

Surfage Royal. 1823

2925

THE

Lady's Magazine;
OR

ENTERTAINING COMPANION

for the

FAIR SEX,

Appropriated solely to their

USE and AMUSEMENT.

Vol XXXVI for the YEAR 1805

LONDON.

Printed for G. and J. ROBINSON,

Nº 25 Paternoster Row.



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FOR JANUARY, 1805.

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- 4 Music—' INVITATION TO SPRING;' (a Variation from a favourite Prussian Air); by W. BARRE.

LONDON :

Printed for G. ROBINSQN, No. 25, Paternoster-Row;

Where Favours from Correspondents continue to be received.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

THE essay signed Leonora is intended for insertion.

A. B.'s hint shall be attended to.

Mr. Webb's poetical communications are received, and shall appear in our next. We are sorry the piece he speaks of has been mislaid, but we cannot find it : if he will be so obliging as to send another copy, it shall certainly appear.

There are some good lines in J. T.'s poetical essay, but more incorrect ones.

We would recommend the *Effusions of Fancy* to the revision of the author.

The Maniac, the Soldier's Epitaph, &c. by J. M. L. are received, and shall have a place.

ADDRESS

TO THE PUBLIC.

THE revolving year has again imposed on us the agreeable task of expressing the gratitude which we sincerely feel for the liberal and unabating encouragement with which the *LADY'S MAGAZINE* still continues to be honoured by a candid and generous Public, and especially by our Fair Patronesses, to whose approbation and assistance, by their ingenious communications, we are so much indebted. Our assiduity and exertions have been unremitting, and our success has been suitable.

The original plan of this Publication was, to provide for the more amiable sex a fund of innocent amusement and useful knowledge, by opening a repository which might preserve the early essays of ripening genius, especially female genius, and present to our Fair Readers such selections from the most approved publications of the times as might contribute to their entertainment, or mental and moral improvement—equally avoiding what might be too abstruse or formal on the one hand, or too trivial and frivolous on the other; and on all occasions abstaining from entering into any of those disputes of parties on politics, or other subjects which can tend only to irritate and embitter the mind; and more particularly excluding with the utmost care every

thing that can have the most remote tendency to that licentiousness which must equally disgrace the author and the reader.

In the execution of this plan, to which we have scrupulously adhered, we have had the satisfaction of seeing our efforts crowned with that success which is the most flattering encouragement. We have received numerous and valuable communications from our correspondents, for which our most grateful acknowledgments are due ; and if we are sometimes under the necessity of suppressing their contributions, to give them an opportunity to revise and reproduce them in a more correct form, that ought rather to stimulate them to make new exertions for improvement than to discourage them from future attempts.

We now enter on the THIRTY-SIXTH VOLUME OF THE LADY'S MAGAZINE, with the pleasing satisfaction that we can assure our Fair Readers that such arrangements have been made as will enable us to continue this Miscellany, which they have so highly honoured by their attention and approbation, on the same plan on which it has hitherto been conducted, and we flatter ourselves with, in various respects, additional improvement.

THE
LADY'S MAGAZINE,

For JANUARY, 1805.

To the EDITOR of the LADY'S MAGAZINE.

SIR,

I LAST night accepted an invitation to take part in a festive meeting, intended to celebrate the departure of the expiring year, and usher in the new. Cards and a dance furnished us with amusement till the neighbouring bells struck up, to ring the old year out and the new one in. I then—as I am a determined enemy to late hours—left my mirthful company, and returned home; where I could not avoid reflecting on what had passed, and enquiring in my own mind from what reason it was that the termination of one year and the commencement of another should be a subject of joy. Is it, said I, because man, like a forward child, is soon tired of every old plaything, and eagerly longs for another which is new? Is the new year valued, as the frivolous or capricious value a new fashion, merely because it is new? Why should it be a subject of rejoicing that we have lived a year longer, that we have become a year older, and approached by one year nearer to the tomb?—It appeared to me, after some consideration, that the most probable solution of this difficulty was, that men, continually yielding to expectations too sanguine, con-

stantly meet with disappointment where they hoped for unalloyed enjoyment; yet, in despite of all experience, they suffer themselves incessantly to be actuated by the same expectations by which they have been repeatedly deceived. Hence past time is ever regarded as an enemy, in whose departure we exult; and the coming day or year held as a friend in whom we may confide, as a certain dispenser of more genuine pleasure. This fond expectation of the happiness to be bestowed by futurity is general among mankind.—

Hopesprings eternal in the human breast;
Man never is, but always to be, blest.

In every country, and every age, among civilised and barbarous nations, the new moon, the new year, and the recurrence of every epoch by which they may have divided time, has been celebrated by rejoicings and festivities. The same hope is uniformly succeeded by the same disappointment, which is again followed by the renovation of the same hope; and in this circle our days and years move on, and we imagine that we have cause to rejoice in the expiration of every portion of time by which our too-sanguine expectations have been deceived,

and to exult that it is succeeded by another, on which we fondly imagine that we can place a better-founded reliance.

If indeed, in reviewing our past conduct, or the progress we have made in knowledge, we are conscious of moral or intellectual improvement, we may have reason to rejoice at the expiration of the year which has been so well employed; but even then we ought to rejoice with trembling, lest, in the same period of time ensuing, we should not only not make a similar progress in virtue or learning, but, by yielding to indolence or temptation, lose, as it but too often happens, all that we had gained, and sink lower than the point from which we had before risen.

Jan. 1, 1805.

EUDOCIA.

To the EDITOR of the LADY'S
MAGAZINE.

SIR,

AS the riches of a country consist more in the number of its inhabitants than in the extent of its dominions, marriage has always been encouraged by all wise political societies. The immunities granted by the Roman commonwealth to such as had three children are well known: and the custom of free-bench, as well as tenancy, by the courtesy peculiar to this nation, shews that matrimony was not formerly discountenanced in England. Its being an advantage to society is itself a sufficient proof that it is a moral perfection; yet there is no occasion to rest it upon that single argument.

If whatever promotes the great ends of the creation be a duty of morality, certainly that upon which the continuance of the human race depends must be an essential one; and if the not forwarding the designs of Providence in the creation

is a moral evil, that must be so in a much greater degree which tends necessarily to defeat them. Yet, notwithstanding this plain demonstration of the moral obligation of marriage, it has been too much discouraged by some of our church, as well as by those of the church of Rome, and celibacy inculcated as a Christian virtue.

To suppose it possible for religion to contradict morality, in a single instance, is at once to overturn all the evidences of it. If then marriage be a moral duty, how much must those be mistaken who recommend celibacy as a Christian perfection, and publish set forms of prayer to implore the divine assistance to continue in a single state, which is living in a constant breach of a moral, and consequently religious, obligation?

Let us consider the force of their arguments—that we ought to subdue our passions, and imitate the angels, who are neither married nor given in marriage,

Our appetites and passions were given us to promote the designs of Providence in our creation, and, when properly regulated, tend admirably to that end. They were intended to instigate us to action, and, under the government of reason, are productive of every good quality and virtue: and whoever will argue that we ought to extinguish any passion because an irregular indulgence of it is vicious, should starve sooner than eat, because hunger is a human appetite and gluttony a vice. The other argument scarcely deserves an answer. We should, indeed, imitate the angels in conforming to the several laws of our state as religiously as we suppose they do to theirs; but wherever our duties differ, our actions ought not to be the same: and whoever agrees to the pleasing as

well as rational system of Mr. Addison, will not be at a loss to show why our duties vary in this particular. The eternal progression of the human soul in knowledge, and its constant approaches to the Divinity, like a mathematical line that still draws nearer to another without ever being able to touch it, is the noblest idea human conception is capable of. Our present state is the first link of this great chain, and as it is reasonable that every soul should begin its progress from the same point, we alone seem properly calculated by the divine pleasure to give existence to new creatures; that so the gradation of beings perpetually rising in perfection may be continued as long as the Author of this admirable system shall think fit. Thus, we ought not to aspire at being angels too soon; but be contented to fill the space designed for us by nature. Though we cannot be certain that the neglect of this duty will be positively punished, yet I think it capable of almost mathematical demonstration that it will negatively be so, by making us less happy: for if the performing the duties of this life be productive of future happiness, the increasing the number of those duties by the addition of conjugal and parental ones, must be an infallible means of increasing that happiness.

After so strenuous a recommendation of marriage, it will be expected I should lay down some rules concerning a proper choice; but, as example sways more than precept, I shall conclude with a story from whence either sex may derive instruction.

Eugenio was a young gentleman, from the nature of his education addicted to gaiety and expence; which he supported by the assistance of good sense and a plentiful fortune,

without injuring his reputation or estate. Having no family of his own, he made a visit to a friend, with a design of passing the summer with him in the country. Sophronia happened to be there at the same time, by the invitation of the lady of the house, with whom she had always been educated. Her person was not distinguished by particular beauty; but a sweet disposition and a good natural understanding rendered her conversation extremely agreeable. Upon his first arrival, Eugenio was too well bred not to shew the greatest civility to one so much respected by the family; and Sophronia knew how to return it by a suitable behaviour. They had not been long acquainted before the sprightliness of his conversation, and the amiable innocence of hers, produced a mutual desire of rendering themselves agreeable to each other. Eugenio's education had been too ingenuous for him to harbour a wish that was dishonourable; and Sophronia willingly encouraged a virtuous inclination, that would be so much for her advantage. She knew he possessed no ill qualities, and thought he would easily be weaned from his love of show and expence by a more settled way of life. But his desire to live splendidly got the better of his passion; he would not throw himself away upon one who had but three hundred pounds for her portion; so determined to return immediately to London, and obliterate his fondness by the diversions of the town.

Theana came up about the same time to spend the winter with her aunt. She was the only daughter of a gentleman of fortune, by whose death she was lately come into the possession of above fifteen thousand pounds. She was determined never to marry a man who could not sup-

port her in the magnificence that such a fortune might expect; and for that reason only had refused Euphorbus, a young gentleman bred up to a profession, in which his natural abilities, joined to a steady application, promised him the greatest success. They had long been acquainted, and so perfectly agreeable to each other, that Euphorbus had just reason to hope he should prevail over her desire for grandeur, which was the only failing she possessed: but that passion was predominant; she was afraid it should be said she had acted imprudently, and that she should not be able to stand the reflection of the world for having only one footman behind a chariot and pair, when she might have had half a dozen powdered valets attending her coach and six.

Upon her coming to London, Eugenio made his addresses among the rest; and, as his fortune enabled him to make a suitable settlement, preliminaries were soon agreed on. Before they had been ten times together, the lawyers were bribed not to be dilatory. Several thousands were expended in plate and jewels. The gay livery and splendid carriage proclaimed them the happiest couple of the fashionable world. But they soon found that happiness did not consist in show. Little contrarieties of temper were the cause of continual differences; which in less than two years arose to such height, that they were only not absolutely parted. To avoid the uneasiness of home, Eugenio publicly indulged himself in his amours; and Theana was only more private. His money was thrown away at hazard; hers as religiously devoted to quadrille. He was regardless of the education of his sons, because he was not sure they were his own; and she in-

structed her daughters in nothing but cards and romances.

But it is time to make some enquiry after the other two. The next winter after her disappointment, Sophronia came to London with her female friend. Euphorbus accidentally fell into her company. Frequent meetings created an acquaintance: that acquaintance increased gradually into a mutual esteem; which, as it was not founded upon interest, but a thorough knowledge of each other, they had good reason to believe would continue. With this prospect they intermarried. The smallness of their fortunes was compensated by content and economy. The desire of providing for his children made him double his application to his profession, and she was in the mean time as agreeably entertained in taking care of their education. He was daily adding to their fortune, she to their virtue. In the decline of life they retired to a country-house and estate, which his profession and her economy had enabled them to buy of Eugenio; whose extravagance and ill-management had obliged him to sell the greatest part of his estate, as soon as a booby son was old enough to be bribed to cut off the entail. There, in the words of the poet,

They know a passion still more deeply
charming
Than fever'd youth e'er felt; and that
is love,

By long experience, mellow'd into
friendship.

Thus are Euphorbus and Sophronia, by a marriage founded on good sense, possessed of happiness, riches, and reputation; which Eugenio and Theana have lost by the contrary means.

ALMERIA;

Wolverhampton, Dec. 12, 1804.

THE

ROMANCE of the PYRENEES.

[By a Lady.]

(Continued from Vol. XXXV. p. 699.)

CHAP. XX.

SOON after dinner, Sebastian was obliged to depart, to fulfil an appointment with Francisco; but ere he left our heroine, he made her promise, that, should her too-evident indisposition not be considerably better by his return, she would allow him to summon Pedro to prescribe for her; and Victoria, once more left alone, determined to avail herself of this opportunity, in a time of promised safety, of going to her chamber to make some arrangements there for the moment of her anxiously-hoped-for escape. Accordingly she hastened thither; and as she gently approached Diego's door, she saw it open, and Pedro in the room, whom she beckoned to her, to inquire from him how all his patients were going on?—Diego, he assured her, was much amended; and Alonzo, with his wounded confederates, in a very promising way. Happy at this intelligence, she entered her chamber, where she selected from her baggage every valuable trinket she found there, and formed them into two small parcels, to be taken in her pockets at the time of her escape. She then made many arrangements in her wardrobe, to conduce to her comfort during her continuance in the castle, which she now fondly hoped would not be very long; and as this was the first time of her ever officiating in this part of the business of a *fille de chambre*, she was not very expeditious; and, added

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to the tardiness of inexperience, she had to contend with the inactivity her fast-increasing lassitude and indisposition naturally inspired; so that twilight had been for some time come on before she had completed her task, and the gloominess of the castle made it appear almost dark when she quitted her chamber to return to the parlour. Diego's door was closed; and hearing no noise issuing from his room, she concluded that he was sleeping.

Gently therefore she descended the staircase, the gloom of which, and the awful silence that reigned, increased the irritation of her nerves. But great and dreadful was the shock they sustained, when, as she was about to step from the staircase into the passage leading to the great hall, a strong ray of light suddenly gleamed upon her, and the black knight she had seen in the library crossed her path: his visor was up, and she beheld the cadaverous countenance of death. Victoria stopped, trembled, and held the balustrade to save herself from falling, while her distended eyes strained wistfully after the spectre. The light in an instant vanished, and all was a black void. She heard a deep groan,—her heart beat painfully; again the light gleamed, again the knight flitted across her path, and the countenance was changed to the fleshless face of a skeleton. Victoria now wildly shrieked, and darted up the staircase, at the top of which she fell senseless into the arms of Pedro, who had been drawn by her scream from Diego's chamber.

Our totally-insensible heroine was now carried by the humane surgeon to her own room; where, assisted by Teresa, whom he summoned without disturbing Diego, who was sleeping, and whose well-doing Pedro knew would be materially impeded by a knowledge of

C

the alarming situation of Victoria, used every possible method for her recovery; and at length her respiration returned, but not her perception. The terror she had just experienced seemed the signal for that indisposition which for some hours had been threatening her to begin its attack, which it now did with so much violence and rapidity, that the course of a few hours more found her in a delirium of a very dangerous fever, which for five days seemed to deride the skill of seignor Pedro; during which period she had no interval of reason, and all the horrors she had encountered in Spain seemed ever present to her diseased imagination; while fancy portrayed the shade of both her parents still hovering near to guard her from every threatened evil; while the stranger from the church, the old man and his beautiful daughter, she thought she constantly saw employed in her chamber, sometimes preparing medicines for her relief, at others plotting together to give her poison. But whatever her fancies might be, the reality was, that she was most carefully and tenderly nursed; and to this indefatigable attention, to the great abilities and exertions of Pedro, and to her own youth and unimpaired constitution, all aided by pitying Heaven, was she indebted for being snatched from the grasp of death; who for many hours appeared, even to those most interested for her fate, to have marked her for his immediate prey.

On the fifth day of her illness, Pedro, with unfeigned pleasure, pronounced her out of danger. Her senses soon returned, to animate her torpid frame, and she beheld no one in her chamber but Pedro, Sebastian, and Teresa; the two latter sitting, one by each side of her bed, anxiously watching her, as if she

was their own offspring, and the only treasure they had in life.

From the moment her fever was arrested in its progress, and its virulence conquered, Victoria visibly amended every hour, and her recovery was as rapid as her illness had been from its commencement to its height; and in a very short interval of time she was able to leave her chamber, though still weak and languid. To Sebastian and Teresa her gratitude was unbounded for their parental and tender care of her; and to Pedro she evinced her ideas of what she owed to his skill and attention, by offering him as handsome a gratuity as the state of her finances would admit of, aided by some trinkets of considerable value; all of which he respectfully but peremptorily refused to take, except one ring, which he said 'he would have the honour of wearing, to remind him of the highest pleasure he had ever experienced in his profession—that of having been serviceable to her.' But while her gratitude was thus forcibly awakened, she had much concern to mingle with another claim upon it; by finding that her indisposition had greatly increased Diego's, from whom a knowledge of it could not long be concealed; since from the vicinity of his chamber he soon learned there was some unusual commotion in hers. And to lull the dreadful apprehensions that instantly presented themselves to his alarmed imagination, Pedro informed him of her illness, suppressing the greatness of it, and the serious fears he for many hours entertained for her life.

In the first moments of Victoria's return to reason, she informed Sebastian and Pedro of the dreadful alarm she had sustained from the appearance of the black knight; and every inquiry was immediately

made by Francisco, who possessed the power of unlocking the secrets of all hearts within the castle, to find out the cause of such a terrible alarm—but without effect; and Pedro gave it as his opinion, that she was under the dominion of her fever when she descended the stairs, and that her disordered imagination had formed the ghastly phantom. This opinion was also Sebastian's, and Victoria wished to persuade herself that they were right.

Amongst the first feelings which agitated the mind of our heroine, upon her recovery, was fear of the stranger's having effected the emancipation of his friends during her illness; and that her too cruel destiny had intervened to consign her to perpetual misery and captivity. Her failing in her appointment, unaccounted for as it was, she fancied might, from its appearance of rudeness and ingratitude, have disgusted him, and rendered him regardless of her safety. Yet he seemed too kind and compassionate to be easily induced to forsake a cause his humanity had led him voluntarily into; and he, who certainly, had intelligence of many transactions in the castle, might also hear of her severe indisposition, and therefore feel no cause for displeasure, though still he might have been obliged to depart without her.

To relieve her mind from the insupportable agony of uncertainty precipitated her into leaving her chamber even before she found her strength sufficiently recovered for the exertion, and infinitely sooner than Pedro wished. But, for the first time in her life, Victoria was inexorable to the advice of her friends; and for this obstinacy fate seemed determined to punish her, in the paternal tenderness and attention of Sebastian, who prevented all her efforts for

gaining an unobserved entrance into the church, by his fear of her meeting with any new alarm, to occasion a relapse, inducing him never to leave her for a moment, except when he could consign her to the care of Pedro or Teresa; who, on their parts, seemed inspired with the same opposition to her wishes: and the disappointment this officious kindness inflicted increasing by delay, the torments of incertitude almost taught the placid grateful Victoria unthankfulness and petulance.

Day after day passed on without her being able to effect a visit to the church, to learn if all her hopes were blighted, and her doom misery and bondage; and at length, almost fretted by the irritation of suspense into a relapse, she one day at dinner discovered such symptoms of indisposition, that Sebastian in alarm summoned Pedro, who advised her retiring to her chamber, to indulge for an hour or two in a siesta; and to procure a tranquillising slumber for her, he would give her a gentle soporific. To oblige Sebastian, whose wishes were now laws to our grateful heroine, she complied with Pedro's prescription, and soon fell, in despite of the misery of her mind, into a profound sleep, which continued several hours. At length she awoke, considerably refreshed, and more composed and tranquil than she had found herself for many days; when, according to Pedro's orders, Teresa (who had watched by her while she slept) left her to inform him that Victoria was awake; but in a few moments the poor old woman returned with looks agast—

'Ah, donna! donna!' cried she in an agony of sympathising distress, 'all the good signor Pedro's stuff has done you will soon be destroyed; for, as sure as we are both alive, I saw

that wretch Garcias as I was crossing the hall; and no sooner did I see his hateful form than I hobbled back as fast as I could, to tell you to keep the door fastened, while I go to seignor Pedro; for I am sure safety never dwells where that miscreant Garcias is.'

Dreadful indeed was the shock this intelligence gave to Victoria. She now believed the term of her promised safety was expired, and the hopes of her escape all blighted. In breathless agony she entreated Teresa to learn if Garcias was come back alone, and to return to her as speedily as possible. Teresa promising to comply, departed; when the trembling terror-struck Victoria fastened the door with every bolt, bar, and chain, poor Diego had affixed to it, and then threw herself upon her bed in a state of unutterable anguish. For a considerable time she continued in a state of the most woeful despondence, before religion's powerful sway could calm her dejection, and restore hope, fortitude, and resignation. But that ever-tranquillising influence at length succeeded, and Victoria was beginning to collect the forces of her mind and her heart, to warm in the sunshine of animating hope and reliance upon the protection of heaven, when this new-raised structure of firmness was shaken to the foundation by a summons delivered by Juan, from Don Manuel, to favour him with her company at supper.

Words cannot express, nor the mind conceive, the horror that now chilled Victoria's heart, forbidding it to beat, except with agonising woe, with trembling terror, and all the miseries of despair. Obedience to the mandate was inevitable; and with all the sad calmness which a certainty of destruction inspired, she was ready to attend Teresa

when sent to conduct her down. Invoking the aid of every pitying angel and saint, she took Teresa's arm, and descended the staircase with a frame convulsed by apprehension.

'Ah! my dear donna, how my heart bleeds for you!' said Teresa, as they tremulously proceeded to the parlour. 'I well knew how alarmed and distressed you would be. Don Manuel has been returned near three hours; and I was ordered not to go near you until I was sent to conduct you down. They have brought some more captives with them, it seems, and employment for seignor Pedro too; so he could not come to you. And I could not see seignor Sebastian, to tell him what an alarm I left you in: for Garcias has ordered him to keep to his own apartments for the present; and he, poor gentleman, must obey. My master has seen Alonzo; who has made his story good, no doubt, since that wicked girl Hero is now out of confinement, and has been in the parlour this hour past. But, my dear sweet young lady, if you tremble so, and are so terrified, Pedro will have you again for a patient before the night's out; and should you be ill, you will not have those to nurse you now who would be tender and kind to you. But let me entreat you not to be so agitated and alarmed; for sure I am they never could have the heart to injure you. Indeed I have heard some of our most sanguinary ruffians say, were they ordered to assassinate you, they must do it in the dark, and with their ears stopped; for, were they to see your face, or hear the sound of your voice, the weapon of death would fall from their hands. And besides, you know, dear donna, Don Manuel himself dare not now harm you, as Francisco is your friend.'

This last sentence penetrated in a gleam of comfort to the wretched Victoria's bleeding heart, just as they reached the parlour, at the door of which Don Manuel, with much apparent impatience, was in waiting to receive our heroine, to whom he gracefully and tenderly paid his compliments; and with an air of respectful gallantry took her passive hand, and led, or rather supported her—since without support she must have fallen—to a seat at the upper end of the table where supper was served; and taking his own place beside her, he announced her to those assembled, as 'the fascinating mistress of his heart, the lovely queen of his castle, to whom he required the most profound homage to be paid by all who hoped to gain or preserve his favour.'

Shocked by sounds so torturing to her delicacy, Victoria was awakened from her stupor of woe to contempt and indignation, which she was only withheld from manifesting by prudence, who loudly called to her not to exasperate him; and while the crimson hue of shame and anger tinged her cheeks, she cast her eyes downwards to conceal the expression that strongly irradiated them; and she obtained sufficient command over her feelings to allow her receiving the further adulations and attentions of Don Manuel, without betraying the disgust and misery he awakened and inflicted.

It may be well imagined Victoria partook not of the repast. Thought was her banquet, and comfortless it was; until Teresa's last words, like a succouring friend, darted into her remembrance, vibrating in her ears, and renovating her almost annihilated courage, by dependence upon heaven, through the

medium of Francisco's protection; and at length she became sufficiently collected to admit of her observing the persons round the table, to learn whom she had to fear, and whom she might expect the consolation of sympathy from. No voice as yet, except Don Manuel's, had reached her ears; for, as his whole attention had been devoted to her, the rest of the party had preserved an unbroken silence.

Seated by Don Manuel's left hand, she beheld Hero pale and dejected. Victoria would have pitied her, had she not observed that whenever that deluded creature's eyes turned upon her there was a strong expression of sullenness and malice in them, which made her shudder.

Next to Hero sat a stranger, dressed in the habit of a Piedmontese peasant, a most uncommonly handsome man, of about three or four-and-twenty, whose air and deportment so ill accorded with his garb, that it required no great share of penetration to discover his rank in life being far above the one he by his dress seemed anxious to be classed amongst. Victoria was surprised: and her surprise was increased by a belief that she had somewhere seen a face like his. But her mind was not sufficiently at ease to remember at once, if she really had any knowledge of him, whether she had ever seen him before, or if it was only a resemblance to any other person that seemed to make his features familiar to her; and she was prevented from making any further observation, by finding herself most earnestly gazed at by the stranger, whose large dark and beautiful eyes were so riveted upon her face, that she could not again even steal a glance unobserved by him.

Next to this stranger, and at the

bottom of the table, she beheld Garcias seated; the sight of whom awakened so many horrors in her breast, that she hastily turned her eyes from him to his neighbour, who was also her own, with anxiety to learn what his appearance portended. He was habited like the other stranger, and like him, too, his air proclaimed his garb beneath his rank. His face he seemed evidently studious to conceal from Victoria. But that solicitude, by awakening her wonder and curiosity, defeated its own aim; and in a few moments she contrived to see sufficient of his countenance to harrow up her soul; for, in beholding her profligate uncle conte Vicenza, the being of all others from whom her spotless heart most recoiled, she believed herself irretrievably lost. Fear now, with its icy fingers, grasped her heart, almost preventing respiration; a death-like dew overspread her forehead; a ghastly paleness stole on her countenance; objects became indistinct; she closed her eyes, and with a chilling universal shiver sunk back in her chair.

The young stranger, attentive only to Victoria, first observed the alarming alteration in her lovely countenance, and instantly announced her indisposition. Don Manuel, in excessive consternation, ordered Pedro to be summoned, and then, with the rest of the party, gathered round her to offer every assistance; while Polydore, in the general confusion, took an opportunity to whisper to her (for, as he saw her observation of him, he well guessed the cause of her indisposition) entreaties, 'if she prized her safety, and valued her liberty, to be circumspect, and conceal her knowledge of him and his nephew.'

The sound of conte Vicenza's voice proved more efficacious than any

other remedy to our heroine. Terror gave to her limbs the power of supporting her; and, regardless of his entreaties, unmindful of every consequence, she started from her seat, and wildly darted to the opposite side of the room; where sinking upon her knees before a chair, and reclining her head upon the seat of it, she burst into a passion of tears, which afforded much relief to her almost bursting heart; and then, with uplifted hands, and raising her streaming eyes to heaven, she, in a voice broken by convulsive sobs, implored protection.

'Alas! alas!' exclaimed Don Manuel, 'this lovely amiable creature's intellects are deranged.'

'If so, signor,' said conte Vicenza, in Italian, with much solemnity, 'it is fortunate, for the signora at least, my being brought hither, as it has been for years my melancholy province to attend to the unfortunate of my species afflicted with the distempers of the brain. Few in Italy who have not heard of dottore Impazzato Delirio; and my fame has travelled even into this country: for I was now journeying from my own snug villa in Piedmont, to prove my skill in recovering, from a long deprivation of reason, the wife of a wealthy merchant residing at Tortosa, to whom I was sent for to——'

'Leave the merchant and his wife to the care of the d——l!' exclaimed Don Manuel, impetuously interrupting him, 'and attend to the situation of this most fascinating of human beings. If my dreadful apprehensions are verified, and that you restore her to that sense which was so lately the admiration and delight of all around her, liberty and twenty thousand pistoles shall be your reward.'

Conte Vicenza, bowing profoundly, promised to exert his skill for

the restoration of the poor seignora's reason; and then advanced to Victoria, whose hand he attempted to take, but which she, with vehemence, snatched away.

'By this violence and obstinacy, seignora,' said he significantly, 'you will destroy yourself, and totally prevent my serving you, which I could else do most essentially.'

'You serve me!' exclaimed she in a tone of the most touching anguish. 'Oh, Father of mercies, protect me! save me from his machinations!'

'Seignor, alas! the poor seignora is insane, past every doubt,' said Polydore; 'but I do not despair of being yet serviceable to her, although some of her fantastic phantasies represent me to her as an enemy.' Again he attempted to take her hand. In a moment Victoria was upon her feet, and would have fled to some one present for refuge; but, upon looking around her, she saw no one to whom she could apply for succour. The forlorn hopelessness of her situation struck with an agonising thrill to the bottom of her heart: a groan of anguish escaped her; and, tottering, she sunk into a chair, covering her face with her hands to shut out a view of those her soul sickened at beholding, whilst a torrent of tears again burst from her eyes.

'These tears,' said Don Manuel in a tone of much interest, 'these tears, I should hope, seignora, are an auspicious symptom.'

'I doubt not that they are,' replied the conte; 'and I trust, after an uncontrolled flow of them, we may have the satisfaction of finding the seignora, if not more reasonable, at least more tractable.'

'We have in this castle,' said Garcias sullenly, 'dungeons, with every requisite for coercion that you

can possibly want for taming this refractory maniac.'

At this moment Pedro entered. 'I sent for you,' said Don Manuel mournfully to him, 'to give into your care this lovely being, who is dearer, far dearer, to my heart than language can express. But, alas! I now fear that even you can be of little service to her, since this gentleman, who professes to cure insanity, is of opinion her indisposition is seated in the brain.'

Pedro darted a scrutinising glance, mingled with contempt, at Polydore, as he hastily approached Victoria, who now raised her beautiful and intelligent eyes with a look of piteous supplication, so expressive of her feelings, that Pedro was affected almost to tears, and, full of compassion, he took her no longer rebellious hand.

'The assertions of that gentleman, my lord, I take upon me flatly to contradict,' said Pedro, after a short pause. 'This indisposition is seated in the heart, not in the head; and my lovely patient will, I have no doubt, soon prove her mental health, by doing all she can to aid my medicines in conquering this agitation. But while I answer for this on my patient's part, I have demands to make upon yours.'

'No prosing, Pedro,' said Garcias sternly: 'you understand me.'

'I do,' replied Pedro determinately, 'and I hope Don Manuel understands me. I have been in his service now some years; have ever strictly done my duty, and will be awed into silence by no man. You, my lord, profess to prize this lady. If her fate really interests you, attend to me. The time is so short since, with the utmost difficulty, I snatched her from the grasp of death; since, with the greatest exertions of that skill you

so highly estimate, I had scarcely power to bring her through one of the most dangerous fevers I ever witnessed, brought on solely by the agitation of her mind—(Nay frown not, signor Garcias, I will speak—Life, you too well know, has lost its charms for me; therefore I fear you not—) so short is the space, I say, my lord, since I beheld this young and lovely blossom blighted by storms she had not strength to contend with, drooping and all but dead, that I can scarcely credit the evidence of my senses at seeing her, even delicate, and weakly as she is. She wants the tenderest care, the genial soil of peace, to save her yet. In short, unless something is done, and that immediately, to relieve this agonising agitation of spirits, to release her from every species of alarm, and restore her mind to at least comparative tranquillity, I will not, cannot, answer for the consequence.'

Don Manuel, conte Vicenza, and the young stranger, in visible consternation, demanded of Pedro 'what was to be done?'

'Donna Victoria must immediately retire to her own chamber,' Pedro replied, 'where every precaution must be taken to prevent the occurrence of any circumstance that can possibly awaken apprehension in her mind; and unmolested must she be permitted to continue there until all these alarming symptoms subside. Teresa must be allowed to remain constantly with her night and day; and I too shall be near at hand, to administer (if necessary) any more medicine than what I shall now hasten to give her, as I much fear I shall be obliged to pass the greater part of this night in the adjoining chamber with Diego, who has been for some time confined to his room by a low

fever, which I thought almost well this morning; but this evening he has become so suddenly ill again, that—'

'Diego's chamber adjoining hers!' said Garcias with surprise and surliness—'How dare he remove to the north wing!'

'He has not removed,' returned Pedro; 'but donna Victoria, whom my lord ordered him to obey, chose to have a chamber proximate to Teresa.'

'Cursed affectation!—But she shall no longer be indulged in such caprice,' muttered Garcias.

'I am shocked, I am grieved, my life,' said Don Manuel, addressing Victoria in a voice of insinuating softness, 'that you should have chosen so comfortless, nay so wretched, an apartment for yourself. But surely, my love, now that I am here to guard, to protect you from every ill, you will not think it necessary to continue there. Come, come, my Victoria, I must exert my powers in striving to persuade you into obliging me. Return to your own chamber, my life. Do, sweet angel!—Victoria, will you, will you not oblige me?' And his obedient eyes were now illumined with the almost resistless eloquence of tenderness and persuasion.

Victoria, with looks expressive of the horror this request inspired her with, grasped Pedro by the arm in speechless agony for protection.

'Not to-night at least,' said the humane surgeon, 'can a compliance with your request, my lord, be thought of. Nothing, I again declare, must be done to agitate my poor patient.' Then advancing between Don Manuel and the conte, he spoke in a low voice, but with much earnestness, to the former.

Victoria was now all ear, since her fate seemed depending upon the result of this conference, and yet she could only catch a few unconnected words of Pedro's.

'So ill as she has lately—I must have my way—Further apprehensions—Live this night through—Quiet alone can save—'

'On your life, Pedro, is this your real opinion?' said Don Manuel.

'On my soul it is, my lord.'

Don Manuel approached the lovely trembling sufferer. 'For to-night then, my love,' said he, 'I will cease to urge my request, and will not oppose your little caprice about your chamber. But for this indulgence, my lovely, my beloved Victoria must remember I shall expect some concessions on her part at a future period.'

Victoria would have thanked him for this small favour granted to her distress, had not the impassioned tenderness of his voice and manner, by heightening her alarm and agitation, kept her still silent.

Teresa, who had been summoned to attend our heroine to her chamber, now entered, when the conscious pride of superior worth inspiring all her faculties, Victoria arose without aid, took Teresa's arm, and, with all the dignity her own virtues, and the contempt she felt for him who had plunged her into such a gulf of misery, animated her soul with, bowing to Don Manuel and the young stranger, without deigning to notice the rest of the party, she left the room, accompanied to the door of it by Don Manuel; who tenderly bade her adieu, and in a low cautious whisper solemnly assured her, that nothing should occur during the night to cause her an alarm, or further to disturb that tranquillity he anxiously wished to behold firmly re-established.

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Now, preceded by Pedro, Victoria hastened to her chamber; and not until she entered it did she perceive Hero was of the party, before whom, as she had too much reason to know her infidelity, she feared to express her gratitude to Pedro, or to implore his future protection; and, perplexed and alarmed at finding this treacherous woman was to be her companion once again, she sunk, pale and trembling, into a seat, and burst into tears.

Pedro took a chair beside her, and, whilst he looked as if he wished to comfort her, gave orders to Teresa to go and have brought thither every thing that could be wanting for their fair patient's accommodation. 'Be speedy,' said he; 'for I cannot leave her until your return, and I wish her soon to take the medicines I have yet to prepare for her.'

Teresa instantly departed; and Pedro, wishing to speak a few words to Victoria that might be incomprehensible to Hero, sat for some moments ruminating upon what method to pursue for that purpose. The Spanish, French, and Italian languages were understood by her; nor could he therefore have any hope, if Victoria was mistress of Latin, it would conceal what he wished to say from being in some degree intelligible to Hero; when, in the midst of this his perplexity, Victoria addressed him in a calm but plaintive voice—

'You are very compassionate, signor; and I think you will not refuse to give me the comfort of knowing, if there is a chance, a hope, of my being soon released by death from misery.'

'That you will soon be released from your afflictions, I have little doubt; but not by death, I trust.'

'Ah! signor, I feel as if I

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could not long sustain such complicated miseries.'

'Then you may rest assured, donna, that you will not long have them to sustain. The ways of Providence are inscrutable; but this much has ever met the Christian's eye. It afflicts us for our good, and never decrees a burden for us that we have not power to bear.'

'Ah! signor Pedro, you were not formed for an inhabitant of this castle. How came you here?'

'I shall answer by asking you the same question. But in being here I have been fortunate enough sometimes to mitigate, and sometimes to remove, the sufferings of my fellow-creatures.'

'Oh yes, signor, my gratitude forcibly tells me that, and has engraven on my memory what I am indebted to your humanity and skill.'

'The little skill which I can boast of I have derived from experience. For many years I visited various climes as an army surgeon; and from the English of my own profession, with whom I ever loved to associate, I learned much.'

'From English surgeons? Then probably you understand their language?' Victoria eagerly exclaimed.

'I do, perfectly. Do you?'

'I understand it tolerably, but cannot speak it fluently.'

'You may then possibly like to hear how an English surgeon would prescribe for a patient in your case,' said Pedro significantly; and immediately he asked in English, Did her attendant understand that language.

'Certainly not.'

'Beware of her: and in no point whatever place the smallest confidence in her; for jealousy has awakened the most direful animosity in her mind. Alonzo, to effect his influence over her, to gain her aid to his project, taught her to be-

lieve she had subdued his heart; but since the failure of his presumptuous enterprise, he has taken no pains to delude her further; and she has discovered that he aspired to you, on whom the rage of her disappointment now turns; and, vengeance brooding in her heart, she will gladly undertake any part that may assist her malice. Therefore be circumspect before her; affect still to fear; although I am commissioned by Francisco (who is deeply interested in your fate) to assure you that he will himself secure your safety. But hold! I must no longer speak in a language unknown to that viper. Narrowly she observes us with a suspicious eye:—then with a careless air, changing his language to Spanish, he continued, 'Thus you see, donna, how different would be their mode of prescription to ours.'

Hero, who had sat all this time in gloomy irascibility, with folded arms, and eyes beaming with malice intently fixed upon them, now smiled horribly, with sarcastic incredulity. At this moment Teresa returned, attended by Juan, loaded with billets of wood, and every thing the provident Teresa thought might be wanting through the night. Pedro now departed to make up the medicines for our heroine; and Teresa, after carefully fastening the door when he and Juan retired, busily set about preparing every thing for her own and fair patient's accommodation; but not without many sarcasms levelled at Hero for neglect of duty. But all her eloquent severity was thrown away: unmindful of it, and unmoved by it, Hero sat with a countenance of sullen malignity, until Pedro returned with a medicine, which he desired our heroine to take the moment she was in bed, where he wished her to go as soon as possible.

'If the medicine contains any thing soporific,' said Victoria, 'I cannot take it; as I would not for worlds deprive myself of the power of watching.'

'There is only a sufficient quantity of opium in it to compose your spirits, but not for forcing sleep: besides Teresa, whom you know to be an excellent nurse, will sit up to watch by you; and I shall be in the next chamber with Diego, who has altered much for the worse within these few hours; and, ill as he is, it has been with the utmost difficulty I have been able to prevent his attempting to rise to perform his domestic duties as usual.'

Victoria, well divining the source of Diego's increased indisposition, was sensibly grieved; but, fearing Hero, kept a profound silence on the subject, and agreed to take the recommended medicine.

'And you, Hero,' said Pedro, 'must hasten also to bed the moment I leave the room.'

'I shall go to bed when I please, and not until then,' replied Hero insolently.

'Go instantly to bed,' said Pedro: 'my patient shall not be disturbed by you; and if you go not into the one before you, without delay, Francisco shall pay you another visit, and order you to one you may not perhaps find so comfortable.'

Upon mention of Francisco, Hero became pale as death; and, instantly dropping from pride's high pinnacle and completely humbled, prepared to obey the surgeon's peremptory command; and after giving Teresa some further orders, and bidding Victoria a good repose, Pedro departed; when our heroine retired to bed, and Teresa placed herself in the most advantageous situation for watching her interesting charge—who would have conversed with her, but found herself prevented by

overpowering drowsiness. She attempted to ask a few questions, but became every moment more and more inarticulate. She strove to rouse herself, but in vain. Pedro had deceived her; for, thinking rest absolutely necessary for her, he had administered a much more potent soporific than she was aware of; and ere many minutes more elapsed she sunk into a profound and tranquil slumber, which did not terminate until after nine o'clock the succeeding morning.

(To be continued.)

AN

ESSAY on ROASTING.

(Written by the celebrated Henry Fielding, though not inserted in his works.)

THERE is a certain diversion called *roasting*, which, notwithstanding it is in some vogue with the polite part of the world, I have no notion of. This term is well known to be taken from cookery, from whence those who are great adepts in the art borrow also several others; such as putting the person to be roasted on the spit, turning him round till he is done enough, &c. But though this, as I have said before, is thought a very delicate entertainment by some people of good taste, yet, as it is attended with great pain and torment to the poor wretch who is thus roasted alive, I have always thought it too barbarous a sacrifice to luxury. Nor have I more willingly given into it than into their cruelties which are executed on particular animals, in order to heighten their flavour. I am an utter enemy to all roasting alive, from this which

is performed on one of our own species to that which is practised on a lobster.

It has been thought that this custom of man-roasting was originally introduced among us from some nation of cannibals: it is indeed more than probable, that our savage ancestors used to eat the flesh of their enemies roasted in this manner; though this latter custom has been so long left off, that we find no traces thereof in our annals. A learned antiquarian of my acquaintance does not carry the original of this custom so high; he derives it from the roasting of heretics, in use among the Roman churches, and fancies it an unextirpated remain of that barbarous execution. He brings, as a strengthener of this opinion, the choice which we make of an odd creature, or, in his own words, a heretic to the common forms of behaviour, to perform it on. He is a great enemy to this practice, being, as he thinks, more consistent with the principles of Jesuitism than of true Christianity.

But, for my part, I imagine this term of *roasting* to have been given to this diversion from the torments which the person spitted is supposed to endure in his mind, even equal to those bodily pains which he would undergo were he to be roasted alive.

Now the pleasure which we take in such amusements as this must arise either from a great depravity of nature, which delights in the miseries and misfortunes of mankind, or from a pride which we take in comparing the blemishes of others with our own perfections.

As for the first, my lord Shaftesbury says: 'There is an affection nearly related to inhumanity, which is a gay and frolicsome delight in what is injurious to others; a sort of wanton mischievousness and pleasure in what is destructive;

a passion, which instead of being restrained, is encouraged in children, so that it is indeed no wonder if the effects of it are very unfortunately felt in the world. For it will be hard, perhaps, for any one to give a reason why that temper, which was used to delight in disorder and ravage when in a nursery, should not afterwards find delight in other disturbances, and be the occasion of equal miseries in families, among friends, and in the public.' I advise all parents to drive, by correction, this spirit out of their children; the doing which may be called a wholesome severity.

And surely, if we thoroughly searched the bottom of our own minds, few of us would have frequent cause to triumph in these comparisons. Perhaps, indeed, we are, without that particular blemish which we ridicule in another; but, at the same time, let us carefully consider whether we have not as great imperfections of another kind. I have often observed in life the person roasted to be infinitely superior to those who (to use a word of their own) have enjoyed him. To say the truth, the least oddity in behaviour, the most inoffensive peculiarity, often exposes a man of sense and virtue to the ridicule of those who are in every degree his inferiors. These seem to lay in wait for, and catch at, every opportunity to pull down a man whom nature has placed so far above them.

But though the generality of *roasters* be of this kind, and the buffoons they use may be very aptly called *turnspits*, the lowest and most despicable of their kind, yet I have known some persons of sense and good-nature too forwardly give in to this diversion; men who would by no means have consented to do any other injury, reputing this innocent and harmless. These, did they

consider the nature and consequence of their pursuing this amusement, would, I believe, soon condemn it.

If a man be wholly insensible of his being the jest and scorn of the company; if he be so unaffected by it, as to be quite easy and contented, and satisfied with himself all this while; such a person can be little more than a direct ideot, and is a melancholy, not a pleasant, spectacle: for my part, I should always shun the sight of such a monster, as an abortion or imperfection of nature. I consider myself as a son of this great and general mother; and I feel a kind of filial pity, and can by no means be delighted by any of her monstrous births. And, surely, a human creature without understanding is a more horrible object than one born without arms, legs; or any other of its members. Such a one is the object of pity, not of scoff and merriment; nor should I entertain a good opinion of him who could go to Bedlam, and divert himself with the dreadful frenzies and monstrous absurdities of the wretches there.

But if we conceive the subject of our ridicule to be of a more sensible composition; that he sees in himself the deformity, or perhaps incurable oddity, which renders him the object of contempt; it will be difficult to illustrate his misery by any lively comparison. Contempt is, I believe, of all things, the most uneasily to be endured by the generality of men. It gnaws and preys on our very vitals; and by how much less the person so affected discovers it, by so much he often feels it the more acutely. I have seen a man in the highest agony, and even in a cold sweat, from being displayed

by some ridiculous buffoon, who has at the same time played him off, as they call it, with such nicety, that it was impossible for the other to take hold of any thing for which he might call him to account. I am always apt, at such times, to pity the person who is thus turned into ridicule, and seldom or never join the laugh against him. Nay, it is not unusual with me to attack the *turnspit* himself; in which I have been often so successful, that I have turned the whole current of laughter that way. I cannot but observe, with great pleasure, the double delight of the company on those occasions: for nothing ever roasts so kindly as a *turnspit*.

Some persons have fallen into this way, in order to establish a reputation of wit, though with great absurdity; for nothing is so sure a sign of wanting it, as flying to these mean resources to appear to have it. A *roaster* gives me as low an idea of his wit, as a bully does of his courage. These beautiful qualities, where they are, will always appear. They are the fool and the coward who are continually searching out weak objects on whom to display their mock talents with safety; and it is generally in the dullest company that this most abounds. If we consider this diversion in the worst light, it will appear to be no other than a delight in seeing the miseries, misfortunes, and frailties, of mankind displayed; and a pleasure and joy conceived in their sufferings therein:—a pleasure, perhaps, as inhuman, and which must arise from a nature as thoroughly corrupt and diabolical, as can possibly pollute the mind of man.

ANIMATED ADDRESS to the VOLUNTEERS of BRITAIN.

(From 'Patriotism, or the Love of our Country,' an Essay, by William Frend, Esq.)

WITH motives superior to those of all other nations, the volunteers of Britain take the field, if the enemy is bold enough to execute his threats, to hazard his troops to the danger of the seas, and successful enough to escape our fleets and land upon our shores. On his side, valour and experience are not wanting; the love of plunder and mad ambition are the great incentives to his actions. No art of war will be untried by him, and the leader can depend upon his followers for the due execution of every plan which consummate skill has meditated. To detract from the strength and the skill of the enemy is absurd: to abuse him with words is unworthy the character of men and Englishmen. The whole danger being fully placed before our eyes, we are then able to meet it, and to direct our efforts to the best advantage.

Against such an enemy, volunteers of Britain! ye are to march. The conflict is made with similar arms on both sides; but ye are said to be unequal, from want of discipline, to the contest. I could wish myself, if the invasion of a country were not of too serious a nature to admit of an experiment, I could wish myself—and in this wish I shall not want for a second among the volunteers—that what is called our regular army were allowed only to be the spectators of the action. With all the boasts of French skill, with all the valour attributed to them, with all the advantages of art, they

would bow to the superiority of nature. Let the plains of Egypt declare what the best troops of France, their chosen invincibles, can effect against British valour; and that valour is no less the inbred quality of the volunteer, who has never been into the field, than his who has been tried in various actions. Let us remember what was done by one of the most gallant of our sovereigns, when, resolved not to deprive his son of the glory of the best-fought day, nor even to share in his praises, he proved to the French the strength of the British arms; and a witness merely to the deeds of valour of the troops under his son's command, he led his own down, not to assist, but to congratulate the heroes who, forming only a part of his army, had fought and conquered the whole power of France.

Is there less valour, less heroism, now in England? And if not, why should we doubt of our countrymen's prowess, or suppose that so much training is requisite to enable them to meet in the field the troops of a nation which their fathers so often have conquered? Besides, how disgraceful it must be to entertain a desponding opinion, when the numbers are now on our side, not on the French; when it is impossible for him to land in any quarter where we cannot, in the space of twenty-four hours, bring double the number to resist him! An overweening confidence is injurious, doubtless, to any cause; but, to dispraise our own countrymen, to endeavour to weaken their efforts, is the madness of folly. The volunteers of Britain have already shewn themselves worthy to meet the enemies in the field; since, disregarding the obloquy and the sneers of disappointed pride, they have proceeded coolly, firmly, and deliber-

ately, in their noble purpose to perfect themselves in the use of arms, and to qualify themselves for that truly most honourable name, the name of citizen soldiers.

Yes! in spite of the ridicule of France, in spite of the equally ill-founded scorn of some of our own countrymen, the volunteers of Britain have justly appreciated the nature of the services required of them. Who can fight with more ardour for wealth, for property, for honour, for family, for friends, for country, than he who arms himself to fight for his own property, his own honour, the honour of the dearest ties of blood, the honour of his friends, the safety and independence of his country? We would not depreciate the merits of a force paid for its services, nor make a comparison on different degrees of skill; but its motives for exertion the volunteer assuredly is not inferior to the regular; nor because he exercises only at times suited to his other occupations is he surpassed by every one whose daily employment is the use of arms. It is not the number of hours employed in the military any more than the other arts which will perfect the artist; and the diligence, the assiduity, the ardour of the volunteer, will more than compensate for the hours which others can bestow on military exertions.

Continue then, volunteers of Britain! as ye have begun. Perfect yourselves in the use of arms, without losing sight of the equally important duties of life. Be convinced that there is nothing in the state of a soldier which is not compatible with the duties and the employment of the citizen. Make the practice of arms your amusement: imitate the ancient Romans in this respect, but detest their love of war and spirit of domination. If your services should be required against the ene-

mies of your country, let a just reliance on Him who alone giveth victory in the day of battle be your support; and let each man act as if the whole honour of the country depended on his single exertions.

ON SENSIBILITY AND DELICACY.

I WAS lately in company with one of those persons whom nature has endowed with an extreme sensibility of heart: she complained of the pains which that sensibility caused, and maintained that all who resembled her must expect to pass their lives in anxiety and perpetual agitation. I answered, that if sensibility might be considered as the source of all our pains, it was also the source of all our pleasures, and the origin of all our virtues. At that moment I felt, though confusedly, the truth of what I had advanced; and, on my returning home, I examined that proposition more closely, as I am not willing to believe what I cannot prove to myself.

Every one boasts of having a heart tender and delicate; and even those who know themselves deficient in the finer feelings endeavour to persuade others that they possess those qualities which are often injudiciously confounded together. A heart may be tender without being delicate, but it can never be delicate without being tender. Tenderness of heart, or sensibility, is often to be met with in people of very confined ideas; but delicacy either supposes good sense or produces it. Sensibility may sometimes be accompanied with gross vices; but delicacy, on the contrary, contains the seeds of every virtue.

I call that a susceptible or tender heart which is moved by the suf-

ferings of another, and is eased by relieving those sufferings: which wishes to see all around satisfied and happy, and freely gives itself up to love those it ought, without too much examining why it does so. These persons of susceptibility are very useful in society: they may be offended with impunity, they are so disposed to indulgence; and if they do not change their conduct when they perceive any neglect towards them, it is because they regard themselves in the good they do, and are too tenacious of the satisfaction they receive to deprive themselves of it because others are ungrateful. They will very readily say—'Is it my fault if you abuse my favours? and will it be just for me to punish myself for your ingratitude? The bounty of this kind of persons is commonly blind and undistinguishing. Nothing is required to obtain all you want from them but to move their feelings; and they more frequently assist you in proportion to the impression you have made on them, than according to your real wants. They often bestow their favours without being careful to save the distressed from shame; and make them purchase a benefit very dearly, by the humiliating circumstances with which it is accompanied; and yet they do all this with the greatest good-will imaginable. They would be sorry to afflict you, because your pain would increase their own. They love all mankind so generally, and so equally, that their sensibility is exhausted; and they can offer no more to the most meritorious than to those who deserve the least. I think I mistake not in advancing that this species of sensibility has its foundation in weakness and self-love. The proof is evident: place these persons in a situation not to behold any persons who are distressed, their kindness remains idle:

they never seek for the wretched in order to relieve them. Yet do not, hence, think that they want sensibility; for they will feel upon the first occasion which offers. Then the heart is moved, its tenderness awakes, and it suffers at the distresses of another, till it has procured its own ease, by assisting the miserable cause of its disquiet. Another proof of what I have advanced is, that this kind of tenderness is most often found in those who have suffered themselves: the sight of another's misfortunes awakens in them a painful remembrance of what they felt in a similar situation; they hasten to banish the disagreeable idea which pains them, and mechanically, by a kind of involuntary instinct, they relieve the objects, less to render them service than to banish their own uneasy sensations.

Thus it appears that this quality does not suppose great knowledge or great virtue, and sufficiently distinguishes the merely susceptible from the delicate heart. The latter knows all the degrees of misfortune, and proportions its assistance to the situation of the unhappy. There is no occasion to awaken its tenderness, to put it in action: it conceives and anticipates wants which are not publicly shewn, and even prevents those sorrows which do not yet exist. Free in its bounties, it always bestows them with reflection; it may be determined by circumstances, but never forced. As it acts coolly, it is always in a condition to banish whatever may be painful to those whom it relieves; and even gives in with such precaution and delicacy of manner, as not to shock the modesty of the relieved, and thus doubles the value of what it bestows. The possessors of the truly delicate heart have that sensibility for all mankind in general which true humanity inspires, but

there remains in them also an immense fund which they know how to distribute properly, and according to the merit which they see, or think they see, in the persons to whom they attach themselves.

A heart truly delicate is always tender, and thence arise the pains and anxieties to which it is continually exposed. If the objects of its attachment become ungrateful, how is it torn, both in regard to them and itself!—to them, who degrade themselves by ingratitude, and to itself, that it has been deceived; yet it sooner pardons the wrong done to itself, than that which they suffer who abuse its goodness. But if its friends are essentially faithful to the duties of friendship, yet will its delicacy raise up phantoms to encounter with: the least omission, the slightest failure, wounds, disquiets, and torments it; and it takes such pains to nourish uneasiness, that one would think that uneasiness were its proper element. It reflects upon a word, a look, and interprets it twenty different ways. If it has nothing to reproach the objects of its attachment with, yet their absence, their sickness, their disquiets, may even those which never have happened, but to which as mortals they may be subjected, are all so many stings to a delicate heart.

CAMILLA.

THE INTRIGUE;

OR,

The LOVERS who were PERSUADED to be in LOVE.

(*A Tale, from the French.*)

Il y a des gens qui n'auroient jamais été amoureux, s'ils n'avoient jamais entendu parler de l'amour*. *Max. de la Rochefoucault.*

WE have heard many declamations against maternal predilections,

* There are persons who would never have been in love, if they had never heard talk of being in love.

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and with reason are they blamed when they are manifested by unjust preferences, or even by such as are too strongly marked; yet must it be admitted that they have always a foundation in reason. A mother, in her fears and hopes, may be deceived with respect to the future, but she always judges rightly for the present: for who, indeed, can have a more perfect knowledge of the real character and disposition of her children? The Roman general Æmilius Paulus replied to a person who expressed his surprise that he should have divorced his wife, who was both beautiful and virtuous—'You can see that my shoe is well made, and appears to fit me exactly; but you cannot tell where it pinches my foot.'—Still more difficult is it to fathom the sensible and delicate heart of a mother, when she appears to choose between objects so dear to her. It is doubtless a fault, but it has for its cause a misfortune. While we censure we ought to lament, and to believe that a mother who acts thus is more imprudent than unjust.

The partial affection of the marchioness de Forlis for Louisa, her eldest daughter, was generally condemned; for Juliette was considered as much more amiable, and in fact she was so. Louisa, who was twenty years of age, had that external appearance and manners which all candid persons commend, but which please nobody. Her own sex all admitted that she was handsome, and her mother believed she was beautiful.

From a description of her person in general terms, she might be thought to be extremely handsome. She had large eyes, a small mouth, and fine teeth; she was of a fair complexion, and well proportioned. But her large eyes were round, and a little projecting; her mouth open-

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ed disagreeably, her look was destitute of expression, and her aquiline and somewhat turned-up nose gave a peculiar cast to her features, which the flatterers of madame de Forlis sometimes called a mild melancholy, and sometimes dignity. This unfortunate nose was, besides, not unfrequently made the subject of vulgar wit by the waiting maids of the marchioness and the other domestics. The person of Louisa, though perfectly regular in its proportions, had, as well as the whole of her carriage, a certain stiffness, which was held forth by her mother as the perfect example of gracefulness and elegance. Louisa, with very little sprightliness and wit, possessed some knowledge and talents; but unfortunately she had applied them only to things which have no enlivening charm, but appear dull and heavy in society. She drew, with frigid exactness, large heads and academical figures, in black and white chalk on blue paper; and the marchioness shewed with exultation the *antique Torso*, and the *excoriated Marsyas*, the two most finished drawings of Louisa, which had been framed, and hung up to decorate the parlour. Louisa in studying history had remembered only dates; but her knowledge of these, and the readiness with which she could adduce them, was extraordinary: in geography she could repeat the names, and give some account of the course of a prodigious number of rivers and rivulets. She had likewise made a great progress in music; and the marchioness, who, in her younger days, had been reckoned an excellent player on the harpsichord, was extremely pleased at her preferring that instrument to the *piano-forte*. Louisa, from a sentiment of filial piety truly respectable, always played on a large old harpsichord made

by Rucker, which had been her mother's, and performed on it, only, old and long sonatas, which her mother had played in her youth. Madame de Forlis melted into ecstasy in listening to the pieces of Scarlatti, Galoppi, Alberti, &c. She was not to blame for continuing to admire them; but modern amateurs did not entirely participate in her enthusiasm. Louisa was fond only of the graver kind of dance: she had been told that that only suited the dignity of her figure; and she had the reputation of dancing a minuet in a very superior style, by the constant exercise of which talent she spread a languor and gloom through all the balls to which she was invited: for it is well known how little the minuet is relished by vulgar dancers, and how impatient its conclusion is wished for, that country-dances and reels may recommence. Louisa, in fine, was always insipid, and often disagreeable, in polite companies; but she possessed qualities which are pleasing to all mothers, and which render a young person amiable in a family. She was remarkable for order, economy, and a taste for the occupations suitable to her sex. She had a cool head, a good heart, and a pliable disposition: she was grateful, loved her mother, and confided in her alone.

Great moralists, when they propose to instruct youth, only tell them what may be imparted in a brilliant manner, and arrayed in the ornaments of eloquence: they treat only of the principal duties; and who can be ignorant of them? But there is a kind of advice, frivolous in appearance, which, perhaps, may be much more useful; and which is left to be given by authors of a very inferior class. I may be permitted then to inform young females, that nothing usually is more agreeable to a mother than

for her daughter to consult her on the subject of dress, especially if the mother has arrived at that age when she is no longer very attentive to her own: for though it may be commonly supposed that her taste is then somewhat antiquated, does she not retain a sufficiency, and will she not exert it for the embellishment of her daughter? So thought the good Louisa: 'My mother,' said she, 'knows better than I do what becomes me.' This sentiment alone might have determined a prudent man to marry the woman who was influenced by it with unaffected sincerity. In fine, if I may be permitted the observation, the female who, at twenty, implicitly permits herself to be guided in this particular, is never indocile in any other.

Juliette, who was handsome, lively, witty, and charming, loved and respected her mother; but she thought her taste in many things very Gothic, and her own was extremely different. She made no account of Rucker's harpsichords; she detested grave dances, even the *minuet de la cour*, notwithstanding the two or three more sprightly parts which enliven it a little; and she could only endure the gavot with which it concludes. She set not the least value on the pieces of Scarlatti; she only played their variations on a *piano-forte* of the newest fashion. She had chosen an instructress—but it was not her mother; and a friend—but it was not her sister. The countess of Adrienne, niece to madame de Forlis, possessed entirely the confidence of Juliette. She was a young person of twenty-six, much inferior to Juliette, both in understanding and the qualities of the heart; but who dressed well, had a knowledge of the world, and conversed with an agreeable vivacity. She flattered madame de Forlis, and gave bad ad-

vice to her daughter. The marchioness was jealous of the friendship which Juliette manifested for the countess, and consequently somewhat hurt by it; yet still she entertained a good opinion of her, and had indeed a great regard for her.

The two sisters lived together in the most perfect harmony, notwithstanding the difference in their characters; because both possessed a just sense of propriety, and much native goodness of heart. The marchioness de Forlis, who was a widow, rich, and mistress of her fortune, proposed to divide it equally between her two daughters: but she was determined to marry Louisa first; and till then Juliette only had, by her beauty and natural graces, attracted a suitor. The viscount de Fonrose had become passionately enamoured of her. Of an illustrious birth, and in possession of a considerable fortune and an unblemished character, he added to these, at the age of twenty-nine, the most pleasing personal endowments. Juliette participated in the sentiments of affection with which she had inspired him; but, guided by the advice of the countess Adrienne, she carefully concealed every thing from her mother; who, not even knowing that Fonrose was in love with Juliette, flattered herself that he might be brought to conceive an affection for Louisa, to whom she therefore by every means endeavoured to attract his notice. Fonrose, who was very desirous to please madame de Forlis, expressed great admiration of the *antique Torso* and the *Marsyas*. When Louisa played her fine sonatas, Fonrose took his seat by the side of the harpsichord, which at all times has been considered as a proof of love. In short, he had several times danced a minuet with her; and madame de Forlis, who had observed in si-

lence all these favourable symptoms, began to conceive the greatest hopes.

In the mean time, Fonrose had resolved to avail himself of the first opportunity which should offer to speak to the marchioness, and solicit the hand of Juliette. But from this the countess of Adrienne strongly dissuaded him.—‘No,’ said she, ‘you must not think of it: you will certainly be refused, as so many others have been. Recollect that a husband must first be found for Louisa. Surely some man may be found who has sense enough to prefer the eldest to the youngest.’

‘An idea strikes me!’ exclaimed Fonrose; ‘it may, perhaps, be useful.—You know, at least by name, the old baron of Verdac?’

‘But too well,’ answered Adrienne; ‘he is carrying on a vexatious law-suit against my father.’

‘He has just sent,’ continued Fonrose, ‘from his estate in Languedoc, his only son, the viscount de Verdac, whom he has recommended to me in the most earnest terms, and I have already presented the young man at court.’

‘What is his age?’

‘Twenty-two. He is rich, and of a respectable character.’

‘Is he a good figure?’

‘Yes: he has not indeed all the graces in the world.’

‘I have my doubts.’

‘He is what is called a handsome man.’

‘Is he as handsome as Louisa is beautiful?’

‘Precisely so. He stands five feet ten; has black hair; a timid and cold manner; marked features.’

‘I think I see him.’

‘No pains have been spared in his education; and his progress in learning, and his natural abilities, are much commended.’

‘He is very learned and very silly!—this is certainly the man we want. Heaven has formed him to be the husband of the discreet and perfect Louisa.—My aunt sets out for the country to-morrow; it will be proper to ask her permission to introduce to her your cousin.’

‘It will.’

‘And you will confide your secret to the viscount, that he may not embarrass you, by misplacing his attention?’

‘By no means; for my young cousin has so high an opinion of my taste, that were I to let him know all I think of Juliette, he would become enamoured of her from respect to my discernment.’

‘You will, then, only praise to him her sister?’

‘Such is my plan.’

‘I imagine he has not very violent passions?’

‘No; he is extremely temperate in that respect.’

‘He is in the army, I suppose?’

‘Yes; but as the garrison in which he serves is only two leagues from the family mansion, he has never been from under his father’s eye, till now that he has sent him to Paris; and he must return within a month.’

‘And you really think that you shall be able to persuade him to fall in love with Louisa?’

‘I will make the experiment. I am sure he will listen to my praises of her, and believe all I say, though he has scarcely heard of such a thing as love.’

‘At his age, however, some little idea may be formed of it.’

‘Oh! he forms no ideas. The only difficulty is, that his father, as I have been told in confidence, has already planned a marriage for him, which is almost completely arranged.’

'Has the young man seen the lady his father designs for him?'

'Not yet, nor does he know her name; and, as he has no great curiosity, he is not desirous to know it; since he is certain, as he has said to me, that his father will make no match for him that is not perfectly suitable and proper.'

'Suppose this unknown lady should prove to be Louisa!'

'No; that cannot be; for he knows, and it is all he does know of her, that his intended spouse is the daughter of a gentleman in the profession of the law.'

'The old baron of Verdac is the enemy of my father; I shall be delighted to contribute to disconcert his plans. I will spare no pains to induce his son the viscount to admire Louisa.'

'She is of a very cold disposition?'

'She has been so ridiculously brought up. She has never read any romances: I offered to lend her some, very moral ones, too, I am sure; and do you know she refused them, saying, her mamma did not approve that kind of reading!'

'Well, we must make her furnish a subject for one, of which she may be the heroine.'

'If Juliette will but aid us in our scheme!—'

'Oh! I will answer for her.'

The same day on which this conversation passed, Fonrose presented the viscount de Verdac to madame de Forlis, who received very favourably the youth to whom Fonrose was the cousin and the mentor. She even invited him to supper, and the invitation was accepted. The viscount, till that time, partly from indifference and partly from timidity, had scarcely looked at any woman; but having been informed in the morning, by the most accomplished man of fashion

of his acquaintance, that Louisa was the greatest beauty in Paris, he was desirous to see this master-piece of nature, and his eyes were in consequence frequently fixed on her. When the company rose to repair to the card-tables, Fonrose pointed out to the viscount the large drawings of Louisa, saying to him, *Those are superb*. The viscount, though he was tolerably well acquainted with Latin, Greek, German, history, and geometry, had not the least knowledge of the arts; and, at the first view, mistook the *Torso* for a kind of cuirass, and could not avoid making a grimace when he saw the *Marsylis*. But Fonrose explained to him what he was ignorant of; and the viscount repeated after him that these two pieces were *superb*. At the same moment, Louisa approaching to invite Fonrose to the card-table, the latter advised his friend, in a whisper, to say something complimentary to her on her drawings. The viscount, in compliance with this advice, and with extreme embarrassment, said to Louisa, blushing—'Miss, we have been admiring your *Torso* and your *skeleton*, which are delightful.' At this fine compliment, Louisa, who was well acquainted with the language of artists, could not refrain from laughing; which completed the confusion of poor Verdac. Fonrose, however, encouraged him, by assuring him that Louisa did not laugh in ridicule of what he had said; but that, from an excess of modesty, she always took for pleasantries the most sincere and appropriate praises. At supper, the countess Adrienne contrived to place the viscount by the side of Louisa; and Fonrose introduced the subject of geography, to afford an opportunity to miss de Forlis to display her knowledge in that science, especially with respect to the different rivers of France. The viscount was de-

lighted to find that the conversation had turned on a subject with which he was acquainted, and interrogated Louisa with respect to all the rivers of Languedoc; and she answered with a precision that greatly excited his admiration. This conversation lasted all supper-time: for the viscount, who was perfectly well acquainted with the province from which he came, did not spare her a single rivulet; and was so enchanted with the readiness of her answers, that, when they rose from table, he said to Fonrose—'Miss de Forlis has a great deal of wit.'

The two sisters slept in the same chamber; and when they had retired, Juliette, while undressing, asked Louisa if she had observed how attentively the viscount de Verdac had fixed his eyes on her.—'I own,' answered she, 'that I sometimes found him looking at me.'

'His attention, indeed, seemed to be engrossed by you in a very extraordinary manner.'

'He appears to be a very agreeable young man; he talks with propriety, and his conversation is instructive.'

'He is said to be very learned: he understands almost all languages, is a great mathematician, and has a knowledge of all the sciences. Did you not find him well versed in geography?'

'Yes; he is extremely well versed in that science: the questions he put to me sufficiently proved it. It is pity that he cannot converse as well, and in as proper terms, on the subject of the arts.'

'The arts! he is passionately fond of them.'

'His manner of praising my drawings was, however, very singular.'

'Oh! you may be certain that was merely a pleasantry; the countess Adrienne, who knows him well, says that he has a great deal of wit.'

'At supper I thought he had.'

'And he has much vivacity.'

'Yet there is something rather heavy and harsh in his countenance.'

'It is the more interesting on that account.'

'Yes, there is a kind of contrast.'

Here the conversation ended; but Juliette resolved to resume it, in the same manner, the first opportunity.

At the same time, Fonrose, on his part, when alone with the viscount, entered into the most rapturous praises of the perfections of Louisa; and his young country cousin admitted that he had never seen any lady so beautiful and so accomplished.

The next day, madame de Forlis set out for her country-house at Chevilly, near Paris. Fonrose was invited to pass a week there, and to bring with him his young friend. They accepted the invitation; and the countess of Adrienne was likewise of the party.

(To be continued.)

THE WELSH WEDDING.

(From Malkin's Scenery, Antiquities, and Biography, of South Wales.)

ILL may it befall the traveller who has the misfortune of meeting with a Welsh wedding on the road; he would be inclined to suppose that he had fallen in with a company of lunatics, escaped from their confinement. It is the custom of the whole party that are invited, both men and women, to ride full speed to the church-porch; and the person who arrives there first has some privilege or distinction at the marriage feast. To this important object all inferior considerations give way, whether the safety of his ma-

esty's subjects who are not going to be married, or their own, incessantly endangered by boisterous, unskilful, and contentious jockeyship. The natives, who are acquainted with the custom, and warned against the cavalcade by its vociferous approach, turn aside at a respectful distance; but the stranger will be fortunate if he escapes being overthrown by an onset, the occasion of which puts out of sight that urbanity so generally characteristic of the people.

ANECDOTE of MACKLIN.

THIS veteran of the stage sitting one night at the back of the front boxes, with a gentleman of his acquaintance (before the late alterations at Covent-Garden theatre took place), one of the under-bred box-lobby loungers of the present day stood up immediately before him, whose person, being rather large, covered the sight of the stage entirely from him. Macklin took fire at this; but managing himself with more temper than usual, patted him gently on the shoulder with his cane, and, with much seeming civility, requested of him, when he saw or heard any thing that was entertaining on the stage, to let him and the gentleman with him know of it; 'for you see, my dear sir,' added he, 'that at present we must totally depend on your kindness.' This had the desired effect;—and the loungeer walked off.

MISCELLANEOUS THOUGHTS.

WE may love solitude without being misanthropes; none are less susceptible of real attachment than

dissipated persons: souls of sensibility withdraw from the multitude.

In business of importance, an inviolable secrecy is necessary; in the ordinary commerce of life, a prudent reserve: but the connections of the heart require a confidence without bounds.

Pride frequently mistakes astonishment for admiration.

Hatred and anger sometimes give wit to fools.

We sometimes do justice to our enemies, to obtain an advantage over them.

The presence of the object we love compensates us for every thing, even for her coldness.

We imagine it is impossible for us to conquer our passion, because we do not sincerely wish to conquer it.

A person deficient in understanding cannot abound in sensibility.

It is less painful never to have been loved, than to cease to be loved by the object of our affection.

Self-love is more frequently duped than sincerity.

Those who have loved find pleasure in reading romances, as travellers do in looking over maps of the countries they have visited.

A man of understanding will sometimes contradict, in the same manner as we may knock at a door to know if any person is at home.

Coarse and vulgar jealousy is a distrust of the object beloved; delicate jealousy is a distrust of ourselves.

The dissatisfaction which follows pleasure is much worse than that which precedes it; it wants the desire and hope of enjoyment.

In the decline of life, the past is so much talked of only because the present makes too little impression, and the future would make too much.

To speak much and well is the talent of genius; to speak little and well is the characteristic of the wise man; to speak much and ill is the impertinence of the simple; to speak little and ill, is the misfortune of fools.

A man of sense is silent among fools, from the same reason that a rich man sometimes refuses alms to beggars:—he has no small money.

PARISIAN FASHIONS.

(With an Engraving elegantly coloured.)

VELVET has not been for a long time so much in vogue for the dress of the head. In full dress, a *toque* of black velvet, or deep blue, cherry-colour, or Turkish red, is worn, with an *aigrette* of diamonds, or an *esprit*. There are at least twenty sorts of velvet hats, all different. Those of an entirely round form, afterwards flattened and turned up before, are the most common. Sometimes the velvet is intersected or striped with yellow or white satin. Some hats are made of satin, with spots, or small stripes, of velvet: there are others of plain satin of the *vigogne*, cherry, or deep blue, colour: the feathers are still so placed that the points fall over the forehead. The cloth hats are lined with white satin; they are usually made *à l'Espagnole*, that is, with a large and flat crown and a small rim, or in the manner of a hunting hat. The fashion of small caps, with puckered trimmings under a hat, still continues. These trimmings are likewise worn with *fichus* of Turkish muslin, of which some make a turban.

The new ribands are *epinglés*, or made resembling velvet; others

with a plain ground have a *passepil*, or chain-lace of velvet.

In full dress, some ladies of fashion wear a *mameluke* of fine taffety, with a large round collar without trimming. Light grey and pearl grey silk robes are much in fashion.

The number of *douillettes* does not increase. According to the newest fashion, the cloth capotes or great coats should have mother-of-pearl buttons; there ought to be ten on each side. These great-coats are usually made of white kerseymire, of very deep chamois, or grey-peach coloured kerseymire; and have two velvet collars. The amazon dresses, which were all blue or brown, are now made of cloth or kerseymire, of the colour of these great coats, with mother-of-pearl buttons.

The fashionable dresses represented in the plate are:—1. Hat of blue taffety, ornamented with flowers, and fastened on the top of the head by a riband. Short robe of white muslin, with a *torsade* at bottom. White embroidered shawl: pearl necklace: yellow gloves: yellow shoes.

2. Head dress in hair with a band. White robe, with a gold embroidery at bottom: short sleeves, spotted with gold: lapis lazuli necklace: gold ear-rings.

LONDON FASHIONS.

STRAW, Egyptian brown, and puce velvet, bonnets are still worn in the morning; together with the Spanish beaver hat, the colour Egyptian brown. In the evening, the plain Grecian head-dress or *Egyptienne*. Purple and green bunches of grapes are worn for assemblies, in the form of wreaths and scarlet flowers. Turbans are

Engraved for the Ladies Magazine, Jan. 1805.



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PARIS DRESS.

much worn of an evening. At the last opera few diamonds were sported; in fact, dress seems exploded, until the fashionable season commences, which will be immediately after the birth-day.—Purple and green grapes are still worn as wreaths at balls and assemblies. Scarlet flowers are likewise worn.

An entirely new article has been introduced by our most fashionable ladies, in shawls made from the fur of the seal of the South-seas: they are ornamented with gold cord, India or Grecian borders and tassels, and have a very elegant and novel effect, as well as defending the fair wearer from the cold, being warmer, softer, and equally light as the Indian shawl.—Pelisses, and dresses made of the Georgian cloth, in its *natural colour*, which is very beautiful, will also be much worn in the first circles.—India shawls (put on as worn on the continent) are becoming more the rage than ever: a successful imitation of them has recently been made in this country, and will, we have no doubt, receive every encouragement from the ladies of the British isles.

Full Dresses.

Evening dress of a fine cambric, striped with lace; long sleeves made quite plain; the dress made full over the bosom, and confined in front with a medallion or brooch.—A small cap, trimmed with velvet, and a lace veil thrown carelessly over it.—A full dress of fine white muslin, made open from the sides, and trimmed with lace: short sleeves, made of alternate stripes of lace and muslin; the bosom formed by a divided handkerchief, which is fastened to the side of the dress, and crossed over the bosom. A petticoat the same as the dress,

trimmed round the bottom with lace. The head dressed with a veil, and a bandeau of diamonds or other ornaments in front.

Head Dresses.

A morning cap of white lace over coloured silk, with a full lace border. A deep frill of white lace round the neck.—A hat of amaranth velvet, covered with blond lace, and trimmed with black velvet. A feather to match the hat.—A handkerchief-cap of white crape, finished with a bow on the left side.—Peruvian hats of coloured velvet, ornamented with velvet wreaths.—Turban of ruby-coloured crape.

General Observations.—The prevailing colours are green, yellow, and puce. Spanish hats of coloured velvet, with feathers to match, are generally worn. Black velvet pelisses, trimmed all round with lace, are most prevalent.

ACCOUNT of the NEW COMEDY called THE SCHOOL OF REFORM, OR HOW TO RULE A HUSBAND; performed for the first time at the Theatre-Royal, Covent-Garden, on Tuesday, January 15.

THE characters were thus represented:

Lord Avondale	- -	Mr. Cooke.
General Tarragan	-	Mr. Munden.
Ferment	- - -	Mr. Lewis.
Frederick	- - -	Mr. C. Kemble.
Old Man	- - -	Mr. Murray.
Tyke	- - -	Mr. Emery.
Mrs. St. Clair	- -	Mrs. Gibbs.
Mrs. Ferment	- -	Mrs. Litchfield.
Julia Tarragan	- -	Miss Brunton.
Mrs. Nicely	- - -	Mrs. Davenport.
Shelah	- - - -	Mrs. St. Leger.

The plot is complicated, and embraces a variety of incident.

Mr. Radmor, afterwards *Lord Avondale*, is in early life attached to a young and virtuous girl, but holding a very humble rank in life: they are *privately* married: he goes abroad in the suit of an ambassador, and she follows him; the ambassador dies, and he is unexpectedly promoted to the appointment: a title succeeds, and he becomes disgusted with the base marriage he has formed, and by secret agency has her accused of practising against the religion of the country; she is immured in a convent, and he supposes her dead.—*Frederick*, a son by this marriage, he places in the custody of a young tenant of his (*Tyke*); the money sent to him turns his brain, he is ruined at Newmarket, and is banished fourteen years for the crime of horse-stealing. *Frederick*, intrusted to his care, is deserted, but is placed in the School of Reform, and accidentally becomes serviceable to *Lord Avondale*, who makes him his secretary. The play commences with *Lord Avondale's* arrival at his family-seat, where he has come to be united to the daughter of *General Tarragan*, who has also arrived from abroad, and has brought with him *Mrs. Radmor*, who assumes the name of *St. Clair*, and who, by continental revolutions, has been liberated from the convent where she was confined: she is determined (having the certificate of marriage, letters, and jewels in her possession, to establish her claim) to institute an enquiry respecting her child; and by a miniature which is sent from *Lord Avondale* to *Miss Tarragan*, she discovers that he is *Mr. Radmor*, her husband, and she determines secretly to prevent her husband adding a further crime to what he has committed, by a second marriage. *Tyke*, who pursues his bad courses, is brought

before *Lord Avondale*: he recognizes him, and he disclaims any knowledge of the child; but says, that, by a mark made with gunpowder, he will be enabled to identify him, should they ever meet. *Lord Avondale* then discovers that *Mrs. St. Clair* has, by the evidences she possesses, power to ruin his reputation, and determines, at any risk, to obtain possession of them. He sounds *Tyke* on the subject; but he, having found his father, is affected by sincere contrition, and refuses to become his agent. *Lord Avondale*, goaded on by the dread of immediate exposure, determines himself to obtain those evidences by force: he disguises himself, and effects his purpose, but is pursued; and *Frederick*, to save *Lord Avondale*, whom he ardently loves, assumes the disguise he wore when he is supposed to have taken the property.

The marriage is about to be celebrated between *Lord Avondale* and *Miss Tarragan*, when his wife places herself at the entrance of the chapel; and, on the door opening, he beholds her demanding her lost son: in the mean time, *Tyke* has discovered that *Frederick* is her son, who rushes in, and *Lord Avondale*, on beholding his wife and child restored, kneels to Heaven in gratitude and contrition.

This play, of which *Mr. Morton* is the avowed author, bears strong marks, in its principal lineaments, of being drawn from the models of the German school, which, however justly or not we shall not now take upon us to determine, have of late years obtained much popularity, and have been copied by the dramatic writers of almost all the theatres of Europe.

Mr. and *Mrs. Ferment*—the former a scheming half-witted husband, the latter a cheerful rational wife, who has discovered that the only way to rule her husband is to

hold her tongue—furnish out the principal comic incidents, and give the second title to the play.

The character of *Tyke*, without comparison the best drawn and the best performed in the piece, excites uncommon sympathy, and the spectator is almost tempted to extenuate the crime for which this misguided rustic, who eventually reaches the proudest heights of virtue, has been banished from his country. We have scarcely ever witnessed a dramatic illusion which more strongly affected us, than that vigorous and admirable scene, in which he describes his separation from his aged father. Mr. Emery played it with uncommon power; never have the phrensy of guilt, remorse, and despair, been pourtrayed with more truth and terrific impression.

General Tarragan does not appear to us to be of English origin; he is, notwithstanding, a very entertaining character, and the audience seemed well pleased with the eccentric manner in which it was sustained by Munden. The part of *Lord Avondale* did not afford sufficient scope for the talents of Mr. Cooke; the meanness with which he suffered *Frederick* to expose himself to the consequences of the supposed commission of a capital offence sunk him so much in the estimation of the audience, that even his subsequent repentance and restoration to virtue did not re-establish him in their favour. There are none of the other characters, except that of the loquacious Housekeeper, who is perpetually regretting the loss of a memory minutely tenacious, that can boast of any novelty.

We cannot bestow sufficient praise upon the sentiments. They are clothed in nervous language, and are all elevated, refined, and ennobling. The whole comic strength of the company is called forth, and the dif-

ferent performers exerted themselves to the utmost in their respective parts.

The epilogue was a very lively and pleasant one, and it was admirably spoken by Mrs. Litchfield.

LADIES' DRESSES on her MAJESTY'S BIRTH-DAY.

The Queen—AN elegant white satin petticoat, with a net work embroidered in purple, and a rich velvet border at the bottom of the petticoat, with white velvet, white chenail, and silk flowers, and small fancy tassels; the drapery on the right side of the purple velvet, embroidered in white relieved with large points which draw up the drapery; that on the left side embroidered in bunches of large leaves; and rich purple and white tassels, intermixed with acorns and embroidered bows, finished this dress, which had a most noble appearance. The mantle of purple and white fancy velvet, with an elegant velvet embroidered border to correspond with the dress.

Princess of Wales—The robe composed of ruby velvet, richly embroidered with silver, also polished steel to form large branches and wreaths of flowers; the train was trimmed all round with a most elegant fringe; the body tastefully ornamented with diamonds, point lace, and gold laurel; the petticoat of white satin, embroidered silver and polished steel to correspond with the dress; the head-dress of diamonds and ostrich feathers.

Princess Augusta—A magnificent dress of green satin, superbly embroidered in stripes of gold foil relieved by festoons richly spangled; draperies of green velvet, richly embroidered with a superbly elegant

border of gold; Parisian net in festoons of rich foil strawberry leaves; Hussar sash of green velvet, embroidered in stripes; at the bottom of the petticoat was displayed a beautiful shell-work in gold; the whole looped up with rich cords and tassels; train, green and gold velvet tissue.

Princess Elizabeth—The same as princess Augusta, in royal purple; train, purple and gold velvet tissue in checks. Her royal highness wore a profusion of diamonds in her head-dress.

Princess Mary—Wore a petticoat of real purple satin, with three magnificent draperies of purple velvet, richly spangled in rings with large gold foil, vine leaves elegantly entwined and interspersed throughout the whole; each drapery trimmed with most beautiful Brussels point; the left side of the petticoat covered with two long sashes in purple velvet, richly embroidered in the eastern style, and trimmed all round with the same beautiful point that finished the draperies; the bottom in waves of gold; and vine leaves finished this superb dress, which, for the simplicity and elegance displayed in the *tout ensemble*, surpassed every thing of the kind we have ever seen. Train, purple and gold tissue in checks, the same as her royal highness princess Elizabeth.

Princess Sophia—A petticoat of orange-coloured satin, richly embroidered in silver draperies of real black lace, with rich embroidered borders of silver foil, intermixed with the lace: the whole had a most costly and superb effect, and finished with rich silver cords and tassels: train, orange-coloured velvet and silver tissue.

Princess Sophia of Gloucester—A beautiful dress of white and gold; the petticoat white satin superbly

embroidered with gold in stripes, the bottom ornamented with rich border and gold fringe: the drapery consisted of a very elegant gold embroidered net, which had a very striking and brilliant effect; train of gold tissue trimmed with gold, to correspond.

Duchess of York—A white crape petticoat richly embroidered in silver waves, with the Etruscan border of real silver, oriental lamé on geranium-coloured crape; draperies of the oriental real silver lamé with wreaths of geranium beautifully painted on velvet; double draperies of crape so closely spangled with small silver spangles as almost to conceal the crape; head-dress, diamonds and feathers; train, geranium-coloured satin, trimmed with silver.

Princess Castelfidardo—An elegant dress of white crape, richly embroidered in gold; drapery of purple velvet and gold spangles; train of purple velvet, embroidered and trimmed with gold.

Duchess of Dorset—A superb dress, but did not appear, on account of a death in the family.

Duchess of Roxburgh—A petticoat of white crape covered with a rich mosaïque of gold and silver spangles, border royal purple velvet embroidered in real gold, oriental lamé with sprays of wheat in coloured brilliant stones to imitate topazes and rubies, and large real coques deperles set in gold; draperies, white crape, covered with hearts-ease, richly embroidered in the gold oriental lamé; border the same pattern as the petticoat, but still richer; double drapery, a gold net; head-dress, royal purple; feathers with a tiara of diamonds; train of royal purple velvet, with a deep border of real gold oriental lamé, and brilliant stones entirely round.

Marchioness of Headfort—A

white crape petticoat, with drapery of Turkish silk, trimmed with white fur; robe of Turkish silk, trimmed with fur and point; head-dress, a beautiful Turkish turban and diamonds.

Marchioness of Hertford—A white crape petticoat, embroidered in gold, with a superb Etruscan border; rich sashes of white satin and gold; body and train of puce velvet, richly embroidered; head-dress, a plume of ostrich feathers and diamonds.

Marchioness of Stafford—A dress of green crape, richly embroidered with gold draperies of velvet, looped with bullion rope and tassels: robe of green velvet, superbly embroidered with gold, and trimmed with point; head-dress, velvet and diamonds.

Countess of Aylesbury—Head-dress, a rich gold cap, with six fine white ostrich feathers tastefully disposed and diamonds, with beautiful point lace lappets.

Countess of Aylesford—Head-dress, a black velvet bandeau, with a beautiful gold net, elegantly spangled, and rich gold tassels, with a plume of fine white ostrich feathers.

Countess of Cardigan—Brown velvet petticoat, superbly embroidered with gold; brown train, head-dress brown, feathers to correspond, with a great profusion of diamonds.

Countess of Dartmouth—A superb petticoat of white satin, with draperies of white crape and gold, with handsome alegroe borders; body and train of puce velvet richly embroidered to correspond; head-dress a white and gold turban, with diamonds, and a plume of ostrich feathers.

Countess Gerebsoff—A rich silver petticoat embroidered mosaic, elegantly decorated with point lace, and silver tassels: train, rich silver tissue; head-dress, a rich tiara of

diamonds and white feathers, and the gown richly decorated with diamonds.

Countess of Jersey—Petticoat and mantle draperies with supporter, all of rich white satin, enriched with a curiously embroidered Etruscan border, in matted gold pearls, the corners with full medallions of matted gold pearls, and the points finished with tassels of the same, a superb matted gold fringe round the bottom of the petticoat; the train Egyptian brown velvet, edged with the same embroidery; head-dress, a most brilliant diamond plume, and a plume of ostrich feathers.

Countess of Pembroke—A white satin petticoat richly embroidered with gold sprigs, puce velvet drapery, elegantly festooned with and fastened with embroidered bands of gold and tassels, puce velvet train trimmed to correspond.

Dowager Countess of Septon—A rich black velvet dress with white petticoat richly ornamented; head-dress, black velvet, ostrich feathers, and a superb diamond.

Countess St. Vincent—A white crape petticoat embroidered in gold, with an elegant border of black, and gold at the bottom of the petticoat; train, ruby coloured satin with gold fringe.

Countess Woronzow—A lilac crape petticoat, handsomely embroidered in gold, fastened with real gold clasps; black velvet train; head-dress, a plume of ostrich feathers and diamonds.

Viscountess Sidmouth—A very beautiful white satin dress, elegantly ornamented with gold, purple velvet drapery, richly embroidered with gold, purple velvet train.

Lady Deerhurst—Petticoat of white crape, with a mosaïque of gold spangles, border on arabesque of gold feathers on velvet of Egyptian brown, with orange-coloured

flowers, embroidered in gold, gold cord and tassels; train, pale blue sarsnet, trimmed with gold fringe; head-dress, diamonds and high white feathers.

Lady Elizabeth Fielding—A white satin dress, elegantly trimmed with swansdown, pearls, and lace; petticoat white crape, tastefully ornamented with swansdown, beads, and tassels; head-dress, pearls, swansdown, rich plume of ostrich feathers.

Lady Grantham—Petticoat white, strewed with gold leaves, bordered with a puce and gold net edged with gold, chenille drapery crape and gold straw, fastened on the right side with puce velvet wreaths, and gold tassels; left corners a rich drapery, bordered in puce and gold, and fastened with very rich gold cord and tassels. Train, puce velvet trimmed with gold and point lace; cap, puce white and gold with white ostrich plumes.

Lady Charlotte Greville—A petticoat of rich white satin, with an Etruscan border of gold embroidery on black velvet; draperies of real gold tissue, ornamented with gold cord and tassels, and drawn up with egraphs of gold on black velvet; train, black velvet, trimmed round with gold embroidery; sleeves gold tissue; head-dress gold tissue turban, with diamonds and white feathers.

Lady Huntingfield—Petticoat of white crape, embroidered in stripes of silver draperies of purple velvet, embroidered in wreaths of silver flowers, with rich Etruscan border; train, purple velvet, trimmed with silver, and silver stripes; head-dress purple velvet tiara, with white feathers.

Lady Langford—A dress of amber crape richly embossed with silver, draperies of slate velvet in deep points, embroidered with silver; robe of slate velvet, richly embroidered with silver and trimmed with

point; head-dress, amber and grey, drooping feathers and diamonds.

Lady Louisa Legg—A new and elegant dress of green and silver; wreaths of dead silver crossing the petticoat, and bunches of silver flowers; body and train of green velvet, and silver to correspond; head-dress, a plume of ostrich feathers.

Lady Lucas—A petticoat of crape bordered in white velvet and gold, with gold fringe; a drapery of crape strewed with gold, and festooned with ruby velvet, striped in gold chenille; left side fastened with very rich gold cord and tassel, rich loop, and embroidered in white velvet and gold; train ruby velvet, trimmed with gold; and blond cap white and ruby, with gold ornaments, and white ostrich plume.

Lady Price—A handsome white and gold petticoat, with a beautiful border of gold feathers, body and train of purple velvet embroidered in gold; head-dress purple velvet and gold, with a plume of ostrich feathers.

Lady Radstock—A body and train of black velvet, trimmed with point and silver; petticoat of white satin, drapery of black velvet, embroidered with silver and rose-coloured satin, drawn up with cord and tassels.

Lady Ranelagh—A white and silver petticoat, with elegant sashes embroidered on lace; train and body of white satin embroidered in silver to correspond; head-dress, a plume of ostrich feathers and diamonds.

Lady A. Culling Smith—A petticoat of white crape, richly spangled with a border of white satin, embroidered in gold; draperies, white crape, with a mosaïque of real gold rings; border of gold, embroidered with wreaths of lilacs, painted on velvet; gold cord and tassels; train, violet coloured velvet, trimmed

round with gold vandyked fringe; head-dress, diamonds and feathers.

Lady Mary Taylor—A white crape petticoat, ornamented with a shower of gold spangles, a Grecian drapery drawn up with cord and tassels, body and train of white satin trimmed with gold fringe.

Lady Isabella Thynne—A petticoat of white crape, embroidered in silver waves, rich silver Etruscan border, on amarantha velvet; draperies, a rich mosaïque of silver on white crape; Etruscan borders richly worked in satin, on amarantha velvet and shells of silver, the whole ornamented in silver, rich silver tassels and cord; train, amarantha velvet, embroidered in silver; head dress, silver bandeau and white feathers.

Lady Welby—A black velvet dress richly trimmed with point lace, swansdown and gold; superb embroidered crape petticoat, with swansdown and gold; head-dress, elegant plume of ostrich and paradise feathers, black velvet point lace, and a profusion of diamonds.

Baroness Walkin—A pearl colour satin petticoat, with a scarlet velvet drapery, elegantly arranged with beautiful point; a Turkish robe of scarlet velvet, trimmed with point to correspond with the petticoat.

Hon. Mrs. W. Stuart—A violet crape and puce velvet dress, richly embroidered with gold, festooned with gold rope and tassels; robe of velvet embroidered with gold and trimmed with point; head-dress, violet feathers and gold.

Mrs. Beaumont—A dress of amber crape and slate velvet, most superbly embroidered in borders of spangles and embossed silver; robe of slate velvet, trimmed with silver and point lace; head-dress, amber and argus feathers and diamonds.

Mrs. Beytagh—Lavender crape petticoat, hooped up with silver cord

and laurel foil, trimmed with fringe; the train of Chambery gauze, richly embroidered with silver spangles; head-dress and feathers to correspond, with a bandeau and star of diamonds; diamond necklace, forming a drapery in the centre, a miniature of her brother, and the initials of his name.

Mrs. Canning—A petticoat of ruby crape, very beautifully embroidered in silver intermixed with rings of velvet of the same colour; train of ruby velvet, most elegantly embroidered, with a Grecian border, forming a part of the drapery; the sleeves richly spangled and trimmed with beautiful point lace; head-dress, a bandeau of diamonds, and a plume of ostrich feathers.

Mrs. Dillon—A dress of great beauty, displaying a taste of true elegance and simplicity; it was of pink crape in drapery, ornamented with fringes of Roman pearl, and festooned with chains and tassels of the same; a robe of the same colour, ornamented with pearls.

Mrs. Joliffe—A body and train of white satin, the latter trimmed with silver-tasselled fringe; the sleeves ornamented with silver spangled net and point lace, drawn up with diamond loops and stars; petticoat white crape, with embroidery of convolvulus leaves, in silver and satin, forming a wreath from the right to the left, with a shower of spangles intermixed; the drapery drawn up with real silver bullion and tassels, and trimmed with silver-tasselled fringe of the same quality; head-dress of white ostrich feathers, with a diamond bandeau, feather, and crescent, diamond necklace cross, bracelets, and ear-rings.

Mrs. Kelly—A white crape petticoat, with a drapery of the same enriched with a curious embroidery of patent pearl; the drapery looped up with chains and tassels of very large

pearl; the train of white crape, edged to correspond; lace sleeves, embroidered with pearls; head-dress, black velvet, pearls, and a beautiful plume of feathers.

Mrs. Spencer Perceval—A petticoat of white crape, beautifully embroidered drapery, and rich chain and tassels; head-dress, a bandeau of puce velvet, covered with a rich gold chain and spangles, ornamented with five white ostrich feathers, and a beautiful bird of paradise.

Hon. Miss Coventry—A white crape petticoat, with a mosaïque of silver rings; border, an amesque of silver feathers on purple velvet; draperies, purple and white clouded crape, with a mosaïque of white and silver flowers, and rich embroidered border of white and silver wreaths; train, white twilled sarsnet, trimmed with purple and silver; head-dress, silver bandeau and white feather.

Hon. Miss Townshend—A white satin petticoat; draperies of crimson velvet, ornamented with pearl beads; train, crimson velvet, trimmed with white satin, and pearl beads. This dress had a very striking and elegant appearance.

The three Misses Courtney—White blond lace petticoats, with Turkish draperies in pink, covered with spangles, rich cord and tassels; trains, rich brown and silver tissue; head-dresses, brown and silver turban, pink feathers, and a profusion of diamonds.

Miss Wynn—A crape dress trimmed, beads.

Mademoiselle de Woigroff—Petticoat of crape, with rich stripes of silver vine leaves, and clusters of silver grapes; the border most elegantly fancied with wreaths of silver grapes; a Parisian bordered drapery in the eastern style, fastened up in several places with amethysts, encircled with diamonds, silver

ver cords and tassels; body and train of white and silver chambery; the petticoat and train trimmed with variegated green frivolity, which had a most noble and unique appearance. This dress was by far the most distinguished, and too much cannot be said of its elegance and simplicity.

The MORAL ZOOLOGIST.

PART II.

(Continued from vol. XXXV. p. 713.)

LETTER XIV.

From Eugenia to the right hon. lady L—.

A PRINCIPAL genus in the order of pies is that of the crows (*corvus*), of which Linnæus has enumerated nineteen species; now increased to forty-six, besides several varieties. This genus includes the ravens, crows, rooks, magpies, jackdaws, jays, and nutcrackers: its characters are;—the bill strong, upper mandible somewhat convex, the edges knife-shaped:—the nostrils covered with bristles which recline over them:—the tongue cartilaginous, and divided at the end:—the feet ambulatory.

Brisson has divided this class of birds into five distinct families, viz. the *chough*, the *crow*, the *magpie*, the *jay*, and the *nut-cracker*; and it must be admitted that these kinds appear to be so clearly distinguished by their external form and habits as to justify such a division.

The largest and strongest species of this genus, which seems naturally to claim the first place, is

THE RAVEN.

This bird, the *corvus corax* of

Engraved for the Lady's Magazine.



Common Bee Eater.

Linnaeus, is so well known that a particular description of it is unnecessary; it may, however, be observed, that the female is in general of a somewhat lighter black, and has a weaker bill, than the male. The plumage of the raven, likewise, is not the same in all countries. Besides the changes produced by age, the colour frequently varies, probably from the influence of climate. In Normandy and Iceland it is often found entirely white, while there are others quite black. White ravens have also been seen in England, and some have been kept and shown as curiosities. In France and Germany they have been found in nests, where the rest of the young ones were black. The Mexican raven, called *cacolt* by Fernandez, is variegated with two colours; that of the Bay of Soldanha has a white ring about its neck: and that which Brisson calls the *white raven of the north*, and which, as Buffon observes, he ought rather to have termed the *black and white raven*, has the upper part of the body of the former colour, and the under of the latter.

The raven is a bird found in almost every region of the world; it is scattered from the polar circle to the Cape of Good Hope, and the island of Madagascar. It sometimes migrates from the coast of Barbary to the island of Teneriffe. It is found in Mexico, St. Domingo, and Canada; and no doubt in the other parts of the new continent, and in the adjacent islands. He is strong and hardy, uninfluenced by the changes of the weather; and when other birds seem benumbed with cold, or pining with hunger, he is active and healthy, busily employed in prowling for prey, or sporting in the coldest atmosphere. He has a considerable degree of docility, and

may be trained up to fowling like a hawk.

Pliny mentions one Craterus, who was noted for his skill in teaching ravens to fly at other birds, and who could make even the wild ravens follow him. Scaliger relates, that Louis king of France (probably Louis XII.) used to chase partridges with a raven that had been trained to that sport; and Albertus, according to Aldrovandus, saw one at Naples which caught partridges and pheasants, and when urged by the falcons would even fly at other ravens. When domesticated, he will become extremely tame and familiar, may be taught to fetch and carry like a dog, and will play a variety of amusing tricks. He may be taught to speak like a parrot, and even to sing like a man. 'I have,' says Dr. Goldsmith, 'heard a raven sing the Black Joke, with great distinctness, truth, and humour.' These speaking ravens were highly valued at Rome, and Pliny has given us a somewhat curious history of one of them. This bird had been kept in the temple of Castor, and flew down into the shop of a shoe-maker, who took much delight in the visits of his new acquaintance, and taught him to pronounce the names of the emperor, and other personages of the royal family. This raven would fly every morning to the rostra and salute Tiberius, then the two Cæsars, Germanicus and Drusus; and afterwards the Roman people, as they passed by. The shoe-maker was beginning to turn rich by those who came to see this wonderful raven, when an envious neighbour, displeased at the shoe-maker's success, killed the bird, and deprived the shoe-maker of his future hopes of fortune. The injured shoe-maker laid his case before the people, who espoused his cause, punished the

man who had done him the injury, and gave the raven all the honours of a magnificent interment.

This bird, however, at least in his wild state, has always laboured under the reputation of the worst of qualities. He is accused of a most gross and indelicate voracity, which is allured by every putrid exhalation, and gratified by the foulest carrion. He is represented as the most cowardly, ignoble, and disgusting, of all rapacious birds. His ordinary victims are the most feeble and innocent and defenceless animals, such as the lamb and the leveret: though he will sometimes attack with success those of larger size; for it is said he will pluck out the eyes of buffaloes, and, fixing on the back, tear off the flesh deliberately. His ferocity is the more odious since it is not incited by the cravings of hunger, but seems to arise from an innate delight in blood and carnage; for he can subsist on fruits, seeds of all kinds, and, indeed, will eat almost any thing. This voracity has procured the raven a different treatment in different countries; for in those which are poor, or thinly peopled, he may prove burthensome and expensive; while in those which are wealthy and populous he may be found of use to devour various kinds of filth produced in them. Hence it was, perhaps, that in England formerly, according to Belon, who wrote in 1550, it was forbidden to hurt this bird; while in the small islands of Ferro and Malta a reward was given for every one that was killed.

Among the ancients, when the pretended science of augury made a part of religion, the raven, though always, no doubt, from his above-mentioned habits, his gloomy colour, and his hoarse cry, accounted a bird of ill omen, was a particular

object of superstitious attention. All his various motions, and every circumstance of his flight, were carefully observed and studied; and no less than sixty-four different inflexions of his voice were distinguished by the priests, to each of which was assigned a determinate signification. Some, it is said, even carried their credulity and extravagant folly so far as to eat the heart and entrails of these birds, with the hope of acquiring, like them, the power of foretelling future events.

In the wild state, the raven is a very active and greedy plunderer: whether his prey be yet living or has been long dead makes no difference to him; he falls to with the same voracious appetite, and, when he has gorged himself, flies to call his fellows, that they may share in the spoil. If the carcase be already in the possession of some more powerful animal, as a wolf, a fox, or a dog, the raven sits at a little distance, content to continue a humble spectator till they have done. If in his flights he perceives no indication of carrion—and his scent, it is said, is so exquisite that he can smell it at a vast distance—he satisfies himself with food which it is supposed he relishes less, such as fruits, insects, and whatever a dunghill may present.—Buffon, however, tells us, that Hebert, who was for a long course of years an attentive observer of ravens, never saw them tear or mangle dead carcases, or even settle on them: he was therefore of opinion that they prefer insects, and especially earth-worms, to every other kind of food.

The ravens build their nests on high trees, or old towers; and lay five or six eggs, of a pale green colour, marked with small brownish spots. They usually build about the beginning of March, and sometimes

sooner, according as the spring is more or less advanced for the season. The female sits about twenty days, during which the male supplies her with food, of which he commonly provides a very large quantity: for the peasants sometimes find in the ravens' nests, or near them, great heaps of grain, nuts, and fruits. It has been indeed conjectured, that these hoards are collected not merely for the female during incubation, but for the support of both through the winter. Whatever may be their motives, it is certain that ravens, as well as jackdaws and other birds of the same tribe, are much addicted to hoarding and concealing not only provisions, but other things which attract their notice, especially bits of metal, small pieces of money, or any glittering substance.

They often avoid towns, and seek unfrequented places for their nests, from the vicinity of which they drive away all other birds. They will not, according to some accounts, even permit their young to remain in the same district, but drive them from it as soon as they are able to shift for themselves. Martin, in his description of the Western Isles, avers that there are three small islands among the number, in each of which were a pair of ravens, who drove off all other birds as soon as they made their appearance, with loud cries, and great violence. According to Hebert, however—who, as was said above, made, for so long a time, so many observations on the nature and habits of ravens—these birds are particularly attentive to their young during the whole summer after they are hatched, and protract the education of their brood beyond the period when they are able to provide for themselves.

The age at which the young ravens have acquired their full growth is not determined; nor is it known how long they will live. Hesiod as-

serts, that a raven will live nine times as long as a man; and though this is certainly poetical fiction, it is said to be well ascertained that they will live a hundred years or more. Buffon says, 'they have been known to attain to that age in several parts of France; and in all countries, and all ages, they have been reckoned as birds extremely long lived.'

(To be continued.)

CHARACTER OF MR. GIBBON *the celebrated Historian, as given by himself in his Journal under the date May 8, 1762.*

THIS was my birth-day, on which I entered into the twenty-sixth year of my age. This gave me occasion to look a little into myself, and consider impartially my good and bad qualities. It appeared to me upon this enquiry, that my character was virtuous, incapable of a base action, and formed for generous ones; but that it was proud, violent, and disagreeable in society. These qualities I must endeavour to cultivate, extirpate, or restrain, according to their different tendency. Wit I have none; my imagination is rather strong than pleasing: my memory both capacious and retentive. The shining qualities of my understanding are extensiveness and penetration; but I want both quickness and exactness. As to my situation in life, though I may sometimes repine at it, it perhaps is the best adapted to my character. I can command all the conveniences of life, and I can command too that independence—that first earthly blessing—which is hardly to be met with in a higher or lower fortune. When I talk of my situation, I must exclude that temporary one of being in the militia: though I go through it with spirit and application, it is both unfit for and unworthy of me.

To the EDITOR of the LADY'S MAGAZINE.

SIR,

AS the dramatic pieces I have formerly transmitted to you have met with your approbation, I again send you a translation of a French comedy, entitled *La Petite Ville*. The name of the author is L. B. Picard; and it was first acted at Paris about two years ago, with considerable applause.

I remain yours, &c.

Twickenham, Jan. 5.

ELEANOR H—.

THE COUNTRY TOWN.

A COMEDY, IN FOUR ACTS.

DESROCHES, a young Parisian.

DELILLE, his friend.

DUBOIS, their valet.

RIFLARD,

VERNON,

Madame SENNEVILLE,

Madame GUIBERT,

} inhabitants
of the
country town.

NINA VERNON, sister of

VERNON,

FLORA, daughter of Ma-

dame GUIBERT,

Madame BELMONT, a young widow, the

cousin of DELILLE.

CHAMPAGNE, valet of Madame BELMONT.

FRANCIS, valet of Madame GUIBERT.

} inhabitants
of the
country town.

ACT I.

SCENE I.

*A Road through a pleasant Country:
a Town seen at a distance,*

DESROCHES, DELILLE.

Dubois. (behind the side scene)

Indeed, sir, it was not my fault. I was asleep on my horse.

Desroches. (entering in a great passion) You was asleep! Ought a postillion to be asleep? A fine road we have here! the carriage overturned! a wheel off!

Delille. Come, come, there is no great harm done; you are not hurt.—

Desroches. It would be better if I were hurt.

SCENE II.

DESROCHES, DELILLE, DUBOIS.

Dubois. (entering hastily) Oh!

sir, it is nothing at all; only the axletree broke, and a wheel off. I will run to the first wheelwright I can find, and in two or three hours every thing will be set to rights.

[Exit.

SCENE III.

DESROCHES, DELILLE.

Desroches. In two or three hours!

Delille. By heavens! this is an accident that could not happen more opportunely. We have just reached that pleasant country town we were talking about the other day. As we have letters to several persons who reside in it, if we choose to make use of them, we, at least, need not be in want of a dinner.

Desroches. Very lucky, to be sure! but then we shall lose a whole day. You see every thing with great composure: but if you were as eager to be at as great a

distance as possible from the cursed capital as I am, you would feel how insupportable the least delay is, and how much reason I have to be vexed and enraged. (*Surveying the country through his glass.*) I must confess, however, this is a very pleasant place: the prospect is delightful.

Delille. Did I not tell you so? You see how charmingly the town yonder is situate, on the side of the hill—

Desroches. With a gentle declivity—

Delille. And that river, that flows by the side of it—

Desroches. And afterwards meanders through that beautiful meadow—

Delille. And that thick wood, which shelters it from the cold northerly winds—

Desroches. Nature seems to have taken pleasure in embellishing this pleasant town. It may perhaps be entitled to her favours: simplicity and happiness may reside there.

Delille. Well said! Now for a new fit of enthusiasm! Upon my soul, you are a very extraordinary character. You are in a violent rage with the least thing that happens wrong; and the next moment as extravagantly delighted by the first new object that presents itself to be decorated by your fancy.

Desroches. I was in the wrong, I suppose, to break off my intended marriage with your charming but ungrateful cousin, Madame Belmont, and to leave Paris so abruptly and hastily to tear myself from her and from love!

Delille. It is not the first time that you have been in the wrong.

Desroches. What! I did not see her behaviour to the young officer at the entertainment which I was foolish enough to give the evening before our proposed union? I did not find her in close conversation

tête-à-tête with a man utterly unknown to me?

Delille. I know nothing of the affair; but appearances may deceive. My cousin has beauty, fortune, and the most excellent of characters; and you left her, and set out as if seized with a fit of phrenzy, without enquiry, or even asking who the young officer was.

Desroches. Because experience has taught me some knowledge of the world and of women. Paris is full of nothing but intriguers, knaves, gamesters, coquettes, and prudes. I am determined to leave it, and go far from it, in search of virtue and happiness.

Delille. If you are going in quest of them, you may, perhaps, travel a long time before you arrive at your journey's end:—not that I mean they are no-where to be found; but you are apt to change your mind so hastily. What pleases you to-day, will to-morrow be the object of your satire. Young, rich, under no restraint, you was born to be happy with that amiable relation of mine, whom I cannot believe to have been in fault. I saw you at Paris her admirer; impatient if you were absent from her for a moment; and now you travel with no other view but that you may be as far from her as possible. You set out without taking leave of your friends. You asked me to accompany you, and I consented; but without swearing, like you, never to see Paris again, where I have been deceived and imposed upon as well as other people; and where I, too, have met with knaves and coquettes: but I did not conceive an antipathy to the capital on that account; because I know these are to be found every-where as well as at Paris.

Desroches. No, that is going rather too far. You will not say, for instance, that in the town before us,

the delightful situation of which we have just been admiring, there is as much corruption, and as much intrigue and falsehood, as in Paris?

Delille. As much is not the question: but there are the same vices, which are more despicable, because exercised on more contemptible objects. I know no person in this town; I have never entered it; but I have no doubt that we shall find in it the same ridiculous pride, the same meanness, the same paltry ambition, the same coquetry, and the same quarrels about nothing, that we do in Paris.

Desroches. Oh! but there is tranquillity, calm of mind, repose—

Delille. Except so far as they are disturbed by envy, jealousy, hatred, gossiping, and slander; the activity of which is doubled by idleness and the listlessness arising from having nothing to do.

Desroches. Well, we are travelling to amuse ourselves: we have two hours to stay here; and I have an idea that we may pass them at once agreeably and usefully.

Delille. That is what I told you, and what you rejected with so much pettishness, before your fit of enthusiasm came on.

Desroches. It would be well if we could meet with some person to tell us the shortest way to this town; for we must go thither on foot, since our carriage is broken down. (*The discharge of a fowling-piece is heard.*) What is that?

Delille. It would be somewhat diverting, if, at the very entrance of this town, which you imagine to be the asylum of happiness and virtue, we should be attacked by robbers.

Desroches. Robbers! Depend on it, there are none in these happy rural retreats.

Riflard. (*behind the scenes*) Here, Rover, here! that's a good dog.

Delille. It is a sportsman.

Desroches. Yes, he is talking to his dog.

(*To be continued.*)

MODERN FURNITURE.

A CHEVAL DRESSING-GLASS.

THE style of this elegant article is from the Egyptian.—The pillars supporting the mirror are modelled after the manner of a *termini*, pannelled out and inlaid with Egyptian ornaments, in black ebony. The pillars are surmounted by a demibust of Antinous, the great favourite of the emperor Adrian. The *termini* are ornamented with richly carved human feet, supported by a pedestal, finished on each side with Egyptian chimeras in bronze. The frame of the glass is ornamented with stars and the Egyptian *lotos*, or water-lily of the Nile, in black ebony. Over the glass is a pediment, containing a carved ornament, in bronze, similar to what is seen over the Egyptian gates; namely, the sphere and the winged serpents. The size of this glass, which is intended for the prince of Wales, is eight feet and a half by three feet and a half.

EGYPTIAN WINDOW SEATS.

These costly and elegant articles are intended as substitutes for the Ottoman cushions, which have had their day, being in vogue for the last twelve years. The frames of these tasteful appendages to a magnificent drawing-room are of rose wood, enriched with bronze ornaments. At each corner is a lion's head in a concave pannel. The frame is supported by carved and bronzed chimera feet. The cushions are of black Genoa velvet, bordered at the top and around the edges with hieroglyphics in exquisitely finished tambour needle-work.

POETICAL ESSAYS.

ODE for the NEW YEAR, 1805.

By H. J. PYE, Esq.

I.

PORTENTOUS, mid the stormy sky,
 Dread when the livid meteors glare,
 The faded cheek, the languid eye,
 Pale Terror's awful reign declare;
 And as athwart the face of heaven
 The blazing corruscations fly,
 From the green mead and pasture
 driven,
 The flocks and herds affrighted hie:
 For on the lightning's flash await
 The fiery messengers of fate;
 And the loud tempest's thundering
 breath
 Wafts the terrific bolts of danger and of
 death.

II.

But when the golden orb of day
 High in the arch of heav'n appears,
 And with its salutary ray
 The smiling face of Nature cheers,
 Each grove a livelier verdure wears,
 The beams the woodland gloom per-
 vade;
 While shining through the dewy glade,
 As smooth the riv'let glides along,
 The lowing herds, in peaceful throng,
 Assembled on the rushy brink,
 Graze on its sides, or from its bosom
 drink;
 And bursting from each parent root,
 Myriads of embryo scions shoot,
 Myriads of insect tribes their wings
 display,
 And rise to light and life, wak'd by
 th' inspiring ray.

III.

Fell Despotism's giant form
 Shows to the subjugated mind,
 As glares the meteor of the storm,
 The dread, the horror of mankind:
 Baleful as through the darken'd skies
 With livid gleam the lightning flies,
 Fierce as the fiery torrents flow
 From the rent mountain's torrid
 brow,
 When o'er Sicilia's plain and dædal
 towers
 Ætna the stream of desolation pours,
 And far as horror throws the asto-
 nish'd eye,
 The wasted regions round in smoking
 ruins lie.

IV.

But different far the happy scene,
 'Mid fertile vales and sky serene,
 Where rules a King with peaceful
 sway;
 A people's good his patriot aim;
 Who, like the radiant source of day,
 Sheds glowing light and vital flame:
 And as along th' ætherial space
 Eternal laws the course celestial trace;
 So Freedom's rule and Virtue's high
 behest
 Direct the councils of the Royal breast.
 And as the day-star's influence bland
 Sheds plenty o'er the teeming land;
 Now from th' irriguous marsh and sea-
 beat coast,
 Raising of vapoury mists a fleecy host,
 To fall again, again with genial power,
 In balmy dew or gentle shower;
 So grateful Albion, through each fruit-
 ful plain,
 Proclaims with heart-felt joy her
 GEORGE's prosperous reign.

ON VISCOUNT DUNDEE, WHO FELL AT
THE BATTLE OF KILLICRANKIE,
1689.

BENEATH this rude unsculptur'd
stone,

Rear'd by the peasants' artless hand,
Lies Dundee, who stood forth alone
The champion of his native land;

What time the factious slaves of gold,
Who held all principle a mock,
Their ancient monarch basely sold,
And bent their necks to foreign yoke.

On this redoubted spot he stood:
Before him fled th' insulting foe;
The green sod drank their purple blood,
And Gardie's stream ran red below:

On this spot fell: crown'd with the
wreath
His loyal faith so well had won,
He press'd the crimson couch of death,
While Victory, weeping, clasp'd her
son.

And here, with many a grateful tear,
His gallant followers made their
moan:

Their children, still assembling here,
Pour forth their prayers on this pure
stone:—

' Dread spirits of our noble Sire!
' Deign but to haunt this hallow'd
spot;
' So shall each mountain breeze inspire
' Our souls to emulate thy lot!'

V.

SONNET.

THOSE charming eyes, within whose
starry sphere

Love whilom sat, and smil'd the hours
away;

Those beads of light, that sham'd the
beams of day;

That hand benignant, and that heart
sincere;

Those virgin cheeks, which did so late
appear

Like snow-buds scatter'd with the
blossoms of May,

' Turn'd to a little cold and worthless
clay,

Are gone—for ever gone—and perish'd
here.—

But not unbath'd by Memory's warm-
est tear!

—Death, thou hast torn, in one un-
pitiful hour,

That fragrant plant, to which, while
scarce a flow'r,

The mellow fruitage of its prime was
given;

Love saw the deed—and, as he linger'd
near,

Sigh'd o'er the ruin, and return'd to
Heav'n!

ACROSTIC.

By J. C. S.

M AY the kind gods indulgent hear my
pray'r!—

I n constant health preserve my charm-
ing fair;

S leeping or waking, may no cares
molest;

S erenely calm be my sweet angel's
breast!

A lovelorn wretch in deepest anguish
prays:

G rant, oh ye pow'rs! some timely aid,
to raise.

N ow plung'd in dark abyss of black
despair,

E v'n now o'erwhelm'd with life-consum-
ing care—

S tretch forth a pitying hand, and kindly
save;

P luck from the brink of an untimely
grave:

E minently wretched, bereft of peace,
R estore his wounded mind its wonted
ease.—

C hagrins dispel, and ev'ry grief re-
move,

I mpart soft comfort to his sweetest
love;

V ouchsafe, in mercy, *her* lov'd breast }
to guard

A gainst Malignity's envenom'd barb. }

L ook on her, pow'rs supreme! with
great regard.

FOREIGN NEWS.

Madrid, December 3.

WAR with England is now certain. Government has put under sequestration all the money which the English have to claim on our merchants; and various measures, indicative of hostilities, are ordered to be taken in our ports. This blow was only wanting to put the finishing stroke to our commerce.—The *vales* are fallen to 35; our course of exchange is at a stand; and there is no trade carrying on.

Berlin, Dec. 5. Baron Knobelsdorf, the king of Prussia's envoy-extraordinary at Paris, writes from thence, that he is treated with the greatest distinction by the emperor of the French, and that all Prussian subjects, who repaired to that capital to celebrate the coronation, were very well received.

For some days past a report has been current, that hostilities between France and England would be terminated through the mediation of a great power.

The British ministry have sent, by a messenger extraordinary, to his Prussian majesty, a letter of thanks relative to the affair of Sir George Rumbold.

Vienna, Dec. 8. Yesterday the states of Austria appointed a deputation to wait on his imperial majesty, and compliment him on the assumption of the hereditary imperial dignity of Austria.

To-day their imperial majesties, all the archdukes, navy counsellors, and other attendants of the court, went in solemn procession to the cathedral church of St. Stephen, where *Te Deum* was celebrated, according to the ceremonial that had been before published. In the evening all the theatres in the city and suburbs will be open; but the illumination of the city, for which the inhabitants had made preparations, will be omitted.

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Yesterday morning the commissaries of government, accompanied by heralds at arms, music, &c. read, in the principal places of the city, the proclamation declaring Francis II. hereditary emperor of Austria. In the suburbs a kind of tribune was erected, from which the proclamation was read to the people. A band of music preceded and followed the procession. After reading the proclamation, one of the heralds exclaimed—'Long live the hereditary emperor of Austria!' which exclamation was re-echoed with the loudest acclamations by the joyful populace.

The whole garrison of Vienna have yesterday and to-day received an extraordinary gratification.

Three regiments, from Prague, and two others from Bohemia, have broken up, to form a cordon on the frontiers of Italy.

Cadix, Dec. 10. We have this day received the disagreeable intelligence of the capture, by an English ship of the line off Lagos, of the ship *La Fuente Hermosa*, coming from Lima, with 780,000 dollars, of which 140,000 were on account of the king, and the rest for the merchants; 700 chests of Jesuits bark, and about 4,500 fanegas of Guayaquil cocoa. This is a very severe loss to this city. It is a violent and hostile measure, taken in the midst of peace, and, during the course of insidious negotiations, offered as a decoy to our government. The *Neustra Senora de Buenos Ayres*, from Vera Cruz, is also taken by a ship of the line, which during the night after the capture, by bad management, ran on board and sunk her. This moment a rumour is circulated of Port Mahon being taken by the English. We do not believe this news, which is

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by no means authentic, and appears to us improbable. Our consolation, amidst so many misfortunes, is, that we think we are entirely delivered from the dreadful contagion which made such havoc in our city. Thank God, there are no symptoms of it left, either on shore or among the seamen in the port and the roads, &c.

Augsburg, Dec. 16. The last accounts from Italy announce, that the news of a rupture between England and Spain has produced there the greatest sensation. All Spanish vessels have received orders from their court not to quit the ports in which they now are till they shall be authorised by their government. As the Spaniards have hitherto carried on, almost exclusively, the commerce of the Levant, there are many ships of that nation in the ports of Turkey. An *avis* has, therefore, been sent from Barcelona, by order of the court of Madrid, to give information of the present situation of affairs. Every-where the greatest indignation is manifested against the English.

In Sicily every thing is quiet; there are many English agents there employed in making considerable purchases of provisions for supplying the magazines of Malta, from which the whole fleet of admiral Nelson derives its subsistence. It was some time since asserted, that the yellow fever prevailed in that island; but this report, happily, is not confirmed. Nelson has received reinforcements in ships of the line and frigates, which have been sent from the ports in England. He is stationed about forty leagues from Toulon, and watches at once the ports of France and Spain on the coasts of the Mediterranean. All Spanish merchant ships that he can seize are sunk, after the cargoes have been taken out.

Madrid, Dec. 17. The foreign ambassadors and ministers at this court have sent off couriers extraordinary to their respective governments, with copies of the manifesto communicated to them, of the 12th instant, ordering hostilities to be commenced against Great Britain.

A part of the troops which form the garrison of this place have received orders to hold themselves in readiness to march at the first notice; their destination has not yet transpired.

A great quantity of heavy artillery is

to be immediately conveyed from Segovia. All the other military preparations are going on with the utmost activity, and every thing announces that the war with England will be prosecuted with vigour.

Packets have been dispatched to our American possessions, to apprise the governors of the war which has broke out. Several vessels were, indeed, dispatched to that quarter, some time ago, to inform them of the state of our affairs and expectations, and there is reason to believe that they eluded the vigilance of the English.

Spain, at present, possesses a naval force of sixty-five sail of the line, some of them of the heaviest rate, and a proportionable number of frigates, corvettes, and other vessels of war.

Public prayers are ordered to be put up in all the churches in this capital, and those of the other cities. It appears certain that Portugal must speedily make a common cause with us, and declare war against England.

Paris, Dec. 20. The festival given by the city of Paris, to their imperial majesties, on Sunday last, was the worthy completion of all the fêtes that have taken place in consequence of the coronation.

When their imperial majesties arrived at the hotel de ville, and were seated on the throne, and the princes and dignitaries, habited in the grand costume of ceremony, had taken their stations on the steps of the throne, the marshal governor having received the orders of the emperor, the councillor of state, and the prefect of the department of the Seine, addressed their majesties in a long speech expressive of the ardent wishes of the city of Paris for the prosperity of their imperial majesties and their successors. The discourse was followed by reiterated applauses from the whole assembly; and the emperor, in a voice which appeared changed by emotion and sensibility, but in a paternal tone, and with the most touching expression, returned a short answer, of which the following is the purport:—

‘Gentlemen of the municipal body, I have come among you to give to my good city of Paris the assurance of my special protection. On all occasions, it will be a duty and a pleasure to me to give particular proofs

of my benevolence towards it, for I wish that you should know that in the heat of battles, and in the greatest dangers, upon the seas, and in the midst of deserts, I have ever held in view the opinion of this great capital of Europe; next, however, to the suffrage of posterity, which is all-powerful on my heart.'

20. Yesterday his holiness visited the imperial hotel of invalids. He was received by his excellency the marshal governor and the état-major. Having been introduced into the church, and conducted to the altar by the clergy of the invalids, he said his prayers upon a cushion prepared for him. From thence he proceeded to the dome, and stopped before the tomb of Turenne. His excellency presented to him in one of the chapels several ladies. His holiness then proceeded to the magnificent infirmaries of the hotel, which he surveyed with great interest. Every-where he gave marks of his natural goodness, and his great affability. When he returned, he was followed to his carriage by a great concourse of people.

Leyden, Dec. 23. One of our inland daily papers contains the following article:

'The state directory of the Batavian republic has endeavoured, in consequence of treasonable reports, originating with the enemies of good order, to circumscribe, by their resolution of November 23, the command in chief over the Batavian troops, vested in the hands of the French general in chief by treaty; but on a subsequent consideration of their engagements, as well as of the true interests of this country, they have shewn their zeal to give complete and public satisfaction to the French general in chief, by cancelling their first resolution; as appears by the following decree, extracted from the register of the resolutions of the state directory of the Batavian republic, in their extraordinary sitting of Wednesday, Dec. 12.

'On the representation made to the meeting, and for reasons thereunto moving, it is resolved finally to annul the resolution bearing date the 23d of November last.

'The secretary of state of the war department is charged to acquaint the officers and commanders of the Batavian

republic with this disposition, and to issue the necessary orders for putting it into execution.'

Schifdam, Dec. 25. We hear that M. Semonville, the French ambassador at the Hague, has demanded the dismissal of four members of the directory of state, viz. A. G. Bezie, J. Spöors, C. G. Byleveld, and C. H. Gockinga. They have promised to absent themselves from all deliberations in that college. It is added, that the secretary Boschia, of the department of foreign affairs, is comprehended in the ambassador's demand.—(*Amsterdam Courant.*)

28. The Batavian deputation was to leave Paris on the 28th inst. on their return to this country. Gen. Marmont is shortly expected in this republic.

Frankfort, Jan. 2. We learn, by letters from Genoa, that the French minister, Salicetti, so far back as the 20th of October, concluded a new treaty, in the name of his sovereign, with the regency of the Ligurian republic. According to this treaty, the emperor Napoleon engages to bring about a peace between the Ligurians and the powers of Barbary; or, should it be necessary, to place their shipping under the protection of his flag. On the other hand, the republic stipulates to place at the disposal of France, during the present war, six thousand seamen, four thousand of whom are to be furnished with the least possible delay. Her harbours, arsenals, docks, and dock-yards, are also to be widened, at her own expence, and to be placed at the disposal of France, during the same period, for the purpose of building therein ten ships of the line. The Ligurians are also to put the emperor in possession of a ship of the line, a frigate, and two corvettes, which are already finished.

It was reported at Vienna, on the 22d ult. that the French troops were approaching the city of Naples; and that, in consequence of their threatening to take possession of it, the king of the two Sicilies has been forced to shut his harbours against the English. It is certain, that the Neapolitan minister at Vienna has sent off couriers to England and Petersburg, in consequence of the receipt of dispatches by express from his court.

HOME NEWS.

Dublin, Dec. 20.

ON Saturday last, the 15th, a general meeting of the principal Roman-catholics of Ireland was holden by adjournment in this city, to receive the report of the committee of twenty-five, which, though carried by a considerable majority, had been violently opposed in three preceding committee meetings.

Lord Fingal, the chairman of the said committee, reported, that they had prepared a petition to the imperial parliament, pursuant to the instructions of the last general meeting; but, that, after mature deliberation and discussion, the committee had resolved, by a considerable majority, to recommend it to the present general meeting to postpone any final decision on the said petition until the 2d of February, 1805, unless any thing should arise in the interim to make it expedient for the committee to convene a special general meeting before that period. The moderate turn which this embarrassing question has taken is ascribed to the influence which the earl of Fingal, and his respectable adherents, have had in the committee, from which Mr. Keogh has withdrawn himself in dudgeon, on finding himself out-voted, intending, as it is supposed, to try the strength of his party at the next general meeting. Most of the loyal Roman-catholics of Ireland have expressed themselves well pleased that the petition has been thus further postponed.

London, Jan. 1. Yesterday afternoon a fire broke out in Goat-court, Horsley-down, which excited considerable alarm in the neighbourhood. As there were no engines within some distance

of the spot, the neighbours employed themselves in carrying water in pails to throw upon the fire, in hope of stopping its progress till such time as engines could be procured. In this they were successful; the fire was confined to the ground-floor, where it first appeared, and on the arrival of the fire-engines it was soon extinguished, without having done any extensive injury to the premises; but when the firemen entered into the apartments, a very shocking spectacle presented itself to their view—a little girl was lying on the floor burnt to death. It appeared that the mother had left the house only a few minutes before the accident happened, and it is supposed the child set fire to her clothes.

As the firemen were returning home with their engines, about seven o'clock, they were informed that a fire had just broken out in Queen-street, Cheapside. They reached the place in a few minutes, when they found the stables of Mr. Benjamin Travers on fire. The engines being nearly in complete readiness, and plenty of water at hand, the flames were soon extinguished; three horses, however, were suffocated. It was a most fortunate circumstance that the engines were so near at hand when the fire began, as the stable is situated under Mr. Travers's sugar-house and warehouses, which are very extensive, and contained property to a considerable amount, which, but for the timely assistance that was afforded, must have been destroyed.

4. On Thursday week a lady of New North-street was brought to-bed, and

yesterday morning at five o'clock, while the nurse was attending her, the curtain took fire, and was instantly in one blaze. Though very enfeebled, the lady ran with the child out of the room; and the flames, after entirely burning the bedding and part of the wainscot, were extinguished by the very great exertions of her husband, without further damage. The gentleman had only a shirt on. The fire burnt his knee, yet the shirt itself escaped the flames.

7. An official letter, communicating the intelligence of the Spanish government having declared war against us, was transmitted to the lord mayor.

Five waggon's laden with treasure, from the Spanish frigates, passed through the Strand, yesterday morning, on their way to the bank, escorted by a military detachment.

That extraordinary working of the imagination which acts on the mind, and causes a walking in the sleep, was attended, on Saturday morning, with very melancholy consequences to lieutenant and adjutant Wills, of the Portsmouth division of the royal marines, who, about two o'clock, took the lamp out of the window, unfastened and got out of it, walked along the colonnade, and fell into the barrack-yard, a height of about twelve feet, which broke the small bones of his ancles, and fractured his head. It is with much satisfaction we learn that the consequences are not likely to prove fatal.

9. On Monday a flag of truce came out of Boulogne, and delivered dispatches to capt. Owen of the *Immortalité*, which were immediately forwarded to town. These dispatches, it is said, inclose in a letter from M. Talleyrand to the minister for foreign affairs, a letter from Bonaparte to his majesty.—This letter is reported to contain general expressions of a wish to put an end to the calamities of war, and is dated the 1st of January.

The dispatch from M. Talleyrand, containing the profession of a wish for peace, produced, as was to be expected, a considerable effect upon the funds yesterday.—Consols were done for February at 62½, a rise of nearly 2½ per cent. and omnium, towards the close of the market, was so high as 13 premium.

11. Mr. Addington had an au-

dience of his majesty, and had the honour to kiss his majesty's hand on being created viscount Slimouth.

Dover, Jan. 11. The person who came over from Boulogne was one of Bonaparte's aid-de-camp. The papers that he brought were sealed with the new imperial seal, which stated to be very elegant. On the outside of the papers were orders for the bearer to proceed at the rate of not less than nine miles an hour. He sailed for France again yesterday afternoon in the *Immortalité*, capt. Owen, who, it is stated, had orders to look out for him when he came, as he was expected over.

Falmouth, Jan. 11. Arrived the ship *Hind*, capt. Miner, from St. Thomas's, in forty days. She brings an account, that, three days prior to her sailing from thence, the town had taken fire, and, with several warehouses adjoining, was totally consumed; a great quantity of coffee, cotton, &c. was also burned; the inhabitants were in great distress, having no place to shelter themselves.

London, Jan. 13. Samuel Mitchell was executed in the Old Bailey, for the murder of his daughter, by cutting her throat with a razor, in Wheeler-street, Spitalfields. He behaved in a manner suitable to his unhappy situation.

Deal, Jan. 14. The French sub-lieutenant, that brought Talleyrand's dispatches to our government, was relanded at Boulogne on Saturday last, from the *Immortalité*; the weather proving so boisterous on Friday as to prevent any communication with the shore.

London, Jan. 14. The Gazette contained an order in council granting general reprisals and letters of marque against Spain; the usual form of declaring war.

15. This day, about three o'clock, his majesty went in state to the house of peers, and opened the sessions of parliament.

Yesterday a meeting, previous to the commencement of the parliamentary campaign, was held at earl Moira's in St. James's-place; at which were present earls Spencer, Carlisle, Moira, lord Grenville, Mr. Fox, Mr. Windham, and Mr. T. Grenville. The duke of Bedford and Mr. Sheridan arrived in

town, and joined the party soon after. His royal highness the prince of Wales was present during the whole of the consultation.

Chester, Jan. 18. A number of robberies having been committed in and about this city lately, the inhabitants would do well to be upon their guard, and carefully secure their premises. Amongst the number, the following deserves notice, for the address and temerity with which it was executed.—On Saturday night, about eleven o'clock, a man who had the appearance of a servant went into the Royal Hotel, and stole from there a saddle-bag, the property of Henry Parnell, esq. (who had just arrived from Ireland, on his way to London), with which he got clear off; though immediately pursued. The next day, Sunday, hand-bills having been issued, he was taken in bed by Mr. Parnell's servant, at the Red Lion in Pulford, on the road to Wrexham: assistance having been procured, they were attempting to bring their prisoner and the bags to this city, when he said that he was so lame he could not walk, and desired he might be permitted to ride on the poney the servant had brought, which they incautiously complied with, placing on the bags first, and then the prisoner, who was no sooner seated, than he set off full gallop with the poney and bags, and was soon out of sight, leaving the astonished constable, and his wise assistants, scratching their heads. His flight, however, had nearly proved fatal; as Mr. Parnell's servant fired a pistol at him, loaded with slugs, on his first setting off, within the distance of ten yards, which fortunately for him only flashed in the pan. After riding some distance, he alighted, and left the poney and bags, unopened, in a field, where they were found soon after; but the robber has not since been heard of.

On Monday se'night, as five colliers were at work in Broncoed colliery, near Mold, the damp (so called) burst with such irresistible fury, that three of them were killed on the spot, and the other two shockingly lacerated: but faint hopes are entertained of their recovery. The three unfortunate victims, being members of the Mold volunteers, were interred with military honours. The

ceremony on this awful occasion was conducted with great solemnity and decorum.

London, Jan. 21. On Thursday a tragical event occurred at Camberwell:—A young man for a considerable time past paid his addresses to a miss Gordon, who, with her sister, carries on the millinery and mantua-making business near the green. On Wednesday evening they accompanied each other on a walk, when the young man complained of a partiality shown by her to his brother, in consequence of which a quarrel took place, and he parted with expressing that she should never see him again alive. The same evening he took poison, and early on Thursday morning died in the greatest agony, notwithstanding every assistance was afforded by the faculty. The melancholy tidings of his death occasioned a dreadful shock to the young woman, who is at present dangerously ill; and the event has produced general sorrow among those acquainted with the parties.

On Saturday afternoon a coal-merchant of respectable connexions put an end to his existence at the Dolphin public-house, Ludgate-hill, by swallowing a large quantity of opium. About three o'clock he called at the Dolphin, which he was in the habit of frequenting, and ordered a glass of brandy and water, and a pipe of tobacco: after smoking the pipe and drinking the liquor, he requested to have a glass of gin and water, over which he sat till near six o'clock, when the servant observed to her master that the gentleman had fallen asleep. The landlord went directly to the parlour, for the purpose of awaking him, and there found him in a state of insensibility. The liquor which remained in the glass the landlord perceived had changed its colour, and from that circumstance he suspected the gentleman had been mixing it with some poisonous drug, which had produced the effects he then witnessed. An apothecary was immediately sent for, who instantly gave him an emetic, which did not operate. The patient was then put to bed, but every effort to restore him was ineffectual, and he died at 12 o'clock the same evening. On searching his pockets, a four-ounce phial was found.

BIRTHS.

December 30. At his house in Upper Gower-street, the lady of John Bayford, esq. of a son and heir.

31. At Lymington, lady Charlotte Howard, of a daughter.

January 1. At Springkell, lady Heron Maxwell, of a son.

9. At Sudbrook-park, near Richmond-park, the right hon. lady Mary Stopford, of a daughter.

At Elm-grove, King's county, Ireland, Mrs. Spencer Vassal, of a son.

At Southampton, the lady of captain Vernon Graham, of the 15th light dragoons, of a son and heir.

14. At Grange, near Wakefield, the seat of John Lister Kaye, esq. the right hon. lady Amelia Kaye, of a son.

15. In Portland-place, the countess of Mansfield, of a daughter.

18. At his house in Berkeley-square, the lady of James Adams, esq. M. P. for Harwich, of a son.

20. At Hastings, the lady of captain Warner, 40th regiment, of a son.

MARRIAGES.

December 17. At Weande, near Plymouth, major Bevan, of the 28th regiment of foot, to Miss Dacres, eldest daughter of admiral Dacres.

At Harrow-on-the-hill, Mr. Edward Way, wine-merchant, Henrietta-street, Cavendish-square, to miss Frances Armstrong, only daughter of Mr. John Armstrong, of Harrow.

Edw. Trafford Nicholls, esq. eldest son of Edward Nicholls, esq. of Swithamley-park, Staffordshire, to miss Worser, of Whitgreave, in that county.

20. At Dungannon-park, Tyrone, Ireland, the hon. and rev. Charles Knox, son of lord viscount Northland, to Mrs. James Fletcher, daughter of Robert Bent, esq. late M. P. for Aylesbury.

By special licence, John Broadley, esq. of the borough of Southwark, to miss Letitia Bloxam, daughter of sir Matthew Bloxam, M. P.

24. At Chesterfield, William Kent Thomas, of Sewardston, Essex, esq. to miss Slater, only daughter of Adam Slater, of Durrant-hall, esq.

26. By the rev. John Jenkins, James

Talbot, esq. late his majesty's secretary of embassy at Paris, to miss Ann Sarah Rodbard, of Evercreech.

At Battersea, Mr. John Barclay, to miss Rumney, both of Lavender-place, Battersea-rise.

27. Edward Acton Acton, esq. of Gatacre-park, Salop, to miss Spurgeon, daughter of the rev. J. G. Spurgeon, of Lowestoff, Suffolk.

At Mary-la-bonne church, James Williams, esq. of Bedford-square, to Mrs. Bristow, widow of the late John Bristow, esq. of Bengal.

28. John Guillemard, esq. of Gower-street, to miss Giddy, daughter of the rev. Edward Giddy, of Fredica.

31. At Bristol, Dr. Kentish, of that city, to miss Rankin, daughter of Robert Rankin, esq. of Newcastle upon Tyne.

At Winslow, Mr. John Havilland Grose, of Hackney, to miss Eliz. Burnham, youngest daughter of the late James Burnham, esq. of Winslow, Bucks.

Charles Linton, esq. of New-York, to miss Eliza Lexbury, daughter of J. Lexbury, esq. of Liverpool.

January 1. Yesterday, at Wellsbourn, by the rev. John de la Bere, George Fred. Stratton, esq. of Tew-park, Oxfordshire, to miss Dewes, only daughter of Bernard Dewes, esq. of Wellsbourn, Warwickshire.

3. At St. Mary Magdalen church, Oxford, the rev. Gilbert Heathcote, M. A. son of the late sir Thomas Heathcote, bart. to miss Sophia Elizabeth Wall, second daughter of Martin Wall, M. D. clinical professor in Oxford university.

5. At Chiswick, Mr. Stalker, of Upper Guildford-street, to miss Harriet Zachary, of Strand on the Green.

At Bath, Lancelot Shadwell, jun. esq. of Lincoln's-inn, to miss Richardson, of Montpellier, Bath.

At St. Peter's church, Hereford, G. Mackay, esq. fort-major of Tilbury and Gravesend, to miss Sarah Allen, daughter of the late rev. James Allen, rector of Bishoptone, and vicar of Yazor, in the county of Hereford.

7. At St. George's, Hanover-square, col. Cooper, to miss Honeywood, daughter of sir John Honeywood, bart. of Argyll-street.

At Walcot church, in Bath, by the lord bishop of Cloyne, the rev. Robert Austen, LL.D. one of the prebends of Cloyne, to Matilda Sophia, eldest daughter of the hon. Wm. Cockayne, of Rushton-hall, Northamptonshire.

8. At Edinburgh, George Spener, esq. merchant, Dunfermling, to miss Owen, niece and sole heiress of the late Dr. Andrew Greig, physician, parish of St. John's, island of Dominica.

At Leven-lodge, the hon. Henry Erskine, to Mrs. Erskine Munro, eldest daughter of Alex. Munro, esq. and relict of the late James Turnbull, esq. advocate.

12. At Southweald, in Essex, by the rev. Dr. Bullock, capt. Charles Finling, of the royal navy, to miss Sarah Bullock, youngest daughter of William Bullock, esq. of Wealside-house.

14. At Yoxford, Dr. Turner, of Charlotte-street, Bedford-square, son of Sam. Turner, esq. of Upper Wimpole-street, to Miss Blois, daughter of sir John Blois, bart. of Cockfield-hall, Suffolk.

At North Berwick, lord viscount Duncan, to miss Janet Dalrymple, daughter of the late sir Hew Hamilton Dalrymple, bart.

Captain Haverfield, of the 43d regiment, to miss Slade.

15. Peter Acklom, esq. of Beverley, eldest son of the late colonel Acklom, of that place, to miss M. C. Topham, youngest daughter of major Topham, of the Wold cottage.

Richard Worswick, esq. of Lancaster, banker, to miss Margaret Buckle, third daughter of the late Thomas Buckle, esq. of West-Witton, in Yorkshire.

At Buckland, capt. Rolles, of the royal navy, to miss Rawbone, only daughter of the rev. Dr. Rawbone, rector of Hatford.

At Leith, capt. Kerr, of the royal navy, to miss Charlotte Maule, daughter of the late Charles Maule, esq.

18. At Mary-la-bonne church, by the rev. George Augustus Lamb, John Hamilton, esq. to miss Fuller, daughter of J. Trayton Fuller, esq. of Ash-down-house, Sussex.

At Edinburgh, capt. Johnstone, of the Coldstream Guards, to miss Char-

lotte Gordon, youngest daughter of Charles Gordon, esq. of Cluny.

19. At St. George's church, Hanover-square, Joseph Collett, esq. of Somerset-house, to miss Ray, of Chelsea.

22. At Banstead, Surrey, D. R. Warrington, esq. to miss Parry, daughter of Thomas Parry, esq. one of the directors of the East-India company.

DEATHS.

December 19. At Holyrood-house, Edinburgh, the hon. Mary Murray, only daughter of the late lord Edward Murray.

22. At his seat, at Greenwich-house, Southampton, at an advanced age, Wm. Bayard, esq.

24. At Edinburgh, Mrs. Stewart, widow of Duncan Stewart, esq. of Ardsneal, and daughter of the late John Erving, esq. of New England.

25. At the house of the secretary of war, New Norfolk-street, colonel Hamilton, of Ponvaitland.

At Stratford parsonage, Suffolk, the rev. Narcissus Charles Proby, rector of Tuddenham St. Mary, in that county.

At his house at Pontefract, in his 90th year, colonel Rameden, regretted, as he was beloved, by his neighbourhood.

At his rectory house, Hanworth, the rev. R. B. Gabriel, D.D. late a fellow of Worcester college, Oxford.

27. Aged 48 years, William Walter Yea, esq. of Bishop's-hall, in the county of Somerset, eldest son of sir William Yea, bart. of Byrland-house, in the said county.

At his house, in Park-street, Grosvenor-square, in the 80th year of his age, general Tonyn, colonel of the 48th regiment of foot, and late governor of the province of East Florida.

31. At Reddish's hotel, George Evans, baron Carberry, of the kingdom of Ireland. His lordship was in his 39th year.

Mr. W. Osborne, of the Adelphi hotels, in the 69th year of his age.

January 2. At Baylis, near Salt-hill, suddenly, Alexander Wedderburn, earl of Rosslyn, baron of Loughborough, in Leicestershire, and baron Loughborough, in Surrey.

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MASTER H.W.BETTY.