

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

APPROPRIATED  
 SOLELY TO THEIR USE AND AMUSEMENT.

For AUGUST, 1802.

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

- 1 THE KNIGHT OF THE WAVING PLUME AND THE FAIR GREEK.
- 2 For the MORAL ZOÖLOGIST—THE REIN-DEER.
- 3 An elegantly-coloured PARIS DRESS.
- 4 A new and elegant PATTERN for a GOWN or APRON, &c.
- 5 MUSIC—LINES ON THE PEACE: written to a favourite Composition in *La Belle Arsene*.

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Where Favours from Correspondents continue to be received.



## TO CORRESPONDENTS.

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THE Éssay by Euphemia is intended for insertion.

We are obliged to R. C. for his Selections; they will be introduced occasionally.

Camilla's Observations shall have a place.

We would recommend to our Correspondent, who transmits to us the Novel of Count Schweitzer, to furnish us with longer *continuations*.

The Birth-day of Peace—The Jovial Ploughman, a Song—Lines to Miss R \*\*\*\*—and S. Y's Acrostic are received.



THE  
LADY'S MAGAZINE,

FOR  
AUGUST, 1802.

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The KNIGHT of the WAVING PLUME and the FAIR GREEK;  
A TALE OF CHIVALRY.

[Embellished with an elegant Engraving.]

WHEN Richard Plantagenet, king of England, surnamed, from his courage, *Cœur de Lion*, (the lion-hearted,) led his martial bands, animated by a religious or rather superstitious zeal, to redeem the Sacred Sepulchre from the hands of the barbarian Mahometans, who had violated its sanctity, he was followed by John de Montfort, an English knight of Norman descent, distinguished for his bravery, his generosity, and his piety. On his shield De Montfort bore the figure of the cross, the symbol of the expedition in which he was engaged, and his helm was embellished with a wide-spreading plume, from which he derived the appellation or title of the *Knight of the Waving Plume*. Under the victorious standard of the English king, he signalled himself in the siege and at the surrender of Acre, and in the capture of Cæsarea and Jaffa. Ever amid the foremost assailants, he scattered dismay among his enemies; and wherever his white plume waved, victory followed his steps, and his adversaries found no safety but in flight.

One day, when after a long continued march, and unintermitting contest with the troops of Saladin, the knight and his brave followers took some repose, it changed that

he walked out, without his shield, but otherwise completely armed, at the extremity of the camp, to view the neighbouring country. To his great surprise he beheld a beauteous female, who, falling on her knees before him, thus addressed him, in imperfect but very intelligible Italian:

‘Christian knight, for such by your appearance you doubtless are, deign to extend your protection to a hapless woman whom Fortune persecutes. The faith which you profess, and for the sake of which you are clad in those resplendent arms, is mine. By birth a Greek, I early married a youth I loved, and accompanied him in a trading voyage he made to Venice; when on our return adverse winds and a violent tempest drove us into the port of Jaffa, where we were made prisoners by the infidels. We were sold to an opulent and powerful Turk, the lord of a strong castle near to Ascalon. There he holds in close confinement, and fatigues with heavy labours, my wretched husband. Me he destined to his seraglio; but, before he had leisure or inclination to assault my virtue, Providence, which is ever watchful over and affords unexpected aid to innocence, ordained that I should find



an opportunity to escape, and that all the impediments to my flight should be removed in a manner almost miraculous. I have escaped from the castle; and, guided by the same Providence, the first man I see is a knight, I doubt not, of signal generosity and martial prowess.— Oh protect me, and save my husband!

‘Lady,’ said De Montfort, ‘you shall not sue in vain. You shall immediately receive in my camp every accommodation suited to your sex and situation, and I plight you my honour that I and my brave followers will at least attempt the rescue of your husband; and, if he is to be found where you say, I cannot fear that we shall be unsuccessful.’

On the evening of the same day, the knight informed his martial band of the promise he had made to the fair Greek, proposing to them to set out immediately on the expedition against the castle, of which he offered to them all the plunder, if they would only enable him to fulfil his engagement to Anastasia (such was the name of the suppliant fugitive) by restoring to her her captive husband. His brave followers assented with an eager shout, and demanded only to be led instantly to the attack. The knight complied with their request, and put himself at their head. They arrived at the castle in the middle of the night, and immediately commenced the assault. After a feeble resistance, the Turks fled on all sides, their haughty lord being among the foremost of the fugitives; and the English knight and his brave troops remained the masters of the place. The first and principal object of their attention was to search all the dungeons and places that might be employed as prisons, to discover the captive Stephen, the husband of Anastasia. Their search was long fruitless; for though seve-

ral prisoners were found whom they restored to their liberty, not one of them answered to the description they had received of Stephen. At length under a ruined tower, a part of which had been thrown down at their first assault, they discovered a wretched emaciated man who seemed near expiring, but who looked up with a strong expression of surprise when they called him by the name of Stephen. When he had been revived by some cordials that were administered to him, the answers he returned to the questions of De Montfort satisfied the knight that he was the prisoner of whom he was in quest.

‘Rise,’ said he to him; ‘your sufferings are at an end. We are Christians; we will put arms in your hands, and you shall avenge yourself on the infidels.’

‘Alas!’ feebly sighed the captive, ‘disturb me not: I wait for and wish my dissolution. I have lost all that made life desirable. Pursue your glorious victories, and leave me to that death which can alone terminate my miseries and my despair.’

‘Despair,’ exclaimed the knight, ‘befits not our faith. We must bear up under affliction, and fight the good fight. You know not what happier days Providence may yet have in reserve for you.’

‘Oh, it is too late!’ cried the sorrowful captive. He, however, rose and followed him.

De Montfort having given orders to take an inventory of all the spoil found in the castle, and directed in what manner it should be apportioned among his troops, according to the promise he had made them at setting out, returned with all expedition to the camp with the Greek he had liberated from the dungeon. On the way he received from him the narrative of his adventures, which he found exactly conformable



to the relation given by Anastasia ; only that from the moment he had been separated from her he knew nothing of what had happened to her, but supposed that she had been violated and perhaps murdered by the Turk.

On their arrival at the camp, the knight introduced his rescued prisoner to the tent next to his own, which, previously to his setting out on the expedition, he had allotted for the accommodation of the fair Greek.

‘Enter,’ said he to him, ‘and let surprise and joy banish despair.’

At sight of Anastasia, Stephen stood transfixed with amazement. They fell into each other’s arms ; and when the delighted husband learned that the virtue of his wife had been equally preserved from seduction and from violence, his joy, freed from every alloy of fear or painful distrust, arose to an ecstacy which admits of no description.

Stephen now willingly accepted the arms offered him by the knight, and, in various skirmishes which took place, evinced a courage and presence of mind that surprised his patron. But a truce being soon after concluded with the Saracens, and king Richard embarking for Europe, De Montfort likewise prepared to return to England. As it was difficult to procure any conveyance for Stephen and Anastasia to the country of which they were natives, as they had besides lost all the property they had possessed, and appeared inconsolable at the thought of parting from him to whom they owed liberty and life, and, what was still dearer to them than either, the enjoyment of each other, the generous knight offered to take them with him to England, and bestow on them, out of his estate, sufficient land for their maintenance. The proposal was most thankfully accepted, and they arrived safely in

England ; where De Montfort gave them an habitation and a considerable tract of ground in the vicinity of his castle. There they lived many years in undisturbed tranquillity and happiness.

Anastasia brought her husband a daughter, whom they named Anna, and who as she grew up displayed extraordinary beauty, and the most attractive graces of manners and of mind. Theodore, De Montfort’s son, who was only a few years older, was frequently her companion during the age of childhood ; and her ripening charms, when maturer years rendered him more sensible to their effect, made a strong impression on his heart.

The knight, his father, perceived the signs of the tender attachment which his son had conceived for the daughter of the fair Greek, and clearly saw the symptoms of a corresponding passion in Anna. He one day called his son to him, and thus addressed him :

‘Theodore, you now approach the age when you must enter the world, and support the honour of the family of which you are born to be the head. You will no doubt aspire to a marriage alliance suitable to your birth. The daughter of the earl of Pembroke appears to me in every respect to be such a person ; and I have received such intimations as incline me to believe that proposals of marriage would not be unacceptable. She is young and handsome ; somewhat haughty it may be, but that accords with her rank.’

Theodore was so embarrassed by this harangue that he could scarcely make any reply. He at length confusedly stammered out a few words which conveyed an evasive answer, and availed himself of some slight pretext to quit the presence of his father as soon as possible.

He now sensibly felt how well he loved



loved Anna. He sought her, related to her in the most artless manner all that had passed, and accompanied his recital with the warmest avowal of his passion. She received his declaration with the tenderest sympathy, and, before they parted, they mutually vowed, that though their union might be impossible, their love for each other should be eternal.

The next day Theodore waited on the knight his father, and told him that he conceived himself as yet too young to marry, that he would first render himself illustrious by martial achievements; and, as a new crusade was preparing, he requested permission to dye his lance in the blood of the infidels.

De Montfort coldly assented to his son's wish, and ordered the necessary preparations for his expedition.

In the mean time a youthful baron, who possessed considerable domains in the neighbourhood of De Montfort's estate, found himself so captivated with the charms of the artless Anna that he was willing to sacrifice at her feet all the pride of birth and rank, and made her an offer of his hand.

This only added to the distress of Anna, who, without assigning any reason, at least not the true one, peremptorily rejected this honourable offer, to the great surprise and even affliction of her parents, and declared her resolution to go into a convent.

De Montfort, who had acted in the manner he had only to try the constancy of Theodore and the affection of Anna, now again called his son to him, a few days before he was to embark, and said to him:—

'Tell me, my son, have I conjectured rightly? Do you not nourish in your heart a secret passion for Anna, the daughter of Anastasia? And is it not for her sake that you

refused the proposal of marriage I made you, and rather chose to encounter the hardships and dangers of the field?'

Theodore confessed this was the truth.

'I am convinced,' added the knight, introducing to him Anna, whom he had previously sent for, 'that your passion is mutual and constant. You have my consent to your union, and my blessing.'

He soon after joined their hands, in the presence of Stephen and Anastasia, whose joy and thankfulness cannot be expressed; and Theodore and Anna became the parents of a numerous progeny, equally renowned for their illustrious achievements and their virtues.

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*ACCOUNT of the new DRAMA in three Acts, called 'THE VOICE OF NATURE,' performed for the first Time on Saturday, July 31, at the Theatre-Royal in the Haymarket.*

THE principal characters were:

Alphonso, king of Sicily, .....	} Mr. Barrymore.
Rinaldo, .....	
A lord of the court, .....	Mr. C. Kemble.
Infant, son of Lilla, .....	Mr. Davenport.
Lilla, .....	Master Byrne.
Alzira, .....	Mrs. Gibbs.
Bendetta, .....	Mrs. St. Leger.
Clarinda, .....	Mrs. Davenport.
	Miss Norton.

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THE FABLE.

Rinaldo, brother to king Alphonso, becomes enamoured of Lilla, the orphan and destitute descendant of a noble family, who is indebted to her nurse Bendetta for support. He triumphs over her virtue, and a child is the consequence of their illicit love. Shortly after its birth, it is stolen away, and a dying changeling is left in its place.

Lilla



Lilla laments her loss for several years; and the scene opens with her arrival at the court of Alphonso, to take a farewell view of Rinaldo, who had proved a faithless lover, on the eve of his marriage with Alzira, a widow of rank and fortune. Here she is struck with the appearance of a boy, the alleged son of the intended bride. She examines his features, and they awake her remembrance of her lost child. A comparison of circumstances raises suspicions in her mind. She feels all a mother's fondness, and, after much anxious doubt and conjecture, is convinced by some marks upon his person that he is her long lost son. An interview takes place between Rinaldo and Lilla, in which she asserts her claim to the alleged child of Alzira. Struck with such baseness on the part of his new mistress, and feeling a reviving passion for the old, Rinaldo discloses the circumstances to the king, Alphonso, who undertakes to decide the claim. Alzira and Lilla are summoned before him; and after hearing their mutual statements, he orders the child to be put to immediate death, in compliance with the wish of Alzira, who declares she would rather see him dead, than in the possession of another. The agony into which Lilla is thrown by this sentence, and the indifference with which it is heard by the cold, proud, and selfish Alzira, at once determine the real mother. Alzira is banished from court, and Rinaldo bestows his hand upon Lilla.

In this brief account of the plot we easily recognise the judgment of Solomon between the two harlots, in the first book of Kings. Whether it be justifiable in an author to dramatise such a subject, is a question upon which we give no opinion. It certainly admits of some doubt, and we should not

wish to decide either way without stating our reasons. But if it be allowable, the manner in which the author has conducted himself in the present instance well entitles him to the exercise of the privilege. The piece is of an uniformly grave and sentimental character. The king is a model of a just and virtuous prince. Maternal affection could not be enforced with more energy from the pulpit, than in the example and language of Lilla. The sentiment is chaste, moral, and impressive, and the solemnity of the scene is not interrupted by a single passage of levity from beginning to end. The writing is elegant, and adorned with much pleasing imagery; and several of the situations are affecting. These advantages are set off with all the embellishments of handsome scenery, magnificent dresses, and splendid decorations, which constitute in themselves such a mass of merit as enables us to speak freely without endangering the success of the piece for the rest of the season. Upon a review then of the characters, it will be seen, that the great, if not exclusive, source of interest is the real mother, and that it is by her feelings the author must work upon the feelings of his audience. Now to appreciate truly the effect, we must know the cause; and without being acquainted with the motive of an action, we know not whether it be deserving of condemnation or praise. If this position be just, the original story has a great advantage over the dramatic copy. The scriptural account states, that the two harlots dwelt in one house together, and there was no stranger with them. One of them was delivered of a child, and, the third day after, the other woman was delivered of a child also, which died in the night. The mother of the latter took her  
dead



dead child and laid in the place of the living one, which she took away from its mother, who was asleep, and did not miss it until she awoke in the morning. Here then the real mother could have no doubt but that the living child was her own. It had been from her bosom only a few hours, and that left in its place was a new-born infant. She was actuated, therefore, through the progress of the story by the feelings of a woman who could have no doubt of the identity of her child, and her agonies excited all the pity due to a mother acting upon such a well founded conviction. This is not the case in the play. Four years had elapsed since Lilla had lost her son. She never had any reason to suspect Alzira had stolen him; and the discovery of two moles on his person, on which she founds her conviction of his identity, is not evidence to warrant a positive conclusion. The audience, therefore, have reason to suspect her judgment, and feel for her, not as the real mother, but only as one that fancies herself such. Perhaps, however, it was found impossible to adapt the story to the stage without this deviation; and if so, the defect is in the subject, and ought not to be imputed to the author. Another deficiency, arising out of the nature of the piece, is the sameness of the scene. In treating so delicate a subject as sacred ground, it was found, perhaps, impracticable to introduce a pleasing variety. Hence it is a picture of rich and mellow colouring; and the eye has no relief from light or contrast of shades. Hence, also, the author, deprived of those little means of embellishing and filling up his piece with counterplot, and incidents unconnected with the main story, pursues his subject in too direct a course, without any of

those delays and interruptions which hold the mind in suspense, and give an author fair play with his audience, by affording time to prepare a fresh attack upon their passions. The first act is beautiful, and received unbounded applause; but a small party in the house, whose violence threw suspicion upon their justice, took offence at the only two weak points in the two last. The first is the passage where Lilla, perhaps too obedient to the voice of nature, considers the common place mark of a mole conclusive evidence of the identity of her son. The second is the concluding scene, where the horrible is carried too far, by an injudicious movement to carry that sentence into effect, which was only meant as a stratagem to elicit the expression of maternal feeling. The former of these defects may be inherent in the piece. The latter is easily removable.

We have been told, that the play is a translation from the French, and that Mrs. Inchbald had made a considerable progress in adapting it for representation at one of the winter theatres towards the close of the season. It has been also stated as the original production of Mr. Boaden.—The Epilogue, (See page 440) however, removes our doubts upon this point. It contains some apt allusions to the play, in which it is treated as an original production, without any qualified distinction of author and adapter. We may therefore consider *The Voice of Nature* the child of Mr. Boaden's brain, not his by adoption; and as we are not disposed to find fault with every thing short of perfection, we congratulate him on the *entré* into the dramatic world of his new-born infant, and the great majority of sponsors who seemed anxious to promote its prospects in life.



*Engraved for the Lady's Magazine.*



*Boar.*



THE MORAL ZOOLOGIST.

(Continued from p. 350.)

LETTER XLI.

From *Eugenia* to the Right Hon.

Lady ———.

AS the hog or swine species are proverbially brutal in their habits, your ladyship will not expect a refined degree of entertainment from the discussion of their several properties. This genus of animals is perhaps the most devoid of sentiment, or discriminate choice, of any of the brute tribes; yet will select peculiar plants and roots with great discernment. Their appetite is voracious, and in a manner general, as they will eat almost any kind of food, even that which is of the most impure quality: they have also a predilection for wallowing in the mire, which is beneficial to them, as they are often infested with vermin, and are of a hot temperament. In their motions they are swift, though their disposition is stupid and drowsy; and their natural ferocity is so extreme, that they have a propensity to destroy their own offspring. They are of a very prolific nature, as the sow often produces twenty pigs at a birth; and are naturally inclined to grow fat. Their flesh, by various modes of culinary treatment, is one of the most useful and agreeable viands: it was esteemed by the ancient Romans as a great delicacy, and probably was prohibited under the Mosaic dispensation, because the diseases incidental in Asiatic climes rendered rich and impure food noxious.

Having thus briefly enumerated the principal qualities of the hog genus, which being commonly known requires less description, I shall proceed to observe that the chief generic characteristic consists

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in the animals comprehended in this class having cutting-teeth in both jaws.

THE COMMON HOG.

This animal, in its wild state, has a body covered with bristles; a prominent pointed snout; two large tusks, and six cutting-teeth in each jaw. The hair is of a dark brindled hue, and under the bristles is a short soft hair. The ears are short, and inclining to be of a rounded form. The tame differ from the wild kind, by having their ears long, sharp-pointed, and of a slouching construction. Their bristles are also usually white but in some individuals blended with other colours, or uniformly black. In a domesticated state these animals are universally dispersed, except in latitudes of extreme frigid temperature. Those that were transported by the Europeans to the New Continent have wonderfully increased in the hot and mild regions, where they are found of great utility in extirpating the rattle-snake, which they devour without receiving any injury. These animals are found wild in most parts of Europe, except the British islands and the regions north of the Baltic. In Asia they are discovered from Syria to the banks of Lake Baikal; in Africa they are common on the Barbary coast, as they are also in the islands of Celebes, Ceylon, and Java, where they are less in dimensions than the European kind, but of the same species: in the South-American forests there are likewise great herds of wild swine, which are degenerate members of the European kind relapsed into a state of nature.

THE GUINEA HOG.

This animal is probably only a domestic variety of the common kind. The dimensions of the head are less; the ears of a long, slender,

3 F

and



and sharp-pointed construction; the tail destitute of hair, and hanging down to the heels; the body covered with short hairs of a shining quality and red hue, on the neck and lower regions of the back a little longer, but universally destitute of bristles. There is a variety also of the common hog with undivided hoofs.

#### THE SIAM HOG.

The Siam hog, like the preceding species, appears to be only a variety of the common kind; as it unessentially differs from the common class, except by having a tail of greater length.

#### THE CHINESE HOG.

This animal has very short legs, consequently its belly seems almost to touch the ground; the tail is short, and the body usually bare; which is a common property in the Indian swine. These animals are found in great abundance, in a wild state, in New Guinea and in the islands of those regions, as they eagerly seek situations where sago trees grow, on the pith of which they feed, and by that means acquire a great portion of flesh. The natives of these countries are more delicious food than those of China, from the superior excellence of the nutriment they subsist on. They are sacrificed to the inferior deities of the pagan isles they inhabit, where they are roasted whole, and placed on the altars to decay, as an acceptable oblation to the abominable idols.

#### THE ÆTHIOPIAN HOG.

The Æthiopian hog, from the circumstance of its having no fore-teeth, but in lieu of them very hard gums, and tusks or protuberances in the upper and lower jaws, appears to differ from every other of the swine genus, though it unquestionably appertains to that class of qua-

drupeds. This animal has a broad depressed nose, almost of an horny substance. The head is very large and broad. It has small tusks in the lower jaws, and very large ones in the upper, which in old boars bend upwards in a semicircular direction towards the forehead. Under each eye is a large concavity, formed of loose, wrinkled, soft skin, under which there is a great lobe or wattle, broad, flat, and round at the extremity, which, by being placed nearly in an horizontal position, intercepts the sight of any object immediately beneath the animal. Between this incommensurable excrescence and the mouth, on each side there is a callous protuberance. The mouth is small; the skin of a dusky hue, on which there are bristles disposed in clusters, consisting of about five each in number; these bunches are technically termed *fasciculi*. The hair, thus dispersed, is thicker between the ears, and on the beginning of the back, than on the other parts of the body, where it is but thinly scattered. The ears are large and pointed, having the interior part clothed with long whitish hairs. The tail is slender and flat, and extends in length no lower than the thighs; this, as well as the body, is furnished with hairs forming distinct tufts. The body is longer and the legs shorter than those of the common hog; its length being four feet nine inches, and its anterior altitude two feet two inches. This species inhabit the most torrid of the African regions from Sierra Leone to Congo, the island of Madagascar, and probably the Mindanao Isle.

The Æthiopian hog leads a subterraneous course of life, and burrows as dexterously as the mole species. Its habitudes are but little known; though, from the testimony of various travellers, it is of a fierce savage nature, and will not intermix  
with



with the common swine. This animal is reported to have more sagacity and agility than the domestic hog; his senses of hearing and scent are acute, but that of sight less quick from the protuberance which impedes the exercise of its visual organs. In a state of liberty it is vivacious, and so fleet that it can pursue fallow deer and other swift animals. When subject to confinement, at some periods it is tractable, at others formidably fierce and furiously repugnant to restraint.

#### THE CAPE VERD HOG.

In the Leverian Museum there is a fine specimen of the jaws of this animal, which are so judiciously disposed as to give a clear and perfect idea of the countenance of the boar of this species.

The Cape Verd boar or hog has two cutting teeth in the upper, and six in the lower jaw; and six grinding teeth on each side in both jaws. The tusks are large, those in the upper jaw thick, and obliquely truncated, or apparently amputated; their texture is as hard as ivory. The head long; the nose slender; the ears narrow, upright, pointed, and tufted with long bristles. The upper jaw is more prominent than the lower; the body universally covered with long fine bristles; on the shoulders, belly, and thighs, of a superior length. The tail is slender, and furnished with a tuft at the extremity, extending only to the first joint of the leg. This species inhabit the latitudes from Cape Verd to the Cape of Good Hope; they grow to an enormous size, and are peculiar to Africa.

#### THE MEXICAN HOG.

The Mexican hog is the most singular and numerous species of the swine genera found on the New

Continent. This animal differs from the common kind in the following particulars, which serve as an indisputable authority to prove that it may be regarded as a distinct species. It is not so corpulent as the common swine; its legs are shorter, and its internal structure materially different. It is also destitute of tail, and the bristles are of a coarser quality, in some degree being similar to those of the hedge-hog. Exclusive of these distinctions, there is on the crupper, or lower part of the back, a dorsal gland or aperture, nearly an inch in depth, from whence issues a copious flux of humour of a fetid scent; which is an offensive corporeal recess common to no other quadruped. This extraordinary animal has four cutting teeth in the upper jaw, and six in the lower; two tusks in each jaw, those above pointing downwards, the others nearly hid in the fur. The head is of a less taper construction than the common swine; the ears are short and erect; the body is covered with coarse bristles, of a dusky hue annulated with white; those on the upper regions of the neck and back being near five inches in length, but they become gradually shorter as they approach the sides. The belly is almost naked, and from the shoulders to the breast runs a white band. Many naturalists have concurred in supposing that this animal has three stomachs; or, according to Ray, two and a gizzard—an opinion which has been fully demonstrated to be erroneous; as, from the testimony of the most skilful anatomists, it has but one, which, being divided by different stragulations, gives it a triple appearance, notwithstanding there is but one aperture through which the aliment passes into the intestines. This species are native inhabitants of the most torrid South-American regions



and some of the Antilles. They do not, like the common swine, wallow in the mire, but usually seek dry mountainous situations, well wooded, where they resort in great herds or droves; and, as they are very fierce, encounter beasts of prey, such as the jaguar, and other rapacious animals. The canine race scarcely have courage to enter into combat with the Mexican hog; and if they attempt to chase it, and fail in the design, it proves fatal to the hunters, who fall victims to the ferocity of the enraged victors. These animals subsist on fruits, seeds, and roots; they also eat serpents, toads, and lizards, which they seize and destroy with great dexterity. They are very prolific; the female generally producing a great number at a birth, and probably more than once in a year. The Mexican hog, when trained from its infancy, abates in its ferocity, though its sagacity does not seem to increase by domestication, as he apparently forms no attachment to those who supply his wants: yet he never strays from his native residence. He is also pacific in his nature, except when others of his own species interfere with his food. He seldom grunts; but if he exerts his voice it is in a louder cadence than the common hog, and when irritated or alarmed his cry is deep in proportion to his sensations of resentment or danger. The flesh of this animal is esteemed good food; but it is necessary to cut out the dorsal gland immediately after its life expires, as it strongly imbibes the offensive quality of that noxious humour, and thereby is instantaneously tainted.

There is a smaller variety of this species, mentioned by M. de la Borde, which probably is only an accidental distinction.

#### THE BABY-ROUSSA HOG.

This animal has four cutting teeth in the upper, and six in the lower jaw, exclusive of ten grinders in each; in the lower jaw are two tusks pointing towards the eyes, extending above eight inches from their sockets. On the exterior part of the upper jaw are two other teeth or tusks, near twelve inches long, of a curved form, and their extremities almost touching the forehead. The ears are small, erect, and sharp; on the back are some weak bristles: the other part of the body is covered with a kind of wool similar to a lamb's fleece. The tail is long, terminated by a tuft, and frequently twisted. The body is of a plump square construction, but not of such a clumsy make as the common hog; its hair or wool is of a grey hue, blended with red, and a small portion of black.

The baby-roussa inhabits Bocro, a small oriental island near Amboyna, and is not found on the continental parts of Asia and Africa. This species are of a gregarious nature, as they associate in herds. They are capable of being rendered domestic, and have a quick scent. When they are enraged they growl in a formidable tone, and defend themselves against the assault of the huntsman by their under tusk, the upper ones rather seeming to impede than contribute to their resistance.

These animals do not prove noxious to gardens and cultivated grounds like other swine; they chiefly subsist on herbs and leaves of trees; and their flesh is palatable, but apt to corrupt soon after it is killed. To evade pursuit, the baby-roussa often takes refuge in the sea, and swims from isle to isle, as they possess the faculty of diving and wading



wading with great dexterity. When reduced to extremities in the forests by the chase of their pursuers, they frequently hook their upper tusks on a bough, and, by being thus suspended, escape from their adversaries. Notwithstanding the native ferocity of this species, they are capable of acquiring a certain degree of tractability.

In the hog genus we cannot discover one amiable quality, or a single property tending to endear the several members to the rational part of the animal creation; yet they are beneficial to the human species in the various stages of their existence. Appetite is the only impulse which seems to have any influence on the conduct of these voluptuous quadrupeds; and, as the means of gratifying this ardent passion, they indiscriminately seek indulgence, without being restrained by the boundaries of affection, or the instinctive suggestion of moderation. Swine, in their various gradations, exhibit a striking but humiliating similitude to those human brutes who suffer inordinate desires to triumph over the repeated admonitions of reason. If animals to whom rationality is denied excite sensations of disgust, when their actions bear evidence of gross native propensities, in what a superior degree must our abhorrence be raised, when the most exalted of animal beings degenerates into brutal ferocity, and thereby becomes an object of contempt and formidable apprehension! *Veluti in speculum* may be applied to almost every existent state and condition; as the universe, like a mirror, reflects the virtues and vices of mankind in their genuine traits and colours. If your ladyship wishes to search for your own similitude in this large speculative field, contemplate those objects renowned for the most benign yet

exalted perfections, and you will thereby view yourself, and cease to wonder that you are so highly esteemed by

EUGENIA.

## LETTER XLII.

*The same to the same.*

YOUR ladyship no doubt, in your progress through the intricate mazes of natural history, has made due observation of the several congruous qualities combined with infinite skill in the corporeal structure of each animal: thus some we see adorned with horns; others, to whom those excrescences would be incommodious, endued with tusks; and in the rhinoceros tribe these protuberances are modified into horns placed on the nose, and adapted no doubt to answer useful purposes intended by the wisdom of Providence.

The peculiar characteristics of the rhinoceros genus are, one and sometimes two large horns on the nose, and each hoof cloven in three divisions. The first of this class is

### THE TWO-HORNED RHINOCEROS.

The rhinoceros approaches nearer to the elephant, in strength and magnitude, than to any other animal, as he is nearly twelve feet long from the extremity of the muzzle to the base of the tail, and the circumference of the body is nearly equal to the length.

This animal has two horns on its nose, one placed beyond the other; no fore teeth; the skin without any folds, of a dark cinereous or grey hue, and of a warty or granulated surface; between the legs it is of a smooth texture, and flesh colour; on the other parts of the body are dispersed a scanty portion of stiff bristles, which are most numerous about the ears and the extremity of the tail. The feet are not more in diameter than the legs, but the three

hoofs



hoofs project forward; the soles are callous. The tail is nearly the thickness of a man's thumb, convex on the upper and lower parts, but flat on the sides. This species are peculiar to Africa, and were first observed by Flacourt in the vicinage of the Cape. Their manners are reported to be like those of the one-horned rhinoceros; their mouth and nose are also similar. They delight to wallow in mire, and subsist on the boughs of trees and succulent plants. In the day they sleep or remain inactive, but in the night search for food and take exercise. They are destitute of voice, except a kind of snorting chiefly uttered by the females in token of maternal anxiety for their offspring. The visual organs of this animal appear not to be exquisite, but those of hearing and smelling are acute. From the impulses by which the motions of this creature are directed, it has a natural propensity to cleanliness, but manifests no eminent degree of intellect, as it indiscriminately overturns and tramples on every object which happens to obstruct its course, and still pursues its progress without any apparent signs of a particular pursuit. The flesh of this animal is eatable, and in taste resembles the coarsest kind of pork; various utensils are made of its horns, and its hide is converted into whips, and used for other purposes.

#### THE ONE-HORNED RHINOCEROS.

This animal is unquestionably the unicorn mentioned in Holy Writ, as its formation and habitude perfectly accord with the allusions there made to it. It is also the Indian ass described by Aristotle, and the *fera monoceros* mentioned by Pliny.

The one-horned rhinoceros is a native of Bengal, Siam, Cochinchina, Quangsi in China, and the islands of Java and Sumatra. He

is of a solitary nature, seeks the most shady recesses of the forest for his abode, and fixes his residence in the vicinage of rivers, as he has a natural tendency to wallow in the mire, which is peculiarly beneficial to him, as he thereby allays the extreme heat of his natural temperament, and ensnares aquatic insects in the folds of his skin, which serve him for a future repast. Like the preceding species, he subsists on vegetables and shrubs of various kinds.

This animal has a single horn situated near the extremity of the nose, of a black hue and smooth texture, and sometimes three feet and a half long. The nostrils are placed in a transverse direction. The upper lip is long, projects beyond the lower lip, and terminates in a point. This protuberance is of such a flexible texture it is employed by the animal for the purpose of conveying his food to his mouth, in like manner as the elephant uses his trunk, though it is not endued with such various sensations.

This animal has four cutting teeth, one in each corner of the jaw, and six grinders in each jaw, the first of which is placed remote from the cutting teeth; the ears are large, erect, and pointed; the eyes small, and devoid of lustre or expression, being usually almost closed. The skin is of a blackish hue, destitute of hair, and of a rough or tuberculated texture; on the regions of the neck it is formed into vast folds, from whence there proceed other folds which extend from the shoulders to the fore legs, and others of a similar nature fill the space from the hinder part of the back to the thighs. These cutaneous incrustations render the coat of the rhinoceros impenetrable to the sharpest weapons, or even a musket-ball. Between the folds which constitute this coat of mail the skin is of a soft and delicate texture,



ture, and flesh colour; the skin of the belly is likewise nearly of this hue and quality; but every other part of the body, as well as the legs and feet, are covered with the hard substance before described. The tail is slender, and flat at the extremity; the sides are clothed with stiff, thick, black hairs; the belly hangs so low it nearly approaches the ground; the legs are of a short, strong, and thick construction, and the hoofs are divided into three parts pointing forwards. The rhinoceros, though next in rank to the elephant, from the almost similar bulk of their body, and some other generic resemblances, is nevertheless far inferior to that animal in intellectual and sensitive perfections, being rather of a brutal and ferocious disposition, and in his general habitudes of a kindred nature with the swine genus. The principal means by which the rhinoceros gains superiority over animals of the most ferocious quality, consists chiefly in his enormous bulk, impenetrable skin, and the tusk on his nose, which is an offensive and defensive weapon peculiar to his species. These natural resources of security render this animal formidable to even the lion and tiger, which prefer attacking the elephant, because they have less to apprehend from the resistance of his trunk, which they can easily seize, than from the tusk of the rhinoceros, which never fails to gore and wound desperately. The rhinoceros, though he is not of a savage nature, is nevertheless utterly untractable in his disposition, as he seems incapable of gratitude, attachment, or any social qualities; he is also subject to furious paroxysms of rage, to abate which every effort proves ineffectual. In general he is quiet and inoffensive, but when provoked becomes formidably fierce.

This animal is very swift in pro-

portion to his magnitude; but, as he has not the smallest tendency to be carnivorous, he does not molest small animals. The female produces one young one at a birth, on which she bestows the most uniform and exemplary attention. It is supposed this species do not live more than seventy or eighty years. They are not so useful as the elephant, but spread equal devastation in cultivated grounds, though they require less food: in fine, they are of no utility till they are killed, when every part of them is converted to beneficial purposes; as their flesh is esteemed by the Indians an excellent food; their skin makes durable leather; their horn is manufactured into various toys and implements; and their blood and even their excrements are considered as antidotes and remedies against particular diseases; their horns are also considered as a specific preservative from poison.

The immense bulk and fortified state of the rhinoceros naturally elevate our ideas above the level of those sensations occasioned by the contemplation of more minute objects. Burke, in his celebrated 'Essay on the Beautiful and Sublime,' ranks all perfections on a small scale as peculiar to the former, and ascribes to the latter all great and terrific objects which excite in the mind sentiments of dread, or awful admiration. Your ladyship, whose perceptions are too clear to need the vain endeavours of extraneous aid, will, I trust, pardon those digressions which the dictates of friendship excite me to impart. When I reflect on the material innovations fabulous traditions have produced in the profound abyss of science, I feel an ardent zeal to counteract these fatal consequences, and by the assertion of facts to put a final period to the propagation of error. How incongruous are the usual representations



presentations of the unicorn with the cambrons structure of the rhinoceros! Yet they are indisputably the same animal. Thus false ideas become impressed on the mind, which prejudice strengthens, and implicit faith renders indelible. Nature now exhibits to our view her most stupendous animated works, as the rhinoceros and most of the following tribes are remarkable for their magnitude and strength, which, by the wise and beneficent Author of existence, are accompanied with harmless propensities. In the great scale of being it is omnisciently ordained, that no class should possess a degree of power, or noxious pre-eminence, to the detriment of the community at large. Thus we find, where superior corporeal faculties are dispensed, innate moderation restrains their efforts, which are exercised within due bounds, and never interrupt or violate the general harmony of the animal system. With sentiments of the most lively gratitude, and by impulses of the most ardent zeal, let us trace these several effects to their primary source; and testify the force of conviction by that general consistency of conduct which ennoble your ladyship's actions, and, from the admiration it excites, is faintly transcribed in those of your ever faithful

EUGENIA.

*(To be continued.)*


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### CEPHISA.

*[From Mrs. Crowther's Moral Tales.]**(Concluded from p. 371.)*

• AN hundred and twenty moons had rolled over my head, when an evil spirit arose, and robbed me of my joys. One gloomy night, when the hurricane whirled with impetuous fury across the plain, the big thunder rolled, the blue lightning

flashed from mountain to mountain, and rain descended in torrents to the earth, two strangers, of a nation we had never heard of, sought shelter in our cottage. They were tall, and fair to look on; they were Europeans, lady! and came from your country. To our surprise, they spoke our language, though but imperfectly; they told a dismal tale of being benighted, and losing their way, which my father listened to, and embraced them; he warmed their benumbed fingers in his bosom, he lighted a fire, and set before them fruit on a banana-leaf, with a beverage of cocoa-nut milk in a shell; my mother spread them a mat to repose on, and Zula presented her little offerings of flowers. They told us much of their countrymen, of their power, their riches, and their goodness.

‘When the shades of night had withdrawn to the caverns of the deep, they arose, and, having taken such refreshment as our cottage afforded, prepared to depart; but, oh! what language can describe our amazement and consternation, when they informed my unfortunate parents that they should take me along with them to their country, that their king was in want of slaves to cultivate his islands, and that a number of my countrymen were embarked on board their ship!

‘I know not what I felt during this horrid harangue. Never had I heard of slavery; and it was impossible for me to comprehend why a nation I had no knowledge of should come to take me away. My father entreated them to depart in peace, and spare him the only joy he had on earth: but they were deaf to entreaty; nor could the tears of my poor aged mother make any impression on their tiger hearts: to such scenes they were accustomed; the fountain of mercy was dried up in their



their bosoms. They then had recourse to violence, and were dragging me along, when my affectionate Zula (who had run behind my mother) seeing me about to be torn away from her, forgot her fears, and, springing towards me, folded her little arms, with convulsive grasp, round my neck. "I will go too," said she, in the anguish of her heart; "and if you kill Xary, Zula will lie down by his side and die."

'Whilst one of the white savages held me, with painful violence, the other endeavoured to tear Zula from my bosom. At length, exasperated at her resistance, he drew forth a dagger, and plunged it into her innocent heart.—She dropped at my feet; my parents sunk motionless to the earth. Nature could not support such a complication of disasters; I shrieked, and fainted in the arms of the ruffian that held me.

'I will not attempt to paint what I felt, when I found myself chained hand and foot, confined in a dismal place, and tossed about in a painful and unaccountable manner. I was soon informed of the nature of my misfortune; and during a tedious passage to this place, I endured pain, sickness, and extreme hunger.—

'But I will not hurt your gentle heart by a full relation of my sufferings, nor describe the cruelties I saw practised on my unfortunate countrymen; they deserve only to be recorded in the legends of darkness. Often have I spent the short hour allowed for repose in mourning the loss of my beloved Zula. Often have I fancied her form in the shades of the evening, and her soft accents seemed to float upon the gale. To gaze on the moon is now become my only delight; for Zula dwells beyond her orb. Rest

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in peace, gentle one! till the spirit of Xary mix with thine.

'Oh, my parents! what is become of you? The last time my eyes beheld you, sorrow had bent you to the earth. Do you still live? Who cherishes and comforts you for the loss of your beloved children? Who will kiss the tear of affliction from your cheek, and chase away the sigh of anguish from your bosom? There is no one to smile on you now; desolation has encompassed your dwelling.

'Three painful years I spent in slavery, when I became the property of an English gentleman, who, seeing me sink under the weight of my grief and toil, bought me from my master, and instantly gave me liberty. His generosity impressed my heart with gratitude; I begged to be retained in his service; and could I have forgotten my misfortunes, I had been happy. My master's compassion and goodness, lady, to me and my countrymen, have atoned for all the injuries I received from his nation. I have ceased to remember them with bitterness, and the prayers of Xary shall be offered up for them.

'My generous benefactor clothed and comforted me, taught me to know God and his attributes, and illumined my dark understanding with the rays of divine truth. He would often shed a tear at the recital of my misfortunes. Alas! he had sorrows of his own; a secret melancholy preyed upon his heart; he appeared as a faded flower of the field. O that I could have removed his affliction by adding it to my own!

'The secret anguish of my master soon brought him to the tomb. When his gentle soul was about to take its flight to the abodes of peace, he addressed me in those words,

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which



which made a deep impression on my heart:

"My faithful and affectionate boy, farewell!—we shall meet again in that land where the pain of separation is not known. Xary! the shafts of hopeless love have long rankled in my breast. I entertained an ardent passion for one of the most lovely and amiable women on earth; but she listened not to my vows:—for I was poor; ambition gave her to another. Time has not been able to alleviate the pang of disappointment, which now breaks my heart. Oh, Xary! if she be gone before me, may the fulness of joy be hers! If she still lives, may she be a stranger to the sorrows that have wounded my breast! My last sigh shall breathe for her; and if the spirits of the departed are permitted to visit this earth, mine shall watch over her, and shield her from every danger."

"My master spoke no more; for the voice that uttered these words sunk in eternal silence. The last smile that beamed on his benignant countenance was given to me, and the last trembling sigh, that was heaved for the object of his regret, released his soul from its painful captivity.

"Thus did I lose one of the best of masters and the kindest of friends!—I followed him to his grave; at the foot of this tree rests his head; in this sacred spot lies his beautiful form, mouldering in the dust; and cold is the heart whose sorrows sleep in peace.

"I once more became a wanderer on earth; for the little portion which my master bequeathed me never came into my possession; and I soon learned that to be poor was to be thought abandoned: such is European refinement!—I became sick; and the little I had was soon

exhausted. I only recovered to feel myself an unfortunate being, with a mind black with despair, without money and without friends. My only wish is to die by the side of my master, and rejoin my beloved Zula."

The eyes of Cephisa had been bathed in tears during this pathetic tale of African sensibility; and putting her purse into the hand of Xary (who thanked her with a look no pen is able to define), she directed him to a cottage, where she bade him remain till her further benevolence could reach him. He arose, and with painful steps went slowly from her presence.

Cephisa was about to depart, when some letters, rudely carved on the bark of the tree under which the negro had been seated, arrested her attention. As she drew near, to examine them more minutely, the name of Henry St. Maur met her sight. The pang of Cephisa could only be equalled by the sufferings of the wretch whose fondest hopes are blasted in the moment of expectation. Long did she stand in speechless anguish, and long did she gaze, with frantic eagerness and tearless eye, on the once-loved well-known name, till at length her grief found utterance, and she exclaimed in wild and mournful accents: "Alas! where now shall I find happiness in this world? A few moments have rendered its delusive charms a joyless desert to my sickened soul! what volumes have those few short moments taught my heart! Cursed ambition! you arose as the evil of evils, to make me wretched; you have now withdrawn the fatal charms which deluded me away, and left the bitterness of remorse in their stead. False vanity! thy chimerical visions have vanished as the passing vapour; and whichever way



way I gaze, the barb of disappointment meets my view. Farewell! Cephisa abandons you for ever. You have robbed her bosom for ever of peace and happiness; you have rendered it desolate with sorrow. Vain regrets! you cannot now avail me. Oh, my gentle St. Maur! had I listened to you, happiness would have accompanied my steps. Look down, injured spirit, and view with pity the sorrows of Cephisa! guide her feet, that they may no more wander in the path of error! lead her steps to the gentle abodes of virtue! and, when penitence shall have washed her stains away, intercede with thy God to receive her into his bosom!"

Cephisa departed with a heart breaking for St. Maur; she sought, at early morn, the dwelling of Xary—but he was gone. Xary, no longer able to struggle with affliction, had sought the tomb of his master; the shades of death had passed over him; affection gave the last sigh, which wafted his pure spirit to the realms of bliss—to St. Maur.

Cephisa soon after became a widow, and, quitting the western world, sought in her own country a solitude, where she might indulge, unmolested, the remembrance of St. Maur. She lived to an extreme old age;—but not all her acts of piety and benevolence could obliterate from her bosom the recollection of past sorrows.

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*Second Extract from Mrs. OPIE'S*  
*'FATHER and DAUGHTER.'*

'AT six o'clock in the evening, while the family was sitting round the fire, and Caroline Seymour was expecting the arrival of her lover, to whom she was to be united in a few days, Agnes knocked at Mr. Seymour's door, having posi-

tively forbidden Fanny to accompany her. Caroline, being on the watch for her intended bridegroom, started at the sound; and though the knock which Agnes gave did not much resemble that of an impatient lover, still "it might be he—he might mean to surprise her;" and, half opening the parlour door, she listened with a beating heart for the servant's answering the knock.

'By this means she distinctly heard Agnes ask whether Mr. Seymour was at home. The servant started, and stammered out that he believed his master was within,—while Caroline, springing forward, exclaimed, "I know that voice—O yes! it must be she!"—But her father, seizing her arm, pushed her back into the parlour, saying, "I also know that voice, and I command you to stay where you are."—Then going up to Agnes, he desired her to leave his house directly, as it should be no harbour for abandoned women and unnatural children.

"But will you not allow it to shelter for one moment the wretched and the penitent?" she replied. "Father, my dear, dear father!" cried Caroline, again coming forward, but was again driven back by Mr. Seymour, who, turning to Agnes, bade her claim shelter from the man for whom she had left the best of parents; and desiring the servant to shut the door in her face, he re-entered the parlour, whence Agnes distinctly heard the sobs of the compassionate Caroline.

'But the servant was kinder than the master, and could not obey the orders which he had received.—"O madam! miss Fitzhenry, do you not know me?" said he. "I once lived with you; have you forgotten little William? I shall never forget you; you were the sweetest-tempered young lady—That ever I should see you thus!"



‘Before Agnes could reply, Mr. Seymour again angrily asked why his orders were not obeyed; and Agnes, checking her emotion, besought William to deliver a message to his master. “Tell him,” said she, “all I ask of him is; that he will use his interest to get me the place of servant in the house, the bedlam I would say, where——he will know what I mean,” she added, unable to utter the conclusion of the sentence—and William, in a broken voice, delivered the message.

“O my poor Agnes!” cried Caroline passionately—“A servant! she a servant! and in such a place too!” William adding in a low voice—“Ah! miss! and she looks so poor and wretched!”

‘Meanwhile Mr. Seymour was walking up and down the room hesitating how to act; but, reflecting that it was easier to forbid any communication with Agnes than to check it if once begun, he again desired William to shut the door against her. “You must do it yourself then,” replied William; “for I am not hard-hearted enough;”—and Mr. Seymour, summoning up resolution, told Agnes that there were other governors to whom she might apply, and then locked the door against her himself—while Agnes slowly and sorrowfully turned her steps towards the more hospitable roof of Fanny.

‘She had not gone far, however, when she heard a light footstep behind her, and her name pronounced in a gentle, faltering voice,—and turning round she beheld Caroline Seymour, who seizing her hand forced something into it, hastily pressed it to her lips, and, without saying one word, suddenly disappeared, leaving Agnes motionless as a statue, and, but for the parcel she held in her hand, disposed to think that she was dreaming.—

Then, eager to see what it contained, she hastened back to Fanny, who heard with indignation the reception which she had met from Mr. Seymour, but on her knees invoked blessings on the head of Caroline, when on opening the parcel she found it contained twenty guineas inclosed in a paper, on which was written, but almost effaced with tears, “For my still dear Agnes—would I dare say more!”

‘This money the generous girl had taken from that allowed her for wedding-clothes, and felt more delight in relieving with it the wants even of a guilty fellow-creature, than purchasing the most splendid dress could have afforded her. And her present did more than she expected; it relieved the mind of Agnes: she had taught herself to meet without repining the assaults of poverty, but not to encounter with calmness the scorn of the friends whom she loved.

‘But Caroline and her kindness soon vanished again from her mind, and the idea of her father, and her scheme, took entire possession of it—“But it might not succeed—no doubt Mr. Seymour would be her enemy—still he had hinted that she might apply to the other governors:” and Fanny having learnt that they were all to meet at the bedlam on business the next day, she resolved to write a note, requesting to be allowed to appear before them.

‘This note, Fanny, who was not acquainted with its contents, undertook to deliver, and, to the great surprise of Agnes (as she expected Mr. Seymour would oppose it), her request was instantly granted. Indeed it was he himself who urged the compliance.

‘There was not a kinder-hearted man in the world than Mr. Seymour; and in his severity towards Agnes  
he



he acted more from what he thought his duty, than from his inclination. He was the father of several daughters, and it was his opinion that a parent could not too forcibly inculcate on the minds of young women the salutary truth, that loss of virtue must be to them the loss of friends. Besides, his eldest daughter, Caroline, was going to be married to the son of a very severe rigid mother, then on a visit at the house; and he feared that, if he took any notice of the fallen Agnes, the old lady might conceive a prejudice against him and her daughter-in-law. Added to these reasons, Mr. Seymour was a very vain man, and never acted in any way without saying to himself, "What will the world say?" Hence, though his first impulses were frequently good, the determinations of his judgment were often contemptible.

'But, however satisfied Mr. Seymour might be with his motives on this occasion, his feelings revolted at the consciousness of the anguish he had occasioned Agnes. He wished, ardently wished, that he had dared to have been kinder: and when Caroline, who was incapable of the meanness of concealing any action which she thought it right to perform, told him of the gift which she had in person bestowed on Agnes, he could scarcely forbear commending her conduct; and while he forbade any future intercourse between them, he was forced to turn away his head to hide the tear of gratified sensibility, and the smile of parental exultation: nevertheless, he did not omit to bid her keep her own counsel, "for, if your conduct were known," added he, "what would the world say?"

'No wonder then, that, softened as he was by Agnes's application (though he deemed the scheme wild and impracticable), and afraid that

he had treated her unkindly, he was pleased to have an opportunity of obliging her, without injuring himself, and that her request to the governors was strengthened by his representations; nor is it extraordinary, that, alive as he always was to the opinion of every one, he should dread seeing Agnes, after the reception he had given her, more than she dreaded to appear before the board.

'Agnes, who had borrowed of Fanny the dress of a respectable maid-servant, when summoned to attend the governors, entered the room with modest but dignified composure, prepared to expect contumely, but resolved to endure it as became a contrite heart.—But no contumely awaited her.

'In the hour of her prosperity she had borne her faculties so meekly, and had been so careful never to humble any one by showing a consciousness of superiority, that she had been beloved even more than she had been admired; and hard indeed must the heart of that man have been, who could have rejoiced that she herself was humbled.

'A dead, nay a solemn silence took place on her entrance. Every one present beheld with surprise, and with *stolen* looks of pity, the ravages which remorse and anguish had made in her form, and the striking change in her apparel; for every one had often followed with delight her graceful figure through the dance, and gazed with admiration on the tasteful varieties of her dress; every one had listened with pleasure to the winning sound of her voice, and envied Fitzhenry the possession of such a daughter. As they now beheld her, these recollections forcibly occurred to them:—they agonised—they overcame them.—They thought of their own daughters, and secretly prayed Heaven to keep them



them from the voice of the seducer:—away went all their resolutions to receive Agnes with that open disdain and detestation which her crime deserved; the sight of her disarmed them; and not one amongst them had, for some moments, firmness enough to speak. At last, "Pray sit down, miss Fitzhenry," said the president in a voice hoarse with emotion: "Here is a chair," added another; and Mr. Seymour, bowing as he did it, placed a seat for her near the fire.

Agnes, who had made up her mind to bear expected indignity with composure, was not proof against unexpected kindness; and, hastily turning to the window, she gave vent to her sensations in an agony of tears. But, recollecting the importance of the business on which she came, she struggled with her feelings; and on being desired by the president to explain to the board what she wanted, she began to address them in a faint and faltering voice: however, as she proceeded, she gained courage, remembering that it was her interest to affect her auditors, and make them enter warmly into her feelings and designs. She told her whole story, in as concise a manner as possible, from the time of her leaving Clifford to her rencontre with her father in the forest, and his being torn from her by the keepers; and when she was unable to go on, from the violence of her emotions, she had the satisfaction of seeing that the tears of her auditors kept pace with her own. When her narrative was ended, she proceeded thus:—

"I come now, gentlemen, to the reason why I have troubled you with this narration—From the impression which the sight of me made on my father, I feel a certain conviction that, were I constantly

with him, I might in time be able to restore to him that reason of which my guilt has deprived him. To effect this purpose, it is my wish to become a servant in this house: if I should not succeed in my endeavours, I am so sure he will have pleasure in seeing me, that I feel it my duty to be with him, even on that account; and, if there be any balm for a heart and conscience so wounded as mine, I must find it in devoting all my future days to alleviate, though I cannot cure, the misery which I have occasioned. And if," added she with affecting enthusiasm, "it should please Heaven to smile on my endeavours to restore him to reason, how exquisite will be my satisfaction in labouring to maintain him!"

'To this plan, it is to be supposed, the governors saw more objection than Agnes did; but, though they rejected the idea of her being a servant in the house, they were not averse to giving her an opportunity of making the trial which she desired, if it were only to alleviate her evident wretchedness; and having consulted the medical attendants belonging to the institution, they ordered that Agnes should be permitted two hours at a time, morning and evening, to see Fitzhenry. And she, who had not dared to flatter herself she should obtain so much, was too full of emotion to show, otherwise than by incoherent expressions and broken sentences, her sense of the obligation.

"Our next care," observed the president, "must be, as friends of your poor father, to see what we can do for your future support."—"That, sir, I shall provide for myself," replied Agnes; "I will not eat the bread of idleness, as well as of shame and affliction, and shall even rejoice in being obliged to labour for my support, and that of my child—"



child—happy, if, in fulfilling well the duties of a mother, I may make some atonement for having violated those of a daughter.”

“But, miss Fitzhenry,” answered the president, “accept at least some assistance from us till you can find means of maintaining yourself.” —“Never, never,” cried Agnes: “I thank you for your kindness, but I will not accept it; nor do I need it. I have already accepted assistance from one kind friend, and merely because I should, under similar circumstances, have been hurt at having a gift of mine refused; but, allow me to say that, from the wretchedness into which my guilt has plunged me, nothing henceforward but my industry shall relieve me.”

“So saying, she curtsied to the gentlemen, and hastily withdrew, leaving them all deeply affected by her narrative, and her proposed expiatory plan of life, and ready to grant her their admiration, should she have resolution to fulfil her good intentions, after the strong impression which the meeting with her father in the forest had made on her mind should have been weakened by time and occupation.

Agnes hastened from the governors’ room to put in force the leave which she had obtained, and was immediately conducted to Fitzhenry’s cell. She found him with his back to the door, drawing with a piece of coal on the wall. As he did not observe her entrance, she had an opportunity of looking over his shoulder, and she saw that he had drawn the shape of a coffin, and was then writing on the lid the name of Agnes.

“A groan which involuntarily escaped her made him turn round: at sight of her he started, and looked wildly as he had done in the forest; then shaking his head and

sighing deeply, he resumed his employment, still occasionally looking back at Agnes; who, at length overcome by her feelings, threw herself on the bed beside him, and burst into tears.

“Hearing her sobs, he immediately turned round again, and, patting her cheek as he had done on their first meeting, said, “Poor thing! poor thing!” and fixing his eyes stedfastly on her face, while Agnes turned towards him and pressed his hand to her lips, he gazed on her as before with a look of anxious curiosity; then, turning from her, muttered to himself, “She is dead, for all that.”

“Soon after, he asked her to take a walk with him; adding, in a whisper, “We will go find her grave;” and, taking her under his arm, he led her to the garden, smiling on her from time to time, as if it gave him pleasure to see her; and sometimes laughing, as if at some secret satisfaction which he would not communicate. When they had made one turn round the garden, he suddenly stopped, and began singing — “Tears such as tender fathers shed,” that affecting song of Handel’s, which he used to delight to hear Agnes sing: “I can’t go on,” he observed, looking at Agnes; “can you?” as if there were in his mind some association between her and that song; and Agnes, with a bursting heart, took up the air where he left off.

Fitzhenry listened with restless agitation; and when she had finished, he desired her to sing it again. “But say the words first,” he added; and Agnes repeated—

“Tears such as tender fathers shed,  
Warm from my aged eyes descend,  
For joy, to think, when I am dead,  
My son will have mankind his friend.”

“No, no,” cried Fitzhenry with quickness, “for joy to think, when I am dead, Agnes will have mankind

her



her friend.' I used to sing it so; and so did she when I bade her. O! she sung it so well!—But she can sing no more now, for she is dead; and we will go look for her grave."

'Then he walked hastily round the garden, while Agnes, whom the words of this song, by recalling painful recollections, had almost deprived of reason, sat down on a bench, nearly insensible, till he again came to her, and, taking her hand, said, in a hurried manner, "You will not leave me, will you?" On her answering "No," in a very earnest and passionate manner, he looked delighted; and, saying "Poor thing!" again gazed on her intently; and again Agnes's hopes that he would in time know her returned.—"Very pale, very pale!" cried Fitzhenry the next moment, stroking her cheek; "and *she* had such a bloom!—Sing again; for the love of God, sing again:"—and in a hoarse broken voice, Agnes complied. "She sung better than you," rejoined he when she had done;—"so sweet, so clear it was!—But she is gone!" So saying, he relapsed into total indifference to Agnes, and every thing around him—and again her new-raised hopes vanished.

The keeper now told her it was time for her to depart; and she mournfully arose; but, first seizing her father's hand, she leaned for a moment her head on his arm; then bidding God bless him, walked to the door with the keeper. But on seeing her about to leave him, Fitzhenry ran after her, as fast as his heavy irons would let him, wildly exclaiming, "You shall not go—you shall not go."

Agnes, overjoyed at this evident proof of the pleasure her presence gave him, looked at the keeper for permission to stay; but as he told her it would be against the rules, she thought it more prudent to sub-

mit; and before Fitzhenry could catch hold of her in order to detain her by force, she ran through the house, and the grated door was closed on her.

\* \* \* \*

'One day, after he had been sleeping sometime, and she, as usual, was attentively watching by him, Fitzhenry slowly and gradually awoke; and, at last, raising himself on his elbow, looked round him with an expression of surprise, and, seeing Agnes, exclaimed, "My child! are you there? Gracious God! is this possible?"

'Let those who have for years been pining away life in fruitless expectation, and who see themselves at last possessed of the long-desired blessing, figure to themselves the rapture of Agnes.—"He knows me! He is himself again!" burst from her quivering lips—unconscious that it was too probable, that restored reason was here the forerunner of dissolution.

"O! my father!" she cried, falling on her knees, but not daring to look up at him. "O! my father, forgive me, if possible!—I have been guilty, but I am penitent."

Fitzhenry, as much affected as Agnes, faltered out, "Thou art restored to me,—and God knows how heartily I forgive thee!" Then raising her to his arms, Agnes, happy in the fulfilment of her utmost wishes, felt herself once more pressed to the bosom of the most affectionate of fathers.

"But surely you are not now come back?" asked Fitzhenry. "I have seen you before, and very lately."—"Seen me! O yes!" replied Agnes with passionate rapidity;—"for these last five years I have seen you daily; and for the last two years you have lived with me, and I have worked to maintain you!"—"Indeed!" answered Fitzhenry:—



henry:—"but how pale and thin you are! you have worked too much:—Had you no *friends*, my child?"

"O yes! and guilty as I have been, they pity, nay, they respect me, and we may yet be happy! as heaven restores you to my prayers!—True, I have suffered much; but this blessed moment repays me; this is the only moment of true enjoyment which I have known since I left my home and you!"

"Agnes was thus pouring out the hasty effusions of her joy, unconscious that Fitzhenry, overcome with affection, emotion, and, perhaps, sorrowful recollections, was struggling in vain for utterance:—At last,—“For so many years,—and I knew you not!—worked for me,—attended me!—Bless, bless her, heaven!” he faintly articulated; and, worn out with illness and choked with contending emotions, he fell back on his pillow and expired!

“That blessing, the hope of obtaining which alone gave Agnes courage to endure contumely, poverty, fatigue, and sorrow, was for one moment her own, and then snatched from her for ever!—No wonder, then, that, when convinced her father was really dead, she fell into a state of stupefaction, from which she never recovered;—and at the same time were borne to the same grave the father and daughter.”

### The MONKS and the ROBBERS.

[Continued from page 263.]

INDEED the lord Tancred had taken every precaution to prevent her obtaining any. He had removed all those who had formerly attended upon her, as their attachment to their lady, he was apprehensive, might obstruct his designs, and had

supplied their places with others, on whose fidelity to himself, and adherence to the instructions he had given, he thought he could more securely depend. But, in spite of all his caution, he was betrayed; and the successful stratagem which he had used to force Juliet to accept his hand, was not long after fully made known to her.

Among those whom he had selected to attend on his niece, was one in whom the sweetness and affability of her behaviour had created a strong attachment. This woman was moved at her affliction; and, being unable to oppose the impulses of her compassion, one day when they were alone together, and she was in vain attempting to beguile the sorrows of her lady, let drop some words concerning Manfredi, which instantly caught the attention of Juliet, who, astonished and alarmed at the meaning they seemed to convey, earnestly questioned her; and, at length, learned from her, that the conversation she had in a manner been constrained to hear between Tancred and Gasparo was a concerted scheme;—that the figure she had seen in the vault, and which she had taken for her father, was one of Tancred's dependants; but that Manfredi was known by Tancred to be still alive, and a prisoner among the Moors of Tunis. These particulars this woman had gathered from overhearing the discourse of the three domestics who were employed in the business.

Amazed and confounded at this strange intelligence, Juliet at first hesitated to believe it possible she could be so deceived; but, when she came to reflect upon every circumstance of the affair, was not only satisfied that it was possible, but was convinced that the assertions of her informant were true; that she



had indeed been imposed on; and that conviction, in no small degree, increased her terror and abhorrence of Tancred. She began now to consider him as capable of any villany, however atrocious; and she trembled to find herself in his power; to find herself at his mercy; at the mercy of one from whom she had every thing to dread; from whom she had already suffered so much, and from whom she counted herself certain of suffering still more: and, while these things pressed heavily upon her thoughts, she was induced to consider if it were not possible to free herself at once from them,—to escape from the castle.—The terror with which her situation filled her, made her almost determine on the attempt; but, when she came to reflect upon the means of effecting this, it appeared to teem with difficulty and danger, and she almost despaired of success; but the dreadful alternative supported her yielding resolution; and the next time they were alone together, she sounded her friendly attendant, who, she knew, had influence in the castle, and might easily favour her escape; and she found her as willing as able to assist her. By means of this woman another assistant was obtained, in whom Juliet had the greatest confidence. He had been brought up in her father's service, and had been a trusty attendant on herself for some years. He was now employed to procure horses, and to guide and guard his lady in escaping from the castle. He accepted the office with eagerness, and promised never to quit her till he saw her in a place of safety. By the diligence of these allies every thing necessary for the flight was in a few days prepared; and the morning after, by day-break, Juliet, having packed up what jew-

els and money were in her possession, forced her attendant to accept a reward for her services, and was conducted, wrapt in a disguise, undiscovered beyond the castle-walls, where she found her guide and protector waiting with horses.—Mounting instantly, she turned from the castle with joy that made her forget for a moment the dangers she had to encounter—the difficulties she had to surmount—difficulties and dangers which, at another time, the mere thought of would have appalled her: but now the urgency of the occasion overcame her timidity; and so great was her dread of Tancred, that she set forward on her journey, more apprehensive of falling again into his hands than of the peril and fatigue she had to encounter in travelling to so great a distance; for, feeling assured that, while she remained in Sicily, she could never think herself safe from discovery, she had determined to hasten to Messina; and, crossing from thence to the opposite shore of Calabria, seek, in some convent, that tranquillity which she could not hope for in Sicily. But her determination was frustrated, and she fell again into the power of Tancred.

A few days before her flight, the lord Tancred, who she understood was then at Palermo, had departed thence to visit a signior of his acquaintance, who resided at a considerable distance from that capital on the road to Messina; and it so happened that he was returning to Reveldi at the same time the fugitives were hastening from it. He, in consequence, met them: but their disguise prevented immediate recognition; and they might have passed undiscovered, had not the terror and confusion which Juliet betrayed at seeing Tancred so unexpectedly, attracted attention, by  
which



which the runaways were soon recognised. They made a fruitless attempt to escape; and now, overpowered from terror, Juliet sunk into a death-like swoon. Tancred, impatient to reach Reveldi, stayed not for her recovery, but determined, though night was coming on, to proceed directly thither; and, when Juliet's perception returned, they had advanced some distance into the wild and almost uninhabited forest in which the castle of Reveldi stood.

Still they travelled on, nor halted once till near midnight, and then only for a short time to refresh themselves and their tired horses. They were preparing to remount, when a distant sound of horses' feet approaching broke upon the silence of the night. Juliet, animated by the hope of succour, screamed aloud, and endeavoured to escape; but Tancred, seizing her in his arms, placed her before one of his retinue, who was already mounted, and immediately the whole troop rode off with the utmost speed.—Again Juliet struggled, and again and repeatedly screamed; and now, in an opposite direction, a noise was heard of other horsemen galloping fiercely towards them. As the troop rode through an opening in the woods, two men on horseback, sword in hand, rushed upon them. These were the count Verucci and his page Giacomo; but the horsemen they had before heard were Manfredi and Rudolpho, who, having found means to free themselves from the chains of the Tunisian Moors, by whom they had been seized, after escaping from the wreck in which they were reported to have perished, had landed in Sicily,—were bewildered and benighted in the forest, as they were hastening, unconscious of every thing which had happened in their

absence, to Messina, and were at this time endeavouring to find a way out of it, when the noise of their approach was heard by Juliet and her captors, who now, finding themselves menaced with immediate destruction, unless they released their captive, determined to retain her; and their adversaries being determined to rescue her, a fierce contest ensued. In the confusion, Juliet disengaged herself from the arms of him who held her, and, springing to the earth, made from the spot; but in an instant she was pursued and overtaken. Tancred, assisted by some of his followers, had replaced her on horseback, when Rudolpho came up, and Juliet once more found herself freed from the power of Tancred.

When the victors on that eventful night had quitted the field of battle, the fugitives, by that time something recovered from their panic, ventured, but not without first and carefully reconnoitring, to return to the scene of action in search of their scattered and missing comrades; two of whom they found wounded and bleeding on the earth; one extended, totally senseless; the other was less hurt, and had not lost his perception. They conveyed them both, with all expedition, to the castle. The last-mentioned of those two men had overheard the discourse of the conquerors; and, as he well knew the count Verucci, was enabled to inform his lord, who returned to Reveldi in the morning, whither they had conveyed the lady Juliet.

Measures were quickly concerted for her recovery, and again wresting her from her deliverers; and when intelligence was brought by those stationed for that purpose, that the count and Rudolpho had gone forth to search in the forest, Gasparo, charged with the instructions of the



prior, and accompanied by best part of the robbers, departed to execute them. The enterprise fully succeeded; and they were hastening with their prize, who hung senseless in the arms of Gasparo, across the forest to Reveldi, when they were observed and pursued by the count and Rudolpho. The ravishers, finding themselves hard pressed, took refuge in the dale, a place well known to the robbers, and which had more than once concealed them from the vigilance of pursuers. They dismounted, and, seating themselves on the ground in an adjoining cave, waited till the departure of their pursuers should leave them at liberty to proceed.

*(To be continued,)*

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COUNT SCHWEITZER ; or *The MYSTERIOUS ADVENTURE.*

*(Continued from p. 293.)*

THE baron then approached the youth, and vainly endeavoured to reanimate his suspended faculties.—The female, perceiving his efforts to be in vain, uttered an exclamation of despair, and sunk senseless on the ground.

Koënisgmark remained for some moments irresolute how to proceed; but at last determined to return to the spot where he had left Illing, and, with his assistance, to remove the still senseless youth, hoping that the air would recover him. He therefore hastily left the dungeon; but had proceeded only a few steps before he encountered Illing, who, alarmed at the baron's delay, after confining the man with cords in order to prevent his escape, had followed him.

Learning the situation of the youth, he advanced to the dungeon,

while a tear flowed on perceiving the bleeding corpse of one whom some years previous he had preserved from a similar fate; though, alas! he had been only capable of procrastinating Schweitzer's cruel deed!

Illing then assisted the baron in recovering the female; which having effected, they with some difficulty succeeded in conveying the youth from the dungeon, after having stopped the effusion of blood. The female, with frantic energy, followed. Having reached the place where the vehicle was waiting, the baron and the female ascended it, with the youth, who began to give signs of revival. Illing, in the interim, departed for Lubec, in order to have a surgeon ready on their arrival.

Great was the joy of the mother when the doctor pronounced the wound Augustus had received to be by no means dangerous, and declared that he doubted not that he would be able to pursue the journey to Koënisgmark-castle in a few days. Nor was the intelligence less pleasing to the baron, who, as soon as he was sufficiently recovered, obtained from him the following account of his being imprisoned in Schweitzer-castle.

'I was travelling with count Wallenstadt, and, engaged in conversation, regarded not the miles we traversed, when two ruffians suddenly darted from a neighbouring forest, and, seizing me unprepared for resistance, dragged me to a vehicle waiting in an unfrequented road; when one ascending it, the other mounted the horses, and the carriage drove off with the greatest rapidity. In vain were all my endeavours to free myself from their violence; neither struggles, bribes, nor entreaties, had any avail.

'We travelled all night with the utmost



utmost expedition, and the succeeding evening the vehicle stopped at a miserable dwelling, situated in a remote and unfrequented part of the country. We alighted, and entered the house; which, apparently, had no other tenants. I was shown to a room; and the men, after locking the door, departed.

'The few hours during which I was left alone were spent in fruitless attempts to discover some means of escaping. At last one of the men returned with refreshments: being much fatigued, I accepted them; but they contained, as I imagine, an opiate quality, for I fell into a lethargy, and on recovering, to my infinite surprise, found myself in a subterraneous apartment, which contained a couch and a table. On the latter was burning a small lamp. This was replenished by the person before mentioned, who also brought me provisions regularly at midnight.

'Thus did many days elapse, which I spent in unavailing lamentations of my captivity, when one evening I distinctly heard a groan; and, on approaching that part of the wall whence it proceeded, after minute examination, discerned a division in it which proved to be a panel; for, on touching a spring, it flew back, and a door was visible.

'At first it proved too securely fastened for me to force it open; and, despairing of success, I was on the point of giving up the attempt, when another sigh assured me the adjacent apartment was inhabited by some person perhaps equally unhappy as myself. The thought of having another, whose society might render my gloomy abode more supportable, induced me to renew my efforts. They succeeded; and the bolts, which age had decayed, surrendered with a crash, which the hollow walls re-echoed.

'I entered, and beheld a female, who seemed greatly terrified at the noise and my appearance; for she shrieked and fainted. After a short time she recovered, and, fixing her eyes on me with an expression I never shall forget, in faint accents articulated—

"Say, art thou the spirit of Albert, or do I once more behold that son torn from my arms when an infant?"

'Memory recurred to the watch, the only circumstance which I thought could enable me to be recognised by my parents. I placed it in her hand, unable to reply.—Scarcely had she viewed it, when she exclaimed—

"Art thou indeed my Augustus?—my long-lost son!"—

'At that instant the man entered with some provisions.

'The thought of being once more torn from a parent, at the moment when I regained her, was dreadful; and, driven by despair, I seized an iron bar that had fallen from the shattered door, and aimed it at the ruffian; but, more dexterous than I, he drew forth a dagger, and with a blow extended me on the ground.'

Here Augustus ceased, and the baron inquired whether the female had made known to him her name: to which he replied in the negative; adding—

'Alas! I dread to learn it; for on that alone depends my happiness. I feel myself unable yet to support the inquiry: my mother will, however, undoubtedly inform you.'

The following day they reached Koënismark-castle; and, after a short delay, the baron summoned a chosen troop of his vassals, and, accompanied by them, once more departed for the mansion of Schweitzer.

(To be continued.)



## THE RIGID FATHER;

A NOVEL.

*(Continued from p. 343.)*

## LETTER XII.

*M. Richter to M. Bernstorff.*

Luneburg.

OH, my good friend, were not our hearts occasionally warmed by the pure flame of virtue, how wretched would our condition be! I have been thinking all day long of the noble-minded negro, who worked all night for his friend and fellow-slave who was ill, that his hard-hearted master might not sell him, and thus deprive him of the only comfort of his wretched life—his wife. I purchased for the generous fellow his freedom, and gave him a piece of ground, of which he immediately sold one-half to buy the liberty of his sick companion. And are we not all the wretched slaves of sin? Let us then work for our unhappy fellow-slaves, without anger and without pride; and Heaven will bestow on us a much greater reward than a pitiful piece of a field.

I was so irritated that I had formed a plan to cover the Willmans with utter confusion; but I checked myself. Shall I be severe and inflexible when the great Father of us all is so merciful?—Mrs. Silverman and her daughter are both gone.—I have been at their house. I found the son there, who returned me the work I had carried, with many thanks, left for me by both his mother and his sister. I asked where they were; and the youth gave me such information as showed me the mischief and knavery that was plotting; though he evidently had not the least suspicion of it. A relation of his father, of the name of Muller,

—the rascal I mentioned to you before, no doubt,—came to them, and paid the mother some trifle which he said he was indebted to her late husband.—See how artfully the rogue stole into the hearts of this honest unsuspecting family!—He then lamented that he should find his relation in such narrow circumstances, and added a present of a small sum of money. On the following day he came again, and offered to take the daughter to reside with him, under the protection, as he said, of his wife.

‘And did she consent?’ asked I eagerly.

‘At first she would not,’ said the young man, with a sigh; ‘but a certain circumstance,’ continued he, ‘which went very near to my sister’s heart’—

‘Yes, yes,’ said I, interrupting him: ‘her love-affair with young Mr. Janson. I wonder, however, that’—

‘You are acquainted then with that circumstance!’ exclaimed he, somewhat surprised and confused.

‘You perceive I am—but how could your sister be induced?’—

‘Our new relation, you are to understand, is a jeweller. We were one morning at the inn where he lodged. Miss Willmans was announced. Our good cousin, to whom we had already told the occurrence that rendered us so unhappy, at first would not receive her. We, however, went into an adjoining room, and miss Willmans entered with her mother. We could hear every word that was spoken. They looked at some rings, and presently the mother said—“My daughter is going to be married.”’

Observe, good Bernstorff, the artful wickedness of these people. The old rogue, after some cursory conversation, said—‘I have heard of the marriage: but I have likewise heard that it must come to nothing;



nothing; for young Mr. Janson is in love with, and has engaged himself to, another person.'

'It is very true,' replied Mrs. Willmans, 'that he was foolish enough to promise marriage to a silly country girl; but that is all over now. He yesterday gave his consent; the contract is signed; and the marriage will take place in a day or two.'

Think what must have been the situation of poor Augusta when she heard her fate from the mouth of her greatest enemy! Her brother could scarcely proceed in his narrative.

'Mrs. and miss Willmans at length went away, after having purchased and paid for a very valuable ring.'

The old deceiver now easily persuaded both the mother and her daughter to leave Luneburg. The mother accepted a proposal to go and take the management of a farm some miles from hence. The daughter is gone with her new relation and his wife, first to Leipzig, then to Frankfort, and after a year she is to return and visit her mother. You perceive, therefore, that the mother knows as little as her son where her daughter is conveyed to. The pretended relation has left money with the son to supply his immediate wants.

This youth, who is courteous and intelligent, described to me the situation of his sister, and the tears started into his eyes. He clasped my hand, and said—

'The loss of the man whom she so affectionately loved certainly gave my sister acute pain; but his infidelity and deceit inflicted the severest wound, and plunged her in despair. When she took leave of us she was in an agony: she seemed to hate life, all mankind, and herself. There—in the place where

Mr. Janson used to sit with her—she fell on her knees, and appeared to be about to utter something dreadful; but she only clasped her hands together. My poor mother fell on her knees beside her, took her in her arms, and entreated her to be more calm. "I love you still, my dear child!" sobbed my mother.—"Is it, indeed, true?" asked my sister in a low voice.—Oh, my dear sir! that so moved us, especially my mother, that we wept aloud. She asked forgiveness of her mother a hundred times. At length she went, and I with her. In the coach she said to me—"I shall never see you again, so farewell! Comfort my mother, and never put confidence in any person in the world."

This account the youth gave me, with a manner and tone of voice which alternately excited my indignation and my pity.

'Dry your tears, my son,' said I with emotion: 'your good sister shall still be happy. Mr. Janson is no rascal. Your mother must return. She must reside here—here.'

I threw a full purse upon the table, and clasped the youth to my breast. His astonishment brought me to myself.

'There, my son,' said I, more calmly, 'that is yours. From this time you are my son. Be virtuous; be industrious. I will give you all you can want. You shall be happy; but under condition that you conduct yourself as if you had never seen me. Farewell.'

I left the house before the youth could recover from his astonishment.

Such is the present state of affairs. I have sent for the hackney-coachman, and employed him to make inquiries at the inn where the knave lodged; but there nobody knows him. He has never been seen at Mrs. Willmans' house, but  
the



the coachman thinks he is positive he is from Hamburg, and that his name is Schocher. I entreat you, good Bernstorff, to make every inquiry, and spare for no money, to save the innocent girl.

I was on the point of going to Mrs. Willmans; but this must be the last step, and not taken until every other has failed. My nephew is again at liberty. Mrs. and miss Willmans have acted very foolishly likewise on this occasion. They went to him and told him that they had obtained his liberty; by which the young man perceived that they considered him as a boy confined for misbehaviour. Thus does cunning almost always over-reach itself, and those who deal in deceit frequently deceive themselves the most.

The young man, whose imprisonment, as may be supposed, had irritated him, said, coldly, in the presence of his father—who promised himself wonderful effects from his own magnanimity and that of the Willmanses—‘I cannot thank you for what was every moment in my own power. However,’ added he, rather sarcastically, ‘if I am indeed to be free from all restraint, I do thank you, in fact, though not on my own account, but yours, ladies, who would otherwise soon have become the talk of the whole city.’

Mrs. Willmans was about to speak, but my nephew turned hastily round to go away.

‘Stay,’ cried my brother-in-law sternly, ‘and listen to your benefactress.’

The young man calmly turned back again, and said, coldly, ‘Is it your pleasure, father, that I should return to my confinement? I have nothing to say to madam Willmans. You know my resolution: whether I am a prisoner, or at liberty, it is equal to me; but I will positively

have nothing to say to madam Willmans.’

My brother advanced towards him; madam Willmans interceded for him; and her daughter said—‘Go, dear Mr. Janson, and acknowledge, at least, how liberally we have behaved towards you.—Go, while you are permitted to go.’

‘Miss,’ said the young man in a very polite manner, which I am greatly pleased with him for, ‘my father is master here: he must decide whether I am at liberty or not.’

‘Go, rascal!’ exclaimed my brother-in-law; and the youth immediately departed, leaving the two ladies, his father, and his old aunt, greatly confounded and puzzled to discover why the absurd measures they had taken had produced no better effect.

My hackney-coachman has, however, learned, that the knave he has been in quest of has gone post the road towards Hamburg. I have charged him not to say a word to my nephew concerning this affair, because his heat and impetuosity might spoil all. If you wish for any particulars of the family and relations of the poor girl, I herewith send you a sufficient number, which I received from her brother. You may act the part of an uncle or a cousin. And are we not all the relatives of the unfortunate? Are we not their fathers and brothers? Or, if we are not, ought we not so to be? Yet, if we do this, let us not boast. We have still reason enough to say, ‘God be merciful to us, sinners!’ We will, however, labour to do our duty. The haven is near.

Farewell.

### LETTER XIII.

*Charles Janson to Henry Muller.*

I AM again at liberty, my dear friend; but Augusta is gone, and  
neither



neither her mother nor her brother know exactly whither. What they tell me only tends to increase my anxiety. A relation, a jeweller from Hamburg, has taken Augusta with him to Leipsic; and she thinks that I have broken my faith to her—nor is it possible she should yet be informed of the truth. I have expressed my fears to her mother that this new relation may be a deceiver; but she treats this as a very groundless suspicion. These good people cannot be induced to suspect others of evil designs, because they are incapable of them themselves. My uncle is the only person who seems to admit there is reason for my fears, and endeavours to encourage me to hope. I almost incline to suspect that he has engaged himself in some manner or other in this affair; so earnest is he in assuring me that I shall see Augusta again.

Mrs. Silverman expects letters every day; which circumstance alone detains me—otherwise I would immediately set out for Leipsic, to satisfy myself by personal inquiry. This now employs all my thoughts; and I scarcely perceive that my father never looks at me but with anger in his eyes, that he carefully avoids speaking to me, and evidently prefers my sister to me. Whether he has given up his project I know not; but I doubt he has not, for the Willmans visit us every day.

It is intolerable! Where is she? Does she know that I am not faithless? And if she does not, may not the cruel thought of my infidelity so wound her delicate sensibility as even to endanger her life? This uncertainty is the torture of the damned. I will go immediately to Mrs. Silverman, and inquire if she has received any letters.

‘May not the Willmans have some hand in this?’ said I, to-day, to my uncle. ‘They have bought a

ring of this pretended relation.—Dear uncle, who goes in this manner to an entire stranger, just come to an inn, to buy a ring? Who tells to such a stranger all their family secrets? To what purpose was the falsehood that my marriage was to take place in a day or two? I cannot but suspect there may be some mischief at the bottom of all this.’

My uncle laughs, but says nothing. Farewell.

#### LETTER XIV.

*M. Bernstorff to M. Richter.*

Hamburg.

You remember, my good friend, that finished knave at Amsterdam with whom we had that affair concerning the young man he wished to send away by force to Batavia: he is that same Schocher who has carried off the poor girl. This time I hope he will not be able to escape me. I have wound my net close round him, and he cannot take a step without my knowing it. Nobody comes to him but I am able to learn whence he comes, where he lives, and what his business is with him. But as yet we have not seen, nor scarcely heard, any thing of the girl. He has, however, been to Luneburg—his dress and every thing exactly agree. This time I will go to work more cautiously than I did at Amsterdam. You cannot conceive what a hypocrite, and how artful the fellow is. He has acquired a considerable property here by usury and knavery, as I imagine. Had I not known him at Amsterdam, I could have sworn to his honesty, notwithstanding your letter; for all his neighbours speak highly of him, as he pretends to great honesty, and even religion, and is constant in his attendance at church. He has a small house and a kind of a farm in



the neighbourhood of Hamburg. I learn that he came there with his wife and a young girl, bathed in tears and pale as death. They remained there, however, only a few hours, and then proceeded in a coach to Hamburg. I will yet pledge my word that I will discover where she is. Send me only, under the hand of her mother or her brother, an authority which may enable me to act should necessity oblige me to have recourse to it.

I perceive by all your letters how constantly you have before your eyes the melancholy scene, when you committed the dead body of your wife to the deep, and your daughter was plunged into the sea of death—but also, into the ocean of eternal joys. But you do not mention my son. Good old friend, you complain that you are a forsaken childless father! Am not I more unhappy? Your Julia is dead; my son is a debauchee, I fear, without any remaining principle of virtue. Who has most cause to lament?

He is only thoughtless and giddy, say you, to console me. My heart is willing to say the same; but then a voice exclaims, He has committed base crimes; and this voice is more dreadful than the howling of the waves which swallowed up your daughter. Where is my son? When I deliver the unfortunate, when I shield them from the evils of poverty, when I see them around me happy, it ever occurs to me, how feeble are our virtues. We can aid the wretched; but to the greatest of wretchedness, guilt, we can afford no relief. I ask thee, Richter, hast thou ever reconciled a wicked man to virtue? and if thou hast not done that (dust, insect, that thou art!), what hast thou done?—Nothing.

Did I only know where he is, I would with tears, with the warmest affection, throw myself on his heart

till it opened to receive me. Once more would I make the fearful experiment: and if it should not succeed—O Richter! O my friend!  
(*To be continued.*)

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## ANECDOTE.

AN emigrant lady had retired with her child to Augsburg, where she believed the French would never arrive to trouble her. She was, however, mistaken, and became distracted with fear. Thinking only on the safety of her infant, and taking it in her arms, as her only treasure, leaving all her valuables behind, she rushed forth; but in her delirium mistook the gate, and, instead of finding shelter in the camp of the Austrians, she fell into the hands of the French out-posts. As soon as she discovered her mistake, she fainted away. The attentions and humanity of the soldiers could not revive her; successive fits of fainting rapidly followed each other. On being informed of this event, the general kindly ordered her a safe-conduct into the town where she meant to have withdrawn. Unfortunately, her infant was forgotten, and the unhappy mother, in the agitation of her mind, did not perceive it. A grenadier, however, took care of the child; he learnt where the mother had been conducted; but not being able to carry immediately this little treasure to its parents, he caused a leathern bag to be made, in which he placed the child, and always carried it before him. His comrades often rallied him; nevertheless he fought, and never abandoned the infant. Whenever he was called upon to encounter the enemy, he dug a hole in the ground, in which he placed the infant, and after the battle returned for it. At length



length an armistice was concluded. The grenadier collected some money among his comrades, to the amount of twenty-five louis (twenty pounds sterling), which he placed in the pockets of the child, and carried it to its mother. The joy of the latter had nearly been attended with the same fatal consequences as her former fears. In a short time, however, she revived, to pour forth blessings on the saviour of her child.

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*The PRINCESS des URSINS;*

AN HISTORICAL NOVEL.

BY MADAME DE GENLIS.

(Concluded from p. 376.)

ALBERONI again saw Philip, and again spoke of the princess of Parma, with moderation, and without affectation, but in such a manner as to place her in a most advantageous light; and when Philip was well disposed towards her, madame des Ursins spoke to him more explicitly. The king was delighted to find that madame des Ursins had renounced a project which he had discovered, and had thus spared him the pain of opposing it. He was, in fact, desirous of marrying again; but he had some vague views towards another princess, which he concealed from madame des Ursins. He therefore did not reject her proposal, but contented himself with receiving it coldly; and this was sufficient to give madame des Ursins assurance of success. Accustomed as she was to make no delay in carrying the measures she had once planned into execution, she resolved not to lose a moment, but to send off Alberoni to Parma, to inform the princess of the steps she had taken in her favour. Alberoni promised to be particularly

attentive to magnify to the duke of Parma and Elizabeth the zeal of madame des Ursins to promote her interests. The latter wrote, relative to this great affair, a letter addressed to Alberoni, written purposely to be shown to that princess, in which she expressed a wish that Elizabeth would write to her to thank her and promise her her friendship.

'You must,' said she to Alberoni, 'engage her to give me this proof of respect, which I have certainly merited by what I have done for her, and without which I cannot think of taking the trouble to persuade the king, who is very cold to the proposal, because it is certain he can form an alliance at once more advantageous and more splendid.'

This letter of favour, which the princess des Ursins so earnestly desired, could not give her the least security with respect to the future; but ambition, like every other passion, will rely on chimeras when it cannot find a more solid foundation. Alberoni promised every thing required of him, and set out on his journey. When he arrived at Parma he related to the princess Elizabeth, without the least disguise, all that had passed between him and madame des Ursins; because, on this occasion, it was his interest to be sincere; since success, should it attend the plan, must be entirely attributed to his zeal and management. During his narrative Elizabeth smiled more than once; but when Alberoni spoke of the letter which madame des Ursins wished to receive from her the princess assumed a serious air.

'You cannot, certainly, imagine,' said she, 'that I can ever condescend to take such a step towards a woman of the character you have just described.'

This answer greatly disturbed  
312 Alberoni,



Alberoni, who feared the proposed marriage could never take place if the princess persisted in her refusal. He employed all his art and all his rhetoric to overcome her repugnance in this respect; nor did he conceal from her, that if madame des Ursins did not receive this letter she so much desired, all her good-will would certainly be lost, and she would determine the king in favour of another.

'Has she then so great an influence over the mind of that sovereign?' asked Elizabeth.

'She possesses an absolute power over him,' answered Alberoni.

'How much is it to be lamented,' replied Elizabeth, 'that a prince distinguished by so many great achievements, that a hero, should thus suffer himself to be governed by an intriguing woman!—I am sensible of the high value of an alliance so glorious: I will own that I should prefer it to every other.'

'Well then, madam,' said Alberoni, 'a few lines addressed to madame des Ursins will secure to you the throne of Spain.'

'I will not accept it at that price,' interrupted Elizabeth; 'I will never promise my confidence and friendship to a person I despise. I will not purchase a crown by an act of meanness. This declaration ought to satisfy you.'

Alberoni, entirely disconcerted, dared not insist. He retired greatly mortified at the ill success of his negotiation. The greatness of mind which the princess displayed was in his eyes only an extravagant obstinacy. What virtue is there which an ambitious man can admire, when it defeats his projects, and destroys his hopes?

Alberoni now applied himself seriously to consider in what manner he should act in this conjuncture. He was convinced that if madame

des Ursins received no testimony of gratitude from the princess, being highly irritated, she would necessarily perceive that Elizabeth was not so easy to manage as she had been told; and this discovery would soon lead a person of her discernment to suspect and detect the deceit intended to be practised on her. Alberoni feared his ruin inevitable; but collecting all the resources of his inventive genius, an idea suggested itself, which was not indeed without its difficulties, but which he resolved to carry into execution, as the only means which could extricate him from his embarrassment.

Madame des Ursins, at the same time that she required a letter from Elizabeth, had taken the precaution to compose it herself, agreeing with Alberoni that he should dictate it to the princess, without making the least alteration in it. When Alberoni left Madrid, madame des Ursins sent with him one of her domestics, who was to return to her immediately with the letter as soon as it should be obtained from the princess. Alberoni sent orders to the courier to hold himself in readiness to set out; and two days afterwards he gave him for madame des Ursins a large packet carefully sealed, but which contained only blank paper. Alberoni did not forget to tell him, in the way of incidental conversation, at the time he delivered to him his dispatches, that he should leave Parma the next day, to go into Tuscany, his native country.

The courier then set off. Alberoni caused him to be followed by three resolute fellows, whom he paid very liberally, and who, after he had proceeded on his journey three days, stopped, attacked, and robbed him of his clothes and his dispatches, but without doing him the least personal injury. Alberoni knew that the



the courier always carried his money in a girdle concealed under his shirt; and this the pretended robbers, according to the orders they had received, never touched. They did not seem to suspect that he had any thing under his shirt, but went away apparently well satisfied with his watch, his clothes, and the packet he carried. The courier, supposing that Alberoni had left Parma, never thought of returning thither, but bought some clothes of a peasant, and continued his journey to Madrid.

Two days after the departure of the courier, Alberoni, under pretext of availing himself of a safe opportunity, wrote to the princess des Ursins. He told her, in his letter, that he had sent off a courier with the dispatch she expected; that *the person in question had written the letter with transport*. He added that this person was so penetrated with gratitude, that he was certain, when she should see madame des Ursins, she would throw herself into her arms, shedding tears. The princess des Ursins received this letter the same day that her courier returned. She was extremely sorry that his meeting with the robbers had deprived her of the pleasure of possessing the letter of Elizabeth; but wishing at least that the princess should believe she had received this testimony of her gratitude, she had recourse, for that purpose, to an expedient which Alberoni had not foreseen; which was to feign she had received the letter, and to forbid the courier to divulge the adventure of the robbers.

After having taken this singular resolution, madame des Ursins spoke again to the king concerning the princess of Parma, and with more warmth than ever. What was her surprise when Philip avowed to her that another alliance had been pro-

jected for him, and that the negotiations relative to it were far advanced!

‘What! without my knowledge?’ exclaimed madame des Ursins; and this exclamation was followed by the bitterest complaints of such a want of confidence. To violent reproaches succeeded tenderness and tears. Philip not a little moved, but still more embarrassed, threw all the fault on one of his ministers, who had secretly proposed to him this marriage. Immediately the minister was calumniated by madame des Ursins; and Philip, to obtain his pardon, appeared to believe her. He promised to dismiss the minister, and marry Elizabeth; and madame des Ursins, eagerly pressing the conclusion of this affair, named the ambassador who should go to demand the hand of that princess. The ambassador took with him letters from the king and madame des Ursins, and when he arrived at Parma gave to Alberoni that which was addressed to him. The astonishment of Alberoni was extreme, when he read the letter of madame des Ursins, which assured him that his courier had arrived safely, without meeting with any accident, and that she had received the *charming letter* of the princess; for madame des Ursins, by an excess of precaution not unusual between court-friends, had judged it more prudent not to confide her falsehood to Alberoni, but to deceive him likewise in this respect.

Madame des Ursins had agreed with Alberoni, that when she wrote to Elizabeth she would always send to him her letters; but, from a little vanity to which the ambitious of the first class are not always superior, she had now given her letter for the princess to the ambassador in the presence of several persons, telling him



him it was *an answer*; and besides she had confided this secret to five or six friends.

In the mean time Elizabeth was likewise, on her part, extremely surprised at receiving the thanks of madame des Ursins. She sent immediately for Alberoni, and, as soon as she saw him—

‘How is this, Alberoni?’ said she in a very severe tone. ‘You have had the presumption to write in my name to madame des Ursins. She thanks me for the letter expressive of so much kindness which she says she has received from me!’

‘No, madam,’ replied Alberoni, ‘I have permitted myself to have recourse to a stratagem; and madame des Ursins has permitted herself to have recourse to a falsehood.’

He then related the manner in which he had acted; and from this statement of facts it was easy to divine the motive which had induced madame des Ursins to assume as true what was really false.

‘I pardon you, Alberoni,’ said Elizabeth, smiling; ‘and I shall not forget that without you I should never have been queen of Spain: but you have exposed yourself to a great danger.’

‘No, madam,’ answered Alberoni, ‘I was certain of success. I had determined to confess every thing to you when you should be queen; and I relied, in advance, on that goodness which deigns at this moment to excuse the temerity of my zeal. With such a hope I could easily brave the anger of madame des Ursins, in case you should determine to undeceive her.’

‘Yes,’ said Elizabeth, ‘I certainly shall not suffer her to believe that I have had the shameful weakness to copy the letter which she had dictated.’

‘It will be necessary, however,’

replied Alberoni, ‘to employ some management; for the strong attachment of the king to her gives the law.’

‘No, no,’ replied Elizabeth hastily; ‘knots formed by habit are not to be untied, they must be torn asunder.’

This expression greatly alarmed Alberoni, for artful characters are naturally inclined to temporise: they are only rash in employing cunning, and when necessity presses them open force always terrifies them.

The articles of the treaty of marriage between Elizabeth and Philip were soon agreed on, and drawn up in form. The Spanish ambassador espoused the princess in the name of the king his master, and the new queen, followed by Alberoni, set out for Spain. Philip, being informed the queen was on the road, went to meet her, accompanied by the princess des Ursins and a brilliant and numerous train. When he had reached Guadalaxara, he stopped there and waited the arrival of his consort; but madame des Ursins, eager to enjoy the favour of the new queen, proceeded on to meet her. Philip gave the princess a letter for the queen, which contained only the eulogium of madame des Ursins. The latter before she left the king had a long conversation with him, in which his majesty expressed a greater tenderness towards her than ever. Madame des Ursins, persuaded that her influence had never before been so solidly established, set out for Xadaca, escorted by a party of courtiers, who wished to be witnesses of the reception she met with from the queen. She represented to herself this young princess as timid, grateful, throwing herself into her arms, and requesting with eagerness her guidance



guidance and assistance. She had already prepared the first advice she intended to give her; she promised herself especially to prejudice her against all her enemies, and engage her favour for her partisans and creatures. Such were her principal thoughts; she had many others not less intoxicating to herself, but so frivolous that it is impossible to record them; because those who have not studied the votaries of ambition in courts would never be able to persuade themselves that a person of good sense, of the age of thirty, and who for eight years had governed a great kingdom, could ever be capable of such puerility.

On her entrance into Xadraca, the princess des Ursins learned, with pleasure, that the queen had just arrived. Immediately, accompanied by all those who had followed her, she repaired to the hotel in which the queen had taken up her residence. Madame des Ursins, in all her splendor, and in the midst of this brilliant retinue, arrived at the apartment of Elizabeth; where she announced herself, and the proper attendant went to inform the queen. During this time madame des Ursins drew from her pocket the letter she had received from Philip, and which she assured those about her, in a kind of half-whisper, was *perfect*; which signified not only that she had read it, but that she had, in great part, dictated it.

At length all the doors were opened, and the whole company was invited to pass forward into the presence of the queen. Madame des Ursins would have been very much offended at a mode of reception which confounded her with the other courtiers, had she not imagined, at the moment, that the queen wished to bestow on her publicly the first marks of her distinguished favour. Filled with this flattering

idea, she advanced with precipitation and with an air of triumph. All her courtly retinue followed her. They reached the door of the queen's chamber, the door opened, and they entered. The queen appeared standing at the farther end of the apartment, fronting the door. Madame des Ursins, when she cast her eyes on her, was equally surprised and dazzled with the splendor and charms of her figure; and the air of dignity and superiority diffused over her person completed her astonishment. The queen, without moving, fixed her eyes on her, and to the reverences of the princess des Ursins returned only the customary inclinations, but without quitting her place, and constantly preserving the most inflexible gravity. Madame des Ursins, with all the emotion which inexpressible surprise, mortification and anger can inspire, advanced with an unsteady step, took off her glove, and, with a trembling hand, presented to the queen the letter of the king, stammering some unintelligible words. The queen, then, at length breaking silence, said:

‘In the first place, madam, I have to require an explanation from you. I am told that you pretend to have received a letter from me; and I declare that I have never written one to you.’

At this alarming first address madame des Ursins turned pale, blushed, and, summoning all her resolution, replied:

‘If your majesty has not done me the honour to write to me, the abbé Alberoni is an impostor.’

‘The abbé Alberoni,’ interrupted the queen, ‘is at present out of the question, which only relates to a fact that may be explained in two words. Have you, madam, said that you have received a letter from me? Reflect, before you answer, that



that I know all; and, consequently, am not ignorant that you could not receive even a *fictitious letter*?

At these words madame des Ursins, entirely confused, and losing all presence of mind, exclaimed—‘The king shall be my judge; I will answer to him alone.’

‘How!’ replied the queen, ‘do you dare to throw out insinuations against the king, and threaten me? Retire, madam, and never again appear in my presence.’

Scarcely had the queen pronounced these words when madame des Ursins, almost suffocated with rage, impetuously left the apartment, with intention to return immediately to Guadalaxara, and inform the king of this strange event. But what was her astonishment when, passing through the hall in which the guard was stationed, she found herself arrested by order of the queen!

‘What!’ exclaimed she, ‘dare you attempt to deprive me of my liberty?’

‘No, madam,’ it was answered; ‘but have the goodness to follow us.’

‘Whither are you to conduct me?’

‘To the distance of two leagues beyond the frontiers.’

‘What! out of Spain?’

‘Yes, madam.’

This singular exertion of authority on the part of a young princess, who had not as yet seen the king her husband, appeared to the pride of madame des Ursins so rash an act that she was persuaded it would excite in the heart of the king the most implacable resentment. This idea restored all her courage.

‘Let us go,’ said she with a disdainful smile. ‘I am ready to set out; but I believe it will be found that the consequences of these proceedings have not been well considered.’

The princess des Ursins was handed into a carriage drawn by six horses, and accompanied by an armed escort. When they reached the frontier, the order of the queen was produced, prohibiting her being permitted to return into the country, and she was conducted to a small town at the distance of a league beyond the frontier. The carriage and horses were left with her, which she accepted; and as the queen had supposed she might not have sufficient money with her, a purse of gold was offered her, but that she refused. She was assured that all her property, and even her pensions, should be preserved to her, and that the queen would herself take care that this promise should be punctually performed. To this assurance madame des Ursins only replied by some ironical expressions strongly expressive of contempt.

When the escort had left her, she sat down to write to the king; and it was a great consolation to her, to pour forth in a long letter the gall with which her heart overflowed, and her rage against the queen and the artful Alberoni. She painted in the blackest colours what she called the ingratitude of the queen, and the treachery of Alberoni: in fine, she omitted nothing which might persuade Philip that this bold act of the queen was an unpardonable attack on his authority, as a husband and a sovereign. After having written this letter, she read it again, and found it so strong, so persuasive, so terrible against the queen and against Alberoni, that she believed herself certain of obtaining a speedy reparation and a signal vengeance, especially when she recollected the last conversation she had with Philip. She sent off this letter by a courier, who was suffered to pass without any hinderance;



derance: but the queen had anticipated the courier; for as soon as madame des Ursins had left Xadraga the queen set out for Guadalajara. She was sensible of the importance of seeing the king before intelligence of the exile of madame des Ursins could reach him; she therefore left behind her all the courtiers, who were equally astonished and alarmed, took for herself and her retinue all the horses on the road, and, travelling with the utmost dispatch, arrived at Guadalajara in the evening of the day. Philip was charmed with her beauty and graces; and the queen, availing herself, at the moment, of these favourable dispositions, informed him of all she had done. She accompanied the account she gave of her conduct with a thousand protestations of her entire submission to the will of the king; and added that even her respect for him had forced her to act in so decided a manner, because madame des Ursins had so far forgotten herself as to threaten her in the name of the king, and that publicly.

‘Madame des Ursins,’ said the king, interrupting her, ‘must have absolutely lost her reason. I entirely approve of your conduct with respect to her.’

Such was the first sentiment and language of Philip, on learning an event which deprived him of the favourite who had governed him so sovereignly but the evening before.

The courier from madame des Ursins arrived the next day. The king looked over her letter without giving it much attention, tore it, and returned no answer; but directed one of his courtiers to carry to madame des Ursins an order, signed *Philip*, enjoining her never again to return to Spain.

What must have been the reflexions of madame des Ursins when

she received and read this order, and looked on this signature! We may imagine them without being greatly moved by them; for the disappointments of the ambitious meet with little commiseration; their grief is intermingled with so much rage, virulence, and resentment. But how severely acute must have been the feelings of the princess des Ursins had she really loved him who treated her thus!

*PAMROSE;*

OR,

*The PALACE and the COTTAGE:*

A NOVEL.

BY MADAME DE GENLIS.

[Translated from the French.]

ADVERTISEMENT BY THE AUTHOR.

THE most interesting incident in this little romance is not invented; it is precisely true in all its circumstances. The author received it from a person well deserving credit in every respect (mademoiselle Itzig of Berlin), who was intimately acquainted with a gentleman who resided at the court of the *benevolent princess*, and witnessed this sublime action. This truly respectable princess is no longer living.

A POOR and unfortunate female peasant, overwhelmed with fatigue, and carrying in her arms a little girl two months old, walked slowly along the banks of the Rhine, at the close of a fine summer's day.

‘Alas!’ exclaimed she, ‘I perceive the turrets of the palace!—Oh! if I could but reach it!—The princess is so good!—She is a mother!—She has an infant which she suckles like me!’

Thus saying, the unfortunate woman hastened her steps; but she stumbled against a flint, which cut deep into her naked foot. The pain she suffered was so acute that, unable to continue her journey, she sat down under a large rock at the foot of a tree.



'Gracious Heaven!' exclaimed she, bursting into tears, 'I am forced to stop, yet I see the palace. My child, too, in vain requires her nourishment, for my milk no longer flows.—We must die on this stone, and so near the palace!'

Her tears and sighs stifled her words. The child uttered the most piercing cries, while with her burning mouth she sought the dried breast of her mother.

'Lovely innocent!' said the mother, in despair; 'O that my tears and my blood could afford thee nourishment!—But (ah, support me, Heaven!) she cries no longer; her eyes are closed! Must I then die twice? Before I render my last sigh must I see my child expire? She is motionless! Oh! who shall deliver me from life?'

As she ended these words she cast a wild look on the rapid river that ran beside her; a horrible temptation seized her. The violence of despair re-animated her; her countenance resumed its colour; she forcibly pressed her dying infant to her breast, and at the same moment the child again moved. The mother trembled with joy: she turned aside her head, and again found her tears. She turned her eyes towards the gilded turrets of the palace.

'How happy,' said she, 'are these great ones of the earth, surrounded with their children in the midst of plenty! But they must die also, and the same God will judge us all; and it may be that the villager will appear in his presence with more confidence than the rich man or the prince.'

Having uttered these words, she gently reclined her fainting head against the trunk of a tree; she raised and fixed her eyes on heaven; her pains grew weaker, and became vague as her thoughts. Pangs so acute are only to be calmed by a

sublime hope! Courage may enable us to bear them without complaint; but pious resignation alone can soothe them.

Death was about to strike this innocent victim of misfortune, when an elegant and light carriage passed rapidly by the place. The princess Amelia, who was in it, perceived the unhappy peasant.

'Heavens!' exclaimed she, 'a woman, a mother, fainted, and perhaps expiring! We must give her assistance.'

At these words the postillion stopped. The amiable and beneficent Amelia sprang from her calash; an old lord of her court hastily followed her; a bulky lady of honour called aloud and repeatedly to a heyduke to assist her to alight; and the pages on horseback, who preceded the carriage, galloped hastily back. The lady of honour, who had been forgotten by the attendants, complained and scolded; and the princess, advancing towards the poor woman, saw her with pleasure again open her eyes, and presented her with some pieces of gold.

'Alas!' said the unhappy mother, 'this gold is useless to me. It is milk I want. I have no more, and my child dies.'

'How!' said Amelia, shuddering.

'Yes,' replied the unfortunate woman, 'my child dies of inanition.'

At these words Amelia, agitated at once with horror and pity, looked upon the infant, which reminded her of that she suckled, and whose extraordinary beauty still more excited her compassion.

'Alas!' said she, 'does she still live?'

She took the hand of the infant, and felt this little hand press softly one of her fingers.

'No, thou shalt not die!' exclaimed she, and immediately threw herself on her knees, passed her arm under



under the head of the infant, and gave it her own breast.

'O madam!' cried the poor woman, clasping her hands together and raising them towards heaven. She could utter no more; the delicious tears of the most heart-felt gratitude inundated her countenance. Unable to express to her sublime benefactress what she felt, she chose rather to pray for and bless her than to thank her\*.

(To be continued.)

## PARISIAN FASHIONS.

(With an Engraving elegantly coloured.)

THE *veil* still supplies the place of a head-dress with many of our *élégantes*: this veil is usually laid immediately on the hair; but the two points are no longer brought to meet under the chin. Tunics with puckered sleeves (as in the annexed figure 1) are much worn.

The *Titus* head-dress, the *Mama-luke* tunic, and the round robe (see fig. 2), are among the principal articles of the present fashion; robes of black crape, with long and large sleeves, are very common; the *fichus* continue to be worn without any opening before. A *tulle* is still employed in ornamenting robes and hats. The number of black straw hats, instead of diminishing, on the contrary, increases. They are sometimes placed on the side of the head. Of late they are ornamented with poppy-coloured ribbands, striped with black. The Cashmere shawls are nearly as common as during the winter months. The embroidered shawls have a gold edging.

\* The incidents here described, as before stated in the advertisement, are not invention.

## LONDON FASHIONS.

*Evening-dress.*

A round robe of pink muslin; the train very long, the back full, with lace let in across, white muslin sleeves worked round the bottom and trimmed with lace, full epaulets of pink muslin, the bosom trimmed round with lace. A small turban of pink muslin, ornamented with beads and a pink ostrich feather.

*Walking-dress.*

A round dress of cambric muslin, made high round the neck with a collar. A short dress of nankeen made to fit the back quite close, loose in front. Rohan hat of blue chip. Blue shoes.

*Head-dresses.*

A bonnet of yellow crape, tied under the chin with a handkerchief of the same colour.

A cap of white crape ornamented with roses.

A cap of white lace with a deep lace border.

A small cap of black lace ornamented with lilac ribband.

A cap of white lace and lilac crape.

A turban of yellow crape made open on one side to admit a part of the hair, and ornamented with white beads and a yellow ostrich feather.

A cap of white crape made in the form of a melon, and tied under the chin with a crape handkerchief.

A bonnet of Leghorn, the crown consisting of alternate stripes of Leghorn and white ribband, with a bow in front.

A straw hat ornamented with roses.

*General Observations.*

There has been very little variation in the prevailing colours last month; green, yellow, and lilac, still continuing the fashionable colours.

—Spanish cloaks of black or white lace, or muslin, are much worn.—Feathers have superseded flowers in head-dresses.



## POETICAL ESSAYS.

## ADDRESS TO HEALTH;

*Written during Confinement by severe  
Illness.*

HEALTH, thou goddess free and  
fair,

Skimming o'er the buoyant air,—  
Lovely nymph, of rosy hue,  
Glowing cheeks and eyes of blue,  
Airy shape, and smiling mien,  
Hail: of joy the jocund queen!  
Loose thy graceful tresses flow,  
Wanton as the zephyrs blow.

From thy rose-encircled cell,  
Down the hill, and through the dell,  
Laughing in the sunny beam,  
Or beside the purling stream,  
Now I see thee move along,  
Charming an unthankful throng.  
Turn, O turn!—bestow on me  
Joys that must proceed from thee.

Long Affliction's dire command  
Rul'd me with a heavy hand:  
Grant a respite to my woes,  
Bid my long-borne sorrows close.  
Now my trembling fingers shake:  
Bid the slumb'ring lyre awake;  
And, dismiss'd each toilsome care,  
Warble notes to charm the fair—  
Now that each emblossom'd spray  
Bears a pledge of rosy May,  
And the warbling songsters raise  
Notes of gratitude and praise  
To th' eternal altar—high  
'Bove the reach of mortal eye,  
Where, in mercy's garb, sincere,  
Rules the Parent of the Year.

Once again on me bestow  
The heart-felt luxury—to know  
And to feel thy cheering pow'r,  
Partner of each passing hour:  
Bid my nerveless arm extend;  
Sickness her pale front unbend,  
And no more (with dread alarms)  
Wrest me from my Myra's charms:  
But to me dispense thy smile;  
Each heart-rending pang beguile:  
Grant with her again to rove;  
Trace the fairy fields of love;

And, in summer's noontide heat,  
Gain the woodland's cool retreat;  
Or o'er nature's carpet green  
Sport, enamour'd of the scene,—  
Enabled by thy healthful pow'r  
To enjoy the pensive hour,  
When the contemplative mind  
Tastes of pleasing joys refin'd;  
Wasting thoughts to heav'n above,  
To the realms of endless love.

Grant me pleasures such as these:  
Send me then thy healing breeze,  
And through each revolving day  
Be thou partner of my way.

TOM JONES, *late of Norwich*  
*London, May 9, 1802.*

## YARICO TO INKLE:

## EPISTLE II.

[*See page 215.*]

INKLE, once more, ere slow ap-  
proaching Death  
Suspends, with icy touch, my feeble  
breath;

Ere this wan frame the stroke of Fate  
endures,

With trembling hand I'll strive to  
answer yours.

Sensations keen thy letter did impart;  
I read it with a palpitating heart:  
When first I view'd thy name, perfid-  
ious man!

Through all my frame a sudden tre-  
mor ran.

Yes, faithless Inkle!—yes, this start-  
ing tear

And rising sigh proclaim thou still art  
dear.

Lie still, weak foolish heart, nor  
deign to love

The wretch who doom'd thee every  
ill to prove;

Who lur'd thee from a father's arms  
to fly,

And plung'd thee in a gulf of misery.  
No:



No; rather let me that dread Power  
invoke

Who whirls the bolt, to pierce thee at  
one stroke;

Or his red flash, that gilds the howling  
storm,

To blast thy fair insinuating form.

But why should I solicit Heaven to  
shed

Its bitter curses on thy guilty head?

Thy fate, thou fascinating false one,  
shews

That Heaven's keen eye thy every ac-  
tion views.

Yes, perjurd vil—O stop, officious  
hand! [brand;

Nor Inkle with opprobrious titles  
Unfinish'd may th' injurious term re-  
main!

Its sight at length would but augment  
my pain.

Why didst thou write? why stir  
that settled gloom

Which soon will shroud me in the  
quiet tomb?

O! why recall to mem'ry happier  
times?

Why, Inkle, why remind me of thy  
crimes?

O! could my warm petitions aught  
avail,

And with th' offended Deity prevail,  
To dark oblivion I'd thy faults consign,  
Borne down by Heav'n's forgiveness  
and by mine!

Though Fate thought fit to discon-  
cert thy plan—

To 'snatch me from the whips and  
scorns of man;

And from the surly planter's rude  
controul

To tear the rosy darling of my soul—  
I give you credit for the good intent,  
And unrepining meet the cross event.

Twice has yon' sun (the Indian's  
deity)

His annual circuit made round land  
and sea

Since the sad night I felt a mother's  
throes,

And launch'd our infant on a sea of  
woes.

Since then no pen can paint, nor  
tongue declare,

My fond solicitude—my anxious care.  
His blooming countenance, and spark-  
ling eyes, [surprise:

A planter's lady view'd with great

She came, and claim'd a private inter-  
view, [drew;

And from my lips the mournful his't'ry  
Did to my woe-fraught tale attention  
lend,—

Wept at the finish, and commenc'd  
my friend.

With grief my patroness beheld my  
state,

And strove my grievous pangs to miti-  
gate;

Supply'd a cordial for my aching head;  
A softer pillow for my rushy bed:—

But the good deed that pleas'd my fan-  
cy best

Was giving little Inkle a gay vest.  
Methinks I see my new-drest cherub  
strut

And caper round my miserable hut;  
While on his cheeks two crimson roses  
glow,

And down his back the auburn ringlets  
flow;

And, oh! that prattling tongue such  
bliss impart

Unknown to all—except a mother's  
heart!

Sweet rosy charmer—soother of my  
pain! [chain.

'Tis for thy sake I drag dire slav'ry's  
Were't not for thee, I'd close this  
scene of strife,

And mount to fairer realms of better  
life.

There is a place above yon' cloud-topt  
hills,

Where pleasure flows in ever-stream-  
ing rills:

I long to rove beneath those palmy  
shades,

Or woo soft Sleep beside the hoarse  
cascades:

There, Inkle, there my earliest care  
shall be

To rear an amaranthine bower for thee.  
While doom'd by fate to sojourn  
here below,—

To drink the bitter draught of earthly  
woe,—

Still write.—

Thy letters will afford me some relief—  
I'll bathe each sentence with the dews  
of grief:—

Still on thy verse with sad delight I'll  
pore

Till Death shall shut these eyes to ope  
no more.

JOHN WEBB.

Harverhill, June 3, 1802.



TO CHARLES JAMES WEBB,  
ON SEEING HIM PLAYING WITH A  
YOUNG BIRD.

LITTLE, lively, sprightly Charley,  
Full of blithe activity,  
Tell me what unthinking stripling  
Gave that little bird to thee?  
Treat the harmless chirper kindly;  
Give not the young songster pain:  
But, with friendly hand, restore it  
To its downy nest again.  
Cherish'd by fond feather'd parents,  
It will wing the air ere long;  
Doubtless, then, the grateful warbler  
Will reward thee with a song.  
Like this nestling, thoughtless Charley!  
Thou hast friends who love thee  
well;  
Should some tyrant tear thee from  
them,  
Think what would their bosoms feel.  
Let this thought thy mind influence  
To revere humanity:  
May no inoffensive creature  
By thy cruel usage die!  
That great Power who gave thee be-  
ing  
Made each fly that sports in air;  
He that form'd bright hosts of angels  
Doth for simple sparrows care.  
Ever shun injurious actions;  
Be thou better taught, my boy!  
May thy childish recreations  
Ne'er the work of Heav'n destroy!  
Know that every gilded insect,  
Toiling ant, and busy bee,  
Boasts the same all-wise Creator;  
Is as free to live as thee.  
*Haverhill.* JOHN WEBB.

### ON SELF-LOVE.

SAYS Tom to Dick, 'It's mighty odd,  
That folks made up of flesh and blood  
Do not love *all* to flesh and blood  
*ally'd!*  
Says Dick to Tom, 'This *self*'s so  
dear,  
Some rivet each *affection* here;  
And then, you know, it's very clear,  
Where things are *riveted* they must  
*abide.*' W. BARRE.

SONNETS, BY JULIANA S. X.

I. *Written during a short Visit in the  
Country.*

WRAPT in high musings, at that  
welcome hour  
When wearied Labour gladly seeks  
repose,  
I hide me in this calm sequester'd bow'r,  
And taste the charms which Solitude  
bestows.  
Here every scene, to memory dear long  
past,  
In sweet succession charms my mental  
sight;  
And, while Night's robe o'er half the  
globe is cast,  
Thought fills my bosom with meri-  
dian light!  
Here, with the friends I love, O might  
I stay,  
Far from the haunts of folly, noise,  
and strife,  
Smooth as the flowing stream that winds  
its way  
Through peaceful vales, how blest  
my future life!  
Retirement is the haven I would find,  
That mends the heart and elevates the  
mind.

### II.

STAY, trembling tear! nor cruelly  
expose  
The secret source from whence my  
weakness flows;  
Betray not, to observing friends, the  
cause  
Why from society my soul withdraws,  
When Cheerfulness and Harmony pre-  
side,  
In deepest gloom and solitude to hide:  
O rise not to the surface of mine eye!  
Nor call thy twin-born sister forth—a  
sigh!  
Alas! though you relieve the aching  
heart,  
I ask not for the comfort you impart;  
The cause from whence you rise I wish  
concealed,  
Intrude not then, or *all* will be reveal-  
ed:  
*All* that can only *pain* the friends I  
love;  
The cause they'll pity—but they can't  
remove!



## HORACE, BOOK III. ODE IX.

HORACE AND LYDIA.

*Horace.*

WHILE I, fair maid, enjoy'd your  
lovely charms,  
While I alone your lovely charms  
possess'd,  
Nor other youth was welcome to your  
arms,  
No king of Persia sure was half so  
blest.

*Lydia.*

While you prov'd constant to your Ly-  
dia's flame,  
Nor were your vows to bright-hair'd  
Chloe paid,  
Through all the town resounded Ly-  
dia's name,  
I thought myself by far the happiest  
maid.

*Horace.*

Yes, bright-hair'd Chloe's now my  
beauteous choice,  
Who sings so sweetly, and so sweet-  
ly plays;  
For bright-hair'd Chloe I'd to die re-  
joice,  
Would the kind Fates prolong her  
precious days.

*Lydia.*

The lovely Calais, that fond beauteous  
swain,  
With mutual flame now merits all  
my care;  
For whose dear sake I'd die and die  
again,  
So the kind Fates the charming boy  
would spare.

*Horace.*

What if I bright-hair'd Chloe should  
forsake,  
And scorn the nymph with all her  
golden charms?—  
What if my Lydia I again should take,  
And burn once more to wanton in  
her arms?

*Lydia.*

Though fairer far is he than rising day,  
Who fills with rapture ev'ry virgin's  
eye;  
Though fickle thou than either wind  
or sea,  
With thee I'd live—with thee I'd  
gladly die.

H. P\*\*\*\*L.

## AN ANACREONTIC.

I LOVE thee, thou enchanting fair!  
More than all things love the air,  
More than sylphs do love the grove,  
More than doves delight in love,  
More than birds do love the trees,  
More than lawyers prize their fees,  
More than misers love their pence,  
More than prudes a double sense,  
More than statesmen to be great,  
More by half than monarchs' state;  
In short, I love thee, Celia gay,  
More than—more than—I can say.  
C. LOVEGROVE.

## THE LARK.

'Up springs the Lark,  
Shrill-voic'd and loud, the messenger of  
morn;  
Ere yet the shadows fly, he, mounted, sings  
Amid the dawning clouds, and from their  
haunts  
Calls up the tuneful nations.' THOMSON.

THE Lark has left his lowly couch,  
And wings his morning flight;  
On agile pinions, lo! he soars  
Beyond the reach of sight.

But, though beyond the reach of sight,  
His early song I hear,  
And sounds of softest melody  
Charm my delighted ear.

Sing on, sweet poet of the morn!  
Still chant thine early song;  
And from their mossy tenements  
Rouse up the feather'd throng.

Wake, ye gay tribes! your herald calls;  
Begin your matin strains;  
Waste not in sleep one vernal hour,  
While spring (blithe season) reigns.

Hark! in yon' grove the blackbird  
sings;

The throstle tunes his throat:  
Sweet birds! 'tis spring provokes the  
lay,

And swells the dulcet note.  
Sing, ye plum'd choirs, one general  
song

To Him that form'd the sky;  
Who tun'd your voice for harmony,  
And gave you wings to fly.

Haverhill.

JOHN WEBB.



## EPILOGUE TO 'THE VOICE OF NATURE.'

Written by Mr. COLMAN, and spoken  
by Mr. C. KEMBLE.

To strike the mind the Scenic Muse  
essays,  
And levels her attacks a thousand ways.  
Suspense, surprise, sad dirges, thrilling  
airs;  
Diction that glitters, pageantry that  
glares:  
These are the Muse's feather'd shafts  
she flings,  
To tickle judgment, with the arrow's  
wings:—

But, when *The Voice of Nature* prompts  
her art,  
She points the barb, and penetrates  
the heart.

Those truths, from heav'nly Nature,  
Shakspeare knew;  
She spoke, he echo'd; she design'd,  
he drew!

Born in *her* school, bright Genius, from  
the bow'rs

Of Fancy, wreath'd his cradle round  
with flow'rs:

Now Nature's pupil, fled by Nature's  
doom,

Leaves Taste to scatter laurel on his  
tomb.

Since, then, our Drama's sun can  
cheer us, yet,

With beams of glory, from his golden  
set,

May not a lowly bard still catch a ray,  
To light his feeble steps thro' Nature's  
way?

May not a lowly bard adopt a tale,  
With truth and feeling fraught, tho' }  
genius fail,  
And make *The Voice of Nature* still }  
prevail?

Where, where is Nature with more  
force exprest,

Than in the fond babe-plunder'd mo-  
ther's breast?

Where is a breast more dead to Nature  
prov'd,

Than his, who sees that mother's pangs  
unmov'd?

That cause assails the human heart,  
by storm,

Which pleads the ties of all in human  
form:

The grief-wrung female, for her in-  
fant wild, [child;  
Harrows each parent, and affects each  
Beneath your roofs her pictur'd anguish  
glides,

And brings the int'rest to your own  
fire-sides.

Britons!—to whom (though ada-  
mant in arms)

Domestic duties yield peculiar charms;  
Who, were those duties with less ar-  
dour known,

Might learn a sweet example from the  
throne;—

Give your applause, to-night!—at  
least, be mild!—

A play, remember, is a poet's child.

## LINES.

[From G. Dyer's *Poems and Essays*, just  
published.]

SEE! where stern Winter's icy  
hand

Disrobes the poplar tree;  
The fields, their May-clothes lost,  
all naked stand:

Their forms of red, white, blue, no  
more I see;

Buried in snows they sleep, and live  
no more for me.

Yet, flowrets sweet, shall I for you  
The song of grief indite,

When I my lovely, loving charmer  
view,

In more than all your vernal beauty  
bright;

With forehead white, red lip, and eyes  
of azure light.

Ye blackbirds, that once cheer'd the  
vale,

Ye nightingales, that charm'd the  
grove,

How vainly should your notes my ear  
assail!

For silver-voic'd is she, the girl I love,  
And sweet her breath, as gales o'er  
hyacinth beds that rove.

When of her lips I taste the bliss,  
Full happiness I seem to meet;

More dear to me the honey-breath-  
ing kiss

Than mulberry fragrant, or than cher-  
ry sweet.—

What more then can I ask? In her  
fair Spring I greet!

FOREIGN



## FOREIGN NEWS.

*Paris, July 6.*

IN the department of the Seine and Oise, the number of votes inscribed on the registers is 27,482 for the affirmative on the question of the consulship for life, and 27 negative:—7880 citizens voted besides for allowing the first consul to name his successor.

Citizen Simmond, sub-præfect of the department of the Saone and Loire, has written to his friend Ordenneau, *chef d'escadron*, in the following terms:

‘I know how much you are attached to government and to Bonaparte; it is on that account I hasten to announce to you that in my district, where there are but 21,000 votes, the first consul has had 12,886 votes for the consulship for life. Of that number 8602 express a wish to give him the power of naming his successor.’

8. Admiral Villaret set off the day before yesterday for Brest, from whence he will proceed to Martinique, of which he has been appointed captain-general. He will hoist his flag on board the *Jemappe*. The division which accompanies him consists of two sail of the line, some frigates and light vessels, on board of which the troops destined to take possession of Martinique are embarked.

The municipality of Montpellier, where the father of Bonaparte died on the 24th of February 1785, have resolved to erect a monument. The following is to be the design of the monument:—To the left a pedestal; in the middle the town of Montpellier, accompanied by Religion and other figures, pointing with the right hand to the pedestal, and raising the stone from the tomb; beneath, this inscription:

*‘Sors du tombeau: ton fils Napoléon  
t'élève à l'immortalité.’*

‘Arise from the tomb: thy son Napoleon raises thee to immortality.’

VOL. XXXIII.

War has broken out between the Russians and Persians. The former have already penetrated into the province of Ghelan. The expulsion of the Russians from Asterabat, and some violence exercised against their establishment at Retsch, have produced these hostilities.

The following intelligence has been circulated in Germany, and is generally believed:

‘The plan of secularisations is drawn up, and approved of. In the course of next July, a French minister will repair to Ratisbon, to execute it according to the desires of the principal courts interested in it. The elector of Mentz will alone preserve the dignity of ecclesiastical elector, and will remain arch-chancellor of the empire; but he will lose a part of his states. Those who are in the service of the princes whose possessions will be applied as indemnities, will keep their places and appointments. The chapters will likewise be preserved, *pro tempore*, till the members be dead.’

It is added, that a private convention has been concluded between Russia and France, on the subject of the affairs of Germany, and those of the king of Sardinia.

French funds, 53*l.* 95*c.*

*Vienna, July 10.* According to the latest intelligence from Constantinople, the recent troubles, and apprehensions which had taken place there, were for the moment of so serious a complexion, that several foreign ambassadors, resident in that city, actually asked for ships, in order to leave Constantinople the first moment of a breaking out of disturbances.

According to this intelligence, the divan continues its permanent sittings.

The grand signior has formally dismissed the hospodar of Wallachia, prince Suzzo, and summoned him hither, to answer for his conduct with re-

3 L

gard



gard to the incursion of the rebels into Wallachia, it being alleged, in his accusation, that the invasion might have been prevented by well-concerted measures. The Porte, at the same time, wrote the hospodar of Moldau, who is nephew of the hospodar of Wallachia, a very flattering letter, on the subject of his distinguished conduct against the rebels; and, by a firman of the grand signior, appointed him his uncle's deputy, till the affair of the latter shall be decided, with orders to take the post immediately upon himself, and to restore order in that country. It is also reported here, that this young prince, who discharges the duties of his office with zeal and good sense, and is besides greatly attached to the Porte, will obtain both the principalities.

Georgi Osman has now submitted himself to the Porte, in the most decided manner: this submission, however, has neither been produced by necessity, nor fear of a superior force, but is the result of negotiations which have cost the Porte an immense sum of money; so that the foundation of this favourable turn of affairs had its origin alone in the avarice of that pacha. It is therefore, with reason, conjectured, that neither he nor the pacha of Wallachia will be re-appointed.

Passwan Oglou is now not a little alarmed for the fate of Widdin, whilst the pacha of Trawnich is marching with eight thousand men.

*Retisbon, July 11.* It is believed that about the 20th the diet will emerge from its inactivity, and that the grand object which has so long engaged the attention of Germany and of all Europe will then be discussed: it is supposed that an imperial decree will then be issued on the subject. We expect next week the absent ministers, a great part of whom, and among these count de Goertz, the minister of Brandenburg, are already on their way. M. de Linker, minister of Triers, arrived here on the evening of the 9th. He this day sent to the members of the diet cards of invitation for to-morrow. The minister of Saxony did the same. It has been remarked that the rescript respecting the speedy decision of the indemnities which arrived from Ber-

lin on the 8th, is dated the 3d, the day on which the king of Prussia returned from Memel; which gives reason to believe, that at the interview in that city, arrangements were made for accelerating the conclusion of this important affair. We learn from the frontiers of Russia, that a numerous army is now assembling there, probably for the purpose of restoring tranquillity in Wallachia.

*Naples, July 12.* If we may give credit to our last letters from Algiers, the dey is preparing to declare war against all Europe. It is chiefly against Spain, England, and France, that he pretends to try his strength. The capture of the Portuguese frigate, which was taken by being boarded, and three hundred and twelve of whose crew have been sent to the galleys, has infused a frantic enthusiasm into the mind of every one. The chief of the regency, already extremely inclined to think himself the most powerful prince in the world, places no bounds to his audacity. We have already spoken of the unexampled outrages which two English captains experienced. We omitted stating what the dey said, after having treated the agent of that nation in the most unjust manner—'God placed me on the throne of Algiers to revenge the true believers upon the infidels. I have cannon and men, and if the powers attack me, God will assist me.'

The strange arrangement which Spain has just made, who sent five ships of war to claim three vessels confiscated, and yet consented to pay sixty thousand piastres, has strengthened even to delirium the opinion which the barbarian has of his power.

*Frankfort, July 17.* His serene highness the prince of Nassau has declared in writing, to the clergy of Mentz, that though he has sequestered the revenues of the religious establishments of that city in his states, he will allow the members of these establishments to enjoy them during the time of their natural lives.

*Brunn, July 19.* The intelligence received from the lower boundaries, to the 28th, is of little importance. It is only stated, that Mehemed Aga Konialli has been attacked by four hundred



dred men of the garrison of Belgrade, near Rawaniza; but that the assailants were repulsed by him, with the loss of seventy men. The commander of these troops, being taken prisoner, was cut in pieces; and Mehemed Aga had maintained his position. This intelligence also mentions, that Hassan Bey, with a corps of eight hundred men, is advantageously posted at no great distance from the former.

*Bern, July 19.* Citizen Boison, secretary of the Helvetic embassy at Paris, is arrived here. He has brought intelligence that the French troops are to evacuate Switzerland on the 20th instant, in which case the French military will be replaced by ours, at least till tranquillity is every-where restored. There is reason to suppose that this evacuation is the result of an agreement between the French government and the courts of Vienna and Berlin, by which means it is to be hoped that our commonwealth will attain to a perfect state of independence.

*Lausanne, July 20.* Nearly all the French troops which were here, but whose number was inconsiderable, marched out to-day, taking their route towards the Valais.

Almost all the private persons in confinement by reason of seditions and rebellion, are to be discharged, and put under the particular inspection of the magistrates of their respective towns.

*Paris, July 26.* A frigate, which left the Cape on the 24th of June, has arrived at Brest, and brings the most satisfactory news from St. Domingo. The ravage occasioned by the malady which prevailed at the Cape has decreased; the disarming of the blacks has been effected in the southern and western part. Great activity was employed to effect the same in the northern part.

The general of division, Debelle, died a fortnight before the vessel sailed: he is one of the last victims to the disease. The republic in him has to regret a general who distinguished himself in all the campaigns of the war.

The Cape was rebuilding with extraordinary activity.

The captain-general Leclerc, by a new regulation, has suppressed all the

duties levied on the importation of French articles of commerce.

The *gendarmerie*, organised by the captain-general, had begun to be of great service; for more than two months no assassination had been committed throughout the whole extent of St. Domingo. More than half of the blacks who had been incorporated with the French troops have returned to agriculture; the other part, consisting of the most faithful soldiers, and on whom the greatest confidence can be placed, have been incorporated with the French troops, and for that purpose general Leclerc had formed a fourth battalion, in addition to the demi-brigades.

*Frankfort, July 31.* The Bavarian troops assembled at Amberg and in the environs have set out on their march for Franconia. A part was to have entered yesterday at Bamberg. The court of Prussia has caused a declaration to be made to that of Vienna; it wishes that the occupation of the countries which have devolved to it as indemnities should be considered only as a provisional measure, and that upon this consideration it will not consider the countries provisionally occupied by its troops as its property, until the deputation of the empire, by its negotiation, shall have formally finished the business of the indemnities. A similar declaration has been made to the imperial minister at Berlin, the count Stadion, in answer to the wish which he lately expressed, on the part of his court to the Prussian minister, that the occupation of the countries devolved as indemnities to Prussia should not be carried into effect until after the sanction of the deputation of the empire; observing to him that, in the present circumstances, the taking possession could not be longer delayed.

The court of Prussia has caused the near approach of taking possession to be notified to several ecclesiastical princes whose countries fall into the mass of indemnities. One of them whom he required at the same time to withdraw his troops, answered, that he should wait for the notification of the final arrangement with respect to the indemnities on the part of the emperor and the empire.



## HOME NEWS.

*Windsor, July 2.*

**DURING** this week past preparations have been making for the departure of their majesties and the princesses for Weymouth. This town has been in a bustle for several days in consequence. Yesterday evening the princesses Mary and Amelia left the Queen's-lodge, attended by lady Albina Cumberland, for Weymouth. At seven o'clock this evening their majesties and the princesses Elizabeth and Sophia will depart in three post-coaches with their suite. The royal personages mean to breakfast on the road, and intend reaching Weymouth about three o'clock in the afternoon. Their majesties and all the princesses are in perfect health. The princess Mary has quite recovered from the effects of spraining her foot. His majesty's present intention is to remain only six weeks at Weymouth.

*Birmingham, July 7.* A most shocking and unprecedented act of murder and suicide was committed on Monday night last, about eight o'clock, in a yard near the bottom of Cecil's Gullet, between Lichfield-street and Stafford-street, in this town. During the servitude of her husband in the army, a woman of the name of Yeomans had cohabited with John Jee, a steel-grinder, who resided in the place above mentioned; and her husband having returned home about a month since, she left Jee, and went to live with him again. On Monday night the woman went to Jee's house to settle, or justify herself from a small debt which he reported she had left unpaid; but as soon as she entered his door, the monster, in a paroxysm of jealousy and resentment, seized her, and cut her throat in two places in a most dreadful manner, with a razor. The unfortunate creature gave a loud shriek, and ran into the yard, endeavouring to

close the mortal wound with her hands: she fell almost directly. Jee followed her to the door, and, seeing her fall, immediately, with the same instrument, cut his own throat so terribly, that he instantly dropped down near her, and they both died in a few minutes, with very little struggling or convulsion.

*Liverpool, July 27.* On Sunday se'n-night, as the Liverpool and Lancaster coach was going over Tarleton-bridge, on its road from Lancaster to Liverpool, about one o'clock, by some means or other, the off-horse behind gave a stumble, and the coachman, in endeavouring to hold it up, one of the fore-horses flew on the pavement on the side of the bridge, which occasioned the coach to run on a stone, and immediately overturned it:—the outside passengers (nine in number) were thrown into the river, being from the top of the coach to the surface of the water 14 yards; but fortunately no lives were lost, nor did any of them receive any particular injury, except one inside passenger, who had his head fractured, but is in a fair way of recovery. Fortunately, at the moment, the other two coaches were in sight, saw the accident, and immediately came to their assistance.

*Rochester, July 29.* A grand aquatic gala took place on the river Medway, last Monday, which being the day appointed for opening the oyster-grounds belonging to this city, the two new members of parliament for that city, sir Sidney Smith and Mr. Hulkes, attended by the mayor, aldermen, and about forty sail of different vessels and pleasure-boats, went down the Medway before the wind, with colours flying, and, in general, filled with well-dressed company. They brought up off Sheerness garrison about one o'clock, and returned with the flood tide.

*Brentford,*



*Brentford, July 29.* The poll for the county of Middlesex ended, after having continued fifteen days; when, on casting up the numbers, there appeared

For George Byng, esq. - 3848

Sir Francis Burdett - 3207

Wm. Mainwaring, esq. 2906

The two first were, of course, declared duly elected, and came forward to return thanks.

Mr. Byng and sir Francis Burdett were chaired, amid the acclamations of a prodigious concourse of people. When they got into their carriages the populace took the horses out, and drew them both all the way to town.

It is understood that Mr. Mainwaring will petition the house of commons against the return.

*London, August 2.* A case of a mysterious nature came to be heard before the magistrates of the public office, Shadwell, against the master of a ship in the American trade, bound to Baltimore in Virginia, in which the murder was committed. As far as the evidence went, it appeared the ship left Lymington-roads, consisting of Americans, Germans, and one Englishman, forming the complement of the ship for navigating her, besides four passengers, three females and a male, all natives of England going to America. The voyage lasted forty-three days. When in the chops of the Chesapeake, in America, Joseph White, the first mate, during supper went from table upon deck, and struck the officer second to him, whereupon a general confusion took place on board the vessel, supposed to have originated in contending for the favour of the ladies.—Well were it had it ended here!—The chief mate, Joseph White, was found murdered in consequence of this irregularity; who, it seemed, was shot: after that a female passenger flung herself overboard. The body of Joseph White was found shot through the heart, at the bottom of the steerage, about three o'clock in the morning. The coroner's jury, at Baltimore, gave a verdict of wilful murder, but could not ascertain by whom.

3. Mr. Garnerin, with madame Garnerin and a Mr. Glassford, ascended in a balloon from Vauxhall. When it had reached a considerable height a

cat in a small basket with a parachute was detached from it, and came down without hurt in Tothill-fields. The balloon itself, after having floated in the air nearly an hour and a half, descended near Hampstead; whence Mr. and madame Garnerin returned to Vauxhall about eleven o'clock, and gratified the numerous company assembled there by their appearance on the promenade.

*Bath, August 8.* Yesterday a shocking accident occurred here:—an elderly lady, who lodged at No 1, Westgate-buildings, a pass that is rendered in-commodious by rebuilding some warehouses opposite, had just been wheeled in a hand-chair to the door, by her two servants; and at the moment when one of them was knocking at the door, and the other looking for a stone to trig the wheel and prevent its running back, the chair got to the edge of the pavement and overturned; when a coal-waggon passing by at the instant, the wheels of it went over the head of the unfortunate lady, and we need not add that she died on the spot. The lady's name is Evans, and she was sister to the rev. Dr. Shepherd, of Oxford.

*Wakefield, August 11.* On Monday H. Ibbetson and his wife were committed to our house of correction, for violently assaulting and wounding E. Berry, their niece, who had been married a few days before.—These ignorant people, having conceived the idea that the young woman had bewitched them, had formed a plan to draw blood from her, in order to dispel the charm; and, meeting with her in the marketplace, they both suddenly assailed her, the woman biting and scratching her, while the husband stabbed her in the body.

*Edinburg, August 11.* Yesterday the election of sixteen peers for Scotland took place at Holyrood-house. The following are the names of the peers chosen, and the numbers for each:

Lord Eglintoun	- - - -	59
— Stair	- - - -	58
— Glasgow	- - - -	58
— Dalhousie	- - - -	57
— Northesk	- - - -	57
— Breadalbane	- - - -	57
— Cassillis	- - - -	57



Lord Balcarras	- - - -	56
— Aboyne	- - - -	56
Marquis Tweeddale	- - - -	54
Lord Strathmore	- - - -	53
— Elgin	- - - -	53
— Cathcart	- - - -	52
— Napier	- - - -	52
— Dumfries	- - - -	51
— Somerville	- - - -	50

There were only two other candidates, *viz.* lord Lauderdale, who had twenty-eight votes; and lord Elphinstone, who had thirty-seven.

Among the peers who voted for the earl of Lauderdale, were his royal highness the prince of Wales, duke of Hamilton, duke of Richmond, marquis of Tweeddale, marquis of Bute, marquis of Abercorn, earl of Buchan, earl of Eglintoun, earl of Cassillis, earl of Galloway, earl of Dalhousie, earl of Dundonald, earl of Breadalbane, earl of Stair, earl of Hindford, lord Semple, lord Torphichen, lord Belhaven, and lord Kinnaird.

All the peers are re-elected, with the exception of lord Torphichen, who is succeeded by lord Balcarras.

Before the election began, the earl of Lauderdale protested against such peers as had been created British peers since the union, 1707; to which protest lord Semple adhered.

The election began about twelve o'clock, and was not terminated till after five in the afternoon. The place of election (the picture-gallery of the palace) was crowded in an unusual manner. A great number of ladies and persons of distinction were present. When the election was concluded, their lordships retired to the Tontine Tavern, where an elegant entertainment was provided, at which his royal highness Monsieur and suite, general Vyse and the staff, and many other persons of distinction, were present. The evening concluded with a ball in the assembly rooms.

*Brighton, August 12.* This morning the brig *Adventure* was brought considerably above low-water-mark, and several gentlemen, appointed by the underwriters to examine her, have discovered that a locker on the larboard side of the cabin was removed, and the lining of the vessel in that place cut away; and in the run of the brig,

as high as the cabin-deck, there is a hole beat out of one of her planks by a maul. Lower down, and about two streaks from the garboard, are several small holes evidently made with an augre. They got at this by means of a small scuttle in the cabin. The captain, on finding the certainty of the brig's being got on shore, made his escape. Mr. D\*\*\*\*, the supercargo, and one of the owners, who came down here since the accident, have both been apprehended and sent to Lewes gaol. The gentlemen who have been sent down by the underwriters do not know the sum for which she was insured; but it is said to be near 10,000*l.* and the value of the cargo is not supposed to amount to half the sum. It also appears that fresh insurances were made so recently as last Saturday.

*London, August 14.* Yesterday a gentleman of the city underwent a private examination before the lord mayor, charged by several underwriters on suspicion of being privy to the loss of a ship lately near Brighton, which was insured for above ten thousand pounds, and of which ship this gentleman was a part owner. Luckily for the underwriters this ship was but lately lost. It is said, now she is got up, she proves to have been scuttled, and not to contain the valuable cargo she was insured for. It is added, that upon making signals of distress, boats immediately came off to give assistance; but they coming sooner than the captain wished, he ordered them to keep off, or he would fire upon them: since that time neither captain nor crew are to be found. Another of the owners is likewise apprehended on suspicion at Lewes.

After a minute investigation, the gentleman was committed to Giltspur-street compter for further examination.

17. Advice was yesterday received in town, of the captain of the ship supposed to have been wilfully sunk at Brighton, being apprehended at Harwich, on board one of the packets, as it was sailing on Sunday for Holland. His name is Codling. The circumstances of his apprehension are thus related in a letter from Harwich, dated August 15:

'This day at noon, during the time the packet-boats were tacking about



to get out of the harbour, for Cuxhaven and Holland, a person arrived express from London, and went to the agent's office to examine the names of the passengers that were entered yesterday to go over; but the name did not appear, which he said was not material, as he knew the man. He brought down with him a warrant, which he got the mayor to back. He then requested the agent to lend him a post-office jack; and if he would go with him, the commanders of the packet-boats would pay more attention to the business. The agent did accompany him in a boat with six oars, and hoisted the colour, which was not noticed for some time after she put off; but just before the packet-boats got out of the harbour, the boat was noticed, and got on board the packet-boat bound for Cuxhaven; but the man was not found there. The boat then went to the packet-boat bound to Holland, and found the man laid down in the bed-place in the cabin; from whence he was taken, put into the boat, brought on shore, and lodged in the gaol till he is sent to London, which will be to-morrow. He proves to be the captain of the brig that was attempted to be scuttled at Brighton, to defraud the underwriters.

### BIRTHS.

*July 26.* The hon. Mrs. Barnard, of a daughter, in Hill-street, Berkley-square.

The lady of lord F. Osborne, of a son, at Gogmagog-hills, near Cambridge.

The lady of John Sperling, esq. of a daughter, in Hertford-street.

Lady Ann Hope, of a son, at Keith-house.

28. Mrs. Arbuthnot, of a daughter, at lord Gwydir's house, Whitehall.

29. The lady of the provost of King's college, Cambridge, of a son and heir.

30. The hon. lady Dallas, of a son, in Upper Harley-street.

The lady of J. H. Stracey, esq. of Upper Harley-street, of a son.

The lady of Mr. Flower, of a son and heir, in North-place, Gray's-inn-lane, Holborn.

*August 1.* The lady of Joseph Estridge, esq. of Duke-street, Portland-place, of a son.

The countess of Shrewsbury, of a son.  
The right hon. lady Charlotte Bailie, of a daughter, at Normanby-hall, Cleveland.

The lady of C. S. Lefevre, esq. M. P. for Reading, of a son.

6. The lady of William Blane, esq. of a daughter, at Watfield-grove.

8. Mrs. Pritchard, of St. James's-street, of a daughter.

The lady of John Geers Cotterell, esq. M. P. for the county of Hereford, of a son, at Garnons, Herefordshire.

The lady of W. Brummell, esq. of a daughter, at Downington-park, Berks.

11. The lady of William Blackett, esq. of a son, in Harley-street.

The lady of George Williams, esq. late major in the 20th reg. of a daughter, at Ranelagh-place, Liverpool.

The marchioness of Winchester, of a son, at Amport-house, Southampton.

14. The lady of John Cary, esq. of a daughter, in Great Ormond-street.

The lady of T. Jenkins, esq. of a son and heir, in Devonshire-street, Portland-place.

The lady of the hon. Hugh Lindsay, of a son, at Hendon.

### MARRIAGES.

*December 30, 1801.* At Siton, in the Isle of Wight, by the rev. John Barwis, captain Taylor, of the 54th regiment of foot, to miss Maria Billinghurst, eldest daughter of George Billinghurst, esq. of the royal navy, and grand-daughter of the late William Billinghurst, esq. of Mitchen-hall, in the county of Surrey.

*July 17.* Colonel Twisden, to miss Dyke, daughter of sir J. Dixon Dyke, bart. of Lullingstone-castle, Kent.

24. Michael Jones, esq. of Lancaster, to miss Etherington, only daughter and heiress of the late Robert Etherington, esq. of Gainsborough.

27. Colonel William Robertson, the younger, of Lude, Scotland, to miss Haldane, daughter of the late George Haldane, esq. of Gleneagles.

28. At Mary-le-bone church, P. S. Levett, esq. to Mrs. S. Dantze, of Upper Berkley-street, Portman-square.

31. Thomas Green, esq. of Turrell's-hall, Essex, to miss Brumhead, of Uffington, Lincolnshire.

*August 5.* William Frederick Baylay, esq.



esq. of Stokelake, Devonshire, to miss Anne Nicholson, third daughter of the late Wm. Nicholson, esq. of Chatham.

7. M. Goolding, esq. Swindon, Wilts, to Mrs. Whipham, late of Bishop's Stortford, Herts.

8. The rev. Richard Burrow Turbutt, rector of Morton, in the county of Derby, to miss Sharpe, only daughter of Benj. Sharpe, esq. banker, Fleet-street, London. At the same time, John Robert Sharpe, esq. of Tibshelf, in the county of Derby, to miss Mary Eliz. Turbutt, one of the daughters of William Turbutt, esq. of Ogston-hall.

12. Arthur Partridge, esq. of the hon. East-India company's service, to miss Barker, of Gracechurch-street.

13. The hon. and rev. Thomas de Grey, second son of lord Walsingham, to miss Elizabeth North, fourth daughter of the hon. and right rev. the lord bishop of Winchester.

14. At Portsmouth, George Burdett, esq. a captain of the royal navy, to miss Whitelocke, daughter of major-general Whitelocke, lieutenant-governor of that garrison.

15. At Great George-street, Hanover-square, by the lord bishop of Lincoln, the most noble Aubrey Beauclerc, duke of St. Alban's, to miss Manners, daughter of lady Louisa Manners, and sister to sir W. Manners.

#### DEATHS.

July 8. At Great Malvern, Alexander Montgomery, esq. of Annick-lodge, brother to the earl of Eglintoun.

20. Ch. Teesdale, esq. late lieutenant-colonel of the Sussex cavalry.

At Binfield, Mrs. Forrest, relict of the late admiral Forrest.

At her house, in Gloucester-place, lady Johnston, wife of sir William Johnston, bart.

The rev. Richard Pitt, late of Grosvenor-street.

24. In Upper Berkeley-street, Portman-square, lieut.-colonel John Blair.

27. At West-ham, Essex, Mrs. Eliz. Story, widow of John Story, esq.

At Sotterley-hall, Suffolk, Mrs. Barne, relict of Miles Barne, esq.

28. In Upper Grosvenor-street, her grace Mary Anne duchess dowager of Somerset, widow of the late and mother of the present duke.

29. Thomas Ellis, esq. of Palatine-house, Stoke-Newington, aged 90.

At Peterborough, Mrs. Desborough, the lady of lieutenant-colonel Desborough, of the royal marines.

At his house, on the New-road, near Durdham-downs, Bristol, Mr. Richards, formerly leader of the bands at the Opera-house, and Drury-lane theatre.

In her 75th year, Mrs. Smith, of Colebrook-row, Islington.

Mrs. Reid, lady of Andrew Reid, esq. of Cleveland-row, St. James's.

August 4. Charles count Lockhart, son of the late general count Lockhart, of the Roman empire, distinguished for his bravery in the Imperial service.

At his house, in Delahay-street, Westminster, John Hughes, esq.

At Islington, Mr. Charles Moorhouse, upwards of 40 years one of the clerks of the Bank of England.

At Bath, Mrs. Woodhouse, in the 77th year of her age.

5. At Kensington, after an illness of two months, earl Grosvenor. He was the son of sir Robert Grosvenor, and the first peer of his family, being raised to that rank in 1761. He was created an earl by Mr. Pitt in 1784. He was born in June 1731, and married, in 1764, Henrietta, daughter of Thomas Vernon, by his wife, daughter of the earl of Strafford.

At Rotherham, Mr. Wilkinson, corn-merchant : alighting from his gig, on the preceding Friday, he unfortunately broke his leg; a mortification followed, and in three days he was a corpse.

8. At his house, Percy-street, Bedford-square, George Stovin, esq.

S. C. Brown, esq. second clerk comptroller's department, Stamp-office.

9. Mr. Richards, of Holborn-hill, father of the Stationers' company.

In London, Wm. Witham, esq. of Cliff, Yorkshire.

10. Miss Frances Martin, youngest daughter of sir Mordaunt Martin, of Burnham, in Norfolk.

Mrs. Platt, widow of the late John Platt, esq. of Cornhill.

At West-place, Surrey, miss Dallas, eldest daughter of R. C. Dallas, esq.

At his house at Knightsbridge, Mr. Lewes, the oldest bookseller in London.

Mrs. Hannah Baudin, wife of captain Baudin, of the Strand.