

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

APPROPRIATED

SOLELY TO THEIR USE AND AMUSEMENT.

For NOVEMBER, 1800.

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This Number is embellished with the following Copper-Plates:

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- 4 A NEW PATTERN FOR A HANDKERCHIEF OR APRON, &c.
- 5 MUSIC—A FAVOURITE ARIETTE, composed by the late celebrated GIARDINI.

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Where Favours from Correspondents continue to be received.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

WE shall be obliged to Mr. More if he will inform us of the length, and send us a farther continuation, of Gesner's First Navigator.

The Story of Madeline is too incorrect and defective, in various respects, for insertion: it is returned according to the address transmitted to us.

B. K's. Poems and Essay are intended for insertion occasionally.

The criticism of G. of Winslow, on the Lines by W***, is too harsh, and indeed illiberal, for insertion.

We are unacquainted with the Verses alluded to by our Correspondent who signs *A Female*.

Manilo-Castle, by Periclitator, is received.

The Sonnet to a Goldfinch, Lines to Miss R——, Song by Lorenzo—Ode to Fashion—and Epigrams by Causticus, have been received.

Engraved for the Lady's Magazine.



Paternal Solitude.

THE
LADY'S MAGAZINE,

FOR
NOVEMBER, 1800.

PATERNAL SOLICITUDE, OR THE GAMESTER RECLAIMED.

A TALE.

(With an elegant Engraving.)

MR. GEORGE BENSON, by the death of an uncle of whom he was the favourite, found himself, at the age of twenty-one, in the full and unrestrained possession of a fortune of several thousands a-year, exclusively of being heir to a very considerable estate possessed by his father. George was of a disposition open, animated, and generous, and entered the giddy circle of fashionable life with all the ardent love of pleasure natural to youth; but from gross sensuality or dishonourable vice he was restrained by his own good understanding and the education and instructions he had received from an indulgent father, ever solicitous for his welfare. At length, however, he began to manifest an attachment to play; and when he engaged at any game, the natural generosity of his temper, which abhorred nothing so much as the imputation of parsimony or meanness, induced him to accept with too much readiness any challenge to stake greater sums than were perfectly consistent with prudence. Old Mr. Benson, who con-

tinually watched his conduct with an anxious eye, perceived with considerable alarm the growth of this dangerous propensity; and, knowing well how soon an idle amusement may produce a vicious and ruinous habit, never more to be eradicated, took every opportunity to caution his son against, and to place before him, in the strongest light, the fatal effects that have so frequently followed the indulgence of this destructive passion. "Play," Mr. Benson would say, "is certainly the invention of idleness; but, notwithstanding its origin, it frequently becomes one of the most fatiguing and painful of drudgeries. It may be at first resorted to as an amusement, but in time the practice of gaming becomes an inseparable habit: and as the too-much indulged and vitiated appetite continually requires stronger and more poignant sauces and meats, thus play for small sums becomes insipid, till larger and larger stakes are required, to give that interest in the decisions of Fortune, and that spring to the mind, that are sought

for by the aid of this dangerous expedient. Anxiety, suspicion, and anger, then rend the mind, till the unfortunate gamester loses first his temper and then his fortune, and at length, perhaps, his honour, by becoming a sharper, and enlisting among the gamblers of whom he has been the prey."

Young George listened to his father's advice with all the politeness which good-breeding dictated, and all the respect which real affection and reverence for so good a parent inspired. He departed, however, fully persuaded that, however the dangers against which he was warned might threaten the ignorant and the simple, he himself possessed sufficient understanding, penetration, and resolution, effectually to guard against them: he therefore returned, with little hesitation, to his usual amusement, which now began to take a strong hold on his inclination, and, indeed, to engross much of his time.

The elder Mr. Benson, finding the malady was become too rooted to be removed by the feeble means of advice and remonstrance, had recourse to a mode of treatment from which he hoped a more powerful and permanent effect. Among the associates of his earlier years was a Mr. Manby, who, in his youth, had been much addicted to the pernicious practice of deep play, and by long habit and experience had become perfectly acquainted with all the artifices, tricks, and finesse, of the dextrous gambler. He had, however, constantly maintained the most unsullied character for strict honour and integrity, and, for some years past, had been able to keep a resolution he had made, never to play for more than a certain small sum, in consequence of being stripped of half his fortune in a single night. To this gentleman, there-

fore, Mr. Benson applied, being fully convinced that he could rely on his honour and integrity, to throw himself in the way of his son, and engage him in play. "As I know," said the old gentleman, "you have made the very prudent resolution not to play for more than a certain sum, all you lose above the sum you have determined shall be the boundary of your ventures I will pay; and if you should have the fortune to be extremely successful, I know I can rely on your honour that my son will not be ruined: I wish, in short, that you would engage him in deep play, and practise upon him every art and finesse with which you are acquainted, and thus win from him, in order to secure to him, what I fear will otherwise fall into the hands of sharpers.

Mr. Manby entered into Mr. Benson's plan, and, after some consideration, agreed to exert his utmost endeavours to carry it into successful execution. He accordingly entered into an explicit agreement with Mr. Benson to engage in play with his son, whenever an opportunity might offer, under the condition that, for a certain time, he should pay all the losses and receive all the winnings, faithfully promising to employ his utmost attention and skill to convince the youthful gamester of the fatal consequences of his dangerous propensity, but at the same time preserve him from the ruin which it might otherwise bring upon him.

Mr. Manby was not long before he found an opportunity to commence his operations; and in the first encounter, as he wished, young Benson proved very successful, and won upwards of a thousand pounds, which his father, according to agreement, very cheerfully refunded to Mr. Manby. At their next meeting, for a considerable time success
appeared

appeared to be pretty equally balanced, and alternately favoured alike both parties; but at length Mr. Manby having a long run of extraordinary good fortune, his companion found himself loser in so considerable a sum, that he was induced to venture more than he had ever yet risked on a single cast; but this he likewise lost, and with it all his temper and presence of mind. It was now the business, or rather the benevolent purpose, of Mr. Manby to take every advantage of the perturbation and confusion into which the magnitude of his losses had plunged his inexperienced antagonist, who, impelled by despair, endeavoured to retrieve himself from the ruin in which he was so suddenly involved by staking every individual thing in which he possessed property either actual or in reversion, and by the next morning all his right to every species of property, as far as he could recollect and state it, was transferred from him to Mr. Manby. He started up, and hurried home in a state little different from phrenzy. Unable to bear the torture of his reflections, he rushed out into the grounds near the house, and was on the point of ending his life by throwing himself into a canal that flowed through them, when he suddenly heard his father's voice behind him, at which he sunk down on the bank, almost deprived of sense by the agonies he suffered. His father immediately hastened to him, and, supporting his fainting head, most anxiously, but at the same time most tenderly, inquired the cause of his sufferings, and whether they originated in the body or the mind. It was long before he could return any answer to this question, but at length he with difficulty uttered, "O, my father, I have disregarded your advice to my ruin; I am totally and irretrievably

ruined; the Dæmon of Gaming has stripped me of all the property I have either in possession or expectancy! Let me die!"—Mr. Benson now anxiously inquired where and to whom he had lost his estates; and, when he found it was to Mr. Manby, was not only relieved from his apprehensions, but even not a little gratified at finding that his scheme had so completely succeeded. The nature of this scheme he did not, however, immediately disclose to his son, nor inform him that his property was not lost, but rather secured to him, wishing that the impression of the wretchedness to which he thought he had reduced himself might have time to sink deep into him, and effectually deter him from exposing himself to any danger of the same kind in future. When he had reason to believe that this was effected, he gradually discovered to his son the true state of the transaction, and restored to him his money and estates. The youth, with an ecstasy of gratitude, blessed the *paternal solicitude*, the anxious guardian care, of his provident parent, who had saved him from ruin by apparently plunging him into it. Equally was he impressed with a sense of what he owed to the faithful friendship of Mr. Manby, for whom he ever after preserved the highest esteem; nor did he ever again relapse into the dangerous passion for play, for the cure of which he had undergone feelings so severe.

ANECDOTE of LYONS, Bishop of
CORK.

DR. William Lyons, who was preferred to the bishopric of Cork, Cloyne, and Ross, toward the latter end of queen Elizabeth's reign, was originally

originally captain of a ship, who distinguished himself so gallantly in several actions with the Spaniards, that, on being introduced to the queen, she told him he should have *the first vacancy that offered*.

The honest captain, who understood the queen *literally*, soon after hearing of a vacancy in the *see* of Cork, immediately set out for court, and claimed the royal promise. The queen, astonished at the request, for a time remonstrated against the impropriety of it, and what she could never think of as an office suitable to him. It was, however, in vain; he said the royal word was passed, and he relied on it. Her majesty then said she would take a few days to consider of it; when, examining into his character, and finding him a sober moral man, as well as an intrepid commander, she sent for Lyons, and gave him the bishopric; saying, at the same time, "she hoped he would take as good care of the church as he had done of the state."

Lyons immediately set out for bishopric, which he enjoyed for above twenty years, with great reputation to himself, never attempting, however, to preach but once, and that was on the death of the queen. On that melancholy occasion, he thought it his duty to pay the last honours to his royal mistress, and accordingly mounted the pulpit in Christ-church in Cork; when, after giving a good discourse on the uncertainty of life, and the great and amiable qualities of the queen, he concluded in the following warm, but whimsical, manner: "Let those who feel their loss deplore with me on this melancholy occasion; but if there are any that hear me, who have secretly wished for this event, (as perhaps there may be), they have now got their wish, and the devil do them good with it."

The bishop's name, and the date of his appointment (1583) are on record in the consistorial court of Cork; and his picture, in his captain's uniform, the left hand wanting a finger, is to be seen in the bishop's palace at Cork.

ACCOUNT of the NEW COMEDY, called LIFE, performed, for the first Time, at the Theatre-Royal Covent-Garden, on Saturday, November 1.

The principal characters were,

Sir Harry Torpid,	Mr. Lewis.
Gabriel Lackbrain,	Mr. Fawcett.
Marchmont,	Mr. Murray.
Primitive,	Mr. Munden.
Crafty,	Mr. Emery.
Clifford,	Mr. Farley.
Rosa Marchmont,	Miss Murray.
Miss Decoy,	Mrs. St. Ledger.
Mrs. Belford,	Miss Chapman.

The scene is laid at a watering-place. The story, on which the piece is founded, is nearly as follows:—Marchmont had married a young lady against her father's consent, who continues inexorable; Marchmont, inveigled by the art of Mrs. Decoy, a female gamester, had plunged into dissipation; and had abandoned his wife, a most amiable and interesting woman, to misery and want. The wife disappears, and is supposed to be dead.—Marchmont, recovered from his delusions, pursues the occupation of an author. By his marriage he had an only daughter, whom he tenderly loves, and to whose education he pays the utmost attention. He employs a governess to instruct her in music and other polite accomplishments. His wife, under the assumed name of Mrs. Belford, becomes the governess of her own daughter. Clifford, a profligate man of fashion,

endeavours to seduce her, and, by representing her as a woman of bad character, contrives to get her from Marchmont's protection into his power. Old Primitive, the father of Mrs. Belford, who had changed his name for a fortune, rescues Mrs. Belford from the hands of Clifford, to whom he is a sort of guardian—still ignorant, however, that she is his own daughter. He promises her an asylum. Primitive had turned the channel of his favour to Gabriel and Mrs. Lackbrain; the former he conceives to be a plain uncorrupted son of nature, and his wife to be a domestic woman. He had placed them in a cottage of his, and was about to settle his fortune on them. He carries Mrs. Belford with him to their house, and finds them giving routs, Gabriel drunk, and the whole house in an uproar. He is at first deceived, however, and some laughter is excited by the *qui pro quo's* which take place. By the misrepresentations of Mrs. Lackbrain he is induced to change his sentiments of Mrs. Belford. The scene is so contrived that he discovers that Mrs. Lackbrain is carrying on an intrigue during the honeymoon; that Gabriel is making love to an apothecary's daughter; and that both are equally profligate, and unworthy of his protection. At length Mrs. Belford discovers herself by a contrivance which has a very good effect on the stage. She submits to Marchmont's perusal the heads of a novel she intends to write. It is her own history; he reads it in her presence, and is racked with remorse and anguish; Mrs. Belford is discovered—they are reconciled—Primitive forgives his daughter. Rosa Marchmont is married to Sir Harry Torpid, who had contributed to the restoration of harmony; those whose conduct merited pity and esteem are dismissed to happiness, and the profligate to contempt.

This performance, which is from the pen of Mr. Reynolds, is marked by the general manner of his productions. It possesses a good deal of whim, ludicrous situation, humorous dialogue, temporary satire, combined with more than his usual portion of pathos. In the latter he seems to have followed the German model a little. It certainly possesses vigour, and warmly interests the affections.

In the construction of the plot the author has exercised much judgment and ingenuity. It no where depends for support on manual wit and practical jokes, but is conceived on the plan of the lighter species of pure English comedy. Setting out for the purpose of depicting modern "*Life*," and shooting folly as it flies, he seeks a watering-place, as the spot most abounding in game. The description of characters which he there starts is precisely that which he might most naturally expect to find, and, though of great variety and diversity, they are brought together and connected in the general plan by means at once simple and probable. The incidents also, with a few exceptions, are such as naturally rise out of the subject, and are well managed. The *dénouement*, it is true, may be easily foreseen at an early stage, and nothing occurs, until its final exposure, to arrest or alter the conjecture; yet light and shade so rapidly succeed each other, there is so much bustle and activity, so much complexity yet just combination, that the attention is constantly engaged, and the defect rendered scarcely visible.

In the characters we find one instance of originality, and, however paroxidical it may appear, the discovery is the more meritorious, because it is one of the most obvious and general characters of the day. It is the character of Sir Harry—a naturally active spirit sinking under

ennui in the enjoyment of false pleasure, but roused into all its native energy by a fortunate turn into the paths of virtue and rational enjoyment. The other characters are familiar to the stage; but the light in which some of them is exhibited is so completely new as to give them much appearance of novelty. This is particularly observable in the mode in which Mrs. Decoy practises upon the credulity of Lack-brain and his guardian, by affecting a passion for rural simplicity. From thence the author takes occasion to exhibit a votary of the dissipation of the town in the enjoyment of rural life, who makes the whole difference to consist between living in a cottage or a palace, and fancying that, by putting on the dress of a shepherdess, she practises her virtues, her innocence, and simplicity of manners.

The moral is just, and the sentiment well calculated to amuse the fancy and improve the heart; in the grave part of it, which is principally confined to the family of Marchmont, it is refined, interesting, and, in some scenes, particularly that of the reconciliation, deeply affecting and impressive. In that of lighter cast, judiciously blended with the former, it flows on in unaffected playfulness, no where breaking out into harsh and angry satire, or debased by puns and quaint conceits, but glittering along in neat point and delicate irony through all the prevailing foibles of modern life and manners.

But, whatever may be its intrinsic merit, it is greatly indebted for its success to the extraordinary exertions of the performers. They seemed all animated with a zeal not inferior to that which might be sup-

posed to glow in the breast of the author. Among those who, as having parts of most interest, were most conspicuous, were Messrs. Fawcett, Lewis, and Munden, Miss Chapman, and Miss Murray. The latter, in the delicate and elegant little character of Rosa, displayed judgment, delicacy, and feeling.—These words, from their frequent application, wherever nature is not rudely violated, are grown quite common place. In the present instance, however, they are intended in their purest and most extensive sense. This young lady also executed the air allotted to the part with taste and sweetness.

A whimsical epilogue, ridiculing *crops*, was spoken by Munden in the character of Primitive—a character which, it is almost needless to add, he supported throughout the piece with his usual humour.

ANECDOTE of Lord CORNBURY.

(Related by Dr. Warton.)

WHEN Lord Cornbury returned from his travels, the earl of Essex, his brother-in-law, told him he had got a handsome pension for him. To which lord Cornbury answered, with a composed dignity, "How could you tell, my lord, that I was to be sold? or, at least, how came you to know my price so exactly?" To this anecdote Pope alludes in these lines:

"Would you be blest, despise low joys,
low gains,—
Disdain whatever Cornbury disdains;
Be virtuous, and be happy for your
pains."

The MORAL ZOOLOGIST.

(Continued from p. 527.)

THE MADAGASCAR WEASEL, OR
VANSIRE.

THE Madagascar weasel has often been classed as a ferret, though in many respects it differs from that species. The length of this animal's body is about fourteen inches; the tail is near ten inches long; the hair is brown at the roots, and barred with black and ferrugineous stripes; it inhabits Madagascar and its vicinage.

THE PEKAN.

This animal in form bears a great similitude to the martin; it has pointed ears; long whiskers; the hair on the head, back, and belly, is of a cinereous cast at the roots, and bright bay at the extremity, and very soft and glossy; on the sides, the coat has a grey tinge; between the fore legs there is a white spot; the legs and tail are black; the toes covered with thick hair, and armed with sharp claws; the length from nose to tail is one foot seven inches; the tail is near eleven inches long. This animal inhabits North America: as does also the

VISION.

The vision has round ears; the colour of its hair is brown, tinged with tawny, and of a bright glossy hue, underneath which there is a thick down of a cinereous rusty cast; the legs are very short, and the tail dusky: length of the body seventeen inches, of the tail nine.

THE WHITE CHECKED WEASEL.

This animal has a broad blunt nose, round ears, and dusky eyes; flat head; the face, crown, legs, rump, and tail, black; chin and cheeks white; throat of a fine yellow hue; the back and belly pale

yellow, intermixed with cinereous hairs: the length from nose to tail eighteen inches, the tail as long as the head and body. This description was taken from a living subject, its country and manners unknown.

THE GRISON, OR GREY WEASEL.

This animal appears nearly allied to the weasel and ermine tribes, and is thus described by M. Allamand, who was the first writer that transmitted an account of it. The grison on the upper part of its body is covered with dark brown hair, white at the extremity, which gives the coat a greyish cast; under the neck and head the hairs appear of a bright grey; the muzzle, the under part of the body, and legs, are black; the head is large in proportion to the size of the body; its ears approach to a semi-circular form; its eyes are large; and its mouth armed with strong grinders, and sharp tusks, besides six cutting teeth in each jaw; from each side of the forehead a broad white line passes over the eyes, and reaches to the shoulders; it has five toes on each foot, furnished with yellow claws. This species is very rare, and inhabits Surinam; it does not exceed seven inches from head to tail; the latter rather measures more than half those dimensions.

THE GUINEA WEASEL.

This animal is the same as the tayra or galera described by M. de Buffon; it is endued with great strength in its fore feet, which are longer than the hinder ones; the upper jaw is longer also than the lower; the eyes are placed midway between the ears and nose; the ears resemble the human; the tongue is rough; the tail declines downwards, and is taper towards the point; the feet are peculiarly adapted for digging; the body is like that of the rat, but its dimensions are

similar to those of a smaller rabbit; the hair on its body is rough, and of a dusky hue. It inhabits Guinea and the neighbouring negro settlements; burrows in the earth; preys on poultry; and is so fierce, that it will even fly at the human species, when provoked, or urged by necessity.

THE GUIANA WEASEL.

The Guiana weasel is about the size of the martin; it has round ears covered with down; an ash-coloured space between the eyes; a spot formed into three lobes or divisions on the lower part of the neck; the colour black, and the hairs coarse. It inhabits Brasil and Guiana, and has the peculiar property of rubbing itself against trees, and leaving behind it an unctuous substance, of a strong musky scent.

THE WOOLLY WEASEL.

This species has a long slender nose; upper jaw longer than the lower; ears short and round; body covered with woolly hair; the tail taper, and about nine inches long; the length of the body about fifteen inches, or rather more. It is said to inhabit Guiana, and is probably only a variety of the preceding species.

THE ICHNEUMON.

The ichneumon is as domestic in Egypt as the cat is in Europe; like that species, it preys on rats and mice; but its appetite is more ardent, and its instinctive powers more extensive. It is destructive to birds, small quadrupeds, serpents, lizards, insects, &c. and is peculiarly beneficial to the Egyptians by his constant hostile efforts against the crocodile race with which the Nile abounds; it not only eats their eggs, but destroys their young, and some naturalists have alleged, that it creeps into the

crocodile's body when he is asleep, and never leaves his intestine abode till the entrails of that noxious animal are destroyed. This circumstance is generally regarded as fabulous; however, the happy effects of the ichneumon's attacks on the crocodile tribe induced the ancient Egyptians to worship it as a deity.

The ichneumon has bright flame-coloured eyes, and from hence has obtained the appellation of nems or ferret; small round ears, almost destitute of hair; long slender nose; the tail thick at the base, and slender at the extremity; the legs short, and the hair hard and coarse; the colour of these animals varies according to the countries from whence they come; some are alternately marked with dusky yellowish brown and white; others are pale, brown, and mouse-coloured, which gives the animal a mottled appearance; the throat and belly are invariably brown. This species only admits of simple varieties, the domestic ichneumons being larger than the wild kind. Under the tail there is an orifice and a kind of pouch, in which there is an odoriferous liquor secreted; it is reported the animal opens this reservoir as the means of refreshing himself when he is too warm. From the construction of his narrow mouth and muzzle, the ichneumon cannot seize large objects, though his agility enables him to worry animals much exceeding his own dimensions; and he also undauntedly attacks the naja, a noxious species of serpent. When he receives a wound in these encounters, he has recourse to a certain sanative herb, which heals the sore, and enables him to renew his hostile efforts with success. These animals differ in size, some being twenty-four inches, and others forty-two in length, from the nose to the extremity of the tail. The ichneumon usually dwells on the banks of
rivers;

rivers; during inundations it retires to high grounds, and often approaches human habitations in search of prey, and, when it sleeps, rolls itself up like a ball. In the action of walking, he makes no noise, and varies his posture as best suits his purpose, sometimes creeping like a reptile, at others moving in an erect posture; he has also the faculty of distending or contracting his body at pleasure; and his nature is so vivacious, he darts suddenly on his prey. The only noise these animals make, is a kind of soft murmuring sound; they soon attain maturity, and their existence is of short duration. This species are numerous in Egypt, Barbary, India, and various Asiatic and African islands.

THE FOUR-TOED WEASEL, OR SURIKATE.

This animal is a native inhabitant of some of the African mountains in the vicinage of the Cape of Good Hope, where it is denominated the meer rat. The four-toed weasel has a sharp-pointed nose; a depressed head; inflated cheeks; upper jaw longer than the lower; black whiskers issuing from warty excrescences; dusky eyes, and the spaces round them black; the ears small, round, and black, attached close to the head; tongue oblong and blunt, prickled backwards; six small sharp teeth, two long canine teeth in each jaw, and five grinders on each side; the back broad, and inclining to be convex; belly broad and flat; legs short; feet small and naked at the bottom; four toes on each; the claws on the fore feet long, on the hind feet short; colour of the hair brown near the base, black near the end, and hoary at the extremity; the hair on the back undulated; the interior part of the legs a yellowish brown; the tail tufted with black, and eight inches

long; the length of the body nearly one foot.

This animal has a carnivorous appetite, and preys on mice; it sits erect like a squirrel; always makes a grunting noise, and is perpetually in motion; when it is pleased, it makes a rattling sound with its tail, and appears as if it listened or was attentive from the peculiar motion of its head, which turns with as much facility as if it were mounted on a pivot: these animals are harmless in their nature, unless they take a personal dislike, when they bite desperately.

THE YELLOW WEASEL.

The yellow weasel, from its great similarity to the makis or maucaucos, has often been styled the yellow maucauco. This animal has a short dusky nose, small eyes, short broad ears, placed at a great distance from each other; head flat and broad; projecting cheeks; very long tongue; short thick legs and thighs; five toes on each foot; large flesh-coloured claws, inclined to be hooked; the hair short, soft, and glossy; on the head, back, and sides, a mixture of yellow and black; the cheeks, inside of the legs, and the belly, yellow; there are dusky stripes extending along the regions of the belly and back to the tail, which is of a bright tawny hue, blended with black; this part is round and prehensile, consequently the animal can suspend its body from any object. This species is playful and good-natured; it is reported to come from the mountainous parts of Jamaica, where it is called potto, a term applied also to a peculiar species of sloth found in Guinea.

THE MEXICAN WEASEL.

This animal is described by M. de Buffon, under the appellation of
4 E 2 kinkajou;

kinkajou; it has a short dusky nose, and tongue of a great length; eyes small, their orbits dusky; ears short, round, and distant; the hair short; on the head, upper part of the body, and the tail, the colour is a compound of yellow, grey, and black; the sides of the throat and under part, as well as the interior of the legs, are of a bright yellow; the belly dirty white, tinged with yellow; the toes separate, and the claws crooked: the length from head to tail two feet five; the tail one foot three inches long; the tail is taper, and covered with hair, except in the under part, which is fleshy, and, like that of the former species, prehensile.

This animal is very good-natured, sleeps in the day, and wakes at the approach of night, when it is very lively. In its common habitudes and use of its feet it resembles the monkey tribe, and in its mode of conveying its food to its mouth approaches very near to the squirrel species. The cadences of its voice are various; it has one peculiar to night, another like the barking of a dog, a supplicating or plaintive tone, resembling cooing, and one expressive of threat or displeasure, of a hissing confused quality. It is fond of fruit, vegetables, and sweet things; yet flies at poultry, and only sucks their blood; has a predilection in favour of ducks, notwithstanding it is averse to water. This species inhabit New Spain, and differ but little from the yellow weasel, except in the article of size, which is sufficient to form a distinct kind.

THE BRASILIAN WEASEL.

The Brazilian weasel has the peculiar quality of having its upper jaw lengthened into a flexible moveable snout, or proboscis; its ears are round; eyes small; nose dusky; hair

on the body of a bay-colour, and glossy soft texture; the tail annulated with bay and dusky; the breast whitish; length from nose to tail eighteen inches, the latter thirteen inches long. There is a variety of this species of the following description, which is probably the black coati mentioned by Buffon, and the coati-mondi of Maregrave; the Brazilian weasel is the brown coati, specified by the first author.

The variety above-mentioned is distinguished by the appellation of the dusky weasel; its nose and ears resemble those of the preceding species; above and beneath the eye there are two white spots; the hair on the back and sides is dusky at the roots, black in the middle, and yellow at the tips; the chin, throat, sides of the cheeks, and belly, are yellowish, and the feet black; the tail often annulated with black and white, but sometimes of an uniform dusky colour.

These animals inhabit the regions of Brasil and Guiana; subsist on fruit, eggs, and poultry; are very agile, and climb trees with great dexterity; eat like a dog, and hold their food between their fore legs; are naturally good-natured and easily tamed; make a sort of a whistling noise; are much addicted to gnawing their tails; and inclined to sleep in the day.

THE STIFLING WEASEL.

This and the four following species are remarkable for the fætid vapour they emit when they are attacked, pursued, or frightened; this pestiferous odour appears to be their only mode of defence, as by turning their hinder parts to their pursuers, and diffusing the powerful effluvia, they oblige them precipitately to retreat: the quality of this vapour or liquid is so baneful, that if any touches the eyes it causes blindness;

blindness; and when it falls on the clothes, the stench cannot be removed by any means but by their being buried in the earth: even the dogs that pursue these animals are compelled to seek relief by often plunging their noses into the earth, and, when they have killed any of them, there is no enduring them from the consequent smell they imbibe. The species thus offensively endued have been styled the *mouffettes* or stinking polecats; as the odour that proceeds from them causes a kind of suffocation, like that produced by the subterraneous exhalation called by the French *mouffette*.

The stifling weasel has a short slender nose; short ears and legs; black body, thickly covered with hair; tail long, and of a black and white hue; length from nose to tail about eighteen inches: this animal inhabits Mexico, and probably some other regions on the new continent; it dwells and breeds in concavities of trees, subterraneous holes, or clefts of rocks; climbs trees with great agility; subsists on poultry, eggs, and young birds; and, notwithstanding its disgusting effluvia, the flesh is palatable, and similar in taste to that of a pig: this species is styled, by M. de Buffon, the *coase*.

THE STRIATED WEASEL.

The striated weasel, in M. de Buffon's excellent work, is called the *conepate*: this animal has round ears; the head, neck, belly, legs, and tail, black; the back and sides marked with five parallel white lines; one on the ridge of the back, the others on each side; the tail is long and bushy towards the extremity; the dimensions similar to those of an European polecat; the back more arched, and in different subjects the disposition of the stripes

varies. This species inhabit North America; when they are attacked, their hair becomes erect and bristled, and their body is disposed into a round form; they emit a similar vapour to that of the preceding animal.

THE SKUNK.

This animal inhabits Peru, and also many northern parts of the new continent. In its manner as well as in its property of diffusing an offensive odour, this species is similar to those kindred ones already described. The skunk has short round ears; black cheeks; a white stripe extending from the nose between the ears to the back; upper part of the neck and whole back white, divided at the bottom by a black line, commencing at the tail, and extending a little way up the back; the belly and legs black; the tail thickly clothed with long coarse hair, generally black, but sometimes tipped with white. The tail of that described by M. de Buffon, called the *clinche*, is entirely white; the nails on all the feet are very long; and it is rather less in size than the striated weasel.

THE ZORILLA.

The zorilla is less than the skunk. It inhabits Peru and other southern parts of the new world. By spreading its noxious odour, it vanquishes even the American panther, by causing it to fall into a kind of stupefaction by its powerful scent. This animal is marked on the back and sides with short stripes of black and white, the latter tinged with yellow; the tail is long and bushy, part white and part black; the legs and belly black.

THE RATEL.

This animal, by many travellers and authors, has been called the stinkingsem; it has a blunt nose; there

is no external appearance of ears, but only a small rim round the auricular orifice; the tongue rough; the legs short; the claws long, straight, and guttered on the under part; the colour of the crown, forehead, and whole upper part of the body, of a cinereous grey hue; the cheeks, and the space round the ears, throat, breast, belly, and limbs, black; from each ear to the tail extends along the sides a dusky line, underneath which there is another of a grey cast: length from nose to tail forty inches; the tail twelve inches long.

This species inhabit the Cape of Good Hope, and subsist on honey, consequently are a great enemy to bees, which in that country usually take up their abode in the deserted cells or burrows of the Ethiopian boar, and various other animals. They usually search for prey in the evening, and, when the sun-beams incommode them, put their feet before their eyes to intercept the rays of light; they usually mount on an eminence in quest of food, as they are guided in their pursuit of the bees by a bird called the honey-guide cuckoo, which lives on bees, therefore serves to direct the ratel to their luscious hoards. As these animals cannot climb, when they perceive their industrious prey have taken refuge in trees, they are so enraged, they bite the bark at the bottom and roots, which proves a sure token to the Hottentots of there being a nest of bees secreted in the branches, the aerial heights of which the ratel cannot attain. The hair of this animal is stiff, and the skin so tough, that the sting of the bees cannot penetrate or prove hurtful to it, therefore it is difficult to kill it; as even dogs that destroy a lion can only worry the ratel.

The quoll of New Holland is probably a branch of this species,

which, as well as the ratel, is plentifully endued with the pestiferous effluvia before specified, and differs only by having a brown back, spotted with white, and a white belly; this variety was seen by captain Cook in the regions of New Holland.

THE BLOTCHED WEASEL.

The blotched weasel has a round head; short nose; pointed ears; white whiskers; yellowish white nose and cheeks; a round black spot on each side of the former; a dusky line down the middle of the forehead; back, and exterior part of the limbs, of a reddish brown; sides, and thighs yellowish, white blotched with deep brown: the tail the length of the body, of a reddish brown cast, and marked spirally near the extremity with black.

The next branches of the weasel genus are distinguished by very contrary qualities, as they are remarkable for the odoriferous perfume that proceeds from them. The first of this class is the

CIVET.

As it has been almost a general received opinion, that musk is produced only by one animal, it is necessary to observe that the civet and bizet are both furnished with a species of that valuable drug; their other properties appear distinct, therefore require to be separately ascertained. The civet has short round ears; a sharp nose, black at the extremity; sky-blue eyes; the sides of the face, chin, breast, and legs, as well as the feet, are black; the remaining parts of the face and neck are white tinged with yellow; from each ear there are black strokes that terminate at the throat and shoulders; the back and sides are cinereous, tinged with yellow, and marked with large dark spots, regularly disposed

posed in rows; the hairs on the body are coarse, those on the ridge of the back resembling a mane; the tail is often black, but in some subjects is spotted near the base; the length is about fourteen inches; and the extent of the body from nose to tail about two feet three inches. The civet, though naturally a native of warm climes, such as India, the Philippine islands, Guinea, Ethiopia, and Madagascar, can exist not only in temperate, but inclement regions, if they are sheltered from the severity of the weather, many being kept in Holland and more northern countries for the purpose of vending the perfume with which they abound. This powerful odour is not to be mistaken for the species of musk which is a sanguineous secretion produced by a particular kind of animal resembling a roebuck, as it is a thick unguent, and, notwithstanding it has a very strong scent, sheds an agreeable perfume. This extraordinary substance proceeds from a fissure under the tail of the male and female civet, from whence it is extracted by the animal being confined in an iron cage, and the bag which contains it being scraped with a spatula. The quantity and quality of this odour depends not only on the nature of the animal's food, but also on the zest of his appetite when he receives it. His usual nourishment is boiled flesh, eggs, rice, small animals, and fish; he drinks but little, and never frequents marshy or wet situations; in his deportment, he seems to rank with the savage class, yet by proper means may be so far tamed as to become perfectly docile and familiar with the human race. Though civets have sharp teeth, their claws are obtuse; and notwithstanding they are clumsy in their construction, are endued with great agility, as they leap like cats and run like

dogs. They appear to possess something of the craft of the fox in their attacks on poultry; their eyes sparkle in the dark, and it is probable they see best in the night.

The odour of this animal is so strong, that every part of his body and hair is infected with it; the scent is also retained long after his death, and in any confined situation is insupportable when he is alive. The civet is enabled, when the reservoir or bag that contains the perfume is surcharged, to squeeze out the redundancy by the exertion of certain muscles. This species reside chiefly in mountainous and sandy situations, and their cry resembles the bark of an irritated dog.

THE ZIBET.

The zibet is probably the Asiatic and Arabian civet; he differs from the animal described in the preceding article by having a longer and thicker body; a thinner and flatter muzzle; longer tail and ears; the former more distinctly variegated with annulated marks; his hair is shorter and thicker; he has no mane or hair on the neck or spine, and no black marks under the eyes or on the cheeks, which are peculiar characteristics in the civet. The zibet differs from the civet in these specified external circumstances; but the construction of their interior parts, reservoir, and the produce of their perfume, is exactly similar; it is therefore generally presumed those animals are both natives of the old continent, and that those which are found in America have been conveyed thither. The unctuous substance these animals afford is now scarcely ever used for medicinal purpose, ambergris being preferred to it: it is usually called civet, and, by the Arabians, zibet or algallia.

THE GENET.

This animal is smaller than the civet; its body is longer; its head sharper; its hair of a shining kind of ash-colour, marked with black detached spots on the sides, but so nearly connected on the back as to form a stripe; on the neck and spine it has long black hair, which resembles a mane; the tail is as long as the body, annulated with black and white alternately; under each eye there is a conspicuous white spot. In the same situation as the civet and zibet, the genet has a sack or aperture, which contains a perfume less powerful in scent, as its odour soon evaporates. The genet species is not numerous, there being none of those animals in any European provinces, excepting Turkey, Spain, and Poitou; the French genet does not differ materially, except by being thicker, and not similar in the tint of its hair; the form of its spots also vary, as they are more indistinct, and the tail is not annulated like the subject already described. These animals frequent the banks of rivers, are about the size of a martin, and are kept domestic at Constantinople for the purpose of catching mice, in which pursuit they are as dexterous as a cat.

THE FOSSANE.

The fossane, by many naturalists, has been styled the Madagascar genet, from its near resemblance to that species of animals; but it is on a smaller scale, and also has not an odoriferous pouch, which is the common quality of that class. It has a slender body; round ears; and black prominent eyes; the body and legs are covered with dusky hair of a tawny hue; the sides of the face are black; from the back of the head four black lines proceed, which extend toward the regions of the

back and shoulders; the sides, shoulders, and thighs, are black; the tail semi-annulated with black.

These animals inhabit Madagascar, Guinea, Cochinchina, and the Philippine isles; they are of a ferocious nature, and difficult to tame; are noxious to poultry, and, when young, are esteemed good food; in Guinea, they are called Berbe, and, from their love for palm-wine, are denominated wine-bibbers by the Europeans.

The fossane in the Leverian Museum differs so essentially from the described specimen, that it requires a particular account.

This animal is of the size of a genet, and greatly resembles that species. It has a white spot on each side its nose; the remaining part of the nose, cheeks, and throat, are black; the ears large, upright, thin, naked, and black; forehead, sides, thighs, rump, and upper part of the legs, of a cinereous hue; on the back there are many long black hairs; on the shoulders, sides, and rump, some black spots; the tail is black towards the extremity, near the base mixed with tawny, slightly annulated with black, and as long as the body; the feet are black, and the claws white.

Thus ends the description of the numerous members of the weasel genus; it would be anticipating the force of your ladyship's perspicuous sensations to enumerate their several properties; to a mind unbiassed by prejudice and unoccupied by vain pursuits, due reflections must arise on the universal effects of Divine wisdom.

The various endowments allotted to these, as well as to every class of created beings, must be a subject of wonder and praise, as throughout the whole genus, though there are some common characteristics, in other properties how materially their qualities differ! These variations

tions are not confined to general habits, but are extended to corporeal singularities, which is evident on a review of their several distinctive marks. Many branches of this genera become noxious, not only from their sanguinary propensities, but also from the pestiferous effluvia they emit, whilst others afford the most exalted of odoriferous scents: in some we behold an eager thirst for blood; in others, an ardent desire for the rich store of honey the industrious bees amass: it is worthy of observation, however materially the mode of existence differs, the means used by the respective individuals in obtaining it is nearly similar, there being a kind of vivacious ferocity dispersed throughout the whole genus as a common generic quality, which operates in varied forms, best suiting their condition and convenience.

There appears to me the same difference between the depredations committed by the lion and tyger race, and those executed by the weasel genus, as in a civil sense there is found between felony and petty larceny: respecting cruelty as well as dishonesty, the offenders or votaries are equally culpable, if they spread devastations to the extent of their ability; this your ladyship will be inclined to assent to, as you extend the benign effects of your philanthropy to the most distant object, and render ever possible benefit in the sphere which you so eminently adorn. Receive this due tribute, and believe me ever your faithful

EUGENIA.

(To be continued.)

*The EXECUTION of Counts EG-
MONT and HORN.*

(Concluded from page 538.)

AT this moment the scaffold met their eyes. The apparatus of death

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was environed by numerous bands of warriors: around them thronged all the inhabitants that Brussels contained within her walls, who, sunk in profound consternation, preserved a mournful silence. At the sight of the two heroes, a cry of agony, uttered by the universal crowd, resounds through the sky; while themselves, calm and undaunted, advance with majestic step, and, entering the inclosure, stand at the foot of the scaffold.

They now, for the last time, indulge in mutual embraces, and long remain clasped to each other's bosom, when they are at length ordered to put an end to their adieux. Immediately Horn tears himself from the arms of his friend, who thus addresses the chief of the surrounding guard—"The only regret I feel is for the fate of that intrepid hero: 'tis I who am guilty of his death. Suspend for a while the fatal stroke—let one of your number repair to Alva; if he preserve any remembrance of our former friendship, let me obtain the life of Horn, and I pardon him my own death. Cruel men! you refuse me? At least let my head be the first to fall. . . . Is that too a favour? Ah! if you were acquainted with the sacred charms of friendship, could you wish, that, after having been the cause, I should also be a witness, of his death? To you, Horn, my affliction appears weakness: it offends your courageous virtue:—my fortitude has not abandoned me: but I could not resist that impulse of sensibility. Pardon me for wishing to render you a spectator of my exit: but it was not you who dragged me to this scaffold, and your soul possesses more firmness than mine."

"Virtuous Egmont!" replies Horn—"thou who fearest not to shed thy own blood, view the death

of thy friend with steady eye, and thus exhibit to our country an additional proof of thy intrepidity."

At these words he fixes on Egmont a parting look, in which all his veneration, all his friendship for that chief, are strongly pictured—and with unshaken step mounts the scaffold. Dauntless magnanimity beams on his countenance; and, at the moment when he is about to fall the victim of tyranny, he seems to trample it under his feet. His eyes survey those warriors whom he formerly headed in the paths of glory, as well as those citizens whom he wished to save from the degrading yoke of servitude, and from the steel of the executioner which is now prepared to terminate his own existence. He extends his view toward the Batavian provinces, where the banners of liberty float streaming in the wind; and immediately his bosom feels a transport of joy mingling with his exalted courage.

The minister of death presents him with a bandage to close his eyes: but the hero rejects it with disdain, and exclaims—"Strike! release my soul from her present confinement!"—A lugubrious silence prevails through the gazing throng: their tears are suspended—their sighs are stifled. . . . Suddenly the whole multitude utter a tremendous shriek, and the head of Horn falls at Egmont's feet. Even in death, the countenance of the martyred hero still frowns vengeance on the tyrant, and the name of liberty issues from his lips with his last breath.—With undaunted step, Egmont now ascends the scaffold.

Meanwhile Sabina and her young children lay prostrate at the feet of Alva, stretching forth their suppliant hands to the ruthless tyrant, and with timid looks venturing to meet his fierce and angry eye. "I

conjure you," said she, "in the name of every thing which nature holds most sacred—in the name of Hymen's bands—of paternal and filial love—I conjure you by the victories of Egmont—by those trophies on which a warrior like you knows to set a proper value, and which the axe of the executioner cannot overturn—save, *o!* save the husband, the father, and the hero! Alas! desirous of averting the scourge of war, he still entertained a hope of being the happy mediator between Philip and the Belgians; and, at the name of peace, the weapons of war fell from his hand. The Spanish empire, for whose interests he fought—all Europe, by whom he is revered—will re-demand him of you: no doubt, Philip himself will one day re-demand of you that warrior, whose valour he esteems, and whom he has honored with marks of respect within the walls of Madrid.—I will go—I will repair to the foot of the throne—he shall see the widow and the orphans. . . . Alas! my reason is bewildered—'tis Alva I wish to mollify—'tis from Alva's hand I wish to receive my Egmont:—let my sighs—let the sighs of my children—let the cries of the whole state, touch your heart. . . . But we have not an instant to lose: at this moment he is on his way to the place of execution—he is arrived at the spot—he is already on the scaffold!" . . . Fainting, she falls senseless to the floor, and her children crowd around her with mournful cries.

At this affecting sight, Alva remains as insensible as the rock at whose feet the torn vessel is dashed to pieces, and the hapless mariners float on the waves, where ready to be swallowed alive, they vainly embrace the pointed crags, and for the last time pronounce the tender names of husband and of father.

Never-

Nevertheless he listens to the suggestions of selfish policy, and gives Vargas orders to repair to Egmont.

Already were the eyes of Egmont covered with the fatal bandage, when Vargas arrived. "Proud warrior," said the messenger of Alva, "thou who even on the scaffold defiest the power of thy sovereign! I come to rescue thee from the fate of Horn, whose head lies before thee—to save thee from the axe which is already uplifted to strike thee. Thy wife and children are prostrate at the feet of Alva: and Alva grants thee thy forfeit life, provided that, binding thyself by the most solemn, the most awful engagement, thou swear at the foot of this scaffold, that, after having set the example of revolt to the multitude, thou wilt set them the example of submission—that thou wilt never again bear arms, never even raise thy voice, in favor of a rebellious people."

Immediately the bandage is untied; and, on the other side, advances a hoary senior, the most zealous of Egmont's menial throng. He conducts a child, whom he conceals from the eyes of his master, but who interests every heart—who suppresses his cries, and sheds a torrent of tears. "Your hapless consort," says he, "lies expiring at the feet of Alva: on you alone depends her life. She intended, if successful in mollifying him, to repair to this spot with all her children:—but, feeling that her strength was unequal to the task, 'Take,' said she to me, 'the most intrepid of my sons, and, in my stead, haste to the scaffold.' She has succeeded in touching the heart of Alva: and will you then show yourself inflexible? Shall the same stroke deprive your children of both father and mother?"

He then embraced the knees of

Egmont, and suddenly presented to him the child, pale, trembling, shrieking, falling at his father's feet and bathing them with tears. Egmont rushes to the child, seizes him in his arms, and presses him to his bosom, which throbs at the recollection of his other children and of his expiring wife. His heart rent with anguish, he sheds a torrent of bitter tears. The crowd rend the air with loud cries, and even the stern guards feel the drops of sensibility bedew their cheeks: the child courts his father with soothing caresses, and hopes that he has won him to his wishes.

"As a favor," said Egmont aloud, "Alva offers me remorse and dishonour. But, my fellow-citizens, should I be any longer worthy of your generous transports, if I accepted the disgraceful boon, and could submit to the shameful condition of remaining a quiet spectator of your calamities? And thou, Horn, thou whom I have dragged to this scaffold, can I descend from it alive, and leave thee on it a lifeless corse? My son! cease thy lamentations: young as thou art, learn to know and practise virtue; nor suffer the transactions of this day ever to escape from thy memory. Clasp to thy bosom thy mother, thy brethren, thy sisters: weep with them, and let the sad consolation of tears assuage thy grief and theirs: but thou who seest me in this dreadful this trying moment—thou who receivest my last sigh—show them an example of fortitude. O Sabina! cruel in thy tenderness! My dear child! though I should drag thee to the same grave with myself, I must die."

He again presses to his bosom his afflicted and almost lifeless child, and restores him to the trembling arms of his hoary attendant, on

whom likewise he bestows a parting embrace. The trenchant steel is immediately uplifted—the hero's head rolls to that of Horn—and his blood flows in joint streams with that of his martyred friend.

At this heart-rending spectacle, the gazing multitude, who had indulged the flattering hope that Egmont should escape the fatal axe, uttered loud shrieks which echoed through the whole city. They rush upon the guards—break through their ranks—crowd round the breathless trunks of their murdered defenders—embrace them—dip their garments and their hands in the streaming blood, and collect that precious relique with mingled transports of horror and rage.

The souls of the departed heroes are instantly united, and, like the pure ætherial flame, rise toward heaven: a celestial genius crowns them with immortal palms, throws open to them the gates of the blest abode; and, while the heroes wing their rapid way through the fields of æther, they look down with a smile on the scaffold, and on their lifeless remains which they abandon to the hands of their former tyrants.

Meantime the widow of Egmont, again opening her eyes to the light of day, calls for her lord. She knows that Alva has pronounced his pardon, and her heart dilates with fond hopes, when her hoary messenger returns from the foot of the scaffold. The icy hand of death seems to have fastened on him its chilling gripe: his countenance wears the deep impression of unutterable despair: with tottering step he advances, and in his arms presents to the view of the unfortunate mother her child, frozen with affright, motionless, his mouth agape, his face sprinkled with his father's blood,

At this sight, Sabina is suddenly seized with universal tremor, and makes the vaulted dome resound with her shrieks. But her despair is soon changed to delirium: with frantic steps she runs through the palace—seeks Alva—finds him surrounded by a crowd of courtly sycophants, and starts back with horror. Indignation now inflames her pallid countenance, and with the impetuosity of a torrent these reproaches issue from her lips—

“Thou monster, not sprung from the womb of a mortal, but engendered in the black gulfs of hell, and thrown forth upon the earth to be the scourge of human kind! murderer of my husband! barbarian! o! that I could with my own hands tear out thy cruel heart! But heaven, wearied with my imprecations, will not suffer thy crimes to escape unpunished. My husband's ghost, the ghosts of the numberless victims of thy cruelty, will haunt thee in every place, at every hour, like so many tormenting fiends! The torrents of blood thou hast shed will every-where pursue thy steps! At sight of thee, fathers and sons and husbands and wives will flee, as they would flee from a savage tiger. Conquered by Nassau and the Batavians, thy pride shall be humbled: thou shalt fly before them; the glory of thy past exploits shall be tarnished: the Batavians shall throw off the yoke of Philip; before thy eyes they shall be free. Thou shalt be held in contempt and detestation by all mankind: heaven at length will collect all its thunders to crush thee, or the earth will swallow thee alive, and bury thee in the midst of those dead bodies with which thy rage has glutted the grave. Over that gulf where thou shalt lie entombed, will I stand, and listen to thee invoking death, prolonging thy last sigh, and imploring as a benefactor

factor the man who should terminate thy life even in the midst of tortures similar to those with which thy cruelty has astonished the human race."

With these last words she breathed forth her soul, and fell a lifeless corse.—Alva for a moment viewed her as she lay—departed, and hastened to join his army.

HISTORY OF KEMSARAI and MEIMOUNA; or, the THREE TALISMANS: an ORIENTAL TALE.

BADANAZER, sultan of Candahar, governed his subjects with a wisdom and moderation that justly entitled him to the surname of Father of his People; and, after a long and glorious reign, resigned his soul to the angel of death, leaving his crown to his son Kemsarai.

Kemsarai having rendered to so good a father all the honours which nature and gratitude inspired him with, afterwards only occupied himself with the care of following the last counsels of his dying parent. His heart was good, and his understanding brilliant. But if all men have occasion for experience to form themselves, how much more necessary is it to those who are destined to a throne? Kemsarai well knew this important truth, and was far from being actuated by the presumption too common to princes. One day, whilst he was discoursing with his courtiers, he made an eulogium on those who had signalised themselves by their love of justice. Solomon was cited as the most just. "This example," said Kemsarai, "cannot be denied: Solomon was a prophet, and could find remedies to misfortunes which he foresaw; but a common man can only employ his own good will to make amends for

his want of superior knowledge." When Kemsarai had ended speaking, Naerdan, one of his courtiers, said—"Great prince, if you wish that justice should be done in your dominions, you should choose a disinterested vizier, who has nothing in view but your glory and the prosperity of the state."—"True," replied Kemsarai; "but the difficulty is to find such a man." "You have, Sire," answered the courtier, "in one of your subjects, a man whose moderation and wisdom considerably increased the revenues of your illustrious father; and your majesty may not perhaps know what happened to him in the city of Agra." The sultan having ordered him to inform him, Naerdan began thus:—

"Temimdari, in the last war which we waged against the Moguls, carried his arms to Agra, which we took, and, by a sentiment of humanity, preserved from being plundered. His soldiers, however, demanded a reward which might recompense them for the booty which they had lost: they remonstrated to him in such a manner, that he was obliged to promise it them, though he did not know where he should obtain it. One day, whilst he was in his palace, occupied with this idea, he perceived a hole from whence a serpent came out and returned again. He called the eunuchs of his harem, and said to them—"Widen that hole, to take a serpent which has just entered." The eunuchs obeyed him, and found a cavern full of shelves placed all along the walls, and coffers piled one upon another. They opened them, and found them full of sequins, and on the shelves large bales of the most magnificent stuffs. Temimdari thanked God for this discovery, and distributed this treasure amongst

amongst his soldiers. He then had the stulfs made into clothes, which he gave to recompense the merit of his officers."

Naerdan having ended, Kemsarai said to him—"Temimdari shall not be my vizier; I believe him to be an honest man, but he is not prudent enough; and I do not think him capable to bear my authority."

Kemsarai continued to converse with his courtiers on subjects of too little moment to be mentioned here; but continually occupied with the thoughts of justice and of reigning well, he afterwards went out of his palace at all hours, that he might learn by experience the truth. Kemsarai established a council, which he composed of the most worthy men of the country. He made wise and prudent laws, and took a journey through his provinces to correct all the oppressions which the governors might have exercised upon the people, and to which the latter are too often exposed when they are at a distance from their sovereign.

Kemsarai traversed the provinces of his kingdom; he had already passed through the greater part, and redressed grievances without number, when his curiosity engaged him to visit the Tartars, his neighbours. The Tartars, hearing of the arrival of the sultan of Candahar, came before him; some gave horse-races in his honour; others, with their women, formed dances, which, though rather rude, yet still had some grace. Amongst the Tartarian women before him, Kemsarai was struck with the beauty of a young maiden of fifteen, named Meimouna. To an advantageous size and great beauty, she united a pleasing and modest air. Kemsarai rendered homage to so many charms, and offered her a place in his harem. She refused it. He endeavoured to seduce her by considerable presents,

but his offers were not even listened to. Love often causes great changes in the minds of men. This prince, so wise, and till now so moderate, hurried away by his passion, added threats to his prayers; he even went so far as to say, that he would enter with a formidable army to obtain a beauty whose refusal would not permit him to hope. It is true that no person heard him but Meimouna. If the Tartars, who are the most jealous people in the world of their liberty, had had the least knowledge of what he had said, war had been declared from that moment. But Meimouna always answered him with the greatest mildness, without showing the least fear, and without departing from the respect which she owed to a sovereign—"Know my lord," said she, "that my heart has been free to this day; it is proud, and perhaps worthy of the bounties which you are so kind as to honour it with; my weak attractions have seduced you; but a woman who has no other merit is, in my opinion, of very little value." "Perhaps," said Kemsarai, "the difference of religion is an obstacle to my happiness?" "No, my lord: I am a Mahometan," replied Meimouna, "and I confess that I should be flattered in pleasing a man whom I esteem more for his virtues than his grandeur. But I should like to render myself worthy of him by doing services so considerable, that a marriage so disproportionate, instead of drawing reproaches upon him, should cause him to be applauded for his choice."

Kemsarai was charmed to find so much wit and understanding in an object whose figure alone rendered her so amiable; he admired her virtue, gave her his royal word never to constrain her, and promised never to separate from her. He sent slaves and

and camels to the beautiful Meimouna, who followed him with all her family. She would not have consented to this step, if she had not been obliged to abandon relations whose presence would prevent any attempt that might be made on her reputation. The king saw her every day, and could not pass a moment without wishing to see her, and admiring her when he beheld her. The observations of the people and the court came, however, to the ears of Meimouna. She felt the wrong that they did her; and resolved to destroy the ideas they entertained of her, and prepossess their minds in her favour. With this intention she desired Kemsarai to assemble the learned men of his dominions that she might answer their questions. He endeavoured to persuade her from such a step, but in vain. The learned men were assembled to the number of twelve; and, in the audience which he gave them, the king was seated on a high throne, in his habits of ceremony. Meimouna was placed lower down, and opposite him, dressed in the greatest simplicity, but shining with all the attractions of youth, and all the gifts of nature, surrounded by the twelve sages, venerable for their age and long beards. She, as well as they, leaned on a great table round which they sat. The sages who did not know on what occasion Kemsarai had assembled them, were much astonished when he informed them of the intention of Meimouna; they looked upon the adversary that was presented to them, and would not speak, supposing that the sultan intended to mock them. Kemsarai said to them—"I see what you think, but I have given my royal word; it is your business to do as I bid you. Propose then, without any exception, the hardest questions

to this beauteous maiden, who engages to resolve all the difficulties which your great learning enables you to propose to her."

The sages then began to ask the most difficult and enigmatical questions, all which she answered with such a presence of mind and gravity of manners, that astonished all the sages who were present. The sultan especially was so transported with joy, and delighted with her answers, that he had the greatest difficulty to restrain the emotions of his soul: so much knowledge, so much strength of mind, added to so many natural graces, threw the minds of the courtiers into such confusion, that, notwithstanding the respect which the presence of Kemsarai ought to have inspired, every one expressed the joy and admiration and pleasure which he felt in being witness to so singular a scene. She then played on various musical instruments with a grace and skill that charmed and delighted all her hearers; and afterwards sung a love song, which threw the sultan into an ecstasy.

Kemsarai, in the transports of joy which he felt for the repeated successes of his beloved, dismissed as hastily as he could the assembly, though not till he had made great presents to the sages. When they were all gone, he fell at the feet of Meimouna, desiring her to make him happy as soon as she possibly could. "I am not yet worthy of you," said she: "What can you wish more," said the amorous sultan, "after having charmed all my court and confounded all the sages?" "I would merit you," replied she, "by talents more worthy of praise than those of music, by an understanding more useful than that which your sages so extolled, and which is only a subtlety more dazzling than beneficial. Let me then live some time under

under the shadow of your greatness.

"I can only love and obey you," replied Kemsarai; "but at least," added he, "permit me to give you an exemplary proof of the justice which I render to your understanding; assist me in the divan; preside over all my affairs, and give me your counsels; I cannot follow wiser."

"God forbid," answered Meimouna, "that I should do any wrong to my sovereign lord, and authorise by my conduct the reproaches which he might draw upon him! they would have a foundation were it said that he was governed by a woman. I know," added she, "that you want a vizier, and I believe that I can find one worthy of Kemsarai."

"Name him me directly," replied he, "and I will bestow on him the office immediately."

"Your majesty should know him first," replied the beautiful Meimouna; "you will find, I believe, in him that I propose, the virtues and talents which a man ought to possess who is honoured with so great an employment. He resides in the city of Balk, and his name is Aboultaieb. The office of vizier to the most powerful kings of the Indies has been preserved in his family more than a thousand years; but a prince who was blinded by his favorites has dismissed him, and he now lives in happy retirement at Balk."

Kemsarai immediately replied—"Aboultaieb is my vizier; for can Meimouna be deceived. He instantly wrote to the governor of Balk, sending him a thousand sequins to remit to Aboultaieb for the expenses of his journey."

Aboultaieb was received with magnificence in all the cities through which he passed, and at length ar-

rived at Candahar. He was conducted to the audience of the sultan, who appeared to be transported with joy in possessing a man whom Meimouna so highly esteemed; but this joy was not of long duration; for the sultan, who was naturally so mild and prejudiced in his favour, flew into a dreadful passion as soon as he was in his presence. "Begone," said he, "immediately, and never appear before me any more." Aboultaieb obeyed.

Kemsarai soon after went to Meimouna, who had already heard of an event which was the subject of conversation with the whole court, and who did not doubt but that there had been some alteration in the mind of him whom she so perfectly loved. The trouble which this idea caused her had almost taken the use of speech from her. She, however, made an effort on herself, and said to him, after a few moments of silence, "What is the reason, my lord, that, after all the expense you have been at, and all the trouble you have given yourself to bring Aboultaieb to your court, that, after all the honours you have heaped upon him, you should receive him thus?"

"Ah! Meimouna," cried Kemsarai, "I should have no regard to what he has done for me, to the greatness of his family, nor to the fatigues he has suffered to come hither, if any other but you had recommended him; I would have ordered his head to be cut off the moment he presented himself before me; but I will content myself, on your account, only to banish him for ever from my presence."

"But how could he deserve your indignation," continued Meimouna?

"Know then," replied Kemsarai, "that he had about him, when he appeared before me, the most subtle of all poisons."

"May

"May I ask," replied Meimouna, "how you could be certain of it, and if you could not doubt the fidelity of him who informed you?"

Kemsarai answered, "I know it myself: you appear to doubt it, but I will permit you to convince yourself of it, and you will see if I am deceived."

He then departed, and Meimouna sent for Aboultaieb, who appeared to be overwhelmed with vexation: she discoursed some time with him, and seeing that the ill treatment he had received from the sultan preyed upon his mind, she told him that he did wrong in afflicting himself; that the anger of Kemsarai would not be of long duration, and that he would soon repair the affront that he had done him. "But pray," added she, "have the goodness to inform me, why you had poison about you when you presented yourself before Kemsarai?"

Aboultaieb, surprised at this question, after having reflected a moment, replied—"It is true that I had poison with me, but my heart was as pure in carrying it as the dew of the morning; I have it still about me at the moment that I speak to you."

He then took a ring from his finger, and said—"this ring incloses the most subtle of poisons; it has been preserved from father to son for a thousand years; my ancestors have always carried it on them to free themselves from the effects of the anger of princes whom they served in case they had the misfortune to displease them in exercising their office of vizier. The trouble which the cruel proceeding of Kemsarai causes me, and the shame that he has covered me with, renders it very precious to me, as it will not be long before I make use of it." Meimouna desired him to suspend so fatal a design, at least a few days,

and requested him to wait till he heard from her in his palace.

She instantly went to inform Kemsarai of what she had learned. The monarch perceiving by the account she gave that Aboultaieb had no evil intention, and that the cruelty of princes in general did but too well authorise this precaution, repented of having received him so harshly, and promised Meimouna to make him a recompense the next day, for the manner in which he had treated him. She approved his intention; but, before she left him, desired him to inform her how he could perceive that Aboultaieb carried poison on him?

Kemsarai replied—"Never will I have any thing concealed from the sovereign of my heart. I always carry a bracelet," continued he, "which my father left me, and which has been a long time in our family; nor do I know the name of the sage who made it, nor how it came into the hands of my ancestors. It is of a substance which much resembles coral, and which has the property of discovering poison, even at some distance. It shakes and moves about when any approaches it; and when Aboultaieb appeared before me, it almost broke itself, the poison being so strong and violent. I should have caused his head to be struck off immediately had he not been one whom you recommended; and I am still more assured that Aboultaieb carried poison, as my bracelet has been quiet ever since he quitted me."

Kemsarai took the bracelet from his arm, and gave it to Meimouna, who examined it with much attention, and then said—"This talisman, my lord, is without doubt admirable; this adventure will, however, teach you how much those who have the sovereign power ought to be on their guard against being

being misled by appearances, and of what consequence it is that they should not judge rashly."

Meimouna retired, and Kemsarai ordered that Aboulaleb should be conducted the next day to an audience with the greatest pomp and ceremony. This order was obeyed; Kemsarai received him with the greatest attention, and expressed the utmost regret for what had passed. Aboulaleb was then presented, by the sultan's order, with a golden desk, a pen, and paper. He immediately wrote, in the finest characters, the most profound maxims relative to the manner in which a vizier should conduct himself in his office. Kemsarai admired his talents, made him take the vizier's robe, and, to crown his honours, confided to him the secret of his bracelet. Aboulaleb desired the sultan never to part with it: and the latter exulting in possessing so great a treasure, asked his new vizier if he thought any thing more curious and valuable might be found in all the world?

"Great sultan," replied Aboulaleb, "I have seen in the city of Dioul another wonder, less useful indeed, but which, for the great art and learning with which a sage has composed it, may be compared to your's."

"What is it?" said Kemsarai: "I am very desirous to know:" and Aboulaleb thus began:—

"When I had received your majesty's orders to come hither, I set out, and was obliged to make some stay at Dioul. Notwithstanding my impatience, I was obliged to collect some things which would be necessary to me in my journey. I made use of this time to see the beauties of that city. The governor, whose riches and opulence astonished me, came and conducted me to his palace on the

day of my arrival. He overwhelmed me with honours; and, during the whole of my residence, paid the greatest attention to me. However, he accompanied them with an affectation that made me suspect his sincerity. Amongst the amusements which he procured me, he engaged me to make a small voyage with him to sea. I consented, and we went the next day into a small ship which he had prepared on purpose. The weather was as fine as we could desire, and our conversation was extremely agreeable. The governor of Dioul was seated at the stern; I was at his side; a young boy, beautiful as the day, sat at his feet. The most exquisite wines were served on a table which we had before us; their freshness, and that of the snow with which the fruits were surrounded, contributed to the most seducing voluptuousness, when the beautiful female slaves gave time to think of any thing but their attractions, or their talents for singing and playing on different instruments. Our voyage was accompanied with every thing that could render it delightful; and while I was thinking of saying something agreeable to the governor, I perceived on his finger so magnificent a ruby that I could not refrain from expressing my admiration of it. The governor took off his ring, and presented it to me; I examined it carefully, and returned it to him. I had great difficulty to make him take it back. He at length took it, and seeing that I absolutely refused to receive it, he was so vexed that he threw it into the sea. I then repented that I had not accepted so perfect a work of nature, and I told the governor so, who said it was my own fault. "However," continued he, "if you promise to accept it, I can easily find it again." I thought he was
going

going to offer me another that was like it; but, without saying any more, he ordered the vessel to be steered for the shore, which when we had reached, he sent a slave to his treasurer for a small box which he described. The anchor was dropped while we waited the return of the slave. He was not long in executing his orders; and the governor, having taken from his pocket a small golden key, opened the box, from which he took a little fish of the same metal, and of admirable workmanship. This he threw into the sea, and it immediately dived and showed itself soon after on the surface of the water, holding the ring in its mouth. The sailors who were in the boat took it in their hands, and brought it to the governor, to whom it gave the ring, no other person being able to take it away. The governor having presented it to me again, I could not possibly refuse it. He put the fish into its little box, and sent it back to his treasury."

(To be concluded in our next.)

THE YOUNG MOUNTAINEER.

(Continued from page 534.)

LETTER XXXVII.

Eliza to Felicia.

PREPARE, my dear Felicia, for new wonders, equally astonishing as unforeseen and unforeseeable! When last I laid down my pen, I positively took for granted that I should soon have the pleasure of describing to you the rapid and successful progress which mademoiselle de Terville's beauty and goodness and understanding and eloquence had made in subduing Frederic's affections. And indeed, for some considerable time after the

evening's conversation on the duel, of which I gave you a brief account in my last, his admiration of her seemed daily to increase: for I carefully watched his every motion and word and look, from all which I most confidently concluded that he was deeply enamoured of her.

At length, one evening—and that was no longer ago than yesterday—when he appeared more than usually charmed with her conversation, the subject of which was the placid happiness of virtuous matrimony—I seized the first moment after her departure, to observe how happy a youth, endowed with virtue and discernment and sensibility, must find himself in a conjugal union with so accomplished and amiable a lady as mademoiselle de Terville.

"Happy!" replied Frederic—"happy, no doubt, beyond expression; if a youth could only be found who were worthy to possess her."

"Methinks," said I, "that I could without much difficulty provide her with a fit partner—don't you think so, Frederic?"

"You know best, madam: but, for my own part, I confess I do not know any such person."

"Then, sir, excuse me for saying that you are not a philosopher."

"A philosopher! I never pretended to be one: but, pray, how does that particularly appear in the present instance?"

"Know thyself, is a grand maxim in philosophy: and *you*, my friend, do not seem, at least by your own confession, to know *yourself*."

"I protest, madam," returned Frederic with a confused countenance, and—what is very unusual in him—something of a vacant stare—"I protest, madam, I do not perceive the drift of your remark—I am utterly at a loss to divine your meaning—it is all a riddle, a conundrum, to me—I need the assistance of an *Œdipus* to explain it."

"No *Œdipus* is necessary: the explanation is obvious: you do not know a person, you say, who is worthy to possess mademoiselle de Ter-ville."

"I said so, madam; and I now repeat it: but what has that to do with philosophy or self-knowledge?"

"*Know yourself*, I again tell you; and you will then know a person well entitled to the honor of mademoiselle de Terville's hand."

"How! . . . what! . . . *me*, madam! . . . Surely, I must have misunderstood your words?"

"Not at all, sir—there is no misconception in the case, unless indeed a misconception of your own merit."

"You do not surely mean. . . ."

"I mean, my dear sir, simply this—that I think you most eminently qualified to render the lady completely happy in the matrimonial state."

"Me, madam! . . . No! . . . I can indeed look up to her as an angel, can adore her as a bright emanation of the divinity—but, as a woman, as a wife, I can never think of her—I should deem it a sacrilege more heinous than that of *Ixion* who coveted the consort of *Jove*."

"This, my good sir, is but the idle rant of romance: in your cooler and more deliberate moments you will think and talk otherwise."

"Never, madam!—I shall during my whole life continue to admire her: but to a certainty I shall never feel for her the passion of love. There is indeed a woman. . . ."

Here, *Felicia*, I trembled through my whole frame, as, no doubt, you at this moment tremble in reading my narrative. I feared that all my labour had been wasted to no purpose—that my sanguine hopes of his effectual cure were for ever blasted—and that his unfortunate passion for you still lurked unsubdued in his

breast. "Ha!" I involuntarily exclaimed—"there is a . . ."

"Yes! there is a woman. . . ." and at these words he cast on me a look . . . such a look, my *Felicia*! . . . which at once banished my former alarming conjecture, but at the same time threw me into unutterable confusion. It was, my dear *Felicia*—it was the impassioned look of ardent love; and it was directed to me as its object.

Confounded by this unexpected discovery, I remained for some moments silent, and was beginning to suspect that I must have misconstrued the meaning of his glance, when *Frederic* completely removed all my doubts by paying me a thousand fine compliments which I should be ashamed to repeat, and concluding with a direct and explicit declaration of love.

I know not what I replied to the concluding part of his discourse—my ideas were so confused. All that I can now recollect is that we soon parted for the night, and that I retired to bed, but, I confess, not to rest: for my mind was so struck with the extraordinary declaration he had made, and at a time when I could so little have foreseen such an event, that I did not close my eyes before the return of day.

I have not quitted my chamber this morning; and I feel myself so feeble and agitated by the want of rest, that I know not whether I shall be well recovered these two or three days to come. Weak, however, as I am, I determined not to lose a moment in giving you information of the occurrence, and requesting to be speedily favored with your thoughts on it.—Let me add, that it is not so much to any real or fancied merits he has discovered in me, that I am indebted for *Frederic's* love, as to the over-warm encomiums which your partial friendship had been accustomed

customed too lavishly to bestow on me in his hearing. For, when I expressed to him my surprise that he should in so short a time have discovered in me all those wondrous perfections which he made the theme of his rapturous panegyric, he replied, that, from your repeated descriptions, he was thoroughly acquainted with my "transcendent merits" long before he had seen me, and that his personal acquaintance with me had done no more than confirm the high opinion he had before entertained of me unseen, and ripen his warm esteem into love, after his reason and the peace of his breast had been restored to him by the heavenly oratory of that "seraph in human shape," mademoiselle de Terville.

One thing particularly struck me in a part of his discourse which I do not here repeat—and that was the delicacy and ingenuousness with which he reconciled his adoration of mademoiselle de Terville with his love of me. I am not naturally jealous, Felicia—you know I am not: but I think the most jealous woman upon earth must have been perfectly satisfied with his mode of thinking in that respect, and must have admired him the more for it.

Adieu, my dear Felicia! fail not to write to me without delay: every day will be to me an age, until I hear your sentiments on this extraordinary business.—Adieu!

LETTER XXXVIII.

Felicia to Eliza.

My astonishment, my dear Eliza, on reading the truly extraordinary contents of your last letter, exceeded all conception: nor could any thing equal it, except my joy at the fortunate revolution which now, beyond all possibility of doubt, appears to have taken place in Frederic's affections.

I call it fortunate in every point of view—First, the hapless youth himself is relieved from a passion which once seemed almost incurable, and which threatened the most fatal consequences to his future peace of mind, and even to his life. On the other hand, I too am released from all further apprehensions of ever again becoming the object of his illicit flame, or being again exposed to the danger of catching it from him himself. And let me add, Eliza, that, on mature consideration, I deem it likewise a very fortunate circumstance for you, though I may ultimately be a loser in *one* material respect, if you think with me in this particular. But, of that, more hereafter.

I deem it, I say, a fortunate circumstance for you—yes, Eliza, extremely fortunate, unless you should unfortunately happen to have conceived any antipathy to so accomplished and aimable a youth. Though elder than I by two or three years, you are yet a young woman: and, when once you are finally disengaged from the trouble and perplexity of settling your affairs, and your thoughts are at liberty to return in peace to their wonted channel, you will probably feel that the unsocial life of celibacy is not quite so agreeable, even in the company of your loving and beloved Felicia, as the matrimonial sociability in that of an accomplished and estimable young man on whom you can set your affections.

The only question, therefore, seems to be—for I do not recollect to have ever heard or read an expression from you declarative of an aversion to marriage itself—whether you can set your affections on Frederic. Your heart, I believe, is not prepossessed in favor of any other: for, if it were, I have reason to presume, from the unreserved confidence

confidence which prevails between you and me, that I should have been apprised of the circumstance almost as early as yourself. Now, concluding from your silence in that respect that your heart is disengaged—and knowing from one of your former letters to me that your sentiments are rather favorable than averse to Frederic—I ask, where can you possibly expect to find a man so well qualified in every point of view to render you happy during the remainder of your life? I need not here launch forth into a panegyric of his virtues: I have already more than once sufficiently expressed to you my opinion of them: and, from your own personal experience, you have yourself acknowledged that my encomiums were “not at all exaggerated.”

Upon the whole, then, my serious and earnest advice is that you accept his hand, together with certain happiness, which cannot fail to be the consequence of your union with him. I know you are not jealous or captious—otherwise I might perhaps hesitate to tell you, as I now do in plain terms, that *your* happiness is not the *only* object I have in view in thus strenuously exhorting you to take him for a husband: I have also an eye to *his* happiness, which, I am confident, will be complete in a union with such a woman as my dear Eliza. If I thought you unworthy of him—or if I knew any other woman better qualified than you to insure his bliss—instead of recommending, I would oppose the union: for, affectionately as I love you, my dear Eliza, I would not consent, even for your sake, to sacrifice the future happiness and welfare of Frederic.

If you feel any squeamish scruples respecting a second marriage, allow me to remove them by an argument well enough calculated for *such* scruples, though not precisely of

that kind which a logician or a philosopher might admit as conclusive.—You profess the warmest, the most disinterested friendship for me; and of the sincerity of those professions I have every possible reason to be convinced. You have more than once testified the strongest and most alarming apprehensions of the dreadful consequences which threatened to ensue from Frederic’s romantic passion for me as well as from the sentiments which I felt for him. Now you well know—from reading at least, if not from experience—that one flame drives out another, exactly as the sun-beam extinguishes your parlour-fire; pursuant to which maxim, the surest mean of stifling any yet remaining spark of Frederic’s former flame, and preventing it from ever blazing forth anew, is to foster and increase that which you have lately kindled in his bosom. Wherefore, if you henceforward wish me to entertain a certain conviction of your friendship for me, you cannot with any decency refuse your consent to the *heroic* sacrifice of exchanging cheerless solitary widowhood for cheerful social matrimony, and submitting to become one of the happiest women upon earth in union with one of the most aimable of men. Thus will you have not only rescued Frederic from the precipice upon which he stood, but also guarded your friend Felicia against a return of that temptation from which she has once so fortunately escaped. For my sake, therefore, if not for your own, you positively must marry him.

I am indeed aware, as I have above hinted, that I shall “in one material respect be a loser” by your union with him—that is to say, in the at least temporary privation of those pleasures which my friendship had fondly anticipated in your intimate society under our roof: for,
after

after your marriage with him, I can hardly venture to indulge the hope that you will become an inmate with us on the footing heretofore proposed; nor would it perhaps be altogether proper that you should, at least for some time to come, since it is impossible to foresee what circumstance might, in that close and hourly intercourse, unluckily revive former ideas on his side or mine; and prudence cautions us to stand on our guard against danger, however remote.

Nevertheless, for your sake, for monsieur de Belleville's sake, for Frederic's, and, let me add, for the sake of my own future security, I consent, however reluctantly, to that very serious and painful sacrifice, so far as may be necessary. At the same time, heaven forbid that any thing like coolness or alienation should ever take place between you and me! No, my dear Eliza! let the flame of our friendship still continue to burn with undiminished warmth: let the same frequency and cordiality of epistolary correspondence subsist between us: and, when time and experience shall have fully convinced all parties that there no longer exists any danger, then we shall find the means of enjoying in each other's society those pleasures which we have so long and so fondly anticipated, and of enjoying them with additional relish, in proportion to the length of time that they may have been deferred. — Adieu!

(To be concluded in our next.)

THE SOVEREIGNTY OF FASHION.

To the EDITOR of the LADY'S MAGAZINE.

SIR,

THE condescension of monarchs is ever received with gratitude and

rapture by the slaves who bask in the sunshine of imperial favour:— with what ecstasy then must he be filled, whom I, the most despotic sovereign upon earth, shall deign to honour with my notice? You, Mr. Editor, may boast the patronage and friendship of men of wisdom, learning, and genius; but know that one approving smile from me shall do more towards your success with the world than the united efforts of all the wisdom and talents in the universe. Truth may assure you as much as she pleases of the certainty of her final triumph; but ask her when she arrives at it?—she will confess it is by tardy steps, and not till she has fought many a hard battle with the passions and prejudices that oppose her course. But no sooner do I appear than passions enlist themselves under my triumphant banners, and render my authority universal in every clime. My laws are received and regarded by all orders of men, and in all the countries of the world. Sometimes they are mistaken for those of nature; but this is only in those parts of my dominions where my statutes are seldom changed and my power consequently little known, though it is, in fact, equally regarded by the grease-besmeared squaw of the Canadian forest, and the leader of the ton in the British capital. From me, mankind, in every situation, receive their notions of elegance and refinement. I change the characteristics of beauty at my pleasure: the complexion, nay, the very features of the human countenance are at my disposal. In one part of the globe my decree runs in favour of a skin of jetty black, a flat nose, and blubber lips. No sooner is my will and pleasure known, than black assumes the name of beauty, and soot and grease supply the deep sable that nature has denied; while the fond mother, in obedience to my commands,

commands, employs the willing thumb in depressing the infant's nose, till the yielding gristle promises no more to rise in rebellion against my authority. Whenever I choose to contend with nature, I never fail of victory; nor can the Virtues themselves pretend to contest the point with me.

In vain did Modesty claim the fair of this realm as her own. I laughed at her pretences, issued my decree, and, lo! Modesty and Decency retired to deck the village nymph, leaving the high-bred fair ones to my disposal. Have I not, from time immemorial, banished Chastity from among the number of the virtues in one sex? and have I not many friends who are willing to support me in a like experiment upon the other? Religion presented an equal obstacle to both; but Religion herself disdains not to receive laws from me. There is, indeed, an uncomplying sort, which is seated in the heart, and which I have never been able to bring under proper subjection. But this it is my business to explode as much as possible; and, happily, my endeavours in this respect are likely to be crowned with much success. The religion I oppose is pure and peaceable, made up of love and charity, meekness and devotion; it is espoused by Truth, and, like her, may boast a final triumph, though the passions and prejudices of mankind are equally adverse to both: but the religion which has my sanction is zealous and intolerant, implacable, furious, and resentful; inspiring its votaries with pride, arrogance, and presumption; so that all the passions and prejudices of mankind are evidently in its favour. I first taught it to the pharisee who "thanked God he was not as other men, or even as that publican," who appears to have had some of

the other sort in his heart. Now as this religion of mine teaches people to be zealous only against the sins of others, but mild and indulgent to their own, it is the easiest thing in the world to mould its votaries to my pleasure.

I hope I have said enough to convince you of the great importance of cultivating my favour. You appear, indeed, to have an intention of winning me over to the side of truth and virtue; but, to speak sincerely, it is a side to which I am seldom inclined to be propitious. But this is more the fault of my adherents than of myself. Supported by the passions and prejudices of mankind, am I not bound to support these in return with all my strength? Often, but for the power of these potent friends, would Good Sense rebel against my authority, and Nature spurn my yoke. But when, aided by them, I cast the venom'd shaft of calumny, who shall dare to pour balm into the wound? When I, with their assistance, raise the monument of praise, who shall dare to examine the foundation on which it stands? Persuade your friends to enlist under my banners, and extensive will be your celebrity under the auspicious protection of

FASHION.

THE CORSICANS.

(Concluded from page 494.)

ACT IV. SCENE IV.

The chamber of the Count.—Several books lying on the table.

Count—Natalia.

Count.

READ, child.

Natalia (yawning). I am so sleepy.

Count. I am not drowsy at all,—
read;

read;—choose what book you please.

Natalia. Dear father, these are all such stupid books.

Count. Can you write better?

Natalia. I almost think I could.

Count. You talk like a reviewer; for your punishment you shall read an hour longer.

Natalia (appears very uneasy—takes up several books and reads the titles). “Death’s Post, or Histories of Sudden Deaths.”

Count. No, let that alone; death always comes too soon.

Natalia (takes up another). “The complete Academy of Compliments.”

Count. We have no occasion for these in the country.

Natalia (turning over the leaves of another). “Histories of Ghosts.”

Count. The Turks are our ghosts.

Natalia. You see, father, that your bookseller has sent you books that have not even the merit of lulling you to sleep.

Count. They are, however, the latest publications.

Natalia. I will look them over to-morrow, and, if I find any thing interesting—

Count (opens a book himself). Here is an opiate, “Choice Curiosities, selected from the most celebrated Writers on Dreams.”—There, read a couple of dreams.

Natalia. Good Heavens! I am almost dreaming myself.

Count. Never mind.

Natalia (takes the book very unwillingly, and reads). Johannes Oporinus, the celebrated printer at Basle, dreamed that a clock which struck the hours fell from his head upon his breast, with a pleasing sound. Soon after he was seized with a fit of the apoplexy.

Count (yawning). Ay! ay!

Natalia. Are you satisfied with this specimen?

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Count. No; read another.

Natalia (reads peevishly). “A person of distinction dreamed that his son had returned from battle”—I hear somebody in the antichamber.

Count. I am that person! My dream is going to be accomplished.

Natalia. How! what! it is not my brother Francis!

Count. There he is.

SCENE V.

Enter Francis hastily—He throws himself into his father’s arms.

Count. Welcome, my brave son!

Natalia. Welcome, brother!

Francis. God bless you, my dear father; God bless you, sister.

Count. What are the Turks doing?

Francis. Exclaiming Allah!—and getting their wounds cured.

Natalia. I did not even hear the sound of the horses’ feet in the court-yard.

Francis. I stole through the garden, that I might surprise you.

Natalia. I now know, dear father, why you would not go to bed to night.

Count. I was almost tired at last.

Francis. That I did not come sooner was my sister’s fault.

Natalia. My fault!

Francis. Yes, your’s;—I have found a lover for you on the road.

Natalia. Lost by some body, I suppose:—we will advertise him.

Francis. He has lost his heart, and hopes to find it again with you.

Count. Is your sister, then, so old, and so ugly, that she must go begging for a lover on the road?

Francis. I will bring him here immediately. Dear father, partake in my joy;—I have, by the luckiest accident possible, found my brother-in-law.

Count. Young Pompiliani?

& H

Francis.

Francis. Yes, him; he has embraced me as a brother.

Count. But what will his father say?—for your wife has told me all.

Francis. He will not be inexorable.

Count. If he be as much softened as I am.

Francis. And if he has a heart like your's.

Natalia. My congratulations, dear brother, you shall have to-morrow; at present you must excuse me, as I can scarcely keep my eyes open—Good night!

Francis. Stay; you are not a little interested in the story I have to tell.

Count. Then stay and hear it.

Natalia (uneasily). Let me at least go and call Ottilia.

Francis. It will be time enough for that presently.

Natalia. Excellent! A very cool and sedate husband, indeed!

Count. Ay, ay, Francis; I scarcely like that.

Francis. Ottilia will pardon me, on her brother's account.

Natalia. I doubt it.

Francis. My brother-in-law has set a price on his friendship.

Natalia. Very disinterested, truly!

Francis. A price which you are to pay.

Natalia. I pay!

Francis. He wishes to have you for a wife.

Natalia (sneeringly). He does me much honour.

Count (half-displeased). Why all this farce?

Francis. Can my father imagine me capable of profaning, by buffoonery and fiction, the first happy hour of our meeting?

Count. What, are you in earnest?

Francis. Entirely in earnest.

Natalia. So much the worse.

Francis. Pompiliani is a noble youth; his heart beats high for honour and virtue.

Natalia. Let it beat, so it does not beat for me.

Francis. He loves you.

Natalia. He saw me, I suppose, in a dream.

Francis. He is poor, I must confess.

Count. A man of honour and integrity is never poor;—you know me;—but your sister——

Natalia. I am not very fond of invisible sylphs.

Count. Persons must first see, and be acquainted with each other.

Francis. Will you permit me to introduce him?

Count. How! is he here?

Natalia. Here!—Surely, brother, you have lost your senses!

Francis. I understand you: you wish to dress first.

Natalia (peevishly). I will undress, and go to bed.

Francis. Do not fear; you are charming enough though in dishabille. What will you say that you do not make a conquest of him?

Natalia. I do not wish to make a conquest of him; I wish, brother, you would let me alone.

Francis. Sister, be advised; I only ask that you will marry him.

Natalia. A mere trifle truly; but I will not marry him.

Francis. You must.

Natalia. My father will not compel me.

Count. No; Heaven forbid!

Natalia. Well then, I will not; were he an Adonis.

Francis. Do not make such vows too rashly.

Natalia. But I will swear——

Francis. Hold! hold! (*He goes, and opens the door.*) Come in, Pompiliani; my sister is an obstinate creature; she will not hear of you.

SCENE VI.

Enter Felix—(Natalia shrieks when she discovers him.)

Count. What! our young horse-tamer!

Felix.

Felix. The kindness with which you have treated the sister, encourages the brother to appear before you under his true name.

Count. So brave a youth is welcome under any name.

Francis (archly). Is not that right, *Natalia*.

Felix. Let my behaviour, madam, be an excuse for your brother's imprudence.

Natalia. Sir!

Count. But, children, how is all this? Admit me a little into the secret. You are *Pompiliani*; consequently your father is my steward?

Felix. We had the good fortune to meet with an asylum under your roof.

Count. The hero *Pompiliani* a steward on my estate! Oh! this is not to be borne!

Felix. *Pompiliani*, the exile, the outlaw;—who, by his escape, prevented the *Genoese* from committing an additional crime!

Count. But he ought also to have prevented me from blushing.

Felix. *Pompiliani* reduced to beggary, to whom of all his possessions nothing remained but the knowledge of rural æconomy, which he had acquired by the management of his own estates.

Count. Well; if he has lost his estates, he has found mine. If his friends have betrayed him, he has met with a stranger who will reconcile him again to mankind. We will in future form only one family.

Francis. Do you hear, *Natalia*—only one family!

Natalia (still in confused suspense). Say nothing.

Count. How is this, *Natalia*? Your gratitude to the man who saved your life is suddenly become dumb!

Natalia. Gratitude deals not in words—

Count. But actions?—Well, then act.

(*Natalia casts a timid and inquiring look at her father.*)

Count (nodding to her). Yes, yes, and may heaven bless you!

Francis (seeing Natalia still hesitate). Shall I assist you.

Natalia. It is not necessary (to *Felix*) Sir—

Francis. The introduction promises but little.

Felix. Dear, madam—

Francis. At this rate you will never come to the point.

Natalia. Are you still resolved to travel?

Francis. A very obliging question!

Felix. The motives of that resolution are not yet removed.

Francis. It appears you have already had some acquaintance with each other.

Natalia. It was not the motives which offended me.

Count. So you were offended?—that I knew nothing of.

Felix. My sister's good fortune does not entitle me—

Francis. The question now is only respecting the brother's merit.

Natalia. That was certainly a sensible observation.

Francis. We have no time to lose in nonsense: it is near midnight.

Count. You seem no longer to be sleepy, *Natalia*.

Francis. To cut the matter short, what kind of recompence does the preserver of your life deserve?

Natalia. Any—he needs only ask.

Francis. Well, then, my dear brother-in-law, do ask!

Felix. Nothing—or all.

Francis. A curtesy, sister: by all, he means your heart and your hand.

Natalia. May he ever have that meaning!

Felix. I would that my heart were laid open before you.

Francis. Thank Heaven! we now approach the conclusion.

Natalia. If Mr. Muller, if Pompiliani, will promise me not to travel——

Felix (taking her hand with rapture). I promise.

Natalia (with modest embarrassment). Then——

Francis. Well! then?

Natalia (gently disengaging herself). Then I can contentedly retire to rest. Good-night, dear father! [Offering to go.

Count. How! Natalia!

Natalia (having already reached the door). Permit me——

Count. Will you not take the dream-book with you?

Natalia. For what purpose?

Count. In case you should not be able to sleep, to amuse you.

Francis (opening another book). You had better give her these "Histories of Ghosts."

Natalia. I wish, brother, you would study the "Complete Academy of Compliments;" you would then treat your poor sister with a little more politeness.

[Runs off.

Count. Embrace me, my dear son!

Felix. Generous man!

Count. Where is your sister?

Felix. I hope, now, in the arms of my father.

Count (to Francis). Have you likewise obtained his forgiveness?

Francis. I confide in the voice of nature.

Count. Have you not seen him?

Francis. My wife and child are to prepare me an access to his heart.

Count. Go, then, and do your duty.

Francis (going). Ha! here he comes.

SCENE VII.

Enter Muller and Ottilia.

Ottilia. Francis! my Francis! he has forgiven us!

Francis (taking his hand respectfully). May I be permitted, with filial reverence——

Muller. Hold, young man!—Pardon me, Count, that I so late—

Count (pressing his hand). It would have been well, indeed, had it been a couple of years sooner.

Muller. Events have taken place here—

Count. I entreat your forgiveness for my son.

Muller. Since I became a beggar, my honour is become more tender—

Count. Our children do not address themselves to our honour, but our hearts. Let us forget the storm in a safe harbour. My son is yours, and your son shall be mine.

Muller. I have not been told too much of Hungarian generosity.

Count. I am a man of wealth: I have enough for us all.

Muller. So long as I shall need such bounty, I am determined not to accept it.

Count. Oh, you will repay me all, one day.

Muller. By what means?

Count. Your country will not always groan under the yoke of tyranny: you will be restored to your rights.

Muller. Who shall restore us?

Francis. I! I, my father! I will sacrifice my blood and my life to avenge your cause!

Muller. You talk well, but all efforts will be in vain.

Francis. Peace will soon be concluded here; and I will then fly to Corsica—

Muller. To die on the scaffold.

Francis. You do not know that—

Muller (hastily). What do I not know?

Francis.

Francis. That the brave Corsicans are again making an attempt to shake off the yoke.

Muller (*with increasing emotion*). To shake off the yoke!

Francis. That Lodovico Giaffari—

Muller. My friend!

Francis. That Count Andrea Ercaldi—

Muller. My brother in arms!

Francis. Have collected a formidable army—

Muller. An army!

Francis. Defeated the Genoese!—

Muller. Without Pompiliani!

Francis. We will hasten to join them.

Muller (*with rapture*). We!— I!—my son!

Francis. Your son!

Muller. You will?

Francis. Here is my hand.

Muller. You would——

Francis. Merit your forgiveness.

Muller. You shall!—Wash out the stain of thy improper act in the blood of the Genoese. In Corsica, if thou survivest the first bloody battle, I will press thee to my heart as my son.

Count. And when your vengeance is satisfied——

Muller. I will send you back your brave sons.

Count. But you yourself?——

Muller. I will die in my native land.

Otilia. Far from your children?

Muller. I am a Corsican; and I will die in my native land.

[*The curtain falls.*]

EMILY VERONNE.

(*Continued from p. 543.*)

EMILY, notwithstanding the loss she had sustained in her miniature,

retired to rest tolerably composed; and awoke next morning in good spirits, not forgetting the visit which was to be paid during the course of the day. After breakfast, she amused herself with some embroidery till one o'clock came, when she began to feel herself rather impatient; but a moment's consideration told her it was yet very early with the polite world. She again resumed her work till her father came in, when a conversation commenced on the probability of recovering her miniature picture; but she could not join in it with that spirit which she usually did: the expected visitant, and the advantages she might derive from him, engrossed all her thoughts. From the striking resemblance he bore to Norton, she hoped to find in him a relation who might inform her what she was so anxious to know; that is, where he was stationed, that she might acquaint him with the changes of her fortune; but this consoling happiness she almost despaired of obtaining, since she had written to Susan Norton, but received no answer; from which she concluded some embarrassment in their circumstances had occasioned their removal—an event she always had every reason to fear, from the prodigality of their son Edward.

The servant soon put an end to Emily's suspense, by announcing the arrival of captain Thomas, who directly entered the room. He appeared rather confused; but Mr. Veronne's friendly reception soon banished his fears, and he acquired more confidence, very politely inquiring after miss Veronne's health, to which she returned him a suitable answer. When Mr. Veronne informed him of her loss, he expressed his concern; saying, he would exert his utmost endeavours to recover it. At that moment he saw the eyes of Emily

Emily overflowing with tears: the idea of having lost the only representation of a beloved mother distressed her beyond measure; and the captain, on seeing the uneasiness she betrayed, was half determined to deliver it up to its fair owner. But his former resolutions defeated his determination; and, to change the subject, and divert their attention from dwelling on it, he commenced a conversation with Mr. Veronne on the common topics of the day, the pleasantness of the situation, &c. &c. in which Mr. Veronne soon discovered that the captain possessed a brilliant understanding, and a generous and amiable disposition, and that he viewed the follies and vices of the world in their true light, but had too much good sense to mingle in them. As a soldier, he firmly adhered to those principles he was sworn to support, yet exercised justice and humanity in all his proceedings. In person he much resembled Norton, though he was not so handsome. He was rather above the middling stature, with dark eyes and hair,—with a reserved and thoughtful look, which at first sight impressed many with an unfavourable opinion of him, but which, upon a nearer acquaintance, was dispelled, and he appeared (what he actually was) a very sensible, agreeable, young man.

Mr. Veronne discovered his worth at their first interview, and became much attached to a person possessing such endearing qualifications, and which he so seldom met with, especially in a situation in life so often filled by the votaries of dissipation. Mr. Veronne gave him a very pressing invitation to dine with him, which was complied with. During dinner, he behaved with the utmost politeness and attention to Miss Veronne, but directed his discourse principally to her father,

who appeared very much pleased with him,—and when he took his leave (to fulfil an unavoidable engagement he had for the evening) it was reciprocally regretted by both parties, especially by Emily, who had no opportunity of knowing whether it was a relation of Norton's or not.

With reluctant steps the captain quitted the house which contained two persons who displayed such elegant manners, blended with such amiable dispositions: Emily he thought possessed more personal and mental attractions than any of her sex he had hitherto been acquainted with; yet a certain distant coolness in her behaviour to him damped the projects which had arisen in his bosom:—but this his more sanguine hopes attributed to modesty; conscious, if she possessed a heart susceptible as his own, and not pre-engaged, she would not resist his importunities. A secondary motive, which (notwithstanding her indifference) induced him to persevere, was Mr. Veronne's extreme kindness and attention, which he thought would in a great degree favour his view, and which he would avail himself of, and testify his esteem for his amiable daughter by every mark of assiduity in his power. For that purpose he seldom missed a day when he could with propriety visit them, accompanying them both riding and walking; and daily did he discover some new trait of Emily's purity of heart, yet her reserved behaviour sometimes caused many doubts to arise whether she approved his passion. But as "love will hope where reason would despair," so the captain's hopes exceeded his doubts: again he imagined her seriousness, surrounded by the blessings of fortune as she was, could proceed from no other source than the absence of a more happy rival; well

well assured, from the ingenuousness that ever marked her actions (to himself alone excepted), her conduct did not originate in any coquetish motive. — “No!” exclaimed he, when seated pensively alone at his quarters: “No! I am but too confident her good sense disdains such weakness—disdains all dissimulation: it must be the affection of a more worthy, more fortunate lover than myself, which robs me of her confidence and esteem; as the reception I have met with in other female circles has been far different. But why should I be astonished, when miss Veronne soars so much above the generality of her sex?”

Emily, with extreme anxiety, marked his growing passion for her; and most sincerely did she regret their ever becoming acquainted, since she had found he was no relative of Norton’s, but the younger son of a noble family who resided near Alnwick in Northumberland. She endeavoured, by every means she could devise, to destroy his hopes, as she was conscious of his great merit in every point of view, and felt likewise her own inability of rewarding him as he deserved: but all her coldness did not repulse his assiduities; he still was willing to conjecture it might probably proceed from some other source: so difficult it is to make us credit the truth, when we know our most ardent wishes are disappointed by it.

Mr. Veronne soon entirely regained his health; and, finding their apartments incommodious, commissioned a friend to purchase a rural villa in the vicinity of London, and soon procured one to his entire satisfaction. The captain received the information with great pleasure: as his place of destination was the metropolis, he could consequently see

them oftener than he possibly might have done had they went to a distant part of the country.

The time, however, now approached when he was to depart, and he knew not Emily’s sentiments relative to himself. Though her coldness gave him little to expect, he determined to know his doom. On the evening previous to his departure, he summoned both his reason and resolution to aid him in transmitting to paper the passion which had long preyed on the inmost vitals of his soul, but which he had never revealed to the object of it, dreading a refusal.

When Emily took his letter from the servant, and saw the superscription, she recognised a hand-writing she had every reason to fear would be one day so employed. She deferred reading it till she could send a proper answer, and joined her father in the parlour.

Mr. Veronne was reading the newspaper; which, when he had finished, Emily took up, and no sooner had it in her hand than she glanced her eyes on the following paragraph:—

“We have had several skirmishes with the advanced guards of the enemy on the banks of Hudson’s River, in which we were generally victorious; but one encounter I mention with true heartfelt regret. A detachment of cavalry, commanded by lieutenant Norton, boldly attacked their picquet guard, advantageously posted, and in force far superior; and, though I have often remonstrated with that enterprising young officer against venturing on such hazardous undertakings, his undaunted courage defeated my advice. After gallantly dislodging the enemy, unfortunately a strong reinforcement arrived: they rallied, and, before I could bring up my troops to his assistance,

his

his brave detachment were almost all cut to pieces: the few survivors (among which, I am happy to say, was the lieutenant) were taken prisoners."

Before she had read the last lines the paper fell from her hands. She concluded Norton had fallen. Her agitation attracted the observation of her father, who, much alarmed, asked the occasion of it, and what strange occurrence she had been reading which could cause such an instantaneous change in her countenance?

With much hesitation, she said it was from reading an account of an engagement, in which a very particular friend of colonel Orville's was slain. Her father immediately looked at the paragraph alluded to, and said it was folly to distress herself in that manner, as he was only taken prisoner—not killed; besides, as such disasters were so frequent in war, and such as those who had friends or acquaintances in the field should bring themselves daily to expect.

Upon hearing his life was safe, Emily became more composed, assuming a tranquil look she could but ill feign, and endeavouring to erase all suspicion from her father's breast, but in vain. He had viewed with scrutinising attention the various changes of her countenance, and, with a look which penetrated the inmost recesses of her soul, asked if such extreme agitation could be excited by a friend of colonel Orville's being taken prisoner? "No, Emily: candidly own to your parent this is the identical officer whose welfare you have so long been interested in. One reason why I am so firmly persuaded it is him is, because I have accidentally heard such a person resided some time at the castle; and another reason more fully convinces me it is him, and that is, in

all your narration of what happened in my absence, you never mentioned a syllable of this lieutenant. No plainer proof of your having a predilection in his favour need be adduced."

Emily knew she could conceal the truth no longer, so confessed the whole; which her father turned off with an arch smile, saying,—“Emily, no longer think of this lieutenant so many miles distant, when a meritorious young captain so nigh at hand professes himself so much your friend."

This Emily considered as a piece of innocent raillery, to divert her spirits from dwelling on this absent lieutenant; but, in truth, it contained the real sentiments of her father, though he well knew, by experience, how ineffectual it was to endeavour to erase an absent person from the mind. He only was in hopes Emily would take the hint, and place her affections on the captain, to whom he was so much attached. He had seen with great pleasure his partiality for his daughter, and likewise with extreme pain her ill treatment of him, as his greatest wish on earth would have been accomplished to have seen her form such an alliance, and which he now found would be entirely perverted by this lieutenant, whom he had no reason to think was worthy her affection—at least if he bore the least resemblance to his brother Edward. Yet he had too great an opinion of his daughter's understanding to think she would act with imprudence.

Emily, feigning indisposition, retired early to her apartment, but not to rest; she was too much disconcerted to think of sleep. She sat down overwhelmed with grief and sad forebodings of Norton's fate; but, after musing a short time, she recollected the letter of the captain's then

then in her pocket, which she opened, and read as follows:—

“My ever dear Miss Veronne will forgive, I hope, this intrusion on her patience; since I am reduced to this as the only resource of informing you how much my future peace depends on your approbation of a passion for you I have so long cherished in my bosom. In vain have I devised every means in my power to make you sensible of my attachment: you still persist in pretending entire ignorance of my wishes. Many a time have I determined within my own breast to make known the sensations I endured, and hear my doom finally from your lips; but when I saw you, instead of animating my spirits, your cool indifference destroyed the little glimmerings of hope that afforded me comfort; and had it not been for the flattering reception your ever revered father gave me, I should have left you without wounding your feelings with what I have every reason to believe you have no wish or inclination to hear. I even have thought, within two or three days, I have inadvertently given you some offence, as your behaviour seemed to express an entire antipathy to one who would willingly sacrifice every good he possesses to procure you a momentary gleam of satisfaction. But, my dear Miss Veronne, permit me yet a little longer to intrude on your time; I have another subject to urge: if your affections are pre-engaged, and you refuse to share with me, or rather soften, the ills of life, candidly own to me the name and place of residence of the man to whom you pledged your faith; rely on my honour, you may rest assured the deposit shall ever be kept sacred in my bosom: I have too much interest in your happiness ever volun-

tarily to occasion you a moment's anxiety; I must beg permission to call on you to-morrow morning, ere my departure, to know what decision you make on these unconnected lines; consider how much my happiness depends on your determination; but, if I am doomed to wear away my life unblest with your society, may all worldly good await you and your excellent father—such is the sincere and ardent prayer of your's, affectionately till death,

“ALFRED THOMAS.”

This letter greatly moved her sensibility, especially as she was conscious he had the entire sanction of her parent; yet she determined to take advantage of his proposal, and reveal her prior engagement. She sat some minutes overpowered with various ideas; a flood of tears received the anguish of her bosom, and, recollecting the absolute necessity of seeing captain Thomas in the morning, retired to bed; yet “sleep, that often knits up the ravelled sleeve of care” never visited her eye-lids; she arose pale and languid, and descended to the parlour, where she was much surprised not to see her father, who, the servant informed her, was rather indisposed, and would not come down to breakfast. Much alarmed lest it should be a relapse of his former illness, she sent for the surgeon, who removed her apprehensions, by assuring her it was only a pain in the head, occasioned by a slight cold, and if he was kept very quiet during the day, would find himself, no doubt, much relieved on the morrow. She now reproached herself with being the cause of his illness, knowing how much it distressed him to think she behaved so distantly to the captain;—and, now he was certain his first wish was entirely annihilated by the avowal of her en-

gement to Norton, what must be his feelings!

Absorbed in thought, she sat down to reproach herself as the author of an indulgent parent's illness, and wait the arrival of the captain, who soon was with her, displaying much concern for the illness of Mr. Veronne; and seeing her more than usual distant manner at first deterred him from renewing the subject of his visit; but after a short interval of silence, in which his reason worked up his resolution to know her sentiments, he began by merely a repetition of his letter, when Emily informed him of her attachment to another. Convinced his hopes were vain, after promising never to reveal the name if she required it to be kept secret, he went to her father, with whom he remained some time; he informed him how much it hurt him to take his leave without the most distant hope of ever seeing him again, as he had no prospect of ever becoming more nearly related to him, when seeing each other would but add to the poignancy of their mutual regret. Mr. Veronne wished him every good it was possible for him to enjoy, and promised him every means in his power should be used to favour his views; after which they separated with much reluctance.

The captain again returned to the parlour, where Emily was sitting. "Miss Veronne," said he, "permit me to say a few words as my final adieu.—Since all my flattering delusive hopes are destroyed, I shall directly proceed to America, and endeavour to find out lieutenant Norton. I will be the first to inform him of your fidelity and anxiety on his account; and if I find him, such as I expect the happy man to be who has gained your affections, brave, generous, and sincere, I will vow to him inviolable but distant

friendship; for I shall remain in America: yet once must I visit England to witness his happiness, though purchased at the expence of my peace. Farewell, my much-loved Emily! and that every possible blessing may rest on the head of you and your beloved father shall be my constant prayer! Deign sometimes to think of him who will ever think of you."

With these words he tenderly pressed her hand, darted on her a look expressive of the greatest tenderness, and left the room; mounted his impatient steed, which waited at the door, and was soon out of her sight.

Emily was much hurt to make so worthy a young man uneasy, and more so when her father was as much moved from the same source. "But how could I act otherwise?" exclaimed she: "Is not the absent Norton the person to whom I vowed to be sincere? How then can I absolve those vows, and receive the hand of captain Thomas, though it is the express wish of my parent? Once," added she, "I thought, was my father returned, I should be perfectly happy; but, now that wish is accomplished, from a complication of distressing incidents, I feel my bosom even more agitated than before. But where is the being completely happy, and exempted from the dire vicissitudes of life? Perhaps, when we think ourselves perfectly happy and secure from ill, death, that grim intruder on our pleasures, steps in and destroys our repose, by hurrying away to the regions of eternity some one of our acquaintance or dearest relatives. Others of our friends, perhaps, feel the distresses peculiar to this uncertain world in various shapes; and who, if sensibility ever reigned in their bosoms, can be wrapped in obduracy, and disregard the sufferings?

ings of their fellow creatures?—Thus true happiness cannot be experienced by any person living; those abounding in all the affluence fortune can procure do at some period taste the bitter cares of life, to let them know no grandeur can secure them from the reach of misery. The only method to procure internal tranquillity is to say, with the poet —

“Be still, nor anxious thoughts employ;
Distrust embitters present joy.
On God for all events depend;
You cannot want when God’s your friend.
Weigh well your part, and do your best;
Leave to your Maker all the rest.”

(To be continued.)

PARISIAN FASHIONS.

(With an Engraving, elegantly coloured.)

THE *amaranthus* colour still prevails, almost exclusively, and the next after it in vogue is the red poppy or deep scarlet. Buckles are still in fashion, and are worn on the hats, the backs of the robes, and the sleeves. The back of the robe admits four small ones or one large one; each sleeve two; and we sometimes see as many as eight in the hat, though four is the usual number. There are likewise hats which have only one buckle of an oblong form. On the back of the robe the buckle is worn upright, but is placed cross-wise in the front of the hat. Sometimes, instead of a buckle in the hat, a steel clasp is worn, or two small diamond buttons, such as are used for the sleeves.

Black crape is worn, as well as *amaranthus* crape for tunics. A black hat, and a black feather, is worn with a tunic of black crape, or with the latter a hat of the *amaranthus* colour. A head-dress à la

Grecque, or a *paysanne*, likewise suit the tunic of black crape. A black cestus is frequently worn over white. The cestus still forms an X on the back; but, instead of tying them behind, they are sometimes tied before. The *fichus* are likewise still crossed on the bosom, but it is not general to make an X with them: sometimes, after having formed the cross, the two points are suffered to join, and the X becomes a Y.

Velvet hats are much worn:—they have all a drapery of regular plaits, which divides from the crown of the hat and is fastened to the front; this drapery is common to satin hats, with which it is worn, of white, cherry colour, or yellow. In full dress, our *élégantes* place on the front of their head-dress of simple hair a garland of rose leaves, disposed in the manner of a diadem. The *aigrettes*, called *esprits*, are still very rare. In the jewellery, the new articles are, collars of fine pearl *en sautoir*, not studded on plates, with enamelled neck crosses; earrings, with three drops or lentils, and in cornelian; bracelets of pearl and gold, with a chaplet of pearls at the side of a gold chain; two pins, with pearl or cornelian heads, and connected by a chain of gold.

Grey and dark colours, such as bottle-green, dark-blue, and black, are the most fashionable colours for men. The shape of the coat has undergone no alteration, except that the collar is not quite so long, and the lapels are a little sloping.

We see many children dressed à l’*Egyptienne*, as represented in the plate.

LONDON FASHIONS.

THE winter dresses for the morning are coloured muslins, embroidered with a white sprig or flower. The royal purple muslins are particularly

cularly elegant. The make is in the manner of a wrapping front.

A new invented plain straw bonnet, much finer than the finest Leghorn; the form a poke, and peculiar for its lightness, not weighing more than an ounce; is likely to be very generally worn.

Mazarine blue velvet bonnets are much worn, with two gold buckles on bands of the same. A wreath of feathers of the same colour is also general.—Caps and turbans are coming into vogue. The caps are very simple, made of clear muslin, with two rosettes of narrow-white ribbon, one on the right side of the head, the other behind. The turbans are of muslin, with a bandeau of artificial diamonds, tight and low on the forehead. Their appearance is very splendid and attractive.

Necklaces of three rows of small pearls, festooned in the front of the neck, with a large topaz or medalion, have a pretty effect.

The *comforts*, or *double sole sandals*, are now very generally worn: they are certainly the most *reasonable*, and, at the same time, the most *seasonable*, article Fashion has introduced for a long time. With a pair of *trampers*, two inches thick, and their wrapping great coats, our fair countrywomen may bid defiance to wind and weather.

Scarlet is the raging fashion with our leading belles; short cloaks of dark grey or brown, lined with this colour, and trimmed with sable, have a very elegant effect. They are clasped on the breast with a massive fastening of steel, or unpolished silver, so that they may be thrown back at pleasure.

Some Parisian leaders of ton have lately introduced robes of very thin black crape, with a light embroidery of silver spangles. These they wear over a pale rose peeling, and the *éclat* is singularly striking.

Black velvet slippers, covered with a net-work of silver, are likewise worn by those with whom *Fashion* is on the best footing.

High ruffs promise to supplant the low-backed robe. They, at least, look less naked during the winter season.

The long loose sleeve, twisted round the arm, has been introduced by some *élégantes*. They have a very undress appearance, but are by no means ungraceful on a slender figure.

The wadded opera coat will give way to the Spanish mantle of doubled sarsnet, which is peculiarly attractive when put on with taste. The corners should be faced with the doubled colour, forming an half handkerchief when thrown over the shoulders.

Pelice robes of sarsnet, or other silk, have a most attractive appearance, when worn by a female of elegant form.

Spencer mode cloaks are a new idea among the adepts in fashion. They are neat, and have a becoming effect.

Lawn spencers have been worn some time, and still continue prevalent.

Curricie caps, made of bear-skin, are among the new articles of dress worn by our dashing belles.

Montems and curricies are the bonnets again coming into fashion, made of purple and dove-coloured velvets.

Chequered or Burdett handkerchief is very generally worn by the loungers of both sexes, in their Bond-street perambulations.

The white satin hat, turned up in front with a diamond button, and a plume of white feathers, is very elegant, and will be this winter generally adopted in full dress.

The queen Elizabeth ruff is becoming very popular in the fashionable circles.

POETICAL ESSAYS.

ODE,

Inscribed to the Infant Son of S. T. Coleridge, Esq. born Sept. 14, at Kewick in Cumberland.

BY MRS. ROBINSON.

SPIRIT of Light! whose eye unfolds
The vast expanse of Nature's plan!
And from thy Eastern throne beholds
The paths of the lorn trav'ler Man!
To thee I sing! Spirit of Light! to thee
Attune thy varying strain of wood-wild
harmony.

I sing to thee! on Skiddaw's heights
upborne—
Painting with heaven's own tint the
brows of morn!

I sing to thee! while down the breezy
steep

Thy broad wing rushes with impe-
tuous sweep!

While far and wide the roseate ray
Flushes the dewy breast of day:—
Hope-fostering day! which Nature
bade impart

A parent's transport—to a parent's
heart!

Day! that first saw the smiling baby
prest

Close to its beauteous mother's throb-
bing breast;

While his clear laughing eyes foretold
The mind susceptible—the spirit
bold;—

The soul enlighten'd—virtues, prone
to grace

With Pity's holy tear Man's woe-be-
wilder'd race!

Ye Mountains! from whose crests
sublime

Imagination might to frenzy turn;
Or to the starry realms impatient
climb,

Scorning this low world's solitary
bourne.

Ye cat'racts! on whose headlong tide
The midnight whirlwinds howling
ride;—

Ye silent lakes! that trembling hail
The cold breath of the morning gale,
And on your lucid mirrors wide di-
splay,

In colours bright, in dewy lustre gay,
Fantastic woodlands; while the dap-
pled dawn

Scatters its pearl-drops on the sunny
lawn;—

And thou, meek Orb, that lift'st thy
silver bow

O'er frozen valleys, and o'er hills of
snow;—

Ye all shall lend your wonders—all
combine

To greet the babe, with energies di-
vine!

While his rapt soul, Spirit of Light!
to thee

Shall raise the magic song of wood-
wild harmony!

Yet who can tell, in this dread scene,
What sorrows thou art born to know?

Whether thy days, content, serene,
Shall in one even tenor flow;

Or, plung'd in Passion's whelming
wave,

Despair shall mark an early grave;
Or false Ambition's scorpion brood

Lure thee to tread the fields of blood!
Who knows but Fortune's frown may
chase

From thy warm heart Affection's
grace,

And sordid Nature bid thee flee
From the soft voice of wood-wild har-
mony?

Ye rocks! coeval with the birth of
Time,—

Bold summits, link'd in chains of
Ere long your whispering breezes shall
invite

Your native son the loftiest paths to
climb,—

Where,

Where,

Where, in majestic pride of solitude,
Silent and grand, the hermit-thought
shall trace,

Far o'er the wide infinity of space,
The mid-day horrors of the black'ning
wood,

The misty glen, the torrent's foamy
way,

The parting blush of summer's lin-
g'ring day,—

The wintry storm, with rushing clouds
combin'd,

To seize the broad wings of th' un-
fetter'd wind:—

Then, infant boy, thy unchain'd
tongue

Shall sing the song thy father sung,
And he shall listen, rapture fraught,
to thee,

And bless the dulcet tone of wood-
wild harmony!

Then, hand in hand, together ye shall
tread,

In converse sweet, the mountain's
head,

Or on the river's will'wy bank,
Gather the wild flow'rs budding near,
And often, with a pitying-tear,

Bathe their soft leaves, so sweet, so
dank,—

Leaves doom'd to fade
In Solitude's oblivious shade!

Emblems of genius, taught to fear,
— O! fate severe! —

E'en in the shades of life, the thorn
Of cold neglect—or smiling scorn;

Save when a kindred soul in thee—
Pours the soft plaint of wood-wild
harmony!

Then through thy breast thy parent
shall diffuse

The mightier magic of his loftier muse;
Then shall each sense, legitimate,
expand,—

The proud lyre throb beneath thy
glowing hand;—

While Wisdom, chast'ning Pleasure's
smile,

Shall listen, and applaud the while;
And Reason (pointing to the sky,
Bright as the morning star, her "broad
bright eye!")

Shall ope the page of Nature's book
sublime—

The lore of ev'ry age, the boast of
ev'ry clime!

Sweet boy! accept a stranger's song,
Who joys to sing of thee,

Alone, her forest haunts among,
The haunts of wood-wild harmony!

A stranger's song, by falsehood un-
defil'd,

Hymns thee, O! Inspiration's darling
child!

In thee it hails the genius of thy sire,
Her sad heart sighing o'er her feeble
lyre,

And, whether on the breezy height,
Where Skiddaw greets the dawn of
light,

Ere the rude sons of labour homage
pay

To summer's flaming eye, or winter's
banner grey;

Whether, by bland religion early
taught,

To track the devious pilgrimage of
thought;

Or, borne on fancy's variegated wing,
A willing vot'ry to that shrine

Where art and science all their flow'rs
shall bring,

Thy temples to entwine:

Whether Lodore for thee its white
wave flings,

The brawling herald of a thousand
springs;

Whether smooth Basenthwaite, at
eve's still hour, [meekly pale,

Reflects the young moon's crescent
Or Meditation seeks her silent bow'r

Amid the rocks of lonely Borro-dale;

Still may thy fame survive, sweet boy,
till Time

Shall bend to Keswick's vale thy Skid-
daw's brow sublime.

October 12, 1800.

ODE TO IGNORANCE.

THOU blear-ey'd hag, whose va-
pid soul

Ne'er felt the touch of godlike
fire—

Thou, who would'st loftiest minds
controul,

And, with imperious, stern, com-
mand,

Condemn the heav'nly-gifted
band

Who smite the throbbing lyre—
I scorn thy malice!—for my breast,

Where silent friendship loves to rest,
Far

Far from Ambition's slipp'ry way,
Shrinks from the triumphs of thy
tort'ring day.

Dull Ignorance ! whose vacant gaze
Presents the emblem of thy mind,
Still traverse life's resplendent maze,
And, with thy sisters Pride
and Folly,
Scatter the paths which mortals
tread
With weeds that sickly poisons
shed ;—

While I, to silent scenes confin'd,
The Muses court, and mark the day
Steal calm and undisturb'd away,
While meek-ey'd Melancholy
Shall bid my soul, in soft reflection,
trace [race.
Thy baneful influence—on the human

Hag of the flippant accent, fly
From my low hovel's sweet repose ;—
I hate thy clam'rous tone, which
throws

A gloom on social sympathy !
I sicken at thy jargon bold :—
Thy adamant bosom, cold,
No kind no sacred impulse knows,
To heal the wretch's pangs, to soothe
the sufferers woes !

Then, hag abhorr'd ! to busy haunts
With kindred beings fly ;—

Go where the breathing phantom
haunts

His gilded crest, and gaudy
dye ;

Go where the vapid throngs conspire
To drown with fierce discordant
lays

The soft—the soothing voice of
praise,

Tun'd to the dulcet lyre !

Go, and with vulgar souls enjoy

The raptures vulgar souls can
taste ;—

But leave me, leave me to employ
The calm and leisure hour—by
mental pleasure grac'd.

M. R.

ODE

TO GENERAL KOSCIUSKO.

BY PETER PINDAR.

O Thou, whose wounds from Pity's
eye [sigh,
Could force the stream, and bid her
That god-like valour bled in vain,—

Sigh'd that the land which gave thee
birth

Should droop its sorrowing head to
earth,

And groaning curse the despot's
chain !

Her beams around shall Glory spread,
Where'er thy star thy steps shall lead,
And Fame thy ev'ry deed repeat :

Each heart in suffer'ing Virtue's cause
Shall swell amid the loud applause,

And raptur'd catch a kindred heat,

In Fancy's eye, thy friend the Muse
Thy bark from wave to wave pursues,

With fondest wish to join thy way,
To view the shore where Freedom
reigns

(An exile long from British plains),
And blesses millions by her sway.

While thou, in Peace's purple vale,
Fair Freedom, Fame, and Health shalt
hail,

At ease reclin'd amid the shade—
Britannia's wail will wound thine ear ;
And, lo ! I see thy gen'rous tear
Embalm her laurels as they fade.

LINES

*Written with French Chalk * upon a
Window by a Young Lady of Eighteen.*

SAY, is the breath that now restores
to view

My hidden form, of spite or envy's
hue ?

If 'tis, I bid thee, hated blast, begone,
Here's no employment for a slanderer's
tongue :—

Yet, e'er you go, to this one truth at-
tend,

In your own ruin shall your malice
end.

But is the breath, that now restores to
view

My hidden form, of mild good-nature's
hue ?

Welcome, sweet breeze ! for thee I
joy to greet

Mankind's best champion, thousand
times more sweet

* This chalk, or rather earth, has the
property, after being slightly rubbed off
the gloss, of re-appearing by being breathed
upon.

Than

Than breath of roses or than Ceylon's
gale:—

Long may'st thou live to hear the
mourner's tale,

To pour thy bounty o'er the bed of
pain,

To shield from obloquy thy neighbour's
fame!

So shall thy days in calm contentment
end,

And call (though man neglect thee)
God thy friend.

One lesson more I'd give: if I this air
Receive from some pert coxcomb or
vain fair,

I fain would tell them had I ever been
Boldly obtrusive, always to be seen;

The cleanly housewife ere this had
effaced

The trifling scribble that her gloss dis-
graced,—

But, as I modestly withdraw from
view,

And only speak when I am spoken
to,

I still am pleasing as I still am new.
Bristol, *M. B.*

LINES

*On bearing the Knell at the Funeral of
a Gentleman who died while on a
Journey at London, Nov. 30, 1798.*

HARK! the dull knell is calling to
the tomb

The mournful relics of a fellow-mortal,
Arrested by the mandate of stern Fate
While on a journey.—

Unexpected change!

Inexorable Death! to seize thy victim
Far from his splendid home, his nup-
tial partner,

And the fair circle of domestic friends.
Methinks his neat-built house and
rural garden

Look sad, and seem to mourn their
master's exit.

Oh, pleasing spot! Oft in my youthful
rambles

I've view'd thy verdant shades, and
wish'd them mine;

With longing eyes thy beauties I ex-
plor'd

And envy'd thy possessor.—

O may his fate correct my foolish heart,
And teach it ne'er to indulge base envy
more!

Capricious death! how often dost thou
fly

From tents of woe, and shun'st the
couch of misery

Where tortur'd wretches supplicate
thy vengeance;

And enter'st into scenes of social plea-
sure,

Where Fortune showers her rich re-
splendent gifts,

And Health displays her ever-rosy
charms.

Mortal! while vigour animates thy
frame,

While bright prosperity illumines thy
path,

Be wise, and ponder on eternal things!
Reflect, that thou art but a traveller
here—

That life's short journey soon will
terminate—

That thou must make the dreary grave
thy bed,

Till the last trump proclaims th' eternal
morn.

Haverhill.

JOHN WEBB.

SONG,

WRITTEN BY THE EARL OF CAR-
BERRY, IN 1653:

ADDRESSED TO HIS WIFE.

WHEN first I view'd thee, I did spy
Thy soul stand beek'ning in thine eye;

My heart knew what it meant,

And at its first kiss went.

Two balls of wax so run,

When melted into one:

Mixt now with thine my heart now
lies,

As much Love's riddle as thy prize.

For since I can't pretend to have

That heart which I so freely gave,

Yet now 'tis mine the more,
Because 'tis thine, than 'twas be-
fore:

Death will unriddle this;

For when thou'rt call'd to bliss,

He needs not throw at me his dart,

'Cause piercing thine, he kills my
heart.

FOREIGN NEWS.

Constantinople, Sept. 25.

THE latest accounts from the camp at Joppa state that numerous reinforcements of Albanian and Asiatic troops were daily arriving at that place; and that the Ottoman army will soon amount to 80,000 men. The grand vizier is making every preparation for the renewal of hostilities, and the commencement of a vigorous attack upon the French. It was generally reported at Joppa, that a corps of English troops would soon arrive there to act conjointly with the Turks. General Ménou is, on his part, adopting all the necessary measures, to enable him to resist the forces which are marching against him. The army are employed day and night in throwing up intrenchments at different points; and additions are making to the forts on the coasts, as well as those which skirt the desert. The French are in expectation of shortly receiving a reinforcement from France. General Latour-Maubourg, it is said, has brought them an assurance to that effect.

29. Accounts have been received from Egypt by an extraordinary courier, that an armistice has been concluded between the grand vizier and the general in chief of the French troops, in order to renew the convention formerly signed by general Kleber. We wait the confirmation of this intelligence.

Italy, Oct. 13. A ship has arrived at Ancona from Triest, laden with several thousand muskets for the use of the militia in the grand duchy of Tuscany. This body is already estimated at 50,000 men.

Vienna, Oct. 15. Private letters from Prague bring advice that the archduke Charles has accepted the post of generalissimo, and prepara-

tions are making here at court for his reception. It is not to be doubted that he will be received by the army with the greatest joy, as, during his abode at Prague, he has liberally extended his bounty to any officers or soldiers who have been in need of it.

Whatever may be said of the acceptance or ratification of preliminaries, and an approaching peace, the preparations making here give every reason to expect the contrary, and that the war will be renewed speedily, in which case a great Russian army will act in our favour. The empress has congratulated the archduke Charles on his new appointment, and presented him with a valuable helmet, richly set with diamonds. Both the armies will be under the orders of the archduke, but he will command that of Germany in person; and the archduke John will command that of Italy.

On the 13th, the archduke palatine of Hungary arrived here from Buda, to give an account of the progress made in the insurrection-levy in Hungary. On this occasion his imperial majesty expressed himself as follows:—"The ardent zeal and patriotism of my subjects gives me the greatest pleasure; and I shall feel still greater should I have no occasion to avail myself of them."

18. Though our court is much more inclined to peace than the continuance of war, it will consent to no conditions that may be injurious to the hereditary and imperial states.

The new viceroy-chancellor, count Cobentzel (more equitable and moderate propositions of peace having been made by the French government), set out in the night between the 15th and 16th inst. with his secretary of legation, Haye, two officers of chancery,

and a train of fourteen persons, for Luneville, to commence negotiations in form, and, if possible, conclude an acceptable peace; but as we cannot be certain that such will be the result, the precautionary preparations are actively continued. Baron Thugut has again assumed the superintendence of the foreign department till count Cobentzel shall return from his mission. The state paper, which had fallen considerably, has again risen to its former value since the departure of count Cobentzel. The head-quarters of the Hungarian army of insurrection will first be fixed at Oedenburg. A considerable train of artillery for the use of this army has been sent from the fortress of Peterwaradin to Buda.

Public prayers have been put up throughout Hungary for a blessing on the Austrian arms. Hopes are, however, entertained that peace will soon be restored.

An army of reserve for the Austrian army in Italy will be formed in Stiria, and another in Lower Austria for that in Germany, of which the Hungarian insurgents will form a great part; for which purpose a column of the Hungarian army of insurrection is expected in this vicinity. The cavalry of this column has already advanced to the frontiers of Austria.

Before count Cobentzel set out for Luneville, (for which place he departed about one in the morning of the 16th) a courier was sent off in the evening for that town, and thence to Paris. The count will travel with the utmost expedition, and be at Luneville on the 21st or 22d at the latest.

There is talk here of the intervention of certain foreign mediating powers, though these do not yet seem to be agreed on the nature of their intervention and mediation. Whether England will send a minister to the congress will be seen hereafter.

The emperor, it is said, will soon go to Oedenburg to review the Hungarian army of insurrection, which already amounts to 30,000 men, though the troops from the distant countries have not had time to arrive.

It is confirmed that a corps of 7000 Neapolitan troops, among which are 2000 cavalry, are on full march to join the Austrian army in Italy.

Milan, Oct. 19. The English property which fell into the hands of the French in Leghorn, and throughout Tuscany, is estimated at many millions of livres.

Gen. Brune will not consent to prolong the armistice in Italy, except under condition that the grand duchy of Tuscany shall be evacuated to him for a pledge; as otherwise the French cannot be secure against the English landing at Leghorn, which they may easily effect.

Augsburg, Oct. 20. The committee of the circle of Suabia yesterday received an order from the French commander in chief to furnish 200 carpenters, 200 masons, and 3400 peasants, to be employed in the demolition of the fortresses. The duchy of Wirtemberg will likewise be obliged to send a party to be employed in the same business. The demolition of the fortress of Ulm will be performed by the peasants of Bavaria. The fort of Kehl, it is reported, likewise will be razed.

A requisition of 15,000 cloaks has been imposed upon the duchy of Wirtemberg; several contractors have engaged to supply this quantity, as well as the twenty thousand demanded of the circle of Suabia.

Vienna, Oct. 22. Count Cobentzel, on his arrival at the head-quarters of the army of general Moreau, was to propose a prolongation of the armistice to the month of February.

They write from Rome, that the prelate Spina has been invited by Bonaparte to come to Paris, to consider of the means of restoring the Catholic religion and church discipline in France. It is said the pope has already granted him full powers for that purpose.

The latest letters from Italy say, that general Brune has given orders to several generals to advance into Tuscany; an opposition is made to the French again occupying Lucca.

Italy, Oct. 24. The Neapolitan troops who are already arrived at Frascati, not far from Rome, halted on the 8th inst. This corps made several evolutions, and gained the entire approbation of general Damas, who commands them.

It is estimated that the French armies in Italy, including the Piedmontese

Foreign News.

these troops, amount at least to 100,000 men.

Stuttgart, Oct. 23. The Austrian plenipotentiary, count Cöbentzel, as he passed through Augsburg, made strong remonstrances to general Desolles, who commands *ad interim*, against the demolition of the fortifications of Ulm and Ingolstadt.

Guntzburg, Oct. 25. A stop has been put to the demolition of the fortifications of Ulm, and all the workmen who were put in requisition have returned home. It appears that this new measure is adopted in consequence of orders from Paris.

Petersburg, Oct. 25. In our Court Gazette of this day, his imperial majesty declines receiving the embassy extraordinary which the emperor of Germany had proposed to send in the person of prince Auersperg, lieutenant-general, and knight of the golden fleece.

Manheim, Oct. 26. The elector of Bavaria has determined to separate his interests from those of the coalition, and, whatever the consequence may be, to make a separate peace with the French republic. The king of Prussia has promised not only to use his interest for him with the French government, but also to protect him against those powers who might wish to be revenged of him for having made peace against their will.

Hague, Oct. 26. On the 18th there was a great commotion at Hoorn. The armed citizens had not for some time been on good terms with the municipality. The quarrel at length broke out; several officers behaved ill, and the municipality thought fit to take precautions for securing the magazines, &c. from a *coup-de-main*.

The state prisoners Ruysch, Boogd, Boefeken, Kalmer, Groeveneld, Meyer, and Sompoll, who had already been in custody five years, have at length been tried. The five first mentioned are condemned to five years imprisonment, to pay the expences of their prosecution, and perpetual banishment afterwards; Meyer will be detained two years longer; Sompoll has been acquitted.

General Augereau has written word that the armistice between France and Austria will be prolonged.

Italy, Oct. 28. The whole Austrian army will immediately advance with all speed, in order to face the enemy on the 4th of November, as the armistice expires on the 5th. It appears, therefore, that if the French do not voluntarily evacuate Tuscany, they will be compelled to it.

Vienna, Oct. 29. Yesterday arrived here an extraordinary courier, with intelligence of the invasion of Tuscany by the French. As general Sommariva wished to spare the lives and property of the insurgents, those faithful subjects of the grand duke, he retired before the superior force of the French, and suffered the insurgents to lay down their arms and return home. Thus Tuscany fell into the power of the French without a blow. The French now declare that their object in the invasion of Tuscany was to march against the Neapolitan troops assembled in the ecclesiastical state. We are very anxious to know what consequences the representations which our court will make to the French government, relative to the proceedings in Tuscany, will have; we entertain hopes, however, that they will not prove any obstacle to the progress of the negotiations for peace.

We are assured, that the armistice between our court and the French republic is prolonged to the end of January, 1801.

The archduke palatine, and the general of artillery, Alvinzy, are gone to Oedenburg, where are the headquarters of the Hungarian army of insurrection, for which prodigious magazines are formed on the Austrian frontiers.

Roveredo, Oct. 29. The intelligence of the taking possession of Tuscany by the French has occasioned a great sensation. One corps of them has marched towards Ravenna and Commachio, where they have levied a contribution, and taken six pieces of cannon. Since this event, it is said, that the Austrian headquarters will be again moved forward by Verona. No person is now suffered to pass the advanced posts, nor are any passes granted for the country of which the French are in possession.

HOME NEWS.

Exeter, Oct. 23.

ON Sunday evening last, about half past ten o'clock, a most dreadful fire broke out in the newly-erected paper-mill of Mr. Edward Pim, near the Head Weir, in this city. It raged with astonishing fury for near three hours, insomuch, that although every assistance was rendered from six fire-engines, aided by the inhabitants and military, the whole mill, together with a large stock of rags, paper, and the utensils in trade, were entirely consumed. The damage is estimated at about eight thousand pounds, but we are happy to learn that a great part of the property was insured. The large quantity of inflammable articles which were contained in this building occasioned its burning with a rapidity almost unparalleled; and the clear flame which issued from it caused so great a light, that this city was as completely illumined in every part as if it were by a full harvest moon, although the night was otherwise extremely dark. The paper which had been hanging on lines to dry, the tar-rope, &c. were hurried into the air like the stars from a sky-rocket; and we are well assured that the light ascending from this tremendous conflagration was plainly seen at the distance of twenty miles from the city.

Lewes, Oct. 27. We are concerned to state, that, since our last, wheat has risen very considerably in all the markets of this county.

An information has lately been lodged against John Heath, of Horsham, for forestalling oats, against whom it is intended to prefer a bill of indictment for the offence at the next general quarter sessions to be holden at Chichester. Heath, who was a few years since hostler at the Black Horse public-house, in the aforesaid town, is re-

puted to be worth 3000*l.* acquired by jobbing in corn.

One night last week a fire broke out in the house of Mr. Kennard, a farmer at Newick, which entirely consumed the same, together with all the furniture it contained. Two servant girls were, by help of a ladder that had been used the day before for gathering grapes, and fortunately left standing against the house, taken from the window of their chamber, with nothing on but their shifts, and thereby providentially rescued from the flames, just in time to save their lives, for in a few minutes after the roof fell in, and the whole building burst into a blaze. In addition to the house and furniture, which were not insured, Mr. Kennard lost other property in cash and bank notes. The above fire brought to light between three and four hundred shillings, which had probably lain concealed more than a century, being the coins of queen Elizabeth, king James, and Charles the First. It is rather extraordinary that they should not before have been discovered, as the house has at different times, within the last fifty years, been nearly all taken down for the purposes of reparation and improvement. The coins are in good preservation, but somewhat discoloured by the fire.

29. Wednesday a waggon belonging to Mr. Beck, of Bathwick mill, was stopped at Warmley by about 200 women, who seized and carried off 14 sacks of flour. The waggoner returned home with one horse, leaving three others with the waggon in possession of the depredators.

London, Oct. 31. Yesterday four beautiful tygers were received at the Tower from Somers' Key, Thames-street, where they were landed the day before from one of the homeward-bound East-Indiamen. They are of a different

different sort to any that ever were received in this country before, and what Tippoo used to hunt with. They were conveyed, one at a time, in a caravan, attended by the natives who had the care of them, one of whom was Tippoo's huntsman: he is, an old man, and was so much affected-at parting with the animals, that he cried like a child.

A young lady, seduced by a gentleman from India, last week swallowed poison, at her apartments in Mount-street, and the coroner's inquest brought in their verdict lunacy. She had lived with her seducer some time, and a view of her future fortune is supposed to have induced her to put a period to her existence. She was of a genteel family.

One of the daily prints reports, that the wife of a journeyman tailor near Oxford-market was a few days ago delivered of five children, all perfectly formed; and had not her labour been accelerated by a sudden fright, they would, in the opinion of several medical gentlemen, have lived. They all died soon after the *accouchement*.

Nov. 1. As a poor man was leading over the crossing opposite St. Anne's church, Dean-street, by his wife, she being also a miserable-looking object, expressed her apprehension that she would not be able to sustain her feeble husband till he got to the other side of the street. A gentleman passing, humanely gave them his assistance till he reached Church-street, when the poor man requested to be suffered to sit, saying that the hand of death was upon him. He scarcely uttered the words when he expired.

This evening, a poor woman in Oxford-street, with a child, entreated a little water, declaring that she was famishing. On putting the jug to her mouth, she swallowed near a quart, which threw her into violent convulsions, of which she expired.

3. Yesterday morning, about seven o'clock, a young man entered a gentleman's house through the area, in Chatham-place, Blackfriar's, went to the pantry, fed himself, and filled his pockets, when he was observed by a servant just risen out of bed, who questioning him about so early and unexpected a visit, he replied, that ex-

treme want impelled him to come over the iron rails to get a good meal; the servant forgave this species of theft; but on searching him found he had stolen a silver spoon; he was secured, and conveyed to the Compter to be examined this day.

6. Yesterday a labouring basket-maker, at Twickenham, was brought in custody by Dixon and Perry, two of the Bow-street officers, who apprehended him the preceding night, at his lodgings at Twickenham, under authority of a warrant, wherein he stood charged with uttering a number of treasonable and seditious expressions against his majesty and the government of this country. After undergoing a private examination before Mr. Ford, he was committed to Tothill-fields Bridewell.

7. Yesterday morning, about two o'clock, a party of Irishmen, armed with bludgeons, proceeded to the place at the foot of Gray's-inn-lane where the remains of the Irishman were deposited on Wednesday evening last, in consequence of a verdict of self-murder having been pronounced on his body by a coroner's jury. In a short time they dug up and bore away the corps of the deceased. Several people who were passing that way were witnesses of the transaction, but from prudence did not interfere to prevent them, or to watch where they took the body.

Notwithstanding every precaution which had been taken by the police, to prevent the fatal consequences of firing guns, throwing squibs, &c. in the streets on the 5th of November, several accidents occurred in different parts of the metropolis. In the neighbourhood of Finsbury-square, a lad who knew his companion to have a bundle of crackers in his pocket, wantonly put therein a lighted piece of paper, which, communicating with the powder, shattered one of his arms in a terrible manner. In the neighbourhood of Whitechapel a gentleman's horse took fright, and threw him with such violence as to break his leg and dislocate his collar-bone. Some children letting off serpents in an out-house in the neighbourhood of Moorfields, the fire communicated to a heap of straw, and burnt for a few minutes

with

with much violence, but it was soon got under without damaging the adjacent buildings.

8. A court of aldermen was held this day at Guildhall, and afterwards the right honourable sir William Staines, knight, lord mayor elect, was sworn into the office of lord mayor for the year ensuing.

A complete alteration has taken place in the arms of Great Britain. The *fleurs de lys* were yesterday struck out, and a new great seal has been ordered, which will not, however, be used until January. We understand that, by an act of council, the title of *King of France* is no longer to be inserted in the customary papers and documents.

His majesty, in the new seal, instead of being styled "*King of Great Britain, France, and Ireland*," styles himself simply "*Britannicorum Rex*;"

KING OF THE BRITISH.

This title has a very extensive and appropriate meaning. It includes not only the British isles, but all subjects, in every quarter of the globe, living under the British dominion.

His majesty, in council, has given orders that his title, arms, &c. shall be altered, after the expiring of the present year, in all public instruments, &c. And orders are likewise given to have the arms of all the royal carriages altered as above.

11. Yesterday morning lord Nelson paid his respects to the Admiralty Board, and afterwards, accompanied by a gentleman, walked between eleven and twelve through the Adelphi Buildings, and along the Strand, to the Navy-Office at Somerset-house. His lordship was in the half-dress uniform of an admiral, and though in appearance somewhat thinner than when he was last in England, he looked in perfect health. He was not recognised until he came into the Strand, where the curiosity of his grateful countrymen became a little troublesome to the gallant admiral, the inconvenience of which he avoided by going into Somerset-house. When his lordship left Somerset-house, a very numerous crowd assembled, and accompanied him to Whitehall.

Plymouth, Nov. 17. Arrived the Danish brig *Amity*, captain Horsen, from

Malaga, laden with wine and fruit, detained in the bay by the Captain, of 74 guns, captain sir R. J. Strachan. On board this vessel came passengers, a lieutenant and 19 seamen, lately belonging to the *Marlborough*, of 74 guns, capt. J. Sotheby, by whom intelligence is received of the loss of that ship on Tuesday the 4th instant, near Belleisle; cruising in company with the Captain, she struck on a reef of sunken rocks, and continued there several hours, but was at length got off again, after throwing several of her guns overboard, and run into deep water, where she anchored; but on the following day the water gained on her so fast, that the remainder of the guns were obliged to be thrown overboard, and her masts cut away, the whole of which proved of no avail, as the water gained on the pumps, and left no alternative but that of quitting her, in order to preserve the lives of the crew, to accomplish which a signal was made to the Captain, and she immediately bore down and took out the whole of the crew; and the ship, it is supposed, sunk soon afterwards.

19. A short time ago were found at Arley, near Wigan, Lancashire, a quantity of silver plates, dishes, and candlesticks, which, from some records in the family, are supposed to have been secreted in the reign of king Henry the Second. They were found in taking the mud out of the moat which runs round the house. The candlesticks are of a very antique shape, each of a different pattern; the dishes half a yard over, and not very different from the common shape of round plates. The whole weighs 20lb.

Dublin, Nov. 6. In the Court of King's Bench a motion was made by his majesty's solicitor-general, for the high sheriff of the county of Donegal to return forthwith the bills and indictment preferred and found by the grand jury of the said county against James Napper Tandy, esq. in order that he may be tried this term, for accepting the commission of a general of brigade in the service of the French republic, and acting under the said commission. Motion granted. No proceedings have been taken against the other gentlemen with Mr. Tandy.

BIRTHS.

Oct. 21. The lady of Samuel Gambier, esq. at his house at Hampstead, of a daughter.

At his house in Clarges-street, the lady of John James Bedingsfeld, esq. of a son and heir.

27. At his seat at Battersea, the lady of Mr. Paul Tatlock, of a son.

At Horton, Northampton, the lady of the hon. George Gunning, M. P. of a son.

Nov. 10. At Latham-house, in Lancashire, the lady of Wilbraham Bootle, esq. of a daughter.

14. In Baker-street, the lady of Geo. B. Prescott, esq. eldest son of Sir George William Prescott, bart. of Theobald's park, Herts, of a son and heir.

The countess of Chesterfield, of a daughter, at his lordship's house in Park-lane.

15. At Queen's-square, Westminster, the lady of captain Heathcote, of the navy, of a daughter.

16. At Woodlands, near Blackheath, Mrs. John Angerstein, of a son.

At his lordship's house, St. Finbarr's, county of Cork, lady Bantry, of a son and heir.

At Park-place, Islington, the wife of Thomas Robertson, esq. of a son.

17. At her house in Sackville-street, Mrs. Home of a son.

MARRIAGES.

Oct. 20. By special licence, on Mount-Juliet, by the rev. Henry Maxwell, lord viscount Corry, to lady Juliana Butler, second daughter of the earl of Carrick.

25. At Rossie-castle, North Britain, by the rev. Mr. Craufurd, Hercules Ross, esq. deputy paymaster-general of his majesty's forces at the Cape of Good Hope, to miss Cecilia Craufurd, daughter of the deceased Sir Alex. Craufurd, bart.

Capt. Wilson, to miss Pinchback, daughter of William Pinchback, esq. of Fenchurch-street.

At Bisham, Berks, by the rev. Edward Nott, captain Jolliffe, of the 2d Somerset militia, to miss Nott, daughter

of the late capt. John Neale Pleydell Nott, of the royal navy.

29. At Bermondsey, by the rev. Henry Cox Mason, John Lewis, esq. to miss Philadelphia Maria Campbell, of Bermondsey church-yard, daughter of the late capt. Campbell of the navy.

Mr. O'Shee, to miss Darell of Sloane-terrace.

Daniel Hoofstetter, esq. to miss Frances Mary Duveluz, second daughter of David Duveluz, esq.

At Great Ouseburn, county of York, Lionel Place, esq. the eldest son of Lionel Place, esq. late of York, barrister-at-law, deceased, to miss Sophia Thompson, the second daughter of Hen. Thompson of Kirby-hall, esq.

At Newington, Surry, Mr. Caldecot, of the bank of England, to miss S. Redfarn, of Walworth.

31. The hon. J. A. Pomeroy, to miss Kinsley, daughter to Thomas Kinsley, esq. late high sheriff of Dublin.

At Newington church, the rev. Mr. Palmer, late of St. Mary's, Reading, to miss Gaskin, daughter of the rev. Dr. Gaskin, of Stoke Newington.

Mr. George Poulton, of Marlow, Bucks, to miss Catharine Mellish, only daughter of the late W. Mellish, esq. of Gray's Inn, London, barrister at law.

Capt. Anderson, of the navy, to miss Eggleston, of Kilham.

Nov. 1. At Doncaster, by the rev. John Eyre, captain George Eyre, of the royal navy, to miss Georgiana Cooke, daughter of Sir George Cooke, bart. of Wheatley, in the county of York.

At Hale, Liverpool, by the rev. P. Kitchen, A. M. Charles Lawrence, esq. of that town, to miss Rose D'Aguilar, second daughter of S. D'Aguilar, esq. of Garston.

5. At St. George's church, Hanover-square, Samuel Holman, esq. to miss Jeffereys, eldest daughter of the late Richard Jeffereys, esq. of Penkelly, in the county of Brecon, South Wales.

6. At Hertford, John Brickwood, of Croydon, esq. to miss Bowyer, daughter of the late Calvert Bowyer, of Coles, esq.

10. At the parish church of Achurch, in the county of Northampton, the hon. and rev. Richard Bruce Stopford,

ford, youngest son of the earl of Courtown, to the hon. miss Powys, daughter of the late lord Lillford.

11. At Bradpole, by the rev. Dr. Sherrive, colonel Gillon of the royal greys, to miss Mary Anne Downe, daughter of William Downe, esq. of Downehall, in the county of Dorset.

By special licence, at Windlestone, in the county of Durham, the right hon. lord viscount Aghrim, son of the earl of Athlone, to miss Eden, second daughter of Sir John Eden, bart.

12. By the rev. Mr. Smith, A. M. Mr. Morgan Smith, of the Forbury, Reading, to miss Shackel, only daughter of the late William Shackel, esq. of Eaily, in the county of Berks.

13. Mr. Macall Medford, merchant, of Finsbury-square, to miss Parr of Finsbury-place.

At Leyton, by the rev. William Sparrow, Robert Burchell, esq. of Walthamstow, to Mrs. Cooke of Leyton.

At Boldro', in the New Forest, George Stone, jun. esq. to miss Urry, daughter of John Urry, esq. of the royal navy.

At St. John's church, Westminster, by the rev. Dr. Vincent, sub-almoner to his majesty, lieutenant John Hotchkis, of the royal navy, to miss Pearce, daughter of the late Richard Pearce, esq. of Westminster.

18. At St. Anne's church, Liverpool, M. Jean Baptiste Marie, Chevalier de Tesson, to mademoiselle la honorable Julie Loaise Florianne Felicite de Lorgell, daughter of the late comte de Lorgell.

DEATHS.

Oct. 21. At Northwick Park, in Worcestershire, the right hon. lord Northwick.

At Bedale, in Yorkshire, Wm. Gilbert Marklew, esq. aged 94.

Samuel Tyssen, esq. of Narborough Hall, Norfolk, F. R. S. and S. A.

25. At his chambers, Garden-court, in the Temple, Joseph Phelps, esq. Madeira merchant.

At her house on Blackheath, the once celebrated and beautiful countess of Massarene.

Mrs. Sutton, wife of Robert Sutton, esq. of Abridge, Essex.

At Edinburgh, Catharine Baillie, daughter of the deceased Thomas Baillie, esq. of Polkemmet, and relict of the deceased Andrew Wardrop, esq. of Torbanchill.

At Brighton, F. Biddulph, esq. of Charing-cross, banker.

27. Of a decline, in Bishopsgate-street, Mr. Daniel Levering, aged 31.

At his house in Lad-lane, John Smith, esq.

At his house at Blackheath, in the 78th year of his age, George Marsh, esq. one of the commissioners of his majesty's navy. He has been 64 years in the service of the public.

Mrs. Grove, wife of Mr. William Grove of the Poultry.

29. Mrs. Skill, wife of Mr. John Skill, purveyor-general to the royal family, in the Strand.

Cornwall Smally, esq. at his house at Hampstead, after two days illness.

31. Mrs. Mary Coverly, spinster, late of Marle-place, Bexley, Kent, in the 70th year of her age.

Nov. 1. Christopher Parker, esq. of Milk-street, Cheapside.

At Hill-house, near Dunfermline, in the 72d year of her age, universally lamented, Mrs. Mitchell, relict of Charles Mitchell, esq. and mother to Sir Charles and admiral Sir Andrew Mitchell.

2. At the rev. Richard Harvey's, at Leatherhead, in Surry, Mrs. Musgrave, widow of the late Samuel Musgrave, M. D.

5. Miss Harris, only daughter of Mr. John Harris, Cannon-street.

Mrs. Hutchinson, mother of lieutenant colonel Hutchinson.

Charles Greaves, esq. of Merton-place, Surry.

7. At his house, at Chelsea, Mr. Lucas Birch, late of Cornhill, London.

10. Mr. Samuel Gray, of Portland Coffee-house.

At his house on Woolwich common, lieutenant-general Forbes Macbean, of the royal regiment of artillery, in the 76th year of his age.

At her house at Homerton, near Hackney, Mrs. Boddicott, relict of Richard Boddicott, esq.