

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

APPROPRIATED
 SOLELY TO THEIR USE AND AMUSEMENT.

FOR AUGUST, 1800.

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This Number is embellished with the following Copper-Plates:

- 1 THE LOST CHILD.
- 2 A COLOURED PLATE OF THE LATEST FASHIONABLE PARIS DRESS.
- 3 CHINESE BONNET.—FAIR MONKEY.
- 4 A NEW PATTERN FOR AN HANDKERCHIEF OR APRON, &c.
- 5 VIRTUE—One of Mr. Handel's beautiful Italian Songs, adapted to English Words.

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Where Favours from Correspondents continue to be received.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

THE contribution of Periclitator is under consideration. We wish the author had more carefully revised it.

W. H. must apply for the *tune* of Crazy Jane to the music-shops, whose *property* it is.

The Essay by Horatio is of too political a nature.

The extracts recommended by Eugenia shall be inserted the first opportunity.

J. H. Prince's poetical communications are received ; as are the Lines and Acrostic by Eliza—Verses to a Young Lady on her Birth-day, by J. L.—Ode to a Goldfinch—Impromptu by C. C.—Epitaph by J. W.—Charades by B.

Engraved for the Lady's Magazine.



The Lost Child.

THE
LADY'S MAGAZINE,

FOR
AUGUST, 1800.

THE LOST CHILD;
A TALE.

(With an elegant Engraving.)

AS Mr. Pelham, a gentleman of good fortune in the North of England, was one day riding out at the distance of a few miles from his manor-house, he perceived a gypsy-woman leading a little child of about two years of age; which, by its dress and appearance, was evidently born of parents of a very different rank in life. Suspecting, therefore, as he naturally must, that the woman had inveigled away the child for some base purposes, he immediately dismounted from his horse, and, seizing the gypsy, insisted on her telling him whose the child was, and how she had procured him. The woman owned that the child was not hers; but declared that she had not enticed it from its home; but had found it wandering in the fields, and had taken it by the hand with an intent to discover and restore it to its parents. Little satisfied with this answer, Mr. Pelham took both her and the child home with him, and, as he was in the commission of the peace, committed her to a place of confinement, till further inquiry could be made.

For several days all Mr. Pelham's attempts to discover whence the

child had wandered; or been decoyed, were without success. At length, walking out early one fine morning, as was frequently his custom, and rambling to a considerable distance from his house, his attention was arrested by a young lady of a most pleasing countenance and elegant figure, who was walking with a very pensive air in some pleasure-grounds, adjoining to a large house in the vicinity, occupied by a widow lady and her family, who had lately come to reside in that neighbourhood. Mr. Pelham accosted her with politeness; and, after a few observations on the fineness of the morning, and the beauties of the surrounding scene, entering into more intimate conversation, learned from her that she was the daughter of lady Allerton, who, having lost her husband, Sir Francis Allerton, somewhat more than two years before, had resolved to leave every place in which she had lived with him and could remind her of him, and had purchased a house, which, as it was then within view, she pointed out. Here, she said, her mother resided, with herself, her elder sister, and, till within these few days, a lovely little

little boy, who, within the last week, had, as was supposed, fallen into a river which ran near the house, and was drowned. Several persons had been employed to search for the body, but as yet it had not been found. This she said, and tears started into her brilliant eyes as she said it, had rent her very heart with grief; and the more as her mother, who doated on the child, appeared to be on the verge of distraction.

The beauty of the delicate Laura, her unaffected and exquisite sensibility, the pearly drops that stood in her expressive eyes, the tone of sincere sorrow in which she spoke, made a very forcible impression on Mr. Pelham, and awoke in his heart the tenderest sympathy, which soon ripened into ardent love. He exhorted her not to despair; declared it to be his firm opinion that the child was not drowned; and, having made very minute inquiries relative to his age, appearance, and the dress he had on when he was lost, concluded by telling her, that he fully believed it was in his power to restore to her her brother. The joy which glistened in her eye, mingled with the fear of disappointment, at this intimation, added a new and powerful charm to her lovely features, and most sensibly did Mr. Pelham feel its effect. He now related his adventure with the gipsy-woman, and described the child he had taken from her, and who was now at his house. It was then agreed that Mr. Pelham should return home and bring the child without delay, while the young lady prepared her mother for his reception.

In the afternoon, Mr. Pelham, according to appointment, brought the little boy, whom the good and beautiful Laura immediately acknowledged as her brother, by snatching him to her arms, and

half devouring him with her kisses. The good news was then made known to the mother, but gradually, and with every precaution to prevent any harsh effects from the sudden transition from grief to unexpected joy. The happiness of the scene is not to be described. The mother, in a kind of ecstasy of joy, caressed the child; the child, with the most artless and innocent expressions of delight, received the caresses of the mother; Laura surveyed both with a countenance in which all the finer emotions of the soul were strongly depicted; and Mr. Pelham gazed on Laura with equal admiration and love.

At this moment entered another branch of the family, whom we have as yet scarcely mentioned,—miss *Jemima Allerton*, the elder sister of *Laura*, with her grave suitor, *Mr. Ormond*. Miss *Jemima* could not boast the beauty of *Laura*; there was rather somewhat repugnant in her appearance; still less did she possess her delicacy and disinterested feeling. Her own advantage, what might bestow on her wealth, or gratify her vanity, alone attracted her regard. *Mr. Ormond*, who had for some time paid his addresses to her, was her counterpart in this respect; he had chosen her for the object of his tender attention, not because she was handsomer or more engaging in her disposition than her sister, but because she had an independent fortune of twenty thousand pounds, left her by a near relation, which her sister had not; and because she showed on every occasion the most zealous attention to her own interest, a quality which he rightly presumed would be very serviceable to him in the accumulation of wealth, the object to which his heart was devoted. So invariably, in fact, were all her views directed towards her interest, and all her passions

passions governed by it, that, from the very birth of her little brother George, who was born after the death of her father, the innocent child was almost the object of her hatred, because, being a son, he would become entitled to that estate which would otherwise have been shared between her and her sister. When he was, therefore, supposed to be drowned, the expectation of a considerable increase of fortune nearly stifled the feeble emotions of natural affection; and her disappointment at finding that he was alive, and restored to the family, was but ill-concealed by the cold caresses and counterfeited pleasure with which she affected to welcome him. Mr. Pelham noticed the difference of her manner, from the generous feelings of her sister, with some surprise, and was much at a loss to account for it, till some observations that fell from Mr. Ormond, who appeared still more cold, and still more disappointed, furnished him with a clue at least to conjecture the cause. That gentleman, after having heard the account in what manner the child was found and restored, gravely remarked, that had he continued among the gypsies, and led his life either with them or any other low situation, he might have been as happy as in the more elevated rank to which he was born, since he was too young to know any thing of the fortune to which he was heir; whereas those to whom that fortune would have devolved, being of mature age, must be much more sensible of the diminution of their expectancies, by the claims which the partial law of inheritance gave to him.

Mr. Pelham made no reply to this humane insinuation; but, to soothe the feelings it inspired, turned his eyes on the amiable and delicate Laura. He soon after found an op-

portunity to avow the passion which he sincerely felt: she listened, approved, and loved in return. They were married and transcendently happy in mutual affection, Mr. Ormond and Miss Jemima were likewise married. True to their ruling passion, they accumulated great wealth, and suffered all the pains of still-increasing avarice and consuming care.

On SHYNESS.

(By the late Dr. Horne, Bishop of Norwich.)

MR. LOVEDAY used to style Shyness the *English madness*. If indulged, it may be the cause of madness, by driving men to shun company, and live in solitude, which few heads are strong enough to bear,—none, if it be joined with idleness. Or it may be the effect of madness, which is misanthropic and malignant. Some say pride is always at the bottom. You do not like company; you are uneasy in it;—why? You are conscious of some infirmity which disqualifies you from shining and making that figure you wish to do. Others excel you in breeding, conversation, and the arts of pleasing. You feel self-abasement and vexation at being thus abashed and kept under; you fly from the scene of torment, hating your tormentors, and abusing them either to yourself, or in society of an inferior sort, among those who will join you, having perhaps suffered the same or worse; and so you relieve and comfort one another.—All this, I am afraid, is too true. An Englishman is upon the reserve, according to Mrs. Pi-ozzi, by way of security, lest he should say something open to the censure and ridicule of others, and so his character should suffer. This is upon the same principle; and so, if he cannot say something fine and witty,

witty, and worthy of himself, he sits sullen, and says nothing. Thus a whole company among us is often silent for a considerable time together, till they wish themselves and one another further!

ACCOUNT of the NEW COMIC OPERA, called WHAT A BLUNDER! performed for the first time at the Theatre Royal, in the Hay-market, on Thursday, Aug. 14.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Dashington,	Mr. Fawcett.
Sir Sturdy O'Tremor. ...	Mr. Johnstone.
Count Alphonso d'Es- parza,	} Mr. Holman:
Don Miguel de Lara. ...	
Lopez,	Mr. Suett.
Lopez,	Mr. Farley.
Juan,	Mr. Emery.
Patrick,	Mr. Chippendale.
Captain of the Banditti, ..	Mr. Sawyer.
1st Robber,	Mr. Caulfield.
2d ditto,	Mr. J. Palmer.
1st Friar,	Mr. Abbot.
Angelina,	Miss De Camp.
Leonora,	Mrs. Mountain.
Jaqueline,	Miss Wheatly.
Violetta,	Miss Menage.
Nuns, Friars, Banditti, Officers of Inquisition, &c.	

FABLE.

THE scene lies in Valencia. Count Alphonso having been separated from his wife by unavoidable circumstances, falls into company with Dashington, a young English officer, of a lively spirited character. Dashington becomes acquainted with a lady at Madrid, whom he understands to be Angelina, the wife of Alphonso. Dashington, elated with youthful vanity, tells Alphonso, to whom he is nearly a stranger, of his having made an appointment with this lady, and Alphonso, conceiving her to be his wife, challenges him, and a contest ensues. Dashington is wounded, but soon recovers; and Alphonso, sick of the world, in consequence of the supposed misconduct of his wife, retires from it. His wife, ignorant of his suspicions, and miserable on account of his absence,

wanders in pursuit of him, and is taken by a banditti, who confine her in a cavern. Dashington, with the generosity natural to his character, assumes the disguise of a friar, in order to rescue from a convent, Jaqueline, the mistress of his friend, Sir Sturdy O'Tremor, an Irish officer, who, though in the vigour of health, yet, in consequence of being deprived of his mistress, fancies he is the victim of all possible disorders; and that he is dropping into his grave. Dashington plays upon the vanity of Juan, gardener of the convent in which Jaqueline is confined, and induces him to open the gates. O'Tremor, who is at hand, passes the gate, and escapes with Jaqueline, while Dashington is treating Juan with a cordial drop, and amusing him with a pretended admiration of the garden: Juan, however, discovers the artifice, and, raising an out-cry, Dashington is secured and brought before one of the judges of the inquisition, who orders him to be kept in a dungeon till the tribunal shall determine what punishment he shall suffer. Juan is left to guard Dashington in the dungeon. The banditti who have seized Angelina get Jaqueline also into their possession. This banditti get by a secret passage into the prison, with a design of robbing the house belonging to Don Miguel, the judge, and of murdering him. When they enter the prison, they find Dashington in the habit of a culprit destined to an *auto-da-fé*. The banditti propose to make Dashington a confederate, if he will assist in the murder of Don Miguel, a proposal at which he shudders with horror, notwithstanding the dreadful fate which awaits him, and, in order to frustrate their barbarous intention, he gives the alarm, but is huddled by the villains through the secret door just as Juan approaches. Juan is seized with terror, conceiving that

that Dashington had been taken away by a legion of devils. Don Miguel, however, suspects that he has connived at the escape of Dashington, and therefore dooms him to confinement. Dashington is taken by the robbers into their cave, where he meets with Jaquelina, the mistress of his friend O'Tremor. Jaquelina, finding that there is no possibility of escape from the cavern, except by the passage back into the prison, persuades Dashington to return with her, alleging that he has less to fear from the judge than from the robbers. Dashington assents, and gets back to the prison, from which he is released by the judge, who is in reality a benevolent man, and who holds his station in the inquisition to prevent it from being occupied by somebody less disposed to mercy than himself. Angelina, who had also escaped from the subterraneous abode of the robbers, is overcome by the violence of a storm in a lonely place, where she vents her agonies, and is heard by Alphonso, who, though he had endeavoured to steel his heart against the impulse of humanity, cannot hear an unprotected woman complain without rendering her assistance. Darkness prevents him from knowing who she is, and he bears her, fainting with grief and fatigue, into his secluded dwelling.—On her recovery, they of course are known to each other. Angelina manifests the most joyful surprise at the sight of her husband; but he, persuaded of her disloyalty, rejects her with disdain, and leaves her.—She follows him, and meets O'Tremor, who places her under the protection of Dashington, while he himself goes in pursuit of Jaquelina. Alphonso enters, and seeing his wife with Dashington, the object of his suspicion, draws his sword, and they are going to fight, when Leo-

nora, the sister of Angelina, who had received the visits of Dashington at Alphonso's house, enters, and explains matters, so as to prove that Dashington had supposed her name to be Angelina, and, under that delusion, had excited the jealousy of Alphonso, by mentioning his assignation with her. Alphonso, of course, is convinced of his error, and is reconciled to his wife. Don Miguel, the guardian of Leonora, and the father of Jaquelina, allots the one to O'Tremor, and the latter to Dashington, and the piece terminates with the general happiness.

From this account of the fable it is evident that it is much better fitted for a serious play than for a comic opera. It is calculated to interest the feelings, and is relieved by several incidents of a comic description; but it seems obvious that Mr. Holman, to whom the piece is ascribed, has been more intent upon bringing forward an amusing vehicle for music than upon producing a regular drama, and in this respect he has succeeded; but not to such an extent as in his opera of *Abroad and at Home*. The character of Dashington is designed and kept up with spirit. The chief attempt at novelty seems to be in the character of O'Tremor, an Herculean Hibernian, who fancies himself ill while he is in the vigour of life. Some pleasantry arises from this character, but much more would doubtless be made of it if the author had not rendered his piece in a great degree subservient to the music. The examination of Dashington by the judge is a humorous scene, and there are several sportive sallies, as well as many vigorous conceptions, dispersed through the composition, which, if it does not on the whole increase the dramatic reputation of Mr. Holman, certainly does not lessen it.

PARISIAN FASHIONS.

(With an Engraving elegantly coloured.)

STRAW HAT.—SALTIER.

NOTHING is now so elegant as a straw hat: they are worn either ornamented with the flower called *convolvulus*, or coloured like a shell, with a green or violet volute; or with open work, thick-set with points of plaited straw (as represented in the engraving), or trimmed round the edge with ribbon, and ornamented with an *aigrette de Sparterie*. The plumes which were used to imitate the down of certain flowers are now applied in a manner extremely ingenious, so as to have the appearance of butterflies. Ribbons are worn either clouded or striped, the latter are *nankeen*. The neck-kerchief, called *fichu-chemise*, has given place to the common handkerchief: it is worn of silk striped, or having white flowers on a red ground.

We see many robes of sky-blue crape, black crape, and red-poppy crape. Those of black crape have a jet-black trimming. For morning dresses, linen gowns, in large diamonds or squares, are fashionable. The custom is almost general to wear the ends of the sleeves white, with robes of various colours. The white apron is become an article of dress.

The hot weather has introduced the use of veils, which are worn very long, of simple muslin, or with a rich English or Mechlin lace.

Long gloves, which reach above the elbow, are not yet laid aside.

The medallions, called *breviaires*, and the chains from their crossing, called *saltiers* (See the plate), are much worn: some medallions are made shaped like the bags, called *ridicules*. The latter are of the lozenge or hexagon shape, with a small tassel at each angle.

After having buttoned their robes

behind, from top to bottom, a few *élégantes* have conceived the whimsical idea of placing buttons before upon the handkerchief. This fashion is more of whim, like that of long sleeves, bound with six or seven bracelets, parallel to each other. The Gingham robes, silk-handkerchiefs, and shawls, are almost all striped in large diamonds. White aprons are very much worn, some trimmed with lace, and some edged with white *cornette*. In the plain silks, jonquil is the most prevailing colour. Spencers are also very much worn, with two very long points before, like those of an handkerchief, with tassels at the ends. Fringe is in almost general use. The bags called *ridicules* are always trimmed with it.

The GRECIAN DRESS.

THE caps appropriate to this fashionable dress are of an oblong shape, like the straw hats, ornamented with flowers, generally fancy ones. We see a few hats of pistachio green, and others sea-green. They have commonly sides; those of the present day are in imitation of a fish's shell. Most of our *élégantes* continue the fashion of dressing in their hair, the rest prefer the peasant bonnets. The ordinary colours for ribbons are green and violet, yellow and violet, amaranthus and violet. Plain white ribbons are also very much worn; their bows are formed with very long detached points.

The newest fashion is a blue tunic, the bottom cut in deep points, terminated with tassels, and trimmed with yellow; the gloves reaching almost up to the shoulder, tasselled and pointed. The petticoat is trimmed with a large border of the same design as the tunic. Almost all the slippers are trimmed with a narrow, coloured, silk edging, in imitation of Etruscan ornaments.

Engraved for the Ladies Magazine



PARIS DRESS
Straw Hat and Saltier

H. Mosley, sc.

THE MORAL ZOOLOGIST.

(Continued from page 368.)

LETTER XI.

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

FROM the vivacious qualities of the feline, or cat race, your ladyship must direct your contemplative inquiries to those which distinguish the bear genus: the characteristic marks of which are, six cutting, and two canine teeth in each jaw; five toes on the fore, and five on the hind feet, and the circumstance of resting on the latter, when they walk, as far as the heel.

There is no animal so familiarly known as the bear, respecting the accounts of which natural historians have so materially differed, which appears to have arisen from their not having properly distinguished the several species; as the land bears (which should be divided into the classes of brown and black), differ very essentially from the sea or polar bear; therefore require a separate and distinct investigation.

The Alps, and their vicinage, abound with brown or red bears, where the black kind is very rarely found, as the latter chiefly range in the forests of the northern regions of Europe, Asia, and America. The brown bear has a carnivorous appetite, and is of a savage nature; as the males will eat their own offspring; but the black bear is only wild, and is averse to animal food: this species, in their several varieties, are found in desert and woody situations, but not in populous nations or cultivated countries.

The bear is of a robust, uncouth form, has a long head, small eyes, short round ears, very short tail, body covered with long shaggy hair of various colours, the largest kind being of a rusty brown hue; the

smallest Russian kind black mixed with white hairs; and some, rarely found in Tartary, uniformly white. The legs of the bear are fleshy, and, in their formation, in some degree resemble those of the human species: on the soles of their feet there are small papillary glands, from whence issue a milky unction, which accounts for these animals sucking their paws during their winter retreat. This animal has an exquisite sense of hearing, seeing, and feeling, and, from the peculiar construction of his nose, has an acute perception of scents. The bear is not only of a savage, but of a solitary nature, as he shuns the human species, and seeks his abode in some dark recess, cliff of rocks, or cavern, whither he retires, and subsists the greatest part of the winter without provisions, as he is so very fat at the period he secludes himself, (which is usually about autumn) that the redundancy of his natural grease enables him to sustain a long abstinence, and, by the force of instinct, when that resource of sustenance fails, he quits his den in search of food.

The male and female of this species dwell in separate retreats, and, when they cannot find a convenient recess for their abode, form an habitation with the branches of trees, which they so ingeniously compact as to exclude water. The females produce from one to five young ones at a litter: it is an erroneous opinion, that the cubs are not perfectly formed when they are brought forth, which is usually in winter; the she-bear rears her young with great attention and tenderness, and for their reception prepares a bed of moss and herbs at the bottom of her cavern.

The voice of the bear resembles a sonorous murmuring; notwithstanding he is very susceptible, and subject to, furious anger; when tamed, he is not only tractable, but obedient to his master. When taken young he is capable of being taught

to walk on his hinder legs, and seems to have an ear for music, to the different notes of which he appears to adopt his gesticulations. In Norway; Sweden, and Poland, they chase the bear for the joint purposes of pleasure and profit; as the skin is an useful and valuable fur, and the fat that is extracted from the body is of a medicinal quality, and bears a great price.

The size of bears is various, the dimensions of some have been ascertained to be seven feet from nose to tail; notwithstanding this species is of a cumbersome make, they can climb trees with great facility, and usually reside in them when they do not dwell in caverns. The fat with which these animals abounds renders them light, and consequently qualified for swimming; the flesh of the bear is very good to eat, particularly the paws, and the cubs are esteemed delicate fare.

The brown bears will sometimes devour cattle, and eat carrion, but in general subsist on roots, fruits, and vegetables, and commit great depredations in cultivated grounds stored with pease or oats, the latter of which they separate from the straw, and with dexterity take the former out of the husks; they are also very fond of honey. Bears are very formidable when they are irritated, and frequently kill the hunters when they fail in mortally wounding them; they also martially encounter their own species, and seem averse to intercourse with any but those with whom they have been trained from their infancy; but when they form an attachment, the impression is so permanent, the surviving paramour will not yoke with another mate.

THE AMERICAN BLACK BEAR.

This animal forms a distinct variety from the former kind, as they are on a smaller scale, their noses long and pointed, and of a yellow-

ish brown hue; the hair on the body and limbs of a blacker cast, and more smooth and glossy texture than the European kind. The same animals exist in Kamtschatka, in which regions they will bite the natives, but not devour them, as they reject animal food, and subsist entirely on vegetables, and are very desirous of obtaining maize or potatoes: they are cowardly, and never attack the human species unless they are provoked, or to defend their young. Bears, when they are displeased, strike their fore feet to the ground like a cat; and, when they assault, usually seize their adversary with their paws, and, by pressing him against their breast with great force, deprive him of life.

What a striking contrast there appears between the cat and bear genus! yet in the latter we see a degree of torpid ferocity, with a comparative application to many members of the human race; as there is no quality in the brute tribe which has not its counter representative in the comprehensive faculties of the soul; which your ladyship will clearly perceive, when you take an excursive survey of mankind. In some individuals we can trace the lawless rapacity of the tiger; in others, the brutal ferocity of the bear; yet in all, the attributes of the Almighty. I must avoid being prolix and diffuse in my reflections, and therefore, without further delay, shall proceed to give your ladyship an idea of

THE POLAR BEAR.

This animal has a long head and neck, and a skull of an extraordinary degree of thickness; short round ears; the tip of its nose black; its teeth very large; its hair long, and of a soft texture and white hue, in some parts inclining to yellow; its limbs are of a great size, and endued with a prodigious strength; this animal grows to an amazing magnitude,

magnitude, some measuring 13 feet in length. This species are native inhabitants of the most northern countries, and are chiefly found on the shores of Hudson's Bay, Greenland, and Spitzbergen, Nova Zembla, and on the Siberian coast; but are never seen far from the sea, unless by chance they stray to the interior part of the country.

This animal has often been regarded as amphibious, and from hence has been denominated the sea bear, or the bear of the Frozen Sea: it feeds on fishes; and it is probable this kind of sustenance is more the effect of necessity than choice, as the desert region it inhabits produces neither grain or vegetables, consequently the polar bear is obliged to eat the food the sea affords, which is in fact more like flesh than fish, as it chiefly consists of the carcasses of whales, walruses, and seals; therefore, it is not improbable the common bear would have recourse to the same refreshment, if he were urged by the pressing call of unsatisfied hunger, as that animal has an appetite for any kind of food that presents itself. It is clearly proved, that the polar bear never goes to the sea in quest of aliment, when he can find prey on land by seizing rein-deer, or other animals; and even is so ferocious as to attack the human species, and to tear dead bodies out of their graves. These animals usually take up their residence on floating islands of ice, which are numerous in the frigid regions they infest; and, when the genial effects of the spring season detach those congealed substances, they often perish in the sea: when this general thaw takes place, many are cast on shore, and, from the extremes of hunger they experience, become formidable by devouring every object that approaches them. It is an erroneous opinion that these

animals are amphibious; as, notwithstanding they can swim and dive with great dexterity, they cannot extend their migrations to any great distance, or remain long under water, therefore are pursued by men in boats till they are exhausted, and by that means are taken. The polar bear differs from the common kind by having its head and neck much longer; its feet also are similar to those of a dog, which animal it resembles by making a noise very like barking; in consequence of their carnivorous appetite, they are fatter than the common kind, and their grease resembles that produced by the whale; their flesh is white, and is reported to taste like mutton, and the skin is covered with a warm, durable, and useful fur. The polar bear is more hostile to the seal than to any other sea-inhabitant; as the walruses pierce him with their tusks, and the whale overwhelms him, from a natural antipathy caused by his devouring her young. The female of this species has generally two young ones at a birth: there is a remarkable degree of affection subsisting between the parents and offspring; insomuch, that they would rather die than forsake each other, which undoubtedly is an amiable trait in their character, and evidently proves that even ferocity, within certain limits, does not extinguish, or exclude, the tender emotions of social attachment, and reciprocal good-will.

THE WOLVERINE.

The term quickhatch and wolverine has often been synonymously used for the same animal: this species have a sharp-pointed visage, short round ears, nearly concealed in the fur; the hairs on the head, back, and belly, reddish, with black tips, which, at first sight, gives the whole a black appearance; the sides

are of a yellowish-brown hue, which forms a band over the hinder part of the back above the tail; on the throat there is a white spot, on the breast a white semicircular mark; the legs are very strong, thick, short, and of a black hue, with five toes on each foot, not very deeply digitated; the soles of the feet are covered very thickly with hair; rests like the bear on the foot as far as the heel; the claws are strong and sharp, and white at the extremity; the tail clothed with long coarse hairs, those at the base reddish, and at the extremity black; length from nose to tail twenty-eight inches; the solid part of the tail seven inches long, beyond which the hairs considerably extend: the whole body is covered with long thick hair, which varies in colour according to the season.

This animal inhabits Hudson's Bay and Canada: it is exceedingly voracious, but slow in its motions; therefore seizes its prey rather by surprise than pursuit. In the American regions it is denominated the beaver-eater, from the ravages it causes amongst those animals, as it watches their motions, and even obtrudes into their dwellings to destroy them. It is also hostile to the wolf and bear; but is not eaten by those animals, from the fœtid smell it diffuses in an animated, as well as in its defunct state. The wolverine burrows, and forms a subterraneous den; it frequently conceals itself in the trees, and from thence darts on its prey, on which it fastens till the unfortunate victims are exhausted: it usually walks with its back arched; and, in its manner and propensities, is of a fierce and untameable quality.

THE GLUTTON.

The name of this animal unquestionably implies that he is of a carni-

vorous, ferocious nature; he is a native inhabitant of the most northern regions of Europe and Asia, such as Lapland, Siberia, and Kamtschatka. The glutton has a round head; thick blunt nose; short ears; large limbs; straight back, marked the whole length with a tawny stripe; short tail, and very thickly clothed with hair; according to some naturalists, five toes on each foot; and by the testimony of others only four, very thickly covered with hair. The fur of this animal is very beautiful, as it is of a fine black hue, of a very glossy texture, and damasked or watered like silk; but in some individuals varies, by being of a brownish cast; and those of Kamtschatka, incline to a white and yellowish colour: these furs are so highly esteemed by the superstitious inhabitants of those parts, that they imagine the celestial beings are clad in no other kind of garments.

The glutton cannot run, and even walks slow; but these imperfections he amply supplies by wily craft, as he lies in wait for animals by climbing trees, from whence he springs, in order to seize elks, rein-deer, &c. on whom he fixes so firmly, they cannot evade his grasp: he therefore sucks the blood of these victims till his sanguinary thirst is satiated, and by degrees devours the whole animal. It is astonishing what a large quantity of animal food these animals require for their sustenance, insomuch, they have obtained the appellation of quadruped vultures. Their rage for prey in some degree is prevented being extensively put into execution from their natural inability to pursue with speed: the only animal they can overtake is the beaver, but even he can evade their rapacious endeavours by taking to the water. When he is destitute of other food, he seizes fishes, and even dis-inters dead bodies, on which

which he regales with rapacious avidity. As the glutton, like more animals that live in desert regions, suffers little molestation from the human species or noxious animals, he appears to have but slight instinctive impressions of self-preservation, as he easily falls into snares prepared for his destruction, without manifesting the least degree of apprehension or plan for escape: thus he rests in security, rather from the imbecillity of the animals that surround him, than by any superior inherent qualities. The arctic fox, or dog, though considerably weaker, serves him for a provider; therefore the glutton follows that animal, and is said to seize the victims he points out; as the arctic dog, or isatis, flees dismayed. The more courageous of the canine race are afraid to encounter the glutton, because his claws wound desperately; but as he cannot evade the hunter's pursuit by flight, he is easily taken. As the quality of his flesh is very bad, he is only chased on account of his beautiful fur, which is reported to reflect such a fine lustre, as to have the appearance of damask.

THE RACCOON.

The racoon, in the dimensions and form of its body, is very similar to a small badger: its body is thick and short; and its hair long and shaggy, grey underneath, and black at the points; its head nearly resembles that of a fox, except in the ears, which are round, and much shorter; the eyes of this animal are large, and of a yellow greenish hue; a black band runs across above the eyes; its muzzle is slender; its nose in a small degree, turned up; the upper lip projects beyond the under one; its tail is long and bushy, annulated with black and white; the fore legs are much shorter than the

hind, and on each foot there are five toes defended with sharp strong claws; the racoon rests so much on its heel, it can raise and support itself in a position inclining to bend forwards. He uses his fore feet as the means of conveying his food to his mouth, and, as they are not flexible, he employs both to take what is given to him. Though he is of a short thick make, he is very agile, and, by the aid of his claws, which are very sharp, he climbs trees with great ease and expedition: his movements are very irregular, and chiefly consist in leaps. This animal varies in colour, and is a native inhabitant of the warm and temperate American regions, and is frequently found in Jamaica, where he dwells in the mountains, from the heights of which he migrates to eat the sugar canes: he is never seen in the northern parts of the new continent, notwithstanding he can endure extreme cold.

The racoon, when he is not pressed by extreme hunger, soaks his food in water; he is eager in the search of sustenance, and indiscriminately seizes flesh, fish, fowl, eggs, grain, and every kind of vegetable, but always rejects fruit; he also devours all kinds of insects, and, when at liberty in a garden, takes great delight in hunting spiders, worms, snails, and grasshoppers: when he cannot obtain the food most congenial to his taste, he appears perfectly content with sugar, milk, and other soft kinds of sustenance; he also loves strong liquors. The racoon is remarkably cleanly in his nature; he appears also to be of a docile, affectionate disposition, which he manifests by frequently leaping on those to whom he is attached. He is very inquisitive, and almost perpetually in motion; and in his common habitudes is very similar to the mahis, or maucauco tribe.

Your

Your ladyship will perceive that the racoon forms the shade between the bear genus, and that of the badger, which is the next class of animals in the systematic arrangement of the quadruped tribes. I flatter myself their varied qualities will prove an agreeable variety, and prevent that similarity of ideas which must ever arise from the contemplation of objects endued with kindred qualities. When we survey the lion, how different our perceptions must be to those we experience on the prospect of the sloth,—as the one fills the highest, the other the lowest class of brute existence! In the bear genus, there appears evidently displayed the effects of savage nature, unaided by vivacious qualities, and of brutal ferocity, devoid of natural graces, or any endearing property: thus will it ever prove when appetite is the only impulse, and self-gratification the leading pursuit and main object in view. To human beings, who can extend their prospects and hopes beyond this terrestrial horizon, or the limited boundaries of time, how disgraceful must passions and inclinations congenial to these appear! Yet that too many are under their influence is, I doubt not, subject of regret to your ladyship, as well as to your ever affectionate

EUGENIA.

(*To be continued.*)

BETHLEM-GABOR.

THE character of this restless and ungrateful man has been lately introduced by Mr. Godwin in his singular romance of "The Travels of St. Leon." It is certainly one of the happiest efforts of that work, and must interest the reader in the real character with which history presents us.

Bethlem-Gabor was a Transylvanian of an ancient, but impover-

ished family, who gained the favour of Gabriel Battori, prince of Transylvania. Having, as a restless adventurer, quitted this court for that of Constantinople, he acquired such credit among the Turks, as to induce them to declare war against his first and kindest benefactor, Battori, who, lost by intrigue, and abandoned by his subjects and the emperor, was vanquished in 1613. Bethlem-Gabor took several places in Hungary; and compelling a pacha to invest him with Transylvania, he declared himself king of Hungary. In 1620, the emperor marched some troops against him; but his general, Buequoi, was killed. Bethlem-Gabor, though now a conqueror, dreaded the imperial power, and solicited peace, which he obtained, on condition of renouncing the title of king of Hungary, and that he should only take that of a prince of the empire. The emperor, who was not, on his side, a little troubled by so restless and intrepid a subject, was willing to acknowledge this rebel as sovereign of Transylvania, and to cede to him seven counties, of about fifty leagues in circumference. But nothing could appease the fire raging in the bosom of Gabor.—He soon after revived his claims on Hungary. Walstein vanquished him, and the war was at length concluded by a treaty, which made over Transylvania, and the adjacent territories, to the house of Austria, after the death of Gabor, which happened in 1629.

A DETACHED THOUGHT.

AFFECTATION is the bane of every thing. An honest plain downright blockhead, supposing him at the same time good-natured, may not only be a useful but an agreeable creature. But when a blockhead is seized with the wit of a fine gentleman, what shall we say?

EMILY

EMILY VERONNE.

(Continued from p. 247).

THE good old man, ever ready to assist the unfortunate, immediately procured a light, and hastened to the spot pointed out by the servant: Emily, alike assiduous in a cause of humanity, ran to see if her assistance was required. When she arrived, she found the unhappy sufferer raised up, but to all appearance nearly lifeless, almost covered with blood and dirt, so that his features were scarcely distinguishable: The old woman, with the assistance of one or two of her neighbours, washed the gravel and mire off his face, when they discovered a contusion in his forehead, which they carefully bound up to prevent bleeding; but his faculties had received such a severe shock, either from the fall, or the hurt he had sustained on his head, that he appeared quite insensible, not noticing or speaking to any one. During the confusion, the servant, apprehensive of his master's danger, set off full speed for a surgeon, who soon arrived, and pronounced him in a very dangerous state; at the same time giving strict orders for his being kept very still; and that no more persons than were absolutely necessary to attend him should enter his room.

After taking a medicine the surgeon gave him, he, in some small degree, revived, and, turning his eyes around the room, as if in search of some particular person, in tremulous broken accents requested them to desire his servant to be diligent in his inquiries. He could utter no more; neither did they attempt to gain any elucidation; but the surgeon, on his return, meeting his servant, related what his master had said. He required no further orders or explanation; but, notwith-

standing the lateness of the hour, set off for London, without informing the surgeon what was his motive. The old woman watched by her patient with unremitting care and attention during the night; but all her assiduity was of no avail, for when the surgeon came in the morning, he found him worse; and so much so, that his life was despaired of. After administering what was proper, and desiring a repetition as circumstances required, again repeating his former injunction, that the sick man should be kept perfectly quiet, he departed with little hope of his recovery.

For some hours he continued fluctuating on the very verge of eternity; but, instead of death terminating his sufferings, he suddenly became tranquil, and at intervals exhibited some faint dawnings of returning reason. Thus he continued the following day, often exclaiming, —“ Ah! my Emily! where are you? By what cruel machinations am I deprived of your society, when I so much require it?” This circumstance the old woman related minutely to Emily, adding, she was certain he was some relation of her's, and wished her to be convinced of the truth of her assertion, by seeing him. But this Emily would on no condition whatever consent to, for fear it might in any respect injure him; thinking it could be no person interested in her welfare, unless, by any unexpected event, it should be her long-regretted father returned; and that flattering idea she dared not for a moment indulge. She rather feared it was Belac or Allen, by his mentioning the name of Emily; but, on considering the different circumstances which attended their being at the cottage, she thought that an impossibility. Thus was she alternately encouraging hope and suffering anxiety, when the old woman

man came to her with fresh assurances of its being some person who was acquainted with her, as he had asked her, Whether she had ever been at Orville castle? Whether she knew a young lady who resided there? and many other questions which plainly evinced the interest he took in her welfare.—Emily shook her head, and a sigh heaved her bosom. She well knew there were very few interested in her welfare. She would have answered, but the old woman resumed—"I informed him what I knew of the family; and likewise that there was a young person in the house who had some time since resided at the castle, and might, in all probability, be able to give him the information he required." When he heard this, he expressed an earnest wish to see that person directly. From this part of the discourse, Emily concluded that it must be either Belac or Allen; but the old woman assured her she had nothing to fear in that respect, since, as she said, he was too old for Belac: and, wiping away the tear which fell from her eyes, at the idea of its being the seducer of her unfortunate daughter, added, with much emotion: "The infamous old Allen I am sure it cannot be: his disposition is too feeling,—his sentiments by far too good for such a wretch! Certain am I, when that miserable man is brought to that awful crisis we all thought this gentleman was brought to, he will not have that consoling reflection this person had to soothe his anguish, and support him in his dying moments: that is a retrospect of a well-spent life: at least he implored heaven to forgive his enemies and those who had so cruelly deceived him; and likewise for mercy on himself, if he had ever, in thought, word, or deed, inadvertently injured any one.

'For, to my knowledge,' added he,

'I never have.' Such, you know, can never be the reflection of that wicked old man?" This Emily was conscious of, and felt much pleased to think it was neither of the two she most dreaded? Unable to remain longer in suspense, she asked the surgeon's opinion of her visiting his patient, as she had reason to believe he was an acquaintance. He gave his permission, desiring him to restrain all emotion, or a relapse would be the consequence. No sooner was the invalid acquainted with her intended visit, than he eagerly inquired her name; on which the old woman ran to Emily, to know, as she had never informed her more than that her name was Emily, formerly a resident of Orville castle. She directly returned, and told him; when, on hearing the name of Emily Veronne, he clasped his hands together in ecstacy, and exclaimed—"Is then Emily, my long lost child, so near!" Hearing her name repeated with such rapture, she wanted no announcing, conscious it must be her father. She rushed into the room; but started back on seeing a pale emaciated figure, with his head bound up, and supported by a pillow, while he extended his languid hand towards her, without uttering a syllable.

When, after a few minutes, his emotion had subsided—"Emily," said he, in low faltering accents, "is it possible, my dear girl, that you do not recollect in me your long-lost father?"—She hesitated, scarce able to believe the once fine form of her parent could be so altered; but when fully convinced it was him, who can speak her feelings! The excess of joy she evinced was soon repressed by a few words of serious import from her father, as he did not like to see her elated so very much, well knowing of what short duration her joy might be, since he

felt

felt himself very weak, and very much reduced, though so much better than he had been. After returning thanks to Heaven for her restoration, he eagerly demanded what strange occurrence could have brought her to the situation in life he then saw her in?—She said, another time she would inform him every particular, as it would now only serve to disconcert him, and might be attended with very serious consequences. But he insisted on knowing: on which she related to him the outlines of what had befallen her in his absence, softening every circumstance where the smallest degree of censure might rest. During her recital he execrated the infamous baron, who had thus abused the trust reposed in him; vowing to be revenged on him, if once he regained his health. But Emily restrained his rage, by reminding him of his promise to preserve his tranquillity; and think no more of being revenged, as that was a foible peculiar to weak understandings. He very readily acquiesced in her opinion, and endeavoured to conquer his feelings by remaining quite silent. For some minutes, Emily was alarmed, and reproached herself with being the occasion of it, by relating what she had suffered, which she ought to have deferred till a more favourable opportunity, and which she would have done, but he said his anxiety by being kept in suspense would have been equally as prejudicial as it could be to him to be acquainted with the truth.

But this pause of silence she soon had the satisfaction to perceive did not proceed from any return of his illness, but merely from surprise, and from an endeavour to conceal the tumults of his bosom. He faintly said, after gazing on her for some minutes with inexpressible tenderness:—“Thou image of thy saint-like mother! to what dangers hast thou been

exposed by the base conduct of that villain Orville!”—“Do not, my father!” cried Emily, “so hastily determine against an old friend; though perhaps he may in some degree be culpable. Probably I may have inadvertently given him reason thus to act; but mention no more his conduct, I am again restored to you, my dear father, and that is ample compensation for all my sufferings.”

“Ah! my good girl!” exclaimed he, “I see the generosity of your intentions! such was your gentle mother. You would rather be under the imputation of the world for unworthy actions you were never guilty of, than any person, on your account, should be exposed even justly. Your defence, my amiable girl, of this infamous being, is of no avail; as your conduct, howsoever reprehensible it might have been, could not justify his proceedings. Even had you been guilty of the vilest enormities, instead of thus treating you, it was his duty to have exerted his utmost endeavours to have recalled you back to the paths of innocence and virtue!”

Mr. Veronne then informed her, he had every reason to suspect there was some artifice in the person’s eloping with his property; as he had accidentally heard, he had been arrested and given up sufficient effects to satisfy the demands of his creditors. “The baron,” added he, “they assert, has actually employed some of his emissaries to receive my claims in the name of my daughter, left to his care. I mean to know the truth of this affair as soon as my health will permit.”

After a short pause, with much emotion, he said: “Ah! Emily, once little could I expect this would be the treatment I should meet with from the baron, the early friend of my youth.—But too late I find I have judged by far too favourably

of him : I now see him in a true light : like the generality of mankind, he will violate all the bonds of esteem and friendship to promote his own peculiar interest. But why do I mention friendship, when on it we can find no reliance ? Sorry am I to say, in this depraved age, there is little left but the name. The name, it is true, exists, and is so frequently converted into a specious covering to deceive the generous and unsuspecting, that it would be far better for mankind were it consigned entirely to oblivion. Would to Heaven it had been sooner the case, then I should not have suffered thus by it."

The return of the servant from London interrupted their discourse. He commenced a long account of what he had encountered in seeking to gain intelligence of his master's daughter, without having the desired effect. Mr. Veronne soon silenced him, by saying, she was unexpectedly restored to him. The joy displayed in his honest countenance, on seeing his master so far recovered, and finding him accompanied by his daughter, may be easily conceived, as he well knew the extent of his sufferings, when he went to the castle and could not hear of her. For as soon as he landed in England, the preceding week, he went to the baron to demand his daughter ; and, not finding her, and hearing she had abruptly left him, he thought, as he had friends in London, she was gone there. But in this was he also disappointed, and was again going to the baron when he met with the accident which detained him at the cottage.

Mr. Veronne continued to amend in health and spirits daily, and was soon so much recovered as to propose a removal to the adjacent town ; where he intended to remain till he had entirely regained his strength.

This plan met with the approbation of Emily, as her father, she was conscious, must be some time before he would be able to support a journey to London, whither he thought of going as soon as he possibly could. The surgeon who attended Mr. Veronne recommended them to apply to a lady who sometimes let part of her house to any respectable persons that might want a temporary residence ; and, as it was a very airy situation, it was well adapted to Mr. Veronne. To this lady they accordingly applied, and she very willingly permitted them to take part of her house for a few weeks, or longer, as occasion required. They immediately prepared for their departure, sending to Allen's for the trunks which Emily had left, and which were delivered without any hesitation. Thus, blest with an indulgent parent, and an ample fortune, sufficient to procure every comfort in life, that is, as far as wealth can procure, she had nothing now to disturb her repose, but the remembrance of Norton and his amiable sister. She knew that by this time he must be arrived in America, and probably might have been in an engagement. The idea made her shudder, not knowing where he was, and finding no possibility of writing to him, to inform him of the sudden transition from despondency to joy she had experienced. This circumstance alone cast a depression on her spirits she could ill conceal from the inquiring eye of her father, who watched every motion, and anticipated every wish ; and was much hurt to see, though he was returned, she was far from happy. He interrogated her on the subject of her uneasiness, but she evaded all his inquiries with indifference ; saying, if she appeared disconcerted, it was on account of leaving the good old cottagers, who had

had been so very kind and attentive in her greatest distress. On that head he told her to make herself very happy, as he would settle on them a weekly allowance for life, as a reward for their humanity; and would yearly make a journey to that part of England, to see they were rendered comfortable by his bounty. This pleased Emily much, and she promised her parent she should be cheerful as usual.

In a few days they bade adieu to the cottage; the old man and woman saw them depart with regret; and Emily was little less affected. She took her leave of the good old pair with her eyes flowing with tears; and, throwing herself into the chaise, gave free vent to the feelings of her heart; but was soon calmed by the mild reasoning of her father. They enjoyed a very pleasant ride to their new habitation; and when they arrived, were quite delighted with the situation.—At a short distance from the town stood a neat white house in the cottage style, surrounded by a shrubbery and garden. No part of either house or grounds was contrived for show or luxury; but convenience, without superfluity, reigned in every thing around. The lady to whom it belonged was an elegant accomplished woman, descended from an illustrious family, but totally neglected by them, on account of her marriage with a man of low extraction, an officer in the army: and at the same time, when she thus degraded herself in the eyes of her relatives and acquaintance, a splendid alliance was on the point of being obtained for her. Thus was an amiable woman disregarded by her former friends, for preferring an humble station in life, with a person rendered worthy her affection by his good disposition and endearing qualifications, to splendor and all the gaieties of high life, with a character

quite the reverse. Thus secluded from the world, calmly submitting to the indignities of her relations, lived this truly amiable lady, while her husband was abroad in the service of his country; therefore, for some little society during his absence, and through the intercession of the surgeon, she let part of her house to Mr. Veronne and his daughter; and very comfortable they found it, as it was quite retired, shut out from all noise and confusion of the town, shaded by a grove of lofty pines. At the back part, and from the garden and shrubbery in front, was an extensive prospect over a fine picturesquescope of country, interspersed by villas and cottages promiscuously ranged along the fertile banks of a wide river which meandered majestically through the vale, as far as the enraptured eye could reach.

No sooner were they settled than Emily requested her father to relate the particulars of his voyage to India, and what had detained him so long from England. Mr. Veronne complied with her desire in words to the following effect:

“Emily, my child, innumerable hardships I endured, and they were rendered doubly poignant by the reflection that you was left without your father, at an age when you so much required his presence, to act as an experienced preceptor, to teach you how to steer your course through the tempestuous ocean of life: when I thought you under the immediate protection of the baron what were my sensations; how then could I have supported the idea of your being a poor neglected orphan, an outcast from society,—and that shamefully wicked old man to say it was your wish to leave him! His depriving you of the money left at my banker’s was another villainous act; the house never stopped pay-

ment; the principal clerk positively affirms it was regularly transmitted according to my orders, though he produced the baron's receipts in your name. But this is not giving you an account of my voyage, as I promised;—I will hesitate no longer, but begin.

“ You, no doubt, remember the day I took my leave of you previous to my leaving England: so much was I oppressed by sad presages of future disasters, that, when I arrived at the ship, the person at the helm absolutely reminded me of my situation, or I should have fallen overboard. Suffice it to say, we soon got under weigh, all orders being previously given for sailing, and bore down the Channel with a fresh favourable breeze. I no sooner saw the last points of land fade from my view, than I coolly reasoned with my own understanding, determining no more to let anxiety prey on my spirits, excited by such a frivolous affair, which, in all probability, would be soon terminated to our mutual advantage. Many hours have I pensively traversed the vessel's deck, calling to my aid, for consolation, the recollection of persons in similar circumstances. All was of no avail, a certain something hung on my spirits, and impressed me with a thought of seeing you no more. Shipwreck, imprisonment, and all the troubles I afterwards experienced, were ever present to my bewildered imagination. Had it not been for the captain, a good-hearted sensible man, I know not but, with all my boasted fortitude, I should have been quite deranged. One day he came to me in his usual cheerful manner. ‘ Mr. Veronne,’ said he, ‘ what, melancholy yet? All my reasoning then has failed. I am a father: I know what must be your feelings on leaving your child; but why repine

when it was your own wish. I was forced away by necessity from my family; and though in them my whole happiness is concentrated, I offered up a prayer to Heaven to protect them when I was away, and thus I make myself comfortable;—repining at the decrees of Providence is folly. One moment consider the sad fate of the Africans, and you will no more be unhappy: when dragged from their peaceful plains, the endearing ties of consanguinity and tenderest connection, the tears of anguish that flow down their swarthy cheeks, or piteous lamentations, can have no influence over the obdurate hearts of those tyrants of traffic who seal at once their indissoluble fiat; passive submission to their harsh decrees is their only alternative, condemned to a long separation from all they hold estimable, who once by their endearments softened their toil, and rendered life desirable; but their inevitable doom is fixed by their inhuman persecutors, and to murmur is of no avail.’

“ These were the words of that brave man;—brave indeed, he was, poor fellow! he fell in the moment of victory, just as he had surmounted great difficulties in assisting in storming the enemy's forts. What a loss must his family have sustained. I intend to see them when I go to London.—But I must not make such digressions from my narrative; therefore, to proceed, I shall say we reached India without meeting any thing particular, and I found my affairs in a much better state than I expected: every obstacle which required my personal attendance was soon removed; and, after disposing of my effects to advantage, I embarked again on board a frigate which convoyed home some merchantmen.—We were soon unfortunately separated, and all our endeavours to regain
our

our former companions proved ineffectual. On the third day after our separation, the wind suddenly veered round to a contrary direction, and blew a tempestuous gale, the sea running very high. The next day the frowning aspect of the heavens increased, the wind roared with redoubled fury along the agitated deep, bringing with it billows mountains high, which we every minute expected would swallow up our disconsolate bark: the lightning faintly gleamed on the whitening surges: the thunder rolled in awful grandeur, apparently at a great distance, which we considered as a prelude of what was to follow far more terrible: though even then we had little to hope, the rigging was very much damaged, the water increasing in the hold; the sailors were much fatigued from the severity of their duty; several thoughtless wretches, intoxicated by taking advantage of the officers' confusion, and breaking open the liquor-chests, disregarded the advice and threatening menaces of their superiors, and were rendered useless at such an important crisis. Soon the faint glimmerings of hope, with which we were inspired, became extinct, as the water had considerably gained upon us from the leaks: the lightning of various hues illumined the whole firmament, and the reflection on the ocean kept all around in one continued blaze. The rent canvas fluttered in the wind, and anon utterly demolished. The distress of the crew, the cracking of cordage, together with the horrid roar of elements, may be better conceived than described, and the night closing in upon us in this perilous situation, brought with it still greater horrors. We continued driving at a prodigious rate for some hours, when the storm rather abated, and hope again revisited our bosoms; but soon was it depressed by one of the seamen's

saying, he was confident, by the breakers, we were near the shore. We were just assembled to consider what precaution to take, should she strike, when a tremendous crash informed us all precaution was unnecessary. A death-like shock for a few moments pervaded the whole crew; an awful silence reigned around—but it was no time for consideration, as we expected every wave would entomb us in the deep, if the ship did not immediately sink. What was to be done? was the question; our lights showed us we were driven under a dismal projection of a rock: our only alternative was to cut away the splintered masts, planks, &c. and form a kind of raft to float to a ledge of rock at a short distance, should the ship hold together till daylight. Thus we remained in sad suspense till morning dawned upon us, bringing innumerable difficulties; dreary caverns, tremendous cliffs projecting far over our heads, striking terror into the most intrepid sailor; the ledge of rocks we before discovered alone affording us hope: thither many of us repaired by the help of the raft; and many, through numbness and fatigue, were washed off by the surf; few gained the summit of the rocks; I was one of those few. We soon found it was on that part of the coast of Guiana belonging to the French that we were driven; from them we had nothing to hope, so pursued our route through unfrequented ways, in hopes of meeting with some Dutch settlements.—I will now, my Emily, leave off, as the horses are at the door."

It is necessary to observe, Mr. Veronne was recommended by the surgeon to ride on horseback for the benefit of his health; and, by his desire, Emily generally accompanied him: they had no sooner reached the principal street, than a party

of cavalry passing them, brought to the recollection of Emily the absent Norton; and, turning her eyes towards them, she betrayed the utmost confusion on seeing an officer very much resembling him. Her father noticed her behaviour, and attributed it to fear lest her horse might be startled; they, consequently, stood still till they were passed. Emily kept her eyes on the officer as long as she could with propriety; when she reluctantly turned away her head, not without wishing again to behold a person who bore so strong a resemblance to one she must ever remember with delight, as her wish of seeing him again did not originate from any tender sensation, curiosity alone prompting it, as her affections were irretrievably placed on a deserving person whom she thought neither time nor circumstances could alter: his passion for her was pure and honourable, not contaminated by any mercenary views, as his love was founded when friendless and fortuneless. "Would to Heaven," sighed Emily, "this was more frequently the case; we should not witness so many unhappy causes of want of affection and divorce, which are now too frequent! but the principles of affection and unison of disposition are stifled in the acquisition of wealth and greatness:—how productive of misery are such alliances!" This passed in the imagination of Emily as she rode slow and pensively along by the side of her father, over a large tract of wild uncultivated land grazed by sheep and other cattle.

(To be continued.)

ANECDOTE of Rich the Manager.

RICH was not by any means liberal to his actors, but he was remarkable for his charity and hu-

manity. A short time before his death, a man fell from the upper gallery into the pit of Covent-garden theatre, by which one of his limbs was broken. As he was a person in very low circumstances, Mr. Rich very generously ordered that he should have every possible assistance; which was accordingly administered at Mr. Rich's expense. When the poor man recovered, he waited on the manager to return him thanks for his humanity and goodness; on which Mr. Rich told him, that he should be welcome to the *freedom* of the pit, provided he would never think of coming into it in *that manner* again.

REFLECTIONS ON SUICIDE,

BY J. H. PRINCE.

- "Self-murder! name it not—our island's shame,
- "That makes her the reproach of neighbouring states.
- "Shall Nature, swerving from her earliest dictate,
- "*Self-preservation*, fall by her own act?
- "Forbid it Heaven! let not, upon disgust,
- "The shameless hand be foully crimson'd o'er
- "With blood of his own lord. Dreadful attempt!
- "Just reeking from self-slaughter, in a rage
- "To rush into the presence of our Judge,
- "As if we challeng'd him to do his worst,
- "And matter'd not his wrath."

BLAIR'S GRAVE.

IT is a common, though very erroneous opinion, that none who are sane can possibly violate the first law of nature; that they must first be divested of what distinguishes man from the brute creation, ere they can lay violent hands on themselves; for it is evident that numbers who have done so have shown, previous to, and up to the time of their committing that rash act, every sign of sanity. I indeed wish, for the

the honour of human nature, that the first position above stated were true; but I am sorry to say, that history, or perhaps our own observation, have furnished us with numerous instances to the contrary.

If there are any genuine marks by which we may ascertain whether a person be of sound mind or not, and those very marks have appeared in persons committing this violence on themselves, I think we cannot deny but it is committed by them against the strongest convictions of its criminality; and consequently that the persons so committing it are, in the proper sense of the words, *jelo de se**: but as this is not a point generally controverted (though, I believe, it is by a great many in the present day, who wish to palliate the so frequent commission of this sin, by attributing it *always* to the fatal effects of lunacy) I shall not enter at large into the subject, but confine myself to a few observations. First, on the character of such individuals as generally fall into this sin. Secondly, on the subsequent conduct of those who have attempted to commit it, but have been frustrated in that attempt by the interposition of their friends: and, thirdly, offer some arguments against the commission of it, to the consideration of those who may be tempted to this crime, as the title of this essay may probably induce some persons in such a situation to peruse it. What I shall have to advance under the first head may be considered as proof that numbers who are guilty of self-murder are not, in the true sense of the word, lunatics, (for I admit and hope that the greater part of them are so.)

First, I am to consider the character of those who generally commit violence on themselves. They

are, for the most part, either such as are tired of this life, on account of the troubles, pains, and disappointments they have met with in it; or such as have squandered away their property, or destroyed their constitution.—With an emaciated body and a guilty mind they are become burthens to themselves: without the means of procuring the luxuries they have been accustomed to, or of even obtaining the comforts and conveniences of life, they perhaps can hardly procure common necessities sufficient (as we say,) to keep life and soul together. But what makes the misery of such characters complete, is their want of internal pleasures to compensate the loss of external. They have not accustomed themselves to any other than the latter; and, when those are gone, they have no resource left, from whence they can draw the smallest degree of consolation.

“A wise man,” says Seneca “derives all his comfort from within;” and I may add, an unwise one (such as I have above described) derives all his comfort from without; the former, besides accustoming himself to reading, and other intellectual exercises*, has his mind tinged with religion; so that when affliction, whether of mind, body, or estate, overtakes him, he has a something to fly to for refuge; he retires within himself; and there finds a solid satisfaction;

* It may appear matter of wonder to some, why I lay so much stress on reading, &c. as a preventative against discontent, which leads to suicide; but I do contend that it is a great blessing to those who have no other. I, from my soul, pity that man, indeed, who cannot amuse himself with a book, and thereby divert his melancholy. I cannot close this note without adding what a celebrated French author (Bernardine St. Pierre) has said in favour of literature—“Literature is the gift of heaven; a ray of that wisdom which governs the universe; like the

tisfaction; or, to speak in the language of the celebrated Pope, he there finds a peace——

“ Which nothing earthly gives, or can destroy——

“ The soul’s calm sun-shine, and the heart-felt joy.

“ The mind which has a cast towards devotion,” says the Spectator, “ naturally flies to it in its afflictions;” and it will be found, I believe, that where the soul is deeply tinctured with piety, there will be a sufficient antidote against the crime we are speaking of: but the latter having no pleasures but those of a sensual nature, when they are gone, he is (to use the language of the apostle) of all men the most miserable, having no hope, no God to go to with confidence for relief, it is no wonder if he sinks under his accumulated misery, and abandons himself to despair, which in a short time leads to the commission of the crime in question.

But there are others who are not in such a wretched situation altogether as I have above described, who are only deprived of those luxuries, and prevented from making that appearance in the world which they have been accustomed to, but who still have the means left of barely supporting themselves; pride rises up in their hearts, and, sooner than not live in the style they have been used to, they will not live at all; their pride hinders them from showing their faces in the world; it will not suffer them to face those before whom they have displayed their for-

mer greatness; added to which, perhaps, they know, that in their present situation they must, in some measure, be obliged to submit to those who were formerly their inferiors, but who are now become their equals or superiors, and whom they have, it may be, made their enemies by their arrogant behaviour to them while they remained in prosperity. This must be a severe trial to those who have no pretensions to any degree of humility, and is enough to make them slip out of any back-door of life that stands open, which are pretty numerous; for, as Blair says,

“ Death’s thousand doors stand open.”—

There are not perhaps many (but I believe it will be admitted that there are some) who make away with themselves from the last-mentioned motives.

Again, there are others, who, having lost some particular relation or friend whom they idolised, on whom they placed their whole affections, whose lives (to use a scripture phrase) were bound up in the life of those whose loss they lament:—this is, undoubtedly, a severe trial, too much for human nature to bear unassisted with the comforts of religion, which are neither few nor small; the votaries of which (though they feel in common with others the pangs that necessarily attend parting with the dearest friends, and drop the tear of affection over their bier) can always cheer themselves with the consolations afforded by a genuine piety. The generality of people form strong attachments, the objects of which cannot be severed from them without the greatest violence offered to their nature, which sometimes receives a shock that they never wholly overcome. This may be the case even with a religious person, especially when

sun, it enlightens, it rejoices, it warms with a divine flame; and seems, in some sort, like the element of life, to bend all nature to our use. By the aid of literature we bring around us all things, all places, all men, and time: by its aid we calm the passions, suppress vice, and excite virtue. Literature is the daughter of heaven, who has descended upon earth to soften and to charm all human evils.”

when there are any peculiar circumstances of horror attending the decease of those relatives or friends they have lost. But some take such umbrage (if I may be allowed the expression) at the death of a friend or relation, that they are determined to quarrel with every blessing that they have left, which they conceive a disgust to, because it is not accompanied with that blessing they have lost, which, like salt, seasoned all their other comforts, and for want of which they have become insipid. They even quarrel with the Almighty; while they adopt similar language to that used by peevish Jonah, when God demanded of him if he did well to be angry at the destruction of a gourd which had caused him no trouble to rear; "I do well to be angry even unto death." It is well known that there have been people so grieved at the loss of their relatives or friends as to determine not to survive them, and who have taken the resolution, and put that resolution into practice, either not to take sufficient food for maintaining their health, or to put an immediate end to their existence. The truth of these remarks will, I believe, be admitted by all who have made any observations on mankind; I shall, however, adduce an unhappy circumstance which lately transpired in this metropolis, as a corroboration of what I have above advanced. The case is notorious, and therefore I hope it will not be deemed imprudent in me to take notice of it, as an elucidation of the subject I am speaking upon; and surely, upon the recital of such an affecting narrative, I may say,

"Thy tear, at the tale, divine Sympathy shed."

A gentleman and lady in this metropolis had lived in perfect harmony and love for a number of years, and had a considerable pro-

geny.—It pleased God that the lady again proved pregnant; but, as Addison observes,

"The ways of Providence are dark and intricate;

"Our understanding searches them in vain."

It was the will of the Almighty that this lady should not survive the extremity of nature, and she died soon after she was delivered of a sweet babe. The husband was so wrought upon by this melancholy catastrophe, that he gave himself up to sullen sorrow near a week, and until the day that his wife was to be buried, when he put an end to his existence with a pistol in the same room where the corpse of his poor deceased wife lay. Who can paint the confusion this last melancholy event (which happened so soon after the other) occasioned in the family! It is not in the power of my pen to do justice to such a mournful scene; and, if it were, it would perhaps be as wise to refrain from it, for the sake of my own and the reader's feelings, which must needs be hurt at the recital of such a scene of misery:—suffice it to say, that the cries of the children for their parents,—of the servants, alarmed beyond degree at the report of the pistol,—and of the relatives and friends of both the deceased, who happened to be in the house, were such as, methinks, would move a stoic, and compel even an Epictetus* to sympathise with

* Epictetus was a stoic, (a sect of philosophers known by that appellation, who held that men were not to be moved by any passions no more than blocks or stones; so that their virtue, if it may be called such, was severe. The wise man of the stoics was to be a *virtuous insensible*, (a contradiction in terms); he was to bear afflictions without affliction, which, however absurd, was, in fact, a necessary part of their creed. Epictetus denied that men ought to sympathise with each other or even to pity the

with persons labouring under so great a calamity.

Medical aid was of course procured, but without effect; he was gone to that bourne from whence no traveller e'er returns. It is, however affirmed, that the gentlemen of the faculty who attended on this unhappy occasion said, the violence of his grief had brought the deceased into such a situation that he could not have lived long had he not committed the above rash act.

the sufferings of others, however great. He says, in one part of his writings, "If thou seest thy friend in trouble, thou mayest put on a look of sorrow and condole with him; but [mark] take care that thy sorrow be not real." And I will leave any one to judge whether that deserves the name of sympathy which is only feigned, and not the sincere breathings of the heart. But the more rigid of this sect (as the Spectator informs us) would not comply so far as to show such an outward appearance of grief; but when one told them of any calamity that had befallen even the nearest of their acquaintance, they would immediately reply, "What is that to me?" If you aggravated the circumstances of the affliction, and showed how one misfortune was followed by another, the answer was still, "All this may be true, but what is it to me?" Men of this description, who could utter such diabolical sentiments as these, deserve, in my mind, no better appellation than that of the British Philosophers; for I am of the same opinion with Mr. Tate, who says truly, that he

"Who can all sense of others ills escape,
Is but a brute, at best, in human shape."

I shall close this note upon sympathy with a quotation from the Spectator, very apposite to the subject.—"For my own part I am of opinion, that compassion does not only refine and civilise human nature, but has something in it more pleasing and agreeable than what can be met with in such an indolent happiness; such an indifference to mankind, as that in which the stoics placed their wisdom. As love is the most delightful passion, pity is nothing else but love softened by a degree of sorrow: in short, it is a kind of pleasing anguish, as well as generous sympathy, that knits mankind together, and blends them in the same common lot."

I do not adduce this as an instance of suicide being committed by a sane person: by no means; I only mention it to show, that inordinate sorrow for the death of relatives, if not checked, will lead to such catastrophes as this; for I verily believe that this gentleman's sorrow was so violent as to occasion the disorder of his intellect, or he would not have chosen so unfit a place as the chamber where his deceased wife lay, to perpetrate so horrid a deed.

I know it will be objected here, that there are numbers who put themselves to death, who do not come under any of the descriptions I have mentioned; but I contend that the majority of those who do it, in general, rank under one or other of those classes. There have, indeed, been some in easy and comfortable circumstances, with whom every thing has gone well; who have, notwithstanding, committed this act, for which no reason could be assigned; yet it must be admitted that the number of the latter have been comparatively few with that of the former; and therefore this objection cannot militate against my hypothesis, which tends to establish this simple truth, *i. e.* that a great part of those who put themselves to death are really sane, and do it from a disgust to life, occasioned by pecuniary embarrassments or some other trouble.

But it may be said (and I would wish to anticipate any objection that can possibly be made, and answer it as I go on) that my proving those who destroy themselves to be in general in very distressed circumstances makes against myself,—trouble, as I have before showed, having a natural tendency to produce lunacy. But I answer, that although trouble has a tendency to, and does, in some cases, cause insanity,

sanity, yet it does not always. It is very often from a cowardly spirit, a want of resolution and fortitude to encounter the difficulties of life, that people desert their station, and slip out of life by any means that offer, as soon as that life becomes insipid to them; though if even the contrary of what I have asserted were true, and it could be proved that the majority of those who kill themselves were in affluent circumstances, and otherwise free from afflictions of any kind, it would argue nothing in favour of those who are advocates for the opinion that all who put themselves to death must be insane, for what have such people to make them so? Those who sail down the tide of prosperity,—who have every thing their hearts can wish for,—one should think if any people were calm in their minds, and free from distractions, these would be they. What shall we say then, when we see them put an end to an existence which appears to us so comfortable? We can say nothing with propriety, but that it is flying in the face of the Almighty, and evidencing the greatest ingratitude, to be dissatisfied with an existence so much superior to that of many of their fellow-creatures. But I see I am entering unawares into a large field, I shall therefore check myself, and bring what I have further to advance into a very small compass.

(To be concluded in our next.)

ANECDOTE.

A PERSIAN preacher in a mosque began the history of Noah, with this quotation from the Koran, “I have called Noah;” but, forgetting the rest of the verse, repeated the same words over and over. At length, an Arab cried out, “If Noah will not come, call somebody else.”

The YOUNG MOUNTAINEER.

(Continued from p. 389.)

LETTER XXIV.

Felicia to Frederic.

I KNOW not how far virtue has lost its influence over your soul, or whether the passion with which I have inspired you has so far degraded you as to leave you no longer capable of a courageous and honorable action: but I declare to you, that unless you execute within two days what I am about to prescribe to you, you will have forfeited the esteem of Felicia.

My husband loves you, and is happy in your company. I have chosen, and still choose, to let him remain ignorant of that error which would destroy his peace, and perhaps totally extinguish his friendship for you. But, at the same time that I conceal from him the truth, I feel it my duty to act in the same manner as he would if he were acquainted with the whole transaction. Depart, then, Frederic! quit a place which you fill with confusion. Go, purify your heart; and, above all things, forget a woman whom the most sacred duties command you to respect. Till then, I will never more see you.

A taste for travelling is one of the most lively passions felt by young men. Make that your pretext for quitting this house: testify to your adoptive father a wish to go and acquire information by visiting countries with which you are yet unacquainted. The worthy man whom you have injured will grieve at your absence, but will sacrifice his own inclinations to those of an ungrateful youth who has so ill requited his former favors.

As soon as you shall have obtained his permission, which I will endeavour

deavour to accelerate by my utmost efforts, you must depart without delay. I forbid you to see me in private: I will not receive your adieux. But at the same time I would not have you to imagine that I consider this precaution as necessary to my peace. No! virtue is natural to me, and not the effect of forced exertion: and, if my virtue could ever be shaken, 't would not be by a man who, suffering himself to be governed by a lawless passion, excuses instead of combating his criminal propensity, and degrades the woman who is its object, by rendering her the cause of his own degradation.

LETTER XXV.

Frederic to Felicia.

WHAT necessity thus coolly to insult the victim whom you devote to death? What need was there of the mention of your hatred, to insure the deadly effect of the blow levelled at me? Your order for my departure was alone sufficient: but you seem to have taken a pleasure in showing me how far I am odious to you. In such cruelty I did not recognise the character of Felicia.

You see I am cool: your letter has chilled the dreadful agitations of my blood; and I am now capable of reasoning.

Why, Felicia, must I depart? If it be on your husband's account, and if the sentiment which I foster in my breast be an outrage to him, what corner can you point out in the whole universe, where I can cease to offend him? Under the frozen pole, in the torrid zone, so long as my heart continues to beat within my bosom, Felicia will be the object of its adoration: and if the interest which you take in

my fate be only the result of cold pity, I reject it. It is not such pity that can relieve my sufferings: and you render me too wretched to suffer you to be the arbitress of my fate.

Felicia! a regard for your peace was alone capable of banishing me from your society: but even your esteem were too dearly purchased at that price; and, if I must flee your presence, there remains no asylum but one, in which I can take shelter.

LETTER XXVI.

Felicia to Eliza.

WHERE am I, my Eliza? what have I done? An alarming fatality pursues me: I see the precipice into which I am falling; and it seems as if an invisible hand were exerted to push me into it against my will. It was not sufficient that a criminal love should have corrupted my heart; but I must moreover make confession of my guilt! Hurried on by a power which I have not strength to resist, I have at length suffered Frederic to discover the excess of a passion which has rendered your friend the most contemptible of her sex.

I know not why I yet continue to write to you: there are certain situations which admit no consolation; and your pity cannot allay my remorse any more than your counsels can repair my fault. Eternal repentance has taken possession of my heart, which it tears and devours. I dare not survey the depth of that abyss in which I am lost; and I know not where to set the bounds of my weakness. . . . I adore Frederic: he is the only object in the universe which engrosses my attention: he knows it: I take a
pleasure

pleasure in telling him so : and, if he were here, I would again tell him the same thing ; for, in the present distracted state of my mind, I no longer know what I do or what I say.

I intended to write you an account of all that had passed between us ; but I am unequal to the task : my trembling hand is scarcely able to trace these few incoherent lines In some more tranquil moment, perhaps I Ah ! what have I said ? Tranquillity, peace, no longer exist for me.

LETTER XXVII.

Felicia to Eliza.

DURING the last three days, my dear Eliza, I have made repeated but fruitless efforts to write to you. My hand refused to record the proofs of my shame. I will nevertheless do it, though, in doing so, I court your contempt, which I have fully merited. Your indulgence would be odious to me : my crime ought not to remain unpunished ; and your pardon would be more humiliating than your reproaches. Reflect, Eliza, that you can no longer love me without degrading yourself ; and leave me the consolation of still esteeming myself in the person of my friend.

Frederic's letter*, which I inclose to you, had restored to me a sort of dignity : I was astonished to think that I could have feared a man who dared to tell me that he disdained my esteem. Impatient to convince him that he had forfeited it, I so far conquered my weakness as to make my appearance at dinner. My countenance was calm, cool, and forbidding. I viewed Frederic

with a look of lofty distance, and, wholly taken up with my husband and children, I scarcely answered two or three questions which he addressed to me, but took a cruel pleasure in showing him how little I regarded him.

After dinner, Adolphus sat on my lap, and gave me an account of the different studies which had engaged his attention during my illness : it was always his cousin Frederic who had taught him this and that : he is never tired of a lesson when it is his cousin Frederic who gives it to him. " It is so amusing," continued Adolphus, " to read with him : he explains to me so well every thing which I do not understand. Yet this morning he refused to tell me what *Virtue* is, and desired me to ask you, mama."

" My son," replied I, "*Virtue* is the strength, the courage, punctually to perform what we know to be right, however painful we may find the performance of the task. It is a noble and generous emotion, of which your father often furnishes you with examples, and of which the bare idea affects me with tender sensibility, but of which your cousin could not give you an explanation."

In pronouncing these last words, of which Frederic alone comprehended the meaning, I darted on him a look of disdain O my Eliza ! he was pale : the big tears stood trembling in his eyes ; and his every feature wore the deep impression of unutterable despair. Observant, nevertheless, of his promise to dissemble and suppress his feelings in my husband's presence, he continued to chat with all the external appearance of perfect tranquillity.

Monsieur de Belleville, having his eyes fixed on a book, did not observe

* Letter XXV.

serve the condition of his friend, and occasionally replied to his remarks without looking at him. As to me, Eliza, all my former resolutions were from that moment overturned: I condemned my late conduct as harsh and cruel: I would have given my life for an opportunity of saying to Frederic a tender word capable of healing the wound which I had inflicted on him; and, for the first time in my life, I wished to see monsieur de Belleville quit the room.

The day was now declining; plunged into a deep rêverie, I had ceased to bear a part in the conversation; and my husband, no longer having light to read, asked me for some music. I consented to his desire: Frederic brought me my harp: I played and sang I knew not what: I only recollect that it was some tender ballad, that Frederic shed tears, and that mine, which I found it difficult to restrain, almost smothered me.

At this moment, Eliza, a man came to ask for my husband: he quitted the apartment; when a confused instinctive apprehension of the danger to which I should remain exposed prompted me suddenly to start up from my seat for the purpose of following him. But, the tail of my gown catching in the pedals of the harp, I stumbled and fell. Frederic caught me in his arms: I attempted to call out for assistance; but my voice was stifled with sobs, and I sank on a chair.

Frederic fell on his knees at my feet, and, "O thou!" said he, "whom my heart idolises!—Yes! thou lovest me—I am sure thou dost.... Ah! let me once more hear from thy angelic lips that word, of which the bare hope has intoxicated my soul with delight!"

"Love you, Frederic! can you ask the question? can you have a

doubt on the subject? Conceive how great must be the passion which has reduced Felicia to the state in which you behold her. Yes I love you—fervently, violently love you; and, at this moment—when, forgetful of my most sacred duties, I make to you the avowal—I delight in that weakness which has proved to you the excess of my love."

Oh indelible recollection of pleasure and shame! at that instant the lips of Frederic touched mine; and I was undone if virtue had not, by one vigorous effort, rent the delusive veil by which I was surrounded. Tearing myself from Frederic's arms, I fell at his feet.

"Oh! spare me," I cried—"spare me, I conjure you. Forbear to render me contemptible, that you may still be able to esteem and love me. In this moment of confusion, when I am entirely at your mercy, I know you may gain an easy victory: but, if conquered to-day, to-morrow I am determined to be in my grave: I swear it by that virtue which I violate, but which nevertheless is as necessary to the soul of Felicia, as the vital air is to her body. Contemplate her, Frederic, humbly prostrate at your feet, and merit her eternal gratitude by forbearing to render her the meanest of her sex."

"Rise," said he, retiring—"rise, angelic woman, the object of my profound veneration, and of my eternal love. Your adorer cannot be deaf to the voice of your grief: but, in the name of heaven, of which you are the lively image, do not forget that you have obtained for me the greatest sacrifice of which human strength is capable."

At these words he precipitately quitted the room, and I returned in distraction to my own apartment, where those lively agitations were succeeded by a long fainting-fit. On recovering

recovering the use of my senses, I saw my husband standing by my bed-side, whence I pushed him away in affright, fancying I saw the sovereign arbiter of mankind preparing to pronounce my eternal doom.

"What ails you, Felicia?" he asked in mournful tone. "My dear friend, it is your husband who stretches out his hands to you."

I made no reply feeling, that, if I spoke at all, I should have said too much, and betrayed the whole secret. Perhaps I ought to have done so, and a certain instinct prompted me to it: the confession made its way to my lips, and was ready to burst forth; but reflexion induced me to suppress it. Far be from me that cruel frankness which would have sought to relieve my own heart at the expense of my husband! By remaining silent, I continued to bear the whole weight of my own misfortune and of his: the disclosure would have entailed upon him a share of those sufferings of which I alone ought to bear the entire burden. Worthy man! you could not support the idea that your wife, your friend, was tormented by the pangs of a criminal passion. The necessity which you must feel of despising her who had hitherto been your pride and glory, and of banishing from your house that youth on whom you had placed your affection, would embitter your declining days: I should behold your venerable countenance, which never before displayed any other sensations than those of beneficence and humanity, henceforward begloomed with regret for having loved two ungrateful wretches: I should see it covered with shame, of which my conduct had been the cause: I should hear you invoke death, whose approach would perhaps be accelerated by your deep chagrin; and thus, to my remorse for the vio-

lation of my faith, I should join the guilt of murder.

O wretched Felicia! does not thy blood curdle with horror at the sight of such an image? hast thou already made such progress in guilt? canst thou any longer recognise thy former self in that faithless woman who could not venture to disclose what passed in her bosom without planting a deadly dagger in that of her husband? What! will not the contemplation of such a picture make thee abjure the detestable passion which consumes thee? make thee abhor Frederic, the odious accomplice of thy crime? . . . Frederic, did I say? hate Frederic? renounce that happiness which I can find no words to express—the happiness of hearing him declare that he loves me? banish him from this asylum? renounce all hopes of ever again seeing or hearing him? Ah! what crimes could possibly be committed, for which such sacrifices would not be too severe a punishment? and how have I deserved to suffer it?

Retired from the world, I lived peaceably in my retreat: happy in the happiness of my husband, I felt no wish, no desire, for any addition to my bliss; when, unasked by me, he brought to me that young man endowed with every exalted and aimable and seductive qualification arising from virtue and talents and candor: he requested me to grant my friendship to the youth: he frequently left us *tête-à-tête* together: every morning, every evening, in every place, I saw him, I met him, I was in his company. Constantly alone in each other's company, under the romantic shades of these voluptuous groves, amid the charms of nature all animated around us, we must have been purposely inspired by heaven with sentiments

timents of instinctive hatred toward each other, if we had not felt the flames of reciprocal passion.

Imprudent husband! why thus unite two beings whom mutual sympathy naturally attracted toward each other? two beings, who, being yet novices in love, might have felt all its first and warmest impressions without suspecting the cause? But, above all things, why envelop them with the dangerous veil of friendship, which so long served as a pretext to conceal their real sentiments from their own observation? With experience such as yours, it was your duty to foresee the danger, and to screen us from it. Instead of that, when with your own hand you draw us toward the snare, cover it with flowers, and push us into it, why do you then come with a look of terrific menace to reproach us for a fault which is all your own, and command us to expiate by the most painful sufferings?

What words, Eliza, have escaped my pen? 'tis Frederic whom I love, and my husband whom I accuse? That Frederic which has seen me weak and defenceless in his arms—'tis he whom I wish to retain here? O Eliza! you must have been very much changed indeed if you recognise, as your friend, the woman who can, in such a situation, remain doubtful respecting the course she ought to pursue.

LETTER XXVIII.

Frederic to Felicia.

ENCHANTING woman! whence have you derived the power to excite in my bosom sentiments the most opposite to each other? to conduct me in an instant from the extreme of happiness to the extreme of wretchedness? Those peerless eyes,

which it is impossible to behold without feeling the most lively emotion—those eyes such as no other woman possesses than Felicia, the idol of my heart, the only individual of her sex whom I have ever loved, the only one whom I ever will love—those eyes, in which she yesterday permitted me to read the expression of her tenderness, are this day clouded with sorrow and severity; and my soul, in which you reign with despotic sway—my soul, which no longer feels any sentiments except those to which you have given birth—is afflicted at sight of your uneasiness, though I am yet ignorant of its cause. O my sweet, my charming friend! beware of deeming yourself culpable, or of grieving for the happiness which you have conferred on me: repentance ought never to find access to a soul which guilt has never approached. Can you, Felicia, entertain an apprehension of vice? A single glance from your eye would wither and annihilate it.

LETTER XXIX.

Frederic to Felicia.

I CANNOT sleep; I roam through the house: I seek the place where you last sat: I press my lips against the chair which supported your arm: I seize that flower which fell from your bosom: I kiss the prints of your footsteps. I pass near the door of your apartment: I hear—yes, I certainly hear your sighs. You weep, my friend! what can be the cause of your uneasiness?.... Felicia! your love must be very feeble if it suffer you to entertain a single thought, a single sentiment, that relates to any other object, and if its power have not annihilated all the other faculties of your soul.

soul. As to me, I have lost all remembrance of the past, all idea of the future. Absorpt in you, I see no other object than you alone: not a moment of my life remains which is not devoted to you: all other beings are as it were blotted from existence: they pass before me as so many shadows; and I no longer possess either eyes to see or a heart to love them: friendship, duty, gratitude, all are forgotten: the ardent flame of love has devoured them all: it has united all the sensible particles of my being in a single point, and there placed the image of Felicia. That is the temple where I enshrine you, where I adore you in silence while you are at a distance from me: but if I hear the sound of your voice—if you make a motion—if your eyes meet mine—if I touch your hand, your lip—then it is no longer my heart that palpitates: my whole frame is shaken with ecstatic transport; and a torrent of blissful delight inundates my soul: I am attracted, hurried toward you.... But, Felicia, you alone unite that inconceivable assemblage of loveliness and decorum, which incessantly attracts and repels, and thus renders love eternal. Alone you combine every thing which commands respect, and all that can excite desire. But how is it possible to describe the perfections of, or to express the sentiments excited by, an enchanting woman, the most accomplished of God's creatures, the living image of the divinity? what language can be found, to speak of her as she deserves? I feel that my ideas are confused in your presence, as in that of an angel descended from heaven. My mind wholly engrossed by your adored image, I harbour no other sentiment than love and adoration of your perfections: every other image besides yours vanishes: in vain I endeavour

to collect, to fix, to arrange my scattered thoughts: in vain I labor to trace a few lines capable of describing to you what I feel: expressions are wanting; my pen moves slowly: and, if I did not feel an indispensable necessity of conveying to you some faint idea of the burden which oppresses my laboring heart, I would relinquish the hopeless task, and remain totally silent; my feelings being too powerful to allow the free use of my reasoning faculties.

(To be continued.)

THE CORSICANS.

(Continued from page 313.)

ACT III. SCENE IX.

An avenue of chesnut-trees—a moonlight night.

Felix followed by Rose.

Felix.

I ENTREAT you, Rose, let me be alone.

Rose. Yes; if you will promise me not to run away.

Felix. I do promise you, that I will not go before midnight.

Rose. Swear it.

Felix. Upon my honour.

Rose. Ah! that is not real swearing—say by all the saints.

Felix (smiling). Well then—By all the saints.

Rose. If you go now, you will break your neck the first stage.

(Exit.

SCENE X.

Felix alone—He takes out and reads Natalia's note.

"Can he who flies me, love me? He who loves me will obey me—Wait for me in the chesnut-walk till

nine."—Yes, Natalia, I will wait for you.—You wish to make my separation from you still more painful—But it is the first command you have deigned to lay upon me; and I will obey you, though it should cost me my life.—I hear a noise—some one approaches.—it is she (*Advances a few steps, then suddenly starts*) Ha! my father!

SCENE XI.

Muller, Felix.

Muller. What is the matter, Camillo; there is something very unusual in your manner.

Felix. In what respect, dear father?

Muller. This whole day you have been wandering about like one in a dream. You have answered all my questions with cross-meanings; fixed your eyes wildly on the ground, or looked at me with a melancholy stare, that seems to forebode some misfortune.—The manner, too, in which you this evening wished me good-night—your hand trembled when you grasped mine, and, if the twilight did not deceive me, tears stood in your eyes.

Felix. No, my dear father—it is only a remaining weakness, the consequence of my illness.

Muller. Camillo, you have something on your mind; or you have engaged in some scheme.

Felix (*looking round him, frequently, with uneasiness*). You cannot be apprehensive that your son will commit any mean action.

Muller. No; but you deceive me.

Felix. How can you suspect—

Muller. Have you, then, nothing to say to me?

Felix. The evening air may be hurtful to you, and increase the complaint in your lungs.

Muller. Think of my heart more than my lungs.—Have I forfeited your confidence?

Felix. What a question!

Muller. Are you not my friend as much as I am yours?

Felix. Surely you cannot entertain a doubt—

Muller. You know how and when I lost all faith in man; must I lose too all confidence in my son?

Felix. Oh no! never, never!

Muller. Have you nothing to say to me? (*Felix appears greatly embarrassed, and remains silent.*) Look at me—What is the purport of this letter?

Felix (*starting*). This letter!

Muller. Addressed to me. It is yet unopened.—Why does a son write to his father?—What can it be that a son will not say freely to the face of his father.

Felix. Nothing criminal, dearest father! I swear, in the face of Heaven!

Muller. Your behaviour to-day made a great impression on me. I retired to my bed, but could not rest. My anxiety forced me to rise, and my suspicions led me to your chamber, where I found a portmanteau filled with linen, and on the table this letter. I was going to open it, but was not able. My knees trembled under me. Alas! thought I, is my cup of bitterness not yet full.—Can my son pour into it the last drop? Were it so, he should at least have the resolution to do it in my presence.—I then went in search of you.—Here I am; take your letter; look me in the face, and tell me, without hesitation, its contents.

Felix. I must—Oh my father! I must—

Muller. Leave your father, and seek your fortune.—The portmanteau plainly showed that you intend to travel. The aged, unfortunate, exiled father lives too long for the spirited

spirited youth his son, whose patience is exhausted.—Fool that I was to imagine there was a creature on the earth who would not forsake me.

Felix. Hear me.

Muller. And thus forsake me!—clandestinely leave me!

Felix. You must yourself approve the resolution I have taken.

Muller. If you were certain of that, why should you proceed thus secretly, and by stealth?

Felix. Not from want of affection, but from feebleness of heart—to avoid the pangs of a farewell.

Muller. Such are men,—even the best of them.—A folly! a crime! every thing will they commit—if it can but be perpetrated with their faces turned aside.

Felix. When Timoleon turned aside his face he was pitied by every one.

Muller. No parade; no figures—I want truth and common sense.

Felix. You shall know the truth—I love Natalia the count's daughter—

Muller. Is that all?

Felix. She loves me.

Muller. Folly!

Felix. May I offer her my hand?

Muller. Beggar!

Felix. May I tell her who I am?

Muller. Madman!

Felix. What then shall I do?

Muller (after a pause). Shun her.

Felix. My father has pronounced the sentence.

Muller. Yet stay—If you do not deceive yourself;—if you are really convinced—

Felix. I am.

Muller. If it is not merely youthful vanity—

Felix. Youthful vanity is not the companion of wretchedness.

Muller. How do you know her sentiments?

Felix. I have innumerable proofs.

Muller. Perhaps of pity or gratitude?

Felix. So I thought, at first.

Muller. You openly expressed your feelings?

Felix. Our hearts understood each other.

Muller. And your lips——

Felix. Were silent.

Muller. Continue silent then, strive against your passion, avoid her, and remain.

Felix. I will obey, and be guided by my father's more mature experience.

Muller. What you may suffer is here not the question—

Felix. I suffer willingly.

Muller. But the peace of mind of the daughter of your benefactor.

Felix. That I meant to procure her by my flight.

Muller. It will be the same whether you are separated by a garden, or one of the quarters of the world.

Felix. But if she should wish to see me?

Muller. That she will not.

Felix. But should love silence the dictates of prudence and virgin timidity:—Should she propose an interview with me in the obscurity of night?

Muller. That she will not.

Felix. Father, I am here now by her appointment.

Muller (suspiciously). Without any contrivance on your own part?

Felix. Yes;—by the memory of my mother!

Muller. Begone then.

Felix (hesitating). What must she think of me?

Muller. She will bless your integrity; if not now, at least some time hence.

Felix. Oh! my father!

Muller. You cannot go! Well then I must at least stay with you.

Felix. Your presence would cover her with confusion.

Muller. It were better she should blush at sight of me than at her own reflections.

Felix. The youth who had resolution enough to leave both his father and the idol of his heart, will not forget what his duty and honour now require of him.

Muller. What will you say to her?

Felix. That I love her.

Muller. Excellent!

Felix. But that I am destitute of hope.

Muller. And, consequently, destitute of reason.

Felix. That she will never— never see me more—

Muller. Even if you should stay.

Felix. Even though I should stay.

Muller. You will swear it to her?

Felix. With a bleeding heart.

Muller. And should she weep?

Felix. Oh, father!

Muller. And should she shed tears?

Felix. Then will I tear myself from her, and fly.

Muller. Are you able?

Felix. I am.

Muller. Your hand.

Felix (*gives his hand*). As I am a Pompiliani!

Muller. Disgrace not thy family. Poverty and wretchedness thy father can bear; but disgrace will soon hurry him to his grave.

Felix. I know what I owe both to my family and my own heart.

Muller. Never yet did a Pompiliani betray innocence.

Felix. And shall your son be the first?

Muller. Never yet did a Pompiliani repay benefits with ingratitude.

Felix. And shall your son?—

Muller. My son will never act unworthy of his ancestors.

Felix. He would act with integrity and honour were he even a foundling.

Muller. I will leave you alone with her.

Felix. This confidence gives new strength to my resolution.

Muller. Examine her heart.— Search out the germ from which this love, like a forced plant, so hastily shot up. If it were only compassion or gratitude, a rational explanation may shake of the immature blossom.—But should it be more; should she cleave to thee with her whole soul; and should Love, with his usual caprice, have united two hearts which Destiny hath eternally separated;—then must thou fly; then will I conceal my grief, forget my helpless old-age, and drive thee forth myself into the wide world ere to-morrow's dawn.—I shall not go to bed, but I shall wait your return. If you must depart, you shall take with you two valuable diamonds which were your mother's. Those and my blessings are all I have to give you.

Felix. I cannot think of accepting any thing but your blessing. I am young; I can labour—

Muller. Hear what I have to say. You shall go to France, which nation, if I am not mistaken, will soon make war on the enemy of our country. Your education is completed; and you shall enter into the service. You will want money that you may not appear like a needy adventurer. Who can say that fortune may not smile on thee, and thy mother's blessing rest on these diamonds? You will act bravely, may be promoted, and revenge the wrongs of thy father; who, here, in the mean time, pours forth his prayers for thy success.—Should thy heart, and should her's, endure the fiery trial of separation,

separation, thou mayest one day return as Pompiliani.

Felix. O, my father! you give me more than diamonds; you give me hope to cheer me on my way.

Muller. I see some person in white, coming up the avenue.—Remember your duty and our honour. *[Withdraws,*

SCENE XII.

Felix alone.

She comes, but not with the hasty step of love—She paces slowly from tree to tree.—Now she stops, and turns her eyes towards the castle.—This way, Natalia, this way, under the shade. The moon-light and your white and ghostly garb will betray you. Now she approaches.—Guardian-angel of my honour, watch over my beating heart!

SCENE XIII.

Enter Ottilia, who appears at a distance, and coughs.

Felix. Here am I, my dear young lady! proud of your confidence, moved by your pity—

Ottilia. Sir!

Felix. The remembrance of this last proof of your goodness will smoothe the rugged path of the fugitive.

Ottilia. What voice!

Felix. In the hour of melancholy, it will inspire him with confidence in himself.

Ottilia. Sir, I am not Natalia.

Felix (starting). Not Natalia!

Ottilia. My sister-in-law was obliged to stay with her father, to bear him company.

Felix. What voice!

Ottilia. She sent me before, to—

Felix. Gracious Heaven! Every word awakens my recollection.—May I presume to ask who is the

unknown fair one to whom I am speaking?

Ottilia (with great embarrassment). Every sound he utters.—Sir, every word you speak—

Felix. For Heaven's sake—whoever you may be—I had a sister—

Ottilia. And I a brother.

Felix. It is her voice!

Ottilia. It is his.

Felix (suddenly seizes her hand, and leads her from the shade into the light of the moon. They eagerly gaze on each other, and exclaim at the same time) It is you! *(They fall into each other's arms.)*

Ottilia. Pleasing dream! fly not from me!

Felix. Dear apparition! vanish not from my eyes.

Ottilia. My brother lives!

Felix. My sister is happy!

Ottilia. My father lives!

Felix. We have suffered no loss.

SCENE XIV.

Francis, Ottilia, Felix.

(Francis appears, unperceived by them, in the back of the scene, and walks up towards them.)

Ottilia. The foreboding of my heart has not deceived me!

Felix. Genoa, of this treasure thou couldst not deprive me!

Ottilia. May the penitent hope for forgiveness?

Felix. She may.

Ottilia. Oh, Heaven! Then has the boldest of my wishes been heard.

Felix. Enchanting voice! which I heard last on the banks of the Garonne.

Ottilia. Am I indeed so near to thee! Come to the arms of her, who, in the intoxication of her joy, can scarcely believe her happiness real.

Felix. Beloved Ottilia! *(They embrace each other with rapture.)*

Francis (exclaiming aloud). Gracious

cious Heaven! It is my wife!
(*Draws his sword, and rushes furiously on Felix.*)

Ottilia (*throwing herself in his arms*). My husband!

Francis (*pushing her from him*). Away serpent!

Ottilia (*sinks on the ground, almost speechless with terror*). Francis! —it is—

Francis (*to Felix*). If thou hast arms, defend thyself.

Felix. What would you do? She is my sister. (*Endeavours to raise her.*)

Francis (*with extreme astonishment*). His sister! (*The sword drops from his hand.*)

Felix. My lost, my beloved sister! have I again found thee?

Francis. Art thou Pompiliani?

Felix. Oh! she has fainted!

Francis (*striking his forehead*). What have I done!

Felix. Help! help!

Francis (*throws himself on his knees by the side of Ottilia, and takes her in his arms*). Ottilia! my wife! my beloved wife!

(*The curtain falls.*)

END OF THE THIRD ACT.

(*To be continued.*)

The VISION of OSREIDAN.

OSREIDAN, of Damascus, was a heretic of the sect of Kadir, who believe in the freedom of the human will, and that good works are essential to the attainment of future happiness. Venerable for age and integrity, he was drawing nigh unto death. By the slow, yet progressive and perceptible decay of his vital powers, he felt his dissolution approaching. Affected, but not weakly affected, with the prospect of bidding adieu for ever to all earthly enjoyments, he retired into a lonely grove by the margin of the river

Abana; and, considering himself as soon about to appear in the presence of Allah and his holy prophet, he pondered the past events of his life. Solemn silence prevailed; the stream flowed gently, and without any noise; the shade from surrounding poplars became so gloomy as to seem præternatural; veneration and awe seized the soul of Osreidan. "Holy Allah!" he exclaimed, "before whom I am soon to appear, let my departure be tranquil, and may thy favour receive me!"

A sudden light beamed around him. It flowed from the snow-white raiment and shining tresses of a spirit, that, in the form of a man, addressed him:—"Be of good cheer!" said the gentle visitant. "I am thy genius, the guardian of thy life; the witness, and, as far as was given me, and as far as the freedom of thy will permitted, the director of all thine actions. I have heard thy sincere effusion; and am commissioned, in consideration of thy integrity, of thy piety, and of thy mercy, to animate thee at thy parting hour, and instruct thy devotion. Lift up thy soul to the Ruler and Creator of all things; and pour out the tribute of thanksgiving for all that has ever befallen thee."

"Alas!" said Osreidan, "my heart recoils from that awful office. I have never, hitherto, from servile fear, nor will I now, at the close of life, disguise the thoughts of my soul. I will not feign a gratitude I cannot feel, nor appear before my judge, and his holy prophet, with base prostration, and the homage of lying lips. I will thank him for the good he has rendered me; for the cup of prosperity which I have held; for the robe of honour which I have worn, and these hoary locks of revered old age; but I cannot thank him for evil."

The

The genius, with a smile of softness, replied; "No real evil has ever befallen thee."—"How," answered Osreidan, with surprise, bordering on indignation; "when my son, my only child, the youthful and bold Albazan, whose stature was like Mount Taurus, and whose fame saluted me like the breath of Arabian odour; when Albazan perished, did I not feel as a father? and did feel no pain?"—"Would'st thou not rather," said the genius, "that thy son, unseduced by corruption, and unassailed by disgrace, should have died in the morning of life, extolled and lamented, than that he should have suffered in the noon-tide of his age, the infamy and the punishment due to enormous guilt!"—"Would Albazan," exclaimed the father, "would Albazan have stooped to guilt? His soul was pure as the empyrean sky; and as the brilliant stars that diversify its expanse, were his numerous and splendid virtues!"

"Tell me what thou beholdest," said the friend of Osreidan.—He saw, in the spirit of vision, a young man of prepossessing appearance. By the rapidity and intuition of the præternatural mood, he saw him ascending the heights of *Honour*, diversified as they seem with groves, temples, triumphant arches, and obelisks inscribed with everlasting characters. He saw him assailed by a troop of *Temptations*. The phantoms were of various shapes, and their appearances shifting. They displayed to the sprightly, but devoted youth, cozened by magic spells, the pomp of illustrious attendance, the glare of the gorgeous banquet, the domes of the lofty palace, the seduction of smiling maids.—They subdued and enslaved him. For, deviating from his upward course, he followed his gay enticers, and descended imperceptibly in-

to the mazes of *Error*. The winding path was bordered with shrubs and flowers, and was frequently darkened or overshadowed with fragrant groves. Ever and anon he partook of the delicious fruit that from the neighbouring branches enticed him. But, instead of refreshing, they made him weak, and nevertheless promoted unquenchable thirst. He then drank of a mæandering stream that crept gently beside him. But the muddy stream of *Corruption*, instead of relieving, fevered, or rendered him still more languid. He looked up with a sigh to the mountain of *Honour*; but he had strayed so far around, that in his languor he could not think of returning; and the side now exposed to his view was a rugged and insurmountable precipice. Faint and hopeless, he retired for respite into an adjoining tent, garnished with flaunting banners, and glittering with the unreal appearance of gold and precious stones. He knew not, alas! the recess and the retirement of *Falsehood*. Reclining on silken couches, the couches of *Pain-enjoyment*, he drew around him curtains embroidered with various colours, the curtains of *Self-deceit*, and was lulled to repose by the tinkling cymbal of *Folly*. Short were the slumbers of his witless rest. He was waked by the croaking of *Infamy*, a large and præternatural raven, whose braying noise shook the rocks and the groves; and was devoured by an enormous crocodile, that had watched him as he entered the maze, and had lurked by the noiseless stream.

"Thou beholdest," continued the genius, "the lot of thy lamented son, had not the angel of death, by the shaft of sudden and unexpected distemper, prevented his guilty shame. Stupified by *Dissipation*, and ensnared by *Falsehood*, he would

not have been roused from his vicious indulgence, but by the peal of *Infamy*, and the gripe of *Destruction*. Sorrow for his crimes and his sufferings would have blasted the strength of his father's mind, and rendered him incapable of virtuous exertion. Be thankful for the death of thy son."

The aged cheek of Osreidan was bathed in a flood of tears. He wept bitterly; and, for a space, the anguish of his grief was silent. At length, in interrupted accents,—“Why did I ever exist? or why was I hailed with the name of father? But the will of Allah be done! He whose arm is almighty, and whose blessedness is unimpaired, can never injure, nor, without a cause, afflict the least of his creatures. The will of Allah be done!”

The countenance of the genius was for a moment bedimmed, and his visage seemed indistinct. But his form remained, and in an instant recovered its brightness. His eye was rekindled with the purest intelligence, and the smile that played on his lip was of the kindest benignity. He had withdrawn from Osreidan, and had left his assumed appearance behind him. With a celerity transcending all human conception, he had arisen to the sapphire throne, and presented himself for further instruction before the Ancient of Days. He had then returned; re-animated his human appearance; and, resuming his speech in tones of soft consolation, “I am permitted,” he said, “as the recompense of thy humility, of thy just, rational, and meek resignation, to reveal a part, so far, at least, as thou art able to understand of an awful mystery.—Thy son was called into existence for the discharge of important functions, and to share, in process of time, and after various changes, the supremest happiness

that man can enjoy, the happiness arising from his powers and virtues. Some part of his office he has already performed; for he has afforded exercise to those virtues of thine, which, by having been proved, and by having received their proper exercise, shall, in the sequel, exalt thy nature. Having done so, and not having sufficient powers to oppose the perils that must, as thy son, have assailed him, he has been called, in consideration of the merit he had already acquired, and by the mercy of Heaven, to the trials of a new condition. He is exposed again to temptations. But, aided by the counsels and by the habits of early life, though he is at present unconscious of the sources from which his assistance flows, he has power to oppose them. He will thus acquire still higher endowments, and be enabled to combat even fiercer temptations; fiercer and more seducing than those which the vision shadowed. Renovation of life, reinstated memory of past events, renewal and increase of affection, in ways too mysterious for human conception, shall, in another state, be the portion of both father and son; for, to intelligent beings, death is not the close, but the means of awful and important variety in their mode of existence.”

“But,” said Osreidan, emboldened by the condescension of his celestial friend, “could not this have been accomplished without the smallest intermixture of evil?”—“What proportion,” answered the genius, “what proportion can you establish between an instant of time, and a million of ages? What proportion can you establish between the smallest drop of dew that hangs on the point of the finest needle employed by the maidens of Casimer, in the needle-work of their queen, and the waters of the mighty deep?”

deep? Far less is the proportion of the present life to the duration of future existence. Thy sufferings will vanish from thy remembrance as the white vapour on the breast of the sky dispersed by the blazing sun. Consider, too, that if the suffering thou accountest painful, transient as it must seem, shall become the means of securing, exalting, and improving the relish of thy future enjoyments, as the spices of Java improve the feast of the caliph, what thou pronouncest suffering is no longer to be accounted evil."

The genius disappeared. All remembrance of the facts and sayings that occurred in his visitation was instantly effaced from the mind of Osreidan. He seemed to have had a vision; but could not tell what it was. Yet its parting gleam had been bright and delightful. He felt its benign effects; for the remaining days of his life were soothed with complacency, with good-will to mankind, consolation and peace.

The writing of the vision was afterward revealed to the hermit of Carmel, who was also a Kadarite; and by him set forth in a book for the consolation and hope of the faithful.

The MONKS and the ROBBERS;

A TALE.

By A. PERCY.

(Continued from p. 307.)

FAR different were Tancred's emotions when he quitted Palermo, from those he felt when he entered it, after his brother's departure. Then he had nought, save the hope of some fortunate chance, to support the pleasing prospects his imagination presented; but now they rested on a certainty; and other prospects, more pleasing, and more substantial, because they depended on himself to give them stability,

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opened to his view. Yet he was not so familiarised to villainy, but that he felt some degree of compunction when his thought suggested what must happen ere they could possess a real existence; and often a fit of irresolution came over him: but he recollected himself—remembered many excellent good arguments—and, at length, was fixed more firmly in his determination.

Soon after he had reached the end of his journey, he signified to the lady Rodigona that he intended returning to his castle in a few days, and bade her prepare to accompany him. She heard this command with much uneasiness; for the thought of that return revived unpleasing ideas, and brought more strongly to her remembrance certain circumstances, which had there occurred, of such a mysterious and horrible nature, that, at the bare recollection, a chilling vapour seemed to glide through every vein, and a throng of fearful ideas pressed upon her mind. Indeed, so strongly were the terrific scenes she had witnessed, and the dreadful appearance she had beheld, impressed upon her memory, that, at times, notwithstanding many years had elapsed, she felt again all the horrors that then convulsed her frame, and inflicted a life-enduring pang.

But these circumstances she would have counted of no importance had they been unconnected with those transactions which were the cause of all her sorrow,—transactions that, at length, involved her in a strange and unnatural situation, which would have occasioned an effect analogous to the cause, but that an event, equally unexpected and horrible, suddenly happened, and prevented it—an event that was not less the subject of her affliction than the situation it had relieved her from, or the circumstances which had placed her in that situation. Often had she spoke to her lord, touching

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her repugnance to her residing at the castle, but without betraying the sources whence it flowed, and besought him to leave it entirely; but as it did not altogether suit his convenience, her importunity was unavailing. Having lost all hope of obtaining her request, she forbore to urge it when her lord did speak of their return to the castle, but inquired if the lady Juliet accompanied them; and, being answered in the affirmative, mentioned her apprehensions, lest its gloomy and secluded situation should increase the melancholy she had already too much indulged.

"Concern thyself not with that," said he; "time will lessen her affliction; meanwhile, be it thy care to prevent her brooding over it.—Look to her, and exert thy endeavour to rouse her from this state."

"My endeavours will, I fear, be of little use: her sorrow is too deeply rooted to be so easily moved. The natural gloom and solitude of the place are of themselves sufficient to engender melancholy,—therefore, my lord, I should think any other place were better"....

"You may; but I do not.—I think, and shall act differently."

"But, good my lord, if it makes no difference"—

"No more!" interrupted he, somewhat sternly:—"thou pleadest in vain; my resolution is fixed, and 'tis not thou that canst change it." He was proceeding again to charge her to be careful of the lady Juliet, when her entrance into the apartment prevented the injunction. He then spoke of the intended journey. Juliet, understanding that her aunt went with him, accepted, without hesitation, his offer of residing with them, for all places were equally indifferent to her: it was of no import, so she could but be in the loved society of Rodigona, which was her only consolation,

now that every hope of felicity appeared for ever annihilated.

The day preceding the departure, Juliet was visited by the marchese di Fiorvaldo, who, having heard of her intended journey, came to take leave of her. With deportment the most gentle and engaging—with looks, whose natural expression of sweetness and benignity was rendered more interesting by the sorrow that appeared in them, and in terms of affectionate regard, she welcomed the good old man. He appeared oppressed with anguish, yet his countenance wore its wonted air of mild benevolence; but that joy which had formerly illuminated his features when he beheld her, and that inward satisfaction they had ever looked responsive of, were now no more. Juliet marked the alteration in his appearance, and the sight, strongly reviving the remembrance of her loss, affected her even to tears: nor was her emotion lessened, when she contrasted the present meeting with those that had preceded it. At those periods the magnanimity, the courage, and the achievements of Rudolpho, were constantly the theme of discourse—a theme which, together with the instances the marchese repeated of his firmness of temper, his greatness of soul, and his goodness of heart, formed a source of conversation that never failed, and a charm that softened the tedious moments of absence from those she loved;—but now that charm was broken, and her heart a prey to sorrow. While these thoughts were recurring to her memory, her bosom heaved with anguish, and her eyes overflowed with tears. The marchese could not behold them unmoved, nor yet look on those features, where once the serenity of happiness and the bright glow of health had sat, now changed to the wan appearance which sorrow brings,

brings, yet still of undiminished loveliness, without feeling the drops of sympathy rise to his eyes: but when she spoke, the mournful sweetness of her voice vibrated to his heart, and, spite of himself, the tears trickled down his face. But immediately concealing his emotion, that it might not increase her's, he endeavoured to speak with his usual composure, discoursing only on indifferent subjects, till he rose to depart, when he expressed his hopes that a change of residence would repair the injury her health had sustained, and heal her wounded peace. "Time, and absence from those objects which might remind thee of it," said he, "will soften thy affliction; and thou, I hope, wilt again be gay and happy as once I knew thee.—Could I hear of that, it would sweeten the death which age and sorrow are preparing for me.—And now, farewell!—I shall not live again to see thee. Alas! I have now no tie to hold me to this world—I am cut off—hopeless—deserted". . . His rising emotion impeded his utterance: he paused, and turned from her, to conceal his agitation; but presently recovering himself, exclaimed, "Oh! be thy happiness quickly restored!—be thy days peaceful and prosperous!—Again, sweet and excellent lady, farewell!"—He said, and hastily departed.

(To be continued.)

Original LETTERS of THOMSON,
the AUTHOR of the SEASONS.

October 24, 1731.

WHAT you observe concerning the pursuit of poetry (so far engaged in it as I am), is certainly just. Besides, let him quit it who can, and *erit mihi magnus Apollo*, or something as great. A true genius, like light, must be bursting forth, as a false one is an incurable disease. One would not, however, climb Par-

nassus, any more than your mortal hills, to fix for ever on the barren top. No; it is some little dear retirement, in the vale below, that gives the right relish to the prospect; which, without that, is nothing but enchantment, and, though pleasing for some time, at last leaves us in a desert. The great fat doctor of Bath (Dr. Cheyne perhaps), told me that poets should be kept poor, the more to animate their genius. This is like the cruel custom of putting a bird's eyes out that it may sing the sweeter; but surely they sing sweetest amid the luxuriant woods, while the full spring blooms around them.

Travelling has long been my fondest wish, for the very purpose you recommend,—the storing one's imagination with ideas of all-beautiful, all-great, all-perfect nature. These are the true *materia poetica*, the light and colours with which Fancy kindles up her whole creation, paints a sentiment, and even embodies an abstracted thought. I long to see the fields where Virgil gathered his immortal honey, and tread the same ground where men have thought and acted so greatly.

But not to travel entirely like a poet, I resolve not to neglect the more prosaic advantages of it: for it is no less my ambition to be capable of serving my country in an active than in a contemplative way.

At my times of leisure abroad, I think of attempting another tragedy, from a story more addressed to common passions than 'Sophonisba.' The Sophonisba people, now-a-days, must have something like themselves, and a public-spirited monster can never interest them. If any thing could make me capable of an epic performance, it would be your favourable opinion in thinking so. But (as you justly observe), that must be the work of years, and one must be in an epic situation to execute it. My heart both trembles with diffidence, and burns with ar-

dour at the thought. The story of Timeleon is good as to the subject matter; but an author owes, I think, the scene of an epic action to his own country. Timeleon admits of no machinery, except that of the heathen gods, which will not do at this time of day. I hope, hereafter, to have the direction of your taste in these affairs, and, in the mean time, will endeavour to expand those ideas and sentiments, and in some degree to gather up that knowledge, which is necessary to such an undertaking.

Should the scenes and climates through which I pass inspire me with any poetry, it will naturally have recourse to you. But to hint a return from Young or Stubbs, were a kind of poetical simony, especially when you yourself possess such a portion of the spirit.

Rome, Nov. 28, 1731.

I WILL make no apology for neglecting to do myself the honour of writing to you since we left Paris. I may rather plead a merit in not troubling you with long scrawls of that travelling stuff of which the world is full even to loathing.

That enthusiasm which I had upon me, with regard to travelling, goes off, I find, very fast. One may imagine fine things in reading ancient authors, but to travel is to dissipate that vision. A great many antique statues (where several of the fair ideas of Greece are fixed for ever in marble), and the paintings of the first masters, are indeed most enchanting objects. How little, however, of these suffices! How unessential are they to life! They are surely not of that importance as to set the whole world,—man, woman, and child, a gadding. I should be sorry to be Goth enough not to think them highly ornamental in life, when one can have them at home without paying for them at an extravagant price. But for every one who can

support it to make a trade of running abroad only to stare at them, I cannot help thinking something worse than a public folly. Instead of travelling so furiously, it were wiser, and more public spirited, should they, with part of those sums of money spent that way, send persons of genius in architecture, painting, and sculpture, to study those arts abroad, and import them to England. Did they but once take root here, how they might flourish in such a generous and wealthy country! The *Nature* of the great painter, architect, and statuary, is the same she ever was; and is, no doubt, as profuse of beauty, proportion, lovely forms, and real genius, as formerly she was to the sunny realms of Greece, did we but study the one and exert the other. In England, if we cannot reach the *gracefully superfluous*, yet I hope we shall never lose the substantial, necessary, and vital arts of life; such as depend on labour, liberty, and all-commanding trade. For my part, I (who have no taste for smelling to an old musty stone) look upon these countries with an eye to poetry, in regard that the sisters reflect light and images to one another. Now I mention poetry, should you inquire after my Muse, all that I can answer is, that I believe she did not cross the Channel with me. I know not whether your gardener at Eastbury has heard any thing of her among the woods there: she has not thought fit to visit me, while I have been in this once poetic land, nor do I feel the least presage that she will. But not to lengthen out a letter that has no pretence to entertain you, give me leave only to add, that I can never lose the pleasing sense I have of your goodness to me; and it is a hope that I must flatter myself with your continuance of it upon my return to England; for which my veneration and love (I will be vain enough to say) increase every day even to fondness and devotion.

POETICAL ESSAYS.

ELEGY

ON THE DEATH OF THE SCOTTISH POET BURNS.

BY WILLIAM ROSCOE.

(From Dr. Currie's Life of Burns.)

REAR high thy bleak, majestic
hills—

Thy shelter'd valleys proudly spread,
And, Scotia, pour thy thousand rills—
And wave thy heaths with blossoms
red !

But, ah ! what poet now shall tread
Thy airy heights, thy woodland
reign,

Since HE, the sweetest bard, is dead,
That ever breath'd the soothing
strain ?

As green thy tow'ring pines may grow,
As clear thy streams may speed
along,

As bright the summer suns may glow,
And wake again thy feath'ry throng :

But now, unheeded is the song,
And dull and lifeless all around :

For his wild harp lies all unstrung—
And cold the hand that wak'd its
sound !

What tho' thy vigorous offspring rise,
In arts, in arms, thy sons excel ;

Tho' beauty in thy daughter's eyes,
And health in ev'ry feature dwell ;

Yet who shall now their praises tell
In strains, impassion'd, fond, and
free,

Since HE no more the song shall swell
To Love, and Liberty, and Thee ?

With step-dame eye and frown severe
His hapless youth why didst thou
view ?

For all thy joys to him were dear,
And all his vows to thee were due :

Not greater bliss his bosom knew,
In op'ning youth's delightful prime,

Than when thy fav'ring ear he drew
To listen to his chaunted rhyme !

Thy lonely wastes and frowning skies
To him were all with rapture
fraught ;

He heard with joy the tempest rise
That wak'd him to sublimer thought ;
And oft thy winding dells he sought,
Where wild-flow'rs pour'd their
rathe perfume,

And with sincere devotion brought
To thee the summer's earliest bloom.

But, ah ! no fond, maternal smile
His unprotected youth enjoy'd ;

His limbs inur'd to early toil,
His days with early hardships tried ;

And, more, to mark the gloomy void,
And bid him feel his misery,

Before his infant eyes would glide
Day-dreams of immortality !

Yet, not by cold neglect depress'd,
With sinewy arm he turn'd the soil,

Sunk with the evening sun to rest,
And met at morn his earliest smile !

Wak'd by his rustic pipe, meanwhile
The powers of Fancy came along,

And sooth'd his lengthen'd hours of
toil

With native wit, and sprightly song !

Ah ! days of bliss, too swiftly fled,
When vig'rous health from labour

springs,
And bland Contentment smooths the

bed,
And Sleep her ready opiate brings ;

And hov'ring round, on airy wings,
Float the light forms of young De-

sire,
That of unutterable things

The soft and shadowy hope inspire !

Now, spells of mightier pow'r pre-
pare—

Bid brighter phantoms round him
dance :—

Let Flatt'ry spread her viewless snare,
And Fame attract his vagrant glance ;

Let

Let sprightly Pleasure too advance,
Unveil'd her eyes, unclasp'd her
zone,
'Till lost in Love's delirious trance,
He scorns the joys his youth has
known!

Let Friendship pour her brighter
blaze,
Expanding all the bloom of soul;
And Mirth concentre all her rays,
And point them from the sparkling
bowl;

And let the careless moments tell
In social pleasures unconfin'd;
And Confidence, that spurns controul,
Unlock the inmost springs of mind!

And lead his steps those bowers among,
Where Elegance with Splendour
vies,

Or Science bids her favour'd throng
To more refin'd sensations rise!
Beyond the peasant's humbler joys,
And freed from each laborious strife,
There let him learn the bliss to prize,
That waits the sons of polish'd life!

Then, whilst the throbbing veins beat
high

With ev'ry impulse of delight,
Dash from his lips the cup of joy—
And shroud the scene in shades of
night!

Then let Despair, with wizard light,
Disclose the yawning gulf below,
And pour incessant on his sight,
Her spectred ills and shapes of woe!

And show beneath a cheerless shed,
With sorrowing heart and stream-
ing eyes,

In silent grief where droops her head—
The partner of his early joys!
And let his infants' tender cries
His fond paternal succour claim,
And bid him hear in agonies
A husband and a father's name!

'Tis done—the pow'rful charm suc-
ceeds,

His high reluctant spirit bends;
In bitterness of soul he bleeds,
Nor longer with his fate contends!
An idiot laugh the welkin rends
As genius thus degraded lies,
'Till pitying Heav'n the veil extends
That shrouds the poet's ardent eyes!

Rear high thy bleak, majestic hills—
Thy shelter'd valleys proudly spread,
And, Scotia, pour thy thousand rills,—
And wave thy heaths with blossoms
red!

But never more shall poet tread
Thy airy heights, thy woodland
reign,
Since HE, the sweetest bard, is dead,
That ever breath'd the soothing
strain!

THE WOOER.

[FROM THE GERMAN OF VOSS.]

WITH auburn locks and killing eyes,
A lass tripp'd o'er the mead;
The day declin'd, soft blush'd the
skies,

And warblings fill'd the glade.
I nought but her could hear and see.
Belov'd, I swear, the maid shall be
For ever and for aye by me!

A russet garb with graceful ease
Intwin'd her slender waist;
Her coats and tresses caught the breeze,
And flutter'd as it pass'd:
Her snow-white hose I plain could see.
Belov'd, I swear, the maid shall be
For ever and for aye by me!

The dappled cow now jogg'd along,
And fill'd her cleanly pail;
And while the maiden milk'd and
sung,

I urg'd my tender tale.
Her eye bespoke soft courtesy.
Belov'd, I swear, the maid shall be
For ever and for aye by me!

My tale I told, she deign'd to smile;
In sweet suspense I stood;
Yet durst to steal a kiss the while:
Her cheek with blushes glow'd.
As glow'd the west, so redd'n'd she.
Belov'd, I swear, the maid shall be
For ever and for aye by me!

O'er stile, o'er hedge, I help'd the
maid
Her brimming pail to bear;
And chas'd the goblin from the glade,
And sung to banish fear:
For dark it grew, I scarce could see.
Belov'd, I swear, the maid shall be
For ever and for aye by me!

Her

Her mother rav'd: "So late!" she
cry'd:

The damsel hung her head.
"Good mother, hear, nor rashly chide;
I'd fain thy daughter wed:
Consent our mutual bliss to see.
Belov'd, I swear, the maid shall be
For ever and for aye by me!"

SAPPHO,

TO A GENTLEMAN WHO ASKED
HER OPINION OF A KISS.

WHAT is a kiss?—'tis but a seal,
That warmly printed soon decays;
'Tis but a zephyr taught to steal—
Where fleeting falsehood smiling
plays.

The breeze will kiss the flow'r: but
soon

From flow'r to weed inconstant
blows.—

Such is the kiss of love, the boon
Which fickle Fancy oft bestows.

A balmy kiss once Venus gave
The rose that caught her lover's sigh;
That rose with ev'ry gale would wave,
At ev'ry glance of morning die:

Would ope its bosom to the beam
That glowing noon promiscuous
threw;

Or, to the twilight's parting gleam
Would yield responsive tears of dew:

Oft to the bee its sweets would give,
And flaunt its odours wild around,
With honey'd breath did pleasure live,
Or with its hidden mischiefs wound.

This rose was white, and to be blest
Around it insect-myrriads flew,
Charm'd by the wonders of its breast,
Thrice essenc'd in the summer dew.

But when the lip of beauty shed
A rival sweetness on that breast,
It blush'd, and droop'd its fragrant
head,

Asham'd to be so proudly blest.

Its colour chang'd, a crimson glow
Fix'd on its alter'd form appears;
While round the rising Zephyrs blow,
And Nature bathes its leaves with
tears.

Then does not ev'ry kiss impart,
In magic thrills of speechless plea-
sure,

Reproaches to the wand'ring heart,
That knows not how to prize the
treasure?

O yes! then let my bosom prove
No throb—but Friendship's throb
divine;

And let the kiss of fickle Love,
Capricious visitor—BE THINE.

SAPPHO.

ODE TO SOLITUDE.

HAIL! mild nymph, of heav'nly
birth,
That deign'st to bless the sons of
earth!

Parent of the wise and good,
Soul-enchancing Solitude.
Far from thee the vulgar fly,
The great avoid thy stedfast eye;
The guiltless mind alone can feel
The sacred pleasures you reveal:
Thou canst give their woes relief,
And calm the deep excess of grief;
Bid the warring passion's cease,
And wrap the soul in more than mor-
tal peace.

Thou canst lull the soul to rest,
That art with brighter charms pos-
sessed;

For thou dost point the road to fame,
And rouse the soul to deeds of noble
name.

Thou meditat'st the sudden blow
That pours fierce vengeance on a
haughty foe,
Tho' far aloof thou sit'st, and thee
he does not know.

Nymph, where dost thou love to
dwell?

In the mossy silent cell.
Dost thou to the grove repair?
Often have I met thee there;
Mark'd thy sober placid mien,
Look unchang'd, and brow serene,
Thy head with myrtle garland
grac'd,

An oaken wreath around thy waist,
And in thy hand a scroll was held,
With many a truth important
swell'd;

Written by thy fav'rite son *.

* M. Zimmermann.

Its nobler purpose, man to show,
 How best to bear the tide of woe,
 How best the paths of vice to shun.
 Such sweet bliss its lays inspir'd,
 The old ador'd, the young admir'd,
 The beauties of each polish'd
 line;
 Folly sat with tearful eye,
 Wept to see her vot'ries fly,
 And pour their off'rings at thy sainted
 shrine.

Oft too, along the velvet mead,
 With modest step I've seen thee
 tread,

By some clear transparent stream,
 Listen to its murmur'ing noise,
 Mark the curling vapours rise,
 And watch the sun's departing
 gleam:

Raising, then, aloft thine eye,
 View the glories of the sky;
 To some high rock thy footsteps
 guide,

Contemplation at thy side,
 Rapt Urania in thy train,
 Behold the horrors of the dark'ning
 main;

Mark the waves tumultuous dash,
 And the vivid light'nings flash,
 Round thy head wide-gleaming
 play,

And streaming meteors shoot their
 fiery ray,

Above thy head loud thunders roar,
 Below the hoarse resounding billows
 lash the shore:

Unmov'd, amidst the cruel storm,
 Serene thou sat'st with placid form,
 Till Nature call'd thee to thy slum-
 bers pure,

The bad can ne'er enjoy, the good
 alone procure.

July 23, 1800.

THO. INSHIE.

OBERON TO THE MAY-FLY.

POOR insect! what a little day
 Of sunny bliss is thine!
 And yet thou spread'st thy light wings
 gay,

And bid'st them, spreading, shine!
 Thou humm'st thy short and busy
 time

Unmindful of the blast;

And, careless, while 'tis burning noon,
 How short that noon has past!

A show'r would lay thy beauty low,
 The dew of twilight be
 The torrent of thy overthrow—
 Thy storm of destiny!

Then, spread thy little shining wing;
 Hum on thy busy lay;

For man, like thee, has but his spring—
 Like thine, IT FADES AWAY!

OBERON.

ODE TO HEALTH.

WHY hast thou left me? Health!
 Did ever I, in thoughtless hour,
 Provoke thy wrath, O blessed pow'r?
 With eager lips and madden'd soul
 Drain the slow poison of the bowl?
 Or, with Riot's frantic rout,
 Watch the midnight tapers out?

There was a time when willingly
 I could have let thee part,
 Without a wish, without a sigh,
 When care was heavy at my heart:
 When the wide world before me lay,
 A desert where I saw no way;
 When Fancy's brightest, earliest
 dreams

Had faded like the rainbow hue;
 Deserted by deceitful Hope,
 I could have spar'd thee too.

But now that from the yoke of Hope
 And Fear my soul is free;

But now, at length, that I have reach'd
 The haven of tranquillity;

O, gentle Health! wilt thou refuse
 My noiseless hours to bless?

Return, and bring again with thee
 Thy comrade Happiness.

THE THORN.

BY ROBERT BURNS.

FROM the white-blossom'd sloe my
 dear Chloe requested

A sprig, her fair breast to adorn,
 "No, by Heav'n's!" I exclaim'd:—

"may I perish, if ever
 I plant in that bosom a Thorn!"

FOREIGN NEWS.

Ancona, June 30.

ON the 25th the commissary of the Austrian government published here the following notification:—

“His imperial majesty, in conformity with the generous sentiments which have induced him to spare no sacrifices to restore the territories of the Holy See, has resolved to re-establish the illustrious reigning pontif, Pius VII. in the full possession of the same. It is, therefore, hereby ordered, that all the magistrates and officers of the civil commission at Ancona shall for the future act entirely according to the commands they shall receive from his holiness.

(Signed) “Antonio de Cavallar.

The restoration of the civil government to the pope, on the part of the emperor, will take place generally through the ecclesiastical state, and extend to the line of the three legations. Bologna and its territory are now occupied by the French general Monnier, with 3000 men. Ponte Corvo and Benevento will be held by the king of Naples till a further adjustment.

Milan, July 13. The head-quarters of the French army have been removed from this city to Brescia. Though negotiations for peace should take place, this army will be prepared to act immediately in case of a renewal of hostilities.

The citadel of Milan, which is now of no essential service, and is maintained at a great expence, will be dismantled by order of Buonaparte. The fortifications of Bard, Serravalle, Gavi, Arona, Ceva, Coni, Urbino, and the city of Turin, will likewise be demolished.

Italy, July 14. The pope arrived at Rome on the 3d inst. He was received with the most unbounded expressions of joy, and immediately repaired to St. Peter's church, where a solemn *Te Deum* was performed, at

which an immense concourse of people attended.

Vienna, July 19. A courier has again arrived here from Berlin, whose dispatches are supposed to relate to a negotiation for peace.

The Vienna court gazette of the 19th ult. contains a dispatch from general Kray, dated the 16th, importing that he had on the 15th signed an armistice with the French general in chief Moreau. It is added, that on the 11th general Lecourbe, with more than 15,000 men, made an attack on the troops under the command of prince Reuss, who, on account of the great superiority of the enemy's numbers, was obliged to retire to Reuti.

The army of general Melas in Italy is stationed along the Mincio, in a similar position to that occupied by general Kray along the Adige before the commencement of hostilities. The advanced posts of the two armies testify the greatest friendship and esteem for each other; and the French soldiers declare their firm opinion, that Buonaparte wishes the restoration of peace throughout Europe.

In the unofficial part of the court gazette of this day, under the head Germany, is the following passage: “Accounts from Dresden of the 13th inst. mention, that two great foreign courts will no longer view with indifference the progress of the French in Germany, and the ruin of the continent, to promote the advantage of some individual maritime connections.”

The chancellor of Hungary has just received advice by a courier, that a dreadful fire yesterday broke out at Presburg, and has already consumed several churches, convents, the barracks, and other public buildings, besides above a hundred houses. The fire still burns so furiously that it may be seen from the steeple of St. Stephen's church at Vienna.

Milan, July 22. In consequence of a convention between generals Mas-

sena and Melas, the navigation of the Po is to be perfectly free, and the communication of the inhabitants of the Bolognese and the Ferrarese, with the Mantuan, is permitted by Borgo-forte and Bozzolo, provided the Cisalpines are furnished with a passport from the état-major of the general Massena. The city of Ferrara has been evacuated by the Austrian troops, who have only left a garrison in the citadel, in conformity with the convention of the 16th June. The town and country are occupied by the French troops, and the Cisalpine government is organising there.

Frontiers of Bobemia, July 24. The report, that at Carlsbad there are held conferences between the ministers of certain courts, or, as others would say, a congress for the preliminaries of peace, is no longer denied. Counts Cobenzel and Metternich, the minister of a foreign power, and another minister of state, as also an envoy from a distant belligerent power, have attended this meeting incognito. But as the subject in discussion is not a particular, but a general peace, the consequences of these negotiations will be, that some of the plenipotentiaries will go to London to have a conference with Mr. Pitt, to effect, if possible, a general peace.

Italy, July 24. In the Cisalpine territory, 10,000 fresh troops were added to the army, which, with the Cisalpines, and the returned French troops, make 25,000 men. It is now expected that Lucca will be united to the Cisalpine republic.

The king of Sardinia came to Rome on the 5th of July, whence, to enjoy the tranquillity of the country, he went to Frescati, to the villa Gonti. The new pope has lowered the price of bread at Rome.

Some disturbances having taken place in the Bolognese, the French general Miollis has published a proclamation, in which he promises every protection to the catholic religion.

The well-known count Serbelloni is now a member of the consulta at Milan.

Five thousand Russians have landed at Gaeta, and occupy that place.

Munich, July 25. Before general Moreau yesterday left this city for

Augsburg, he received a courier from Berlin, whose arrival he had expected for several days. A Prussian staff-officer brought the dispatches: after reading which, Moreau said to count Preising and other Electoral ministers: "Gentlemen, the contents of these dispatches will be found very agreeable to their Electoral highnesses, your masters."

Our elector is still at Amberg with his whole court, and the English, Russian, and Prussian envoys.

Augsburg, July 28. M. de Cetto, late minister from the elector of Bavaria at Paris, arrived here to-day, accompanied by M. Hamier, the Prussian charge d'affaires at Munich, in order to obtain from the general in chief a diminution of the contribution of eight millions imposed on Bavaria. General Moreau will, on this occasion, give a new proof of the interest which the French government takes in the affairs of the elector of Bavaria, and the importance which it attaches to the interposition of the king of Prussia.

Paris, July 30. Letters from Marseilles give some details relative to the supplying of Malta with provisions, which has been officially announced in one of the preceding numbers. They state, that 52 ships, different burthens, have entered that island laden with provisions.

31. Citizen Duroe, aide-du-camp of the first consul, the same who was some months ago sent to Prussia, and was so well received by the king and all the court, departs this night for Vienna with general count St. Julien. This mission, which certainly relates to the negotiation, must be a good augury.

The report so generally circulated in the course of yesterday, of the signing of preliminaries of peace, raised the public funds. The uers consolidé advanced from 33 to 36.

The arrival of a courier from Rome, charged with dispatches from the king of Sardinia, is spoken of.

The gazette of Bologna gives, under date of Leghorn, the 4th of July, the following news: Her majesty the queen of Naples, who has been for some time here, and who, it is said, was preparing to embark on board an English ship to return to Palermo, has obtained

obtained a passport from the chief consul Buonaparte, by means of which she will pass by land, under an escort of Austrian horse, to Vienna.

Manheim, Aug. 2. It is expected here, on very probable grounds, that, should the war continue between France and Austria, the territories of the elector, both in Bavaria and on the Rhine, will be treated as neutral, as it is supposed that a treaty for an armistice and neutrality will be concluded between the elector and the French government, under the guarantee of Prussia. The conditions are, as yet, unknown, but it appears that the principal article will be, that the elector shall recall the two brigades in the pay of England, and also his contingent with the imperial army. This prince has, besides, assembled a corps in the upper palatinate, consisting of between 12 and 25,000 men, who, united to the other corps, will put him in a condition to cause his neutrality to be respected.

Hague, Aug. 3. In the sitting which the Batavian legislative body held yesterday, a letter was read from the executive directory; as it was known that it contained the news of the signing of the preliminaries of peace between France and Austria, a crowd of spectators assembled in both chambers; the letter was received with the loudest plaudits. It states, "that if the glorious triumphs of the French arms in the plains of Maring and on the banks of the Danube had brought back the hope of peace, and if that hope was confirmed by the subsequent armistices in Italy and Germany, the important news, that the preliminary bases of a peace, to be negotiated between the French republic and the House of Austria, were signed at Paris on the evening of the 29th of July last, affords us now a surer perspective that a desirable pacification will, at length, put an end to a destructive war, at least upon the continent. This agreeable advice was brought to us last night by an extraordinary courier."

It is remarkable, nevertheless, that the Paris papers of the 30th July, and even the *Moniteur* of the 31st, make no mention of the news.

4. An article inserted in our public papers announced that the minister of the French republic had just received, by means of an extraordinary courier,

the news of the signing of the preliminaries of peace between the republic and the House of Austria. The French minister has disavowed this news in an article which he has caused to be published in one of our papers. The Dutch government had given much éclat to the first annunciation, which had a very sensible influence upon our funds. The day before yesterday the Dutch rescriptions, payable after the peace, had already risen from 45½ to 47½ at Amsterdam.

Elsineur, Aug. 5. The Drake cutter arrived here early in the morning of the 3d inst. and, after delivering her dispatches, capt. Wisbish, commander of the Favourite sloop of war, returned without having had any communication with the shore. The Favourite sailed very soon afterwards, leaving directions for the merchant ships then in waiting to follow immediately, and receive further instructions in the Categat. All the ships, above a hundred in number, in consequence, got under sail as fast as possible; but as the wind blows fresh from the west, a few are returning; they will, however, probably sail as soon as the wind shall permit, with the Good Design, which is just arrived from the Orkneys. The abrupt departure of this convoy has occasioned much speculation here.

Brussels, Aug. 6. Couriers between the different powers very frequently pass through this city. Yesterday afternoon M. Dubois, courier from the cabinet of Vienna, proceeded through this place on his way from that capital to Paris with dispatches, which are reported to be of the greatest importance. He stopped a few minutes at the head-quarters of Moreau.

Notwithstanding the mouth of the Scheldt continues to be strictly blockaded by a division of English ships of war, there lately arrived in the river several large neutral vessels, richly laden with colonial produce on account of the merchants of Antwerp.

Paris, Aug. 9. The letter from gen. Moreau, which demanded a contribution of 400,000 livres from Ratisbon, ordered that one-half should be paid by the clergy. The latter have deputed the count of Sternberg, canon of the chapter of Ratisbon, to the French general, to make some representations upon this subject.

HOME NEWS.

Deal, July 26.

SAILED his majesty's ships *Terpsichore* and *La Prévoyante*, for *Flushing*, to watch the French frigates which made their escape from *Dunkirk Roads*.—An order has come down here this morning for our cruisers to capture all ships under Danish colours.

July 29. On Monday se'nnight, about eleven o'clock at night, a fire broke out on the premises of Mr. Edward May, at *Hopgate, Minehead*, which raged with uncommon fury for several hours, when nearly the whole of the dwelling-house, offices, extensive barns, stables, linneys, &c. were consumed, together with a quantity of wheat in the barns, farming utensils, a mare and colt, some sheep, &c. Most of the household furniture was saved, though much injured. There can be but little doubt of its being wilfully set on fire in several places at once, as it appears that the barns and a linney, at the distance of 150 and 200 yards, caught fire at the same time, where it is scarcely possible it could have communicated. In one hour after the fire broke out, the whole was in one continued blaze, and presented a scene awfully grand and terrific, especially from the sea, it being situated on an eminence directly fronting it. The premises belong to Mr. Luttrell, who has within a few years laid out a considerable sum in repairs.

Hereford, July 29. Our assizes began yesterday before lord Kenyon and Mr. Justice Grose.

Ann Mead, a young woman only 16 years of age, was convicted of the wilful murder of Charles Proctor, an infant not 18 months old, and was ordered for execution on Thursday next. It appeared, in evidence, she was servant to the parents of the child, and that she had purchased an ounce of arsenic at a grocer's in *Royston*, with which the child had been poisoned. It seem-

ed she had been induced to commit this horrid act merely in malice to her mistress, who had found fault with her for not keeping the child so clean as she ought to have done.

30. Sunday se'nnight, in the afternoon, Edward High, a travelling beggar, from *Kendal*, in *Westmoreland*, between three and four feet high, and very much deformed, was found in a ditch between *Bawtry* and *Doncaster*, having fallen from an ass he rode on, and the bruises he received by the accident preventing him from regaining his situation; he was therefore brought to a lodging-house at *Doncaster*, and attended by the faculty from the dispensary, by whose assistance he was much recovered. The people, in whose house he lodged, interrogated him as to having any money, which he denied; his answer not proving satisfactory, they determined to examine his pockets, where there were found 4*l.* 1*l.* in silver, and a bag of halfpence. High awaked out of his sleep during the search, and, to prevent losing his money, he jumped out of bed, and unfortunately fell down stairs, and received several contusions in his head, which were the cause of his death in a few hours afterwards.

31. On Tuesday came on at *Worcester* assizes the trial of Samuel F. Waddington, on an information for forestalling hops. The information contained a great many counts.

The chief evidence against him was that of a clerk to a hop-dealer in *Worcester*, who said, that on the 29th of March last he heard Mr. Waddington intreat the hop-planters on the market not to sell at the low price of 11*l.*; and that it would be their own fault if hops did not soon rise to 20*l.* the hundred weight, as the stocks of the brewers were nearly exhausted, and they might depend on his (Mr. Waddington's) exertions to keep up the price.

This transaction was not the only one

one proved against him. It also appeared, that on the 19th of April he again addressed a body of hop-dealers to the same effect, and purchased quantities of hops for stated periods to come, some at 12*l.* 10*s.* others at 15*l.* and some even at 15*l.* per hundred weight, which was considerably above the market price. These facts, of course, constituted forestalling; and, after a long trial, which lasted till the evening, the jury found Mr. Waddington *guilty* on all the counts in the information.

York, Aug. 3. The business at the crown bar ended: Elizabeth Johnson, for passing a forged note; Joseph Copley, for burglary; and John Williamson, for returning from transportation, severally received sentence of death: the two latter the judge was pleased to reprieve; but Elizabeth Johnson is left for execution. The behaviour of this unfortunate woman, while the judge was passing sentence, was furious in the extreme; so much so, that though repeatedly requested by his lordship to be silent, she would not; he was therefore obliged to break off in the midst of an impressive address to her, and proceed to passing the awful sentence of the law; when she was immediately ordered from court. Isaac Carter, guilty of forgery—sentence respite until the next assizes.

Southampton, Aug. 3. Yesterday afternoon all the transports with troops fell down the river; and this morning a number of artillery horses and stores were embarked at the quay.

Yesterday morning an express overtook the 4th and 27th regiments, within four miles of Netley Common, with orders to file off immediately for Portsmouth, in order to embark at South-Sea Beach. We have no doubt, therefore, but that they arrived in Portsmouth the same evening, and were safely embarked, where the remainder will also repair; so that the Netley camp will not be continued: besides the booths are begun to be struck.

The transports are disposed in four divisions (at single anchors), viz. Cowes Road, Stokes Bay, Spithead, and St. Helen's.

Portsmouth, Aug. 7. Sailed this evening, under convoy of the Eurydice and Termagant men of war, all the transports with troops and military

stores intended for the secret expedition.

7. The ceremony of presenting colours to the Stadtholder's new army in the Isle of Wight was performed yesterday morning, by the hereditary prince, in the presence of lord Bolton, general Don, a tolerable assemblage of belles, and a vast concourse of spectators, in Parkhurst Forest, near Newport. The prince of Orange, in an appropriate speech, gave due praise to their appearance and military skill, recommended fidelity to the house of Orange, and a steady subordination to their officers, as from such conduct alone the important object they would soon probably be employed on could be expected to be accomplished. A *déjeuné* was given to a select party of ladies and gentlemen at the camp, but an elegant dinner was provided at the Bugle inn, of which the hereditary prince, lord Bolton, general Don, and all the field-officers and captains partook. The prince in the evening set off for London, preparatory to his going abroad.

8. The transports with the troops on board for the secret expedition sailed yesterday evening from Spithead, under convoy of the Eurydice and the Termagant. The fleet, it is said, is to put into Plymouth, where it will be joined by more troops, and where the commander in chief, sir James Pulteney, will embark.

London, Aug. 8. Monday last eight persons confined in the state prison of Coldbath-fields were liberated, among whom were J. Johnstone, J. Lewer, and others, mutineers. Johnstone was so unwell as totally to be unable to walk. Application was made by Mr. Jordan, the bookseller, to the lord mayor, who, with his usual humanity, immediately wrote a recommendation to receive him into St. Bartholomew's hospital, whither he was yesterday conveyed. Among the persons thus set at liberty, are those who were principally active in giving information respecting the state of the prison, all of whom Johnstone desired, in case of his death, might be summoned to attend the coroner's inquest on his body.

Newcastle, Aug. 9. Our ship-list of this week announces the arrival here from abroad of twenty-two ships, with wheat, rye, barley, and oats; and fourteen

fourteen coasters with articles of the above description. About thirteen more vessels with grain are mentioned in the last Sound list as on their way to this country. We are sorry, however, to find that a part of the Baltic fleet with corn, long since expected, has not yet arrived; and there is reason to fear, from the time the vessels have been delayed, that their cargoes will be materially injured: suspicion has even attributed their detention to the reported confederacy of the northern powers.

London, Aug. 11. A few days since a lad, rowing in a wherry off Coal-stairs, Shadwell, was enveloped in a whirlwind, which turned it and a ship's boat round about in quick succession, nearly elevated out of the water; a column of water rose to the height of about thirty feet. The boy, in his fright, made a leap on board some barges, when immediately the water-spout broke, which filled the boat or wherry. The lad was so much frightened that he has been confined ever since.

Hull, Aug. 12. We have the pleasure to state the arrival yesterday at this port of the fleet which has been for some time past expected from the Baltic, under convoy of the Sally armed ship. This fleet, with others to the amount of about 120 sail, left Elsinour on the 5th of July; but were forced into Norway by contrary winds, where they since have been detained. The Sally, after seeing the ships into the Humber, proceeded with the rest of the convoy to the southward.

The ships for Hamburgh, Bremen, and Embden, are ready for sea in Whitebooth Roads, and only wait for a fair wind to proceed, under convoy of the Hart brig cutter, lieut. Harrison.

St. Edmundsbury, Aug. 12. On Saturday last came on to be tried at our assizes, Alston (*qui tam*) v. Henley, rector of Bendlesham, on an information for non-residence. To support the prosecution, two witnesses were brought from the parish, one to prove payment of tythes, the other induction to the living. Their examination being ended, the rector, in person, adjured them to declare, if they knew, or had heard of any instance, on his part, of omission, neglect, or irreve-

rend discharge of duty, during the whole of his incumbency from 1782 to the present action, or on the part of his curate since. Both firmly answering the reverse was the truth, the defendant proceeding to the grounds he relied on, pointed out an error in the declaration. The judge (baron Hotham) at once took it up, and decidedly pronounced it to be fatal. Three gentlemen at the bar were counsel for the informant, but the defendant retained none, nor had he any solicitor.

Windsor, Aug. 12. Saturday morning a grenadier of the 1st regiment of guards broke into the house of Mr. Hyde, tailor, in Thames-street. The fall of his bayonet alarming the family, he was taken into custody, but not till a party of the Staffordshire militia was sent to secure him, vauntingly exclaiming, "If his bayonet had not fell, all Windsor should not have taken him." He was fully committed to Reading gaol for trial.

13. Yesterday being the anniversary of his royal highness the prince of Wales's birth-day, the inhabitants of Windsor displayed their accustomed loyalty on the occasion. At twelve o'clock the Staffordshire militia marched from the barracks to the little park, where they formed a line with their artillery, major Desbrow giving the word of command; the artillery first firing a royal salute, from right to left, and then the whole line a *feu de joye*, the band playing "God save the king," and at the conclusion of the third round the troops gave three cheers.

The royal Windsor association were also drawn up in the little park, and fired three rounds.

The 7th regiment of light horse had a grand field-day on Ashford common.

Aug. 20. On Thursday morning, as a waggon was passing through Chippenham, a lighted candle, carelessly left at the bottom, set fire to a quantity of grease; the flames communicated to a puncheon of rum, which in a few minutes was running down the street in a liquid flame, and was totally destroyed. The loss amounts to 150*l.* and falls on a publican of Chippenham, who had charge of the waggon.

BIRTHS.

July 23. The lady of George Harding Richardson, esq. of Grafton-street, Fitzroy-square, of twin sons.

28. In Grafton-street, lady Harriot Gill, of a daughter.

In Wimpole-street, the right hon. lady Massy, of a son.

The 28th ult. the lady of Nathaniel Gosling, esq. of a daughter.

31. The lady of R. H. Crew, esq. Secretary to the Board of Ordnance, of a daughter.

August 3. In Stratton-street, the lady of the hon. and rev. Mr. Cathcart, of a daughter.

At Midgham, in Berkshire, the hon. Mrs. Boyle, of a son.

The Marchioness of Clanricarde, lady of Peter Kington, esq. of a daughter.

The lady of John Burton, esq. at his house in Percy-street, of a son.

4. At Midyham, in Berkshire, the hon. Mrs. Boyle, of a son.

In Stratton-street, the lady of the hon. and rev. Mr. Cathcart, of a daughter.

11. At Woodburn, the right hon. lady Charlotte Campbell, of a son.

Mrs. Franks, of St. James's-street, of a son.

15. The lady of Sackville Gwynne, esq. Glaubiam Park, Carmarthenshire, of a son and heir.

In Lansdown-place, Bath, the lady of Richard Nagle, esq. of Jamestown, county of Westmeath, Ireland, of a son.

16. On Saturday last, at Elden, Suffolk, the countess of Albemarle of a son.

17. At Petersham, the lady of Robert Thorley, esq. of a daughter.

18. In Baker-street, the lady of T. Chandless, esq. of a daughter.

MARRIAGES.

July 21. At Lambeth church, J. Stanton, esq. lieutenant and surgeon of the second royal regiment of Tower Hamlets militia, to miss Elizabeth Whitehead, youngest daughter of the

late Thomas Whitehead, esq. of Stoke Common.

Mr. Anthony Rich, of the King's Remembrancer's office, to miss Robinson, late of Fairfield-side, Croydon, Surrey.

23. At St. George's church, Hanover-square, William Thomas Salvin, of Croxdale, in the county of Durham, esq. to miss Weston, eldest daughter of John Webb Weston, of Sutton-place, in the county of Surry, esq.

At St. Mary Woolnorth, Lombard-street, captain Arch. Christie, to miss Dwyer, of Bucklersbury.

25. At St. James's church, Mr. J. M. Hollagan, of Pickering place, St. James's, to miss Mary Weston, only daughter of John Weston, esq. of Pentonville.

At Clifton church, by the rev. Sydenham Teast Wylde, M. A. Browne Fleminge, esq. of Mallow, in the county of Cork, to miss Jackson, of Belle-Vue, youngest daughter of the late John Jackson, esq. of Eltham, in Kent.

August 1. At Hackney church, by the rev. Mr. Watson, miss Barlow of Clapton, to Richard Potts, esq. son of James Potts, esq. of Hackney.

Thomas Rowland, esq. of Watling-street, to miss Stuart, of Camberwell.

2. At Plymouth, William Langmead, esq. to miss Winne.

At Wexford, lieutenant J. Ormsby, of the Sligo militia, to miss Lightburne.

At Clifton, Arthur Hodge, esq. to miss Hoggins, sister of the late lady Exeter.

At the Manse of Kilmore, Argyllshire, on the 16th ult. Mr. Kenneth Macleay, surgeon, to miss Flora Macdonald, youngest daughter of the rev. Mr. Patrick Macdonald.

3. Mr. Jeremiah Howard, of Northfleet, Kent, to miss Pitcher, of the same place.

The rev. William Evans, of St. Asaph, to miss Goodwin, of Wirksworth, in the county of Derby.

J. H. Randel, esq. of St. Peter's-hill, to miss S. Lee, of Mile End.

At Plymouth, Dr. William Knighton, to miss Dorothea Hawker, youngest daughter of the late capt. Hawker, of the royal navy.

5. At Stoneham church, Hants, Lawrence Dundas Campbell, esq. son of Patrick

Patrick Campbell, esq. of Ardochattan, to miss Courtenay, second daughter of John Courtenay, esq. member for Appleby.

At Plymouth; William Langmead, esq. to miss Winne.

7. At Bridewell Chapel, Henry Van Bodicote, esq. of the Precinct, to miss Gessip, of the same place.

The right hon. Lord Dunsany, of the kingdom of Ireland, to miss Smith, of Portman-square.

8. Peter Dickens, esq. of Kennington-cross, Lambeth, to miss Poole, of Liverpool.

Thomas Armstrong, esq. Attorney at Law, Dublin, to miss Connor, daughter of Richard Connor, esq. of Henry-street, same place.

Lawrence White, esq. of Scarnagh, county of Wexford, to miss Jane Plunkett, eldest daughter of Thomas Plunkett, esq. of Portmarnock, county Dublin.

9. At Culcabock, near Inverness, Robert Drummond, esq. the younger, of Keltie, to miss Catharine Robertson, daughter of Arthur Robertson, esq. of Inches.

11. At Cordale, Hubert Marshall, esq. to miss Stirling, eldest daughter of John Stirling, esq.

13. At Richmond in Surrey, lieutenant Nightingall, to miss Florentia Darell, daughter of Sir Lionel Darell, Bart.

At Bexley, in Kent, Sir Brook William Bridges, bart. of Goodnestone, in that county, to miss Foote, of Bexley, eldest daughter of John Foote, esq. deceased.

14. Mr. Peter Duffy, merchant, Charlotte-street, Portland-place, to miss Harriet Wallace, of Cavendish-square.

At St. Olave's, Southwark, miss Mary Sophia Edwards, daughter of R. Edwards, esq. of Charleton, to Mr. John Weymouth, surgeon of Portsmouth.

At St. Clement Danes, Mr. Richard Gude, of Duke-street, Lincoln's-inn-fields, coal-merchant, to miss M. A. Kibble, of Islington.

16. On Saturday last, Mr. W. Barchard, to miss Cobham.

On Tuesday the 12th inst. Weeden Daves, of Rye, in Sussex, to miss Watson, of the same place.

19. At Worcester, Mr. T. Bish, jun. of London, to miss Collier, of the former place.

DEATHS.

July 21. In Dublin, the hon. lady Ann Powell, sister of lord Aldborough.

22. At Lee, at the Bishop of Exeter's, his lady's sister, lady Ann Carlton.

At Bristol Hot Wells, miss Harriet Morshead, second daughter of Sir John Morshead, bart.

On Sunday last in Southampton-row, Paddington, in the 67th year of her age, Mrs. Isabella Johnston, widow of the late major David Johnston, of the marines.

At Whitechurch, Shropshire, Mrs. Nickson, wife of Mr. Thomas Nickson.

28. Major-gen. Graham, at Cork. His remains were interred on the 30th with military honours.

Mrs. Coke, wife of Thomas William Coke, esq. of Holkham, M. P. for Norfolk, and sister to lord Sherborne.

Mrs. Rebecca Spring of Twickenham, Middlesex, widow and relict of the late Thomas Spring, esq. of the Custom-house.

At Paynton, near Stockport, Mrs. Wright, wife of Nathaniel Wright, esq. of that place.

At Edinburgh, Mrs. Duncan, of Lundie, widow of Colonel Alexander Duncan, of Lundie, and daughter of the late David Smith of Methven, esq.

31. At Papplewick, near Nottingham, the right hon. Frederick Montague.

August 1. At New-Timber, near Brighton, George Newnham, esq. king's counsel.

At Kirkhill, West Lothian, Mrs. Erskine, of the Holmes, Roxborough-shire, second daughter of the hon. Thomas Erskine, M. P.

At his house at Killbridge, in South Uist, Colin Macdonald, esq. of Boisdale.

2. In the King's-road, Bedford-row, the Rev. George Selwyn, son of William Selwyn, esq. and rector of Whiston in Northamptonshire.