving him the change, went down the stairs to the kitchen. Witness says, that, on turning round, he observed that the prisoner had moved from where he left her to the further end of the shop, her face towards the desk.



desk at the bottom of the shop, and her left hand towards the box.— Witness passed up on the inside the counter, when he went with the change; and the shawls and handkerchiefs, which were on the brass rail, obscured the prisoner from his sight while he was passing behind them: when he got far enough on to see the prisoner, he saw her taking her *left* hand out of the box in which the white lace had been put by him as before described, with a card of lace in her hand; she drew her left hand under her cloak with the card of lace in it, and from the quickness of drawing her hand under her cloak, she had drawn the cloak on one side, so that witness swears he saw the corner of the blue card, a part of which was concealed under the cloak; that the prisoner then had the paper with the black lace in her right hand; that he laid down the change of the note upon the end of the counter nearest the door, which the prisoner took up with her right hand, holding the parcel in which the black lace was in the same hand; that she then made inquiries about Mrs. Smith, who had formerly kept the shop, and then went away. Miss Gregory was then gone down stairs, as before stated; and it appears that witness having mentioned what he observed to miss Rainez and miss Leeson, went into the kitchen and communicated it to miss Gregory, who immediately went up stairs, and, as before stated, went in search of the prisoner. Soon after witness came up stairs into the shop, where he found miss Gregory with the card of white lace in her hand, upon which he had placed the shop-mark as before-mentioned. Witness swore positively that it was the identical card and lace upon which he had so put the shop-mark and measured. That after consulting with miss Gregory he went out to look for the prisoner,

whom he immediately saw with her husband on turning the corner of the Abbey church-yard. That they were then together, but soon after separated, when witness ran after the prisoner, upon seeing which she ran back to her husband. Witness came up to him, and asked him his name: he told him that he lived at N<sup>o</sup> 1, Paragon-buildings, and that his name was upon the door. Witness went there immediately, and found the name. That about half an hour after he went with miss Gregory to the Town-hall to give information, which they could not complete till the Wednesday following, for reasons before stated by miss Gregory. Witness was then cross-examined with respect to his connection with Smith, &c. and it appeared that about eight years ago he was a journeyman in a shop in St. Paul's Church-yard; was brought up in the haberdashery line; said that he had no dealings with a man of the name of Crouch, a pawnbroker in London, but that he was very intimate with him; that he was afterwards in partnership with one Terry; that the partners were bankrupts, and about five months afterwards he entered into another partnership with one Croup, and at the end of eighteen months they became bankrupts; that his business at Gregory's was to keep the goods in order, to serve the customers, and to put the goods in their places again; he does not know that he ever put up more than was purchased; that he might have done so; has heard of a lady named Blgrave, who bought a veil of him, after the prisoner's business, which she took home in her hand. She came again the next day and told the witness he ought to be very careful considering what had happened with Mrs. Perrot. She brought back one veil, and delivered it to witness: witness did not believe it was put up by him in the parcel with

with the other: he knew that the veil brought back belonged to the shop, or he should not have taken it: witness says he does not know of any other instance where he had put up more articles than were purchased, or ever having been charged with it. Swears that he marked the card as before stated, and upon coming back and looking into the box, found the vacancy in the left-hand corner of it, where he recollected having put it; that when he saw the prisoner's left-hand in the box, misses Raines and Leeson were in the shop; swears he saw her hand in the box, and also the card of lace in her hand under the cloak; saw it distinctly hanging out under the cloak: it was a black mode cloak—not a long one, but hanging just below the elbows. The distance from Paragon-buildings to Bath-street is about a quarter of a mile; thinks there might have been time between the period of prisoner's leaving the shop, and witness meeting her in the Abbey church-yard, for her to have gone home if she had pleased. Witness swore positively that he put nothing in the paper with the black lace.

Sarah Raines, apprentice to miss Gregory, confirmed Filby's evidence with respect to his situation, whilst measuring the black lace, and that he did not move from the place until he had given it to the prisoner; that Filby wrapped up the lace in a paper as before stated, and *that there was nothing else in the paper.* That she saw him deliver the paper into the prisoner's hand, and was then within half a yard of him, and about four yards from where the white lace was. On her cross-examination, she swore that she saw Filby put in the black lace only.

Mr. Justice Lawrence—"Are you certain of that?"

"Yes, my lord, I am."

Here the evidence for the crown was closed,

The judge then addressed the prisoner, and told her that was her time, if she had any thing to say in her defence. She was extremely agitated, and, attempting to address the court, her voice failed her so frequently, that Mr. Jekyll, one of her counsel, was requested to sit by her, and repeat what she wished to say to the court, which he did to the following purport:

"My lord, and gentlemen of the jury,

"I am informed by my counsel that they cannot be permitted to offer any observations to you on my case. The circumstances of it do not render it necessary to detain you long, I shall therefore take this opportunity of troubling you with a few words.

"Placed in a situation the most eligible that any woman could desire, with supplies so ample that I was left rich after every wish was gratified—blessed in the affections of the most generous man as a husband, what could induce me to commit such a crime? Depraved indeed must the mind be, that under such circumstances could be so culpable. You will hear from my noble and truly respectable friends what have been my conduct and character for a long series of years; you will hear what has been, and what is now, their opinion of me. Can you suppose that disposition so totally altered as to lose all recollection of the situation I held in society, to hazard for this meanness character and reputation, or to endanger the health and peace of mind of a husband whom I would die for? You have heard their evidence against me, I shall make no comments upon it. I shall leave the task where I am certain it will be executed with justice and mercy. I know my own oath, in this case, is inadmissible; but I call upon that  
God

God whom you all adore, to attest that I am innocent of this charge, and may he reward or punish me as I speak true or false, in denying it! I call that God to witness, that I did not know that I had the lace in my possession; nor did I know it when miss Gregory accosted me in the street.—I have nothing more to add.”

During the time of dictating this address, the prisoner and her husband were frequently excessively affected and distressed. Her counsel then proceeded to call witnesses on her behalf; the first of whom was—

John Crouch, a pawnbroker in London, who was called to disprove Filby's evidence, as to not having transactions with him in business. He proved that he knew Filby, and that once he had a transaction with him in the way of business as a pawnbroker.

Miss Blgrave was then called, who swore, that on the nineteenth of September last, at five o'clock in the evening, she went to prosecutor's shop to buy a veil, which she received folded up in paper by a tall shopman, and paid for it; that she put it in her pocket, and when she came to her lodgings, found there were two veils in it; and that the next day she went and delivered back one to him again: that she did not know the prisoner, and never spoke to her.

The witnesses then called to the character of the prisoner were—George Vansittart, esq. M. P. for Berkshire; lord Braybrook; Francis Annesley, esq. M. P. for Reading; John Grant, esq.; the rev. Mr. Nind, vicar of Wargrave, in the county of Berks; rev. Mr. Wake, of Bath; William Hayward Winstone, esq. of Bath; doctor Maitland, M. D. Bath; Mrs. Winstone, and Mrs. Chumley; all of whom deposed, that they had, for many years past,

some from thirty or forty years, been intimately acquainted with the prisoner and her husband, and visited them at their different places of abode in Berkshire and at Bath.—They all spoke in the highest terms that it is possible to express of the exemplary character of the prisoner; that from the attention of her and her husband to religious and moral duties, they were considered and spoken of as being persons as strictly honourable and respectable as any in the different neighbourhoods where they resided.

Three or four tradesmen of Bath, with whom the prisoner had frequent dealings, also deposed to the strict honour and punctuality which they had always observed in her conduct.

Mr. Justice Lawrence then summed up the evidence to the jury with that candour and humanity which he is ever known to exercise; and the jury having retired about a quarter of an hour, brought in a verdict of—*Not Guilty*.

The trial lasted seven hours, and the scene at the acquittal was extremely affecting. The agitation and embraces of Mr. and Mrs. Perrot may be more easily conceived than described.—The court was crowded with elegantly dressed women.

Mr. Leigh Perrot is a gentleman about sixty years of age, who has a handsome seat at Hare-hatch, near Reading, at a short distance from the London road. He has been a frequent visitor to Bath upwards of thirty years, and for several years has resided wholly there. He possesses a handsome fortune, and a mind benevolent and liberal.—When his lady was taken into custody, he left his house, though severely afflicted with the gout, and was her constant companion during her long confinement in Ilchester gaol, which was upwards of five months.



## The MORAL ZOOLOGIST.

*(Continued from p. 128).*

## LETTER VI.

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

YOUR ladyship, I flatter myself, will not find the progression uninteresting or displeasing from the ape genera to the maucauco genus, the latter of which is distinguished by some relative qualities common to both, yet in others are contradistinct. The generic characteristics of this tribe of animals, which has been termed Makis, principally consist in their having six cutting-teeth, and two canine teeth in each jaw; sharp-pointed visages, resembling the fox species; and feet constructed like hands, similar to the ape and monkey kind. The first of this class is—

## THE RING-TAIL MAUCAUCO.

This animal is of a beautiful construction, and harmless propensities. He nearly resembles the monkey race in his structure, motions, and manners, but does not appear to possess any of their malicious or mischievous qualities. In their wild and natural state they live in social intercourse, as they detach themselves into companies of thirty or forty in number. When domesticated, they are so effectually tamed, as to be inconvenient in no other respect than by the rapidity of their motions, which renders it necessary to confine them by a chain, or some other restraining measure. The maucauco leaps better than he walks, and his pace is always in an oblique direction: he is not a vociferous animal, as he only makes a sharp acute noise, when he is surprised or irritated. In size he nearly resembles a cat. The end

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of his nose is black, his face white, his muzzle sharp, his ears erect, the orbits of his eyes black, the hair on the top of the head, and hind part, deep ash-colour, the exterior part of the limbs of a paler hue, the belly and inside of the limbs white. The hair of this animal is of a fine texture, always erect, and has the appearance of velvet. The tail is twice the length of the body, and alternately annulated with black and white. When the animal is in a sitting posture, it is twisted round the body, or turned over the head, which produces a beautiful effect. Its nails are flat, especially those on the thumbs of the hind feet. The inside of the hands and feet is black. The maucauco is a native of Madagascar, and some islands in its vicinity. From the testimony of various travellers, there is a white variety in this species, which are termed Amboimenes.

THE WOOLLY MAUCAUCO, OR  
MONGOUS.

The woolly maucauco is smaller than the ring-tailed kind: his hair, like the coat of that animal, is of a silky texture, but inclining to curl; his nose is larger; his nature less docile and more vindictive, as he will often bite those by whom he is much caressed. This animal is represented as having orange-coloured eyes, seated in black orbits; the space between them of the same hue; the tip of the nose black; the remainder of the nose and lower sides of the cheek and face white. The upper part of the body is covered with long, soft, and thick hair, of a brownish ash cast; the tail is long, and thickly clothed, and also of the same hue; the breast and belly are white; and the hands and feet dusky, and destitute of hair—the nails on all flat, those on the inner toe of the hind feet excepted.

2 A

cepted. This species vary in colour; some individuals having white or yellow paws, others faces uniformly brown; they also differ in size, some being of the magnitude of a cat, and many not exceeding the size of a squirrel. The woolly maucauco inhabits Madagascar and the neighbouring regions, sleeps on trees, and has the faculty of reversing its tail over its head, to shelter itself from the rain; it is of a tender constitution, subsists on fruit, and is very entertaining and good humoured, and, like the ring-tailed maucauco, is exceedingly vivacious. This animal, like some others, has a propensity to eat his own tail, and frequently destroys several vertebræ at the extremity. He is sometimes mischievously inclined, and, when he is seized, bites desperately; he almost perpetually makes a grunting noise, and frequently croaks like a frog. He appears to have an aversion to every degree of cold and moisture, frequently sleeps, but is easily disturbed; his tongue is rough like the cat species, and is endowed with such an inflammatory quality, he often licks a person's hand till it becomes swelled and irritated, and generally closes this token of attachment by a severe bite.

THE RUFFED MAUCAUCO, OR  
VARI.

This species is on a larger scale, and more ferocious than the ring-tailed or woolly maucauco; their voice is also formidable, as it resembles the roaring of a lion; when they are tamed they are good-natured and docile, but in a state of uncivilised liberty are very dangerous, as they are naturally endowed with cruel propensities. This animal differs from those already described, in construction as well as disposition, as his hair is longer, and he has a kind of ruff round his

neck, which forms a distinct characteristic; his muzzle also is larger and longer than the other species, and his ears much shorter: this species vary in colour, some individuals being black, others white, and many pied; the eyes are of so deep an orange-hue, as to have the appearance of red.

These three species are all natives of Madagascar, Mosambique, and the vicinity of those regions; their hind legs are very long, which causes their motions to be oblique, and to consist of bounds or leaps.

THE LORIS.

The loris is a native of the island of Ceylon, and of every other species of quadruped is the longest for its bulk. This animal has a pointed muzzle, high forehead, large ears, thin and rounded at the extremity, body of a slender construction and weak, limbs long and slender, the thumb on each foot distinctly separate from the toes, on that, and the three exterior toes, are flat nails, and on the interior toe of each foot there is a crooked claw; it has not the slightest vestige of a tail; the hair on the body is short, but of a delicate texture, the colour on the upper part tawny, on the under of a whitish hue; the eyes are large, and situated very near to each other, their orbits are of a dusky cast, and on the head there is a mark of the form of a dart, the point of which fills the space between the eyes. The length of this animal, from the tip of its nose to the termination of its body, does not exceed eight inches.

Notwithstanding Seba has denominated this animal the sloth, it has very different propensities to that genus, as it is very active, and ascends to the summit of high trees with great facility, and, in the general tendency and habitudes of its actions,

tions, approaches nearly to the ape class: according to the testimony of the author before cited, the male lorris tastes the fruits before he presents them to his mate, which affords a remarkable instance of sagacity and affection.

The next gradation in the maucauco-genera is the

TAIL-LESS MAUCAUCO.

This species have a small head, sharp pointed nose, eyes encompassed with a black circle, the space between them white; from the crown on the middle regions of the back to the rump there is a dark ferruginous stroke, which on the forehead divides and terminates in two branches; the ears are small, and the body covered with short hair of a silky texture, and reddish ash hue; the toes naked, and the nails flat, those on the interior toes on the hind feet long, sharp, and crooked. The length of the animal, from the nose to the extremity of the body, sixteen inches.

This species inhabit the regions of Ceylon and Bengal, they dwell in the woods, and subsist on fruits, devour small birds, and are fond of eggs; this class of animals possess similar inactivity to the sloth genus, as they creep slowly on the ground, and with reluctance and difficulty quit their hold when they are attached to any object; they also make a plaintive noise: notwithstanding these kindred qualities, they are not members of the sloth genera, as they have not only cutting, but canine teeth, and the latter are destitute of fore teeth, which constitutes a distinctive variation.

THE TARSIER.

The next class in the maucauco tribe is the tarsier, which, from its construction, seems to be allied to the jerboa genus; but from the cir-

cumstance of having canine teeth, is an exception to that genera, and consequently placed in this section.

This animal has a sharp face, a slender nose, large prominent eyes, erect broad naked ears, an inch and a half in length, and of a transparent appearance; between them, on the crown of the head, there is a tuft of long hairs; on each side of the nose, and on the eyebrows, are also long hairs. In each jaw there are two cutting and two canine teeth, which forms an exception in this genus, as it is one of the characteristic qualities of the maucauco tribe to have six cutting teeth and two canine teeth in each jaw. It has four long slender toes, and a distinct thumb on each foot; the claws are sharp, pointed, and attached to the skin, except on the interior toes of the hind feet; the thumbs on the hind feet are broad, and dilated at the extremity; the hair on the legs and feet is short, white, and thin; the tail almost naked, the greater part being of a scaly substance, resembling the rat genus, but clothed with hair near the end, and terminating with a tuft; the hair on the body of an ash colour, intermingled with tawny. The length from nose to tail about six inches, the tail nine inches and an half long. The hind legs, like those of the jerboa, are disproportionably long, which give the animal an heterogenous appearance in his lower parts: these animals inhabit some of the remote Indian islands, Amboina in particular.

THE LITTLE MAUCAUCO.

Pennant, with great probability, supposes this animal is the Madagascar rat, described by Buffon, as it is imagined it lives in palm-trees, and feeds on fruits, like the squirrel; it conveys its food to its mouth with its fore paws, and resembles that ge-



nus in its voice; its actions also are very similar, and equally agile. This animal has a round head, sharp muzzle, and long whiskers, two canine teeth in each jaw, four cutting teeth in the upper, and six in the lower; the ears large, round, naked, and membraneous, the eyes large and prominent, the orbits dark, the toes long and of disproportionate length, the nails round and short, except on the first toe, which is armed with a sharp long claw; the colour of the hair, on the upper part of the body, is of an ash hue, on the lower regions white. This animal in size is rather less than the black rat, its tail is nearly the length of its body, clothed with hair, and endued with the prehensile quality.

#### THE FLYING MAUCAUCO.

The flying maucauco, notwithstanding it very nearly resembles the bat and squirrel, forms a distinct species: as the formation of its teeth has not been decisively ascertained, it is doubtful to what class it belongs, but is annexed to this genus on the authority of Linnæus's system. This animal has a long head, small mouth, teeth, and ears; from the neck to the hands, and from thence to the hind feet, a broad skin extends, similar to the flying squirrel; the same continues from the hind feet to the termination of the tail, which is included in, and attached to it; the body and exterior part of this mantle is covered with soft hairs of a hoary black or ash-coloured appearance; the interior part of the skin connected with the feet and hands is membraneous; the legs are covered with a soft yellow down; there are five toes on each foot, the claws are slender and very sharp and crooked, which enables the animal to adhere firmly to any object on which it attaches itself. The length of the body is

about three feet, the breadth nearly the same; the tail slender, and about a span long. This species inhabits the environs of Guzarat and the Molucca, and the Philippine islands, where it is denominated Caguang, Coluga, and Gigua.

In these respective animals which constitute the maucauco class, your ladyship will perceive the operations of nature receding from the imitative qualities which distinguish the monkey tribes; though some similarity and leading traits are preserved that form a connexion between the two genuses. This gradation naturally introduces us to the survey of genuine quadrupeds, a term which denotes those animals to which a prone posture is invariably congenial: the ape genera, which includes all the animals already described, are an exception to this term, as, notwithstanding they are all quadrupeds, from the common use and construction of their organs, many of them are in fact bipeds, and the greater part (if not all) quadramanus, from the adroit and general use they make of their hands. These varied and wonderful exertions of infinite wisdom are indisputable tokens of the omnipotence of our bounteous Creator, whose works abound with distinct perfections, yet are united into one compact of perfect harmony and systematic order. In the scale of being, how near some peculiar qualities appear to be allied; and in others, as if it were to elude our too minute investigations, we behold an assemblage of such opposite properties, we cannot trace their connexion, or combine them by any scientific means, so unequal are our limited powers to the contemplation of the divine emanations displayed in the animal world, and every other branch of innate excellence. Every object that we delineate

neate abounds with perfections that excite our admiration, which cannot fail to be exalted into adoration when we reflect how many remain inscrutably latent to our finite comprehensions. Let this conviction increase our zeal to peruse the volume of Nature, which is ever open to our view, and replete with advantage, in order that we bestow praise where it is justly due, and form a true estimate of our own ingratitude and frailty! Your ladyship's enlightened mind exhibits an happy contrast to the common herd of speculative inquirers, as your general conduct beams forth with benignity and grace, and thereby inspires veneration for those amiable qualities by which you are distinguished. While you thus fulfil the intent of your merciful Creator, and sustain his honour in the world, by entering a protest against every species of infidelity and depravity, be assured you will be entitled to a temporal and eternal reward, and be ever honoured by your faithful

EUGENIA.

(To be continued.)

#### CHARACTER OF MARMONTEL.

By Mallett Du Pan.

MARMONTEL, who was a member, and the perpetual secretary of the French academy, till the philosophers of the revolution exterminated the academies, finished his career at the age of seventy, in Normandy, in the month of December last.

The public opinion of the numerous works of this writer of the first class being settled, it would be superfluous here to examine his literary merit. Few authors produce more, because few are so laborious.

Although Marmontel did not succeed in all the modes of writing he attempted, he is in the number of writers whose titles will be reviewed and acknowledged by posterity. He has been equally successful in works of imagination and didactic ones. The best course of literature we have in French is that which he has inserted in the *Encyclopédie Méthodique*. He has the great merit of clearness, justness of expression, wit, and taste; in short, a precision the reverse of that frothy verbosity so frequent in the famous dictionary, and of the useless profuseness of most modern rhetoricians.

The revolution robbed Marmontel of his place, salaries, fortune, and resources. The old government had been just and liberal towards him, and he was not ungrateful: from sentiment as well as reflexion, he was no partaker either in the enthusiasm or errors into which the events of 1789 led so many men of letters. Grateful for the magnanimous concessions which the king had made to his subjects in the month of December, 1788, he was not deceived by the strange innovations, the establishment of which was prepared by conspirators and the disciples of anarchy.

However he had it in his power to take a part in that stormy scene, and to go through it with more success than his companion Bailly, whose approaching popular fortune he little suspected, and to whom he was far superior in political knowledge, firmness of character, and justness of thought. They were both appointed electors by the *Tiers Etat* of the commune of Paris. Marmontel appeared at the electoral assembly with distinguished marks of favour: he was generally pointed out as one of the deputies who would be elected: this popularity lasted six days.

The electoral body, usurping the rights and the language of an independent political body, took it into their heads that they would govern the state and the king. Upon an incendiary motion made by the declaimer Target, it was resolved, among other things, to give orders to his majesty, that, without delay, the press should be allowed unlimited liberty.

Marmontel opposed, with all his power and eloquence, a conduct so seditious. He found himself alone in his opinion, in which he persisted: his credit vanished; and he was struck from the list of candidates.

Neither fear, nor seduction, nor policy, could shake his mind. He loudly professed his principles, his contempt of those that prevailed, and his horror at the criminal means by which they were made to prevail. I have heard him confounding, with all the weight of a sound and noble reason, dangerous men, whose aversion was not to be incurred with impunity.

About the end of the year 1791, when he thought that all was irrecoverably lost, he retired with his wife and children to a cottage which he had purchased in Normandy. In 1792, finding that anarchy made rapid strides, he thought of leaving France, and taking refuge in Switzerland—a project which I persuaded him to relinquish, as the smallness of his fortune and the fate of his family would not permit it.

Although totally absorbed in the education of his children, and in literary labours, he was persecuted in his retreat, and more than once imprisoned. At length, revolutionary tyranny having blunted its bloody sword, before it could whet a new modelled one, France seemed to breathe for some days. It was in that short interval, during the

spring of 1797, that Marmontel, by the voice of the worthy people of his department, was returned a deputy to the legislature. He yielded to the pressing intreaties of his electors much more than to their illusion, in which he was not a partaker. Coolly discriminating circumstances, plans, and obstacles, he foresaw the catastrophe which put an end to the dream of the legislative body. His age, and some remaining consideration for his talents, saved him from transportation, but his election was annulled.

Restored to liberty and his family, he hastened back to his rural retreat, where, with a tranquil conscience, he died on the 30th of December last, at the age of 69 years—a good father, an affectionate husband, and a christian.

Here let me remove one of those slanders engendered by the prejudices of sect and party, which, from the French papers, has found its way to those of other countries. They accused Marmontel of hypocrisy, for defending the interests of religion in the legislative body, after having, they say, attacked it in his works. Nothing is more absurd and false than this assertion.

But supposing that a writer, in the effervescence of youth, and hurried away by example or the passions, had taken unwarrantable liberties with religious principles, would it follow, that when matured by age and reason, when taught by dreadful experience the effects of incredulity, he should not acknowledge the danger of it, and oppose it without being guilty of hypocrisy? It was the case of another academician, whose conversion made still more noise than his errors.

But as for Marmontel, he never had grounds to lament his publications. He never sheltered himself by writing anonymously; and in  
which



which of his acknowledged works shall we find a proof to support the imputation I am refuting? Will any one venture to adduce the censure of Belisarius by the doctor of the Sorbonne, who, with a rage and absurdity worthy of the tenth century, anathematised the maxims of toleration displayed by the author of it, and which were adopted by all enlightened Christians awake to the spirit of the gospel?

To listen to the crowd of declaimers and ignorant fellows who pretend to explain the causes of the revolution, we should believe it to be the result of an universal conspiracy of men of learning and science against the throne and the altar. They are, no doubt, right, according to their meaning; for, in their eyes, whoever requires that the power of the laws should be superior to that of a minister, or of a lieutenant of the police, is a rebel and a jacobin; just as they, with equal sagacity, pronounce him an atheist, who wrote against the Jesuits, or laughed at the legend.

Fact is the answer to these enormous fooleries. In spite of the interested declamations and invectives of the Linguets, Merciers, and Chamsorts, it is certain that the French Academy was composed of men the most distinguished by their literary talents. Mark then—of 37 members, the number of that body in 1790, only six embraced and served the revolution\*. Most of the members of the Academy of Inscriptions and Belles Lettres were clear of all participation in it. The Academy of Sciences alone merited that reproach which was so unjustly thrown upon men of letters worthy of the title, and, to its everlasting

shame, it produced three of Robespierre's ministers, namely, Monge, Meusnier, and Fourcroy.

As for the crowd of composers of ballads and romances, college tutors, private teachers, club-philosophers, rhetoricians, and inspired juries, who have devoted their genius to the improvement of society, it is carrying the indulgence of language too far to call them men of letters.

## PARISIAN FASHIONS.

**BLACK** feathers now divide the sway with the ostrich plumes. Flowers are no longer worn, but in caps, which are made with large wings, either fringed or embroidered with white. Sky-blue satin is generally made use of in the hats and caps. Turbans are no longer the mode. Head-dresses formed partly of satin, intermixed with the hair, are still much in use. Bonnets of pale straw, with a slight border, are coming much into fashion; they are placed rather on the back of the head; an ornament of white satin appears on the right side, and three ostrich plumes wave in the front. For the robes, our manufacturers have made a silk stuff, which is as soft and pliable as muslin, and wants only its transparency. The shoes are not, as before, pointed, but round.

In the men's dresses, the collars have experienced a considerable variation: they are not only gathered, but are made to descend to the second button. Globular buttons of copper, nearly twice as large as those of the hussars, are much worn. On the hat appears a very large velvet band, with a buckle.

The turbans arrive at the maturity of fashion more slowly than might

\* Cardinal de Lomenie, La Harpe, Dais, Montesquieu, Bailly, and Target.

be expected. Those most favourably spoken of have the crown scarlet-poppy colour, and the bands black. A combination of these turbans and capote caps, forms a head-dress called the *chapeau turban*: it consists of two unequal sides; the greater part of black velvet, trimmed with red, and in the form of the *chapeau*; the less, commencing at the middle of the forehead, is in the shape of a turban, with folds, of which two are black, and three scarlet-poppy colour.

The amplitude of the gentlemen's pantaloons is great, to the extent of caricature. The colour, apricot velvet. Red under-waist-coats, the edge of which appears at the breast, continue to be worn during the cold weather, and riding coats, with three collars, at night.

#### *Fichu Chemise.*

One of our beauties of the most pre-eminent influence having resumed the handkerchief for a head-dress, it immediately became a model of imitation for all subaltern fashionables. It consists of a double handkerchief, brought loosely round the head, and tied in a knot before. Long gloves, reaching half way up the arm, and the chemise handkerchief, with the above head-dress, are completely the taste of the day.

#### *Chapeau cornette.*

One of our fashionables has designed the *chapeau cornette*, which, though on the old basis, has the appearance of novelty, and is favourably received. It is a simple cap, with square corners tied under the chin, crowned at the back with a rose like a child's, and forming a bow and ends at the front.

Reddish muslins still continue the prevailing colour.

Black velvet is now the only colour for capotes. Satin, more worn than velvet, is almost always white. The bows of ribbands have the extremities cut in points. It is reported that our *élégantes* have resolved to explode white—an event very probable, as a vast number of commissions have been received for watered stuffs, of a new kind.

Jewellery, which, it was feared, would feel the stagnation of commerce, proves, on the contrary, the emulation and dexterity of our artists. As the shape of medallions, pins, and necklaces, is not absolutely prescribed by fashion, every one is at liberty to enrich them with crystals, precious stones, and cameos. Bracelets, instead of being simple gold clasps, are an assemblage of triangular loops. Feathers are the exclusive ornament of our fashionables. Garlands may be seen on the head-dresses of some of the vulgar; but a feather has never been observed on the cap of *griselle*.

Black or chesnut hair is full dress. The white wig, or at least the braid of white tresses, is undress. The white gives an air of youth, to which our *élégantes* accommodate themselves astonishingly.

#### *Morning Fashions.*

A close mob tied under the chin, with a strait lappet striped with coloured ribband, and a round cap made of a coloured handkerchief edged with lace, are, among the subaltern fashionables, the usual morning head-dress. The height of the sleeves admits of wonderful variety; some plait them lengthways, others wear them with twisted columns, puffed or in diamonds, exclusive of the various designs in the embroidery and trimming. The chemise hand-

handkerchief, and lawn aprons, are ornamented with a narrow trimming. The sashes have the ends flying, and the trains of the robes are about half a foot on the ground. Wadded spencers, tippets, and no muffs, are the order of the day.

MALE FASHIONS.

The capes of the coats have no turn-back, and silk or worsted buttons are generally worn instead of metal ones.

LONDON FASHIONS.

THE Georgian half-dress of white muslin, made high in the neck, with a collar, and trimmed with lace; the binding of elastic-coloured velvet. The cloak or shawl of pink satin, covered, or not covered, with white crape, and trimmed with black lace.

The aërial dress, made of white muslin, the body plain, and trimmed round the bosom with lace; the sleeves of lace and muslin. The drapery goes over the left shoulder, and fastens in different parts with gold or silver-sliders or diamonds, gold or silver trimmings round the bottom. Indispensable, gold chain, necklace, &c. Turban of white crape, fastened in front to correspond with the dress. White ostrich feather fixed behind, and falling over the front.

Silk pelice, trimmed with broad black lace. Hat of purple chip, or willow, with bow behind, and white roses on the left side. Silver bear muff.

Russian robe of velvet, trimmed all round with silver. The bottom of the train likewise trimmed with silver. Amantis cap of white spangled crape, with wreath of flowers, and an end on the left side.

General Observations.

Silver and gold flowers, and ornaments of all kinds, are universally worn. Crape or velvet netting, plain, spangled, beaded, and bugged, are much introduced into caps and bonnets, with flowers to match. For the use of milliners, the netting may be had separate, in small squares. To match the spangled nets, a very beautiful flower, the lily of the valley, with corresponding wreaths, has been made.

Gold and silver spotted tiffanies are much used in turbans.

The prevailing colours are brown, purple, blue, and tea, or olive green.

The feathers generally worn are the Argus pheasant, the Indian macaw, the argilla, the flat and porcupine ostrich, and the Seringapatam plume.

Upon the Use of WHITE PAINT.

(From Memoirs of Mademoiselle Clairon.)

THE use of white paint is now almost general upon the stage; this borrowed charm, of which no one is the dupe, and which all agree in condemning, spoils and discolours the complexion, weakens and dims the sight, absorbs the whole countenance, conceals the expressive motion of the muscles, and produces a kind of contradiction between what we hear and what we see.

I had rather we should have recourse to the custom of using masks, like those of the ancients; there would be at least this advantage, that the time thrown away in painting the face might be employed in improving the delivery.

Is it possible that an actress, whose countenance is enameled



with paint, and consequently incapable of any motion, can give expression to the passions of rage, terror, despair, love, or anger?

Every motion of the soul is expressed through the medium of the countenance; the extension of the muscles, the swelling of the veins, the blush upon the face, all evince those inward emotions, without which great talents cannot display themselves. There is no character in which the expression of the countenance is not of the utmost importance; to feel a character, and to show by the motions of the countenance that the soul is agitated by what it feels, is a talent of equal consequence in an actress with any she can possess.

It is by the countenance alone you can distinguish between irony and jest.

A voice more or less raised or depressed, or more or less tremulous, is insufficient to express such or such a sentiment of terror, or such or such a sentiment of fear. The countenance alone is enabled to mark its degrees.

I am not against giving every assistance to nature. I have often myself borrowed assistance, generally labouring under an ill state of health; yet, unremitting in my labours, the paleness of death was often upon my countenance. I had remarked in others, that nothing was so injurious to the expression of the features as having pale lips or pale ears. A little art gave them the appearance of florid health. I darkened the colour of my eye-brows, as the character I was to perform required. I did the same thing to my hair, with different coloured powders; but far from concealing, in the least degree, those features which give animation and expression to the whole countenance, I have ever

made the anatomy of the head my particular study, in order that I might thereby be enabled to dispose it in positions most calculated to display it to advantage.

A white skin is doubtless agreeable, it communicates a charm to the whole figure, it imparts an air of greater sprightliness and animation; the blue veins it discovers are always considered as beauties.

But that whiteness which is acquired by paint covers the countenance with a thick enamel, which conceals and destroys every feature. The pores are filled with the pernicious ingredients of which the paint is composed; and the fear the person who wears it is constantly under, of deranging it by too much action, compels her to keep her face always in one posture. Besides, I know no kind of coquetry more troublesome, humiliating, or useless; whoever has recourse to it is always afraid of being surprised before her face is made up. She cannot refer to herself any compliment that may be paid her; and I again repeat, that it is a custom of which no one is the dupe.

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## FILIAL HEROISM:

### A PERSIAN ANECDOTE.

**HAL-MEHI CANTIMIR**, a native of Mendeli in Kurdistan, has a just claim to be ranked in the list of heroines, not for having signalised herself in the field of battle or in mounting the breach of a city taken by storm, but for her filial piety, which prompted her to undertake the most perilous enterprise.

Her father Meliabeth, a Persian general, had with approved and unshaken fidelity served the Sophi of Persia, Mirza Abbas, predecessor of the famous Kouli-khan.

Truly

Truly recommendable both by his martial talents and his domestic virtues, that warrior nevertheless experienced the usual fate of illustrious men: envy persecuted him with unrelenting rancour; and his fair fame was blackened by a thousand atrocious calumnies. The prince, who had countenanced and loaded him with favours so long as he had found him necessary, repaid him with the blackest ingratitude when he had no longer occasion for his services.

At the moment when this new Belisarius was preparing to enjoy the fruit of his toils and to taste the sweets of peaceful repose under the shade of his laurels, he was falsely accused of peculation and extortion: whereupon, without taking the slightest pains to inquire into the truth of the allegations, without even deigning to grant him a single hearing, or an opportunity of speaking in his own defence, the Sophi yielded to his prepossessions, and ordered his old and faithful servant to be loaded with chains, and confined in a tower standing on a rock in the river Tigris.

Half-covered with a mean ragged garment, having no other sustenance than black bread and water, resting his painful limbs on tattered pieces of damp mats, forgotten by mankind, the hapless Meliabeth daily and nightly deplored the severity of his doom. What most of all afflicted him was his separation from his only daughter. Having lived thirteen years a widower, he had, previously to his captivity, enjoyed no other society than that of his dear Cantimir.

That beloved daughter, whose beauty was her least powerful recommendation, had already spent five years in fruitless inquiries for her lost father, and now began to despair of ever being able to find him. But what

difficulties will not filial piety overcome? . . . . Observing Hal-Mehi's secret chagrin and melancholy, a courtier, who had formerly been united in friendship with Meliabeth, disclosed the important secret to that unfortunate man's daughter, though at the peril of his own life. He informed her that her ill-fated parent lay immured in an ancient prison rising on the craggy point of a rock surrounded by the waters of the Tigris, and near the strait of Bassora.

Delighted to obtain unquestionable intelligence respecting him who was to her the dearest object in the universe, Cantimir clasped in her arms her generous informant, returned him thanks in the most affecting manner, and assured him that she would rather endure the most cruel death than ever expose him to danger by an indiscretion on her part.

Transported with joy on the one hand, on the other the young Cantimir was overwhelmed with deep chagrin. She had long resided with an old aunt, who had afforded her an asylum in her misfortunes. How could she think of abandoning her benefactress? how obtain from her a permission at once so repugnant to decorum, good sense, and prudence? How delicate a conjuncture for a soul like hers! Her bosom violently agitated, she resigned herself to the bitterest sorrow, and shed a flood of tears. At length, filial piety overcoming every other consideration, she wrote the following letter:—

“MUS R I, dear aunt, repay with ingratitude your attentions and kindnesses to me? . . . Ingratitude, did I say? . . . No! that detestable vice never found an entrance into my heart. I love you: I respect you: I feel for you the warmest grati-  
tude.

tude. If I quit you during a season, it is only for the purpose of going to seek my father. He is the incessant object of my thoughts and meditations: and I cannot possibly live without him. Adieu, my dear aunt! never shall I forget your favours; Never shall I cease to feel the tender sentiments with which they have inspired me."

After having penned this letter, and bedewed it with her tears, Cantimir laid it on the table in her apartment, and set out at an early hour in the morning, without any other provision for her journey than a loaf and a few small pieces of coin. Thirty-two leagues was the distance which she had to travel from her aunt's house to the city of Bassora. She was obliged to pursue cross-roads and by-paths, whose ruggedness increased the difficulties of her enterprise: but her persevering patience and resolution overcame them all in the space of two days.

Arrived in the vicinity of the city, she engaged as a servant in the house of a manufacturer of painted linens, whose esteem she soon gained as well by her activity as by her diligent attention. Full of the bold design which she meditated, she communicated her intentions to her employer, who, enraptured with admiration of the pious and daring project, readily consented to promote her endeavours, and supplied her with all the means in his power which could tend to insure her success.

To reach the foot of the rock on which stood the tower where Meliabeth groaned in lonely captivity, it was necessary to surmount obstacles and dangers sufficient to terrify and appall the boldest of the bolder sex. She must traverse a

part of the river where the current flowed with extreme rapidity: she must deceive the watchful vigilance of the centinels, whose bows were ever bent, ever ready to discharge deadly arrows at any person who should dare to approach within the distance of a hundred yards.

But nothing was capable of terrifying or discouraging the undaunted maid in her attempt to rescue her father. During four months she employed herself in learning to swim: and the hours which should have been appropriated to the necessary refreshment of sleep were those which she devoted to that perilous exercise, that she might be the more at leisure and at liberty to practise it. After repeated essays, and when she had gradually rendered herself capable of stemming the impetuosity of the tide, she at length ventured to advance farther out into the stream; and proceeding to a greater and yet greater distance, she came within a stone's throw of the spot which she had so ardently desired to reach.

On viewing so near her that tower which contained all that was dearest to her heart, the courageous Cantimir felt a joy which may more readily be conceived than described: but still more exquisite was her delight, when she distinctly descried her father himself in person. He stood leaning against a little barred window, and contemplated the magnificent spectacle of the rising sun, whose first rays were just beginning to tinge with golden hue the tops of the waving forests.

Inadvertently yielding to the irresistible impulse of nature, Cantimir forgot the dangers of her situation, and cried out to her father. She several times repeated her cries, in the hope of attracting his notice: but the venerable senior, rapt in gloomy



gloomy meditations, did not hear or perceive her, but remained motionless in the same attitude.

Broad day-light now approached, and the fishermen's boats began to sail along the shores. Cantimir therefore thought it prudent to retire, but retired with a firm resolution of soon returning to the spot which she was now obliged to quit. Accordingly she renewed her attempts on the following and several succeeding days, but still with no better success; for her feeble voice was overpowered by the roar of the waves impetuously dashing against the foot of the rocks on which the tower was situated.

Several weeks thus elapsed, during which the young heroine was unable to accomplish her project. "How cruel," said she, "to have been so near my father without being seen by him! how unfortunate that my voice could not reach his ear!"..... She was quite forlorn and distracted, and burst into tears.

She was not, however, discouraged, or deterred from the prosecution of her enterprise. Revolving in her mind the means of conducting it to a happy issue, her filial piety suggested to her a simple expedient attended with less danger than the former. It consisted in painting the name of "Cantimir" in large characters on a piece of white stuff, which she exposed on an angle of the rock in front of the tower, so that it could not fail to meet the eyes of Meliabeth whenever he happened to look that way.

This new device produced its effect according to her wishes.— Having returned to the place on the second day after, she saw her father at the window of his prison. His eyes were fixed on the name of his beloved Cantimir, when he saw herself swimming toward the spot with all her might, and at length

reaching the rock, which she immediately climbed.

At that unexpected sight, Meliabeth, equally affected with surprise and joy, lifted his hands toward heaven, then stretching them forward through the bars of his window, crossed them, as if to embrace his dear child. How powerful and expressive is the mute language of nature! Not daring to utter any sound, lest he should attract the notice of his watchful guards, the affectionate and trembling father conversed with his daughter by signs.

Cantimir showed to him a letter which she had conveyed across the river in the hair on the top of her head to preserve it from being wet; and she made him understand her wish that he should let down from his window a string to which she might fasten it. Meliabeth readily comprehended her meaning, and instantly tore his handkerchief into narrow stripes, which he tied together and let down according to her desire.

The dauntless maid, having immediately ascended as high as she could up the sloping base of the tower, seized the end of the string which her father had let down, and, forming on it a knot, made fast to it the paper, the faithful interpreter of her filial affection and lively solicitude.

The unfortunate Meliabeth thus corresponded with his dear child, unperceived by his guards, and concerted with her proper measures for his escape from confinement.

Cantimir, having procured proper files for the purpose, conveyed them to her father by the same mean which she had used for her letter. With these he dextrously cut through the bars of his window: after which, by uniting several thicknesses of small twine with which she had successively furnished him,

him, he formed a strong rope, full of knots, to be used when occasion should require.

Every preparation having been diligently made, and a time appointed for his escape, Cantimir came in the dead of the night to rescue her father. He availed himself of the propitious moment without delay, and, at a preconcerted signal, let himself down from the window by the aid of his knotted rope.

When the poor old man had reached the foot of the tower, his frame was shaken by a universal tremor on seeing himself so near to that beloved daughter whom for so long a period he had never once pressed to his bosom. On the other hand, the imminent dangers to which that dear object of his affection exposed herself, strongly presented themselves to his mind. He tenderly clasped her in his arms, and entreated that she would relinquish the dangerous enterprise, and suffer him to return to his gloomy cell in the tower.

What language were capable of describing the mutual contests of love which took place on this occasion between the father and the daughter? One must be a father to feel it: one must possess the sensibility of Cantimir to form a just idea of it. "Oh! my father!" she exclaimed—"No! you shall no longer languish in chains. Ah! doubt it not—the gods have restored me to your embraces and you to mine for no other purpose than that of rescuing you from the horrors of captivity. Their guardian care watches over the steps of innocence: cease to fear: the worst of the danger is past. See, how calm and serene a night, how brilliant a moon, conspire to favour our escape. In less than one quarter of an hour we shall have deceived the vigilance of the guards, and reached a place of safety."

"O my dear Cantimir!" replied Meliabeth in a voice interrupted with sighs, "may the almighty protector of justice listen to thy voice, and conduct us under happy auspices! Embrace me, my daughter! my dear child!"

At these words they rushed into the water, and swam with their utmost efforts toward the opposite shore.

After having proceeded to some distance, the hapless old man, chilled by the coldness of the water, suddenly sank and disappeared under the waves.... "My father!" exclaimed Cantimir in affright—"O my father!"... The too officious echoes of the neighbouring rocks loudly repeated her doleful cries, which were reverberated to the ears of the guard stationed in the tower. Immediately a light skiff was launched into the river, and some of the soldiers sprang into it to pursue the two fugitives.

Meantime Meliabeth had risen to the surface of the water: and the courageous Cantimir, swimming with one hand, with the other held up the head of her unfortunate father, who had now recovered his breath, and was making what efforts he could to stem the tide.

Fruitless efforts! cruel vicissitudes of human affairs! Crime often triumphs and prospers, while virtue sinks overpowered.... The father and the daughter had already gained the shore, and were even on the point of reaching a thick forest of tall reeds, when an arrow, discharged by one of their sanguinary pursuers, pierced Cantimir in the arm, and grievously wounded her. Retarded by the pain, and weakened with loss of blood, she was soon taken, and dragged back to the tower, together with Meliabeth, who had fainted at sight of her disaster.

So soon as the morning dawned, the wretched father and his daughter were

were thrown into a covered boat, conducted under a strong escort to Bassora, and brought before the governor. He was a man who had grown grey in the tyranny of office, whose heart was callous to pity, and who was utterly incapable of appreciating a noble or virtuous action. Oriental despotism admits not of long delay in the examination of causes, of whatsoever kind they be. Interrogated at the tenth hour of the day, the culprits were condemned and strangled at the twelfth.

When the interesting particulars of this affecting catastrophe were heard at Ispahan, there was not an individual in that immense city who did not admire the pious courage and ingenuity and industry exerted by Cantimir in favour of her suffering parent. Every heart was wrung with grief for her tragic fate: every eye bestowed on her misfortune a tributary tear: each woman lamented her as a daughter, each maiden as a sister. The Sophi himself participated the general sympathy, and loudly condemned the governor's over-hasty procedure. "Most certainly," said the monarch, "I would have pardoned Meliabeth for Cantimir's sake." And indeed there is not under heaven a more affecting spectacle than that of a child affronting death to save the life of a parent.

By the prince's order, a statue of white marble was erected in honour of the heroic maid, who was represented in the act of receiving her father into her arms at the foot of the tower. A splendid festival was instituted to perpetuate the memory of the noble deed: every year married dames and youthful virgins perform a pilgrimage to the revered monument, strew flowers around, kiss the marble with religious respect, and return warm with sentiments of admiration.

## EUGENIA DE MIRANDE;

AN ANECDOTE.

*(From a French Journal.)*

TOWARDS the close of last summer, a young man named Linval, walking in the Tuilleries, found, near the delightful bower where the exquisite statues of Hippomenes and Atalanta are placed, the following billet upon the ground:

"AN opportunity is offered to the person who shall find this billet of doing a good action. If the person is disposed to do it, he is requested to go to the Rue de Saintonge, N<sup>o</sup> 1342, and ask for Eugenia de Mirande.

"P. S. Should the finder be unwilling to go to the assistance of an unfortunate mother, he is requested not to prevent another person from doing it, but to drop the billet where he found it."

Linval is the best dancer in Paris after Trenis; he read the billet, hummed a new air while he was reading it, and then, with a stroke of his bamboo, whisked it into the air, and hastened to the Fauxbourg du Roule to give his opinion upon a robe of exquisite taste, but which it was feared was not sufficiently striking.

The second person who picked it up was a man of middle age, simply clad and walking quick. He stopped, however, to read it, but casting his eyes towards heaven, as if he meant to say "It is not to me that this letter is addressed," he placed it respectfully in its former place.

A contractor came next, one of those men who think themselves moderate because they are content with the trifling gain of three thousand francs a day, and who are purse-proud and impudent: he first kicked the billet, then picked



ed it up from curiosity. Scarcely had he read it when he tore it into a thousand pieces, exclaiming, "'Tis a trap."

The next day, precisely at the same place, another billet was deposited exactly similar to the former. The first person who perceived it had the delicacy to take the address, and to place the billet where he found it. A young married couple perceived it a few minutes afterwards. After having read it, madame C\*\*\*\*, who was on the point of becoming a mother, said to her husband, "My love, let us see the person to whom we are directed. What we have to give is but little, but a slight benefit often prevents the unfortunate from giving themselves up to despair, and inspires them with courage to wait for better days."

The young couple proceeded to the Rue de Saintonge. But at Paris, the having the name, the street, and the number, is by no means sufficient to insure the finding of the real place. Some houses have the numbers they had before the revolution; from other houses the revolution has removed the former numbers and placed others. The sections have successively accumulated upon the walls of Paris cyphers of all colours, and not at all regular. After having walked twice up and down the street, the young couple at length found out N° 1342.—They learnt that the house was occupied by an old man, formerly a physician, who had retired, who passed for a rich man, and who had an only daughter, distinguished for her wit and her talents.

The young couple were shown up a very handsome stair-case to the first floor, where they were ushered into a room furnished without gaudiness, but with perfect taste.

They asked to speak to Eugenia de Mirande, and a young lady of twenty-two or twenty-three years of age, graceful and elegant, rose and showed them into a small apartment, where every thing showed that the useful and agreeable were habitually cultivated; books, pamphlets, music-books, instruments, drawings, were in different parts of the room—every thing bespoke affluence of circumstances.

"I fear," said madame C\*\*\*\*, "I have fallen into some mistake. We read your address, madame, upon a billet we found in the Tuilleries; and we determined to offer some assistance to the person pointed out; but we perceive here that there are charms to delight, not sorrows to be relieved."

Eugenia de Mirande, for it was to her they spoke, explained to them, but with some embarrassment, that she was only the organ of a lady, very much to be pitied, who, from a sentiment of pride, wished to conceal herself, but who was worthy of the interest she had excited.

"In that case," said madame C\*\*\*\*, "request her to permit me to see her; I do not think that she ought to blush at the visit of one of her own sex, who is not a stranger to sorrow."

The young lady evaded the request, under a pretext that her *protégée* had a whimsical imagination, which rendered it difficult to confer an obligation upon her.

"But she has children?"

"Three; and she has just lost, after a long and expensive illness, a husband, whose labour supplied them with the means of living."

"Good God! what a situation! and what age are the children?"

"They are all young; a girl of five years and a half is the eldest."

"I shall

"I shall soon," said madame C\*\*\*\*, with a blush which lent a new charm to her beauty, "be a mother myself; this is sufficient to interest me for the fate of these little innocents; yet this circumstance unfortunately prevents me from having the satisfaction of taking one of the children; my own will demand all my care; but permit me at least to send a small bundle for the eldest child; for I cannot believe that, with such a friend as you, the family can be exposed to the want of the absolute necessities of life."

Eugenia de Mirande thanked the lady in the name of her friend, and accepted the present, after taking down the name and address of madame C\*\*\*\*.

Scarcely had the young couple retired, when a young man came upon the same errand.

"Your pardon, madam," he said to Eugenia, "it is not you I am in search of, but Eugenia de Mirande."

A similar explanation—similar astonishment. After having heard the story of the unfortunate person, the young man appeared to be much moved.

"How happens it, that a widow and three little innocents should be absolutely without succour, upon so fertile a soil as our's, and in the midst of an enlightened nation?"

"You are in the right, sir; but where is the remedy?"

"The remedy, madam, would be, to give a little more provident wisdom to Frenchmen, and make them understand, that after to-morrow there is another day to come, and that when we quit life we leave behind us often the dearest part of ourselves. But that is not the point to be considered now. The situation of the lady, about whom you have interested yourself, is dreadful, and, whatever be the causes, let us try to soften them."

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Eugenia received the present which the young man gave.

"I am not rich, madam, and that is the reason my donation is so trifling; but when we are prudent, we can always, though young, have something to give."

"But, sir, money is not the sole benefit we can extend to the wretched;—good offices and tenderness do them much more service."

"Is your friend, madam, in want of such offices? Speak the word, and there is nothing I will not do upon your recommendation."

"Yet forgive me, sir,—let my motives excuse my indiscretion,—does your situation in life afford you the means of speaking to the minister?"

"No, madam, my father cultivates property in the environs of Paris; he has passed his whole life in doubling its value by constant care and good management, but never was he seen in the avenues of power; this is what I congratulate him upon more than I praise him, for we do not frequent the anti-chambers of men in place for one's pleasure. Happily I have no more need to do so than he—I partake with five brothers and sisters, who love me, and whom I love, the patrimony he will leave us; and I hope the minister will never hear us spoken of. Yet if it be necessary to solicit him in favour of your friend, I am ready to do it. What is it she wants?"

"To establish a claim that is just—the security of one of our armies rendered it necessary to destroy an establishment which the husband of the widow founded: she asks for indemnity."

"And must she have protection, madam, to obtain this?"

"Protection is not necessary to obtain it, because it is just; but we wish for protection, in order that the business may not linger in the

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bureau

*bureaux*, before it is seen by the minister."

"I see," said Latremblaye, the name of the young man, "that we must lay before the minister a concise and clear memorial, which shall make him feel the justice of the claim."

"That is just the thing; but the memorial must be drawn."

Both were silent.

"I scarcely dare ask you," said Eugenia.

"Why not? I should have offered to do it, if I had not been afraid of doing it ill. Besides, I am ignorant of the details of the affair."

"I will communicate them."

Eugenia retired a moment, and returned with her father. She requested him to ask Latremblaye to dinner, in order that he might be furnished with the details of the business in question. The old gentleman intreated the young man to fix a day, which, after mutual compliments, he did.

Latremblaye came at the appointed time; the dinner was gay, and the conversation lively; every subject was introduced, except the one which had been the occasion of the dinner. Latremblaye thought Eugenia charming. She was well-informed, and had vivacity and wit. After dinner she introduced the affair of the unfortunate lady. Latremblaye heard her with attention, and promised to draw up the memorial in two days. He performed his promise, and succeeded perfectly well: energy, clearness, precision, nothing was wanting. Eugenia read it with marks of the warmest satisfaction.

"There is a strength, a sensibility, sir, in the style, which render it impossible for the minister not to yield to your reasoning; and were I in the minister's place, you should certainly not experience a refusal."

Latremblaye blushed, and knew not what to reply.

"Nor is this all, sir; we must give to your memorial a new degree of eloquence; it must be presented by the person herself who is supposed to have written it. The gesture, voice, and look of the person interested will add to the impression it ought to produce. Attempt to procure a *rendez-vous*, in order that the lady may deliver it herself to the minister."

After a week's exertions, Latremblaye came one evening to Eugenia with a triumphant air.—"I have procured an interview for to-morrow; give your friend notice, and with this paper all doors will be open to her."

"What gratitude do I not owe you! You will have the satisfaction of having snatched this poor family from despair;—but do not abandon her till you have conducted her to the door. A woman softened by grief, and timid, would appear to disadvantage unaccompanied.—Do you consent to go with her?"

This last act of complacence cost Latremblaye much; yet the habit of yielding to the wishes of Eugenia, the desire of ensuring the success of the business, a curiosity to see the unknown, conquered his repugnance, and he promised to come the next day to Eugenia's, where the mysterious lady was to be.

The next day, Eugenia, without being full-dressed, was more carefully dressed than usual; her hair fell gracefully over her forehead and down her neck, her eyes sparkled, and her bosom heaved as Latremblaye entered. He looked round the room, and said, "The lady is not yet come?"

"No," replied Eugenia, with some emotion.

"I will wait for her."



He took a seat near the tea-table at which Eugenia was sitting. A silence of some minutes ensued.—Each stole looks at the other.—Latremblaye blushed, and would have been put out of countenance if Eugenia had not blushed also.

Latremblaye at length said, but with some hesitation, “I ought, madam, to bless this circumstance (Eugenia cast her eyes upon the ground), which has introduced me to your acquaintance.”

“Whatever satisfaction you feel, sir, you must derive from a conviction. The zeal you have shown—I assure you I have been——gratified, pleased with it.”

A second silence ensued as long as the first. Latremblaye at length took a desperate resolution.

“I know not that I am doing right; but I cannot conceal what I feel—you know it as well as I do.”

Eugenia could by a word have relieved his embarrassment; but in such circumstances the female bosom, however humane, never carries its humanity so far, and when arrived at that point, women force us to tell them what they know already; so that the poor young man confessed he loved her. Eugenia had propriety enough to keep a just medium between the offended air which would only have suited a prude, and that satisfied manner which ill accords with the modesty of her sex. The conversation changed; but it became animated, lively; relieved from a burthen, it proceeded with lightness, grace, and ease. Questions were asked and answered without hesitation: each communicated their pursuits, their modes of thinking and speaking upon different subjects, with such confidence, that they did not perceive they had been waiting for the lady three quarters of an hour.

Latremblaye at length noticed

her non-arrival.—“She is not come yet!”

“She will not come at all,” replied Eugenia.

Latremblaye, in utter astonishment, looked at Eugenia, whose eyes answered only by an expression of languor, mixed with a smile, which produced together an inexpressible grace.

“Would you,” said Eugenia, “be very, very angry with me, if, by chance, there should be no truth in the history of my unfortunate lady?—if all this was but a proof, a means of pointing out to my heart a man whose sensibility was not the effect of sensual desires?”

Latremblaye knew not what to answer.

“You will, perhaps, believe me,” continued Eugenia, “when I tell you that I have received the homage of several men: will you also believe me, when I add, that none of those who distinguished me was precisely such a one as I wished? The death of my mother, whom I lost early, has given a considerable degree of independence to my mind. My father is my friend, I consult him always; his manner of viewing things is liberal; he permitted me to make a trial, a bold one without doubt, but which, however, could not go further than I wished.”

“I am not recovered from my surprise,” said Latremblaye.—“What! was it but a feint? It has cost you much, I am sure, for I recollect several circumstances in which you were interdicted.”

“It is true; but I was supported by the intention of confessing every thing.”

“And my memorial?”

“I will keep it,” said Eugenia, “as a monument of the goodness of your heart, and the eloquence of your style.”

"And the author of the memorial, what will you make of him?"

"My husband," replied Eugenia, with downcast looks, "if he wishes it, and if our two families consent."

The two families, composed of good persons, easily consented, and the young couple were united at Paris a few weeks ago. As soon as they were united they went to pay a visit to madame C\*\*\*\*, to relieve her from her benevolent anxiety, and to make her an elegant present for the bundle which she had sent for the unfortunate lady.

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*THE YOUNG MOUNTAINEER.*

*(Continued from p. 142.)*

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LETTER VII.

*Felicia to Eliza.*

I WOULD have been very much surprised if the well-merited encomium which I bestowed on Frederic had not drawn upon me a charge of enthusiasm from my very discreet and judicious Eliza: for I cannot paint things as they strike my sight, or describe them as they affect my feelings, without seeing her immediately step forward as a severe censor, to pass her negative on my decisions. It may be, my dear Eliza, that I have yet seen only the favourable side of Frederic's character: and, although I have not discovered any faults in him, I do not pretend to affirm that he is exempt from the common failings of mankind: but, by the following recital, I hope to prove to you that I am at least unbiassed by any personal considerations in forming my judgement of him.

Yesterday, as we were walking together at a pretty good distance from the house, young Adolphus childishly and unexpectedly asked

him—"Cousin, which do you love better, my papa or mama?"—Without the least hesitation, he gave the preference to my husband.—Adolphus inquiring the reason, "Your mama," replied Frederic, "is by far the more amiable: but I think your papa possesses the better heart; and, in my eyes, a single exertion of goodness is superior to all the personal and mental graces."

"Well, cousin! you speak exactly like mama. She embraces me only once when I have learned my lesson well: but she caresses me over and over again when I have given pleasure to any person, because, she says, I will be like my papa."

At these words Frederic viewed me with an air which I cannot well define: then laying his hand on his breast, "Very singular!" said he to himself—"It struck me here!" and, without adding a single word more, or offering any apology for his abrupt departure, he instantly quitted me, and returned alone to the house.

At dinner I rallied him on his want of civility, and requested Monsieur de Belleville to scold him for having left me in that manner unaccompanied on the high road.—"Could you be afraid?" interrupted Frederic. "If you were, you ought to have told me so; and in that case I would have remained with you: but I thought that you were accustomed to take solitary walks."

"It is true," said I. "But your behaviour tends to inspire me with the idea that my company is tiresome to you: and you ought to have forbore to let me perceive that."

"You would wrong me in thinking so. On the contrary, in listening to you, I felt sensations of an agreeable but painful kind; and it was for that reason I quitted you."

Monsieur

Monsieur de Belleville smiled, and, addressing Frederic, "Then you are very fond of my wife?" said he.

"Very fond?—No."

"Could you part from her without regret?"

"I like her: but I suppose that after a few days I should no longer think of her."

"And what of *me*, my friend?" asked Monsieur de Belleville.

"You!" exclaimed Frederic rising with animation from his seat, and rushing into my husband's embraces—"I should be inconsolable for the separation."

"Very well! very well, Frederic!" added Monsieur de Belleville with emotion—"But I insist that my Felicia be as well beloved as myself."

"No, father!" returned the youth, as he cast on me a glance—"It is impossible."

You see, Eliza, that I am only a secondary and very inferior object of Frederic's affections. And that is precisely as it should be. I should never pardon him if he loved any other person equally with his benefactor. But I fear that I tire your patience by incessantly making that young man the theme of my discourse to you. I think him, however, a character equally novel and interesting; and I study him with that eager curiosity with which we view every extraordinary production of nature. This conversation does not sparkle with borrowed wit: it shines with native genius; and, in particular, it possesses the merit—a merit so rare in the present age—of issuing from his lips precisely as his mind has conceived it. Truth does not lurk at the bottom of a well, my dear Eliza!—it resides in the heart of Frederic.

This afternoon Frederic and I were sitting together: I had my

little daughter on my lap, and was endeavouring to teach her to repeat my name. The title of "mother" recalling to my mind the conversation of yesterday, I asked Frederic why he gave the appellation of "father" to Monsieur de Belleville.

"Because," said he, "I have lost my own father; and Monsieur de Belleville kindly supplies the place of a parent to me."

"Your mother, too, is dead; and I must supply *her* place."

"You! oh! no! I well remember my mother: and what I felt for her was not at all like what I feel for you."

"You loved her much better?"

"I loved her in a quite different way. I was perfectly at my ease in her company, whereas a single glance from you sometimes throws me into confusion.—I found a pleasure in looking at her. ...."

"Why may you not find equal pleasure in looking at me?"

"You are much too handsome."

"Is that a sufficient reason?"

"At least it makes a material difference. I viewed my mother without ever thinking of her figure: but, with you, the case is quite the reverse: your figure occupies my thoughts."

Perhaps, Eliza, you may blame me for thus trifling with him: but I cannot avoid it. His conversation affords me diversion, and inspires me with a cheerful gaiety which is not natural to me. Besides, my jokes amuse Monsieur de Belleville, who frequently encourages and provokes them.—You must not, however, imagine from what I have said, that I have laid aside my functions as a moralist: for I often give advice to Frederic, who listens to me with docility, and profits by my counsels; and, besides the pleasure which Monsieur de Belleville experiences in seeing me bestow atten-

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tion on his pupil, I feel that I shall myself enjoy a substantial satisfaction in enlightening his mind without impairing his heart, and teaching him to direct his steps through the world, without diminishing his native frankness.

No, my dear Eliza! I will not go to spend the winter at Paris. If you were there, I might perhaps have hesitated on the subject: but it would have been wrong: for my husband, wholly engrossed by the care of his new establishment, would make a great sacrifice in absenting himself from the spot. In Frederic we shall find a useful resource for the long nights: he has a very fine voice, and only wants a little instruction. I have sent for several Italian airs. What a pity that you are not here! With three voices, there are few pieces which we could not execute: and we should make our old friend as happy as the blest inhabitants of Elysium.

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#### LETTER VIII.

*Felicia to Eliza.*

It amuses you much to hear me prattle concerning Frederic? and, by a kind of contradiction, it happens that I have scarcely any thing to say of him to-day. Of late I seldom see him except at meal-hours; and at those times he is generally occupied in talking to my husband of what they have done, or what they are preparing to do. I am even more in the habit of being alone than I was before his arrival, because Monsieur de Belleville, delighting much in his company, feels less the want of mine.

At first this alteration gave me some uneasiness. For the sake of being with them, I had interrupted the course of my usual occupations; and I was no longer able to resume

them. It even seemed to me as if I missed and expected somebody; and the previous habit of society now dispelled the charm even from my solitary walks.

We are mere machines, my dear Eliza! We have only to accustom ourselves to any thing—it soon becomes necessary to us; and for the single reason that we had it yesterday, we wish to have it again to-day. I believe that nature has implanted in us a disposition to idleness, which is the strongest of our inclinations: and if so few men are virtuous, it is less through indifference for virtue, than because virtue is ever fond of action, and mankind of rest. But, on the other hand, how richly does virtue remunerate those who have the courage to rise to her! If the first steps in the path be laborious and difficult, how ample an indemnification does she afterward offer for the sacrifices which have been made to her! The more we practise virtue, the more dear it becomes to us: the case, in this instance, resembles that of two friends, who love each other better in proportion as they are better acquainted with each other.

There is also an art of rendering it easy: but Paris is not the place where that art is to be learned. From the luxurious recesses of our proud hôtels, how difficult to discover wretchedness pining in a garret! If beneficence raise us for a moment from an elbow-chair, what a host of obstacles arise to thrust us back into it! Amid the innumerable crowd of distressed fellow-creatures who swarm in great cities, how difficult to distinguish the real object of compassion from the crafty impostor! We begin by trusting to physiognomy: but, having soon detected the fallacy of that criterion by discovering that we have been deceived by false tears, we conclude by refusing

to credit even those which are the genuine offspring of distress. What pains must be taken, what inquiries must be made, before we can be sure that we bestow our charity on none but the real sons and daughters of misfortune! And, when we see that their number is infinite, how sadly is our soul oppressed by the thought of our inability to succour more than a very small proportion of them! Notwithstanding the good which we have done, the idea of that which we have been obliged to leave undone comes in to disturb our satisfaction.

But in the country, where our connexions lie within a narrower circle, and nearer to us, we run no risque of being mistaken, or unable to do all that is necessary. Although the mark at which we aim be inferior in magnitude, at least we have a reasonable hope of being able to reach it. Ah! if each happy individual whom heaven has blessed with the means would thus endeavour to enliven the little sphere in which he moves, poverty and wretchedness would soon disappear from the face of the earth; the inequalities of fortune would be removed without struggle, without convulsion; and charity would be the celestial bond by which all the human kind would be united together.

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#### LETTER IX:

*Felicia to Eliza.*

You know Monsieur de Belleville's eagerness for political intelligence. Frederic participates it. A subject in which the happiness of entire nations is involved, appears to him interesting above every other. Accordingly, every evening, when the newspapers arrive, Monsieur de Belleville immediately calls in his friend to read them and to discuss

their contents with him. As this occupation regularly employs about an hour, I frequently avail myself of the opportunity to retire to my own apartment, for the purpose either of writing, or of being with my children.

During the first days, Frederic used to ask me whither I was going, and pressed me to attend the perusal of the papers. At length, seeing that the production of them was a signal for my retreat, he upbraided me with my indifference for public news, and condemned it as a fault. I answered him that the appellation of fault belonged, in my opinion, to those things alone from which some evil resulted to others; that I could not, therefore, consider as a fault the little interest which I took in political events. "I am," added I, "but a feeble atom, lost in the vast crowd of beings who inhabit this extensive country. Of what consequence then whether I show more or less zeal for what concerns it?—Frederic! the good which a woman can do to her country does not consist in employing her thoughts on the occurrences which take place in it, or giving her opinion on the conduct and measures of the busy actors who fill the scene, but in practising the greatest number of virtues, and to the greatest extent in her power."

"Felicia is right," interrupted Monsieur de Belleville. "When a woman devotes herself to the education of her children and the care of her domestic concerns—when she sets to all around her the example of good morals and industry—she fulfils the duty which her country requires of her. Let every female be content with thus doing good in her own private sphere; and, from that multitude of good actions, a glorious aggregate will arise. To men it belongs to form great and vast conceptions:

ceptions: to them it belongs to create governments and laws. It becomes the other sex to render the execution easy to them, by strictly confining themselves to those cares which fall within their province. Their task is not difficult; for, whatever may be the order of things, provided it be founded on virtue and justice, they are sure of concurring to promote its duration, by forbearing even to step beyond that circle which nature has drawn round them: for, in order to the due motion of the whole, each part must remain in its proper place."

Eliza! I abundantly reap the fruits of having fulfilled my duty in accompanying Monsieur de Belleville to this remote spot. I here feel myself more happy than I had ever been before. I no longer experienced those intervals of melancholy and disgust, which heretofore excited your uneasiness. Doubtless it was the world which inspired me with that profound *ennui* of which the sight of pure unsophisticated nature has cured me. Nothing, my dear friend, can better suit me than the country life, with a numerous family around me: Exclusive of the resemblance to the ancient patriarchal manners, which I certainly deem worthy of being taken into the account, it is in such a situation alone that we can find that mild and universal benevolence which you were wont to accuse me of not possessing, and of which the numerous assemblies of men must necessarily have checked the practice. When we are connected with our fellow creatures by none but useful relations, such as the good which we can do to them and the services which they can render to us, a strange face always brings pleasure with it, and the heart expands at the meeting. But, in the midst of a crowded society, when

we see ourselves surrounded by a throng of idlers who come to tire us with their insignificance, and who, instead of teaching us to employ our time to advantage, force us on the contrary to make an improper use of it—we must, unless we resemble them, behave to them with coolness or dissimulation: and thus it is that benevolence is extinguished in the great world, as hospitality is in large cities.

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## LETTER X.

*Felicia to Eliza.*

THIS morning, before five o'clock, I was called up to go visit old goody Frances, who had received an apoplectic stroke. I immediately sent for the surgeon of our manufactory, and we both went together to administer assistance to the poor woman. The symptoms gradually became less alarming: she recovered her intellect; and the first use she made of it on seeing me by her bedside was to thank the Almighty for having restored to her a life in which her "good mistress" took such an interest.

We discovered that one of the causes of her accident was her having neglected her sore leg: and, as the surgeon hurt her in dressing it, I insisted on cleansing the wound myself. While I was thus employed, I heard an exclamation behind me, and, turning my head, I saw Frederic—Frederic quite in ecstasy.

Returning from a morning walk, and seeing a number of people assembled at the door of the cottage, he had entered it. He had been there a short while, contemplating—"not his cousin," he said—"not a woman equally beautiful and amiable—but a perfect angel."—I blushed both at what he said to me, and at the tone in which he uttered it,



it, and perhaps also at the disordered state of my attire: for, in my haste to visit poor Fanny, I had barely had sufficient time to slip on a petticoat and throw a shawl over my shoulders. My hair was loose, my neck and arms bare. I requested Frederic to retire: he complied; and I saw him no more during the course of the forenoon.

An hour before dinner, as I expected company, I came down full-dressed, because I knew that Monsieur de Belleville likes to see me so. Indeed he was very well pleased with my appearance, and, addressing Frederic, "My friend," said he, "does not that gown become my wife very well? Does she not look charming in it?"

"She is only pretty," answered the youth. "This morning I saw her quite celestial."

Monsieur de Belleville asked an explanation of those words; and Frederic gave it with animation and enthusiasm.

"My young friend!" replied my husband, "when you are better acquainted with my Felicia, you will speak in a more moderate strain of what you witnessed this morning. Is a man astonished at what he sees done every day? Frederic! attentively view that woman! Adorned with all the charms of beauty, shining with all the lustre of youth, she cheerfully retired to the country, without any other companion than a husband old enough to be her grandfather. Here she lives contented, devoting her attention to her children, studying to render them happy by her mildness and tenderness, and shedding over a whole village the blessings of her active beneficence. Such is the woman who is my partner: let her be your friend, my son! speak to her with confidence: collect from her soul wherewith to per-

fect your own. She does not love virtue more ardently than I: but she better knows how to render it amiable."

During this discourse Frederic had fallen into a profound rêverie; and, my husband having been called away by a workman, I remained alone with Frederic. I approached him, and, "What are you thinking of?" said I.

He started, and, grasping both my hands while he stedfastly looked in my face, "In the fair morn of my early youth," said he, "as soon as the idea of happiness had caused my bosom to heave, I figured to myself the ideal image of a woman, such as my heart required. That bewitching chimæra every-where accompanied me: I no-where could find the original; but I have at length discovered her in the woman just now described by your husband. There is but one feature in which the likeness fails—the woman of whom I had formed to myself the idea, could be happy with none but me."

"What?" I exclaimed—"What do you mean, Frederic?"

"I only relate to you my error," replied he coolly. "Till now I had imagined that there could not be a second woman like you in the universe. No doubt I have been mistaken: for it is necessary that I should find one who resembles you."

You see, Eliza, that the conclusion of his discourse could not fail to banish those ideas which its beginning had excited. Heaven grant, my dear Eliza! that I may be able to aid him in discovering the woman whom he expects, the woman whom he desires! She will be happy, very happy; for Frederic has a heart susceptible of the purest and most tender affection.

And must I then, my Eliza! submit to an absence of six months

more? Six months separated from you! What a length of time lost to happiness! Happiness — that blessing of so fleeting a nature that many people think it an empty chimæra — is only to be found in the union of all the pleasing sentiments of which the heart is susceptible, and in the society of those who are the objects of them. In a vacuum it cannot exist: the absence of a friend destroys it. Accordingly, my Eliza! I am not happy: for you are at a distance from me; and never did my heart feel more forcibly than now the need of loving you and enjoying your affection. I know, indeed, that, although friendship urges you to come to me, the imperious voice of duty commands you to stay where you are; and I esteem you too much to expect you. But how ardently does my bosom pant for the moment which, reconciling your duty with your friendship, shall conduct you to my arms! How sweet it would be to me to shed tears with you! It would ease my burdened heart of an oppressive weight which I cannot define. Adieu!

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#### LETTER XI.

*Felicia to Eliza.*

You ask me whether I would have been pleased that my husband had witnessed my last conversation with Frederic? Surely, Eliza! there was nothing in it which could have given uneasiness: and, to convince you that I think so, let me inform you that I have repeated to him every syllable of it from the beginning to the end. Perhaps indeed I did not exactly give him the tone in which Frederic spoke: but who could possibly do that?—Monsieur de Belleville showed even greater indifference on the occasion than

myself: he considered the whole as nothing more than the effusions of an over-heated fancy; and “that,” he observed, “is the usual concomitant of youth.”

“My friend!” said I in reply, “I conceive that Frederic adds to a warm imagination a heart fraught with very great tenderness. The contemplation of nature and the solitude of this abode naturally tend to foster those dispositions: perhaps therefore it might become necessary to fix them. Now, since you take an interest in his welfare, don’t you think it would be proper that I should successively invite different young ladies to come and spend some time with me? It is thus only that he will be enabled to know them, and to make his choice of her who may suit him.”

“Kind-hearted, benevolent Felicia!” rejoined my husband — “ever attentive to promote the happiness of others, even at your own expense: for, when I consider your inclination and the age of your children, I am certain that the society of young females cannot have any attractions for you. But no matter, my dear! I know you too well to deprive you of the pleasure of doing good to my pupil. Besides I conceive your observations respecting him to be perfectly just, and your project wisely planned. Let us see then — whom do you mean to invite?”

I named Adela de Rainey. She has attained her sixteenth year, is beautiful, and perfectly accomplished. I shall invite her for a month.

I fancy, Eliza! that this plan, and my confidential frankness with Monsieur de Belleville, will be sufficient to silence the strange fears which you have betrayed in your last letter. Do not therefore again ask me whether, at my age, it be perfectly prudent to bury myself in rural

rural solitude with "that amiable, that interesting young man." To entertain any further doubt on the subject were an insult to your Felicia: it were a degradation of her character to require of her any precautions against a danger of the kind. Wherever crime exists, there can be no danger for me: and there are certain fears which friendship should blush to conceive. Frederic, my dear Eliza! is the adoptive son of my husband: I am the wife of his benefactor. These are circumstances which virtue imprints in glowing characters on elevated souls, and which they never can forget. Adieu!

## LETTER XII.

*Felicia to Eliza.*

It is perhaps true, my amiable friend! that I too warmly noticed the kind of suspicion which you had hinted to me. But the fact is that it had hurt my feelings: and I am not much better satisfied with your explanation. You were alarmed for my peace, you say, but not for my conduct? Well, then, Eliza, you are wrong. It is only in the pure heart that honour dwells: and every thing may be apprehended from a woman who is capable of harbouring a criminal thought.

But let us drop this subject. Indeed I am ashamed of dwelling so long on such a theme: and, to convince you that I do not fear your observations, I will now again speak to you of Frederic, and quote to you a *trait* which, so far as respects him, would seem calculated to corroborate your remarks, if you entertained so little esteem for him as to persevere in them.

On rising from table, I followed my husband to the work-shop, where

he wished to show me the model of a machine which he has invented, and which he intends to construct on a large scale. I had not yet seen all the particulars, when he was called aside by one of the workmen. While Monsieur de Belleville was engaged in speaking to him, an old man passed near me with some tool in his hand, and inadvertently broke a part of the model. Frederic, who foresaw my husband's anger at the accident, started forward as quick as lightning, snatched the implement from the old man's hand, and thus took on himself the appearance of having done the mischief.

Monsieur de Belleville, turning round at the noise, and seeing his model broken, furiously ran up to us, and discharged upon Frederic the whole tempest of his resentment. Frederic, too observant of truth to make apologies for a fault which he had not committed, and too kind-hearted to expose the real offender, remained silent, and seemed to feel no other sensations than those of pain for the uneasiness suffered by his benefactor.

Affected even to tears, I approached my husband, and, "My dear!" said I, "how severely you afflict poor Frederic! Another model may be procured for money: but no money can redeem a moment's uneasiness given to a friend."

As I pronounced these words, I saw Frederic's eyes riveted on me with such an expression of tenderness that I was unable to continue. My tears flowed. At the same instant the old man came forward, and, casting himself on his knees before Monsieur de Belleville, "My good master!" he exclaimed—"let your anger fall upon me: the dear, worthy Mr. Frederic is not to blame: it was only to save me from your resentment that he threw him-



self before me when I had broken your machine."

This declaration appeased Monsieur de Belleville. He kindly raised the old man, and, giving one arm to me and the other to Frederic, conducted us to the garden. After a moment's silence, he shook Frederic's hand, and said to him, "My young friend! it would hurt your feelings to offer you an apology for my late violence: I shall therefore not mention it. But know," he added, pointing to me, "that it is to the mildness of that angelic woman that I am indebted for having so far conquered my natural irascibility, that its fits are now rare and of short duration. When I married my Felicia, I was subject to terrible paroxysms of anger, which drove from me my best servants and my best friends. But she, without either braving or fearing them, ever possessed the art of tempering my violence. At the highest pitch of my passion, she could calm me by a word, melt me by a look, and make me blush for my conduct, without ever reproaching me with it. By degrees the influence of her mildness has extended to me: and it now seldom happens that I give her reason to love me less—Is it not so, my Felicia?"

I threw myself into the arms of that excellent man: I bathed his face with my tears. He continued, addressing Frederic—"I believe, my friend! I am what people call a good-natured brute. Characters of this kind are sometimes thought better than others, because the sudden transition from rudeness to kindness displays the latter to greater advantage. But, although goodness may appear less striking on account of its being habitual, is that a reason why it should be less esteemed? Such however is the injustice of the

world; and such is the reason why I have often been supposed to possess a better heart than Felicia."

"I believe," replied Frederic, "that I have been guilty of the same injustice: but I am now completely disabused; and your wife appears to me the most perfect creature in the universe."

"My son!" exclaimed Monsieur de Belleville, "may I one day see you possessed of a woman like her! may I myself have the pleasure of forming the pleasing link which is to unite you with her! and may heaven grant me to spend the remainder of my life in the society of friends who render it so dear to me! You must never quit us, Frederic! Your company is become indispensable to my happiness."

"Never, O my father!" exclaimed the youth with vehemence, and bending his knee to the ground.—"I swear, in presence of that heaven which my lips have never offended by a falsehood, and by the name of that angelic woman.... Quit you?... Ah! beyond this circle, I see nought but death and annihilation."

"What a mind!" exclaimed my husband. But I say, my Eliza! what a heart!

In the evening, happening to be alone with Frederic, and the conversation, I know not how, turning on the scene in the work-shop, "I felt severely for your uneasiness," said I.

"I saw that you did," replied he: "and from that moment it disappeared."

"How so?"

"The idea that you felt so lively an interest in my happiness as to participate the pain which I suffered, had to me something more pleasing than even pleasure itself. And then, when with a melting accent you

you pronounced my name — ‘Poor Frederic!’ believe me, Felicia, the words penetrated to my soul: and I would sacrifice all the enjoyments of my whole life to have the sound prolonged and still vibrating on my ear. The uneasiness of my good father was the only circumstance that impaired the bliss of that delightful moment.”

I own, Eliza! that this discourse caused no small emotion in my bosom. But what conclusion will you thence draw? Who knows better than you how far friendship is from being a cold sentiment? Has it not its flights, its transports? But they preserve their characteristic feature; and when they are mistaken for the effects of a more impassioned sentiment, the fault lies not in the person by whom they are experienced, but in the person who judges of them. Frederic, for the first time in his life, feels the glow of friendship; and it is natural that he should express it in animated language. Do you not observe that the image of my husband is constantly united with mine in his heart? When I see him so tender, so affectionate, to a man of sixty — when I recollect the effusions of mutual affection between you and me—can I be surprised at Frederic’s warm friendship for me? I give you leave to say, if you choose, that he must not be suffered to foster that friendship—but not to suggest that it is of an improper kind.

My little Laura begins to run alone. It is impossible to conceive any thing more engaging than Adolphus’s attentions to her. He guides her, supports her, removes out of the way every thing capable of hurting her, and, in that interesting occupation, rises superior to the usual giddiness of his age.—Adieu!

(To be continued.)

THE CORSICANS.

(Continued from page 157.)

ACT II. SCENE I.

Count, Natalia, Ottilia.

*Tr. Count sitting at a table, having perused the letters, and looked over the papers in the packet — Natalia and Ottilia looking in at the door.*

Natalia.

MAY we come in now, dear papa? Count (cheerfully). Yes, why not?

[Natalia and Ottilia run in, and ask questions eagerly, one after the other.]

Natalia. Well, what’s the news?

Ottilia. Is it good?

Natalia. How is Francis?

Ottilia. Is he alive?

Natalia. Was he in the battle?

Ottilia. And not wounded?

Natalia. Nor taken prisoner?

Count. Phew! Here’s as much cackling as if the capitol were in danger.

Natalia. Oh be quick! tell me—

Ottilia. I tremble with eagerness.

Natalia. And I with curiosity.

Count. I am sorry for it.

Ottilia. } Why so? Why?

Natalia. }

Count. Because my tongue is tied.

Natalia. You joke.

Ottilia. You torture me.

Natalia (taking his hand). Dear father, do not be so silent and secret, like a free-mason.

Count. Your simile is not very suitable, for I really have a secret.

Ottilia (takes and kisses his other hand). Dear father! have pity on my anxiety.

Count. I must not: I should like to be thought a young man still; but, were I to blab, the world would say, “The poor count grows old; he

he tells every thing he knows, like a child."

*Natalia* (*renewing her caresses*). Dear papa! I will, with my own hands, work a saddle-cloth for your Arabian horse.

*Count*. No bribery.

*Ottilia*. Persist in your entreaties. I will get you some beautiful shells for your grotto.

*Count*. Bewitching hussies!—There is no withstanding you.—Well, if you will know all, listen. The Turks——— [*Hems*.

*Natalia* } (*with eagerness*). Well?  
*Ottilia* }

*Count* (*very seriously*). The Turks you know are Mussulmen——

*Natalia*. Aye; and Mahometans too.

*Count*. They are very fond of pretty ladies.

*Natalia*. That's no news.

*Count*. And to make their victory sure, they have sent five hundred Circassian girls into the German camp, to seduce all the young married men.

*Ottilia* (*with apparent disappointment and uneasiness*). No more jesting, dear father!

*Count*. My brother writes me word that Francis is with him, and has no time to write.

*Ottilia*. I know what I must do; I will go and fetch my little Charles, who shall beg and pray till his grand-papa tells us all. [*Exit*.

*Natalia*. Dear father, I am out of temper.

*Count*. You are?

*Natalia*. Very much indeed.

*Count*. Indeed!

*Natalia*. Before you opened the letter you know what anxiety you felt yourself, and by that may judge what we must feel.

*Count*. I am his father.

*Natalia*. And I his sister.

*Count*. You see I am easy and cheerful.

*Natalia*. Thank heaven I do see you so!

*Count*. When the father is easy, the daughter may sit down to her harpsichord and play a lively air.

*Natalia*. But female curiosity——

*Count*. You are as inquisitive as if some new head-dress had been invented in the army.

## SCENE II.

*Enter a Servant—afterwards Felix.*

*Servant*. Young Mr. Muller is below.

[*Natalia appears much agitated and confused.*]

*Count*. Let him come up. [*Exit Servant.*—What is the matter with you, Natalia? You are as red as fire.

*Natalia*. I should have cause to blush, indeed, if I could receive the preserver of my life with total insensibility.

[*Felix enters, and bows, with a becoming air.*]

*Count*. Come nearer, young man; you are a brave fellow, and have ventured much.

*Felix*. Much, your excellency?

*Count*. Yes, you ventured your life.

*Felix*. That was not much.

*Count*. The deuce it was not! And at your years too——

*Natalia* (*much embarrassed by her father's bluntness, and seemingly desirous to compensate for it*). I am glad—Mr. Muller—very glad to see you are recovered.

*Felix*. I am not glad, madam; for my claim to any merit on your account is now at an end.

*Natalia*. You have suffered much for my sake.

*Felix*. Of that I am proud.

*Count*. Pride is a poor provision to subsist on—I am greatly in your debt.

*Felix.*



*Felix.* I am much more indebted to the accident which gave me an opportunity of rendering service to a family I so highly esteem.

*Count* (with an air of surprise, and half aside). Hem!—Nobly said.—Your father, my friend, appears not to have neglected your education.

*Felix.* My father had always a just sense of his duties.

*Count.* And you do credit to the education he has given you.

*Felix.* I at least learned how much I am indebted to him and to his benefactors.

*Natalia.* Will you not sit down, Mr. Muller?

[*Felix thanks her with a bow.*]

*Count.* What can I do for you, my friend?

*Felix.* You have already done so much for my father——

*Count.* No, no; your father is an honest industrious man, who does more for me than I do for him. But the question now is of your own brave action, and of our gratitude.

*Felix.* If I have deserved your thanks, the consciousness of that will be sufficient.

*Count.* But that is not sufficient for me: you have saved the life of my only daughter.

*Felix.* I indeed feel a double satisfaction in having preserved such a daughter to enjoy the love of such a father.—But I must likewise confess, your excellency, that I should have done the same for the child of a peasant.

*Count.* That is very right; that is just, and noble.

*Felix.* And—suffer me to say it—I should have been much hurt had the parents of such a child offered me any other reward than a grateful acknowledgment and a friendly squeeze of the hand.

*Count.* Yes; had it been only a poor peasant's daughter——

*Felix.* Rank and wealth in such a

case appear to me to make no difference.

*Count.* I think, however, that what the peasant expresses by a grateful squeeze of the hand——

*Felix.* Cannot be expressed by the count in a more lively manner. Leave to me the delicious consciousness that, without any views to private interest, I have done something for the benefit of humanity.

*Count.* Interested views are out of the question. When six frightened Neapolitan horses set off full speed, there is no time to think of interested views.

*Felix.* Any reward would diminish my merit, which in itself is but small. You are rich and in an eminent station: I am poor and stand in need of something to support me in your presence.

*Count* (hesitatingly). Well then—You wish then—You refuse to accept my gratitude?

*Felix.* I refuse the gratitude of the count—not that of the father.

*Count.* You have some noble ideas, young man: we must be better acquainted.

*Natalia.* I should think, father, we are already acquainted with him.

*Count.* Truly you have perplexed me—You will not accept—Well I must think of some means to overcome your delicacy.—But had it been a peasant's daughter, you say, you would have been pleased if her parents had gratefully shaken you by the hand.—Did you not say so?—Come give me, your hand, Mr. Muller.

[*Shakes him by the hand, and exit.*]

### SCENE III.

*Natalia, Felix.*

[*A pause, during which both appear much embarrassed.*]

*Felix* (with timidity). Madam, your

your kind assistance and sympathising care has rendered a sick-bed enviable. I could have wished to have prolonged my illness, had not the desire I felt to express my gratitude to you been stronger than even the pleasure I enjoyed through your goodness.

*Natalia.* Express your gratitude to me! What a perversion of words!

*Felix.* Past sufferings are soon forgotten; your goodness I can never forget. [*Bows and offers to go.*]

*Natalia.* Let me request you to stay a moment longer.—Your principles appear to be as rigid and delicate as those of the hero who has been called the last of the Greeks—

*Felix.* If what Philopæmen did was a pleasure to him, so far, at least, I resemble him.

*Natalia.* You must then confess that even noble minds have their prejudices——

*Felix.* To suppose that any person living is absolutely free from prejudice, is one of the greatest of prejudices.

*Natalia.* Whoever can confound gratitude with reward——

*Felix.* Has only deserved the latter.

*Natalia.* The heart thanks, the hand rewards. What from a prince is only the acknowledgment of desert, is from a good man the pure expression of his feelings. The former the proud mind may disdain to accept; but the latter cannot be refused without inflicting pain on a heart which wishes to give an outward visible sign of its inward sentiments.

*Felix.* To understand and express the most delicate sentiments in the clearest manner has at all times been the privilege of your sex.

*Natalia.* As flattery is no contradiction, I must presume that you have not a more forcible argument to urge. My fears of being misun-

derstood have vanished (*taking a valuable ring from her finger*).—I may now venture to request you to accept this memorial of my gratitude and friendship.

[*Presenting him the ring.*]

*Felix.* A memorial!—Can I need any thing to remind me of you?—But you said friendship! Oh! what jewel can be equal in value to your friendship?—Can the possession of any diamond excite a greater joy in my soul than the recollection that I saved you?—And must I, as often as my eye glances on my finger, sadly exclaim—‘I am paid?’

*Natalia.* No, no; it is a hateful word. But should fate separate us, this ring shall recall to your remembrance the image of a friend.

*Felix.* Oh! a diamond is not necessary to imprint that image on my heart!

*Natalia.* The cypher of my name is worked with my own hair.

*Felix.* Your hair set round with diamonds would for ever remind me that Natalia is of noble birth.

*Natalia.* You hurt me much.

*Felix.* Fate has planted but one flower in my way, and shall I exchange it for this ring?

*Natalia.* Indeed, you pain me exceedingly.

*Felix.* You have offered me a memorial.—Yet you say you do not consider me as a person of a common mind.—Why, then, so common a gift? (*hesitating*).—What if I were bold enough to name one myself?

*Natalia* (*greatly confused*). If it be in my power to bestow it——

*Felix.* It is far more valuable than this ring; for it derives its worth from the sensibility of your heart.

*Natalia.* I do not understand you.

*Felix.* During the first two or three days, after the late fortunate occurrence, a violent fever increased the appearance of my danger.—Your tenderness—Rose is my vouch-

er—

shed tears for my sake.—Yes, Natalia shed tears for the suffering of Felix. These tears you cannot recall; you cannot again make me poor; no misfortune can deprive me of this treasure—Natalia has shed tears for me!—Physicians may boast as they please; I know well to whom I am indebted for my cure.

Natalia. Could you doubt that I felt for you?

Felix. I have inquired of Rose, and made her repeat the most trivial circumstances a thousand times.—You wore a sky-blue ribband on your breast; and on this ribband your tears fell. It was probably that which you now wear.—You have thought of presenting me a memorial—I dare not say more.

[A pause.—Natalia, with great emotion, takes the ribband from her breast and gives it him:—he presses it with extasy to his lips, and rushes out.]

Natalia (much agitated). What have I done?—What has my heart done?

[Going hastily; she meets Ottilia, and throws herself into her arms.]

#### SCENE IV.

Natalia, Ottilia.

Natalia. Ottilia, dear Ottilia! I have been doing a very foolish thing.

Ottilia. Natalia, dear Natalia! I have done a hundred of them in my life.

Natalia. Young Muller has just been here.

Ottilia. This introduction, certainly, does not promise any thing very wise.

Natalia. My father received him very carelessly; but the noble sentiments of the youth inspired him with esteem—He refused any reward.

Ottilia. That shows rather too much pride for his condition in life.

Natalia. Do not say so. Pride only becomes the poor.

Ottilia. How did your father take it?

Natalia. As a man should who has a just sense of the dignity of human-nature. When he left him he shook him by the hand. Do you hear Ottilia? he shook him by the hand. Had he filled my lap with diamonds, he could not have given me half the pleasure.

Ottilia. But what is the foolish thing you have done?

Natalia (with an arch sigh). Have a little patience, we shall soon come to it. When my father had left us, we both stood looking on the ground as if we expected to find some words there. I wished to offer him this ring; but did not rightly know how to begin. I made a long preamble, but at last received a refusal.

Ottilia. And then you was very angry?

Natalia. Angry! At him, who with so much delicacy intreated me not to deprive him of the little merit there was in what he had done!—At him, to whom my breast-knot was dearer than a ring worth a thousand florins!

Ottilia. Your breast-knot!

Natalia. Rose had told him that I shed tears when he seemed to be at the point of death, and that my tears had fallen on my breast-knot.

Ottilia. And was that true?

Natalia. Yes, certainly.—Do you suppose I am a stock or a stone, that I should be without feeling when a man is dying on my account?

Ottilia. And he asked you to give him your breast-knot?

Natalia. He gave intelligible hints; but with the utmost modesty and delicacy.

Ottilia. And you gave it him?

2 E Natalia.



*Natalia* (*sighing*). I did.

*Ottilia* (*significantly*). Sister! sister!

*Natalia*. Yes, it was foolish enough.

*Ottilia*. I am afraid you will do many more such foolish things.

*Natalia*. Indeed I am too much disposed.

*Ottilia*. When we are in love, we seldom stop at the first foolish thing.

*Natalia*. In love!

*Ottilia*. Yes, in love. It is my duty to warn you.

*Natalia*. And mine to listen to you.

*Ottilia*. Your feelings so much resemble love.

*Natalia*. Brothers and sisters will resemble each other.

*Ottilia*. You stand on the brink of a precipice.

*Natalia*. But I am not yet giddy.

*Ottilia*. Because it is strewed over with roses.

*Natalia*. Lend me your hand, then, and hold me back.

*Ottilia*. There is but one way to save you.

*Natalia*. Which is that?

*Ottilia*. Never permit yourself to be alone with him.

*Natalia*. But I cannot run away from him.

*Ottilia*. For the future I'll keep with you, like your shadow.

*Natalia*. Do so; and if I seem to think you troublesome, do not regard me.

*Ottilia*. You may mutter and try to shake me off as much as you please; but I'll hang like a lump of lead on your arm.—Now tell me; have you discovered your father's secret?

*Natalia*. Oh! he wanted to make a lawyer of him.

*Ottilia*. Of whom?

*Natalia*. Young Muller.

*Ottilia*. Good Heavens! I am speaking of your brother!

*Natalia*. Oh! he is very well.

*Ottilia*. Are you sure of that?—Has he written?

*Natalia*. I believe so.

*Ottilia*. You only believe so?

*Natalia*. Leave me alone, and be quiet. My father is in a good humour, and consequently nothing can have happened that can give you uneasiness.

*Ottilia*. But why will he not tell us?

*Natalia*. Let him have his humour. Every man has his humour. And he is so good-natured, so generous!—He shook young Muller by the hand!

*Ottilia*. I hope he has not been wounded?

*Natalia*. Two scars still remain.

*Ottilia*. Scars!

*Natalia*. One in the forehead, the other in the cheek.

*Ottilia*. Have you seen him?

*Natalia*. Yes, certainly; was he not here just now?

*Ottilia*. Your brother here?

*Natalia*. Dear sister! who is talking of my brother? [*Exit.*]

## SCENE V.

### *Ottilia alone.*

One object only fills her whole soul.—Love is a spoiled child, who will spare nothing to his brothers or sisters, but have all himself.—Patience *Ottilia*! Have pity on another's weakness; for you too have a brother—a father and a brother; yet how often does the image of a husband banish the recollection of them from thy heart (*she leans on the window with a melancholy air*).—Calm and pleasing morning, smile cheerfully on the aged parent for whom flow at a distance the tears of a penitent daughter!—How busy are the vintagers on yon hills! I hear their jocund songs. They know not either sorrow or the reproaches

*Engraved for the Lady's Magazine.*



*The Foundling.*

proaches of conscience.—Was not that old Muller who came in this moment? I fear his roughness, yet there is something in him which interests me — His misfortunes — his country — my suspicions. — Were an explanation but possible! —

*(To be continued.)*

## The FOUNDLING; a TALE.

*(An Engraving to be given in our next Number.)*

**ACTIONS** which have their source in real benevolence of heart, and enlarged and liberal sentiments, are sometimes attended with such advantages to those by whom they are performed, as to establish very pleasing exceptions to the rigid rules and gloomy doctrines of those misanthropic philosophers who teach, that in this world good deeds are their own reward alone.

In one of the western counties of England, near the banks, and not far distant from the source, of the Thames, resided Mr. Seagrove, a young gentleman, who, on the death of his father, found himself possessed of a very good estate, besides a considerable share of a very extensive and profitable business carried on in the metropolis. He had for a time indulged in those irregularities into which youth will frequently plunge, when suddenly freed from all restraint, and put in possession of sufficient wealth to satisfy every desire. He might have proceeded still farther in this licentiousness, had he not seen and loved the amiable Louisa, the daughter of a gentleman of small fortune, who resided in the vicinity. For her he conceived the warmest and most sincere affection, and in her alone centered all his happiness. His love for her en-

kindled in her bosom an equal affection, and they were soon united by the Hymeneal bond.

It chanced, a few weeks after, as they walked together at the bottom of the grounds contiguous to their house, near the ruins of an ancient monastery, they found, to their great surprise, a beautiful female infant, about six months old, very neatly dressed, and laid in a basket. Mr. Seagrove was not a little disturbed at the sight; his conscience instantly reproaching him with some of his licentious amours; nor was Mrs. Seagrove absolutely free from similar suspicions. The ardour of her affection for her husband, however, inclined her heart most forcibly to love the child, the moment she conceived it might be his. The infant smiled in her face, and she fancied she beheld a striking resemblance to the smile of her husband, when he gazed on her with tender affection. She insisted that the innocent babe should be taken home, and, if no father or mother could be found for it, that it should be brought up as her child. To the latter part of this proposal Mr. Seagrove appeared very much averse; but the more he opposed it, the more the affectionate Julia became persuaded he knew it to be his child, and only refused from delicacy towards her; and the more peremptorily she persisted in her request to be permitted to consider the infant as her own, and bring it up as such. Mr. Seagrove at length yielded; for his greatest repugnance, in fact, originated in a suspicion that it might really be his own, and perhaps give occasion to some disagreeable discoveries and claims.

The history of this lucky foundling, after her reception into Mr. Seagrove's house, contains nothing remarkable for several years, except that the little Anna (for a paper had been found with her which an-



nounced that this was her name), as she grew up, daily increased in beauty, and gave indications of a very extraordinary understanding, which excellent endowments were at the same time accompanied with a gentleness of disposition and delicacy of manners that acquired her the love and esteem of all who knew her. Mrs. Seagrove, in the mean time, had several children of her own; but these, though truly amiable, were surpassed in many respects by her adopted daughter.

In the course of a few years, Mr. Seagrove found himself no longer in the same prosperous circumstances in which he was when he married. His title to his estate had been contested, and involved him in a very expensive law-suit: and some unfortunate speculations of the commercial house in which he had a share had greatly reduced his fortune. After a tedious process, he was indeed so successful as to establish his title to his estate; but the expense at which this had been effected, added to the losses he had incurred as a partner in trade, had reduced him to a situation of such embarrassment, that, for want of a considerable sum of ready money, he was in danger of being deprived of all chance of retrieving his affairs.

About this time Mr. Seagrove made an acquaintance with a naval officer of the name of Brandon, who had been at sea several years, and acquired a great fortune by the capture of a rich Spanish prize. He had besides succeeded to a considerable estate in that part of the country, by the unexpected death of his father and elder brother. This gentleman, dining one day at Mr. Seagrove's, found his attention much attracted by the beauty and vivacity of miss Anna; and before he left the house, he found in it another person, who

made a not less lively impression on his recollection.

It ought perhaps to have been mentioned before, that, about the time when the exposed infant was found, Mrs. Seagrove had taken into her service a young woman, whose principal recommendation to her was that she appeared to be in much distress, not only from poverty, but apparently from some other circumstances which seemed to prey on her mind, but into which Mrs. Seagrove, from delicacy, forbore to inquire very minutely, when she found her unwilling to speak on the subject. She was handsome, and displayed an understanding and propriety of behaviour superior to her situation. She particularly endeared herself to Mrs. Seagrove by the attention and tenderness with which she behaved to the little orphan Anna, and, afterwards, to Mrs. Seagrove's own children. She therefore, in a few years, became the principal and confidential servant of the family, the management of every thing not immediately under the inspection of her mistress being committed to her. She frequently, in fact, appeared more like the companion of Mrs. Seagrove than her servant.

This was the person who made such an impression on the recollection of Mr. Brandon, nor did he make a less on her's. He recollected, in short, that she was the person with whom, several years before, in the ardour and giddiness of youth, he had formed the most intimate of connections; and she had not forgotten the anxiety, shame, and wretchedness, to which her imprudence had betrayed her. As Mr. Brandon was far from deficient in generosity, he resolved, since it was now so amply in his power, to make her some amends for what she had suffered on his

his account. He offered her a liberal settlement, and to take upon her the management of his house as mistress. But such a recompense she indignantly refused. "I will not," said she, "enter again the path of ignominy, which I have quitted with such bitter repentance. Regardless of the opinion of the world, I seek the approbation of my conscience. By my conduct for several years past, I consider my character as re-established, and I will not again forfeit it. But if you indeed wish to make me amends, I will put it in your power by revealing to you a secret—You have a daughter—Provide for her as becomes you, and I am sufficiently happy."

To his great astonishment, she now discovered to him that the beautiful Anna, who had been brought up by Mrs. Seagrove, was his and her daughter: of which she was able to bring such proofs as precluded every doubt. She had not at any time, it appeared, deserted, or meant to desert the infant; but, pressed by the want of every necessary, had thus exposed it to its fortune in the world, but without abandoning it, as she had still her eye on it from a place where she had concealed herself at the moment it was found. She afterwards found means to obtain an employment in the family into which it was adopted, to watch over it and witness its treatment; and, by the good sense, prudence, and propriety, with which she conducted herself, acquired the favour and esteem of the whole family, though without betraying her secret, or giving even the obscurest hint of it, lest she should interrupt and in-

jure the good fortune of her daughter.

Mr. Brandon, without any hesitation, received and acknowledged the lovely and now accomplished Anna for his daughter: and, in a few weeks, convinced of the virtue, understanding, and amiable qualities of her mother, repaired his juvenile errors and ill conduct towards her by making her his wife. Nor had he cause to repent of the union: her tender affection for him, which had never forsaken her heart, the propriety of her behaviour, the gratitude, the graces, and the accomplishments of his daughter, all conspired to render him truly happy, independent of the genuine pleasure arising from the reflection that he had acted rightly.

For Mr. and Mrs. Seagrove he contracted the warmest friendship, considering the benevolence and generosity they had manifested towards an apparently deserted infant as equally claiming admiration and esteem; and when he discovered the embarrassment of their circumstances from the causes before mentioned, he insisted on their acceptance of rich presents to the value of several thousand pounds, which, he said, were an acknowledgment of the debt due to them for the maintenance and education of his daughter; and by the exertion of an influence which certain connections of his gave him in some affairs in which the interest of Mr. Seagrove was concerned, at length retrieved them from every difficulty, and enabled them to recover their former situation of independence and opulence.

## POETICAL ESSAYS.

## WE ARE SEVEN.

[FROM LYRICAL BALLADS.]

A SIMPLE child, dear brother Jim,  
That lightly draws its breath,  
And feels its life in ev'ry limb,  
What should it know of death?

I met a little cottage girl,  
She was eight years old, she said;  
Her hair was thick with many a curl,  
That cluster'd round her head.

She had a rustic, woodland air,  
And she was wildly clad;  
Her eyes were fair, and very fair—  
Her beauty made me glad.

"Sisters and brothers, little maid,  
How many may you be?"

"How many? seven in all," she said,  
And wond'ring look'd at me.

"And where are they, I pray you tell?"  
She answer'd, "Seven are we,  
And two of us at Conway dwell,  
And two are gone to sea:

"Two of us in the church-yard lie,  
My sister and my brother,  
And in the church-yard cottage, I  
Dwell near them with my mother."

"You say that two at Conway dwell,  
And two are gone to sea,  
Yet you are seven; I pray you tell,  
Sweet maid! how this may be?"

Then did the little maid reply,  
"Seven boys and girls are we;  
Two of us in the church-yard lie,  
Beneath the church-yard tree."

"You run about, my little maid,  
Your limbs they are alive;  
If two are in the church-yard laid,  
Then ye are only five?"

"Their graves are green, they may be  
seen,"

The little maid replied,  
"Twelve steps or more from my mo-  
ther's door,  
And they are side by side.

"My stockings there I often knit,  
My 'kerchief there I hem;  
And there upon the ground I sit—  
I sit and sing to them.

"And often after sun-set, sir,  
When it is light and fair,  
I take my little porringer,  
And eat my supper there.

"The first that died was little Jane,  
In bed she mourning lay,  
Till God releas'd her of her pain,  
And then she went away.

"So in the church-yard she was laid,  
And all the summer dry,  
Together round her grave we play'd,  
My brother John and I:

"And when the ground was white  
with snow,  
And I could run and slide,  
My brother John was forc'd to go,  
And he lies by her side."

"How many are you then," said I,  
"If they two are in Heaven?"  
The little maiden did reply,  
"O master! we are seven."

"But they are dead—those two are  
dead!

Their spirits are in heaven!"  
'Twas throwing words away; for still  
The little maid would have her will,  
And said, "Nay, we are seven!"

## ACROSTIC:

*Inscribed to Miss ———, of Donnington-  
Wood, Shropshire.*

MAY peace with olive foliage crown  
thy head! [ings shed!  
And Heav'n on thee its choicest bless-  
Rule, then, each wayward passion of  
thy soul: [troul.  
Yield thy assent to virtue's soft con-  
True be thy dealings, and thy heart  
sincere; [fear.  
Avoid man's treachery with a cautious  
Young though thou art, guard well thy  
ductile breast; [rest.  
Love's subtle poison may disturb thy  
Oh! may the voice of generous fame,  
each day,

Resound a wish responsive to my lay!  
January 15, 1800,

AMICUS.

THE



## THE DESERTED COTTAGE.

BY MRS. ROBINSON.

WHO dwelt in yonder lonely cot?  
 Why is it thus forsaken?  
 It seems by all the world forgot,  
 Above its path the high grass grows,  
 And through its thatch the north wind  
 blows—

Its thatch—by tempests shaken!  
 And yet, it tops a verdant hill,  
 By summer gales surrounded;  
 Beneath its door a shallow rill  
 Runs, brawling, to the brook below,  
 And near its sweetest flow'rets grow,  
 By banks of willows bounded.  
 Then why is ev'ry casement dark?  
 Why looks the cot so cheerless?  
 Ah! why does ruin seem to mark  
 The calm retreat where love should  
 dwell,  
 And friendship teach the heart to swell,  
 With rapture pure and fearless?  
 Stranger! yon spot was once the scene  
 Where peace and joy resided;  
 And oft the merry time has been,  
 When love and friendship warm'd the  
 breast,  
 And freedom, making wealth a jest,  
 The pride of pomp derided.

Old Jacob was the cottage lord,  
 His wide domain surrounding,  
 With nature's treasure amply stor'd;  
 He from his casement could behold  
 The breezy mountain ting'd with gold,  
 The varied landscape bounding.

The coming morn, in lustre gay,  
 Breath'd sweetly on his dwelling;  
 The twilight veil of parting day  
 Stole softly o'er the rushy shed,  
 Hiding the mountain's misty head,  
 Where the night breeze was swelling.

One lovely girl old Jacob rear'd,  
 And she was fair and blooming;  
 She, like the morning-star appear'd,  
 Swift gliding o'er the mountain's crest,  
 Though her blue eyes, her soul con-  
 fess'd,

No borrow'd rays assuming.

One sturdy boy, a peasant bold,  
 Ere they were doom'd to sever,  
 Maintain'd poor Jacob, sick and old;  
 But now, where yon tall poplars wave,  
 Pale primroses adorn the grave,  
 Where Jacob sleeps,—for ever!

Young, in the wars, the brave boy fell!  
 The sister died of sadness!  
 But one remain'd their fate to tell,  
 For Jacob now was left alone,  
 And he, alas! was helpless grown,  
 And pin'd in moody madness!

At night, by moon-shine, would he  
 stray

Along the upland dreary;  
 And, talking wildly all the way,  
 Would farcy, 'till the sun uprose,  
 That Heav'n in pity mark'd the woes  
 Of which his soul was weary.

One morn upon the dewy grass  
 Poor Jacob's sorrows ended—  
 The meadow's winding narrow pass  
 Was his last scene of rending care;  
 For, gentle stranger! lifeless there  
 Was Jacob's form extended!

And now behold his little cot,  
 All dreary and forsaken!  
 And know that soon 'twill be thy lot  
 To fall, like Jacob and his race,  
 And leave, on time's swift wing no  
 trace—

Which way thy course is taken.  
 Yet, if for truth and feeling known,  
 Thou still shalt be lamented;  
 For when thy parting sigh has flown,  
 Fond mem'ry on thy grave shall give  
 A tear, to bid thy virtues live—  
 Then smile, and be contented.

## VERSES,

BY LORD PALMERSTON,

*Written in the Album, at Crewe-ball.*

HERE, in rude state, old chieftains  
 dwelt,

Who no refinement knew;  
 Small were the wants their bosoms felt,  
 And their enjoyments few.

But now, by taste and judgment plann'd,  
 Throughout these scenes we find  
 The works of art's improving hand  
 With ancient splendor join'd.

And far more great the owner's praise,  
 In whom at once are shown  
 The genuine worth of former days,  
 The graces of their own.

## SONGS.

**T**HINK not, while gayer swains invite

Thy feet, dear girl! to pleasure's bowers,

My faded form shall meet thy sight,  
And cloud my Laura's smiling hours.

Thou art the world's delighted guest,  
And all the young admire is thine;

Then I'll not wound thy gentle breast,  
By num'ring o'er the wounds of mine.

I will not say how well, how long,  
This faithful heart has sighed for thee!

But leave thee happier swains among,  
Content, if thou contented be.

But, Laura! should misfortune's wand  
Bid all thy youth's gay visions fly;

From thy soft cheek the rose command,  
And force the lustre from thy eye—

Then, thoughtless of my own distress,  
I'll haste thy comforter to prove;

And Laura shall my *friendship* bless,  
Although, alas! she scorns my love.

A. OPIE.

**W**HEN the heart-cheering smiles of  
gay summer invite

The children of men to blithe scenes of  
delight,

What then shall the charms of the sea-  
son improve?

What will heighten its raptures?—the  
raptures of love.

When winter frowns dreadful, stern  
tyrant of storms,

Whose rage all the beauties of nature  
deforms;

When the hours slowly linger, reluc-  
tant to move;

The gloom is dispell'd by the sun-shine  
of love.

When fortune, indulgent, strews roses  
around,

Without love in her train, their thorns  
only are found;

Or, if harsh and severe, her stern ma-  
lice I prove,

I scorn all her gifts, and rely upon love,  
When pleasure's gay crowds wing the  
hours with delight,

And the quick-bounding dance wears  
away the dull night,

As through mirth's frolic bowers of  
rapture they rove,

The laugh of a Venus must animate  
love.

When solitude wraps me in silence and  
ease, [can please;

Only love's waking visions my fancy  
And in the lone study, or still shady  
grove,

I muse, fondly pleas'd, on the maid  
whom I love.

Thus, "howe'er the world wags,"  
still on love I rely,

And joy in my chains, and exult in my  
sigh:

I care not if prudence my passion re-  
prove;

Since all my true pleasures are cen-  
ter'd in love.

W.

## [FROM THE GERMAN.]

**S**TREW the way with fairest flow'rs,  
Ev'ry ill forgetting;

Swiftly fly the envious hours,  
Quick our sun is setting!

Daphnis now in frolic dance,  
Sports with care unclouded;

Yet, ere morning's dawn advance,  
See the stripling shrouded!

See in Hymen's joyous band,  
Blushing Phœbe plighting;

See, ere evening dew expand,  
Death her eyes benighting!

Give, then, grief and moping care  
To the breeze that passes;

'Neath this beechen grove so fair,  
Quaff the jingling glasses!

Let not Philomel's soft strain  
Thrill neglected numbers,

Nor the hum of bees in vain  
Lull to soothing slumbers:

Snatch, as long as fortune smiles,  
Love and drinking pleasures;

Ruthless death no art beguiles,  
Soon he steals our treasures!

O'er the dark and silent grave,  
Where his prey reposes,

Vain their wings the zephyrs wave,  
Scatt'ring breath of roses;

Vain the glasses' tinkling sound,  
Death's dull ear invading;

Vain the frolic dance around,  
Defiest measures treading!

## FOREIGN NEWS.

*Lisbon, February 27.*

**LAST** night, about nine o'clock, we felt a very severe shock of a vertical earthquake, which threw down part of an old palace and some adjoining houses; and at three this morning we felt it again. The former took place in the midst of a tremendous fall of rain, which was so very heavy as to wash away a great quantity of stones, and part of the destroyed palace, about fifty yards from the place where they fell. The inhabitants were very much alarmed, but fortunately there were no lives lost.

*Nuremberg, Feb. 28.* The court of Vienna is immutable in its system with respect to the auxiliaries it has employed to so much advantage, while they submitted to its orders; but it has at the same time suffered its profound views to be penetrated, by declaring that it was firmly decided to continue the war alone, rather than bind itself by the engagements of a coalition, or expose itself to be thwarted in the execution of its projects of aggrandisement, and its arrangements of particular convenience. It followed this conduct with respect to the Russians in Italy, while they concurred in promoting its conquests; but dispensed with their services the moment Paul I. manifested a desire to obtain ports in the Mediterranean. From that instant the most complete misunderstanding has prevailed between the two Imperial courts, and hopes of peace have consequently arisen, though at a remote distance.

The subsidies promised by Mr. Wickham for the first of February have not been paid, and this circumstance has given rise to a report that the cabinet of Vienna had relinquished its plan of organising a levy in mass,

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for the purpose of resuming that of an army of observation to be taken into the pay of England, composed of all the contingents of the southern states of the empire, to which Condé's corps, and the three regiments of Swiss emigrants, are to be added.

*Munich, March 2.* Amidst preparations for the war, people still speak of peace; and it is asserted that the court of Vienna is not far from an agreement with the French republic.

It is even positively asserted, that the negotiations between the two powers are far advanced, and that the dispatches which general Stippchut carried to Vienna, and which had been delivered on the part of the French to the Austrian advanced posts, are of the utmost importance in regard to peace. It is therefore very doubtful whether the campaign will in reality be opened; and it is probable that the circumstance of the emperor's illness will ensure to France honourable conditions, and such as are agreeable to its wishes.

*Strasburg, March 4.* Since the Russians have retired, the elector of Bavaria appears to wish to return to these ties which his taste and his interests will make him always prefer, and live in good understanding with the French republic. What strengthens this idea is, that Mr. Wickham has experienced great difficulties at Munich, in getting the subsidies proposed by England agreed to: it is even said, that the treaty desired by the British government will not be concluded.

*Brussels, March 7.* All the news from Germany resounds with the report of hostilities having been renewed between the French and Austrians; yet they speak still of pacific appearances. All that we know positively is, that our army of the Rhine, which extends from Helvetia to the Lower Rhine, is



one hundred and fifty thousand strong, and that the first shocks will be terrible. The Austrians have taken different positions on the right bank of the Rhine.

*Paris, March 8.* The Russians who are prisoners in France, particularly those who were employed in the expedition against Holland, do not wish to return to their country. They mostly incorporate themselves in the Polish legion, which was formed at Pssalzburg, and removed to Metz.

Letters from Augsburg state, that the corps of Condé is to be instantly disbanded, and the French nobility, of whom it is composed, will proceed to Petersburg, for the purpose of forming a French legion, which Paul I. has resolved to complete.

The most dreadful excesses are still committed at Naples by the Lazzaroni. They have adopted a new mode of punishing persons suspected of entertaining jacobinical principles. They tar and feather them, and lead them in procession through all parts of the town.

11. General Gardanne, commanding the fourteenth military division, writes word, that the disarming is carried on with the greatest activity.

Several prefects were presented yesterday to the chief consul. His speech to them was a kind of general instruction of the duties which were imposed upon them. He evinced an ardent desire that Christian and Jew, catholics and protestants, should not be by any means harassed on account of their religious opinions: the exclusive *coteries* should no longer have the cruel privilege of proscribing and immolating each other; and that the government hoped to be able to date the happy union of all the French from the day of the installation of the prefects.

A gazette printed on the Rhine announces the sudden decease of the king of Denmark.

The emperor's health becomes daily more critical; no hopes of restoring him to health remain; but every means are used to prolong his existence.

Part of the consular guard have received orders to hold themselves in readiness to set out by the 16th of March.

The minister at war, Alexander

Berthier, will accompany the first consul to the army as the chief of his staff. It is said that, in his absence, the ex-director, Carnot, will take charge of the war-department, assisted by citizen Gau, formerly first clerk in the war-office: the latter will have the portfolio. Bernadotte will be one of Bonaparte's lieutenant-generals.

The enormous quantity of provisions and warlike stores which are collecting near Zurich, and the order for the women quitting the army before the 15th, and for preparing biscuit, seem to announce that the campaign will be soon opened. Madame Lecourbe is about to set the example, and to depart in the course of a few days. It is announced, that in a little time the arrears will be paid to the troops.

The archduke Charles has sent orders to all the commanders of the battalions of the militia in Franconia, Suabia, Hither Austria, and the Voralberg, to hold themselves in readiness to march on the first signal. Several of these corps will take the place of the Austrian troops in the interior, while the latter march to the Rhine.

The Journal du Soir asserts, that the court of Vienna has absolutely refused the subsidy offered by the British government.

*Leghorn, March 11.* A letter from Syracuse relates, that on the 19th two English ships of the line entered that port with the ship *Généreux*, which was taken by admiral Nelson, with twelve hundred prisoners, consisting of land forces and sailors, a French general, and the body of admiral Perree, commandant of the French expedition. Part of the prisoners were sent on shore, to guard against sickness, as they were very much crowded on board the vessel.

The French admiral Perree was buried in the church of St. Lucia, at Messina.

*Donauesschingen, March 14.* As soon as general Kray shall arrive here, from the inspection of the left wing of the army in the neighbourhood of Bregenz, &c. where he is at present, the archduke will surrender to him the command, *ad interim*, but so, that the reports must be sent to his royal highness every day.

It is generally believed that the campaign will now speedily be opened. To-morrow the whole Imperial army will be provided with ball cartridges. The army is concentrated in close cantonments, and ready to march at a moment's notice.

General Schmidt will have an addition to his salary of twelve thousand florins. He is first quarter-master of the army in Germany, and the *marquis de Chatelet* chief of engineers.

Count *Lehrbach*, minister with the army, is arrived at Munich, and is expected at Augsburg on the 18th instant.

*Munich, March 14.* Mr. Wickham has just signed the convention with the elector palatine, for twelve thousand subsidiary troops, for which England is to pay twelve millions of florins.

*Strasburg, March 15.* Dispatches are said to have been received in the French head-quarters, which leave very little hope for a speedy peace.

It is confidently asserted that the first consul will shortly arrive here, to inspect the army of the Rhine, after which he will proceed to Dijon.

*Madrid, March 15.* For some time past there has been an increased activity in our ports. It seems as if we wish to second, by our hostile preparations, those which France prepares to give effect to her negotiations; and should at last the hope of a speedy peace vanish, we shall be enabled to carry on the war with more vigour, and bring it the sooner to a conclusion.

*Berlin, March 16.* The accounts from the north give us to understand, more than ever, that Russia has withdrawn herself from a coalition which, in regard to concert and unanimity of views and proceedings, had refused to make any return to her for the men, money, and assistance of every kind which she had afforded. The army of *Suwarroff*, after so many marches and counter-marches, is at length cantoned on the borders of Galicia. It is also positively asserted here, that a courier from *Petersburg* lately passed through Hamburg, with an order for the embarkation and return to the continent of the Russian troops who wintered in Jersey and Guernsey.

*Milan, March 17.* The Imperial army, as it approaches Genoa, concentrates itself more and more. It is reported that an engagement had taken place in the country along the coast of Genoa, in which general Ott, assisted by the inhabitants of *Fontana Buona*, had defeated the French, who had advanced against him with a numerous force.

Letters from Florence state, that it had been officially announced there, that a numerous English squadron was ready to blockade Marseilles, Toulon, Nice, and other ports of the Mediterranean.

*Heidelberg, March 17.* On the 14th, the archduke still remained at *Donaueschingen*. Hopes are yet entertained that the negotiations between the two hostile powers are not entirely broken off, but nevertheless the preparations for a new campaign continue with great activity. Six thousand Bavarians will be assembled at *Donauwerth*, on the first of April, according to the stipulations of the treaty of subsidy, and six thousand more will be stationed in the Palatinate, near the Rhine. Colonel Ramsay will act as British commissioner with the Bavarian troops, for which England pays subsidies.

The young archduke Ferdinand, who is arrived at *Donaueschingen*, by way of Augsburg, will have the command of the van of the Imperial army.

The French cavalry continue in want of horses, so that some regiments are not above half complete.

*Frankfort, March 29.* The Imperialists and the troops of the empire continue to march up the Rhine towards *Kehl*, scarcely any troops remaining near *Manheim* and along the Neckar. Seven hundred of the troops which lately quitted *Mentz* have returned to that city. General Kray, with his staff, arrived at *Freiburg* on the 24th, whence he intended to proceed to *Offenburg* on the 26th. The minister of the Imperial army, count *Lehrbach*, establishes his chancery at *Ulm*.

Prince *Condé's* corps will march to the neighbourhood of *Heilbron*.

## HOME NEWS.

*Dublin, March 10.*

WE learn with regret, from a gentleman who came on Saturday last from Athy, in the county Kildaire, that on the preceding night (Friday) the Roman-catholic chapel of that town was set on fire by some evil-minded persons, and burned to the ground, no part of which was left standing but the walls. No reason whatsoever could be assigned for this diabolical act, on Saturday morning, when the gentleman left the town.

Last Friday evening, about the hour of eight, the house of dean Carleton, near Coolock, was forcibly entered by a gang of eight desperate villains: the dean at first resisted, by discharging a case of pistols among the nefarious group; the shots were returned, and probably the life of this worthy gentleman would have been sacrificed to the resentful fury of these ruffians, but through the entreaties of Mrs. Carleton, whose advanced state of pregnancy made an impression on the barbarous crew. They then confined the dean, while they rifled the house of every valuable article, as well as plate and money: all that was portable they loaded on Mr. Carleton's own tumbrel, to which they harnessed his horse; that done they regaled themselves in the house with the provisions and liquor they found until five in the morning, when they departed on their way to Dublin with their plunder, paying the turnpike-toll in a deliberate manner. The horse, with the empty tumbrel, was a couple of hours after found at alderman Carleton's stables.

12. On Monday last the house of commons resolved itself into a committee, in which that article of the union which relates to the representation in the imperial parliament was

discussed. The article was agreed to by a majority of eighty-one to sixty-two.

*London, March 13.* The right wing of the first division of the Coldstream regiment of guards, and the right wing of the third guards, assemble this morning at six o'clock, and at seven commence their march to Portsmouth.—To-morrow the left divisions follow. Their present destination is Ireland; but it is supposed that, in conjunction with the light infantry and first battalion of the first guards, who are expected to march every hour, they will compose a considerable part of one of the expeditions which have been so long in contemplation. They are completed with healthy, strong men, and in the whole will amount to nearly five thousand.

The house of Vandyck, Gevers, and Co. have acted as the agents for settling the exchange of Dutch prisoners, which has naturally led to a frequent communication with France. Mr. Vandyck has been himself at Paris for some weeks, and it is thought, through his influence with the French government, that he is supposed to have obtained permission to export a certain quantity of corn to this country.

All the deputies deported by the French revolution of the fourth of September, who have not fallen victims to that sanguinary crisis, have been suffered to return to France, and most of them now enjoy the highest favour.

*Bath, March 14.* In the course of forty years, the inhabitants of this city have never witnessed so dreadful a conflagration as took place about five o'clock in the morning of Saturday last. The fire broke out in the brewery of Messrs. Williams, on the Quay, which, in the short space of two hours, entirely consumed their very extensive premises, together with near twenty thousand bushels of malt and barley, fourteen



fourteen hundred barrels of beer, &c. &c. Their store-houses on the opposite side had taken fire, and would unquestionably have shared the same fate with the brewery, had they not been saved by the very active and uncommon exertions of Mr. T. Williams. The neighbouring hills, illuminated by the flames, and the immense body of fire thrown up when the malt-floor fell in, presented a scene awfully grand and impressive. The wind providentially blew from the east; had it taken a contrary direction, the whole range of warehouses belonging to Messrs. Ward, Bond, Titley, &c. together with the dwelling-house of Mr. I. Williams, the Baptist-chapel, Bradley's-buildings, &c. must have added to the conflagration. The immediate loss to Messrs. Williams is said to amount to at least twenty thousand pounds, of which sum only five thousand eight hundred pounds is insured; but the loss occasioned by the stagnation of their trade cannot be estimated.

*London, March 15.* Yesterday morning, about seven o'clock, the first battalion of the third regiment of guards were mustered in the Bird-cage-walk. They were mostly healthy young men, and, with a few exceptions, were extremely orderly. At half past seven they marched, in three divisions, through Buckingham-gate, on their route to Portsmouth.

The troops ordered for foreign service will probably embark in a few days. The publicans of Deal, on Thursday, received a message, that seven or eight thousand troops would be there in the course of seven or eight days for embarkation.

We are informed by very respectable authority, that eighteen thousand men are under orders for immediate service.

Admiral Knowles will conduct the naval part of the expedition, of which sir Charles Stuart will have the command in chief.

*April 2.* Yesterday morning ninety convicts were put on board a lighter at Blackfriars'-bridge, on their way to Botany-bay. Among them was the notorious Palmer, a receiver of stolen goods. This fellow wanted very much to be indulged with a post-chaise to

Portsmouth. He is supposed to be worth twenty thousand pounds, which he had transferred over to his wife previous to his conviction.

3. A woman of decent appearance going along Old Cavendish-street, Cavendish-square, had one of her eyes and four of her teeth beat out last Tuesday night, about ten o'clock, by a savage in human shape, whose intention was supposed to rob her. She was left for dead, and conveyed to her lodging by a humane gentleman, who ordered a surgeon to attend her. The pavement was covered with blood. The villain made his escape, though closely pursued.

*Cardiff, April 5.* Some days ago the session for the county ended. The calendar contained an unusual number of commitments, though only one prisoner was capitally convicted. The trial of John Griffith for sedition, an offence hardly known in this part of the country, excited the indignation of a crowded court. The circumstances of the case were briefly these:—The prisoner, after bestowing much praise on the conduct of Bonaparte, uttered words, in Welch, of a very disrespectful nature to his majesty. The witnesses, in whose hearing these words were uttered, were shocked at a declaration so atrocious, and called upon the prisoner for an explanation, which he positively refused to comply with. The witnesses, who belonged to the Neath volunteer corps, felt it their duty, as loyal subjects, to give information of what had happened; on which he was committed. On his way to gaol, either with a view to intimidate the officer of justice, or to give a specimen of his prophetic enthusiasm, as a disciple of Brothers, he endeavoured to make him believe that their journey would be marked with singular incidents, as the tremendous harbingers of divine vengeance—lightning, and thunder, and rain! The constable stated, that it did actually rain, and he was not without apprehensions as to the rest.

The prisoner being called upon for his defence, said that he was afflicted with madness, and that he did not know right from wrong; but the witnesses for the prosecution, who had known him from the time they were boys,

boys, never discovered the least symptoms of mental derangement. He then attempted to prove, by the gaoler, that he was restless and noisy and foolish; but the jury being of opinion that his ravings were the offspring of a crafty, seditious spirit, and not the effusions of a mind deprived of reason, found him guilty.

He was sentenced to two months' imprisonment, and to find sureties for his future good behaviour.

*London, April 7.* Last night, about eleven o'clock, a dreadful fire broke out, at the house of miss Benson, in Lower Grosvenor-street, which in a short time consumed the upper part of the premisses; but, by the timely vigilance of the firemen, the hall, parlours, and the lower apartments, were preserved from the conflagration.

8. On Saturday evening, the building in the centre of that well-known place of public resort in St. George's-fields, called the Apollo-gardens, was levelled in ruins. It was about six o'clock that the inhabitants observed the whole pile rocked by the wind. The novelty of the sight drew a crowd to witness so strange a spectacle. In a few minutes the principal beam gave way, and then the walls and the roof fell in with a clattering noise, occasioned by the slated covering and the windows. The afternoon of the above day was attended by a strong gale of wind, which about the hour first-mentioned blew a storm; it was then that this crazy-building, made principally of lath and plaster, tumbled down. The eastern wall yet remains, as also the bar and the room over the portico; the latter was inhabited by an old man, his wife, and a young child. Fortunately they were not on the premisses at the time of the accident.

12. William Sangoe, a shoemaker by trade, had conceived a very violent affection for a young girl, with whom he once lived as fellow-servant, and upon finding his business increase, and flattering prospects before him, made her the most serious proposals of marriage; but was mortified not only by a refusal, but a confession that her affections were engaged, and that she was betrothed to a more successful suitor. The unhappy man was so de-

pressed at this unexpected misfortune, that on Saturday morning last he was discovered to have hung himself in an unoccupied house, situated in Eavery-court, Brook's-market, near Bond-street. The jury have returned their verdict lunacy.—William Sangoe was aged forty-five, and the object of his affections only eighteen.

*Canterbury, April 15.* On Saturday se'nnight, about two o'clock in the morning, two brothers, named Ransley, went to the house of a Mr. Gurr, near Canterbury, with the intention of breaking into it. Mr. Gurr awoke his wife, and asked if she did not hear a noise; to which, after some minutes, she answered "Yes;" and her husband being ill, she went to the window and opened the casement: the house being low, on her calling out "Who is there?" she saw a tall man lift up his arm and immediately fire a pistol, the ball of which slanting cut her cheek open, which bled very much, and being so near to her, the powder scorched her face, neck and breast, shockingly; but she continued screaming, which caused the men to decamp.—The morning seemed entirely favourable for tracing the offenders; the neighbours, as soon as it was light, could perceive the footsteps of two men from the house, one without shoes, as far as Mr. Wiles's, of Bromley-green, where it was evident two horses had been tied up in the night, and corn stolen out of the stable to feed them with. The horses too could be plainly traced, by a bye-road round the parish of Kingsnorth, to Ransley's house at Mersham, where a party of the light-horse went and brought the two Ransleys to Ashford, from whence they were committed to gaol.

*London, April 17.* On Friday afternoon, as the Chatham and Rochester coach came out of the gateway of the inn-yard of the Golden Cross, Charing-cross, a woman sitting on the top threw her head back to prevent her from striking against the beam; there being so great a luggage on the roof of the coach as to hinder her laying herself sufficiently back, it caught her face, and tore the flesh up her forehead in a dreadful manner. She was conveyed to an hospital.

**BIRTHS.**

*March* 17. At his house in Bath, the lady of the rev. John Preston, of Flasby-hall, Yorkshire, of twin sons.

The lady of sir J. Scott, bart. of An-crum, of a daughter.

18. The lady of James Macrae, esq. of Holmains, in Scotland, of a daughter.

23. In Villers-street, Adelphi, Mrs. Bestall, wife of George Bestall, esq. of the Wicklow militia, in Ireland, of a son.

At Farmington-lodge, the lady of the rev. H. Waller, of a daughter.

The lady of the hon. colonel Forbes, of a daughter.

31. In Somerset-street, Portman-square, lady Georgiana Buckley, of a son.

In Upper Berkeley-street, the lady of lieutenant-colonel Marton, of a son.

*April* 1. In Upper Seymour-street, the lady of W. A. Lathom, esq. of a daughter.

The lady of Samuel Bosanquet, jun. esq. of a son and heir, at his house in Great Russell-street, Bloomsbury.

At his seat at Calk-hall, Derby, the lady of sir H. Harpur, bart. of a daughter.

4. Lady Mary Murray, of a daughter.

7. At James Du Pre's, esq. in Portman-place, the lady of lieutenant-colonel Barie, of a son.

The lady of Henry Crawford, esq. Upper Seymour-street, Portman-square, of a son.

**MARRIAGES.**

*March* 19. Mr. Thomas Docker, surgeon, Military-hospital, Deal, to miss Starr, of Dover.

At Chamberwell, Mr. Green, to miss Maria Harding.

Captain Bourke, of the first regiment of foot-guards, to miss Elizabeth Jane Bourke, youngest daughter of John Bourke, esq.

Mr. Brooks, of Cateaton-street, to miss Morris, of Bermondsey.

20. Mr. John Drinkwater, of New Brentford, to miss Julia Martin, of Trowbridge.

21. E. Boys, esq. surgeon of the Roy-

al Hospital at Deal, to miss Reynolds, of Sandwich.

Captain Shirley, of the royal navy, to Mrs. Heylyn, of Guildford-street.

Thomas Vigne, esq. to miss Thornton, eldest daughter of Godfrey Thornton, esq. of Austin-friars.

24. The right hon. earl of Westmoreland, to miss Saunders, youngest daughter of the late Dr. Saunders, and niece to the late sir Charles Saunders, K. B.

25. Lieutenant-colonel Warren, of the third-regiment of foot-guards, to miss Maitland, daughter of the late Thomas Maitland, esq.

At Galway, William Clifford, esq. of the sixth dragoon-guards, to miss Jane Cormick, daughter of Richard Cormick, esq. late of Grenada.

John Williams, esq. of Castle-street, Holborn, to miss French, only daughter of T. French, esq.

29. At Edinburgh, Hector Mackenzie, esq. to miss Diana Davison, second daughter of Dr. Davison, M. D. of Leeds, Yorkshire.

31. Robert Boughton, jun. esq. of Send, to miss Hill, only daughter of Richard Hill, esq. of Hammersmith.

*April* 2. Mr. P. Fernandez, surgeon, of New Ormond-street, Queen-square, to miss E. Lindo, youngest daughter of the late Elias Lindo, esq. merchant, of Devonshire-square.

3. Mr. Henry Dudin, of Thomas-street, Horslydown, lighterman, to miss Charlotte Whittell, daughter of Henry Whittell, esq. of Bermondsey.

Captain Parkinson, of the royal navy, to miss Clarke, of Uckfield, Sussex, only daughter of the late rev. Edward Clarke.

4. Thomas Strickland, esq. of Liverpool, fellow of Trinity-college, Cambridge, to miss Blake, eldest daughter of William Blake, esq. of Aldersgate-street.

At Rugby, J. Parsons, esq. of Brownsover, to miss Cleaver, of Hill, Warwickshire.

5. Alexander Pitcairn, esq. of Lincoln's-inn, to miss Elizabeth Campbell, daughter of Duncan Campbell, esq.

John Shaw, esq. of Winchester-street, to miss Gordon, daughter of the late Arthur Gordon, esq. of East-Florida.



10. At Bermondsey, George Curling, esq. of Milton, to miss Moulden, of Rochester.

At Bath, sir George Berney Brograve, bart. to miss Emma Whitwell.

15. At Streatham, Edward Browne, jun. esq. of Mark-lane, to miss Brown, daughter of Peter Brown, esq. of Upper Tooting.

16. At Chiswick, Arthur Bold, of the Middle Temple, barrister-at-law, to miss Hesse, younger daughter and co-heiress of the late James Hesse, esq. of Flitwick, in Bedfordshire.

### DEATHS.

*March* 16. At her house in Cavendish-square, lady Jones, of Ramsbury-manoir, in the county of Wilts.

The right hon. lady Charlotte Radclyffe, daughter of the hon. Charles Radclyffe, and of the countess of Newburgh, who was a peeress of Scotland in her own right.

At Eton, the rev. Dr. Norbury, one of the fellows of that college, and rector of Maple Durham, in the county of Oxford.

18. At Vienna, the hereditary prince, son of the grand duke of Tuscany, in the sixth year of his age.

At the Isle of Wight, capt. Charles Menzies, in the barrack department.

At his father's house, at Chester, Mr. William Payne, aged 28 years.

At her house in Bulstrode-street, Mrs. Smith, relict of the late Wm. Smith, esq.

22. In Holles-street, Cavendish-square, the lady of the rev. William Lockwood Snaydwell, of Geddington, Northamptonshire.

23. Mr. Richard Hewetson, of King-street, Covent-garden.

Joseph Browne, esq. sail-maker, and captain of the Ratcliff volunteers.

At Bath, Mrs. Hutchinson, wife to lieutenant-colonel Hutchinson, of the forty-ninth regiment.

At Midhurst, in Sussex, Mrs. Toplady, aged eighty-two, relict of the late Thomas Toplady, esq. many years secretary of the Salt-office.

30. At his house at Kensington, the lady of Alexander Baxter, esq. consul-general of Russia.

In Leicester-square, Jane Willing, widow of Robert Willing, esq. late of Northampton.

At Bath, Mrs. Macleod, widow of the late Alexander Macleod, esq. of Harries.

31. At Nottingham-place, miss Anna Frederick, niece of the late admiral Frederick.

At his apartments in Bridge-street, Westminster, Mr. Clark, many years messenger to the solicitor of the treasury.

At Croydon, Surry, Mr. T. Coales.

At Cobham, Surry, Wm. Abington, jun.

Mrs. Barber, wife of John Barber, esq. of Sion-end.

At Colney-hatch, miss Elizabeth Down, daughter of Richard Down, esq. banker, in Bartholomew-lane.

*April* 1. Philip Wenman, viscount Wenman of Tuam, baron Wenman of Kilmainhan, and a baronet of the kingdom of Ireland.

2. At his house in Pimlico, Mr. Maxwell, one of the clerks of the admiralty.

At Leithfield, John Grant, esq. of Rothmalse, aged eighty-five.

5. At Petersham, the right hon. James Stewart Mackenzie, lord privy-seal of Scotland.

At Sheen, Surry, miss Mariana Bowles, third daughter of the late Charles Bowles, esq.

At his seat in Scotland, sir Charles Preston, bart.

In Maddox-street, the rev. Henry Berners, many years rector of Hambleton, in the county of Bucks.

7. John Durnford, esq. of Leatherhead.

9. Miss Harriet Constantia Prevost, eldest daughter of brigadier-general Prevost.

At York, Mr. W. B. Mitchel, of the Theatre-royal, York, son of the late Mr. William Mitchel, teacher of languages in Edinburgh.

In Grafton-street, lady Mary Howe, daughter of the late lord Howe.

11. At Bath, the right hon. lady Mary Colyear, and the right hon. lady Juliana Colyear, the two eldest daughters of the earl of Portmore.

14. At Brompton, John Dillon, late of Bolgard, in the kingdom of Ireland, esq.